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REMEMBER THE POOR.

The season of gloom has arrived,
And winter is hard at the door;
He whispers to all, "my power is revived,"
And tells us, "remember the poor."

The rich who with plenty are crowned,
Who have an abundance in store,
With liberal hands should be found
Dispensing relief to the poor.

O, think of the widow in need,
Whose heart has been rent to the core,
And destined in sorrow to bleed,
O, think, and "remember the poor."

Go visit the sick man in bed,
Or look at the couch on the floor,
His wife and his children no bread—
And then you'll "remember the poor."

And when sitting around a good fire,
You hear the cold winds as they roar,
Just ask if you've thought to inquire
For those without wood that are poor.

Misfortune has marked for her prey
One-half of mankind, if not more;
The rich and the proud, and the gay,
May yet become humbled and poor.

Great riches will sometimes take wings,
And leave us their loss to deplore,
And unlooked for poverty stings
The lordling who thus becomes poor.

Let those who are happy to-day,
And think that their troubles are o'er,
Be mindful, and never delay
Relief to the needy and poor.

The widow and fatherless cry
For help, and they've wants full a score;
O, let them not starve till they die,
They know what it is to be poor.

It surely is blessed to give
To those who are suffering sore;
More blessed than it was to receive,
O, then, do "remember the poor."

Late from the Sandwich Islands.

We have received, by the arrival of the ship Flamingo, dates from Honolulu to the 25th of October. King Kamehameha had, by royal proclamation, designated and recommended the 18th of December next to be kept as a day of Thanksgiving throughout the Islands.

We extract the following items of interest from the Polynesian of Oct. 25th:

STREAM NAVIGATION AMONG THE ISLANDS.

On the departure of Capt. Howard for San Francisco, on the 23d of August, he anticipated returning in 60 days with the first steamer, in fulfillment of his contract with the Government. That period has now elapsed, and the steamer is not forthcoming. This delay may have been occasioned by the long passage to the coast of the Catherine, which had not arrived on the 26th of September, having then been out 33 days, an unusually long run to San Francisco.

But although not yet arrived, the contract of Capt. Howard will not be vitiated for non-execution until the 30th of November, by which day, if his steamer arrive in any port in this kingdom, the contract will become ratified, so far as the first stipulation is concerned; otherwise it abrogates itself.

The following resolution has been passed by the Parliament, and signed by the King: Be it resolved by the Nobles and Representatives of the Hawaiian Islands, in Legislative Council assembled: That in the sense of this House, the demands of France are so clearly unjust, and contrary to the laws of nations and to treaty; and the course pursued by her is so incompatible with the existence of a regular independent government in these Islands; if France should persist in such a course, it will be the duty of the King to shield himself and his government from insult and oppression, by placing this kingdom under the protection of some friendly State, and that should such emergency be so urgent as not to admit of the Legislative Council being convened, it shall be left to his Majesty by and with the advice of his Privy Council, under such emergency to consult the honor and safety of his kingdom, according to his Majesty's best judgment, and that whatever he may so do will be binding upon the nation.

The Polynesian says that the Commissioner of the U. States called officially at the Foreign office, on the 14th Oct., making known the views of his government in regard to the past, present and future position of these Islands. The communication was of a nature tending to fortify the King in the permanent enjoyment of his sovereign right.

Infidelity is the effusion of weak minds, and the resource of guilty ones. Like the desolating simoon of the desert, it withers everything within its reach; and as soon as it has prostrated the morality of the individual it invades the civil rights of society.

A RARE INSTANCE.

The Worcester Palladium states that an only son, sole heir to a wealthy old lady, deceased without a will, invited all her relatives to examine her papers, and finding among them a loose memoranda, showing that she had at some time contemplated making bequests to several persons amounting to fifty thousand dollars, he has determined to pay over to them that amount, which he might just as well have kept in his own hands.

"MY FORTUNE'S MADE."

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if to use a common saying, just out of a band-box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these, was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very "pink" of neatness, in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceeding particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw, from the first, that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest; and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct; and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances, the match will be a good one," replied my husband. "There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone."

