

THOMAS LORING,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE COMMERCIAL  
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DR. DANIEL DU PRE,  
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Wilmington and vicinity.  
He may be found at his Office, in Lawson's Buildings, on Front Street, south of Market.  
June 26. 44-3m

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND  
HARDWARE,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY  
C. W. BRADLEY.  
April 4. 9

MYERS & BARNUM,  
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN  
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,  
AND WALKING-CANES,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.  
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MERCHANT TAILOR,  
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JOHN HALL,  
(LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.)  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AND AGENT  
FOR THE SALE OF NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL STORES  
33 GRAVIER STREET,  
New Orleans.  
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GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Wilmington, (N. C.) Packet Office,  
NO. 35 1/2 NORTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
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GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

BROWN, DEROSSET & Co.,  
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

A. MARTIN,  
GENERAL AGENT  
AND  
Commission Merchant,  
North Water, 2 Doors above Princess Street,  
(Murphy's Building.)  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
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FORWARDING AND COMMISSION  
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AGENTS OF THE MERCHANTS' STEAM BOAT CO.  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

ROWLEY, ASHBURNER & CO.  
General Commission Merchants,  
Nos. 5 & 6, SOUTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.

We are prepared to make liberal advances on shipments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale.  
Refer to—  
SAMUEL POTTER, Esq., Wilmington, N. C.  
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ELIJAH DICKINSON,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

REFER TO  
Messrs. B. DeForest & Co., New York.  
Newman & Walsh,  
E. D. Peters & Co., Boston.  
Means & Clark,  
Walters & Souder,  
A. Benson & Co., Philadelphia.  
Oct. 3, 1846. 84-ly-p

GILLESPIE & ROPESON,  
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF  
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &  
Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments  
of produce.  
March 17. 1

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AUCTIONEERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

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PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

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N. B. HUGHES,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT  
AND GENERAL AGENT  
For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce  
and Real Estate,  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
Business entrusted to him shall be promptly and  
faithfully attended to.  
Refer to the Editor of The Commercial.  
Jan. 42

G. W. DAVIS,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 17. 1

BLANKS  
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE  
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

L. S. YORKE,  
GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE,  
43 1-2 NORTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
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CHARLES D. ELLIS,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
HAVING transferred the agency of the Cape Fear  
S. S. Mill, he is now prepared to transact any  
business committed to his trust. Office on W. C.  
Lord's wharf lately occupied by Russell & Gammell.  
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THOMAS SANDFORD,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
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March 25, 1847.

NEFF & WARNER,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHAN-  
DLERY, SHIP STORES, &c.  
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R. H. STANTON & CO.,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
GROCERS,  
AND DEALERS IN  
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps,  
Boots, Shoes, Furniture, Hard-  
ware, Cutlery, Tin Ware,  
Crockery, &c., &c.  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
H. STANTON. L. N. BARLOW

CONSTANTLY on hand, a general assortment of  
CORDAGE and PROVISIONS. Also, Foreign  
Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.  
157 SOUTH ST. put up with despatch.  
Oct. 31, 1846. 96

PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.  
ONE Elegant Piano Forte, in Rose-  
wood case, of L. GILBERT'S manufac-  
ture, Boston. Also, one second-hand  
Piano Forte, for sale by the Subscriber, at his Music  
Room, opposite the Chronicle Office.  
Piano Fortes tuned and repaired in a satisfactory  
manner.  
G. F. B. LEIGHTON.  
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CHAIRS.  
A LARGE ASSORTMENT of best  
New York Manufactured Cane and  
Rush Bottom, Maple and Rosewood  
Black Walnut, Green, with Cushions,  
Common Windsor Office Chairs; Rush  
and Cane seat Sewing Chairs, with  
Rockers, Children's Chairs, &c., &c.  
For sale by  
MAY 18. 27

PLANED LUMBER.  
THE Subscriber having become Agent for the  
sale of the above article, for Central Planning Mill  
will keep constantly on W. C. Lord's wharf a full supply,  
for sale in lots to suit purchasers.  
C. D. ELLIS, Lord's building.  
June 24. 41

SODA BISCUIT.  
10 BOXES Soda Biscuit,  
10 Barrels  
Just received by SANDFORD & SMITH,  
June 10. 37.

