THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

From the Saturday Gazette.

Life's Harvest.

BY WM. EDWARD KNOWLES.

No, reaper's of lifes Harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night grows round thee,
And day begins to fade!
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come!
The golden morn is passing—
Why sit ye idle, dumb!
Thrust in your sharpen'd sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.

Thy Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain!
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain!
Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below,
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold;
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

And mount the crumbling watch towers,
And herald on the truth;
Preach out the golden precepts
To wild and wayward youth;
Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

Which was the Gentleman.

'Please, sir, don't push so.' It was in endeavoring to penetrate the dense crowd that filled the entrance and blocked the door-way, after one of our popular lectures, that this exclamation met my attention. It proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years, who, hemmed by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavoring to extricate herself.

The person addressed paid no attention to the entreaties of the little one, but rushed on towards the door.

'Look here,' exclaimed a man whose coarse apparel, sturdy frame, and toil-embrowned hands contrasted strongly with the delicately gloved fingers, curling locks, and expensive broadcloth of the former. 'Look here, sir, you're jamming that gal's bonnet all tew smash with them elbows of yourn.'

'Cannot help that,' was the gruff response—'I look to number one.'

'You take care of number one, do you? Wal, that's fair; so do I,' replied the honest countryman, and with these words he took the girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of the latter, he pushed him through the crowd and down the steps, landing him with rather more haste than dignity, in the street below. The young *gentleman* picked himself up, but rather intimidated by the stout fist of the stranger, and abashed by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was about time for him to go home. In polite society the former would be courted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised; but which was the *gentleman*?

On a raw and blustering day, a few weeks since, a young girl with a basket on her arm, entered one of our stores.—After making a few purchases she turned to leave. Two gentlemen stood in the door way, whose appearance indicated that they thought themselves 'considerable if not more'—whose soft, sleek coats and delicate hands were apparently of about the same quality with their brains.

As they made not the slightest movement as they approached, the young girl hesitated a moment; but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand aside. They lazily moved a few inches, barely allowing her space to pass, giving her a broad stare that brought the color to her cheek and the fire to her eye.

In stepping upon the icy pavement, her foot slipped, and in endeavoring to save herself her basket fell, and the wind scattered its contents in every direction.

At this the two gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to think it vastly amusing.

'Let me assist you,' exclaimed a pleasant voice, and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed he was accustomed to labor, and whose coarse, well patched coat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprung forward and gathered the articles—presented the basket with a smile that would have graced a drawing-room. Which was the gentleman?

Boys! you are all ambitious to be considered gentlemen. That is all very natural; but remember that neither your own nor you parents' position in life, your tailor, your boot-black nor your barber, can make you one. The true gentleman is the same everywhere, not only at the social party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded assembly, at home or in the street. Never oppressing the weak or ridiculing the unfortunate. Respectful and attentive to his superiors, pleasing and affable to his equals, careful and tender of the feelings of those he may consider beneath him.

Nashua Telegraph.

☞ God intended all women to be beautiful, just as much as he did morning glories and roses, and what he intended they should become they would, if they would only obey his laws and cut corset strings, and indulge in freedom and fresh air.—For a girl to expect to be handsome with the action of her lungs depending upon the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape, is as absurd as to look for tulips in a snow bank, or a full grown oak tree in a flower pot.

☞ A cotemporary, speaking of the report on gentlemen's fashions, says 'there is not much *change* in gentlemen's pants this month.

ANTHONY MARTEL,

OR,

The Death Warrant.

BY WM. R. HAYDEN.

Anthony Martel was a brave young soldier as ever bore arms on the field of battle. He was almost an universal favorite in his regiment. He loved his country and a maiden named Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest girl in Viselle, and many were the hearts that beat with love and joy when the fair Cadeline turned her beautiful eyes upon them and returned their salutations with a winning smile. There was not a brave soldier in the whole regiment but would have been proud to have shed his last drop of blood to resent any insult to the bright star of Viselle. Many were they who worshipped at her shrine, but only one received any return to his passion, and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was a man of violent passions, insolent and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates, and was as universally detested as Martel was beloved.

