The Forest Republican.

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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.

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I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. 16 1y

W. W. Mason,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

C. W. Gillillan,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. tf.

N. B. Smiley,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Petroleum Centre, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Forest County. 35-1y

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

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Dr. J. L. Acomb,

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—AND—

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TIONESTA, PA.

27-tf

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In ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see,

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June 6, 1871.

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A PLEA FOR EGGS.

Be gentle to the new laid eggs,
For they are brittle things;
They cannot fly until they're hatched
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can't redress;
The yolk and white will all run out,
And make a dreadful "mess."

'Tis but a little while at best
The hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs may addled be
That were quite fresh to-day.
Oh! let the touch be light
That takes them from the keg!
There is no man whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg.

Ay, touch it with a tender touch,
For, till the egg is biled,
Who knows but that unwittingly,
It may be smashed and spiled!
The Summer breeze that 'gainst it blows
Ought to be stilled and hushed;
For eggs, like youthful purity,
Are awful when they're squashed.

The Carpenter of Marmonte.

Marmonte was a walled town in a province of France. In one of the houses near the ramparts lived a carpenter, named Benoit. He was a sober man, who said little. He had followed several trades; been a soldier; traveled a great deal; and had many adventures; but as he never spoke of them, the towns-people thought he had nothing good to tell.

The only person he was at all cordial with was an old soldier named Trappe, who had saved his life in battle. This man was a great talker and boaster, and, Benoit suspected, a knave. He had set up a barber's shop in a street near by. One evening he called upon Benoit, to ask him to drink a bottle of wine at the *cheval noir* with two old comrades who had served in his regiment. At first Benoit refused; but when Trappe told him it was also the anniversary of the battle in which he had saved his life, he accepted, and insisted on paying the score. When he reached the cabaret, he found two ill-looking fellows whom he had never seen before. They sat drinking together in the public room until nearly eleven o'clock.

Benoit, after spending more money than he had ever spent at an inn in Marmonte before, bade them good-night and went home, followed by Trappe, who was talking loudly, up to the room where Madame Benoit and her son were. Trappe laughingly forced them to drink two glasses of wine with him. Benoit, annoyed, walked to the window, and when he turned around, was astonished to find Trappe gone. He remembered this afterward, but thought little of it at the time, he was so sleepy with the wine. He then fastened his doors and windows and went to bed.

The next morning he was astonished to find his shop door ajar, and, on going up to his lumber loft that the window was open. He said nothing, for it was not his custom to talk about what he did not understand. On going to his work, he found the whole town in excitement and talking about a great robbery committed during the night. He soon perceived, too, that he was avoided, and many cast strange glances at him. Then he overheard a neighbor say:

"I noticed Benoit's shop-door opened last night after eleven o'clock, a most unusual thing; no lights—police——"

He passed on, so Benoit heard no more, but his suspicions were aroused. He felt sure Trappe did not leave his house the night before till all were asleep, and that he had opened the door to the robbers. He remembered the wine, too. He went to the barber's shop.

"Trappe," said he, "thou hast saved my life; I shall say nothing."

The next day Trappe disappeared.

From this time proofs seemed to accumulate against Benoit. The police found the tracks of the robbers from his roof to the ramparts. A silver spoon belonging to a family who had been robbed of their plate, was found under the window of the lumber-loft. Benoit was arrested and brought before the court. The judge asked him, "if he left the door and window open?"

He answered, "No."

"Then," said the judge, "do you know who did open them?"

"No," said Benoit—for he did not know that Trappe had done it.

"Do you suspect any one?"

"No, monsieur. As I am suspected unjustly, I have no right to suspect others."

In short, he answered every question honestly, without inculpating Trappe. The judge, finding no proof against him, was obliged to set him free. It was evident to him, however, from the manner of his discharge, and the talk of the people about the court, that he was still suspected. He showed no emotion, but went quietly home. After embracing his wife and son, who were transported with joy to see him again, he raid to the latter:

"Sylvester, you will hear everywhere that although I am acquitted, I am no less thought a knave. Be not disquieted; this will not last forever."

His wife was frightened at what he said, and did not believe it. She went out to talk with her neighbors. Some turned their backs and would have nothing to say to her; others looked at her with pity and shrugged their shoulders, as if to say:

"Poor woman, it is not her fault!"

Others declared to her what they thought.

After defending her husband warmly, she returned home weeping, and saying that she "would live no longer in Marmonte."

"If I go away," said Benoit, "I shall leave a bad name behind me."

"But what good will it do for you to remain?" asked Madame Benoit.

"I mean to recover my good reputation," answered he.

"But you will lose all your customers!"

"No," said Benoit, "for I will be the best carpenter in town."

