PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY GRAHAM & JOHNSON.
J. A. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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VOL. XXXVI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1853. No. 50.

ADVERTISEMENTS,
Not exceeding one square, (12 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly Advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

Evening crept along the valley,
Blushed upon the distant hill,
And the golden hush of sunset
Fell so sweetly and so still,
That the meadow and the mountain,
And the ocean's heaving breast,
Seem to bathe themselves in sunlight
From the windows of the West.

Parting gleams, so gay and golden,
Streamed across the white and blue,
'Till the clouds 'mid azure heaven,
Melted in the blushing hue.
And it fell, that golden glory,
On the ripples of the sea;
Dancing, dazzling, ever wreathing
Smiles so glorious and free.

And the struggling of the sunshine,
Straying through the lifting trees,
Smiled upon a leaf-hid cottage,
Opened to invite the breeze.
And two wavy, glimmering sunbeams
Meeting in the open door,
One from heaven, and one from ocean,
Lit the ceiling and the floor,

In the meeting of the sunlight,
Where its glory kissed his brow,
Sat an old man on the threshold,
Thinking of by-gone—and now,
On his staff, his hands were folded,
And he rested there his chin;
While his face, with sweet expression,
Told the peace that reigned within.

Still he sat, intently gazing,
Through the aisles of arching green
Out upon the glorious vista,
In the mellow distance seen;—
Listening to the murmuring music
Of the wind and gentle waves;
Like approving ages, calling
To the present, from their graves.

Years of labor bent their voices
To the harmony within;
Deeds of love and duty chiming,
With a conscience void of sin;
Heav'nly sounds of holy grandeur,
Such as earth's may never be,
Heard he as he sat there, gazing
Out upon the sun and sea.

And the sun went sinking downward,
And his soul rose nearer home,
Drinking deep of healing waters
Flowing from the heav'nly dome;
Then the holy star of twilight,
Flinging dews upon the air,
Throned itself upon the sunset,
Like a spirit reigning there.

As the star, with light unbroken,
Gazed into his raptured eyes,
With its pencil beams descending,
Came a message from the skies,
And the angel's gentle voicings,
Sounding sweetly from above,
Drew his soul still up and heav'nward,
On the wings of light and love.

Then the sun beyond the ocean
Gathered in his rays to rest,
As a noble chief in falling
Folds his honors to his breast.
Outward sense and scenes were fading,
With the sinking of the sun;
But within those angel voices
Spoke eternal day begun.

Fading lights, still failing, dying,
Gilt the edges of the cloud,
Till the moonbeams fell upon them
Like the stillness of a shroud.
And the tints grew grey and leaden,
As the flushing followed down,
Where the sun, when in the heaven,
Last had worn his golden crown.

As the moonlight softly slumbered
Where was once the sunbeam's fall,
'Round the old man closed the shadows,
With their dark and deep'ning pall.
Still upon his staff he rested,
With his weary, wintery head;
Gone was all the golden glory—
Day was done; the old man dead.

Who shall say how pure a vision
Rests upon that spirit's eye,
Changing sunshine into soul-light—
Faded to unfading skies?
Who can know how sweet that sunset,
Shadowing forth the gates of gold,
Which unto his soul unfolded,
Heav'n to earth is yet untold. C. C. C.

From the True Flag.

THE ACADEMY'S PRIZE;

OR,

THE RIVAL ARTISTS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

M. St. Pierre was the most noted artist in Paris, and his fame extended all over Europe. His studio was thronged with students from every country on the continent. To have been a student of M. St. Pierre, was a passport to distinction.

Among the pupils of the noted master, were two young Frenchmen, Jean and Paul Murot. These were cousins, and M. St. Pierre deemed them the most promising of all the students. They were about equally advanced in their art; a very nice critic would hardly have been able to distinguish the works of one from those of the other.

But, equally endowed as they were in that genius which makes a painter, they were essentially different in disposition and character. Jean, the elder, was cold, dark and revengeful, while Paul was gentle-hearted, kind and forgiving.