On several occasions he had made infamous proposals to Cadeline, which she had resented with scorn, but still he became more importunate, until finding himself baffled in all his endeavors, he determined to adopt a new mode of procedure, hoping to be more successful in his designs. Accordingly he called on Cadeline one evening when she was alone and made an apology for his former rudeness, and asked her forgiveness which she readily granted, presuming that he would trouble her no further; but in this she was disappointed, for he immediately made new overtures of love to her, promising if she would listen to his suit, he would load her with presents and also make her his lawful bride. But all these flattering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was true to her first love.

'Consider, Cadeline,' said he, 'my rank and station, and then your position would be higher than the proudest lady in our village; besides you shall have attendants, and all the luxury and refinement that wealth can furnish.'

'Ah, Colonel Lavilier, what would these splendid gifts be without the heart?' said Cadeline.

'You would soon learn to love me.'

'No, Colonel, we can never love but one.'

'Then why not love me?'

'Because I already love another,' returned Cadeline.

'Indeed my fair charmer,' said the Colonel ironically; 'may I be permitted to ask the name of the cherished gallant?'

'Anthony Martel,' was the innocent reply.

'What! a common soldier—a miserable hireling for a rival! By Heaven!' he exclaimed, in a terrible passion, 'unless you instantly accept my suit and reject the beggarly churl, I will have him shot like a dog for his audacious presumption, and I will give you but a moment to decide his fate.'

'Oh, sir!' exclaimed Cadeline, 'he is guilty of no crime; he has never injured you.

'Has he not dared to supplant an officer of the French army, and he only a common soldier?'

'Nay, Colonel Lavalier—I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would not injure any one.'

'Do not lose time in idle words; consent to be mine, or ere the morning sun has risen an hour in the heavens, his heart shall have ceased to beat.'

'Oh, heavens! spare him!' cried Cadeline in anguish.

'You plead in vain.'

'Give me but a single day to decide.'

'Not an hour.'

At this moment a majestic form cast a slight shadow in the doorway, but it was not observed by either of the persons within the room, so deeply absorbed were they in their own affairs. Stepping a little aside so as to be unseen, the stranger remained a silent spectator of all that passed.

'I implore you to let me speak to Anthony before I give you a final answer.'

'Not a word to him; therefore instantly give me your consent to become my bride, or you sign the death warrant of Martel.'

'Inhuman monster! I would rather die a thousand deaths than be your wife—even were you the proud Emperor of France. Anthony fears not death and would rather give his life than have me prove false to him.'

'Mad girl, you are in my power, and I will use you as I please since you have so insultingly spoken.'

'Never!'

'Do you dare to defy me to my face? Thus, then, let me prove my words by snatching a breath of the sweet fragrance of your scornful lips.'

And clasping his arms around the fair form of Cadeline, Col. Lavilier endeavored to put his threat into execution.

'Help! mercy! help!' exclaimed she.

At this moment the report of a pistol, in the hands of the stranger whom we before mentioned, was heard, and the bullet shattered the arm of the aggressor, rendering him powerless, but from whence the shot came, both were unable to tell, for no sooner was the weapon discharged than the deliverer disappeared and Anthony Martel rushed into the room by another door. Observing the wild appearance of Cadeline, breaking from the arms of the colonel, in an instant he divined the whole and with a powerful blow he laid the base insulter at his feet. By this time the report of fire-arms had brought a large detachment of soldiers to the spot, who on entering, were immediately commanded to arrest Anthony for attempting to murder his superior officer. In vain Cadeloe protested his innocence; they dragged him away under a strong guard.

On the following morning an unusual activity among the officers, told that something of more than ordinary importance was to take place, as each one hastened to the quarters of the commander. Although a court martial is not a very unusual affair, yet it is sufficiently rare to attract great attention in a camp.

Soon the quick roll of the drum told that the court had convened and were ready to try a criminal. Within a spacious tent were gathered a larger number of officers in full uniform. Seated on a raised platform was general Levack, acting as judge. Another roll of the drum announced the entrance of the prisoner.

'Of what is this man charged?' asked the judge.

'With an attempt to destroy the life of his superior officer, Colonel Lavilier,' said the advocate.

'Where is the accusor?' continued the court.

'Here may it please your excellency,' replied the colonel, whose arm was bound up with a sling.

'How came Martel to attempt your life?'

'I know not,' said Lavilier.

'What provoked the insult?'

'A conversation with a young girl, with whom the prisoner is acquainted.'

'Is that all?'

'It is, your excellency."

