

ordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains,—an elevated and depressed one—the last averaging thirteen hundred feet below the surface. The prejudice which gave to this sheet of water the name of Dead Sea, grounded doubtless on the belief that its waters held in solution ingredients, and emitted effluvia, destructive of animal life, is so far confirmed, that it may be regarded as an established fact that no form of life exists therein, nor could any animalcule or vestige of animal matter be detected in it when subjected to a powerful microscope—so salt it is, so dense, so bitter. But the men bathed in it without peril to life, though with sufficiently disagreeable consequences; for it was found oily and acid in the extreme, peeling the skin from the body, and producing a prickly smarting sensation; and numerous and curious birds were found upon the borders of the lake, and seemed to fly over it, and to skim its surface; and wild ducks seemed to float upon it at their ease.

The buoyancy of the water is such that the boats with the same load drew one inch less upon the lake than in the river. Its action was so powerful on the copper boat, that, while exposed to its immediate friction, the metal was as bright as burnished gold, but corroded immediately on coming in contact with the air.

The commander describes the water as inodorous, and contends that its saline exhalations are not only innocuous, but that they are positively salubrious. It is to the climate, the intense heat, that he ascribes the dangerous and oppressing influence that soon began to impair alike the physical health and mortal vigor of the party, causing the figure of each to assume alean and drooping appearance, the lean to become stout, and the stout corpulent; the pale faces to become florid, and the florid ruddy; the slightest scratch to fester, and the bodies of many to be covered with small pustules. Happily the work was accomplished before worse symptoms appeared; and in a few days after their return to Beirut, they all recovered, save the lamented Dale.—*New York Jour. of Com.*

FROM EUROPE.

From the Pennsylvania.
Further Foreign Items.

LONDON, Oct. 20, half-past 10, A. M. The advices from Paris are of yesterday noon.—They state that, during the speech of Matthieu de la Drone, on the Roman question, an altercation arose between M. Thiers and M. Bixio, ex-Ministers of Foreign Affairs. The latter declared that the former had snid the election of Louis Napoleon, would be a disgrace to France.—Thiers demanded satisfaction.

A duel took place immediately; one shot was fired by each at twenty paces distance, but neither was wounded, and the seconds came forward and said that the parties had done all that honor required. Both members returned to the Assembly just as the sitting was adjourning at 5 o'clock.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

A letter from Presburg states that it is not true that Pulsky's children are confined in the castle of the city; but that the children of Kossuth and of Guyon are imprisoned there; and are in such a state of destitution that Haynau was afforded an opportunity of insulting their misfortunes by doling out to them a paltry alms of £10, which was left with the Governor of the fortress, so that they were not even afforded an opportunity of expressing their contempt for him by the rejection of his dole. Madame Perceval and the Baroness Splénye are also prisoners at Presburg.

A great sensation has been created by the appearance in public of Asserman's female Aid-de-camp, who is included in the capitulation of Comorn. This second Joan of Arc, who is only twenty years of age, has fought in fourteen pitched battles against the Austrians.

The General's Kiss, Kiss was possessed of landed estate, which brought him in some £6,000 or £8,000 a year, Desoffy and Lazar, were shot. Count Charles Leiningen, Poltenberg, Nagy Sandar, Kneszich, and Danjanich, suffered the death of felons and murderers. One Gasper had his sentence commuted to ten years imprisonment in a fortress. These rigorous proceedings took place on the ever memorable 6th of October. It is stated also that the late Minister Casuyi and Baron Clessenek have been hanged at Pesth. There is no knowing where these criminal processes will stop, now that Baron Haynau, who alone is responsible has got his hand in.

Vienna dates are to October 13. The *Pesther Zeitung* records the execution of another eminent Hungarian, Ganzzky, who has been hanged at Pesth. Nor is this the only victim announced. Baron Jessorak has been subjected to the same fate. Both of these victims attempted to address the crowd, but the roll of the drums, drowned their voices. The Jack Ketch stripped the bodies to their linen; they were left hanging for an hour, and then conveyed in a cart to the hospital.

The dowry of the Countess Bathyani amounted to seven millions of florins, the whole of which has been confiscated to the Austrian treasury.

The crown of St. Stephen and royal insignia of Hungary have been conveyed, it is said, from Widdin to England.

THE LAST AUSTRIAN MURDER.

