

Democrat

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Selected Poetry.
Our Baby.
To-day we had the fragrant sod,
With trembling hands we found,
And lay this well beloved of God,
Our dear dead baby under
Oh, hearts that ache, and ache afresh,
Oh, tears too blindly blind,
Our hearts are weak, yet being flesh,
To strong for our restraining
sleep, darling sleep! Cold walls shall keep
Thy little turf and mound
Thou wilt not know—so far below—
What winds or storms are swelling;
And birds shall sing, in the warm spring,
And flowers bloom about thee
Thou wilt not heed them, love, but oh,
The loneliness without thee!

Father, we will be comforted!
Thou wast the gracious giver
We yield her up—not dead; not dead—
To dwell with thee forever
Take Thou our child! Ours for a day,
This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom!

Miscellaneous.

A Little Girl in a Court of Justice.
Of the many excellent things written by our excellent friend Samuel Hammond (says the American Agriculturist), formerly in the Albany Register and latterly in the Albany Express, we have read few narratives which have touched our own feelings more than the following, which recently appeared in the latter paper:

I witnessed a short time ago in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth. A little girl, nine years old, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a robbery committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?" "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer. "These your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of an objection? The witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up into his face, with a calm, clear eye and in a manner so artless and frank that went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge.
"The little girl stepped back with a look of horror; and the red blood mantled in a flush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake, "I mean were you ever a witness before?"
"No sir, I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the bible open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?"
She looked at it and answered, "Yes sir, it is the Bible."
"Do you ever read it?" he asked.
"Yes, sir, every evening."
"Can you tell me what the Bible is," inquired the Judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.
"Well, place your hand upon this bible, and listen to what I say," as he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the Judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.
"Anything else?" asked the Judge.
"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.
"How do you know that?" asked the Judge again.

The child took the bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."
"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.
"Yes sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we knelt down together and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me a little child to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the

ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."
"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lip quivered with emotion.
"Yes sir," said the child with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.
"God bless you, my child," said the Judge, "you have a good mother. The witness is competent," he continued.
"Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charges against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured a supposed clear acquittal. But before her testimony, falsehood scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of mankind's rilly to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that a mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates) with which she spoke was like a revelation from God himself.

Do Indians Swear?
This is a curious question, and the answer by Mr. Schoolecraft should put the white man to blush. This gentleman, who has for many years closely studied the characteristics of the race, says:
"Many things the Indians may be accused of, but the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many enquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and nothing is more bitter or reproachful than match another's oath, which indicates simply, had dog they have terms to imprecate. The chief murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbling, but I have never heard of an imprecation of oath. The goddess of the language does not seem to favor the formation of the terms used in oaths, or for the purpose of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others as well as my own; to say that Indians cannot curse."

An Actor Refuses a Consultation.
The Professor, B. J. An actor is responsible for the following:
Mr. McKean Buchanan, who has created such a sensation during the week, appears again this evening as Odello, in the new tragedy of the "Merchant's Honor," and has been re-engaged for a few more nights by the way, we understand that President Buchanan has always shown great partiality for his cousin, the tragedian, of whose talents he entertains the highest opinion, and that since he reached the Presidential chair, he has twice offered McKean a lucrative situation under the government, giving him his choice of a responsible and valuable office, at Washington, or the Liverpool Consulate. But the tragedian is too thoroughly devoted to his chosen profession, we learn, to think of abandoning it. Ex.

The Mormon Policy.—Some of those who assume to be acquainted with the Mormon policy, say that when the United States army enters Salt Lake City, they will find the Mormons all at work minding their own business, and wondering why life troops were sent there. The leaders will, however, be absent. Finding no resistance, the troops will be removed by the Government, and then the leaders will return, and the United States civil officers will be subjected to annoyances similar to those which induced the Government to send out the expedition. It is argued that a volunteer force raised in the States, with a view to permanent settlement in Utah, is the only means of keeping those people in check.

The Duplicity Settled.—The difficulty between Messrs. Clay and Cullom was adjusted on Tuesday afternoon; Senators Johnston of Arkansas, and Brown, of Mississippi, undertook its settlement on the part of Mr. Clay, and Messrs. Underwood, of Kentucky, and Zollikoff, of Tennessee, on the part of Gen. Cullom. The affair was then referred to Senators Toombs and Crittenden, who settled it in this way: Mr. Clay disclaimed any intention of insulting General Cullom by what he said at the time of the quarrel, and Cullom apologized for the blow.

