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The Siege of Dantzic.

When Marshal Lefebvre, in 1807, invested Dantzic, the celebrated engineer Bousmard put it in a condition to sustain a regular siege. Gen. Kalkreuth, over whom Bousmard exercised much influence, had under his command a garrison of twelve thousand Prussians and three Russian battalions. For the attack, Marshal Lefebvre led on a mixed multitude of French, Poles, and Germans, to the number of sixteen thousand. He always showed his soldiers an example of modesty and courage; the Marshal of the Empire never forgot that he had risen from the ranks, but was always foremost in mounting a breach, or leading on a forlorn hope.

Two months, however, passed on, and Dantzic continued impregnable. It was not certainly an unreasonably long time to spend in reducing so strong a place, yet Napoleon became impatient. He who had astonished the universe with the rapidity of his invasions and conquests, and who had recently reduced the kingdom of Prussia to obedience in seven weeks, had some right to complain of Lefebvre's tardiness. From his camp at Finkenstein he surveyed the whole of Europe, moved Turkey, threatened Russia, looked at England with impotent displeasure, concluded treaties with Germany, sent forth his commands, and raised soldiers wherever and whenever he willed, and amid all this he could not, without manifest impatience, think of the siege of Dantzic.

"What's Lefebvre about? What is he doing? I don't understand his dallying." Such were the Emperor's abrupt exclamations. Whenever a despatch from the Marshal arrived, containing an account of the local difficulties of the siege, Napoleon would give it a rapid glance of his eagle eye, and then throwing it down contemptuously, would say, "Stuff—deuce take the Alsatian and his fine descriptive style!"

"Denon," said the Emperor one day, addressing his favorite artist, "I must know how matters are progressing at Dantzic. Go thither immediately, present yourself to the Marshal, and bring me back a drawing of the place. I depend on you. Go!"

In a quarter of an hour after the delivery of this imperial mandate, Denon was on the road to Dantzic with his pencils and portfolio. He was now upwards of sixty years old, and had sojourned with Louis XV. and Louis XVI. at Versailles, with Frederick the Great at Potsdam, with Catherine II. at St. Petersburg, and with Voltaire at Ferney. Since the memorable Egyptian expedition, he had followed the footsteps of Napoleon. At Blyau a ball struck a piece of ordnance close to the Emperor, and killed three men. Denon, who had been in the scene of the catastrophe, drew from nature in the most stormiest battle, without thinking of danger or caring for risk, just then approached calmly, with his sketching materials in his hand.

"I was just thinking of you," said the Emperor; "but you must retire, Denon—too much peril here for your head, and too much smoke for your eyes." Napoleon forgot nothing; the artist's perfect coolness at Blyau was present to his mind when he sent him to bring back a military plan of Dantzic.

Arrived at the outpost of the besieging army, Denon asked an audience of the Marshal, and told his errand. Lefebvre, who knew little, and cared less, about the character and talents of his visitor, did not give him credit for good faith, but believed that he came with some sinister design. He measured the artist leisurely with an unfriendly eye, and then in a tone of irony said, "Ah, ah, Monsieur wants to see Dantzic? He wants to inspect the state of the siege for himself? Well, 'tis really a pretty drama; I'll secure him a seat in the stage-box!"

"I thank you, Marshal," said Denon as he prepared to follow his guide.
"Thank me for nothing," muttered Lefebvre between his teeth. "So," thought he, "the Emperor distrusts me, and sends a spy to my camp! A rascally policeman, I'll be bound! He thought to deceive me with his plans and drawings, as if, indeed, Bonaparte were a child that wanted pictures to amuse him! I fancy I'll give my gentleman, Monsieur Denon, as he calls himself, quite enough of his trade. I'll teach him how to stand fire! I'd give a day's pay for the pleasure of seeing him run away from the bullets!"

Meantime Denon and his guide walked rapidly onwards. They soon crossed the line, and came within range of the cannon on the forts, which at that moment were keeping up a most animated interchange of civilities with the French batteries. Balls and bullets whistled about the heads of the artist and the grenadier, and the soil on which they trod was deeply furrowed by projectiles of various kinds. Precisely at the spot where the missiles were flying thickest, Furbach paused, and told Denon, that they were now arrived at the point indicated by the Marshal. Without making any remark, the artist stepped into a hollow dug by the passage of a bomb, and whose raised edge formed a sort of desk; he then calmly opened his portfolio, took out his pencil and began to sketch.

