

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."--LINCOLN. VOL. IV. NO. 6. TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1871. \$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 3 columns: Rate, Description, and Amount. Includes 'Rates of Advertising' and 'Business Cards'.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477, I. O. G. T. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

Isaac Ash, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa. W. W. Mason, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

Practical Harness Maker and Saddler. Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa.

Tidoute, Pa., J. & D. MAER, Proprietors. The house has been thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order.

Lower Tidoute, Pa., D. S. RAMSDELL & SON, Proprietors. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidoute.

Exchange Hotel, IRVINGTON, Pa. W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor.

NEW ENGINES. Thundersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine. Messrs. Tiff Sons & Co. are now sending to this market their 12-Horse Power Engine with 14-Horse Power Boiler peculiarly adapted to deep wells.

John K. Mallock, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor of Patents, No. 565 French street opposite Reid House, Erie, Pa.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidoute, near Tidoute House.

W. P. Mercillotti, Attorney at Law, REAL ESTATE AGENT, TIONESTA, PA.

TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa. This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business.

NOTICE. DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoute, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months.

Something urgently needed by every body. Call and examine, or samples sent postage paid for 50 cents that retail easily for \$10.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

Love and Nitro-Glycerine. Ever since Adam indulged in love's young dream amid the vernal bowers of Eden, and wandered with Eve beneath the happy shades of early creation...

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET.

BOOTS & SHOES!

MILLIONS!

HARDWARE.

House Furnishing Goods, Iron, Nails, Machine tools, Agricultural Implements, &c., &c., &c., which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

of all kinds, PARLOR SUITS, CHAMBER SETS, LOUNGES, WHATNOTS, SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES, LOOKING GLASSES, &c., &c., &c.

ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see, 7-11, D. S. KNOX & CO.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE LIBRARY OF POETRY AND SONG. The handsomest and cheapest work ever published.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT, Bare chance for best agents. The only book of its kind ever sold by subscription.

SEASON OF 1870-71. MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

Important Improvements. Patent June 21st and August 23rd, 1870. REDUCTION OF PRICES.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., have the pleasure of announcing important improvements in their Cabinet Organs, for which Patents were granted them in June and August last.

A new illustrated catalogue with full information, and reduced prices, is now ready, and will be sent free, with a testimonial circular, presenting a great mass of evidence as to the superiority of these instruments.

CRUMBS SWEEP'UP. BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A Party of Grumblers.

The Democratic party was once a party of ideas—of principles—of thought and of action. Its ideas and principles it embodied in measures, and with these measures it went before the country prepared to maintain its policy against all assaults.

Why Women Wed.

Some clever observer of social relations, having looked about among his married acquaintances, ventures to give the following list, with an attempt to indicate the real reasons which influence too many to marry:

Number one has married for a home. She got tired working in a factory or teaching school—she thought married life on earth was but moonlight walks, buggy rides, new bonnets, and nothing to do.

Number two married because she had seven young sisters and a papa with a narrow income. She consulted the interests of her family. Perhaps she would later have consulted her interests by taking in light washing or going out by the day to work.

Number three married because Mrs. sounded so much better than Miss. She was twenty-nine years and eleven months old, and another month would have transformed her into a regular old maid.

Number four married because she wanted somebody to pay her bills. Her husband married her for precisely the same reason; so they are both lamenting at leisure.

Number five married because Fanny White had a nice new husband, and she wasn't going to be left behind. Pity if she couldn't get married as well as other folks.

Number six married because she was poor and wanted riches. She never counted on all other things that were inseparable from those coveted riches.

Number seven married because she thought she would like to travel. But Mr. number seven changed his mind afterward, and all the traveling she has done has been between the well and the back kitchen door.

Number eight had married out of spite, because her first love had taken to himself a second love! This piece of retaliation might have done her good at the time, but in the run number eight found that it did not pay.

Number nine married because she had read novels and wanted sympathy. Sympathy is a fine thing, but it cools down at a rapid rate if the domestic kettle is not kept boiling, and the domestic turkey is undone.

Number ten married because she loved her husband with all her heart and all her soul. And she loves him still, and will probably continue to love him, and is the happiest wife in the world—so she says.

The Story of a Well Known Oil Man.

On Monday last Mr. Henry Fisher, of Tidoute, one of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens of this region, visited the Milton Farm, on the Allegheny Valley Railroad. Mr. Fisher visited that locality on business, which is a way Mr. Fisher has, and after transacting his business Mr. Fisher proceeded to return—that is he took passage on the train bound for Oil City.

