

The Democratic Watchman.

VOL. 7.

BELLEFONTE, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1862.

NO. 17.

Miscellaneous.

A FRENCH WILL STORY.

"Is she dead, then?"
"Yes, madame," replied a little gentleman in a brown coat and short breeches.
"And her will?"
"Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."
"Shall we inherit anything?"
"It must be supposed so; we have claims."
"Who is this miserably dressed personage who intrudes herself here?"
"Oh, she," said the little man sneeringly; "she won't have much in the will; she is sister to the deceased."
"What! that Anne who wedded in 1812 a man of nothing—an officer?"
"Precisely so."
"She must have some small amount of impudence to present herself here, before a respectable family?"
"The more so as sister Egerie, of noble birth, had never forgiven her for that misalliance."
Anne moved at this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale; her fine eyes were filled with tears, and her face was furrowed by care with precocious wrinkles.
"What do you come here for?" said, with great haughtiness, Madame de Villebois; the lady who a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who inherited with her.
"Madame," the poor lady replied with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I came solely to see M. Dubois, my poor sister's solicitor, to inquire if he spoke of me at her last hour."
"What! do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of a great house—you, who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte!"
"Madame, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and what is better, an honest man," observed Anne.
At this moment a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.
"Cease," he said, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has forgiven her; Anne loved a generous, brave and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than his poverty and obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as I knew him, I, his old friend, Anne would be at this time happy and respected."
"But why is this woman here?"
"Because it is her place to be here," said the notary, gravely; "I myself requested her to attend here."
M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will.
"I being sound in mind and heart, Egerie de Damfemid, retired as a border in the convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and principle clause of my testament:
"After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewelry, clothes and furniture, as also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs.
"In the convent where I have been residing will be found my book, 'Heures de la Vierge,' holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of the emigration. I desire that these three objects be divided into three lots.
"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs in money.
"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewelry.
"The third lot, my book, 'Heures de la Vierge.'
I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief which she has caused us, and I would have comforted her sorrows, if I had known sooner of her return to France. I compromise her in my will."
"Madame de Villebois, my much beloved cousin, shall have the first choice."
"M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice."
"Anne will take the remaining lot."
"Ah! ah!" said Vetry, "sister Egerie was a good one; that is rather clever on her part."
"Anne will only have the Prayer book!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud.
The notary interrupted her jocularly.
"Madam," he said, "which lot do you choose?"
"The two hundred thousand francs in money."
"Have you quite made up your mind?"
"Perfectly so."
The man of law addressing himself then to the good feelings of the lady, said:
"Madame, you are rich and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave this lot, and take the book of prayers which the economy of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots?"
"You must be joking, M. Dubois," exclaimed Madame de Villebois; "you must really be dull not to see the intention of sister Egerie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well, that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who had the last choice."
"And what do you conclude from that?" inquired the notary.