ACCLUSTIAL.  
2 DOZ. of that celebrated article for restoring and  
beautifying the hair, at  
JOS. WILKINSON'S,  
Market Street.  
July 8. 43

SUPERIOR HAMS.  
A LOT of very fine hams put up expressly for fam-  
ily use, for sale, by HOWARD & PEDEN.  
June 8th 1847. 48

HAY—CORN, FLOUR &c.  
200 Bales prime Hay,  
500 Bushels White Corn,  
50 Barrels Super, Fine and Cross Flour  
20 Boxes Pale Soap,  
20 " Adamantine Candles,  
100 Bushels Cow Peas,  
Just received, and for sale by  
SANDFORD & SMITH.  
July 8, 1847.

MOLASSES.  
50 HIDS. selected Muscovado Molasses, to ar-  
rive per Brig Samuel Potter, for sale, by  
DEROSSET, BROWN & Co.  
June 25th, 1847. 45.

COW PEAS.  
750 BUSHELS, daily expected, per schooner  
Charles Hopkins, from Windsor, N. C., for  
sale, by  
G. W. DAVIS

From the Voices from Prison.

## THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

Oh! have I paced this lonely cell,  
With care-worn brow and heaving breast,  
And vainly seeking for some spell  
To lull this troubled heart to rest;  
I've searched each nook in memory's store—  
Have track'd my course from infancy—  
And call'd my friends who are no more,  
Who lov'd me well, when I was free.

I've thought to shun that chilling blast,  
That swept my early hopes away,  
And from the shadow of the Past,  
Have tried to glean a cheering ray;  
I've loitered long on childhood's years,  
When kindly friends encircled me,  
Supplied my wants, dried up my tears—  
Then I was happy—I was free.

But weary thought returns again,  
And then reality appears;  
It only adds to error's chain,  
Those links that have been hid for years,  
I cannot hide those guilty stains,  
I cannot shun my misery;  
Of all my friends not one remains,  
'Tis vain to think I'er was free.

My wife, my partner of the past,  
Who vowed before the holy shrine,  
As long as life's brief course should last,  
To link her earthly lot with mine—  
They say she has annulled that vow,  
And ta'en my babes away from me;  
And even she forgets me now,  
Who loved so well, when I was free.

My friends they left me one by one,  
Like ruthless leaves when summer's past,  
That leave the stem they rested on  
Alone, to bear the winter's blast;  
And I alone my grief endure,  
E'en pity has no tear for me,  
And, if she had, 'twould not restore  
Departed days, when I was free.

Yet Hope! still faithful to the last,  
(The prisoner seethes her glittering rays,  
Like gems into his dungeon cast.)  
She bids me look for better days,  
And the experience points a course  
And from temptation bids me flee,  
And bids me join the Temperance force,  
'The TEMPERANCE PLEDGE will keep me free.

'Twas Alcohol, deceitful fiend!  
That lured me with his essence sweet,  
I only knew him as a friend,  
I had not seen his cloven feet.  
But now, the scales are from my eyes,  
His hideous form too plain I see,  
To trust again what'er his guise,  
I'll spurn his path when I am free.

There may be some who think me gay,  
And deem I need not pity's tear—  
Mirth is but feigned, to hide away  
The sorrow that is lurking here.  
And ah! they know not what power  
The prisoner feels adversity,  
When at lone midnight's sleepless hour,  
He thinks on days when he was free.

Oh! Reader, may you never feel  
Those pangs that sting a guilty breast,  
The throbbing wound that cannot heal,  
The troubled mind that cannot rest,  
Such sorrow that no tongue can tell,  
Of want, and woe, and misery,  
The prisoner feels in his lone cell,  
With heart that's pining to be free.

These fettered limbs had parent's care,  
Who showed the path of rectitude,  
And taught these lips to lip a prayer,  
And ask of Heav'n my daily food,  
To God my Father I will go,  
And daily bow the humble knee;  
And seek his aid to heal my woe,  
To keep me now, and when I'm free.

And if these erring feet should tread,  
Once more upon this world's broad stage,  
I'll strive to earn my daily bread,  
From precept in the sacred page;  
I'll strive to do by other men  
As I would they should do by me;  
And God will make me happy then,  
And from a prison keep me free.

C. M.

From the South Carolinian.

## THE PATRIARCH OF THE XIXth CENTURY.

Freely translated from the French

It was at the conclusion of a marriage dinner—  
'Here is to the health of the happy couple,'  
exclaimed a gentleman with blue spectacles—  
'may they have as many children as there are sands upon the shore!'