Spontaneous Combustion.—A horrible case of spontaneous combustion is reported as having occurred at Cairo, Illinois. A man named Faxon, suffering under delirium tremens, entered a saloon and called for a glass of brandy. Immediately after drinking it his breath came in contact with a lighted match in the hand of a bystander, and instantly took fire and burnt for nearly two minutes, when death ensued his tortures. The agonizing screams of the wretched man are described as having been horrible in the extreme.

A Fighting Preacher.

When our revolutionary war first broke out, and Congress called upon the several States to furnish regular regiments for the Continental line, Peter Muhlenberg, a pastor in the Tenth Legion, mounted his pulpit one fine morning, told his congregation he was going to the wars, and exhorted as many of them as could raise the pluck, to follow his example. His words took like wild-fire—a regiment was soon raised—and Peter himself was appointed Colonel. Never was there a better choice. Peter fought even better than he prayed. His regiment was everywhere, where hard knocks were being on—at Trenton, at Princeton, at Brandywine, at Germantown, at Monmouth, at Yorktown, and Peter was always at the head of his regiment. So prominent was he upon such occasions, that with some of his admirers he obtained the name of Devil Pete, while by the army generally he was known as "Fighting Parson." His skill seems to have been equal to his gallantry. For in a short time he became a colonel, and was one among the highly esteemed of Washington's officers. He was a striking example of the fact that a man makes none the worse soldier for serving his Creator with fidelity.

Gen. Havelock seems to have been a man of very much the same build of Gen. Muhlenberg. He was one of the genuine, old school, Cromwellian breed—a real "fear-the-Lord-and-keep-your-powder-dry" generation. He preached to his men—the prayed with them—and even baptized them. On one occasion he was court-martialed for this offence. An inquiry into the state of his regiment proved so satisfactory that the Governor General said he wished he would baptize the whole army. Now, the exploits of this man and his little force are absolutely marvellous. He has shown all the qualities of a great officer—one worthy to take his place by the side of Wellington and Marlborough. They have shown all the qualities of the best and bravest soldiers. They fought six battles in six days, and each time against the odds of ten to one, and were victorious every time. They marched through a swamp of fogs fighting at every step, in the burning climate of India, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day. They entered the city they were sent to relieve, and were immediately surrounded, and shot in by twenty times their number. Nothing daunted, they held on for months, fighting and victorious every day, and living upon a few ounces of rice, without any of the usual supplies of European soldiers. At last they were relieved, and the old parson had the glory and satisfaction of having by his indomitable bravery, perseverance and skill saved the lives of hundreds of his countrymen! We cannot think of these things—of the old man's simplicity, his modesty, and his great exploits—without feeling a disposition to throw up our hats, and shout loud and long for the brave old Baptist preacher.

The exploits of Havelock and his men, dissipate the idea long entertained in England, and openly avowed by a former Minister, that the more profligate the army, the better the soldier. It is our firm belief that honesty, morality, and above all, religion, are essential to man in the performance of earthly duty, even the duty of a soldier, and hereafter. If we ever hear a man dispute this point, will refer to fighting old Havelock, and his glorious regiment of true blue Baptists, in support of our opinion. Depend upon it, a soldier does not fight the worse for commending his soul to his maker.

Cool Fighting.
Of the barber's shop fight at Willard's, between Lieutenants Robert Williams, 1st Regiment of Dragoons, and David Bell, 1st Regiment of Cavalry, a Washington writer says: "The gallant Lieutenants had almost simultaneously repaired to the barber's shop for the purpose of getting shaved, or having their hair cut. The moment they encountered they fought, but in the most gentlemanly and quiet manner. Williams broke his cane over Bell's head, and the two grappled and struggled with as much decorous restraint as if they had been acting a tableau in a fashionable drawing room. Not an oath, not an exclamation, not a loud word escaped them. Bell having no cane, retreated to get one. He presently returned accompanied by a friend. Williams was standing before a mirror quietly adjusting his cravat, which had been disarranged in the scuffle. As Bell approached him with uplifted cane, he turned, folded his arms and coolly awaited the blow. At this point the barber, whose name, via, bottles, and other fragile wares, had suffered somewhat in the fray—interposed with a politeness equal to that of the combatants themselves. "Gentlemen," he said, "permit me to suggest that this is hardly a fit place to fight in. I have already sustained considerable damage by your movements, and if the struggle is to be renewed—"

"You speak like a man of sense," interposed Bell, suspending the descent of his cane. "What you say is very reasonable. This is no place for a fight. The affair must be settled elsewhere. Make out your bill for the damage we have done, and I will pay it."
The barber's account was presented and paid, and the belligerent sons of Mars withdrew in the quietest manner possible.