"I conclude that she intended to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help that she had to expect in this world."
As she finished these words, Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels as his lot.
"Monsieur Vetry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire, as you are, to give up at least a portion of your share to Anne, who wants it so much."
"Thanks for your kind advice, dear sir," replied Vetry; "the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits me admirably, all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egerie they are reminiscences which one ought never to part with."
"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here is the Prayer-book that remains to you."
Anne attended by her son, a handsome boy with blue eyes, took her sister's old Prayer-book, and making her son kiss it after her, she said:
"Hector, kiss this book, which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well, had she known you. When you have learned to read, you will pray to heaven to make you wise and good as your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother."
The eyes of those who are present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.
The child embraced the old book with boyish fervor, and opening it afterward—
"Oh! mamma," he said, "what pretty pictures!"
"Indeed!" said the mother happy in the goodness of her boy.
"Yes, the good Virgin, in a red dress holding the infant Jesus in her arms. But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon the pictures?"
"So that they might not be injured, my dear."
"But mamma, why are there ten silk papers on each engraving?"
"The mother looked and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who addressing those present, said:
"Leave her alone, it won't be much; people don't die of these shocks; as for your little one," addressing Hector, "give me that prayer-book; you will tear the engravings."
The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterwards, they met Anne and her son, exceedingly well yet not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a barouche. This led them to make inquiries and they ascertained that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and that she was giving a first rate education to her son. The news came like a thunder-bolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. de Vetry hastened to call upon the notary to ask for explanations. The good Dubois was working at his desk.
"Perhaps we are disturbing you?" said the arrogant old lady.
"No matter. I was in the act of settling a purchase in the state funds for Madame Anne."
"What!" exclaimed Vetry, "after purchasing house and equipments, she has still money to invest?"
"Undoubtedly so."
"But where did the money come from?"
"What! did you not see?"
"When?"
"When she shrieked upon seeing what the Prayer book contained which she inherited."
"We observed nothing."
"Oh! I thought you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "That prayer book contained fifty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."
"Good heavens!" exclaimed Vetry, thunder struck.
"I had only known it!" shouted Madame de Villebois.
"You had the choice," added the notary, "and I myself urged you to take the prayer book, but you refused."
"But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary?"
The two buffed old egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy. Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you pass by the Rue Lafayette on a fine Summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of wax candles.
A lady who has joined the two fair hands of her son, and a fair child of six years of age, in prayer before an old book of 'Heures de Vierge,' and for which a case of gold has been made.
"Pray for me, child," said the mother.
"And for who else?" inquired the child.
"For your father, your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you."
"Must I pray to the saint, my patron?"
"Yes, my little friend; but do not forget a saint who watches us from heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds."

The Federal Tax Bill.

As almost everybody and everything is taxed in the Bill now before Congress for raising a War tax, it is no wonder that members are constantly button-holed on the subject whenever they show themselves in the streets in Washington. Almost every trade or profession has its committee of agent down there, who are working like bees to get some particular in the Bill modified. In consequence of this state of things the Committee of the House of Representatives resolved, some time ago, to suppress from the public eye all the features which they might introduce. When the suppressed items come to be known, and the Bill is presented to the people in all its length and breadth, it will doubtless open some folks' eyes "as big as carvers." A correspondent of the *Sunday Mercury* sends to that paper what purports to be some of the supposed features of the Bill, which he intimates, the censor of the press has thus far regarded as "contraband." We certainly have seen nothing of the kind in the telegraphic report from Washington; and if the Bill really contains the astonishing items which he gives, there is no doubt that it will produce a grand sensation in every well regulated family.
SUPPOSED ITEMS OF THE TAX BILL.
For smoking a 3 cent cigar, 6 cents; or other liquors in proportion.
For every quid of tobacco, 3 cents; if begged from a friend, 6 cents.
Dinner at Delmonico's, 50 cents; at a Fulton street saloon, 18 cents.
Picking one's teeth in private, 3 cents; in front of the Astor House, 10 cents.
Sixth Ward liquor, 12 cents a glass; common liquor in proportion.
Jockey champagne, 10 cents a bottle, (that being its full value); other foreign wines in proportion.
Calling for a drink, 5 cents; with pep permit in it, 3 cents extra.
Riding in a city railroad car, 8 cents; if compelled to stand, 10 cents.
For wearing dandy jewelry, \$2 each article.
Foot blacks, 5 cents each job.
Reading the speech of a Congressman, 10 cents a line, and three months' imprisonment.
Attending church, 50 cents an hour; if a member, 25 cents. At Beecher's the prices are to be the same as at first class theatres.
On minister's attending billiard matches, \$2; if enthusiastically received, twice that sum, and drinks for the party.
For snuffing on the Sabbath day, 25 cents for the first one, and 50 cents for each following one.
For lowering a lady in the street, 10 cents.
All unvarnished lathes, \$25 per year; California whips, \$50 per year.
For being poor, \$10 a month.
White shirts, 10 cts. a month; colored ones, 81.
Buckwheat cakes are to pay a tax of 3 cents per dozen; with molasses on, 5 cents per dozen.
For using an auger, 30 cents a month.
For using a cork screw, 45 cents per month.
Dried kidneys, 4 cents a dozen.
For looking over a fence, 10 cents.
License to drive your cow to pasture, 50 cents; for a mile, 75 cents.
For locking your wife, 10 cents each time; spanking the baby, 10 cents; walking any child over ten years of age, 25 cents.
License to boil the tea kettle, 25 cents.
For sodding the servant girl, 50 cents.
To catch cats, \$5; to catch salmon and sturgeon, \$8.
To open oysters, \$5; to clams, 3.50.
For privilege to sit on the dock and catch shiners, \$1 per month; if you lean against a pole, \$1.50.
Salt mackerel, if caught in a fresh water stream, 3 cents each.
To sit on the curb stone and peddle apples, \$3 a month.
For the privilege of gathering peach-pits, \$8 a month.
License to peddle peanuts, \$5 a year.
Snuff boxes are to pay a tax of \$1 per year.
For every pinch of snuff given to a friend, 3 cents.
For asking a friend to drink, 35 cents.
For playing billiards, 25 cents.
For license to kill skunks, \$5 a year and one fourth of the pelts.
Tax on Massachusetts, \$2 a month—if dyed, the tax is to be doubled.
On whickers, other than those belonging to cats and dogs, \$3 a month.
For blowing your nose in the public streets, 75 cents; in country roads, 50 cents.
To shoot marbles, \$1; if "China Alley" are used, a further tax of 40 cents.
To play euchre, \$1.50; if the two bowers of trumps are held, a further tax of 50 cents.
Hardy gurdies are to pay a tax of \$1 a tune.
Mocking birds, 75 cents.
To sneeze in the public highway, 15 cents; if accompanied with unusual noise, 25 cents.
Shorting 20 cents; if at an evening meeting, 25 cents; in church, 31.

