

WEEKLY COMMERCIAL.

THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor; BENJAMIN I. HOWZE, Corresponding Editor.—ONE DOLLAR Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

VOL. 3.

WILMINGTON, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1850.

NO. 39.

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NO SURRENDER.
Ever constant, ever true,
Let the word be, No surrender;
Bodily dare and greatly do!
This shall bring us bravely through;
No surrender, no surrender;
And though Fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you
With a magic—No surrender!

Paint the colors to the mast,
Showing gladly, No surrender!
Troubles near are all but past—
Serve them as you did the last;
No surrender, no surrender!
Though the skies be overcast,
And upon the sleety blast
Disappointments gather fast,
Beat them off with, No surrender!

Constant and courageous still,
Mind, the word is, No surrender;
Battle, though it be uphill,
Stagger not at seeming ill;
No surrender, no surrender;
Hope—and thus your hope fulfill—
There's a way where there's a will,
And the way all cares to kill
Is to give them—No surrender!

INTERESTING LETTER FROM MR. CALHOUN.

The Washington Union is indebted to a gentleman attached to the State and National Law School, at Burlington, N. Y., for the following letter written by the late John C. Calhoun. It is especially valuable, as it is probably among the last productions which emanated from Mr. Calhoun's pen. In the last wish which the distinguished author expressed, every patriot must cordially concur. "It is to see our country quieted under some arrangement that will be satisfactory to all and safe to the South." The letter (says the gentleman to whom it was addressed) "is a specimen of the kind and simple familiarity of his intercourse with the young men of his acquaintance, not one of whom but would have died to serve him."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1850.
MY DEAR B.—Yours of the 19th inst., was duly received. I am happy to learn that you are so delighted with the plan of the institution, and the peculiar advantages it affords for rapid improvement, not only in the acquisition of legal knowledge, but in a familiarity with the practice and the important matter of extempore speaking. I regard this latter as one of the most essential features of the institution. Could I have enjoyed, in my preparatory course, as you do, the opportunity of "drilling every day" in this great art and the trial and argument of causes, "under constant and competent instruction," I have no doubt I should have been, in all the practical requisites of success, ten years in advance of what I was when I entered the profession. I will remember, when connected with the Law School of Litchfield, Connecticut, the need we all felt of some advantages in speaking. These constant exercises in which you are required to engage before so large a number of your fellow-students, if for nothing else than the self-confidence which they must gradually inspire, will in the end, prove exceedingly valuable. I shall never forget the painful, the indescribable embarrassment under which I labored in the delivery of my "maiden speech" before a court—an embarrassment which it required years of practice to overcome. Improve, then, my dear B., the rare privileges which the institution affords you. Be systematic and punctual in the performance of all your duties, and remember that the profession you have chosen imposes, as a condition precedent to success, the necessity for constant and arduous labor. In it there is no disguising of one's capacities or merits.—The physician's art is concealed; and by fipant technicalities, and an air of professional wisdom, he may produce the belief that he is what he is not. The clergyman has time, a choice of subjects, and a world of other men's thoughts to aid him in his preparations for the pulpit. But the lawyer, whether in the office or before a court and jury, can assume nothing which he does not possess. His legal opinions are soon to be tested by the severe ordeal, and his pretensions as an advocate must be real, or they will avail him nothing. And I would also have you remember, that you will be beset with constant temptations to swerve from the standard of high moral integrity. The very obligations of the lawyer to defend his client, right or wrong, tend to familiarize him with error, and to blunt his natural abhorrence of depravity; and by obligations, I mean such obligations as would lead him to seek the great ends of justice. Beyond this, even though it should result in your own aggrandizement, I would not have you put forth a single exertion. In the defence of one you believe to be guilty, proceed no further than is necessary to elicit the truth by an even balance of testimony, respect, to draw a precise line between the duties you will owe to your client, and those due to yourself and community. But a cultivated and refined moral sense—the basis of all that is grand and beautiful in human char-

acter, and which I trust, above all things else, you will seek to incorporate into your own—will generally be a safe and accurate guide. But I must close. This may be the last of my communications to you. I feel myself sinking under the wasting power of disease. My end is probably near—perhaps very near. Before I reach it, I have but one serious wish to gratify; it is to see my country quieted under some arrangement—alas! I know not what—that will be satisfactory to all and safe to the South.