'That's pretty good as a toast,' said the person seated next to me, 'but if that gentleman had such a family hanging upon his arm, his spectacles could not get him out of the scrape—alas! did you know the baron de Forbach?'

'Never.'

'Then I have something to tell you about

him. He was a good sort of fellow, a worthy baron, honest German, in fact, a friend of my father's, but he had one fault; he wished to play the Patriarch, to become a Patriarch—Gad, sir, he had forty daughters!'

'Forty daughters!' I exclaimed—'Oh you are joking!'

'Forty daughters, I tell you!' This baron de Forbach took the notion to have them, and he married seven times, which was not a whit too often for the project he had taken in his head. A child every year and a daughter at that. But, he flattered himself that he would receive a pension. He even went so far, as to apply to the Germanic confederation, but he was sent about his business. Instead of going about his business, he shut himself up in his chateau, and set about learning the names of his forty daughters. But as he had a bad memory he could never succeed in retaining them completely.

When he wanted Wilhemmina, he would call Helen; and when he wished Cauradine, his youngest daughter to spring upon his knee, he would call through the window for Leopoldine the oldest—an old maid of forty years.

Very well,—what did the baron do? He had recourse to all sorts of mnemonic formulae, which ended in completely confusing his mind. He abandoned the plan of distinguishing his children by their names, thinking he could easily do so by their faces. But no, for in passing through the public square of the village, he often kissed a little daughter of some neighbor, believing that she was one of his own; and then again, sometimes surprising one of his children in his orchard, he fell to pulling her ears in the belief that he had detected some little rogue of the neighborhood, in the act of stealing his apples. What wretchedness for a man of such a tender heart as the baron de Forbach?

And also for the ears of his family, who no doubt had ears as susceptible of wringing as the heart of the father.

'Certainly, let's take a drink upon the strength of that, and I will proceed with my narrative.'

'The proof that the Misses Forbach had sensitive ears, is that they hated their father, the more so, as they were not able to indulge in finery of dress, for although the baron had a hundred thousand florins, he was not able to purchase forty robes a season for his daughters, from the fashionable merchants. To obviate this he hit upon a very original idea. It was nothing less than to convert a wing of his chateau into a manufactory of stuffs, for the use of his daughters, hoping thereby to lessen their expenses. But before he perfected his plan, it involved him in several awkward misadventures. To give you a specimen, a man who had undertaken to furnish the army with clothing, offered him at a reduced price, a lot of military caps, which the government had refused.

'Forbach paid no attention to these little mishaps, but set to work and completed his manufactory. The result was, that his daughters all wearing dresses of the same material and color, were easily distinguishable from the girls of the neighborhood. The baron rubbed his hands with delight, the danger of confounding his daughters with the village wenches, was now effectually removed. It was a brilliant success. But as the gowns yielded to the fate of all gowns, they were distributed among the poor girls of the surrounding country, and before the end of the year, the baron instead of having forty daughters, seemed to have a hundred!'

'As to the living—thank you, sir, I drink your health!' Here the narrator touched his glass against mine, just as I was mechanically taking a sip. 'Hem! as to the living in the chateau, it was bad enough. They drank no wine. Every month the baron bought a flock of sheep, and to save the cost of a shepherd, he drove them to pasture himself—He had wished to play the patriarch, and ended by becoming one in earnest, for baron he became shepherd. At the end of the month there was never a sheep, never a lamb to be found upon his premises.'

'If only they had time given them to multiply, said he.

'The parson sometimes consoled the baron in words like these—

'Take courage! Heaven has showered down its blessings upon you; such benedictions must be at the cost of some privations!'

'The devil bless you!' exclaimed the baron, 'the blessing has stretched itself into a curse.'

'But for sir, the ladies would say to him—what an astonishing man you are?—Who would have believed from your appearance, that you were capable of becoming such a father?'

'Meanwhile his daughters became discontented in the old abode. Every evening before shutting the gates, the baron passed them in review in the court yard of his chateau. Now, as the poor girls to whom the cast off garments had been given, were in the habit of visiting the chateau, the baron never could get a constant number.

The ordinary total, fluctuated between forty and forty-five,—one evening, he counted only thirty-nine.

'By George, somebody has stolen a daughter!' He called his tall again, and Leopoldine did not answer. She had eloped two months before with a staggering merchant of vulnerable habits.