Rules for Home Education.

The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous place in every household:
1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them any thing unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a child to do anything, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little gentle punishment when the occasion arises, is much more efficient than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have at another time, under the same circumstances, forbidden.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Abstain from making their little remarks the perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale bearing.
14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence is the appointed and sure method.
A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.—Loveless! It is not your costly dress, ladies, your expensive shawl, or gold lace fingers, that of good sense look far beyond these. It is your character they study—your deportment. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel, you have no attractions for them. It is the lowliness of nature that attracts the first attention; it is the moral and mental excellence and cultivation that wins and continues to retain the affection of the heart. Young ladies seldom miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow little or no thought on their minds and hearts. Fools may be won by gewgaws, and fashionable shabby dresses, but the prudent and substantial man never caught by such traps. Let modesty and virtue be your dress. Use pleasant and truthful language, study to do good, and though you may not be courted by the very best, yet your true love will linger in your steps.
Park Goodwin was delivering a lecture in Indiana, when taking up a glass of water to drink, as lectures will, the bottom of the tumbler dropped out and let the water upon the manuscript. The lecturer looked dismayed, and the audience began to titter ominously. Instantly recovering his wits, he said:
"Whatever fault may be found with my lecture, it can't be called a *dry one*."
This happy turn extricated him from the dilemma.
The Providence *Press* says that one night lately, when the streets were a glare of ice, a citizen was accosted by an Irishman who desired to be put on the road to Woonsocket.
"Woonsocket!" said the astonished gentleman, "what do you want to see in Woonsocket in this kind of going?"
"An' faith," says Pat, "it's meself I want to see there, sure."
Pat received the necessary directions.
"When a person is very ill, he says, 'God has afflicted me'; but if he feels very happy, and very well, how rarely does he say, 'God has made me happy.' How prone are we to think God is at fault, but not at all that is bright, giving it greater brightness, and in all that is joyful, adding to its intensity and its purity."
The beautiful—Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and a higher life and fills us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet modestly aspire, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behavior.
"Why are you like an annual, my darling?" said a saucy lover binding his arm around Harriet's waist.
"I can't say. Why?"
"Because you are handsomely bound."
"Indeed! Why, then, am I like a law book?"
"Really I can't tell."
"Because I am bound in calf!"
A gentleman once said to his son, who used to stay in bed late in the morning:—"Your brother got up this morning at five o'clock, and found on the sidewalk a purse of gold."
"Very well," replied the lazy young man, "if the poor fellow to whom it belongs had remained in bed till ten, he probably would not have lost it."