The ladies who frequented the studio of the great master, were so impartial as to say that both the young artists were equally well endowed in the attributes of personal beauty. They were universal favorites. If the light blue eye of Paul seemed to exhale a profusion of smiles from his very soul, the dark, flashing eye of Jean spoke a soul full of manly energy, firmness and decision.

M. St. Pierre had an only daughter—Emilie, a beautiful, simple-hearted maiden, upon whom her father lavished a world of endearments. The artist had a soul for beauty, and if there had been no natural tie to bind him to the fair being, his soul would still have clung to her.

Emilie was a pupil of her father, and as earnestly devoted to her art, as even the master himself. With the throng of students with whom she was associated, she was almost worshipped as an angel of light.

Among those who bowed at her shrine, were Jean and Paul Murot. They were [illegible] by the genius of the art she [illegible] from the mediocrity of [illegible] with interest upon their

Both loved her; both had sought to win her heart, to make her choose between them. But Emilie was obstinate and refused to smile more upon one than the other. Her heart had not yet been touched by any other love than that of the divine art.

The National Academy had offered a most magnificent premium for the best picture which should be submitted before a given day by the students of Paris; Jean and Paul were both competitors for the prize. For months they labored and studied with the most assiduous devotion, for he who should bear off the prize of the National Academy, would already have won a fame which a life-time might not accomplish.

M. St. Pierre was one of the umpires.—From him, Emilie learned, with an unspeakable satisfaction, that one of her favorites was sure of the premium. Her father's judgment to her was infallible, and she gloried in the laurels which were to be worn by Jean or Paul.

One day she entered the apartment where the two pupils labored. Jean alone was there; but Paul's picture sketched on the canvass nestled on its easel.

'Jean,' said she, smiling sweetly upon him, 'you cannot both win the prize.'

'Perhaps neither of us,' responded Jean with a sigh.

'Nay,' one of you will: my father says so, and he knows the ability of every student in Paris.'

'Said he so, Emilie?' said Jean, smiling.

'He did.'

'But, Emilie, beautiful Emilie,' said Jean, laying down his crayon, and fixing a tender glance upon her, 'there is another prize we have both sought to win.'

'Another prize!'

'One worth infinitely more than that the National Academy has offered!'

'You speak in enigmas, Jean,' said she, with a coquettish blush.

'Let me speak plain, then; I mean yourself, beautiful Emilie,' continued Jean, throwing himself at the feet of the fair maiden.'

'Ah, Monsieur Murot, you are losing your brains again; pray, rise,' answered Emilie, laughing.

'Nay, Emilie, I have not lost my brains, but my heart. I love you. Without you the prize of the Academy would be worthless to me. I would throw myself into the Seine, with the bauble in my hand.'

'You are extravagant, Jean.'

'Nay, I love you; bid me hope, and the prize is mine, the prize of art and the prize of beauty.'

'And Paul—he loves me too,' pleaded Emilie, smiling.

'Choose between us—choose him, and let *me* die.'

'No, Monsieur Murot, you will not die.'

'I swear to kill myself, when you refuse me.'

'And will Paul kill himself, too, if I refuse him?' said Emilie, laughing gaily, for she seemed not to regard seriously the ready hyperbole to which her countrymen are addicted.

'Nay, I know not, Emilie; I will challenge him. One of us shall die that your choice may be made.'

'Fie, Monsieur Murot; if you do, the survivor shall never see my face again.'

'Cruel Emilie!'

'But Jean,' I will decide; I love you both. He who wins the prize of the Academy shall win my hand and heart with it.'

'Hist! here is Paul.'

'He shall know all.'

The fair girl then related to Paul Murot, the substance of the conversation that had just transpired. He, too, had declared his love to Emilie, and entered the lists with even more willingness than Jean had evinced.

'Bless you Emilie,' said he, 'we shall both strive to win the prize.'

The brow of Jean darkened, as he saw the mild soft eye of Paul fixed lovingly upon the peerless maiden.

CHAPTER II.