'The baron indignant at such a misalliance went in pursuit of the merchant, but failed to overtake him. When he returned, two more of his daughters had disappeared. He again went in pursuit, again returned, and five more had eloped.

'Driven to desperation, the Baron de Forbach had hand-bills stuck up in which he proclaimed that he had only thirty-two daughters left, and considering their eloping propensities, he advised any persons wishing to take advantage of the occasion to make haste.

'All Germany rose up in cries against this; it was scandalous. The thirty-two remaining daughters entered a suit against him for a suspension of parental authority.'

'Well,' said I, 'after Ducantal there never was a more miserable father than this same baron de Forbach.'

'Right, pass the glass of Champagne to sustain me under the painful sympathies the misfortunes of the unhappy excite in me.'

'Here are two.'

'Thank you—I drink to your health.'

'Well, the case went against him. He was proven insane, and shut up in a mad-house at the expense of the State. It was at last obtained the pension for which he had labored. He lived ten years afterwards in the enjoyment of his exemption from children.'

'But what became of his chateau and daughters?'

'Why the bailiffs took possession of the chateau, including the manufactory, and the daughters scattered all over the whole universe.'

'For-lara married a ballot drawer; Helen became a woman of easy fortune and task; Wilhemmina for her chamber maid; Lenore for sister and Cauradine for mother.'

'Marquette turned out to be a cook, and Leopoldine died from taking vulnerary herbs.'

'I proposed a glass of wine.'

'With pleasure,' said he,—'there is to your health.'

'But the moral of all this.'

'Why do you not see it—why never wish to play the patriarch—not believe the tale of Priami's having fifty children to be true, especially since we are not certain that he ever lived, and never say to a newly married couple be happy and multiply.'

'Here we both fell under the table.'

From the Phoenixville Pioneer.

## A SUBTERRANEAN TRIP.

Discovery of a Remarkable Cave.

The Ledger of Tuesday last contained a slight notice of the discovery of a large cavern in the limestone quarries at Port Kennedy, Montgomery Co. On reading the article, we felt a sudden desire to visit it, and make some acquaintance with the regions within the earth since we had wandered so long and so far on its outer surface.

Accordingly, on Wednesday morning, a party of four—consisting of J. P. Fleming, Esq. Messrs. E. Bowen, of Lancaster, E. Chambers, of Kennett Square, and myself—left Phoenixville for the purpose of making an exploration. A delightful ride through the green, wood-crowned hills of Valley Forge, and along a high ridge, overlooking the fertile meadows of the Schuylkill, brought us in an hour and a half to the little village of Port Kennedy. Leaving our horses at the Inn, the landlord, who had immediately divined the object of our visit, directed us to the lime quarries in the side of the bluff, which rises back of the village.

Entering the quarry, a small aperture in the rock, revealed by a recent blast, about fifty feet below the surface of the earth, showed us the opening of the cavern. We were plentifully supplied with candles, so, striking a light, we crawled cautiously through the narrow entrance. The lowness of the arched rock rendered it necessary to creep on our hands and knees, though here and there little circular domes were hallowed out above us, where it was barely possible to stand upright. About twenty feet from the mouth the passage widened, and finally, rising from our constrained position, we stood in a chamber, whose dimensions were invisible through the gloom, which the combined light of our torches failed to penetrate. But, on going further, we found a number of stakes driven into the floor, bearing extinguished lights. These we re-kindled, and as one by one the twinkling tapers streamed out through the darkness, the shadowy outlines of this subterranean hall grew more and more distinct.

We mounted to the further end of the ascending floor, and looked back on a magnificent chamber, nearly sixty feet in length, with a vaulted ceiling thirty feet above us. A sort of natural cornice ran along the sides, seeming as if here, in the rocky architecture of Nature, there was a harmony with the creations of human skill. The rough, irregular outlines of the stone were faintly shown in the light of twenty torches, and at the further end, a pale, bluish glimmer, visible in from the daylight, made the scene the more solemn and spectral.

Leaving this hall, the passage ascends at a steep angle, but it is so filled up with clay and stones which seem to have been shattered down by some violent agency, that we

were again obliged to stoop, and climb up slowly with lights in our hands. At the distance of about one hundred and sixty feet from the entrance, the passage is entirely choked up, and the cavern apparently ceases. We are of opinion, however, that it would be found to extend much further, were the rubbish removed.