Which Bull Gored the Ox?

We were somewhat surprised to see yesterday in the *Providence* some such vicious denunciations of mob violence that were offered to Wendell Phillips, and which broke up his lecture at Pike's Opera House on Monday night. We thought, and the community thought, that they were in favor of mobs and opposed to the freedom of speech and the press.
Last summer, when Democratic papers were mobbed all over the North and threatened with destruction in every city town and village in the free States—when Democratic citizens of high standing were ridden on rails and tarred and feathered by fanatical mobs—when no Democratic elector could open his mouth upon the exciting political questions of the day, or a Democratic press give its views on it without personal danger—these presses were either silent or openly engaged in the assaults, and cheered on those who were destroying liberty of speech or liberty of the press. One of these emphatically approved and justified mobbing Democratic papers and Democratic editors if they did not agree in sentiment with it in regard to the war. It was almost equivalent to a victory over the rebels, and was a glorious feat to mob a Democrat and to tear down his printing office in the estimation of the party men of Mr. Phillips' school and his personal admirers. They had any quantity of sophistry and casuistry to excuse and palliate the villains. It was the condition of the country, it was military necessity, it was the emergency of the situation, it was urged by Democratic speakers and Democratic presses, they being the judges when, in their estimation, rightly deprived them of being heard by the community. All this nonsense, in the shape of argument, could be urged in the case of Mr. Phillips against his speaking.
An immense proportion of the wealth and the intellect of the North, for months was silenced by mobs, and a large portion of the press muzzled by the same disreputable and rascally proceedings. They were not mobs either, in the proper sense of the word, that committed these outrages. They were the result of organized conspiracies, hatched in secret lodges and societies, and did the bidding of more respectable, but more cowardly persons who were behind the scenes. They were instigated too, by Abolition pasters and Abolition orators, who did nothing but publish their Democratic contemporaries, and to point out to our subjects for mob discipline.
Against these outrages we lifted up our voice at the time, and we denounce them now, when the victim is Wendell Phillips who is the antipode of us in political sentiment. We have ever been consistent as champions of free speech and a free press—Not so with many of Mr. Phillips' friends—When the mob bill goes their way they cry out lustily, but they have themselves willing to go to the furthest extreme of mob violence against their opponents. This inconsistency is generally remarked by the public who cannot see why Wendell Phillips, who openly declares that he has spent 19 years to take 10 States out of the Union, and rejoice over the fact, is allowed by the administration to perambulate the country; while hundreds of others, for an inconceivably less political offense, have been arrested and confined in prisons.
We are glad that Mr. Phillips has not been arrested by the Government; but still he ought to be treated as others have been or these others should be discharged. It will not do to make fish of one and flesh of another. According to the rule laid down by Mr. Phillips friends to Democrats, Mr. Phillips himself is a proper person to send to Fort Warren. As for us, we repudiate the whole business of political arrests for opinion's sake, and we would say to Mr. Phillips and to say as long as you do not molest, we will not molest you, or, at least, we have supported it was and shall try to make it so in the future. Nothing is ever gained by playing the tyrant in public opinion, and exciting mobs to suppress freedom of speech, or freedom of the press—As in all cases where sound principles are violated where justice and equity are outraged, the perpetrators do not escape justice which frequently commends its poisoned chalice to their own lips. Do right, whatever may be the consequences, though the heavens may fall, is the only proper rule of action. We believe last summer that many of those who were cheering on mobs to assault those who differed with them in opinion would see the time when they would regret it, and when their conscience would reproach them for the deed.
"Ma, I want some liquid generosity on my bread and butter."
"Some what my child?"
"Some liquid generosity?"
"What in the world does the boy mean by liquid generosity? What is it my son?"
"Gosh wam don't you know? Why 'tis molasses to be sure."
"Here Bridget spunk this boy and put him to bed."
"Saxe the job, says that Vermont is famous for four staples, 'most wener, maple sugar and honey,' and the 'most first are strong, the last are fleet, the second and third are exceedingly sweet, and all are uncommonly hard to beat."