The period allotted for the completion of the pictures had passed away. Jean and Paul were putting the finishing touches to their productions, and the heart of each beat high with hope. The laurel wreath of fame was almost within their grasp, and the heart and hand of the most beautiful maiden in Paris was also the guerdon of the victor.

Paul was sad—sad because both could not be equally fortunate. The most lively friendship had always subsisted between them—at least the heart of Paul was sincere, and that of Jean appeared to be so.—But the gentle-hearted student grieved to think that his own success might be the herald of Jean's own discomforture, that it would, perhaps, mar his prospects for life and forever embitter his existence.

As he gazed with affectionate interest upon the canvass from which his genius spoke like the tongue of an angel, he could not help thinking of poor Jean, if his own picture should be the successful one. Forgetful of self, the thought of marring some of the fine effects of his painting occurred to him, that he might win the happiness of seeing his friend the victor in the lists.

A single stroke of the pencil across that gorgeous tint summer sky, one dash over that striking contrast of light and shade, one touch over the reflected light on the trunk of that English oak, would utterly disqualify it to compete with the glowing wealth of Jean's production.

With an impulsive energy, he grasped the pencil, and moistened it with color from the pallet. It seemed like a sacrilege to mar the beautiful work; but the happiness of Jean was in his hand, and he raised the pencil to impart the vandal touch.

His hand dropped! Ah, Paul, know you not that you are sacrificing the fair Emilie? that you are shutting yourself out from the treasures of a Paradise?

Paul could not do it. The love of Emilie could not be given up—no, not even for Jean. Had the prize of the Academy been all there was at stake, Paul had had the courage to make him the victor.

Throwing down the pencil with an impatient gesture, as though he was ashamed of his own selfishness, he left the apartment just as Jean entered it.

The dark eye of the student kindled, as he glanced first upon his own picture, and then upon that of Paul. The trying hour of his lifetime had come. He should either be lifted to the pinnacle of distinction, and win the hand of Emilie, or be plunged into the abyss of disappointment. It was a vast chasm that yawned between success and failure, and he had no patience to look upon the darker side of the event.

If he failed, there was nothing in life worth living for, and again he glanced at the painting of Paul.

A single daub would ruin it, would insure him the hand of Emilie and the prize. It was a thought born of the devil! But Jean's heart was black enough to harbor it.

It was nearly dark, and to-morrow would decide his fate. He took up the pencil.

Black-souled Jean! Couldst thou have read all that passed through the heart of thy friend an hour before, the devils within thee had grappled with the soul!

He advanced to Paul's picture; but the entrance of the two artizans, who had come to prepare the pictures for transportation, defeated his purpose, nay, only delayed it. Bidding the artizans defer their task till morning, he left the room.

He had scarcely gone before M. St. Pierre and Emilie entered the studio to see the painting of the students.

'Ah, my father, Jean has won the prize,' said the fair maiden.

'Nay, Emilie, the evening light falls unfavorably upon Paul's. Let us change them, and you will see the effect."

The master changed the position of the two paintings; placing Paul's before the window where Jean's had stood. The pictures though not identical, were similar.—A large tree occupied the foreground in each.

'You are right, my father, and poor Paul's hope is not yet blasted.'

The master was silent for a while.

'Paul has been nervous,' said he, at last, with a sigh.

Poor Emilie! how her heart grieved for the gentle-hearted student!

The shades of night had gathered when Jean re-entered the studio. It was too dark to distinguish objects; but the heart of Jean was also black, and he groped about for the pencil.

Standing opposite Paul's picture, he endeavored to distinguish its outlines. Only the great tree in the foreground could be dimly made out by the light of a back window, near which it stood.

With remorseless hands, he drew the brush across the trunk of a tree. And the beautiful light reflected from a golden cloud which was the crowning glory of the picture—across that he drew the pencil, and the labor of Paul was ruined!

With a cloth, he wiped down the canvass so as to remove the evidence of an intentional daub, and left the room.

CHAPTER III.

The board of umpires was still in session. It was whispered through the mansion of M. St. Pierre that a decision had been made, and that it lay between Jean and Paul Murot, as everybody had expected, but no one knew which was the fortunate artist.