"There are others quite as good as you; what will you do to make yourself better than they?" said his wife.

"By taking the most difficult work and trying to make it perfect."

Benoit had work on hand when he was arrested. He hastened to finish it. He did it so well, so promptly, and so reasonably, that the firm continued to employ him in spite of their bad opinion of him. He arose two hours earlier than usual every morning, and retired later; he labored diligently, so as to hire fewer workmen, and be able to work cheaper, although he furnished the best material and workmanship. Thus he not only kept his own customers, but acquired new ones.

He knew people thought ill of him, and were often afraid to trust him alone in a room, but he took no notice, and quietly smiled to himself. But if any one spoke rudely to him in the street, while passing along, he gave such a look that the insult was never repeated. He saw, too, how his accounts were examined, but he took care to make them so clear, so detailed, and supported them with such proofs, that his customers sometimes finished by saying:

"You take more pains than you need to take."

"No," said he; "I know your opinion of me. It is necessary that you should see clearly that I do not deceive you."

About this time a house took fire and threatened the one next to it. Several workmen tried to prevent the fire from reaching it, but soon desisted on account of the danger. Benoit arrived at the door of the threatened house. The servants dared not allow him to enter without leave from their master, whom they could not find. He pushed through them, and entered the door, saying:

"If I happen to save the house, you can see afterward if I have stolen anything."

He mounted alone to the top of the house, where no one dared to follow him. Passing through a chamber, he saw a watch lying on the mantelpiece. He put it in his pocket to prevent its being stolen; then thinking if he were to perish in the flames, and this watch found on him, it would prove him a robber, he concealed it in a vase near by, climbed to the spot nearest the fire, stood where the flames had already reached, and, with a few blows of his hatchet, cut off all communication between the two houses.

Coming down, he met the master of the house. He showed him the watch.

"I put it there," said he, "because I thought if it were stolen you would think I took it."

The upright conduct of Benoit, constantly seen by the public, began to make a favorable impression.

A rich man came to the province to build a large manufactory. He inquired for the best carpenter in Marmonte. It was impossible not to point out Benoit. He employed him, and was so pleased with his zeal, intelligence and uprightness, that he at once pronounced him an honest man. As he was a person of importance, this produced great effect.

The reputation of Benoit as a workman soon extended throughout the province. He was put in charge of great enterprises. He was even able to undertake smaller ones on his own account. This brought him in contact with men of all classes, and every one spoke highly of him. He was watched no longer.

People still wondered how his window and door came to be open on the night of the robbery, and many believed he could have told. The rich man who had employed him to build his manufactory, and who was very much interested in him, told him he ought to explain the circumstance.

"Why should I?" asked Benoit. "My reputation, for honesty is established."

The adventure was almost forgotten, when a robber named Trappe was arrested in a neighboring province, who confessed that he committed the deed which had nearly ruined poor Benoit.

"Well," said Benoit quietly, when the towns-people came to congratulate him—"I was sure an honest man could not always pass for a knave."

PLEASURE.—Tis pleasant to watch the pale, silvery moon, when bright clouds are passing it by; so it is to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth to eat sugar and pie. It is pleasant to hear the sweet robin bird sing, his gay song of the rising sun; 'tis pleasant to taste the keen pepper sauce stinging, when eating boiled eggs, oh! 'tis fun. 'Tis pleasant to ramble the high creek alone, when the freshet doth loudly roar, 'tis pleasant to watch at the sound of the gong, the boarders rush to the door. Tis pleasant to sail on the Northern lakes, in a government revenue cutter, 'tis pleasanter still to eat buckwheat cakes all covered with lasses and butter. 'Tis pleasant to ramble the woods among, thro' glens and dark shady cloisters, 'tis pleasant to list to your sweet heart's song, but my gracious! tis fun to eat oysters! But the pleasure of all pleasures, the greatest of all, panacea for minds that are sick, is to sit in the sun by the side of a wall and whittle a soft pine stick.

A Chance for Capitalists.

A good paper mill situated in Franklin would be a paying institution. Papers printed in the Western end of Pennsylvania are supplied with paper from points no nearer than Pittsburgh or Cleveland, much to their annoyance by reason of heavy demands on the mills. A paper mill at this point, besides commanding a trade within a few hours' reach of our city that would keep it busy, and having facilities for transportation almost unequalled and not surpassed by any town in the State, would have the advantage of an exhaustless water-power. We do not exaggregate when we say that in point of water-power Franklin has a superiority over any of our neighboring towns. The advantages of a paper mill at Franklin can be appreciated by our neighboring journalists who have experienced vexatious delay in receiving their surplus from a distance, and we commend the subject of establishing a mill in our city to their atteniion, hoping that a general discussion of the matter will attract the attention of some manufacturers who may see the rich harvest ready to drop in the lap of enterprise. Some of our own capitalists might take the matter in hand, but an experienced paper manufacturer would be more apt to make the investment pay. To be successful in making a paper mill pay requires as much tact as any other business, therefore we commend the project to paper men.—*Venango Spectator.*