After a short consultation with the other officers, the judge turned to the prisoner and thus addressed him—

'Anthony Martel, you have been found guilty of an attempt to murder a superior officer of the French army, the punishment for which crime is death. What have you to say why you should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law which you have offended?'

Martel, who stood as though unconscious until now, raised his manly form; standing erect, he bent his searching eyes upon the colonel and said in a clear, firm voice.

'Your excellency, I am aware that any vindication which I may make would be of no avail, but being thus permitted, I will speak the truth that my fellow soldiers may know that I die innocent of the charge which has been brought against me. I did not fire upon Colonel Lavilier, and had no weapon when arrested. At the moment I entered the dwelling of Cadeline, I found her struggling in his arms. I stopped not to inquire his rank, but struck him with my clenched fist to the floor. This is all I have done and had it been the Emperor himself in his own palace, I would have done likewise, for the duty of a true soldier is to protect the innocent and defenceless. I am willing to die, but my death will not be unavenged for the grass will not have covered my grave before the weapons of my comrades shall have found the heart of my murderer, for there is not one who will shrink when the hour comes. I am ready—pass your sentence.'

'Martel your language does not become a man who is on the threshold of eternity.'

'Truth becomes a man at all times,' replied Anthony.

Colonel Lavilier, during the time the prisoner was speaking, seemed greatly excited, and turned pale, for he knew that Martel was a great favorite in the regiment, and he feared that his own life was in danger.

'Anthony Martel,' said the judge, 'the sentence of the court is, that you die to-morrow morning at sunrise, and that you be shot by twelve of your comrades.'

Again the roll of the drum told that the case had been decided, and they were about to conduct the prisoner to his quarters, when a young girl rushed past the guards into the tent, and prostrating herself at the feet of the presiding officer, exclaimed—

'He is innocent! spare him; he is not guilty, and did not shoot Colonel Lavilier.'

As the tears flowed down her beautiful face, every heart was touched with pity save one. He stood unmoved by her supplications. The judge informed her that it was impossible for him to alter the sentence of the court, and that the only hope that was left her was that Colonel Lavilier who was the injured party, who alone had power to ask for his pardon or to recommend him to mercy. In vain Cadeline pleaded with him; he was inexorable, and she was borne senseless from the tent.

On the following morning, a little before sunrise, some soldiers were busily engaged in placing red flags at short intervals on a beautiful plain not far from the camp. No sooner had this been accomplished, than the muffled drum and the band playing a dead march was heard. A company of soldiers now drew near, accompanied by a large number of officers, who came to witness the punishment of *Death*.—Anthony Martel was walking with a firm step to meet his doom. Arriving on the spot designated for him to die; he was calm and unmoved at the approaching crisis. Twelve of his fellow soldiers were brought up into line; every movement told their unwillingness to perform the odious duty which had been assigned to them.

All being arranged, the commandant walked up to Martel, and taking him by the hand shook it warmly. Bidding him farewell, he gave him permission to address his companions in arms. This mark of kindness moved the condemned man, and a tear started to his eye; but luckily regained his composure, he addressed those who were to lay him low in death.

'Comrades, I have come here to die like a man and a soldier. I am guilty of no crime, I have never disbonored my country or regiment; I have fought by your sides in the thickest of the battle, when the guns of the enemy poured hot lead into our ranks and swept our brave countrymen down like chaff before the whirlwind. But you all can affirm that I did not quail or falter when the grim monster stared me in the face, and should I tremble now when I am to die by the hands of my beloved comrades? No, I consider it an honor, and the last sound that will ever greet my ears will be the glorious dying music of your own true guns as I fall. I know that you will not suffer my ashes to rest unavenged. Let not your hands tremble, but with a firm steady aim, level your pieces at my breast, when I give the word FIRE, for I would have the mark of every man if you love me. Comrades farewell, and may we all meet where the warrior rests from his battles and his victories.'

The soldier brought their pieces to their shoulders, but stopped suddenly as the frantic Cadeline, rushed into the arms of her lover.

'Oh, Anthony, Anthony, you must not die. Colonel Lavilier will have mercy; he cannot be so cruel as to murder you.

'Cadeline, there is no hope. I had prepared to die, but this meeting unnerves me. I could have wished you had been spared this scene; but calm yourself and do not weep when I am gone. You will not want for defenders, for my regiment will protect you, and it will go hard with him who dares to offer an insult to Cadeline, be his rank what it may.'