The advertisement you sent me states that a catalogue of your school will be sent to any, by request, directed to your president, J. W. Fowler, Esq. Please have one sent to my address, for a friend.

Most affectionately, yours,
JOHN C. CALHOUN.

MUTUAL BANKING.

MR. LORING:—If you think, with me, that the subject of the accompanying memorial, which I find in a late paper, will sufficiently interest your readers, an insertion may be gratifying. It would be trespassing upon your columns to enlarge, at this time, on the advantages of the mutual system in general, or even with the principle when confined to Banking—but unquestionably its advantages may be successfully extended to every branch of industrial pursuit. The plan of Mutual Banking may be variously modified; suited to existing emergencies. Look at the principle—a charter for a Mutual Bank is asked, on a pledge of real estate, at a fair valuation, an excess of bills not to be issued, so that full will be altogether an obsolete term in its applicability. Look at the advantage. Any number of individuals—merchants, mechanics, laborers, poor men and rich, each possessed of real estate valued at \$100 or more, invest a portion thereof in this Bank, with the privilege of a discount at any time to the amount, or even three quarters of the amount thus pledged for stock. In this way every industrious man, with fair prospects, may invest all or any portion of his means in a house or piece of land, have full possession and use of the same, together with the money expended, experiencing thereby no inconvenience in his financial transactions.

Another favorable feature—a stockholder may at any time withdraw his interest in the concern, and relieve his pledges, by simply paying up his borrowed money, and giving the specified notice. It will be observed that there is no hazard in pledging your real estate for stock; the only hazard will arise from inability to pay loans obtained—this only argues that borrowed money must be judiciously used.

To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:—The prayer of your petitioners humbly sheweth; that the farmers, mechanics, and other actual producers, whose names are hereto subscribed, conceive that it is impossible for them, under the present organization of the currency, and the consequent high rates of interest, to obtain the just reward of their labor. They, therefore, humbly pray your honorable body to grant to them a charter for a MUTUAL BANK, vesting in them the following powers, under the following regulations:

Any person, or company, by pledging real estate to the Bank, may become a member of the Mutual Banking Company; and the Company shall have power to receive new members to an unlimited extent.

Said Mutual Bank shall have power to issue paper money, which shall circulate as currency among persons who are willing to receive it as such.

Any member may borrow the paper-money of said Bank, on his own notes running to maturity, to an amount not exceeding three-fourths (or such other proportion as your honorable body in its wisdom may determine) of the value of the real estate by himself pledged.

Each member shall be bound by the act of incorporation to receive the bills issued by the Bank; at the full value borne on their face, in payment of debts, and in all the transactions of trade; but no member who has in his possession bills on the Bank to an amount equal to the whole value of the property by himself pledged, shall be bound to receive any more until some of those held by him shall have gone out of his possession.

The bills of the Bank shall thus be redeemable, not at the counter of the Bank, but at the stores, work shops, mills, and other business places of the individual members of the Company; the bills shall thus be redeemable, not because they can at any time command specie at the Bank, but because they are at all times received in lieu of specie by the members of the Mutual Banking Company.

The rate of interest at which said money shall be loaned, shall be determined by, and shall if possible just meet and cover the average losses and necessary expenses of the institution.

No money shall be loaned by said Bank, except to members of the Company. Any member, by paying his debts to the Bank and giving thirty days notice to the President thereof, may withdraw from the Company, may have his property released from pledge, and may himself be released

from all obligations to the Bank, or to the holders of the Bank's money. The company shall have power to pass such rules and by-laws, not inconsistent with their charter, and to elect such officers as may be necessary to accomplish the ends for which the Bank is instituted. No paper-money shall be issued by said Bank, until after real estate to the value of Two Millions of Dollars, shall have been pledged to the Bank by its members.

DIADESTE.