Mr. Fisher was aboard, and on his interrogatory Mr. Fisher for his ticket or equivalent, could obtain neither. Mr. Fisher was "strapped." He had lost his pocket-book and contents; when or where was a conundrum which remained unsolved.

The loss of the pocket-book did not bother Mr. Fisher in the least, but the loss of its contents was rather embarrassing for the time being. In fact, such a loss would tickle the ribs of an umbrella. The pocket-book contained \$175 in greenbacks; one \$50 5-20 bond with all the coupons attached, which was preserved as a curiosity, a solitary diamond pin valued at \$150; three railroad passes; several business cards, etc.

Mr. Fisher quietly kept his own counsel as to his loss, and also kept one eye open for "developments."

Last evening, Mr. Fisher took passage at Oil City on the up train for Titusville, and was a little surprised at observing his diamond pin adorning the shirt bosom of a young man whose visible means of support are limited, and whose front name is E. C. Cook.

It is unnecessary to say that young Cook was "captured," but such was the case. Mr. Fisher asked him if he was not sporting property that belonged to other parties, when Cook replied that "he'd give 'er up"—the property, not the conundrum—and accordingly handed Mr. Fisher his pin, pocket-book, passes, and ten dollars in money.

Cook stated that he had found the pocket book, but did not tell when or where, and that he sold the bond in Titusville, and had squandered the proceeds and the balance of the money; that he had been offered \$100 for the pin, but thought it worth more and so held it for a "rise." He also stated that he did not know to whom the property belonged, which was undoubtedly true, as Mr. Fisher's name decorated the different passes, cards, etc.

Not wishing to create a disturbance, Mr. Fisher allowed the young man to depart in peace, though, had justice been done, he would undoubtedly have departed in pieces.

Anecdote of Webster.

A correspondent of Harper's Monthly says: In looking over an old note-book of my father's, written many years ago, I came across an anecdote which, if it has never appeared in print before, is too good to be lost.

While John Branch, of North Carolina, was General Jackson's Secretary of the Navy, he, Tazewell, and Daniel Webster were walking on the north side of the Potomac, at Washington, Tazewell, willing to amuse himself with Branch's simplicity, said: "Branch, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat that you are on the other side of the river."

"Done," said Branch. "Well," said Tazewell, pointing to the opposite shore, "isn't that our side of the river?"

"Yes." "Then, as you are here, are you not on the other side?"

"Why, I declare," said poor Branch, "so is I! But here comes Webster, I'll win back the hat from him."

Webster had lagged behind, but now came up, and Branch accosted him: "Webster, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river."

"Done!" "Well, isn't this one side?" "Yes."

"Well, isn't that the other side?" "Yes, but I am not on that side!" Branch hung his head and submitted to the loss of the two hats as quietly as he could.

—When they petition in England, they do it in earnest. At a late meeting of Parliament, two distinguished members were to be seen bantering into the House and up to the table in front of the speaker what appeared to be a bale of merchandise. It was a petition against the Contagious Diseases Act, signed by two hundred and fifty thousand two hundred and eighty-three women residing in one hundred and thirty-four boroughs, villages, and other places in the United Kingdom.

The petition prays for the unconditional repeal of the act as immoral and subversive of the personal security hitherto enjoyed by women equally with men. It is needless to say that a petition of this magnitude cannot slip into the waste paper basket unobserved.

A young man says that there may have been such a thing as real true love in old times, but that now the notion is obsolete, and if you ask a lady now-a-days to share your lot, she immediately wants to know how large that "lot" is.

Cure for brain on fire—blow it out. The Detroit Free Press says: "Yesterday, on one of the ferry boats, a passenger saw a man bring aboard a bushel basket, and while looking around, seeking to see under the cover a roll of the boat sent him head first into the basket with a loud crash. Drawing his head out, the fellow exclaimed: 'Why, hang it, them's aizen, them's it!' And so they were, and he paid two cents apiece for the thirteen which were crushed under his head."

Legal notices at established rates.

These rates are low, and no deviation will be made, or discrimination among patrons. The rates offered are such, as will make it to the advantage of men doing business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

The Democratic party was once a party of ideas—of principles—of thought and of action. Its ideas and principles it embodied in measures, and with these measures it went before the country prepared to maintain its policy against all assaults.