His brave guide looked at him with astonishment. "A pleasant place," said he, "to stand in and admire the landscape!" Then seeing that Denon was pursuing his employment very leisurely—"Comrade," said he, "will you remain here long?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Why—why? Just because 'tis too hot here to be quite agreeable."

"Do you think so? Then don't let me detain you. You can return to the camp, and when I shall have finished, I shall easily find my way back."

"Adieu, then, Monsieur; au revoir!" So saying the grenadier walked off, nothing loth, to rejoin his company, whose dinner was just served.

Marshal Lefebvre meantime had had much business to transact. At the end of two hours he suddenly recollected Furbach and Denon. "What!" exclaimed he, "not yet returned? It would really annoy me to have one of my brave fellows meet death by the side of a spy!"

"Furbach, at all events, is in a high state of preservation," said an aide-de-camp: "I saw him just now refreshing himself at the canteen."

"Then the other must have fallen? Well, well, the joke was certainly rather too practical. I should have preferred his taking back his report to Bonaparte. But it can't be helped; a spy, after all, is no great loss!"

"Sacre!" cried the aide-de-camp, who was looking through a spy-glass; "here's the very man walking quietly towards us, as if the bullets were so many *bombons*!"

"Is it possible that the fellow can have stood ever since between the batteries? Where's Furbach? Call him to me."

The grenadier came, and related exactly what had passed. Just as he had finished, Denon arrived. It was pleasant to see the warm-hearted Marshal run to meet the artist, grasp both his hands, and exclaim, "No; you are not a spy, but a really brave, honest fellow. I mistook you, Monsieur Denon, and hope you will forgive me. Take sketches under a shower of shot and shell! 'Tis ten times a greater feat than leading a charge sword in hand. The Emperor has commissioned you to take back an exact description of the place; already you have seen one side of it—forgive me that it was the roughest—now I will show you the others myself. We will not leave a bastion or redoubt unvisited; and I hope you will grant me your friendship in return for the esteem with which your valor has inspired me."

Lefebvre kept his word; he conducted Denon to the best points of view, and could not sufficiently admire the artist's sketches and steadiness of hand. Denon returned to Finkenstein; and in a few days afterwards, on the 24th of May, 1807, Dantzic capitulated. General Kalkreuth obtained the same conditions that, fourteen years before he had himself granted to the garrison of Mayence. Lefebvre had him conducted with all honor to the outskirts of the Prussian army; and the ancient comrade of an affectionate letter to the Marshal. The conqueror received for a recompense the title of Duke of Dantzic, so it is evident that the report of his proceedings brought by Denon was by no means calculated to lower him in the estimation of Napoleon. Lefebvre died at Paris in 1820; and Denon, whose work on Egypt has gained him an imperishable fame, expired at the same place, at an advanced age, in 1825.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning piano, a clean cupboard, and a clear conscience.

THE ROSEBUD.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.
To the Editor—By "NOVUS."
In a wild, equatorial valley, where the sportive water falls,
And in other ripples rally forth from out their infant bed,
Drew a pure, unmarred roselod, that shone from rich,
Low-lying ground.
Where no spoilers that oppose would o'er molest the beam
Of that sweet, smiling rose.
Past the greenwood dancing lightly, on the waves leaped
Ever sprightly,
While the flow'rs, budding brightly, in the stream its feet
It bow'd;
But no flood from sunshine's fountain, sweeping down that
Low-lying mountain,
Formed a golden liquid foam in whose rich gushing tide
Was belied
The head of that sweet rose.
As a maiden mourns her lover, crushed so low no voice
Can move her,
Hing this roselod drooping over, listlessly, its cradle care;
Vainly smiled the flowers around it, each succeeding two
Light found it
Firm in the cords that bound it like a death-chill to its grave—
This fading, dying rose.

Peter Chancery, Esq., and His Five Dollars.

Showing the Blessings that may follow the Settlement of the Smallest Bills.
"Sir, if you please, boss would like you to pay this little bill to-day," said, for the tenth time, a half-grown boy in a dirty jacket to a lawyer in his office.

