

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., JUNE 12, 1850.

Volume VII, Number 11.
Whole Number—323.

The Lewisburg Chronicle is issued every Wednesday morning at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per year, for each actually in advance; \$1.75 paid within three months; \$2.00 if paid within the year; \$2.50 if not paid before the year expires; single numbers, 5 cents. Subscriptions for six months or less to be paid in advance. Discontinuations optional with the Publisher except when the year is paid up.

Advertisements handsomely inserted at 50 cts per square one week, \$1 for a month, and \$5 for a year; a reduced price for longer advertisements. Two squares, \$7; Mercantile advertisements not exceeding one-fourth of a column, quarterly, \$10. Casual advertisements and job work to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

All communications by mail must come post-paid, accompanied by the address of the writer, to receive attention. Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department to be directed to H. C. Hickok, Esq., Editor—and all on business to be addressed to the Publisher.

Office, Market St. between Second and Third O. N. WORDEN, Printer and Publisher.

From Sartain's Union Magazine.

JENNY LIND.

BY FREDERICK BRUMER.

There was once a poor and plain little girl, dwelling in a little room in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed then; she was lonely and neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble and in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact, she sang to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang.

The woman who had her in care went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat and sang. Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and sang, when a lady passed by. She heard the voice, and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days later, followed by an old music-master, whose name was Brelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished.

He took her to the director of the Royal Opera at Stockholm, then a Count Pule, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by a rough speech and a morbid temper. Brelius introduced his little pupil to the Count, and asked him to engage her as "eleve" for the opera. "You ask a foolish thing!" said the Count, gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. "What shall we do with that ugly thing? See what feet she has! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her. Away with her!"

The music-master insisted, almost indignantly. "Well," exclaimed he at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene; then such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world."

The Count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for clever girls at the opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombasin was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Berg, director of the song-school of the opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by the clever of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a very young, clever acted the part of a beggar girl in the play. Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicsome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's Freyschutz. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra once, as by common accord, lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up and was to appear before the public in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright and serene as a morning in May, perfect in form—her hands and arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural genius and grace. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of tone which seemed to swell her tones. Her "mezzo-voce" was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in a rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a

burst of outflowing love and life that called forth not the mirth but the tears of the auditors.

From that time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical taste and knowledge are said to be surpassed nowhere. And year after year she continued so, though after a time, her voice, being overstrained, lost somewhat of its freshness, and the public, being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time she could be heard singing and playing more delightfully than ever in Panna (in Zuberhote) or in Anna Bolena, though the opera was almost deserted. (It was then late in the spring, and the beautiful weather called the people out to nature's plays.) She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia, in Paris, and so give the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble in which the is said to have been equaled by no singer, and which could be compared only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany, she charmed England. She was adored and courted everywhere, even to adulation. At the courts of kings, at the houses of the great and noble, she was feasted as one of the grandees of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her, "In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusky October night crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seeming to belong to the upper classes of society) thronged on the shores of the Baltic harbor, at Stockholm. All looked towards the sea. There was a rumor of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered and waited and looked out eagerly towards the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the entrance of the harbor, and was greeted by a general buzz on the shore. "There she comes! there she is!" A large steamer now came thundering on, making its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, towards the shore of the "Skeppsbro." Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer and nearer, now it relented, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing, now it lay still. And there, on the front of the deck, was seen by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale, graceful young woman, with eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on the shore.

It was she again—our poor, plain, and neglected little girl of former days—who now came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich; she had become celebrated; and she had in her slender person the power to charm and inspire multitudes.

Some days later, we read in the papers of Stockholm, an address to the public written by the beloved singer, stating with noble simplicity that, "as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where clever for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge." The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the opera house was crowded every time the beloved singer sang there. The first time she again appeared in the "Sonnambula" (one of her favorite roles), the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her, when she appeared, with a roar of "hurrahs." In the midst of the burst of applause a clear melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch, warbling, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, and soaring warble—until she fell into the reticence of her last song, and again sang that joy ful and touching strain

"No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart."
She has now accomplished the good work to which her latest songs in Sweden have been devoted, and she is again to leave her native land to sing to a far more people. She is expected this year in the United States of America, and her arrival is welcomed with a general feeling of joy. All have heard of her whose history we have now slightly shadowed out; the expected guest, the poor little girl, of former days, the celebrated singer of now-a-days, the genial child of Nature and Art, is—JENNY LIND.

The Lonely Auld Wife.

BY JEMMA GAMBER.

It was formerly said I believe still to be true among the women of Scotland, when one of an aged couple died, the other would wait until the grave was closed, and then she would join her former companion in the world of spirits.