Such is not the case now. If it has any distinctive character, separate and aside from its ancient fame, it is that which makes the inveterate grumbler in the every day affairs of life a social nuisance; hence, as the Democratic party has no distinctive characteristic in these latter days but that of a persistent grumbler, it follows, as a matter of course, that it is a political nuisance—a necessary nuisance, we admit, like the common scold, or the always irate virago in social life.

The recent Congressional address, the latest and most authoritative exponent of the position of the party, is an illustration of this. That document is one continued scold from the opening to the closing. And what is remarkable, the tone and temper of this scolding pronouncement is but a counterpart of almost every resolution, speech or manifesto, put forth by the party for the past ten years.

And yet with a platform based solely on the ideas of the common scold adapted to political discourses, the leaders and organs of the party talk coolly of the possibility of the people trusting them with power. It seems to us that political effrontery could go no further. The Republican party may have made mistakes; in fact there is no doubt about it, for they are seen of all men; but there is this to say in palliation—they have all been made in the interest of the Union, of the freedom of the people, and in the maintenance of the country's integrity inviolate.

It has not scolded but acted; it has not grumbled, and paltered, and halted, and stood shivering, afraid to move in the direction of right, fearful that in so doing it might tread upon some fossilized notion that the constitution contained no provision whereby its perpetuity could be maintained. The Republican party believed that this government was made for all time and has acted upon this belief. In maintaining this belief it has sometimes not adopted the best means, or acted as wisely as it might—but in all cases, it is a satisfaction to know the "end has justified the means."

The same may be said of Gen. Grant's administration; but with all its faults, and mistakes, and shortcomings, the people to-day would rather perpetuate it for another four years than trust a party which has no better platform to offer than a string of complaints, set forth in the language and tenor of a common scold.

If the Democratic party can come before the country with no better platform than this, (to use the language of the New York Evening Post) the American people will not, whether Gen. Grant is a candidate for re-election or not, put into power a party which has been an unmitigated nuisance, a breeder of disorder, a corrupter of public virtue, a debaucher of politics, the friend of every wrong and oppressor, the fomentor of violence and rebellion, for more than a dozen years. To succeed, that party must cease to be a party of grumblers, and show by its acts that it has a firmer purpose than Falstaff had, to "purge and live cleanly." The Democratic party supported slavery—and was beaten. It countenanced rebellion—and was beaten. It set up a peace-at-any-price platform—and was beaten. It advocated repudiation—and was beaten. It opposed equal laws and general suffrage—and was beaten. And now it is marching on to the next Presidential election at the head of numerous bands of Ku-Klux, northern and southern—gangs who set both law and decency at defiance; who rob where they do not kill; who cheat where they cannot rob; men whose acts threaten the whole land with anarchy; and they have amongst them scarcely a leader with brains or conscience enough to rebuke violence and lawlessness, or condemn public plunder.

As said above, those Democratic leaders who hope to carry the next Presidential election, and imagine themselves fit to rule the country, do not even comprehend the duty of a minority, not politicians in any higher sense than that in which a sutler might call himself a defender of his country. It is the duty of a minority, which hopes to become the majority, to show an example of obedience to the laws and respect for the rights of others; to make manifest, wherever it has the opportunity, that it possesses statesmanlike ideas; that it comprehends the principles of free government; that it knows how to rule, and how to keep in subordination its humbers.

If the country is now afflicted with unconstitutional and dangerous legislation, it is the fault of the Democratic leaders. If they chose they could in two weeks restore order all over the South, and the much-condemned Ku-Klux bill, clothing the President with dictatorial powers, as is claimed by the party organs, would fall stillborn, and become a dead letter upon the statute books.—Erie Republican.

And now for the sequel. In his anxiety to see "how it was himself," old Howitt remained too near the pipe, and when the glycerine went off he did also, and was picked up in Armstrong county a few days later. But where was Henry? Instead of applying his ear to the hole he had stepped to the derrick for a moment, during which the explosion occurred. He was only stunned, and a few moments later met his betrothed running to see if he was hurt. They fled at once to a neighboring justice of the peace, and were married. They have patched up the old house and are happy, though the mysterious disappearance of the father was a subject of conversation for months after. This is the story as told us by an old man who lives near Henry and Laura, who heard the noise, and also saw where the ground had been torn up by the father's vengeful experiment. If any one doubts the story, the derrick is still to be seen.—Titusville Herald.

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.—There are some people, yes, many people, always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay, on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indignation makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity, mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its use in a great degree from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased.