The Forest Republican.

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Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477,

I. O. G. T.

Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

W. R. DUNN, W. C. T.

M. W. TATE, W. S.

W. NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. TATE.

PETTIS & TATE,

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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

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27-tf

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Mar. 4, tf.

NOTICE.

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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.

VOL. IV. NO. 18. TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1871. $2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

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June 6, 1871.

SUBSCRIBE for the Forest Republican It will pay.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

A True Chapter from a Chicago Girl's Experience.

[From the Chicago Mail.]

"Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still—
Is human loveth grow the of human will?"

A young lady of this city has, within the last few weeks passed through an experience which she is not likely to forget, as a judge would say, "for the term of her material life."

A month ago she was terribly—desperately—in love—to-day she despises—loathes—the late object of her affections.

And it was because of no fault of his (poor fellow) that the affections of Julia so suddenly changed. It all came about in a most remarkable manner, and it is for the edification of parents and guardians that we give space to the following account. The father of Julia did the business, but he did it so adroitly and so charmingly that we bid all parents, similarly situated to go and do likewise.

The father is a member of the Board of Trade, and keeps a carriage, and boasts a coachman. The coachman is an H'inglishman, a fair sample of the honest but uncultivated individuals who are ranked in England as "the lower h'orders." The man's name was John, and it was with John that the unhappy Julia was in love. It was not because he was a coachman that Julia loved him. It was not for his good looks. It was not for his accomplishments. It was because he was a man—a biped walking on two legs—and because he was the first young member of the male species with whom Julia came in contact on her return from a Catholic school, in which she had received her education.

The routine of the school had been wearisome the avenues which lead to sentiment had been close guarded, and the idea of anything like romance carefully excluded. No wonder that on her return she flew delightedly into the first indiscretion that presented itself to her view. The only indiscretion was John and John was selected. It was so romantic, so delightful, so sweet.

When Jon was informed of the state of affairs, when he was told by Julia that he was her affinity, that she yearned for him, he giggled, blushed, and said "he'd be blessed now if it 'warn't as good as a H'inglish play;" and ended in yearning in return, and calling Julia his affinity.

Poor fellow, you should not blame him you know—well some of you do know how it is youselves.

Stolen interviews, stolen kisses, etc., etc., etc., followed, and then them they took to writing letters. Poor devils. One of John's epistles stained with tears was found under Julia's pillow and the murder was out.

The chambermaid found the letter. She read it and blushed. Then she wondered what she had better do with it. Then she remembered that she herself had hoped to win John, and then she took it to her mistress Mrs. ——, who read it and reread it, then she cried and told her husband.

That highly respectable member of the Board of Trade was shocked. He was indignant; he would turn her out of the house; no, he wouldn't; he would lock her in her room; no he wouldn't; he would send her to a nunnery; no he wouldn't, he would, he'd do something. And he did.

He called Julia into the library and told her that he knew of her engagement to John. Did she know the consequences? She would have to turn washerwoman, for John could not support her, and *he* certainly would not. Julia was heroic. It was so romantic, you know, and Julia expressed herself ready for any emergency.

"Very well my dear, when do you intend to get married?" Julia didn't know, but hoped (John would have said 'oped) that it would be soon. "The sooner the better my dear, but as you can't well go the stable to see John, and as it is necessary that you should be thrown into his society and get to know him, you had better ask him to dinner to-day." This was putting a new phase on the matter. It wasn't romantic a bit, but Julia did her father's bidding and bid her lover to the feast.

Dinner time came. Julia was dressed like—well, Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like unto her. John had got on his best suit of livery—"mounted his best duds." His face was like unto a boiled lobster, and he "mopped" it every few minutes with a huge yellow silk handkerchief which his mother had given him before he left home. Dinner was served. The old folks sat at the ends of the table. Julia on one side, and John on the other. It wasn't romantic a bit, and John looked—well—Julia since confidedtly remarked to the writer, who, by the way, has assumed John's place in her affections, that he looked awful. He sat on the edge of his chair, wiped his face with his napkin, and his mouth with the yellow handkerchief aforesaid, he broke one plate, two wine glasses, and upset a dish over the dress of Mrs. ——, and then said he thought he had better go and after the 'orses.

How Julia did laugh as she told the writer of the circumstance.

"But did you find out at the table that you didn't really care for him?"

"Of course I did."

"Then you don't love him now?"

"No."

"Whom do you love?"

What said Julia? "I ain't agoing to tell, but you will see a marriage notice by and by."