Behind the old hearth, the faithful old wife, silent and sad, sits the Lonely Auld Wife. You had left many a trace on her brow, but grief had not troubled her spirit till now. There are tears in her eyes that are like unto mine, and she looks in vain on the lonely hearth—For she can not see aught but an old, old chair, that vacant and lonely is standing there.

Long now, when her beam was smiling with youth, The Lonely Auld Wife was a gay young bride—And the rose on her cheek was the gliding dew, When she gave her hand to the joyous groom. Paled and worn is her beauty now—Gray are the hairs on her whitened brow—Silent she sits by the old hearthstone—Sad are her thoughts—she lies there alone.

Her husband is gone to his dreariest rest, And the Lonely Auld Wife hath a troubled breast—Yet not for the world would she leave away The chair he sat on for many a day. She speaks not, save with a sigh, and a tear, But her heart is full of grief, for death—For joyless and dark are the days of her life, When the husband is gone from the Lonely Auld Wife.

THE LONELY AULD GUDMAN.

A Counterpart of the Proceedings—By the same Author. Trembling and slowly the old man goes To lay his auld wife in her last repose. And the old clock are leaped on her aged breast With a sound that is breaking his peaceful rest. He had laid her down where no eye can come, And lonely and cheerless is now his home: For fifty years she had soothed his care, And cheerily borne of his woes her share.

He had her love when his step was gay, And his voice was clear as a child's at play, And his kindly form was a pleasant sight, When he led her forth on their halcyon night. He knows now on his solitary care, And his voice is that of a child again, And it seems not true that the one gay groom In the trembling form at the auld wife's tomb.

Sadly he goes to his home again, And he tries to smile, but he tries in vain—For a tear creeps up in his withered eye, And his life is now as a troubled dream—Yet surely of life he has had his share—And happy, though happy, that hour shall be, When the husband's soul at last shall be free.

Truth, well said.

Christianity has doctrines and duties which relate particularly to our fellow beings, which form its moral and social side; and it has doctrines and duties which relate particularly to God, which form its spiritual side, and comprehend directly whatever relates to our personal salvation. These together form its completeness. It can not be truly embraced without embracing both. It is possible, however, to embrace its social and moral side alone, and to exhibit herein great beauty of character; like the young ruler who propounded to our Saviour the important question, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" It is possible, also, to embrace its spiritual side alone, as far as the profession of a creed is concerned.

Now there are many men, who, owing to the fortunate circumstances of their education, are the stern believers in an orthodox creed, while violating every beautiful clarity of life. And these men claim to themselves great merit for their dogmatic faith, although it be a "faith without works."

There are other men, who, owing, perhaps, to the equally unfortunate circumstances of their education, are building on a false foundation their hopes of eternal life, while distinguished for amiable tempers, and a generous and efficient morality in the ordinary walks of life.

It would be an unwise preference which should attach us in kinder bonds to the former than to the latter. The one has faith without virtue. The other has virtue without faith. The one professes to believe according to the most orthodox standard, but breathes no atmosphere of holiness. The other believes at least in social virtue, and is true to his belief. The last is the finer and nobler character. Both are essentially deficient.

Christian Charity will estimate their defects impartially; and will neither allow herself to be imposed upon by the proud assumption of unproductive orthodoxy, nor to be led away from the just proportion and momentous value of the spiritual side of religion, by those kindly virtues which she prizes, but which, nevertheless, when they stand alone, show that one thing still is wanting.—(N. Y. Evangelist.)

Thorough Culture.

"This folly in the extreme to till Extensive fields and till them ill. The farmer pleased, may boast aloud His bushels now, his acres plowed, And, pleased, indulge the cheering hope That time will bring a plentiful crop. Shrewd common sense says laughing by, And sees his hopes abortive die, For, when maturing seasons smile, Their shraves shall disappoint his toil. Advised, this empty pride expel—Till little and that little well; Of taxing, fencing, toll, no more Your ground requires when rich than poor; And now one fertile acre yields, Than the huge breadth of barren fields."

Nothing so tyrannizes one as the habit of jesting and contempt, real or assumed. Success in the use of sarcasm and ridicule rarely fails to make its practice more frequent and its application more wide than is either justifiable in itself or agreeable to listeners.

To love one that is great is almost to be great one's self.—[Madame Necker.

Dream of a Star.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wander all the day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes: Supposing all children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once more, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and her brother looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round, and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother, and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it thro' his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, sparkling, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's neck and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who brought the people thither: "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."
She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the stars as on the Home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoke a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another." A child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

"And he said, 'Nay, but his maiden daughter.' And the man who had been the child, saw his daughter, newly lost to him; celestial creature, among those three, and he said, 'My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her. God be praised!'"