"The attorney at length turned round and stared the boy full in the face, as if he had seen some newly discovered specimen of zoology, gave a long whistle, thrust his inkly fingers first into one pocket and then into the other of his black cloth vest, and then gave another long whistle, and completed his stare at the boy's face.

"Ho, ha, hum! that bill, eh?" said the legal young gentleman, extending the tips of his fingers towards the well-worn bit of paper, and daintily opening it, he looked at its contents.

"Hum! for capping and heel-capping, six shillings—for foxing, ten and sixpence, and other sundries, eh? So your master wants me to settle this bill, eh?" repeated the man of briefs.

"Yes, sir; this is the nineteenth time I have come for it, and I intend to knock off at twenty, and call it half a day."

"You're an impudent boy."

"'s always impudent to lawyers, coz I can't help it—it's catchin'."

"What's your eye teeth cut, I see."

"That's what boss sent me for insteem of the 'prentices as was gettin' their teeth cut. I cut mine at nine months old with the hand saw. Boss says if you don't pay the bill, he'll sue you."

"Then the other must have fallen? Well, well, the joke was certainly rather too practical. I should have preferred his taking back his report to Bonaparte. But it can't be helped; a spy, after all, is no great loss!"

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We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning piano, a clean cupboard, and a clear conscience.

master, Mr. Last, if he has any other accounts he wants sued, I'll attend to them with the greatest pleasure."

"Thank'ee, sir," answered the boy, pocketing the five; "but you is the only regular dunnin' customer boss has; and now you have paid up, he has none but cash folks. Good-day to you."

"Now there goes five dollars that will do that fellow, Last, no good. I am in want of it, but he is not. It is a five thrown away."

As Peter Chancery did not believe in his own mind, that paying his debt to Mr. Last was to be of any benefit to him, and was of opinion that it was money thrown away, let us follow the fate of these five dollars through the day.

"He has paid!" said the boy, placing the money in his master's hand.

"Well, I'm glad of it," answered Mr. Last, surveying the money through his glasses—"and it's a half eagle, too. Now, run with it and pay Mr. Furnace the five dollars I borrowed from him yesterday, and said I would pay him to-morrow. But I will pay it now."

"Ah, my lad, come just in time," said Mr. Furnace as the boy delivered his errand and the money. "I was just wondering where I could get five dollars to pay a bill which is due to-day." "Here, John," he called to one of his apprentices, "put on your hat and take this money to Capt. O'Brien, and tell him I came within one of disappointing him, when some money came in, I didn't expect."

Capt. O'Brien was on board of his schooner at the next wharf, and with him was a seaman with his hat in his hand, looking very gloomy as he spoke with him.

"I am sorry, my man, I can't pay you—but I've just raised and scraped the last dollar I can get above water, to pay my insurance money to-day, and have not a copper left in my pocket to jingle, but keys and old nails."

"But I am very much in need, sir; my wife is failing, and my family are in want of a good many things just now, and I get several articles at the store, expecting to take them up as I went along home. We han't in the house any flour, nor tea, nor—"

"Well my lad, I'm sorry. You must sell my coat off my back, or pawn my schooner's keedge. Nobody pays me."

The sailor, who had come to get an address, when the apprentice boy came up and said in his hearing:

"Here, sir, is five dollars Mr. Furnace owes you. He says when he told you he couldn't pay your bill to-day, he didn't expect some money that came in after you left his shop."

"Ah, that's my fine boy! Here, Jack, take this five dollars, and come on Saturday and get the balance of your wages."

The seaman, with a joyful look, took the piece, and touching his hat, sprang with a light heart on shore, and hastened to the store where he had already selected the comforts and necessities his family stood so much in need of.

As he entered, a poor woman was trying to prevail upon the store-keeper to settle a demand for making his shirts.

"You had best take it out of the store, Mrs. Conway," he said to her, "really I have not taken in half the amount of your bill to-day, and I don't expect to. I have to charge everything and no money comes in."

"I can't do without it," answered the woman, earnestly, "my daughter is very ill, and in want of every comfort; I am out of firewood, and indeed I want many things which I have depended upon this money to get. I worked night and day to get your shirts done."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Conway," said the store-keeper, looking into his money drawer. "I've not five shillings here—and your bill is five dollars and ninepence."