"T. Dodson" of Madison county Virginia, in announcing his platform, as a candidate for the State Senate, says:

"I am in favor of discouraging celibacy by every means in the power Legislature. A heavy tax should be imposed on all old bachelors, old maids and childless married people, for the purpose of raising money to support our free schools. I would also require persons, who desire the luxury of second marriage, to pay a tax of about two hundred and fifty dollars on their license, the money to go to the school fund. As a further penalty for celibacy, I am in favor of appropriating the property of all persons who never marry, for the benefit of the free school."

The singing of swans has been supposed to be a fiction; but John A. Hjaltalin, an Icelander, writes to Nature that he has often heard them sing in one of the firths of Western Iceland, where hundreds of them congregrate. In the morning and evening their singing is so loud that it can be heard miles away, and the mountains on both sides ring with the echo of it; for each individual seems to join in in the chorus. The singing has not the slightest resemblance to the cackling of geese or the quacking of ducks. It is clear and full, and has a metalic ring. The notion that the singing is sweetest just before the swan's death is prevalent in Iceland. Their nests are in small inland lakes or tarns, only one pair nesting at a single lake.

A VENERABLE TYPO.—The Lebanon, Tenn., *Herald*, says that there is a man named William L. Barry employed as compositor in the office of that paper, who completed the ninety-first year of his age on the 16th of March. On the day before and the day after his birthday, the old gentleman did a full day's work. He is at his case promptly at seven o'clock, and puts up his six thousand a day without trouble. There is no pecuniary necessity for his laboring at all, and he sets type purely from love of the art which he has followed so long. He commenced to set type in 1798—seventy three years ago—and has continued at the business ever since. The venerable gentleman is still hale and hearty. He is held in high esteem by the proprietors and attaches of the office.

The subjoining paragraph, clipped from an exchange, is a valuable little volume in itself:

"No man is a gentleman, who, without provocation, would t eat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is vulgarity for which no accomplishment of dress can ever atone. The man who desires to make every one around him happy, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give offense to any one, is a gentleman by nature and species, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor ever heard of a lexicon. There are men in every throb of whose hearts there is solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness."

An individual is told of as doing business in one of our markets who is down on customers who don't speak properly. 'What's eggs this moning?' asked a customer. 'Eggs, of course,' replied the dealer. 'I mean how do they go?' 'Go where?' 'Sho—!' says the customer, getting up his fury; 'what for eggs?' 'Money, money, sir! or good endorsed credit,' answered the the dealer. 'Wan't you understand the English language, sir?' says the customer. 'Not as you mix and mingle it, I do not,' responded the egg vender. 'What—is—the—price—per—dozen—for—your—eggs?' 'Ah! now you talk,' says the dealer, eighteen cents a dozen is the price, sir.'

It is seldom that statesmen have the opportunity of choosing between a good and an evil still more seldom, that they can boast of that unfortunate situation where, like the great Duke of Marlborough, they are permitted to choose between two things that are good. His grace was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the Duchess: "I will be hanged," said she, "if it does not cure you." Dr. Garth, who was present, instantly exclaimed, "Take it then, your grace, by all means, it is sure to do good one way or the other."

A sick man, slightly convalescent, recently in conversation with a pious friend, congratulating him upon his recovery, and asking him who his physician was, replied: 'Dr. —— brought me through.' 'No, no,' said his friend, 'God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor.' Well,' replied he, 'maybe he did, but I am certain the doctor will charge me for it.'

The Oldest Man.

[From a Pittsburgh Paper.

In 1814, when Pittsburgh was but a village, an old man named Jacob Fournais, then aged about seventy years, came here from Canada, and after a brief sojourn, he proceeded to New Orleans in a keel-boat. That old man died last Saturday in Kansas City, at the age of 134 years. Fournais was probably the oldest man living. He was a Canadian Frenchman by birth, but for more than a century he was a hunter and trapper in the employ of the fur company, one of the French *voyageurs*, as they were called.

He was never sick, and only a few minutes bbefore he died was walking about the room. He said to the family in the morning that he would "never see the sun go down again," and just before sunset the machine stopped—and the old man was dead.

His age was entered on the census roll last year as 134 years, which is as near as from the best evidence it could be fixed.

His recollection of important events was very good, and, as he was an illiterate man, his excellent memory held to isolated occurrences, not of history, as obtained from reading books. This, while it made his information fragmentary and unsatisfactory as to the history of that early period of his life, yet afforded the best evidence as to his great age.

He said he was working in the woods on a piece of land he had bought for himself, near Quebec, when Wolfe was killed on the Heights of Abraham. This was September 14th, 1759, and from what he told of his life previous to that, must then have been over twenty-one years of age. Thinking he might have confounded Wolfe with Montgomery—1775—he was questioned fully, but his recollection of names and incidents was too distinct to leave any doubt, and the some account had been given to others long before.

Another event which he remembered well, and which he seemed always to look upon as a good joke, was that during the occupation of New Orleans by General Jackson—1814-15—he had been refused enlistment "because he was too old." The old man often told this with great glee. He must then have been about eighty years old. He accompanied the expedition of Lewis and Clark in their explorations of the Mississippi and the discovery of the Columbia River in 1803-7. His experience during the trip making him a valuable man to the fur company he was afterward employed, as we have stated, until thirty years ago.

For the past seven or eight years the old man's recollections of faces were often at fault, but his memory of events and incidents seemed as strong as ever—like pictures in his mind—and this retention of occurrences was the great help in determining his age.

The last thirty years of his life were passed in quiet and comfort. He preferred living by himself, and always had his own house, where he kept his pipe and tobacco pouch, and such things as were articles of comfort to him, mostly such as he had from his residence with the Indians—not forgetting his rosary and a few religious pictures which hung above his bed. He was very neat in his person, clothes and housekeeping, and up to the day of his death attended in summer to his tobacco plants and his cabbages. One of his greatest desires was to see a railroad, and when the first locomotive came screaming into the bottom near Kansas City, which was in full view of his house, he was nervous as a child until he visited it. He then expressed himself satisfied, saying he "could tell God he had seen a railroad," and never after expressed any curiosity on the subject.

Truly Kansas City could boast of having the "champion old man."

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pockets.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind whenever it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat even though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him maney.

A few friends will go and bury us, affection will rear a stone and plant a few flowers over our grave, in a brief period the little hillock will be smothered down, and the stone will fall and neither friend nor stranger will be concerned to ask which one of the forgotten millions of the earth was buried there. Every vestige that we ever lived upon the earth will have vanished away. All the little memorial of our remembrance—the lock of hair encased in gold, or the portrait that hung in our dwelling, will cease to have the slightest interest to any living.

A Romantic Courtship.

A student who had compleed his studies, and was commencing his professional life under very favorable auspices, was on his way home late in the autumn to make a little visit to the paternal roof. It was in old times, when the only mode of conveyance for travelers was the stage coach. Among his fellow passengers in the coach was a young lady of very agreeable person and manners, who first attracted his notice by her kind consideration for an oldwoman, who she assisted into the coach at the wayside inn. In the course of the day the gentleman became pretty well acquainted with the young lady, whose name he ascertained was Mary W——. He began to feel a strong interest in her, and it would seem from the result that the interest was in some degree reciprocal. In the course of the conversation that they held together in the stage, and also walking up certain long hills, where such of the passengers as were so disposed got out to relieve the horses, they learned mutually many particulars of each other's parentage and history, so that as the day passed on they began to feel somewhat like old friends.

During the afternoon a rain storm came on. The road became wet and heavy, and the progress made was slow. The sky was overcast, and darkness supervened at an early hour, while the stage was yet several miles from the village where it was to stop. As the wheels went on plowing through the mud and ruts, the passengers became uneasy, for the driver had no light. The young lady, however, evinced so much calmness and composure as greatly to increase the interest which the student felt for her. The danger was real as the event proved, for just as the coach reached the top of the hill, the wheels on one side went off the edge of the road into a ditch and the coach overturned.

The student called out to the passengers to lie as still as possible, and to get out quietly, one by one, from the openings in the side of the coach which was uppermost. He was himself near the door on that side, and was the first to escape. He then assisted the others by feeling, for it was so utterly dark that nothing could be seen. The young lady came next but one. The road was so wet and muddy, he said, that she could not step in it, and she must let him carry her to the bank on the side. She consented.

So he took her in his arms and began to carry her across the muddy road, feeling his way in the utter drakness, made more intense by the trees of a forest that bordered the road. She yielded herself so readily to his grasp, and reclined her head so confidingly upon his shoulder that he was encouraged to whisper in her ear, "Mary, are you engaged to be married?" She answered, "No." "Are you willing to be my wife?" "Yes." He sealed the promise with the usual little ceremony, and then placed his prize on a flat stone by the roadside, the white surface of which reflected the sky sufficiently to make its from just visible, after which he went back to assist the other passengers.

They were married, and the lady afterward often told her friends that she always had the most agreeable associations with the idea of the upsetting of a stage-coach, though they could not imagine why.