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly! Why not?" he replied. "I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking; but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic nor sanguine; and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life, a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora, one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very fight. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper; her hair was in papers; and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" said I. "What is the matter? Have you been sick?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my disfigurement rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh, well! No matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I. "I'm married, you know."

"Yes; I am aware of that fact," she replied. "No need of being so particular in dress now."

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say?" replied Cora. "My fortune's made. I've got a husband!"

Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness in order to win Edward's love?" said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself.

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora.—But remember, that he cannot see what is in your mind except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And, depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him, day after day, in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray, do you dress? You are as neat when abroad, as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress well when I go upon the street, or into company; to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favor of your dressing well at home, and for the eye of your husband, whose approval and whose admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dressmaker would have against him in that event. Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora; and becoming home apparel is another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad, she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw here to realize that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were confirming themselves, and becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made, and why should she now waste time, or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance?

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before; and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without be-

ing shaved; nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously, and still more so, when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home.—When he hinted anything on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented; but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied, on one occasion, quite coolly, and indifferently. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort is everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaven face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and with slipshod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking-chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked."

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward stroking his beard.

"Why, what's come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I am just as well off to-day, as if I had. So much saved."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning, Douglass appeared not only with a long beard but with a bosom and collar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why, Edward! How do you do look?" said Cora. "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so:

"It's no matter. I look well enough.—This being so very particular in dress, is waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quiet early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present; and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughed to me:—

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It's a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlor opened, and in walked Mr. Douglass. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up, in stiff spikes, in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled; his boots unblackened; and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a tear of mortification, and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow! What is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and that the gentlemen were looking at each other, and trying to repress their risible tendencies; and therefore deemed it best to throw off all reserve on the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglass looked grave.

"Well may he ask, what's the matter?" broke in Cora, energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight!"

"In such a plight?" And Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard, and ran his fingers through his hair. "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

You look as if you'd just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on, and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" And Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said with much gravity of manner—

"I've been extremely hurried of late; and only left my store a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress up. I knew we were all friends here. Besides, my fortune is made"—and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, towards his wife—"I don't feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married, it was necessary to be particular in these matters, but now it is of no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us, pretty sore. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious.—"So help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad in you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson to Cora," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I could venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I, in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding, and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh over the matter, on my return to the parlor, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards, at home or abroad, she was cured.

Kossuth's Introduction to the President.

M. Kossuth addressed the President in the following terms:

"Enlightened by the spirits of your country's institutions, when we succeeded to consolidate our natural and historical State's right of self-government, by placing it upon the broad foundation of Democratic liberty:

"Inspired by your history when we had to fight for independence against annihilation by centralized absolutism;

"Consoled by your people's sympathy when a victim of Russian interference with the laws of nature and of nature's God;

"Protected in exile by the Government of the United States, supporting the Sultan of Turkey in his noble resolution to undergo the very danger of a war rather than leave unprotected the rights of humanity against Russo-Austrian despotism;

"Restored to the United States to life, because restored to freedom and by freedom to activity in behalf of those duties which, by my nation's unanimous confidence and sovereign will, devolved upon me;

"Raised in the eyes of many oppressed nations to the standing of a harbinger of hope, because the star spangled banner was seen casting protection around me, announcing to the world that there is a nation, alike powerful as free, ready to protect the laws of nations, even in distant parts of the earth, and in the person of a poor exile;

"Cheered by your people's sympathy, so as free men cheer—not a man whatever, but a principle;

"I now bow before you, sir, in the proud position of your great nation's guest, generously welcomed by a resolution of the Congress of the United States, with equal generosity, approved and executed by your Excellency.

"I beg leave to express my fervent thanks, in my name, and in the names of my associates, who, after having shared my misfortune have now the reward to share the honor and the benefit which the great Republic of the United States was pleased to bestow upon Hungary by bestowing it upon its free chosen chief, when he became a persecuted victim of despotic violence.

"I beg leave to express my fervent thanks in my country's name also, which amidst the sorrows of its desolation, feels cheered by your country's generosity, and looks with resolution to the impending future, because it is confident that the time draws near when the eternal code of the law of nations will become a reality.