'The picture of one has been thrown out because it is disfigured,' continued the bearer of the news.

'Thrown out! Mon Dieu!' exclaimed Jean.

'Thrown out!' repeated Paul, bewildered with astonishment.

Perfidious Jean! how his black heart leaped at the prospect of the victory! The stern judges had not troubled themselves to inquire the origin of the defacement on Paul's picture, and he was safe. Already he congratulated himself on folding the beautiful Emilie to his heart, and calling her all his own.

Poor Paul! the tears trickled down his cheek as he thought of the disappointment that awaited one of them. Treading down the selfishness which he compassed unsuccessfully on the previous night, he even hoped that it might be his own, which had been rejected.

But ah! there stood Emilie, beautiful as an angel. She was silent, for she too felt that the present was an eventful moment.

How could the painting have been disfigured? Poor, gentle-hearted thing! she dreamed not of the villainy that had been perpetrated. She knew not that the heart of one of her lovers was black as a demon's. If Jean was the winner, she knew not to what wicked arms she would be consigned.

But Jean felt that the victory was his.—He, only, knew that it was Paul's picture that was rejected, and he could hardly refrain from revealing the abundant joy that filled his mind.

The arrival of M. St. Pierre awakened the silent group from their lethargy.

'Ah, my father, who has won the prize?' exclaimed Emilie, breathless with anxiety, while a crimson blush suffused her beautiful features.

'It lays between Jean and Paul,' replied the master.

'But which, my father?'

'Nay, Emilie, I hardly dare say.'

'Speak! M. St. Pierre,' said Paul. 'I can bear disappointment.'

'So can I, my master,' added Jean.

'One of the pictures was sadly disfigured.'

'Mon Dieu! how could it happen?' exclaimed Jean.

'Indeed, I know not; but the majority of the umpires decided that it was done by carelessness, and, against my earnest remonstrance, threw the picture out of the competition.'

'How unfortunate!' said Emilie, deeply grieved.

'It was, since, I am confident it would have won the prize.'

Jean's heart leaped when he thought how prudent he had been in wantonly ruining Paul's picture. If his conscience had been less scrupulous Paul had been the victor!

'Here is the award, Emilie; you shall read it,' continued M. St. Pierre, giving her a roll of parchment, and leaving the room.

Emilie with trembling hand, unrolled the parchment.

'Jean stood firm, while Paul trembled with emotion.

'*Award to Paul Murot,*' continued she, reading.

'To *Paul* Murot!' shouted Jean, staggering forward with amazement, and clutching the parchment.

With quivering lip, he gazed at the fatal words.

'Hell and furies!' exclaimed he, while his dark eye flashed with anger, 'this is wrong!'

Emilie and Paul started back, shrinking from the fury of the disappointed student.

'Jean is right; there is some mistake,' said Paul.

'There is no mistake, replied M. St. Pierre, re-entering the room. 'Jean's was thrown out for being carelessly daubed.'

'Was it *mine* that was thrown out?' said Jean, wildly.

'It was! your name was upon it. How was it defaced.

'I know not.'

'Last night it was in perfect condition when Emilie and myself visited the studio. I was sure that you would be the victor; but to form a better judgment, I changed the position of the pictures, so as to get a different light upon Paul's.'

'You changed them! gasped Jean, staggering to a chair.'

'I did. Are you ill, Jean?'

Jean had daubed his own picture!

He was ill; a fever laid him at death's door, and remorse extorted a confession of his villainy.

Emilie became the bride of Paul Murot. His painting that won the Academy's prize and the beautiful wife he still adores, hangs in the Louvre.