"Count Louis Bathyani," says the *Ost-Deutsche Post*, "had voluntarily surrendered to Prince Windischgratz. He was one of the members of the deputation from Pesth that waited upon the Imperial commissioner-in-chief to effect, if possible, a solution of the struggle against Austria. Since then he remained a prisoner. Suddenly it is upon every report is spread, that Bathyani was to die upon the gallows.

The effect produced by the report was visible in the countenances of all, and many looked anxiously forward to the morning fixed for the execution; for although the energetic measures of the state of siege set any great demonstration at defiance, still something unusual was expected—either an act of mercy or an act of despair. The morning came, and the dawn broke upon an assembled multitude of many thousands around a gallows erected on the Holzplatz. A rumor suddenly spread through the crowd that Bathyani had attempted suicide in prison. It proved true; but either the hand of the unhappy man or his energy failed him. Though he gave himself various wounds, he did not deprive himself of life; he, however, escaped the rope. Twelve hours later, at nightfall, he was led out and shot. As yet, it is a mystery what influence procured the substitution of powder and lead for the rope. Common report says that the wounds in the Count's neck prevented the rope being used. Bathyani, however, walked, it seems, with a firm step to the place of execution; and before he fell, shouted in a clear voice, "Einen haza!" or, long live my country!

The Execution of Bathyani.

Austria, though for an interval again triumphant, is more than ever doomed to destruction. Aided by the legions of the Autocrat, the House of Hapsburg has, for the time being, re-obtained an ascendancy over the destinies of the Hungarians. Nevertheless, the position of that dynasty has become for that very reason only the more perilous. The hearts of fifteen millions have been alienated from the cause of the Sovereign at Shernbrunn; and now, although at the height of their success, the glove of a visible Nemesis glimmers already over the heads of the conquerors. Austria, we repeat, is doomed to destruction. The brand of death, written in characters of blood, has been imprinted on the walls of her Imperial palace—and the hand by which those bloody characters have been traced is that of the inhuman and pitiless Haynau. Europe, accustoming though she be to spectacles of horror, and incidents of devastation, has shuddered at the tremendous crimes perpetrated by that monster, in the hour of victory.—She has stood aghast and overwhelmed with tribulation, at the massacres taking place in Pesth and Arad—massacres conceived and enforced in cold blood, by the pre-consul of the Red Emperor. It was miserable enough, God knows, to witness the downfall of the liberty of the Hungarians, strangled by the brute force of Russia, and stabbed in the back by the treason of Gorgey. Yet, to enhance the gloom of the catastrophe, to render the fate of the heroic Magyars still more melancholy and deplorable—we have seen not only the expatriation of the liberator Kossuth, we have heard not only the glorification of the traitor Gorgey—we have seen the desolation of Hungary, and have heard the dismal tales of the incarceration and butchery of her glorious children. The day of warning has passed by for ever. We speak now not of a probability, but of a certainty; and we say, almost with a feeling of ghastly satisfaction, that the hour of vengeance will come down at last, like a thunderbolt, upon the heads of these assassins of autocracy, of these homicides of Absolutism. When that hour arrives, we be to the murderers of Hungarian patriotism! They will look in vain for a reputation of that sublime weakness, which, in 1848, covered the insurgent democracy of the continent, with the splendor of an unparalleled magnanimity.

They will look and look, alas! in vain, for the re-abolition of the political scaffold. They will find no shelter then, during that terrible period of expiation, even under the cover of the majestic eloquence and magnificent heroism of a Lamartine. They themselves have cut the ground from under their own feet. They themselves have drowned the popular generosity in torrents of blood; they have nailed their banners, not to the mast, but to the gibbet; they have thrown aside the sword and the lance, for the rope and the guillotine. On them will descend the penalty of their atrocious butcheries. And for every victim which has fallen beneath their merciless weapons, Democracy, in the next day of its ascendancy, will demand a fearful and inexorable account. Princes, and Dukes, and Marshals, savage Captains and Red Emperors, will receive the accumulated heritage of their atrocities. For their recent proceedings have taught the people of Europe the great truth, that the clemency of a revolution is only productive of the cruelty of a counter-revolution. Men recognize, at last, that it is not without meaning that despots have been robbed in purple—dyeing their garments in royalty, as they do, in the life-blood of the population. The fact has been revealed in the youthful reign of the Red Emperor, Francis Joseph—more preciously cruel than Nero, more ruthless in ferocity than Borgia, more besotted in his early dominion than Heliogabalus. It has been illustrated, moreover, by the sanguinary career of the Red Marshal, Haynau, a monster whose Campaign of the Scaffold has eclipsed the Bloody Assizes of Jeffries; and whose actual deeds have surpassed the fabled brutalities of Claverhouse.