"President! I stand before your Excellency a living protestation against the violence of foreign interference oppressing the sovereign right of nations to regulate their own domestic concerns.

"I stand before your excellency a living protestation against centralization oppressing the State right of self-government.

"May I be allowed to take it for an augury of better times that, in landing on the happy shores of this glorious Republic, I landed in a free and powerful country, whose honored Chief Magistrate proclaims to the world that this country cannot remain indifferent when the strong arm of a foreign power is invoked to stifle public sentiment, and repress the spirit of freedom in any country.

"I thank God that he deemed me not unworthy to act and to suffer for my fatherland.

"I thank God that the fate of my country

became so intimately connected with the fate of liberty and independence of nations in Europe, as formerly it was intimately connected with the security of Christendom.

"I thank God that my country's umerited woe, and my personal sufferings, became an opportunity to seek a manifestation of the spirit and principles of your Republic.

"May God the Almighty bless you with a long life, that you may long enjoy the happiness to see your country great, glorious, and free, the corner stone of international justice, and the column of freedom on the earth, as it is already an asylum to the oppressed.

"Sir, I pledge to your country the everlasting gratitude of Hungary."

The President replied, briefly, to M. Kossuth's address in substance as follows:

"I am happy, Governor Kossuth, to welcome you to this land of freedom; and it gives me pleasure to congratulate you upon your release from a long confinement in Turkey, and your safe arrival here. As an individual I sympathize deeply with you in your brave struggle for the independence and freedom of your native land. The American people can never be indifferent to such a contest, but our policy as a nation in this respect has been uniform from the commencement of our government; and my own views, as the Chief Executive Magistrate of this nation, are fully and freely expressed in my recent message to Congress, to which you have been pleased to allude. They are the same whether speaking to Congress here, or to the nations of Europe.

"Should your country be restored to independence and freedom; I should then wish you—as the greatest blessing you could enjoy—a restoration to your native land; but should that never happen, I can only repeat my welcome to you and your companions here, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon you wherever your lot may be cast."

M. Kossuth, and the President then entered into a conversation in regard to the present condition of Hungary and the general politics of Europe; the interview being conducted with mutual cordiality and friendliness. At its close, M. Kossuth, with Messrs. SHIELDS and SEWARD, returned to his hotel.

END OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

The celebrated lady Hamilton was distinguished above almost every other woman of her age for personal beauty. Her accomplishments were scarcely inferior to her beauty. She was skilled in music and paintings, she had exquisite taste, and her features would express every emotion by turn.

The only occasion on which Beckford of Fonthill Abbey threw open his splendid mansion to company, was when lady Hamilton along with Lord Nelson visited it. All that wealth of the princely owner could furnish was provided to give splendor to the scene. The grounds were illuminated by lamps and torches, and the interior of the apartments was a blaze of jewelry and gold and silver. Spiced wine, and confectionary in golden baskets, were handed round to the company. A numerous party was assembled, and lady Hamilton shone the envy of them all. Attired in a rich costume she entered with a golden urn in her hands, and received some verses, which the company was far too polite not to applaud, spoken as they were, by one who had such influence over the hero of the hour. No one was there to tell that all this was deception—that sin carried its own punishment with it, and that pleasure she was pursuing was a vain shadow.

Thirteen years after the banquet at Fonthill had taken place, a lady buying some meat for her dog, at a butcher's stall in Calais, was thus accosted by the butcher's wife:

"Ah, madam! you seem to be a benevolent lady, and upstairs there is a poor English woman who would be glad of the smallest piece of meat which you are buying for your dog."

A FIGHTING PRIMA DONNA.

The Musical Times relates an anecdote of Maberlin, who is giving concerts in Boston. It refers to an occasion when she interposed in Genoa to save an American in the streets from an attack of soldiers, who were assaulting him with their bayonets for passing the city gait against rule. Shielding the American (who was a lieutenant of the U. S. ship Jamestown) she wrestled from one of the soldiers his bayonet, and declared that if they killed him it would be through her body; on which they cried out "death to both." "Kill me if you will," she replied; but aiming the gun which she had in her possession at the captain of the guards, cried out that "the first one who approached was a dead man." Upon which the captain, who began to think the affair was getting serious, remarked, "well, I wash my hands of it," and disappeared. All the officers of the American man-of-war, then in the harbor, called upon the fair heroine the third day after, to thank her for the great kindness and courage which she had displayed, and great was their surprise to find she was none other than Mlle Marie Maberlin, the celebrated vocalist, and most favorite pupil of the great master Rossini.