A MAGICIAN PUT TO FLIGHT.—At Vicksburg recently, a conjuror, who called himself Wyman, after going through the usual feats of sleight of hand, such as burning a card, loading a pistol with the ashes, and firing it into a walnut, where the identical card was found unharmed, taking egg after egg from an empty bag, pouring twenty kinds of liquor from one and the same bottle, breaking watches into a thousand pieces, mixing together the fragments, and, after certain magical words, restoring them to their owners just as he had received them, with various other exhibitions of a like character, exposing the absurdity of the old adage, that "seeing is believing," informed the spectators that he was about to proceed to the wonderful experiment of allowing a gentleman to load and fire a pistol, and he would catch the ball in his hand. At that announcement, a decent-looking man in the crowd called out to him to be on his guard. "Take good aim," said the magician, "or I may miss the ball." The pistol was fired, and Wyman, with a look of triumph, held up his hand with the bullet. The applause that followed had hardly subsided, when two pistols were fired. In a moment he was seen playing with a ball in each hand. "You should not fire without notice," said he; "you might have killed me; it was my skirt that saved me." Scarcely were those words pronounced, when a voice in front called out, "You devil! be on your guard!" Wyman saw a pistol levelled at him, but there was no time for exclamation—the report followed, accompanied by a crash that told the ball had entered a plank near his head. "For God's sake, gentlemen, this is no joke!"—"Here is another; you may have better luck in catching this time." A report and crash followed as before. The magician could stand it no longer, but, uttering a scream of terror, very ludicrously made his exit at a side door, amid the shouts and laughter of the company. The audience waited some time, but the wizard did not appear. The confusion increased, benches were demolished, lights extinguished, ladies shrieked, &c., but Wyman was not forthcoming. He had made his escape on the steamer General Pike, internally resolving never again to catch a bullet in his hand on the banks of the Mississippi.

OPERATIVES IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Bobden recently delivered a speech at Manchester, England, in the course of which he held this language:—"Now, gentlemen, I must here again allude to America. When I came through Manchester the other day, I found many of the most influential manufacturing capitalists talking very gravely upon a report which had reached them from a gentleman who was selcted by the Government to go out to America to make a report upon the Great Exhibition in N. York. That gentleman one of the most eminent of the mechanics and machine makers of Manchester, employing a very large number of workpeople, renowned for the quality of his productions, and known in the scientific world, and whose scientific attainments were appreciated from the Astronomer, Royal downwards. He had been over to New York, to report upon the progress of mechanics and mechanical arts in the United Stats. Well, he has returned.

"No report from him to the Government has, as yet, been published, and what he has to say specifically upon the subject will not be known until that report has been so made and published to the country. But it has oozed out in Manchester amongst his neighbors, that he has found in America a degree of intelligence among the manufacturing operatives and a state of things in the mechanical arts which has convinced him that, if we hold our own—if we are not to fall back in the rear of nations—we must educate our people so as to put them upon a level with the more educated artisans of the United States." (Applause.)

SARCASTIC.—A good old minister prayed for those of his congregation who were too proud to kneel, and too lazy to stand.

THE "HARD" DEMONSTRATION.—The New York Courier says that the Hard Demonstration at Metropolitan Hall, New York, on Wednesday night, was a "tremendous" affair.

The Hall and its galleries were crowded to their utmost capacity by an assemblage overflowing with that irrepressible enthusiasm which appears but on rare occasions, and when some exciting consideration of principle takes possession of the mind of the mass.

The President was Mayor Westervelt, and the platform was filled with a multitude of Vice Presidents and Secretaries, four of the former and two of the latter, from each ward of the city. The speakers were Com. Stockton, Hon. F. B. Cutting, Hon. Mr. Kerrigan of Philadelphia, Hon. Hiram Walbridge and Hon. Mr. Foster, and in none of them was there any lack of boldness, confidence or earnestness. Tammany Hall was in particular repudiated now and forever, with a hearty will, and the necessity strongly pressed of building a new, a better, and withal a bigger temple of "Democracy." Pointed allusions to Hon. Greene C. Bronson as the next Governor of this State, were received with great enthusiasm. Conditional expressions of confidence in the President were used, but he was called upon in an imperative style to cast off his sectional and disunion associations. John Van Buren came in for a princely proportion of the invective—which was not couched in gingerly terms, on the whole—and was alluded to by one speaker who abounded in scriptural phraseology, as one of "the *little foxes* that spoil the vines." In addition to a letter from Judge Bronson, a letter was read from Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, and letters also from Judge Beardsley, Judge Morton of Georgia, Col. Hunt of South Carolina, Hon. John B. Weller of California, &c.