Since our last enumeration of the victims of Austrian vengeance, other Hungarian patriots, of conspicuous distinction, and of undoubted probity, have been barbarously assassinated by order of the military tribunals at Pesth. Ladisoy Casuyi, the Minister of Public Works, under the glorious dictatorship of Kossuth, was strangled on the 10th instant; and on the same day with him was hanged the Baron Jeszenak. It cannot be forgotten that it was the former who detected the treacherous correspondence between Otinger and Jellachich. That exposure of a congenial spirit has been cruelly repaid by the faithless and despicable Gorgey. Poor Casuyi, prevented from proceeding to Turkei with his illustrious leader, in consequence of the languor of habitual indisposition, was compelled to unite his destinies with those of Gorgey. His confidence was fittingly responded to—he was betrayed, brought before the terrorists of Austria, and executed.

On a previous occasion we have spoken of the death of the unhappy Count Louis Bathyani, the Algonon Sydney of Hungary, as an infamous and detestable murder. That epithet is not used as a mere token of our abhorrence, but as a literal definition of the act. Count Louis Bathyani, we repeat, was not executed, he was murdered—deliberately, in cold blood, according to the written laws of England, and according to that unwritten code of justice which has hitherto prevailed throughout Christendom. "Commentaries," vol. iv., p. 178, that "when a criminal is executed by the proper officer in pursuance of his sentence, this is justifiable homicide." "But if it be done by any other person," says Hale, vol. i., p. 501, "or not done in strict conformity with the sentence, as for instance if an officer behead one who is adjudged to be hanged, or the contrary, it is murder!" The assertion is confirmed by Coke in his "Institutes," vol. iii., p. 52. Now, Count Louis Bathyani was sentenced to death by the rope. Maddened by his many calamities, he threatened to destroy himself, and, in consequence of the wound in his throat, he was not hung but shot. Therefore say we, in point of law and justice, his execution was a horrible and flagrant murder! On the Red Emperor—on Haynau—on every member of the blood-stained Government of Austria will fall the vengeance evoked by these gigantic crimes—a vengeance to be inflicted, not by the scourge which lacerated the unfortunate Madame Maderspach, but by the rope that strangled Aufich and the muskets that murdered Bathyani.

Lloyd states that the Countess Bathyani, after the execution of her husband, did not go to Turkei, but to Cargoo, to the Countess Karly, who is also a Zi-by. From thence she will go, in compliance with the last wishes of the count that she should leave Hungary, to visit a female relative in Bavaria.

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TURKISH AFFAIRS.

From the Correspondent of the London Times.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 3. Beni, the Hungarian hero—the Polish patriot—the victor in many a battle, has fallen; not in the field, for then his fate would have been glorious; nor has he perished on the scaffold, to which Russia had condemned him; for then he would have been a martyr. He has ceased to command either our admiration or our sympathy; he is no longer the victorious General, the devoted patriot. Beni is a renegade. He has repudiated the religion of his fathers; he has renounced his country, and the noble cause with which his name was so closely identified. Beni has become a Mussulman; he has embraced the religion of Mohammed, and from being the hero and patriot, he is now Murad the renegade. Is this the effect of cowardice or of selfishness? To escape from the hands of Russia has he become an apostate? To save himself from honorable poverty has he blasphemed his creed? One feels humiliated and abased by such an event as this. It shows us the weakness, the folly of poor human nature. This ought to show the absurdity of identifying men with principles; for, with the vulgar, the treachery of Gorgey and the apostasy of Beni must have the effect of giving them a bad opinion of the cause with which both these men were unfortunately connected. Humiliation and shame were the sentiments excited in the minds of the friends of Hungary, at Constantinople, when the news arrived, that not only Beni, but all his staff had become apostates. It is impossible to give an idea of the contempt which the name of renegade inspires in Turkey, even amongst the Turks themselves. In the times of Moslem fanaticism a price was set upon apostasy; but though the pretended convert was rewarded for abandoning the faith of Christ, he was always held in loathing by the proud-minded Mohammedan, who was well aware of the baseness which had led the renegade to a change of faith. Now that Turkey has become a tolerant and civilized country, acts of religious apostasy have become more rare, because they do not meet with the same rewards as in former times; the contempt of the true Mussulman has grown much stronger for apostates, since he is better able to judge of the motives by which they are animated.