The Italian name of Diadeste, familiarized to the English public, some few years back, by Balle's Opera of that name, like many other customs belonging to Southern Europe, claims and Eastern origin. The ladeste of the Arabs, like the Diadeste of the Italians, consist of saying this watchword every time you receive the slightest trifle from the hand of your adversary, on pain of a forfeit. De Balzac relates an amusing anecdote on this subject, borrowed, if we mistake not, from the German. We give it, however, as near as may be, in the garb it has assumed in the hands of the delightful french author.

An eastern philosopher had composed a book, purporting to be a complete collection of all the tricks that women put upon their husbands, lovers, and mankind in general, (we quote Balzac, and are wholly unanswerable for his want of gallantry,) and lest he should himself fall into one of these numerous snare, he invariably carried this precious *trick book* about his person. One day while travelling, he happened to come upon an encampment of Arabs. A young woman, seated beneath a palm-tree, no sooner caught sight of her traveller, than she arose and invited him so courteously to rest beneath her tent, that, willy-nilly, he was fain to accept her obliging offer. The lady's husband was absent at the moment. The philosopher had no sooner thrown himself in luxurious ease on a soft carpet, than his fair and gracious hostess presented him with fresh dates and an *al carasar* full of milk. He could not help remarking the delicate proportions of the hands that offered these refreshments; but in order to divert his attention from the involuntary effect produced by the charms of the young Arabian, whom he began to mistrust as a dangerous siren he took out his book, and sedulously began to study its pages. The fascinating creature, somewhat provoked by such cool content, said in the most melodious tones in audible—

"Your book must be very interesting, as it seems to be the only thing worthy to claim your attention. Would it be indiscreet to enquire of what science it treats?" The philosopher replied with downcast eyes:—"The subject of the book is above the capacities of ladies."

This refusal tended to excite only the curiosity of the Arab, and she forthwith began to make use of some of those tactics of coquetry, the rudiments of which are just as familiar to those who dwell in tents as to the more finick inhabitants of palaces. She began by displaying the newest little foot that ever left print on the sand of the Desert. The philosopher could not help gazing on its diminutive proportions, and insensibly his eye wandered from the foot to the slender waist of his lovely hostess; till at length he raised his eyes to her face, and nearly caught fire, as well he might, from the flames emitted by the large black sparkling orbs of the young beauty.

Again she repeated her question about the book, and in so soft a voice, that the philosopher, quite charmed, was fain to answer thus—"I am the author of this work, but the materials are not my own, since it contains an enumeration of every artifice the female mind has invented."

"What! every one?" inquired the child of the Desert.

"Yes, every one. And it is only by a constant study of women that I have been enabled to cease fearing them."

"Oh!" quoth the young Arab, somewhat emphatically, as she dropped her long lashes over her eyes for a moment; and then suddenly raising them with an impassioned glance, she put to flight, "at one fell swoop," the pretended philosopher's theories, and he began to be as amorous as if he had never penned his libelous book.

Thinking that he had detected a slight tinge of coquetry in the young wife's manners, the traveller ventured to become more pressing. How indeed, could human nature resist the temptation that was offered him? The very air seemed to breathe of love, and the young Arabian leaned her head with a graceful motion, as if inclined to listen to the stranger's mode of making love.

The philosopher was beginning to flatter himself that he had made some impression when the young woman, having caught the sound of a horse that seemed to be galloping on the wings of the wind, exclaimed, in dismay—

"We are undone! My husband will surprise us. He is as jealous as a tiger, and more implacable still!" In the name of the prophet, and as you value life, conceal yourself in this chest!

The terrified author, seeing no alternative for getting out of the scrape, was glad to creep into the chest, which the woman closed upon him, and then took away the key.

She then flew to meet her husband; and having put him into good humor by some well-timed caresses, "I must relate to you," said she, "a very singular adventure."

"I am all attention may gazelle!" answered the Arab, sitting down, cross-legged on the carpet, according to the oriental fashion.

"There came here, to-day, a sort of philosopher," said she, "who pretends that he has collected a book full of the tricks that our sex is apt to play; and this would-be philosopher must needs make love to me."

"Well!" said the Arab, impatiently. "I listened to him," continued she, with the utmost coolness. "He is young, extremely pressing, and—, in short, you came just in time to assist my staggering virtue."