—We would like to know if there is a man on Tionesta who can beat the following. If there is, let him now speak. The Warren *Ledger* says:

The championship for the most wonderful feats of rafting is awarded to a new contestant, D. Miles, Esq. Our special interviewer becoming deeply interested in the bestowment of these honors, paid a visit on Friday last to the board landing of N. Sill, in Pleasant Township, and learned the following facts:

Mr. Miles with two full grown assistants, and a sprightly lad to furnish the ice water, bored the bottoms, rafted and bound off during the working hours of a single day *ten thousand nine hundred and seventy-six and a-half feet* of one and one-eighth inch boards. Mr. Miles appeared in good working trim, tough and hardy, that led us to enquire as to his diet, and were informed that the staple articles consisted of Allegheny salmon and bass, fried frogs, mountain oysters, with an abundance of vegetables, and an interspersion of *ice* water, to meet requirements. Mr. Miles seemed but slightly fatigued—looked remarkably well; but was unbounded in indignation that Hall, Crocker, Dunn, Chase, and others, should presume to be the champion raftsmen; and our interviewer being of the same opinion conceded the championship to Mr. Miles.

—On Saturday, the 12th inst., G. L. Disbrow of Captain of the Wizard boat club of this city, forwarded a challenge to the second crew of the Undine boat club, to pull them a three mile race (1½ mile and return), on the Fourth of July; the challenge to remain open ten days. Yesterday a reply was received from Arthur B. Starr, of the Undines, accepting the challenge in behalf of the "Second Crew." The start is to be made at 10:30 a. m., weather permitting The course will probably be from in front of the elevators, over the old course, past the E. & P. docks, turning a stake and rrturning to the starting point. If some of the good citizens of Erie would make up a purse for the crews to compete for it would be apt to put more nerve into the contest by furnishing them a tangible incentive besides the empty honor of being victorious. If the day is fair and the bay reasonably smooth, we shall have the pleasure of witnessing two fine racing crews at work, whether the citizens are liberal enough to offer them any encouragement or otherwise.—*Erie Dispatch.*

A Boston woman refused to permit her husband to go on a fishing excursion, "because he was very apt to get drowned when he went upon the water, and, moreover, did not know how to swim more than a goose."

Walter Scott on Printing.

Sir Walter Scott, in his great historical novel of "Quentin Durward," finds an opportunity to pay a fine tribute of the art of printing. In the magnificent scene where Louis XI. introduces Quentin to the splendid apartment of the learned Galeotti, that he may learn from the planets the future destiny of the young soldier, they find the famous astrologer surrounded by all the instruments of science, and poring over a printed book. King Louis, who instantly recognizes the specimen of the new art, asks with surprise how one, before whom the heaven had unrolled her celestial volumes, could descend to an interest in the new-fashioned art of multiplying manuscripts by machinery. The seer, in all the dignity of his great knowledge, answers the king: "My brother, believe me that, in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with a certain augury, as by any combination of the heavenly bodies, the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us; how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search; how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease; how liable to be diverted, or altogether dried up by the invasion of barbarism; can I look forwarded without wonder and astonishment to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded; fertilizing some grounds, and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms. But not in our time, my royal brother, will these changes come; this new invention may be likened to a young tree, which is now planted, but shall, in succeeding generations, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the Garden of Eden; the knowledge, namely, of good and evil."

The scene is admirably conceived, for it must be remembered that Louis, although the slave of the superstitions of his day, was a man of keen intelligence; that he is believed to have exercised his personal influence to liberate Faust from the prison in which he had been thrown on the charge of having magically produced manuscripts of absolutely identical appearance; and that he afterwards despatched Jenson, the artist from the royal mint, to sudy the art in its cradle, the city of Mentz. Jenson, the apt pupil of Schoeffer, would have prosecuted his art in Paris, but that the death of Louis deprived him of his expected assistance; and, finding a warmer welcome in Venice, he added his fame to the literary glory of that great city.—*Printers' Circular.*

Undue Familiarity.

One of the great faults in modern manners is the habit of undue and improper familiarity. Some of the cleverest of men fall into the way of squeezing hands in the most violent manner, of slapping even their seniors on the back, and other rude modes emphasizing their familiarity and assuming a close proximity of person quite uncomfortable to persons of good breeding and taste. Others again have an offensive and familiar habit of using personalities, displying a knowledge of intimate and strictly private matters which one would scarcely care to have known to one's particular friends, much less the subject of rude and unmannerly conversation by comparative strangers.