'Commandant,' said Col. Lavilier, in an impatient tone, 'it is past the time ordered for the execution; have them parted and perform your duty.'

With great difficulty Cadeline was torn from the embrace of Martel and conveyed to a distance from the spot.

The word 'READY' was given, and quickly followed by the second command, 'PRESENT.'

'AIM,' and the fourth and last fatal word 'FIRE,' was on the lips of the commandant, when a stern voice from a person who stood a short distance apart, and closely muffled up gave the command to 'RECOVER ARMS!'

So sudden and abrupt was the order, that every eye was turned upon the person who had thus dared unceremoniously to countermand an order on so important an occasion.

'Order that man under arrest,' said Col. Lavilier, as the person approached rapidly to where he stood; throwing his cloak from his face, the astonished officers beheld in him FIELD MARSHAL MACDONALD.

'Will Colonel Lavilier inform me for what crime the culprit suffers?'

'For an attempt on my life with a pistol,' was the answer.

'Are you sure he is the guilty one?'

'Yes.'

'Will you not pardon him?'

'It has been decided by the court martial that he shall die.'

'Still you have the same power to pardon him.'

'I decline all interference in the course of justice,' replied the Colonel.

'I do not,' said Macdonald, 'and therefore I stop the execution. Anthony Martel is not guilty.'

'May I then ask your excellence who is?' inquired Lavilier, with an uneasy air.

'I am,' said Macdonald.

'Will you please explain this mystery?'

Yes; having business of importance with you on the evening of the assault, I called at your quarters but found you not. On inquiry I learned the direction you had taken, and followed in pursuit. Finding that you had entered Cadalino's cottage, I arrived just in time to be the unobserved witness of your villainy, and the ball which only shattered your arm was fired by me, and had it not been for endangering the life of the fair girl it should have entered your heart. Colonel Martel, I greet you in behalf of the Emperor, to whom I have related your case, and who has been pleased to confer this honor and title upon you. Colonel Lavilier, your sword—henceforth you are no longer an officer in the grand army, and now take Martel's place, and receive the fire of those guns which a few minutes since were aimed at the breast of an innocent man!'

Every heart beat with joy at this sudden change. Poor Lavilier, trembling with fear and shame, was led to the red flag; again were the fearful orders given, but the heart of the culprit sank within in him, and he implored for mercy.

'How can you ask for that which but a few moments since you refused to an innocent man?'

'I own my fault,' was the reply.

'Then I refer you to Colonel Martel, who has full power to pardon you or not, as he shall think proper,' said Macdonald.

'Colonel Martel,' said the disgraced officer, 'dare I hope for mercy?'

'I grant you a full and unconditional pardon. You are at liberty,' was the willing reply of Martel, 'and do not forget to show mercy that you may receive the same.'

By this time Cadeline had heard the gladsome tidings, which spread with rapidity throughout the camp, and hastily returning, she was clasped in his warm embrace. That day was a glorious day to the regiment, and a grand celebration was given in honor of Field Marshal Macdonald and Colonel Martel.

In the course of a few weeks after this event, the old church at Viselle was overflowed by those who assembled to witness the nuptials of Colonel Martel and his lovely bride, Cadeline Dupey, and many were the little presents and keepsakes that the happy pair received from the regiment, who loved their brave and generous commander.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The velvet moss grows on a sterile rock—the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches—the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins—the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the passing year, and Heaven be praised, something green, something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, will, in the darkest hour of fate, twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.

☞ Five hundred daily papers are published in the United States.

The Linden Tree.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Here's a song for thee—of the linden tree!
A song of the silken Lime!
There is no other tree so pleaseth me,
No other fit for rhyme.

When I was a boy, it was all my joy
To rest in its scented shade,
When the sun was high, and the river nigh
A musical murmur made.

When, floating along like a winged song,
The traveler bee would stop,
And choose for his bower the lime-tree flower,
And drink—to the last sweet drop.

When the evening star stole forth afar,
And the gnats flew round and round,
I sought for a rhyme, beneath the lime,
Or dreamed on the grassy ground.

Ah! years have fled; and the linden, dead,
Is a brand on the cotter's floor;
And the river creeps through its slimy deeps,
And youth—is a thought of yore!