The poor woman thought of her invalid child and wrung her hands.

"A sailor was here a while ago, and selected full five dollars worth of articles here on the counter, and went away to get his wages to pay for them, but I question if he comes back. If he does and pays for them, you shall have your money, madam."

At this instant Jack made his appearance in the door.

"Well, shipmate," he said, in a tone much more elevated than when he was discovered speaking with the captain, "well, my hearty, freight. I've got the document, so give us possession!" and displaying his five dollar piece, he laid hold of the purse.

The store-keeper, examining and seeing that the money was good, bade him take them with him, and then sighing as he took the other, and the last look at the piece, he handed it to the poor widow, who, with a joyful smile, received it from him and hastened from the store.

In a low and very humble tenement, near the water, was a family of poor children, whose appearance exhibited the utmost des-

titution. On a cot lay a poor woman, ill and emaciated. The door opened, and a man in coarse patched garments, entered with a wood saw and horse, and laid them down by the door side, and approached the bed.

"Are you any better, dear?" he asked in a rough voice, but in the kindest tones. "No—have you found work? If you could get me a little nourishing food, I could regain my lost strength."

The man gazed upon her pale face a moment and again taking his saw and horse, went out. He had not gone far before a woman met him, and said she wished him to follow, and saw some wood for her. His heart bounded with hope and gratitude, and he went after her to her dwelling, an abode little better than his own for poverty; yet wearing an air of comfort. He sawed the wood, split and piled it, and received six shillings, with which he hastened to a store, for necessities for his sick wife, and then hurried home to gladden her heart with the delicacies he had provided. Till now he had no work for four days, and his family had been starved, but from this day his wife got better, and was at length restored to her family, and to health, from a state of weakness which another day's continuation would probably have proved fatal.

These six shillings which did so much good were paid him by the poor woman, from the five dollars she had received from the store-keeper, and which the sailor had paid him. The poor woman's daughter was also revived, and ultimately restored to health, and lately married to a young man who had been three years absent and returned true to his troth. But for the five dollars which had been so instrumental in his recovery, he might have returned to be told that she whose memory had been so long the polar star of his heart, had perished.

So much good did the five dollar piece do, which Peter Chancery, Esq., so reluctantly paid to Mr. Last's apprentice boy, though little credit is due to this legal gentleman for the results that followed. It is thus Providence often makes bad men instruments of good to others. Let this little story lead those who think a "small bill" can stand because it is a small bill, remember how much good a five dollar bill has done in one single day, and that in paying one bill they may be paying a series of twenty bills and dispensing good to hundreds.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.
—These are dark days—I wish a whole year of them could be hurried away.—A. A.
Oh! they that blow the sunshine,
Should not forget the shade,
For when the sun is down,
The world never has been made.
This banner of dishevelled day,
Had never to man been given,
That shining ring of ravelled rain,
Nor wouldst Earth to Heaven.
And hope, that rainbow of the heart,
Had never spanned its beam,
Till our very dearest love,
The portals of the Blue—
(The earth had been a chrysolite,
And Eden killed her love.)
If when God filled the world with smiles,
He had not made a Tear!
And that for me, be Twilight's bridge,
Which shows each arch and valley,
Green fields and meadows,
The waves of river and ocean,
When the sweet old suns are 'round us,
And Nature's heart is true,
And the deer has not been given,
Being Heaven very near!
O' earth would be a wilderness,
With no soul on it,
And the human heart a home,
If there were never one,
No stars nor dew about the night—
Without the stars, no Heaven.
The flowers, without the dew, would die—
Who would not have it Even!
Saturday Eve, July 18.

The End of Hungary.

Nations, like individuals, have their youth, their manhood, and their old age; and so, too, have races of men. We do not know a more striking instance of this truth than is presented by the history of the Hungarians.

The Magyars were originally an Asiatic tribe, and formed a branch of the Finnic race, as is proved by their physical characteristics, not less than by their language. They first appeared in Europe at the beginning of the ninth century. Their career, until the fury of the onset was spent, was one of incessant victory. Armed with bows and arrows, and mounted on fleet horses, they were invincible by any force that Europe could muster. They swept up the Danube like a destroying whirlwind, until their territories extended from far below Belgrade to far above Vienna, so that not only was it now Hungary, but vast territories contiguous to it, owned their sway. From this central seat of power they soon spread their ravages on every side. They invaded Italy, they thundered at the gates of Holland, they even carried their war-cry into the heart of France. For nearly two centuries, the Magyars were to western Europe what the Turks subsequently became, a race as hated as they were feared, a nation of warriors whom nothing could oppose.