And the star was shining. Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.—[Dickens.

Parents and Children.

It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavored to teach him three things: *obedience, diligence and truth.* No better advice can be given by any parents. Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin to soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character.

Teach your children to be diligent. The habit of being always employed, is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idea which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing; innocent recreation is an employment, and the child may learn early to be useful. As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let everything else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it, what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication or falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lesson of deception.

England.

The Liverpool Mail indulges in the most sombre views as to the state of England. It says—"We are sorry to say that we continue on the sliding scale—downwards! We wish we could, but in honesty we can not, hold out any hopes to those whose fortunes are embarked, and their families dependent upon the profits of native industry. All is gloom, uncertainty, and dismay. In every part of the country the generous impulses of charity are chilled, and, if things remain as they are many months longer, many of our long cherished institutions must be closed—for lack of funds. The foreigner is robbing England as a privileged pirate; and, although we have seventeen millions of bullion in the Bank of England, it is of no more use to the nation than seventeen millions of bushels of sand." (1)

Think of it!

LITTLE THINGS go a great way to make life what it is. We ought to study them more. If a kind word that costs nothing, will give pleasure, especially to those who have but little pleasure, why is it not well to have a kind word always ready to be given? If an act of friendship will make a sad heart light for an hour, why not be ready, when it is so easy, to scatter pleasure in the path of life? This is called a "vale of tears," and so it is, for sin has blighted flowers and planted thorns; but the vale would be brighter, and there would be fewer tears, if those who have it in their power to make others happy, without depriving themselves of a single joy, would journey to shed blessings about them as they journey towards heaven.

The meanest man we ever heard of, was one who was too stingy to put salt on his tongue.—[The Four Gospels.]

Life in California.

A letter from Mr. George Holmes, a member of the Mallory California Company, of Fall River, Mass., to Mr. J. F. Reynolds, of that place, published in the "Fall River Weekly News," of May 16, containing among other things, the following interesting particulars of the death of Arthur W. Frick, Esq., son of George Frick, Esq., of Danville. Mr. Holmes says: "One other occurrence I will mention, and I have done. About the middle of last November I took a walk one Sunday down the main street about two miles. I know not for what. I came to an old Mexican bush tent, with the top covered with raw hides, and open in front. I found a man there sick, evidently in the last stage of consumption. I asked him how long he had been there, but he could not tell; he had been left alone but a few days. The Mexicans had taken care of him while they stayed, but had left for home. I cut him some woods, and helped cook some rice, and promised him I would visit him the next day, which I did every day for two weeks. We had two men sick at our tent, or I should have moved him right there. When Capt. Sherman and J. Bullington left for the ship, I hired a man to move him to my tent, much to the annoyance of Goodrum. He rode on a horse and did not bring all of his things, and before I went after them they were stolen. He charged eight dollars to move him. The removal overcame him very much. I made him as comfortable as the situation would admit. He seemed to fall very fast the second night. I thought him dying. I told him what I thought of his case; that if he had anything to communicate, I would try to fulfil his order. He said his name was A. W. Frick, of Danville, Pa. He gave me his purse, which contained 180 dollars in gold dust, with which he wanted to pay his expenses. He had a gold lever watch left with Wm. Higgins, in Pueblo, which he wished to go to his father. He had provisions stored in Stockton, which he wished to his brother, who was in this country at some of the mines. He requested me to write to him and direct to San Francisco, which I did, but have never received any answer from him. He seemed to revive, and the next morning I procured a Doctor, but all to no purpose. I watched over him and did all I could to make him comfortable, but he lingered until the fourth day, when at 9 o'clock, A. M., on the 29th of November, 1849, he departed this life without a groan or struggle. I procured boards, after much trouble, at one dollar a foot, to make him a coffin. I paid a carpenter one ounce to make it, and a cent a piece for the nails. I paid the Doctor one ounce for his visit. I gave him a decent burial. It was all that I could do. He remains sleep at the foot of a large pine tree, on the side of a mountain in Mariposa valley, about half a mile below Col. Fremont's camp. Peace to his ashes!"

Making Haste to get Rich.

One great and growing sin of our national character is an inordinate desire to get rich in a hurry. As wealth is the only aristocracy in America, every man seems bent on attaining to that important distinction. Competency is not enough with the majority; every one seems ambitious of being a Croesus. The "haste to get rich," fosters a speculative spirit, than which nothing can be more generally fatal to the individual, or demoralizing to the State. Tired of slow gains, despising the laborious ascent up the steep of fortune, men rush hap-hazard into the schemes for the sudden acquisition of wealth. Bubbles are blown, consequently, all around us. To-day there is a great speculation in this thing, as yesterday it was in that, and as to-morrow it will be in something else. A few, by a lucky turn of the card, make fortunes, but the great mass of the players stake and lose their all. What can be more fatal to society than such practices? The man who amasses wealth thus suddenly rarely retains it, while his momentary success lures thousands to the same delusive pursuits. Honorable labor is, therefore, almost despised; a man of parts is expected to be above hard labor.