Yet—they live again in the dreamer's brain,
As deeds of love and wrong,
Which pass with a sigh, and seem to die,
Survive in a poet's song.

Shad Fishing in the Delaware.

Shad fishing is very extensively carried on in the waters of the Delaware, from the early part of April of each year until the 5th of June, though considerable gill netting is done after that. Along the shores of the Delaware there are from twenty to twenty-five fisheries, which are principally on the Jersey shore. These are all worked during the fishing season, and some of them yield on an average from fifteen hundred to two thousand shad every twenty-four hours, four hauls being made within that period. Many of the seines are of great capacity. The largest used at the fishery of Mr. John Rice, at Gloucester, is nine hundred yards long. This sweeps the entire river. Mr. Rice has from thirty to forty men employed, who get $20 per month and found. They all work on the rise and ebb of both tides, which keeps them employed a large portion of the night as well as the day. One end of the seine is hauled in by means of a windlass, and the other by manual labor alone. When the tide is very low the fish are not drawn upon the shore, but are taken out of the net, and put into a boat some distance out in the stream. The fishing this season has not been so good as it was last. The largest haul made thus far at the Gloucester fishery was on Monday last, when about eleven hundred shad and a large number of herring were netted. During the coming week the tide will be up in the afternoon, and those of our citizens who have never seen shad fishing should visit Gloucester for that purpose. The fish then will be hauled ashore.

The Babies of Egypt.

W. C. Bryant is writing letters from Egypt for the Evening Post. He says:

"Among them were women in blue cotton gowns, barefooted, with infants perched upon their shoulders. This is the way in which the Arab mothers of the laboring class in Egypt, carry their children; as soon as the little creatures get the voluntary use of their limbs, they are transferred from the arms to the shoulder. I have seen instances of this custom which would supply striking subjects for the pencil. At Old Cairo, the other day, a Coptic woman in the coarse blue dress of the country, barefooted, silent and sad looking, opened to us the door of the old worm eaten church in which is the little grotto, where the Holy Virgin with her child is said to have eluded the pursuit of Herod. On the woman's shoulder sat an infant of 7 or 8 months, as silent as the mother, with well burned brown cheeks, and long dark eyelashes, its head bowed upon hers, and one little hand pressed against her forehead, while the other arm was passed around the back of the neck. The Egyptian mothers treat their children with great tenderness, and though I see infants everywhere, I do not know that I have yet heard one of them cry. The expression of quiet resignation in their faces is often quite touching. The Egyptian, born to a lot of dirt, poverty and oppression, may well learn patience early.

Iron Scythe Snaths.

Inventors and manufacturers of machines could have learned much, if they had only given attention to the extraordinary examples of contrivance so numerously displayed in the works of creation. We may cite achromatic lenses as one example of this sort, which even Newton pronounced impracticable, while at the very moment he was writing that assertion, he was looking through two most perfectly constructed achromatic lenses, just like millions of others which had been in existence for thousands of years. The ancients were puzzled for a substance to write on—wasps had been making paper since the creation—a crude brown fabric to be sure. Flies and tree frogs had for the same period illustrated practically the pressure of the atmosphere, and the principle of the suction pump, with beautifully constructed miniature machines; and the structure of the arch, which the more ancient nations, notwithstanding their superlative skill in masonry and architecture, knew nothing about, was well understood and constantly practiced all that time by a little mining ant. The most perfect form of a rod, shank or beam, to combine strength and lightness, is illustrated by the tube of birds quills, and by the straw of grains and grasses—the hollow rod or tube. This principle has been already applied in a number of instances, but not until now, the middle of the nineteenth century, has the hint been taken in the construction of scythe snaths,—implements in which lightness and strength are pre-eminently required.

☞ A recent philosopher alleges that the five great evils of life are—standing collars, tight boots, tobacco, rum and bad whiskey.

The Beaver Island Mormons.