It for Tat.

Dobbs was up and doing, April Fools Day. A singular phenomenon was to be seen in the vicinity of his place of business. Dobbs went home from his store the last evening in March, and while taking tea, remarked to his wife, that his colored porter had been blessed with an increase of family.
"Why," said Mrs. D., "that makes nine!"
"Exactly," said he; "but the singularity about this new comer is, that one half of its face is black."
"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. D., "that is singular, indeed. How strange! What can be the cause of such a disfigurement?"
"Can't say," said Dobbs; "but it is a curiosity worth seeing to say the least of it."
"So I should think," returned his better half. "I will go down in the morning, and take such delicacies as the woman needs, and see the child at the same time."
Dobbs knew she would, so he went out to smoke a cigar, and the subject was dropped for the evening. Next morning after he went to his store, the kind-hearted woman made up a basket of nice things, and taking the servant girl, went down to cheer up the mother, and see the singular child. When Dobbs came home to dinner, his wife looked surprised. "Before he had time to seat himself," she said:
"Have you seen cousin John? He was here this morning, to pay you the money you loaned him, and as he could not wait for you, and must leave town to-day, I told him you would be at the store at half past two."
"How fortunate!" said he; "I need just that amount to take up a note to-morrow—Just two, now," said Dobbs looking at his watch. "I will go down at once, for fear of missing him."
"Won't you have dinner first?" asked his wife, "you will be in time."
"No," said he, "I want that money and would not like to miss him, so I will go at once."
"By the by," said the lady, "how came you to tell me such a story about one side of that child's face being white?"
"No, no," said he, "as he put on his hat, you saw a mistake. I said one side was black. You did not ask me about the other side; that was black too. First of April, my dear first of April, you know."
Dobbs departed in haste, and not return again until tea time, and then he looked disappointed.
"What is the matter my dear," said Mrs. D.
"Why, I missed cousin John, and I needed the thousand dollars to take up a note to-morrow. And every one is so short, I cannot raise it."
"O! is that all?" returned she, "then it is all right. Cousin John paid me the money, and said you could send him a receipt by mail."
"But," said Dobbs, "why couldn't you tell me so at dinner time, and not say he would be at the store to pay me, at half past two, and to send me off without my dinner, besides causing me so much anxiety for nothing?"
"I am very sorry you have had so much anxiety and trouble," returned his wife, "but you are mistaken in supposing I told you he would be at the store at that time. I said I told him you would be there at half past two, and knowing you were in want of that money, I knew you would not fail—First of April, my dear, first of April, you know!"
Dobbs caved in; he acknowledged the corn, and Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs enjoyed a pleasant supper.
THE GARDENS OF ROME.—The gardens of Rome are very happily daguerretypied in a late number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.
"All round about Rome there are ancient gardens lying basking in the sun. Gardens and villas built long since by dead cardinals and popes; terraces with fleeting shadows with honeysuckles in desolate luxuriance; roses flowering and falling, and falling in showers on the pathways; and terraces and marble steps yellow with age. Lonely fountains splash in their basins; statues of fawns and slender nymphs stand out against the solemn horizon of blue hills and crimson-streaked sky; of cypress trees and cedars with the sunset showing through their stems. At home I lead a very busy anxious life—and the beauty and peace of these Italian villas fill me with inexpressible satisfaction and gratitude towards those mouldering pontiffs whose magnificence liberality has secured such placed resting places for generations of weary men."
"Wife, I thought you said you were going to have a goose for dinner?"
"So I did; and I've kept my word."
"Where is it?"
"Why, my dear, aint you here?"
"Smith couldn't see the point of that joke."