60,000 men were yesterday reviewed at San Stefano, on the coast of the Marmora, by the Sultan. Sir Stratford Canning and General Appick were present. After the review the Ambassadors were honored with an audience by the Sultan. Sir Stratford Canning presented the Hon. Mr. Jerningham, Secretary of Embassy, and Lord Maudesville, to His Majesty; and the Vicomte de Gabric, First Secretary of the French Legation, was presented by General Appick.

Her Majesty's steam-ship *Odin* arrived here this morning, from Corfu and Athens, with despatches for Sir Stratford Canning. It is understood that the *Odin* is to remain here for some time, under the orders of the Ambassador. Her arrival caused a great sensation. She brought the news that the English & French fleets were shortly expected at Vourla-bay; near the mouth of the Dardanelles.

BUCHAREST, Oct. 1.

I resume my correspondence, which has been interrupted by a trip into the country. The Turkish and Russian armies have lifted up their tents, which were pitched out of the town, and have taken their quarters in the town itself, adding about 20,000 people to its population. The Turks are quartered in large khans on the right bank of the Demboritza, a small river which picturesquely runs through Bucharest; and the Russians on the left bank. The town affords a curious sight for an ob-

server. Russian and Turkish uniforms are constantly seen crowding the streets. You may fall in with a Russian private, lounging in the streets, or in the markets; but the Turks never go out but in certain numbers, and always accompanied by their low officers, so zealous Omar Pasha is to maintain discipline, and so well known to him are the sometimes wild whims of the Turkish soldier, who is at once a *bon enfant* and a barbarian. The Turks, however, are so well dressed—I mean so comfortably—so well fed, so highly paid for privates, (their pay being more than 3s. a month,) that they have hardly any motive for committing those petty larcenies of which the Russian soldier, so ill fed that he will secretly stoop to begging, is too often guilty. Yet, in spite of their good department, the Turkish privates are constant objects of awe, and even abhorrence, to a certain part of their population—I mean the female portion.

First, they are Turks (Moslems); and, secondly, they look on women as mere tools of pleasure; whilst, in the eyes of the weaker sex of this country, the Russians have the same faith, and are not so brusque in their manners. Fund Effendi, whose departure for St. Petersburg has been a great loss to Turkish influence in the Principality, lives in the palace of Prince Cebren, who is now in Constantinople. General du Hamel resides in the country, at the seat of Contaqueine, the Chairman of the Principality, and now Grand Vornik, or Home Minister. No two men could be found of more different minds than Fund Effendi and Du Hamel. The Turk is a man of extreme politeness, soft manners and temper—so soft, indeed, that it borders on weakness and apathy: the Russian, whose origin is French, if what I have been told by private people is true, is haughty and unamiable, though straightforward and honest; but unremitting, and seeming to believe that the commands of his master would lose something of their might and true character, if they were not sternly enforced. More than once, I was told, the extreme blandness of Fund Effendi alone prevented the two Imperial Commissioners throwing tables or arm chairs in each other's faces. The successor of Fund Effendi, during his absence at Petersburg, is Omar Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army, and Military Governor of Bucharest. He lives in the palace where the unfortunate and ill-starred Prince Abko Ghitta held his Court—a Court which he might have held to this day, if he had been a little more prudent and a little more clever too. Omar Pasha is the great military man of Turkey, the man who has put down the resistance of the Druses and the rebellion of Albania and Kurdistan. The military rival of Omar is General Laders; whose unknown exploits in Circassia have with no difficulty been thrown into the shade by his really great successes in Transylvania. Omar has all the pride and pompous demeanor of a Turk—never goes out, unless accompanied by horsemen and pipers; whilst the man whose name has been placed near that of Paskiewitch walks on quietly, only surrounded by ladies.—The Sultan has ordered that 25,000 francs should be taken from the Treasury of the Principality, (the treasury is empty,) and given to the ex-Caucasian and actual Home Minister, for his expenses during the time of his Camicanship.

A Rod for Gossips.