While we were sitting near the extremity, looking down under the low, black arches, Mr. Fleming who had been carefully examining the walls, cried out that he had discovered a small opening, nearly filled with dirt, at the very bottom of the passage. We procured a shovel from the workmen without, and in a short time a space was cleared, large enough to admit his body. Lying flat on the damp clay, he slowly squeezed himself through, and disappeared from our view.—The glimmer of his torch at length was lost, we waited with some anxiety, and presently a shout came up from the bowels of the earth, sounding as if uttered within a hollow barrel.

None of us had made any preparations for such a feat, but we at once threw ourselves upon the clayey floor, and crept downwards, head foremost, into the aperture. It was barely large enough to admit our bodies; and in addition to the perils which threatened our torches, many were the bruises we received from the rough edges of the arches, under which we crawled. After going about thirty feet in this manner, the passage inclining downwards, we came into a small chamber nearly high enough to permit of standing. This opened into a larger one, terminating in a splendid hall, of the purest white limestone, covered with sparkling incrustations. Here we found Mr. Fleming enjoying the triumph of his discovery, and joining together in a shout, at the top of our voices, we made the subterranean echoes ring again.

The sides of this hall nearly circular and from a beautiful ornamental cornice which crowns them, springs a dome, fifteen feet in height, its outline slightly broken by the irregular projections of the glittering rock. The atmosphere was delightfully cool and pure, and our voices had a remarkably deep and sonorous sound when speaking.

We were now eager to make further discoveries. Returning again to the small chamber, we found near the top a narrow opening, through which with some difficulty, Mr. Fleming entered. While we were making ready to follow him we were joined by Mr. Kennedy, the proprietor of the lime quarries, who, having entered the main cavern, heard our voices and crept after us.—Guarding our lights well, we all climbed through the opening and found ourselves in a steep and irregular apartment, which appeared to have been created by some sudden shock of the earth. We saw the light of Mr. Fleming's torch in a sort of chasm on the left, at the bottom of which was a scanty thread of water. The ceiling above us terminated in points, resembling hollow cones and from the rock, which was sandy and crumbling, hung formations resembling stalactites. At the top of the hill of sand which formed the floor, we found another aperture, which was however, too narrow to be entered, so we decided to return to the entrance to procure refreshment, and tools for further exploration. We left this last chamber very willingly, for the rock was so soft that it could be broken with our hands and a blast in the quarry without, might have shaken down pieces of the ceiling upon us.

The light of open day, and the noon heat, reflected from naked walls of limestone blinded and scorched us. The air was like that of an oven. Our appearance, on emerging from the cavern, was irresistibly ludicrous. Our clothes were covered from head to foot, with a coating of red clay, and our faces plentifully streaked with the same, through which streams of perspiration, caused by our hot air bath, made winding channels. Amidst the laughter of the quarrymen, we made our way back to the hotel, procured a dinner, which the sable hostler carried after us into the cavern, and, armed with the necessary tools, again entered. We dined in the grand hall, which was splendidly illuminated for the occasion, and the viands speedily disappeared under a most voracious appetite. The gnomes and all other gent who dwell in these under earthly regions, guarding their hidden treasures locked in the heart of mountains, would have found themselves matched.

Our researches met with little success the second time. The passages were so filled with loose sand that we were obliged to give up the attempt, though in the full belief that the grandest part of the cavern remains yet to be discovered. What we saw, however, most amply repaid our time and trouble, and we doubt not that through the summer, it will be extensively visited, as a remarkable natural curiosity. It is undoubtedly the most interesting cavern in this part of the State. Others very probably may yet be discovered in the limestone region extending through the Great Valley.

Singular and Eventful History; the Morality of the Gallows.—On Wednesday, the 28th of April, there died, at Darlington, Joseph Rose, in his 87th year, and thereby, 'hangs a tale.' The King of Terrors has made good his assault upon Rose's life this time; but it has been in a decent, Christian like manner, and while the old man was surrounded by his children and friends. The relentless monarch laid siege to poor Rose, marked him for his own, in the morning of his life, nearly seventy years ago, and was aided and abetted in the dread work by laws said to be dictated by humanity for the governance of Christians. Then Rose was attended by an under sheriff, the officials of a prison, and the loathed outcast of the very dregs of society, Jack Ketch. Upon a scaffold he was to die, as a moral example to wrong