At these words the Arab started to his feet, like a young lion, and drew forth his *hangiar* with a howl of fury.

The philosopher, who had not lost a word of this conversation, now consigned his book, and all the women and men, too, of Arabia Petraea, to Arimanes' keeping (or, in European parlance, to old Nick.)

"Fatime!" cried the husband, "unless you would die this instant, answer me plainly—Where is the traitor?"

Frightened at the storm she had raised, Fatime threw herself at her husband's feet and cowering beneath the naked blade, she gave a hurried and timid look at the chest, in order to give him to understand that it was the receptacle for the contraband article he was in search of.

She then rose bashfully, and, in taking the key from her belt, she presented it to her jealous spouse; but just as he was about to open the chest, the cunning creature burst into a violent fit of laughter. Fatime stopped short, and cast a distrustful glance at his wife.

"So, at last, I've won my gold chain!" cried she, jumping for joy. "Now, give it me, for you have fairly lost the ladeste. Another time, you will be more careful."

The petrified husband let the key fall, and presented the gold chain on his bended knee to his beloved Fatime, at the same time promising to bring her all the jewels from all the caravans that would pass within the year, if she would only give up playing such cruel pranks to win the ladeste. Then, like a true Arabian, being somewhat discomfited at the loss of a gold chain, even though it was surrendered to his better half, he again took horse, and took a ride in the desert, to grumble out his displeasure, for he loved Fatime too well to let her see he entertained the least regret for such a baseness.

The young woman lost no time in extricating the philosopher from the chest, where he lay more dead than alive, and said to him gravely, "Most learned philosopher, mind you do not forget to put this trick into your collection."

SHAM HAYS AND HIS BULL-Y RACE.
Some forty years ago, the managers of a race course near Brownsville on the Monongahela, published notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one hundred dollars, free for anything with four legs and hair on. A man in the neighborhood, named Hays, had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of Corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him around the track a number of times on several moonlight nights, until the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable; so much so, that he always belloved when they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground on horseback on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had a dried ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He carried a short tin horn in his hand. He rode to the judges' stand and offered to enter his bull for the race; but the owners of the horses that were entered objected. Hays appealed to the terms of the notice insisting that his bull had "four legs with hair on," and that therefore he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of "cussing" and discussion, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run, and was entered accordingly.

When the time for starting arrived, the bull and horses took their places. The horse-racers were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought that would all be over as soon as the horses started. When the signal was given they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn and sunk his spurs into the bull's sides, who bounded off with a terrible bawl, at no trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flapping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race course before. The horses all flew the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the red-stone country, and not one of them could be brought back in time to save their distance.

The purse was given to Hays, under a great deal of hard swearing on the part of the owners of the horses. A general row ensued, but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horsemen contended they were swindled out of the purse, and that if it had not been for Hays' horn and the ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring on the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did. Upon this Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses any how, and if they would put up a hundred dollars against the purse which he had won, he would take off the ox-hide and leave his tin horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and the money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave the bull another touch with his spur, and the bull gave another tremendous bellow. The horses remembered the horrible sound, and thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again, in spite of all the exertions of toe riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again, and won the money. From that time they nicknamed him Sham Hays. He afterwards removed to Ohio, but his nickname stuck to him as long as he lived.

A BATTLE IN A SNOW-STORM.

The American reader almost devours every thing in relation to Napoleon. Though memoirs and histories have multiplied, yet there seems to be no cessation of public curiosity. The publication of one book increases the demand for another. We have recently been reading portions of the memoir of Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, Napoleon's Secretary of State, and who accompanied him in all his campaigns, and therefore portrays the inner life of Napoleon.

The battle of Eylau has been described by Alison, in his most masterly style, but the following description of the same battle, from Caulaincourt's memoirs, exceeds anything yet given to the public. The bitter cold, the blinding snow-storm, the murderous carnage between Russian and Frank, the self-sacrificing devotion of the officers and soldiers to their idolized commander, and, above all, the Great Captain, around whom every thing circles as the Man of the Hour, are presented in one *coup d'œil*, which is not easy to forget.