Sergeant Davy was once accused of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client. "I took silver," he replied, "because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing she poor fellow had in the world and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession."

Advice to the Bloomers.—When the Spartan youth complained to his mother that his sword was too short; the heroic matron answered, "Add a step." When ladies, who would be Bloomers, declared that petticoats are worn too long, laconic Punch says—"Add a tick."

A SERMON IN A BAR-ROOM.

We were among the listeners to a sermon at such a place a few days ago. The preacher was a stout, rough-looking man, and somewhat the worse for his potations. While he stood at the counter, a person entered the room, conversing aloud with his companion and swearing most vehemently, and without any provocation. Our stout acquaintance was at the moment intent on extracting from his glass the undissolved sugar adhering to the bottom of it; hearing the loud volleys of oaths, he put down his tumbler, wiped his lips with his handkerchief, and, approaching the swearer, said:—

"Look a-here, mister! The stranger looked ed. 'If I was to say party hard things about the old gentleman, your father, what would you do?' 'Wouldn't you smack me over?' 'The stranger looked at him a moment and then said smilingly—

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that."

"Well," said the first, "I reckon you could, pretty easy. At all events, you'd serve me right if you would. But, old fellow, you have just done more than that to me."

"I have!" exclaimed the stranger in surprise.

"Yes you have said the first, 'I have come here to get my bitters—it may be a little too often; and there's a good many things I do too often that I'd better not do at all. But there's one thing I don't do; and you'd better leave it off, before you hurt any body else's feelings by it as you have done mine!'"

"I? What is it?" exclaimed the stranger in evident dismay.

"You speak a certain name too freely," said the first—"in a name you and I had better not speak, or only with our hats off? Pardon me, old fellow—I couldn't help telling you of this."

"This saying, the poor fellow walked off, and the other followed him with his eyes for a moment, when he turned round and remarked—

"That's but an ignorant, poor fellow, I perceive; but he has taught me a lesson I shall take care and not soon forget. A sin that brings no enjoyment is rather a losing affair."

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.

"Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of these tears?"

"O what a disgrace!"

"What disgrace?"

"Why, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it was addressed to myself. Certainly it looks more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in itself. But the contents such a disgrace!"

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste language. But the contents?"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief, and commenced sobbing aloud when the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from a printer for nine years' subscription.

MR. AND MRS. SNIPPE.

"Hey, hey, what's that? Where allow me to ask, are you going at this time of night, Mr. Snippe?" cried a lady in notes of ominous sharpness.

"Out, responded Snippe, with a heart broken expression, like an afflicted mouse.

"Out, indeed! where's out, I'd like to know; where's out, that you prefer it to the comfortable pleasures of your own fire-side?"

"Out is no where in particular, but every where in general, to see what's going on.—Every body goes out after tea, Mrs. Snippe, they do."

"No, Mr. Snippe, every body don't! Do I go out, Mr. Snippe without being able to say where I'm going to? No, Mr. Snippe, you are not going out to frolic and drink, and smoke, and riot round, upon my money. If you go out, I'll go out too. Give me that hat, Mr. Snippe, and do you sit down there quietly, like a sober respectable man."

And Snippe did.

EXTRAORDINARY SOPORIFIC.

"O dear, dear, dear! What shall I do, Mrs. Jenkins?" asked a heart-stricken wife of her friend the other day. "Here's my poor husband with his nerves all unstrung, a-waiting sleep and can't get it. He's laid awake for twenty-seven days, Mrs. Jenkins, if he's laid awake an hour—twenty-seven everlasting days and twenty-seven nights—and can't get a wink. What shall I do to put him asleep?"

"Poor emaciated creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins. "Poor soul! I'm afraid you'll have to give him up and let him go. Husbands must die, you know, Mrs. Hogg's. It is ordered by nature."