Mind What you say Before Children.

It is always well to avoid saying anything that is improper, but it is especially so before children; and here parents as well as others are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat; and as they have no discretion and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise anything, it is generally found that children and the most the truth." See that boys and girls while you are speaking of a neighbor in language that you would not have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by the repetition.
A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed to him much pleasure in seeing him. "One day, just after she had remarked to him her happiness on his visit, the little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee and asked— "Are you not glad to see me, George?" "No sir," replied the boy. "Why not, my little man?" he continued. "Because mother don't want you to come," said George. Here the mother looked daggers at her little son, and became crimson. "But he saw nothing," "How do you know that, George?" "Because she said yesterday that she wished that old bore would not call again." The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the impression that truth is mighty and will prevail.
Another child looked sharply into the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it replied—"I wanted to see if you had a drop in your eye; I have heard another say that you have, frequently."
A boy once asked his father who it was lived next door to him, and when he heard the name, inquired if he was not a fool. "No, my little friend, he is not a fool, but a very sensible man." But why did you ask the question?" "Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to her."
"Mother said so?" said the girl.
"Yes, she said so," said the boy.
"To come and ask you to take tea with her this evening?" "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind. That's all she said."

God is Merciful.

AND THOUGH I AM NOW RELIGIOUS, I TRUST HE WILL HAVE MERCY ON ME.
God is merciful, thy friend; but does it follow that he will have mercy on you without religion? He is essentially and infinitely merciful beyond your conception of mind; from his throne flows all the happiness in the universe; but does this prove that he will save you in sin?
He gave his Son to die for sinners; but does not that prove a justice which must be satisfied, though the stroke fall on the head of his beloved Son?
He sends forth his Spirit to renew and sanctify; but does not that prove a holiness which will not admit the defiled into his presence, nor receive the polluted into his kingdom?
He has hitherto blessed you, though evil and unthankful; but does that prove that you may not, in the hardness of your impenitent heart, be trespassing up yourself against the favor of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God?
He now bestows blessings on the evil and the good, but is that evidence that he will never make a discrimination, and according to his pledged word, render to every man according to his works?
God is merciful; but if mercy forbids the exercise of justice, how is it that pain in a thousand ways is experienced in this world of sin, and that all mankind are obliged to leave it by suffering the penalty of death; and how is it that the God of mercy has, in the future world, prepared "everlasting punishment," where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched?
God is merciful; but will he take to heaven one sinner in violation of the eternal law of his kingdom that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord?"
God is merciful; but would it be an act of mercy to admit into the new Jerusalem, the man who has no spiritual fitness for its employments—a man whose unconverted heart would be roused to opposition and tortured with enmity by every sight and sound and discovery of that world of light, benevolence and bliss?
God is merciful, and that mercy does not sin goes unpunished, the Most High loses his control over his subjects, the motives to obedience are weakened; the righteous are exposed to the annoyance of the wicked; and confusion would fill the universe of God. Goodness, then, demands the maintenance of justice, and imperatively forbids that mercy should be extended to the unholiness. If a God of mercy, were a God unjust, a God all mercy, were a God unkind.

God is merciful; and therefore, without religion you must be lost. Oh, abandon your faltering dependence. Repent of sin, believe in a crucified Saviour, and prove your sincerity by a holy life. Then, and then only, will you realize the preciousness of the truth, that God is merciful.

Mormon Flirtations.