But the horsemen whom the feudal chivalry of France and Germany could not resist, Christianity finally subdued. The first Magyars were heathens. They

hated the Franks as men of a hostile race, and they hated them worse as believers in a different religion. When, however, holy missionaries, disregarding the perils that would environ them in the midst of savage heathens, penetrated into Hungary, and preached in the tumultuous camps of the wild conquerors the peaceful doctrines of the Gospel, a mighty change took place. The whole nation was, as it were, converted in a day. A single generation saw the Hungarians transformed from Pagans into Christians. With this great change came more peaceable habits. The Magyars no longer warred on western Europe with religious fanaticism as before, but rather sought to be on terms of amity with them, and to imitate the arts of peace. Gradually returning, therefore, with the boundaries of their central kingdom, they confined themselves to the great plains of Hungary and to the contiguous territories. Their princes began to intermarry with the princes of western Europe; the people assumed more or less of the habits of civilization; and Hungary became, by the sanction of neighboring potentates, an acknowledged Christian kingdom.

Thus had passed the first period of the Magyar race, that of its fiery, impetuous, and colossal youth. About A. D. 1000 it entered on the second term of its existence. A robust, yet tempered manhood was its destiny for five hundred years succeeding. During this epoch, it was the great bulwark of Europe against Saracen and Turkish invasion. Occasionally, indeed, the Hungarians warred on their Christian brethren; and more than once they allied themselves for a period, and in self-defence, to the Ottoman hordes; but, in the main, they were true to the cause of Christian Europe, and the chief instruments in repelling the assaults of Moslem fanaticism. Like a mighty breakwater, thrown forward to meet the first fury of the tempest, they withstood, for centuries, the war of the advancing surges and the dash of the angry tide. Their gallantry in the field was only equaled by their sturdy independence at home. Inheriting from their ancestors a sort of rude constitutional monarchy, under which the people elected all the minor officers of the State, they maintained these privileges when absolutism reigned everywhere else on the continent, and when England alone shared with Hungary the benefits of real liberty.

From the fatal edict, by which the Diet invited the house of Hapsburg to occupy their territories, they have been narrowed almost constantly. The aim of the Austrian monarchs has been to destroy the national feeling, and to strip the people of their ancestral rights; and this base scheme has been persisted in, regardless of the heroic sacrifices made by the Hungarians, on frequent occasions, to save the empire. In a measure, the treacherous plot has succeeded. The Delilah that the Magyars took in has shorn them secretly of their strength, and has, in our own day, delivered them over to the hatred of the autocrat, the true Philistine of Europe. Their national independence has sunk into a mere shadow since the last fatal war. Kosuth and a few other sanguine patriots may still hope for the resurrection of this gallant people; but we fear their doom, like that of the noble Poles, is sealed, and that the time of their extinction approaches. Their old age is at hand, it's not already come. In a century or two, at the utmost, they will probably be lost sight of, in surrounding population. Such is the fate of nations.—Evening Bulletin.

A Siberian Winter.

The traveler in Siberia, during the winter, is so enveloped in furs that he can scarcely move; and under the thick fur hood, which is fastened to the bear skin collar and covers the whole face, one can only draw in, as it were by stealth, a little of the external air, which is so keen that it causes a very peculiar and painful feeling to the throat and lungs. The distance from one halting place to another takes about ten hours, during which time the traveler must always continue on horseback, as the cumbersome dress makes it insupportable to wade through the snow. The poor horses suffer as much as their riders; for besides the great effect of cold, they are tormented with ice forming in their nostrils and stopping their breathing. When they intimate this, by a distressed snort and a convulsive shaking of the head, the drivers relieve them by taking out the pieces of ice, to save them from being suffocated. When the icy ground was not covered by snow, their hoofs often burst from the effect of the cold. The caravan is always surrounded by a thick cloud of vapor; it is not only living bodies, which produce this effect, but even the snow smokes. These evaporations are instantly changed into millions of needles of ice, which fill the air, and cause a constant slight noise, resembling the sound of torn satin or thick silk. Even the reindeer seeks the forest to protect himself from the