The followers of the Prophet Strang, located on Lake Michigan, somehow manage to constantly be the subjects of evil reports by their Gentile neighbors. The Detroit Free Press has a statement from Mackinaw that the Mormons have been committing numerous depredations on the fishermen, burning their dwellings, robbing them of their fish in barrels, destroying their salt, and stealing their nets, boats, clothes, money and provisions. At Birchs Point, Gull River, Pine River and Grand Traverse, depredations have been committed, and it is stated that quite a number of fisherman at Mackinaw are now ready to commence business, each with a stock worth from $400 to $600, who dare not go to the fishing grounds for fear of the Mormons. A public meeting has been called of the citizens of Michilimackinac county, "to devise ways and means of protecting themselves against the felonious depredations of the Mormons;" and if the Latter-Day Saints do not better observe the seventh commandment they must not complain of persecution if their New Jerusalem should be "left without one stone upon another." The Michilimackinacians state that they cannot reach the Mormons with administration of law, from the fact that the county in which the Mormons most do congregate and do violence is under their own jurisdiction, and that offenders must be tried on Beaver Island, by Mormon tribunals, with devoted Mormons for witnesses and jurymen. Modern saints ought to be model ones, and let "their light so shine," &c.

Skylarks.

A colony of skylarks, forty-two in number, were recently imported from England by a gentleman of this city, and liberated on the farm of Samuel Canby, about four miles out of town, with the hope of perpetuating the species in this country, and thus adding a songster of much renown to our forest choir. The birds flew from the place at which they were released in various directions, and, for the most part, in flocks of three to twelve, alighting, mostly, within sight, upon adjoining farms. Several of them have been seen within the last ten days, one about two miles from the point of dispersion, rising high in the air, singing as it ascended.

It is the purpose of this artice to bespeak the hospitalities of farmers in this region for these strangers, and to request that they advise the editors of this paper of the fact, at once, if any are seen on their farms, and also that the nests, if any are found in mowing, be carefully protected.

They build upon the ground in grass fields, and the bird may be known by its *general* resemblance to the reed bird of our marshes. The upper part of the breast is more spotted, however; the lower part being of a pale, dingy yellow.—The bird exposes two white feathers on the tail, when on the wing, and scarcely ever perches on trees.—*Del. Republican.*

The Case of McCreary.

The Germantown Telegraph refers to the refusal of Governor Lowe, of Maryland, to give up McCreary to the Pennsylvania authorities, and adds:—

"When it is remembered, with what ferocity this functionary attacked the good faith of Pennsylvania because every person privy to the Gorsuch homicide was not instantly strung up; and when it is remembered too, with what unanimity and indignation the press of this State condemned the bloody outrage, and our authorities endeavored to bring the guilty to punishment; and also, when it is brought to mind with what a general acquiesance the press and the people yielded to the fugitive law—a law so repugnant to all our instincts and principles—it is a matter of amazement, that the Governor of Maryland should thus self condemn himself when his own ox is gored; and it is particularly a matter of amazement—of painful amazement—that the press of Pennsylvania, which was so ready to yield up to Maryland, not only what the Constitution and the Laws would seem to require, but also what courtesy and neighborly feeling dictated as fitting for the occasion—should *now* look complacently on with an indifference as utter, and a feeling as obtuse, as though it was an object unworthy the least attention."

ONE OF THE WOMEN.—Last Monday evening a trading boat came down the river with a crew composed of one woman. She was on deck and managed the oars expertly as any man. The wind blew the boat in against the wharf boats, and threatened its destruction, but refusing the assistance of those on shore, she gallantly pushed out, grasped the oar, and finally escaped the threatening dangers and floated safely down the river.—It is reported that there was an attachment here for her husband and his boat, but she proved the fact that there was a greater attachment for him on board. We are glad it won. Hurrah for the *women*. —*Evansville Journal.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.—A letter from London to the New York Sunday Times says:

Born May 24th, 1819, Queen Victoria will speedily enter into her 35th year.—She fully looks her age. The family tendency to stoutness has recently developed itself in her, and she is getting vulgarly fat. The fact is, she takes little exercise, has a mind not easily troubled by trifles, and has a great appetite. Her food is of the plainest, but she eats heartily, and bottled stout is her favorite vanity."

THE PITTSBURGH SATURDAY VISITOR, of which Mrs. Swisshelm is Editor, was at the Harrisburg Convention of the Free Democracy, unanimously declared the State Journal of the Free Democracy of Pennsylvania.

A Bull Fight, with a Moral.

'Ralph' tells the following tale, in the Halifax Nova Scotian. It solves the long mooted question of 'who pushed the bull off the bridge.'