Under the polygamous or "plurality" system of Mormonism, as they prefer to call it, there is, as might be expected, many a new and curious development of life. A recent visitor to Salt Lake City relates the following:
"Elsewhere the attentions of the former to the latter pass for nothing; here a girl knows that her partner may at any moment be her lover and her suitor, though his wife is dancing in the *via a vis*; and many a flirtation is buoyed up by the circumstances. Men, too, of the brighter sort, love to see their position, and carry on canvas that would capsize a monogamist craft. Second and third wives take little heed of the wooing; but you may now and then see a woman glancing so eagerly round, and from her half-concealed jealousy and hatred, and every predominating over the other two, you may guess, what your will be told, that the weather is an only wife; other women, if they see her, will come and tell her she is no Mormon to look so after her husband, and laugh at her foolish expectation of keeping an entire husband to herself. That girl now, evidently knows the wife is watching her, and coquets all the more eagerly with the husband; perhaps she may refuse him after all, perhaps not wish to do so, perhaps find herself unable if she wishes; but they are not the only couple followed by eyes straggling to see, and yet not to believe. They tell me F—yonder loves his wife beyond the wont of husband in this part of the world, and will not marry another; so my partner, herself a wife though not in the first lot of wives, tells me, and intimates her opinion, that F— and his wife are both fools to set themselves against the fashion of the place. But F— surely is flirting with Kate Copeland pretty strongly at this moment," one suggests.
"Flirting—that is a gentle word, we never use it; but he's not really courting Kate, he's only teasing his wife; though he won't marry again, he likes going that. Were I unmarried, I would ask the president to make him marry me." What for, to tease her? "No, to teach her; then she would not think herself better than the rest of us; why should she? I turned the subject, having no wish for an argumentum ad Aemulorum, and some places are unsuitable to the real argumentum ad feminam."

A Miracle.

The mention of almsgiving recalls a somewhat ludicrous story of modern date, where a most opportune miracle was wrought. The well-known French missionary, Father Bridaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of a village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak, Father Bridaine rose, according to custom, and went to say his prayers at the neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar, who asked alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing," said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand in his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in a paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle! He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened into the church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with the greatest emotion; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Bridaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches; he had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns.

Old Bull at Home.—A private letter to a musical gentleman, in New York, states that Old Bull had been received with great enthusiasm, not only at Bergen, the city of his birth, but in Christians, and every city or village through which he passed. "From the theatre he was followed home by thousands of persons, accompanied by a band of music, and, even after he had entered his hotel, the enthusiastic multitude continued for some time to pour forth their joyous exclamations at his safe return to his fatherland."

Quick Work.—One day, about three weeks ago, a lady of this vicinity, says the Johnston Echo, attended the funeral of her mother at 3 o'clock P. M.—was led to the altar a blushing bride (as prominent she blushed, if she didn't she ought), and at 8 o'clock, just three hours afterward, was making application for a divorce. Perhaps her grief over the death of her mother is now assuaged.

If any Man, from Maine to Georgia, says the Richmond Advertiser, will, on the first trial, say "six slins stick splinters," without making a blunder, and speak fast as he goes over the words, he shall have the Crook of Almazan sent to him for six years.
One of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration was: "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself!"

Gen. Jackson's Toilet.

The general temper of President Buchanan, an, his easy, pleasant manners and easy conversation, have always rendered him a great favorite in society abroad as well as at home, and few of our public men have laid up such a stock of amusing and valuable reminiscences. There is one anecdote, which he tells of General Jackson, which is so characteristic of the old hero that it is worth preserving. The President relates that one day during the administration of Old Hickory he went to the White House to ask permission to present to him the celebrated Miss Betsy Caton. Gen. Jackson readily assented, and named the next day for the interview. At the appointed hour Mr. Buchanan repaired with his fair charge to the Presidential Mansion, and leaving the lady in one of the drawing rooms he mounted to the private cabinet of the President. To his great surprise and disappointment, he found the General buried in his books and papers, and attired in a plain morning dress, his usual unwarlike, and his favorite pipe in his mouth. The Senator from Pennsylvania was greatly embarrassed. He was apprehensive that if he announced Miss Caton's presence the gallant veteran would descend all in negligence, as he was. Mr. Buchanan did not like to expose the renowned belle to such a shock as that, and on the other hand, he equally dreaded offering a suggestion on the subject to the old hero. There was no alternative, however, and he had to state that Miss Caton was waiting in the General's presence in the green drawing room. Up jumped Old Hickory at the first word and laid down his pipe. There was not a moment to be lost, so Mr. Buchanan, in a timid and apologetic manner, ventured to observe that the "lady would very well wait till the President had shaved himself." The General saw what he was driving at, and shook his frizzly head at him like the mane of an enraged lion.

"Buchanan," thundered out the impetuous old man, "did you ever hear of the man in Kentucky who got rich by minding his own business?" Without stopping to say whether he was acquainted with the individual in question, the experienced Senator's lordly companion dove stairs. In a few minutes afterwards the hero of New Orleans entered the room with the dignity of manner which no man knew better how to assume; and great was Mr. Buchanan's relief to find that not only was his face virginial in its smoothness, but that he was got up in his best black suit, with boots of faultless radiance.