On the day of the battle, the weather was dreadful. The snow, which fell thickly in fine flakes, froze as it reached the surface of the earth. Our clothes, being covered with this sort of hoar frost, were stiff and heavy. The horses could not keep their footing. The sanguinary conflict had been maintained since morning, and when night set in all was yet undecided. The Emperor, in a state of the utmost anxiety and impatience, galloped up and down the field of battle, braving the grape shot which was showering in every direction. He was always to be seen on those points threatening the greatest danger, well knowing that his presence would alone work miracles. Meanwhile, the ceasing of the fire on some point indicated that the enemy was falling back. At eight o'clock, Napoleon was informed that the important position of the church, which had been obstinately disputed, taken and re-taken several times in the course of the day, had again been carried by the enemy. Our troops, whose numbers were infinitely inferior to those of the Russians, retired fighting to the church-yard. At the moment when the orderly arrived with this intelligence, the Emperor had dismounted and was personally directing a formidable battery, pointed to the left wing of the Russian army. He instantly leaped on his horse, galloped off with the rapidity of lightning, and throwing himself into the midst of the battalions, which were beginning to give way, "What?" he exclaimed, "a handful of Russians repulse the Grand Army! Hear me, my brave fellows; let not a Russian escape from the church! Forward with the artillery! We must have the church, my lads! we must have it!"

This address was answered, "Vive l'Empereur! Forward! we must have the church!" and all rushed onward, rallying in good order. A few paces from us we espied an old grenadier; his face was blackened by gunpowder, and the blood was streaming down his clothes. His left arm had been carried away by a bomb-shell. The man was hurrying to fall into the ranks.

"Stay, stay, my good fellow," said the Emperor; "go and get your wound dressed—go to the ambulance."

"I will!" replied the grenadier, "when we have taken the church, and we immediately lost sight of him. I perceived the tears glittering in the Emperor's eyes, and he turned aside to conceal them.

At ten o'clock that night the church was ours. The Emperor, who was thoroughly exhausted, tottered with fatigue as he sat on his horse. He ordered the firing to cease; and the army reposed, surrounded by the enemy's bivouacs. Our headquarters were established on the plateau, behind Eylau, in the midst of the infantry of the guard.

"All is going on admirably," said the Emperor to me as he entered his tent; "Those men have fought bravely!" Without undressing, he threw himself on his bed, and in a few moments was sound asleep.

At four in the morning, the Emperor was again on his horse. He surveyed the ground, arranged his plans, posted the artillery, harangued the troops, and rode past the front rank of each regiment. At day-break he gave orders that the attack should commence simultaneously on all points. About eleven o'clock the snow, which had fallen incessantly during the whole morning, increased with such violence that we could scarcely perceive any object at the distance of ten paces. After the lapse of some little time, a Russian column, amounting to between five and six thousand men, was discerned; during the night, this column had received orders to join the main body of the army, and had missed their way. The troops who were marching forward hesitating and without scouts had strayed to within the distance of a musket shot of our camp.

The Emperor, standing erect, with his feet in the stirrups, and his glass at his eye, was first to perceive that the black shadows, slowly defiling through the veil of snow, must be long to the Russian reserve. He instantly directed towards them two battalions of the grenadiers of the guard, commanded by Gen. Dorsenne. While the grenadiers advanced in silence, the squadron on duty near the Emperor turned the column, attacked in the rear, and drove it forward on our grenadiers, who received it with fixed bayonets. The first shock was terrible to the Russians. But soon, comparing their numerical strength with the small number of troops opposed to them, the officers drew their swords, rallied their men, and all defended themselves with great courage. At one moment our grenadiers appeared to flag, when a young officer darted from the ranks, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Courage, my brave comrades! follow me, and the Russian colors are ours!" He rushed forward sword in hand, followed by his

company, and penetrated the compact center of the Russian column. This unexpected assault broke their ranks, and our grenadiers resolutely entered the passage opened to them by the brave Auzou.