intensity of the cold. In the tundras, where there is no shelter to be found, the whole herd crowd together as close as possible to gain a little warmth from each other, and may be seen standing in this way quite motionless. Only the dark bird of winter, the raven, still cleaves the icy air with slow and heavy wing, leaving behind him a long line of his vapour, marking the track of his solitary flight. The influence of the cold extends even to inanimate nature. The thickest trunks of trees are rent asunder with a loud sound, which, in these deserts, falls on the ear like a signal shot at sea; large masses of rocks are torn from their ancient sites; the ground in the tundras and in the rocky valleys, cracks, forming wide yawning fissures from which the waters, which were beneath the surface, rise, giving off a cloud of vapor, and become immediately changed into ice. The effect of this degree of cold extends even beyond the earth. The beauty of the deep polar star, so often and so justly praised, disappears in the dense atmosphere which the intense cold produces. The stars still glisten in the firmament, but their brilliancy is dimmed.—Travel in North.

The commerce of the Country, as appears by returns made at the bureau of Geographical Engineers, amounting to the enormous sum of \$186,485,260 more, by \$40,000,000, than the whole Foreign export trade of the country. The aggregate tonnage is 203,041 tons, of which 35,904 is foreign. The net value of the commerce of the western rivers is \$256,233,333, the value of vessels \$18,661,500. The value of the internal commerce of the United States, which is almost double that of the net value, is \$795,654,774.

The great London meeting, which was to have been held in this place on Tuesday evening last, going to Judge Williston got having a proper appreciation of the great danger in which our Union is now placed or of the services which our patriots stood ready to discharge, was not held, the Judge not adjourning Court for that purpose. Whether the Union will safely weather the storm, without this support, is uncertain.—[Bradford Reporter.]

The mode of taking the Census in England is by leaving with each householder a schedule with instructions requiring him to specify certain particulars respecting each person who slept in his house on a given night, under a penalty of £5 in the event of disobedience of the act. The paper proper officer, whose duty it is to verify the statement.

Gen. ROBERT FLEMING, and JAMES ARMSTRONG, Esqs., of Williamsport, have been commissioned by Gov. JOHNSTON, to act on the State Committee, to whom the management of the specimens of skill and industry, intended for the World's Fair, at London, in May next, from this Commonwealth, is to be entrusted.

Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., printing press makers and machinists, in New York, have a private telegraphic communication between their counting room and their establishment some two miles distant in the eastern part of the city, which the proprietors and clerks daily use for transmitting intelligence.

The splendid painting, Gliddon's Panorama of the Nile, covering many thousand feet of canvass, and executed by the most celebrated artists in the world, is now open for exhibition at the Chinese Museum. It has already been visited by a large number of their citizens, and pupils of public schools.

A Young Colony.—The ship Washington, Capt. Page, which arrived at New York, the 3rd inst. from Liverpool, had on board nine hundred and sixty steered passengers—this is the largest number of persons ever brought across the Atlantic in one vessel. They were all in good health.

A gentleman of this Borough, recently informed us that he had made two purchases of real estate within about 6 months, and that in both instances he had been led to make the purchases he did by seeing the property advertised in the columns of the "Luminary."—Mancy Luminary.

The great tunnel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is one of the most stupendous works of civil engineering in this country, if not in the world. It is a few miles from Morgantown, in Western Virginia, and is through a mountain a mile and a quarter wide.

Rhode Island.—The census just completed shows that the population of this state is 146,343, being an increase of 28,711 since 1840, or a fraction over 35 per cent. The population of the city of Providence is 41,523, being an increase of 18,341 since 1840.

A letter from Constantinople, dated Nov. 23, says that a riot against the Christian population had broken out at Aleppo. A multitude of Franks were killed, and their houses sacked and burned. The Turkish soldiers remained quiet spectators of these outrages.

New York & Erie Railroad.—The receipts of this road for November, 1850, were for passengers and mails \$74,324.65; for freight \$75,323.27. Total \$150,147.92. Same month in 1849 \$89,065.25. Increase \$72,055.68.

The whole number of persons confined in the Luzerne county Jail during the term ending last month was 266 males, and 31 females—296 in all!