Is the Earth Full of Seeds?—The fact that earth or soils brought up from different depths of the earth have, when exposed to the sun or air, become covered with vegetation, has led many to suppose that the whole earth from centre to circumference, is full of seeds. This cannot be the case; but there are, nevertheless, remarkable instances of the fact above named. We once threw up a lot of coarse gravel, late in the fall, from a depth of nearly ten feet, and early the next spring it was covered with pig weeds which grew very luxuriantly. The greatest depth we ever heard of seeds being buried we find in a recent exchange paper. In boring for water, lately, at Kingston upon the Thames some earth was brought up from the depth of three hundred and sixty feet. This earth was carefully covered with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it; yet, in a short time, plants vegetated from it:—*Anglicus paper.*

The Indians do not comprehend the simplest rules of addition and division. Tribes to whom large sums are paid by our Government have no clear conception of the amount they receive, unless the pieces of coin are spread before them, hence the difficulty experienced so often with them in money transactions with the Government. Bundles of small sticks, tied up, are the ordinary mode of counting. Their arithmetical root is a decimal. Five fingers on each hand held up is a decimal; five toes on each foot, appealed to, converts this into a vigintiesimal. But the pieces of money, or things of any kind, must be shown to enable them to understand the sum. There is no rule of multiplication, division, &c. There is also, not a mental appreciation of sums. The more advanced tribes are better arithmeticians. They have profited by education, and more by intermixture of races. The Choctaws have native farms to ten hundred thousand.

His Occupation.—A first-rate joke took place quite lately in the Court room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm "ever since he was born."
"I do."
"What did he do the first year?"
"He milked!"
The lawyer evaporated.

The worst feature in a man's face is his nose—when stuck into other people's business. Remember that—you who are in the habit of bobbing around.

Reducing the State Tax—New Mode of Collecting Tax.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 27, 1858.
Yesterday there was little or nothing done in the House, except the reading of a few bills in place, some of which will be highly important if they should receive legislative and executive sanction. One of these was read by Edward C. Smith of Berks, and provided for the reduction of the State tax on real and personal estate to two mills. By the 32d and 33d sections of the act of 20th of April, 1855, "it was fixed at three mills on the dollar. I have no idea what its fate will be, as there has been no discussion on its merits; but unless Mr. Smith shows where the axe are to derive the revenue to take the place of this that is abandoned, it must fail.

Judge Nil road in place a bill to-day in relation to the collection of taxes. Its main features are, that before the first of April in each year, the commissioners of every county shall make out their duplicates, certify to their correctness, and hand them over to the county treasurer for collection. It is the duty of the treasurer to give notice, by advertisement, published in at least two newspapers, stating the time and place that he will meet the tax payers in the different townships. At the time appointed the treasurer is to attend.

All that pay their taxes have an abatement of five per cent. made from their State tax, not from that of the county. It also provides that after the expiration of thirty days from the 12th of July all balances of taxes unpaid are to be handed over to the constables of the several townships. These officers have authority to levy and distraint property to pay said taxes, and are allowed the same fees they receive for like services in other cases. If the taxes are paid without levy, then the constable charges five per cent. on the amount to the persons who have to pay. It is also made the duty of the several Courts of Quarter Sessions, when they swear in constables who have been elected or who are appointed, to fix the amount of bail to correspond with the amount of taxes which they may be called on to collect.

A Romantic Gipsy Story.
A story is related, that some gossip has been occasioned in Cumberland County, Pa., by the following circumstances:
Mr. George Fry, of Shippenburg, married a gipsy girl, belonging to a gang who were haunting the neighborhood, about three years ago. The gipsy girl's father was so enraged at this that he kidnapped her, and sent her to parts unknown. Mr. Fry mourned her loss two years, and then married again. But says the Shippenburg News: "Last week Mr. Fry's first wife—his gipsy wife—in company with 'George Fry the second,' arrived in this place in search of him! By the assistance of Officer Starch; she was successful in finding him.

Limitted space forbids us from entering into details, at this time, of the exerting suffering Mrs. Fry has undergone since her departure from this place. The intelligence of her husband's second marriage was a severe shock to her, but she emphatically declares her exclusive right to him. It appears, by the way, that Mr. Fry's second wife was "a widow," that her husband went to California some years ago, and, soon after his arrival there, it was rumored that he was murdered. A few weeks since a letter was received from him by her, we have been informed, in which he states that he will return in the next steamer, &c. What the finale of this romance will be is beyond the power of human ken.