One of the resolutions adopted, reads as follows:

Resolved, That the late election has demonstrated that it is the earnest wish and conviction of the democracy of this State, that the Senate of the United States, for the preservation of State rights, and for the rebuke of the Cabinet which has dared to violate them, should refuse to confirm the appointment of Heman J. Redfield, as Collector of this port. And also, that the President of the United States should, for his own fame and the success of the Democratic party, dismiss his present Cabinet at his earliest possible convenience.

Senator Weller's letter is strongly and unreservedly in favor of the Hards. He says:

I have very little knowledge of the local politics of N. York, but this I do know, that there are men amongst you now aspiring to be leaders in the party who shamefully deserted us in the great contest of 1848, and whose labors resulted in the triumph of the whigs. If I supposed that they had acted from pure and conscientious motives, if they had left us upon an important principle which they really considered vital, I could respect them; but when I am satisfied that the only object of the prominent actors was to defeat one of the purest and ablest men our country has produced, merely to gratify personal malignity, I must be excused from recognizing them as leaders in the party to which I belong. If they had succeeded in electing their candidate upon the "Buffalo platform," and their principles had been carried out, does any one believe that the Union would this day have existed? Would not secession have been inevitable if their policy had been adopted in the administration of the government?—And are these men who labored assiduously to denationalize, to demoralize, to free-soilize the democratic party, and ultimately to destroy the government, now to be regarded as our champions?—as the oracles of the honest and true democracy of America? If there are not sound men enough in the democratic party to administer the government, the sooner we disband the better. If you can only succeed by forming an alliance with treacherous free soilers and trading abolitionists, it is far better you should remain out of power. A pure and honest minority, controlled and governed by high principles, is infinitely preferable to a time-serving corrupt majority. The older I get, the higher the estimation I place upon true men, and the less respect I have for unprincipled politicians, who shift their positions merely to obtain the spoils of office?

But it is claimed that these men have repented. Where is the evidence of that repentance? Have they changed their opinions upon the question of slavery? Are they less devoted to free soilism than they were in 1848? Did not the democracy occupy the same ground in 1852 which they occupied in 1848. Are they willing to leave the people of the territories free and untrammelled to decide, when they form a constitution, whether slavery shall exist among them or not? But they voted with us in 1852. There were thousands of whigs who stood by us in that contest, on national grounds, and as well might they claim a share of the public offices for their "section." As well might they assume to be the exponents of our principles. Besides, what is to become of that interesting "section" who voted with us, and openly spit upon the platform? These men had sagacity enough to foresee the success of the democracy, and, scenting public patronage in the contest, right gallantly did they plunge into the fight. If they have really repented, after the lapse of years has tested its sincerity, I am willing to forgive them; but for the present they ought not to crowd into the front seats. These should be reserved for the true men, who never failed to discharge their duty.

NEW YORK, NOV. 27.

Officially Notified.—A private letter from London of the 11th states that Count Nesselrode had officially notified the English Government of the Czar's determination to fight it out with Turkey.

BALLOON ASCENSION.—George Elliott, Esq, made a most successful ascension on Friday afternoon with his new balloon. At 9 o'clock in the morning, the inflation commenced, in the vacant lot at the corner of Madison and Biddle streets, at which time a large crowd of persons had assembled to witness it. By 2 o'clock in the afternoon, about 2500 persons were gathered within the enclosure, and a much greater number on the outside. Every street, and house-top, and window, from which the balloon could be seen, was crowded, all anxious for the time to arrive when the fastenings would be severed, and the balloon take its aerial flight. Three o'clock was the appointed hour for the ascension, but at that hour all things were not ready, and it was not until ten minutes before four o'clock that the ascent was accomplished. At that time the band of music in attendance struck up, and the balloon rose gently in the air. As soon as it had gained an altitude of about twenty feet, it drifted northward, and the æronaut was obliged to throw out three bags of ballast to escape the top of the house on the corner of Madison and Biddle streets. That accomplished, he was to an altitude of some 3000 feet, when he moved about two miles in a northeast direction. Reaching another current of air, the balloon returned immediately over the place whence it started, where it remained almost stationary for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then bore slowly toward the southeast. It had by this time gained an altitude of abut 4000 feet. The result was very satisfactory, and reflects credit upon the skill of the æronatut. —*Balt. American.*