—The Democracy are continually harping on the extravagance of the Republican party and crying for retrenchment and reform. We hope all the members of both political parties will note the fact, that whilst in twenty-eight months the debt of the city of New York, which is under the heel of the Democracy, has increased $52,516,-566.17, under the administration of General Grant the taxes have been reduced one hundred millions, and the national debt nearly two hundred and fifty millions. How could the country bear up under Democratic ascendency? We feel persuaded that four years' rule of the Democracy would render the nation bankrupt.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

—The Mercer *Press*, the organ of the "Unterrified" of Mercer County goes on to say:

The abandonment of the vital principle by the Harrisburg Convention has already cooled the ardor of tens of thousands of the truest Democrats that breathe, who, if the 15th Amendis to stand, can see so little difference between a Republican and a Democratic platform as to make it scarcely worth the trouble to fold up a ticket for the bollot box.

There is a fence standing in Germantown, Pa., which was in its present location in Revolutionary days, and bears marks of the battle there. The boards were originally one inch in thickness, but constant exposure to the weather for a century has reduced them to one-third of that.

Pat's Colt.

A gentleman who favors us with some reminiscences respecting the early settlement of old Derryfield, N. H., relates the following anecdote:

When my grandfather resided at Goffstown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out in the field and catch the black colt. "Don't come w[illegible]t him," said the old gentleman. [illegible]trick started and was gone some tim[illegible] but as last returned without a bridle, with his face and hand badly scratched, as though he had received bad treatment.

"Why, Patrick, what is the matter? What in the world ails you?"

"An' faith, isn't it me, your honor, that never will catch the old black colt again? Bad luck to him! An' didn't he all but scratch the eyes out of my head? An' faith as true as my shoulders are my own, I had to climb up the tree after him!"

"Climb a tree after him? Nonsense! Where is the beast?"

"An' it's tied to the tree he is to be shure, yer honor."

We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field we found, to our amazement, that he had been chasing a young bear, which he succeeded in catching after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied it with a bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long time, and was ever after known as Patrick's colt.

An Irish woman who came to this country about a year ago, and settled in Pennsylvania recently, grew so homesick that she became insane and attempted to starve herself, taking no food for twenty-two days. At the end of that time she was helpless, and was promised if she would eat she would be taken back to Ireland. She made her friends set the time at two weeks in which she was to start, and as they were not ready at the exact day she took to her old tricks again. Seeing it was useless to put her off they commenced the journey, when she began to recover reason and health at once, and is probably now as well and happy as any one.

—The prospects now are that there will be some liquor drank in the surrounding villages on the Fourth of July. There will be none used in Titusville.—*Titusville Courier.*

The "surrounding villages" is one of the Courier's peculiar jokes, but when that paper asserts that no liquor will be drank in Titusville on the Fourth of July, it cannot was; in the language of the old lady, "Oh, goodness my, what a lie!" Are the fifty-eight licensed grog shops, and probably double that number unlicensed, in moral Titusville, to be closed on the Fourth? If so, very little of the ardent will be punished. Otherwise not.—*Pet. Cen. Rec.*

Three years ago a citizen of Boston, Mr. Z. M. Smith, undertook a tour of the Rocky mountains in his own carriage, in company with his wife. The journey, one of the most remarkable ever made by a lady, was accomplished a few days ago; and the travelers returned to their homes last week. They made with their own horse twelve thousand miles, and over thirty thousand by steam, saddle and in Indian canoes, visiting every mining camp and village from Montana to Mexico, at an expense of over $25,000, traversing nearly every canon, road or Indian trail. Their object has been to embody in lectures the results of their rich and varied experience.

A church in Little Rock, Arkansas, had to employ another preacher because the deceased interfered with a dog fight which one of the young converts had set going in front of the pulpit in the midst of the service. The youthful convert fired at the pastor.

He said he believed it was his dog fight, and he wouldn't stand any foreign interference.

"Mr. Brown, you said the defendant was honest and intelligent, what makes you think so, are you acquainted with him?"

"No, sir, I never seed him."

Why, then do you come to such a conclusion?"

"'Cause he takes ten newspapers, and pays for 'em in advance."

Verdict for defendant.

A Boston grocer, who excited the ire of one of his customers by presenting at his house his bill for goods rendered, was waited upon soon after by a daughter of the debtor, who said: "I wish you wouldn't come with that bill when father's at home—it makes him nervous to be dunned. The grocer apologized.

"Ah!" said a Sunday school teacher, "Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, "I suppose as I should ha' been a horphan."

Another argument for the abolition of the franking privilege is found in the fact that letter writing caused the illness of Colfax.