The Gold Mines vs. Lead Mines.

A writer in the National Intelligencer makes the following statement: "Whether these gold mines will prove profitable to the country is a doubtful question. Already are the lead mines of the West neglected; the miners having run off in search of a more tempting metal, which has caused advance in lead, and it is now imported from Spain in large quantities. Sperm candles have advanced materially, because a great many ships have been withdrawn from the whaling business to engage in the California trade, to say nothing of the neglect of other branches of business consequent upon the immense emigration to the shores of the Pacific."

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.

Content.

"Content consisteth not in adding more fuel, but taking away more fire."

Who said that?—For whoever said it we should be glad to take him by the hand of good-fellowship. Yes, it is the grand secret of being contented and happy, not to add more fuel to the fire of your wishes and desires—not to increase the intensity of your outlays and extravagances—but to take away the superfluities of the fire and to contract the circle. More than one half of the miseries—unspoken peaches, but the most bitter of miseries—which afflict the social family, arise from neglect of the advice conveyed above. Learn to live upon little—say, learn to live upon less, if the large expenditure constrains you with cramps and with sorrows. Be not grieved beyond the reach of contentment by a fear of the world's eye—let not a dread of others spur you into a pace that goes beyond your strength and compass. But move onward in a way that is really agreeable and pleasant to yourself; for of all the cares that gnaw away the life, proud vanity cares at the deepest into the soul, in their sad reality; and in all the show, parade, foppery and display that we can indulge, there is no compensation for the miseries they may engender. Never be ashamed of being poor—make it a matter of pride to utter the avowal that you are so whenever a reason may be required why you can not move side by side with the more fortunate. "I can not afford it," is a declaration that commands respect; the most silly will not dare to sneer at it; and if they do thus sneer, who cares for such sneering?—*Neal's Gazette.*

A Word to Young Men.

Wishing and sighing, imagining and dreaming of greatness (said William Wirt) will not make you great. But can a young man command his energies? Read Foster on Decision of Character. That book will tell you what it is in your power to accomplish. You must grid up your loins and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Napoleon scaling the Alps. It is your duty to make the most of time, talent, and opportunities.

Alfred, king of England, though he performed more business than any of his subjects, always found time to study.

Franklin, in the midst of his labors, had time to dive into the depths of philosophy, and explore an untrodden path of science.

Frederick the Great with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy and feast on the luxuries of science.

Napoleon, with Europe at his disposal, with kings at his ante-chamber, and at the head of thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on his arbitrary pleasure, found time to converse with books.

And young men who are confined to labor or business even twelve hours a day, may take an hour and a half of what is left, for study, and which will amount to two months in the course of a year.

The Coffee Trade.

A memorial signed by nearly eighty of the principal houses in London engaged in the coffee trade, has been presented to the Lords of the Treasury, stating the great abuses which exist in the adulteration of coffee, which is not only mixed with chicory, but also with a deleterious mixture of roasted acorns, chestnuts, peas, and beans, red pottery earth, sand, mahogany saw dust, coloring matters and fillings, to the great injury of the fair dealers, the health of the consumer, and the loss of the revenue. This latter is estimated to be, when compared with 1840, no less than \$162,000, and with the year of maximum consumption 1847, £250,000. Chicory was, until these last few years, only an article of import; it is now largely grown in the country, and being so grown, is not subject to any duty. What the memorialists ask is, that coffee adulterated with chicory shall no longer be sold as coffee; they do not wish to interfere with the bona fide sale of chicory, but they wish the consumer to purchase coffee and his chicory separately, that he may know exactly what he is using.

All for Union.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Express, under the date of May 23d, says: There was a passage at arms in the Senate to day between Mr. Soule of Louisiana and Mr. Clay, which partook of the sublime. Mr. Clay spoke as if understanding Mr. Soule as speaking of disunion as a consequence of defeat upon these subjects. Mr. Soule sprang to his feet, and in a voice and attitude which startled the Senate, proclaimed:

"That he had never uttered such an opinion. Never! No, not if the South were beaten at every point, and the North triumphed completely, in this legislative contest: I would not then begin to think of disunion. The people do not think of it."

The galleries rang with applause at this electric outburst. Mr. Clay paused and sat down, and the Senate adjourned.