The following paragraph which we find floating in the newspapers, lays it on the Gossips just as they deserve. If it should catch the eye of any who are in the habit of slandering, and peddling evil reports about, let them read this and mend their ways. There are some who profess great piety and innocence who would do well to reflect on the statements given:

"The slanderous woman poisons the atmosphere of an entire neighborhood, and blasts the sanctities of a thousand homes; she is a single breath. From a woman of this class nothing is sacred; she fattens on calumny, and upon slaughtered reputations. She is the Ghoul of eastern story, transferred from the Arabian Nights, to the circle of the fireside. She never asserts anything—she merely hints, and supposes, and whispers what 'they say.' Every neighborhood in the city is infested with some creatures of this sort, and in country towns they very often are afflicted with two or three of these Ghoul Women. One is enough to set a hundred families by the ears, but two can break up a church, three are sufficient for any kind of mischief from the separating of the husband from his wife, to blasting the fame of an innocent girl. A pure woman is simply an angel embodied in human shape—a slanderous woman is something worse than the cholera—certainly as infectious as the yellow fever."

There is more truth than poetry in the above. Pass it around. Preserve it, and whenever you hear one of these veteran gossips, with a furtive smile, beginning with "they say," read the above aloud.—Unhappily, there are male as well as female gossips, but, with a little alteration, the above "blessing" will apply to both.

The editor of the *New York Sun*, who was at the telegraph office in that city, says, when there was a pause in business operations, Mr. W. Porter, a young but skillful operator in the Boston office, asked us "what tune we would have?" we replied "Yankee Doodle," and, to our surprise, he immediately complied with our request—the instrument commenced drumming to notes of the tune, as perfectly and as distinctly as a skillful drummer could have done at the head of a regiment, and many will be astonished to hear that "Yankee Doodle" can travel by lightning.—So perfectly and distinctly were the sounds of these tunes transmitted, that good instrumental performers could have had no difficulty on keeping time with the instrument at the end of the wires.

THE DOLLAR.

Clearfield, Pa., Nov. 16, 1849.

The Country Dollar.

Do our subscribers justly appreciate the worth of the *Dollar* which we send them weekly? Will they compare the contents of its columns with those of other papers, and then ask themselves if they have yet done their duty in trying to increase our list of subscribers? We boldly assert, without fear of contradiction, that we give weekly, more reading matter than any other country paper in the State, and at a lower price. The city papers, it is true, publish more matter for the same price, but what kind of stuff is it? Does one country reader out of every five read more than half their content? While, on the other hand, almost every line we publish is worth being read by every country reader, for it is selected expressly for their benefit. Let the people of Clearfield county think of this.

From the Gold Mines.

A letter was received this week from MILTON I. GOODFELLOW, addressed to his sister in this place, and dated at the Middle Fork of the American river, Aug. 1st, and mailed at San Francisco Oct. 1st, '49. Mr. G. went to the gold region by the land route, and, though he suffered many privations and perils, he reached his destination in safety. He was 95 days on the route, having left Missouri on the 26th of April, passing many companies on the way, and being among the very first arrivals by the land route. He had been at the mines eight days, digging himself for the "vein," with a fair prospect of success. To others going to California he decidedly recommends the route by water as preferable to the overland route; being both cheaper, quicker, and less liable to casualties. In travelling the first two thousand miles he says he did not see as "much timber as stands on many a single acre in old Clearfield."

Death of Hon. Charles Hinton.

This venerable judge and esteemed citizen, departed this life at his residence in Bellefonte, on Saturday the 10th inst., in the 80th year of his age. Our country possessed few greater men than Judge Hinton. He stood conspicuous at the head of the legal profession.

Death of Col. Henry Petriken.

By the following paragraph the people of Clearfield county, at least many of them, will learn the death of an old and valued friend. Mr. PETRIKEN has been long in active life. From his very youth, he was a politician of the most active and energetic character. For many years—commencing perhaps previous to 1820—he published a paper in Bellefonte, called the *Patriot*, and from that time up to the last General Election, he acted a bold, conspicuous and efficient part in every contest. And unlike a great many public men, he never was accused of changing his political opinions, but was perfectly consistent. During the whole time he served in the legislature—about nine years in all—this county formed part of his district, and well are his services remembered—and equally well will be his memory cherished—by hundreds of our citizens for the faithful manner in which he attended to their interests. The poor man never possessed a more faithful friend in the Halls of any Legislature, and a speech he delivered in the Senate in 1834 in opposition to a proposed poll tax would do honor to any man.

Among some half dozen printers that were schooled in the old *Patriot* office, under the regime of the *Petrikens*, we believe that one of the editors of this paper is the only one that is at this time engaged in the business.

Mr. PETRIKEN was not only a politician. He was also a man of fine literary talents, and as a poet, he was the author of several pieces of considerable merit. Pence to his memory.

From the Philadelphia Daily Times, Nov. 9.

COL. HENRY PETRIKEN.