SAFELY LANDED.—The beautiful balloon ascension made by Mr. Elliott, on Friday, was attended with complete success in every respect. He landed on the plantation known as "Paradise Farm," belonging to Elijah Taylor, three miles east of Stemmer's Run, and about twelve miles from the city, at half past four o'clock, having been about an hour and three-quarters sailing through space. He alighted in a cat-tail swamp, and after securing his balloon, which escaped the slightest damage, he repaired to the dwelling on the farm where he was hospitably entertained for the night. In the morning he made his way to the railroad station at Stemmer's Run, and returned to the city in the Philadelphia train at ten o'clock on Saturdy.—*Clipper.*

CAPT. GIBSON'S CASE.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald has the following statement in relation to this case:

Despatches have been received at the State Department this morning, I understand, from the Hague, relative to the case of Captain Gibson. They contain the result of an interview between Mr. Belmont and the Minister of Foreign Affairs at the Hague. The Dutch Minister will subject the action of the Executive at Batavia to the severest scrutiny for having annulled the action of the court of justice. Mr. Belmont, in a private letter to the Assistant Secretary of State, says: "Captain Gibson has given no exaggerated picture of the gross system of espionage and official despotism practised in the Dutch dependencies of the East. From those possessions they derive a revenue of five millions, which is the main support of an otherwise bankrupt government. Numbers of Dutchmen are met with at the Hague, who have been banished from Java on account of a too free expression of opinion relating to the Netherlands India government." It is also stated in another letter that the Dutch government has in its possession, among the papers seized upon Captain Gibson, a letter from a high functionary of the late administration, giving to Mr. Gibson a roving commission of observation. This, the Dutch government are said to regard as a grand discovery, fully carrying out the European idea of American propogandism.

BEAUTIES OF THE DEMOCRACY.—The Lowell (Mass.) American, an Abolition paper, thus speaks of Mr. Attorney General Cushing and his recent "letter of instructions" to the editor of the Boston Post, the organ of the Administration:

"The writer is an enormous hypocrite and scoundrel, and the person he writes to is a paltry, peddling, huckstering knave. * * * But this interference with State legislation is a matter which must be immediately corrected, or there is no independence likely to be left. We are ready to co-operate with the slaveholders and abolitionists, hards and softs, anybody and everybody, to get rid of such a monstrous tyranny as this. * * * But Cushing is a hypocrite as well as a tyrant. There is not a democrat in this State more deeply implicated in the coalition of free soilers than he is. He broke with the hunkers on this very ground."

What would be the thought of a Whig paper, if it used such language as the above? The writer is the editor of the paper, F. A. Hildreth, is *the Postmaster of Lowell*, and is one of the recent Abolition appointments! We should like to look at the countenances of Mr. Cushing, President Pierce, and the rest of the Cabinet, when reading the above. They must feel very queerly, and very savage.

PACIFIC RAILROAD—*The Northen Route.*—Gov. Stevens who has command of the company exploring the Northern route for the Pacific Railroad, from the head waters of the Mississippi to Puget's Sound, writes to the Washington Union from Fort Benton, Upper Missouri, under date of Sept. 17, an account of progress made, and says—

The survey is not yet finished, but enough is known to speak advisedly. A practicable line has been found connecting the Mississippi with the Pacific. Further examinations are to develop the best line. Lieut. Saxton reports Cadot's pass to be some 2,500 feet lower than the South pass; in days the survey by Lieut. Donelson [illegible] this result.

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