"This is one of the most glorious achievements of this memorable day," said the Emperor, who had been an eye-witness to the heroic conduct of Auzou. He summoned him to his presence, and thus addressed him: "Captain Auzou, you well deserve the honor of commanding my veteran *moustaches*.—You have most nobly distinguished yourself. You have won an officer's cross and an endowment of 2000 francs. You were made a captain at the beginning of the campaign, and I hope you will return to Paris with a still higher rank. A man who earns his honors on the field of battle, stands very high in my estimation. I present ten crosses to your company," he added, turning towards the soldiers.

Enthusiastic shouts rent the air, and the same men advanced to meet the enemy's fire with a degree of enthusiasm which it is impossible to describe. Two hours after, the victory was ours. The enemy's forces, routed and dispersed, retreating in the utmost disorder, abandoning their wounded, their baggage, and their parks of artillery.

But the day's work was not yet ended for the Emperor. According to custom, he went over the field of battle to estimate the enemy's loss, and hurry the removal of the wounded. It was truly horrible to survey the immense extent of ground over which the snow of the preceding day was crimsoned with blood.

A quarter-master of the dragoons, grievously wounded, perceived the Emperor passing at a few paces from him. "Turn your eyes this way, please your majesty," said the man; "I believe I have got my death wound, and shall soon be in the other world. But no matter for that. Vive l'Empereur!"

"Let this poor fellow be immediately conveyed to the ambulance," said Napoleon.—"Raise him up, and commend him to the care of Larrey!" Large tears rolled down the cheeks of the dragon when he heard the Emperor utter these words. "I only wish," said he, "that I had a thousand lives to lay down for your majesty."

Near a battery which had been abandoned by the enemy, we beheld a singular picture, and one of which a description can convey but a faint idea. About one hundred and fifty or two hundred French grenadiers, were surrounded by a quadruple rank of Russians. Both parties were weltering in a river of blood, amidst fragments of cannon, muskets, swords etc. They had evidently fought with great fury, for every corpse exhibited numerous and horrible wounds. A feeble cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* was heard to emanate from this mountain of the dead, and all eyes were instantly turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded. Half concealed beneath a tattered flag lay a young officer, whose breast was decorated with an order. Though pierced with numerous wounds, he succeeded in raising himself up so as to rest on his elbow. His handsome countenance was overspread with a vivid line of death. He recognized the Emperor, and in a feeble, faltering voice, exclaimed: "God-bless your Majesty, and now—farewell—farewell—Oh! my poor mother!" He turned a supplicating glance at the Emperor, and then uttering the words, "To dear France—my last sigh!" he fell stiff and cold.

Napoleon seemed riveted to the spot, which was watered with the blood of these heroes. "Brave man," said he; "brave Auzou! excellent young man! Alas! this is a frightful scene. The endowment shall go to his mother. Let the order be presented for my signature as soon as possible." Then turning to Doctor Ivan, who accompanied him he said "Examine poor Auzou's wounds, and see if anything can be done for him. This is, indeed, terrible."

UMBRELLAS.—It is not a hundred years since a very eccentric Englishman, named Jonas Hanway, having returned from his travels in the East, appeared in the streets of London, on a rainy day with queer "notion" from China, in the shape of what is now called an umbrella. Being the first ever seen in England, it attracted such curious and indignant notice, that its owner was soon surrounded by a furious English mob, and pelted with mud and other missiles, for his audacity in thus attempting to screen himself from the rain which all true born Englishmen, from time immemorial, had allowed to be beat upon them without resistance, as the visitation of providence! The incident made a noise; and in spite of ridicule, the "notion" began to take wonderfully with the hitherto be-dripped people; and as it was found as useful in protecting against the sun as against the rain, the name of umbrella—a little shade—was given it. Poor Jonas' invention, so unpopular at first, and afterwards so universally adopted, merely shows what a disadvantage it is to be born a few years in advance of the age!—*Phil. Ledger.*

A DOCTOR'S JOKE.—A very known physician, in a certain city, was well much annoyed by an old lady, who was always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailments. Once she met him when he was in a very great hurry; "Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue."

She obeyed, and the doctor moved off, leaving her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

HOW IT WORKS.—Fond men never have friends; neither in prosperity, because they know no body; nor in adversity, because then no body knows them.