I remember, when a lad at school, of once seeing a fight between two bullocks. I never shall forget it, although I could not have been more than eight years of age at the time. It happened in this wise:

Close by the school-house—a very unpretending edifice it was—ran a deep and narrow river. Across it had been thrown a high wooden bridge, the hand-railing of which, time, and the winds, and the weather had entirely destroyed. It was one bright summer day—I remember it as if it were but yesterday—the hour of noon had arrived, and a frolicsome, romping, fun-loving company of lads were let loose for an hour's recreation. The land on the opposite side of the river was owned by different persons and farmed by them, respectively. The bellowing and roaring of two bulls, that had broken out of their enclosures on each side of the river, and were approaching each other along the highway, at a rate that would cause them to meet about the centre of this high bridge, beneath which, at some thirty feet, ran a deep and sluggish stream, between high banks, attracted our attention.

The more daring of us gathered near the bridge, lining the fence, to see the fight, and they were not disappointed.—Nearer and nearer approached the proud, pawing combatants to each other, and Bashan never produced two fiercer looking brutes than those I now describe.—They tore the ground with their feet—they kneeled down occasionally, trying to gore the earth with their horns—they lashed their sides fiercely with their tails, but unobserved by each other, for the high bridge obstructed their view. Presently, as they simultaneously ascended the respective abutments, they came in full sight of each other. The roar was mutual and actually tremendous. Every urchin sprang into the field and ran; but gathering courage in finding that we were not pursued, we hastily retraced our steps, and there they were, both of them front, their horns locked, fighting *as bulls only can fight*. It seemed to be an even match. Now one would press back his opponent a few paces, and his adversary would be pressed back in turn. The struggle was hard, was long, was *savage*.

They began to wheel—in another moment they were faced at right angles with the old bridge, which shook, and creaked, and rocked again with their tramping and the effects of their terrible strife.

It was the work of a single moment—one of the beasts—I never could tell which of them did it—one of them, however, as if conscious of this position, made a desperate, a terrible lunge forward.—He pressed his antagonist back—back—there was but another step of plank behind him—between him and nothing—back still further he was pressed, and over he went. Such a sight I never before saw, never again shall see—a bull off a bridge, falling at least thirty feet, over and over. He turned once or twice, probably—I thought he turned over fifty times, there seemed so many horns, and feet, and tails flying through the air—but down he went; the water was deep, and he disappeared.

The other bull didn't laugh, merely because bulls, I suppose, cannot. But we laughed. There he stood, looking directly down into the abyss below, into which he had hurled his unlucky foe.—He stood, however, but a moment, as if frightened at the prospect before him.—He commenced to step backward—back, back, with his head in the same pugacious attitude as when in combat—back another step, and over he too went on the opposite side of the bridge, performing just as many and exactly as ludicrous somersets as his adversary had done a minute before. It beat all I ever saw.

In about five minutes both bulls were seen, their tails trailing in the sand, dripping wet, and scratching up the steep gravelly banks, each on his own side of the river.

'*Them are bulls wont never fight no more!*' said a boy behind me. I turned around; it was 'red-haired Bob,' as we used to call him, and every hair on Bob's naked head looked as if it was in spasms. But Bobby was right.

There are two political parties in Nova Scotia: I wish they had seen that fight as we saw it—that is all I have to say for the present.

CURIOUS SPANISH OPINIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The Madrid Clamor Publico of the 12th of February has the following paragraph in its diplomatic review:

"While we contemplate the deplorable political situation of the nations of Europe, and the nations which menace them, we turn our eyes instinctively to lands beyond the Atlantic. The republic of the United States is, in truth, the star which in the end must guide modern society, and a long time cannot elapse before the capital of the land of the illustrious Washington will be the capital of the world.

The time has passed when, separated from Europe by a wide ocean, it had no influence on our destinies. Electric telegraphs and ships driven by rarified air, a recent great discovery, will draw closer together, and unite as parts of one body, the five great divisions of the world.

Before such a generous system, before acts of such immense importance, how petty seem present projects to deprive the people of their already enumerated rights!"

ANOTHER OFFER TO MRS. STOWE.—A private letter received at Newark, N. J. from Rev. Charles Beecher, stating that his sister, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, has received from Constable & Co., publishers at Edinburgh, an offer for a Temperance Tale, like Uncle Tom's Cabin, of $10,000 in hand, and half the proceeds of the work after that sum is realized.