We are very sorry to announce this morning, the death of Col. Henry Petriken which took place yesterday morning, at 2 o'clock, at Mr. McKibbin's Merchants' Hotel. Col. P. was well known throughout the Commonwealth as an active politician. He was the first white child born in Bellefonte, Centre county, in the year '98. He was a printer by profession, and for years the editor of the Bellefonte *Patriot*. He was a member of the House of Representatives for several years, and, as we learn from gentlemen who served with him at that period, was one of the most active and intelligent members in the House. He was subsequently elected to the Senate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge Burnside.—At the general election in the year 1831, Col. Petriken was elected for a full term which he served out.

When Governor Porter came into power he was appointed Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth, which post he held for six years, and was retained in the place of Secretary of State for a year and a half.

by Governor Shunk. He was removed by Governor Johnston. For a few months he has been discharging the duties of Superintendent on the railroad to avoid the Inclined Plane. Colonel P. was a warm-hearted man, exceedingly attached to his friends and not ungenerous towards his opponents. He had been in bad health for some time, and his death will not surprise his friends. His remains will be conveyed to Harrisburg for interment, as he requested yesterday morning.

John W. Forney, Esq.

This gentleman, one of the talented editors of the *Pennsylvanian*, is favorably spoken of as a candidate for the highly conspicuous post of Clerk of the next House of Representatives, at Washington. No man could be selected who would more efficiently perform the arduous duties of the station, and but few men's elevation would give satisfaction to a larger number of the people of the United States. Should the Democrats have control of the offices of the House, they should by all means confer the honor upon FORNEY. He is one of the most untiring, and at the same time fair, honorable and courteous political editors in the Union, and no editor has done more efficient service for his party. The selection of FORNEY would be every where received as a compliment to the Press.

The editor of the *Columbia Spy* says he did not desire to provoke a controversy with us, in the very abrupt notice he took of us a few weeks ago, and accuses us of "sophistry and prevarication" in what we intended as a flat and positive denial of discourtesy towards the *Spy*. We are disposed to doubt the sincerity of the editor in the first instance; and in the second, had he laid our statement before his readers—to whom he has wantonly slandered us—and thus given them an opportunity to judge of our "sophistry" and "prevarication," and also enabled them to judge how much we deserved the coarse and vulgar insinuations he cast upon us, he would have much better acted the part of a gentleman.

Palmer's Business Men's Almanac for 1850.

V. B. PALMER has kindly favored us with a copy of this neat and truly valuable repository of knowledge of the most directly useful character to every man, and especially to every man in business, who wants to know what is going on in the world. The price is only 12 cents per single copy; or \$1 00 for 12 copies. Address V. B. Palmer, Tribune Buildings, New York.

The Magazines for December.

Sartain's Union Magazine is already on our table, overflowing with no less than 20 splendid engravings, and a variety of literature from some of the foremost writers of the day. Among other authors whose pens embellish this number, Mary Howitt, Henry W. Longfellow, Edith May, Mrs. Neal, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Park Benjamin, Rev. R. Davidson, and Rev. W. H. Furness, are the most conspicuous. *Sartain's Magazine* is always a treat, but it never seemed so peculiarly entertaining before.

Godey's Lady's Book, for December, contains all the way 100 pages—24 engravings—and is adorned with the rich productions of no less than 40 different contributors. We cannot praise this work. Its fame is that it stands at the head of American literature.

Do we intend publishing the prospectuses of both the *Lady's Book* and *Sartain's Magazine*, and trust that it will induce some of our lady readers to send on and procure a copy of one or the other, or both of these works. Their families might profit thereby. Terms—Single copy of either of the above works, 83 per annum, 2 copies \$5; 5 copies \$10.

COMMITTED.—A man, named Joseph Bennet, was committed to the jail of this county, on Tuesday last, on a charge of threatening the life of his brother's wife.

From California.

The steamer *Empire City*, Capt. J. D. Wilson, arrived at New York on the 11th inst., having left Chagres on the 29th of October. She brings over half a million in gold dust, as freight, besides a large amount in the hands of the passengers.

NEW JERSEY ELECTION.—The Whigs have elected a majority of the members of both Houses of the Legislature—though the majority is much reduced from what it was last year.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The recent election in New York, contrary to the indications from the first returns received, has resulted in a close vote, and the probability is, that about half the candidates of each party have been elected, viz: Democrats for Judge of Appeals, Comptroller, Canal Commissioner, and State Prison Inspector; and Whigs for Secretary of State, and Judge of the Court of Sessions.