It is a curious fact that our hat and cap manufacturers in different localities, use different sizes of hats and caps as standards. Boston and the Eastern States use the smallest sizes, New York and the Middle States use the medium to largest sizes, and Chicago and the Western States require the largest sizes. Goods manufactured for one market can not be be sold for the other, only in exceptional cases. The South use a shape peculiar to themselves and to a large size.

The false shame which fears to be detected in honest manual employment; which shrinks from exposing to the world a necessary and honorable economy; which blushes more deeply for a shabby attire than for a mean action, and which dreads the sneer of the world more than the upbraiding of of conscience—this false shame will prove the ruin of every one who suffers it to influence his thoughts and life.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a cure, how many a caress, how many a look of hate, how many a kind work, how many a promise has been broken, how many a soul lost, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest treasure of the heart?

Two good-natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning one them inquired of the other: 'Dinnis, did you hear the thunder last night?' 'No, Pat; did it really thunder?' 'Yes, it thundred as if heaven and arth would come togither.' 'Why in the divil thin didn't ye wake me, for you know I can't shape whip it thunders.'

Singular Recovery of a Wedding Ring.

A few months ago a story was current in the New York journals to the effect that a signet ring, bearing the monogram "P. R." had been discovered by a fisherman in the entrails of a a codfish caught in Trinity Bay, N. F. The fisherman, John Potter, kept the prize in his possession until recently, when he was requested in a letter from the Colonial Secretary to send or bring the ring to St. Johns, as he had received letters from a family named Burnam, in Pool, England, that the ring once belonged to Pauline Burnam, who was one of the several hundred passengers of the Allen steamship Anglo Saxon, which was wrecked off Chance Cove (N. E.) in 1861, the said Pauline Burnam being a relative of theirs. The fisherman in whose possession the ring was, brought it to St. John's and presented it at the Colonial Secretary's office. The man of fish was introduced to Mr. Burnam whom the Colonial Secretary had sent for on the fisherman's arrival The ring was immediately identified by Mr. Burnam, who called it his mother's wedding ring, which she had always worn since her marriage in Hudersfield, England, in the year 1846. The ring was accordingly given up to Mr. Burnam, who rewarded the fisherman with bank notes amounting to fifty pounds sterling.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, in a conversation on the powers of the letter H, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being, to all intents and purposes, a letter; and concluded by observing that, if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

A Pennsylvania paper tells of a local preacher who received for his salary this year nothing but a curry comb, a keg of varnish and two dozen clothes pins. Whenever his children cry with hunger he gags them with a clothes pin, scratches their stomachs with a curry comb, and lays on a coat of varnish.

A letter from Berlin states that three of the leading Freemason lodges of Berlin have issued a manifesto to the other lodges in Germany urging them to break off all intercourse with the French lodges, on the ground that the latter have violated the fundamental principle of freemasonry, viz: non-intervention in ecclesiastical and political affairs.

A beggar, one day, said to the Emperor Maximillian, 'We are all children of the same Father,' as an incitement to bestow alms. The Emperor gave him a trifle. 'This is a very little for a monarch, said the beggar. 'True,' replied the Emperor, 'but if every one of your brothers gave you as much you would be richer than I.

The other day Mrs. Muggins, finding her self unwell, sent for a doctor, and in the presence of Muggins and her medical man, declared her belief that he (Muggins) had done it. "I didn't do it," shouted Muggins; "It's all gammon, she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor—open her on the spot, I'm willing."

There never was a wit at the bar so ready as Curran. Upon one occasion, when he had laid down some points which did not find favor in the eyes of the presiding judge, Lord Clare said: 'If that be law I may as well burn my books.' 'Better read them, my lord,' replied Curran.

A severe hail-storm in Nences county, Texas, recently, stampeded a drove of cattle, which trampled upon each other and their herders, killing or disabling a considerable number of the animals, and badly injuring the men.

The Boston *Traveler* has a notion that suicide, like other crimes, runs in strata. One time it is a strata of poison, again of hanging, again of drowning, throat-cutting or what not. Now it has reached the coal-oil formation.

The largest organ in the world is now building in London for the Hall of Arts and Sciences of South Kensington. It will have one hundred and eleven sounding stops independent of fourteen couplers.

An Irishman recently soliloquised. 'What a waste o' money to be buying mate when you know the half of it is bone, while you can spind it for rum that hasn't a bone in it.'

The young lady who thought that the gentleman who raised his hat most frequently to her in the street was her best bower, has been left with a lone hand.

A gentleman who has lived for many years in sight of the ocean says it is an undeniable fact that the vicinity of the C always makes a hilly location chilly.

A man in a buggy, in West Virginia, was chased some miles by a rattlesnake.

Baltimore has a church to every 1,881 inhabitants.