New Way of Making People Charitable.
—It is often easier to obtain favors from the pride than the charity of men. A shrewd preacher, after an eloquent charity sermon, said to his hearers, "I am afraid, from the sympathy displayed in your countenances, that some of you may give too much. I caution you, therefore, that you should be just before you are generous, and I wish you to understand that we desire no one who cannot pay his debts to put anything in the place." The collection was a pleasing one.

The Democratic State Convention of Texas, just previous to electing its leaders, adopted the following: "Resolved, That the doors of the great temple of Democracy be now thrown open, and that all republican sinners be allowed to come in, confess their sins, and be admitted to the fold of the faithful."
—**Rich City Bank, Pa.**—"A loss from the Erie Gazette, that the directors of this bank intend shortly to receive judgment in the name of Bank of Commerce. We presume that arrangements will be made to redeem the old circulation.

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HARRISBURG, Feb. 27, 1858.
Yesterday there was little or nothing done in the House, except the reading of a few bills in place, some of which will be highly important if they should receive legislative and executive sanction. One of these was read by Edward C. Smith of Berks, and provided for the reduction of the State tax on real and personal estate to two mills. By the 32d and 33d sections of the act of 20th of April, 1855, "it was fixed at three mills on the dollar. I have no idea what its fate will be, as there has been no discussion on its merits; but unless Mr. Smith shows where the axe are to derive the revenue to take the place of this that is abandoned, it must fail.

Judge Nil road in place a bill to-day in relation to the collection of taxes. Its main features are, that before the first of April in each year, the commissioners of every county shall make out their duplicates, certify to their correctness, and hand them over to the county treasurer for collection. It is the duty of the treasurer to give notice, by advertisement, published in at least two newspapers, stating the time and place that he will meet the tax payers in the different townships. At the time appointed the treasurer is to attend.

All that pay their taxes have an abatement of five per cent. made from their State tax, not from that of the county. It also provides that after the expiration of thirty days from the 12th of July all balances of taxes unpaid are to be handed over to the constables of the several townships. These officers have authority to levy and distraint property to pay said taxes, and are allowed the same fees they receive for like services in other cases. If the taxes are paid without levy, then the constable charges five per cent. on the amount to the persons who have to pay. It is also made the duty of the several Courts of Quarter Sessions, when they swear in constables who have been elected or who are appointed, to fix the amount of bail to correspond with the amount of taxes which they may be called on to collect.

A Romantic Gipsy Story.
A story is related, that some gossip has been occasioned in Cumberland County, Pa., by the following circumstances:
Mr. George Fry, of Shippenburg, married a gipsy girl, belonging to a gang who were haunting the neighborhood, about three years ago. The gipsy girl's father was so enraged at this that he kidnapped her, and sent her to parts unknown. Mr. Fry mourned her loss two years, and then married again. But says the Shippenburg News: "Last week Mr. Fry's first wife—his gipsy wife—in company with 'George Fry the second,' arrived in this place in search of him! By the assistance of Officer Starch; she was successful in finding him.

Limitted space forbids us from entering into details, at this time, of the exerting suffering Mrs. Fry has undergone since her departure from this place. The intelligence of her husband's second marriage was a severe shock to her, but she emphatically declares her exclusive right to him. It appears, by the way, that Mr. Fry's second wife was "a widow," that her husband went to California some years ago, and, soon after his arrival there, it was rumored that he was murdered. A few weeks since a letter was received from him by her, we have been informed, in which he states that he will return in the next steamer, &c. What the finale of this romance will be is beyond the power of human ken.

New Way of Making People Charitable.
—It is often easier to obtain favors from the pride than the charity of men. A shrewd preacher, after an eloquent charity sermon, said to his hearers, "I am afraid, from the sympathy displayed in your countenances, that some of you may give too much. I caution you, therefore, that you should be just before you are generous, and I wish you to understand that we desire no one who cannot pay his debts to put anything in the place." The collection was a pleasing one.

The Democratic State Convention of Texas, just previous to electing its leaders, adopted the following: "Resolved, That the doors of the great temple of Democracy be now thrown open, and that all republican sinners be allowed to come in, confess their sins, and be admitted to the fold of the faithful."
—**Rich City Bank, Pa.**—"A loss from the Erie Gazette, that the directors of this bank intend shortly to receive judgment in the name of Bank of Commerce. We presume that arrangements will be made to redeem the old circulation.