

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications. Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. TATE.

PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Isaac Ash, Attorney at Law, Oil City, Pa.

George A. Jenks, Attorney at Law, Oil City, Pa.

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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. V. NO. 15.

TIONESTA, PA., TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1872.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 Inch) one insertion - \$1.00, One Square one month - \$3.00, etc.

D. W. CLARK, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale. I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c., and am therefore qualified to act intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County.

THE SUPERIOR LUMBER CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c.

Mills on Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa. Yards & Office cor. 23d & Rail Road Sts., PITTSBURGH, PA.

FORT PITT GLASS WORKS.

Established A. D. 1827. DITHRIDGE & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Dithridge's XX Flint Glass PATENT OVAL LAMP CHIMNEYS.

JONES HOUSE, CLARION, PENNA.

S. S. JONES - Proprietor. NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO.

Flour, Groceries, Provisions, and everything necessary to the complete stock of a first-class grocery house, which they have opened out at their establishment on Elm St., first door north of M. E. Church.

LLOYD & SON, WATER STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Flour and Feed, Groceries and Provisions, which they offer to the public at rates as low as can be offered by any other establishment in town. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

SLOAN & VAN GIESEN, BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON-MAKERS.

Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA. This firm is prepared to do all work in line, and will warrant everything done their shops to give satisfaction.

HORSESHOEING.

Give them a trial, and you will not regret it. WATCH OUT to Agents to introduce articles that sell in every house.

Little Potter. AN INCIDENT OF THE REBELLION.

A short, little, square-built, dark skinned twinkling-eyed young fellow, was known the regiment over as 'Little Potter.' The name came from his trade before the war times, and from the fact that he was always talking shop and examining clays with all the enthusiasm of a geologist.

Story for the Times.

There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope for life.

Advertisement for Sealed Proposals.

A chap issued a leap-year invitation, and sent the following notice to the papers for publication: TO CONTRACTORS.

Scene at an Auction.

A writer in the Spirit of the Times thus sketches a scene in an auction-room that he witnessed a few days since. The articles offered he said were "damaged goods" and that women dote on them as they do on curly-headed babies.

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A note dated on Sunday is void. A note obtained by fraud, or from one intoxicated, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker—he must pay it. An endorser of a note is exempt from liability, if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

A note by a minor is void. Principals are responsible for their agents. Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void. A receipt for money is not legally conclusive. The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract made with a minor is void. A contract made with a lunatic is void.

This kind of literature is still popular in Missouri: "The agglutinated eyelids of McLeod, of Calumet, were first separated by an attentive nurse eighty-three years ago. Since that time they have never looked upon a rain that for wetness would equal that which spread itself over this village last week."

The rebels found him braced up against the stump, punching at them with his gun held in his one hand, as they ran by. He was taken to the hospital, and here day after day his old comrades went to see him.

They did more; they wrote to General Rosecrans, telling him the story. They carried the letter along the red tape division, from division headquarters to corps to army headquarters, and returned with an order from Rosecrans himself, directing that the six months' pay be returned to Little Potter, that all charges on the record be erased, and that an order complimenting his gallantry be read on dress parade, and that a copy be sent to the man who behaved so nobly.

The order was read on dress parade, and the document, with all its array of endorsements and old Rosa's letter, were carried to Little Potter by men who could hardly speak. He seemed like one transfigured, as one of his old-time friends read and re-read the order letter. He had it held down to his eyes so that he could see the red lines and official signatures. Then came his first tears.

"Now, boys, I don't care to get well. It's all wiped out, ain't it? I was determined to get well to wipe it out, you know. But now torn up as I am, it is better to die."

And the next morning, with the order and old Rosa's letter on his bosom, Little Potter died. And still can we hear the grizzled old surgeon's words as he came to the cot: "Dead. Why—God bless the boy!"

There was a quarrel between the captain and the surgeon, the former seeing Little Potter as a skulker, and the latter seeing him as a useful man who had made a mistake through no fault of his own. The captain reported Potter absent without leave, and he was court-martialed. The sentence was that he should forfeit six months' pay. The men of the company were very indignant, but Potter said nothing. The stoppage of the pay told sorely on him, but he weathered the storm, and came out as serene as though he had never been court-martialed.

Much clothing was lost at Shiloh, and a list was made out of clothing lost in battle. The sergeant would ask: "Well, Blaine, what did you lose at Shiloh?" Answer—"An overcoat and knapsack."

"What did you lose at Shiloh, Potter?" With indescribable drollery, Potter said with a sort of lip that was characteristic: "I lost twenty-eight dollars!"

This was the only reference he made to the court martial and six months' pay until the morning of the terrible December 31st, at Stone River. In the hurry of the company formation for battle, Little Potter was the first man in place, after the orderly, and though the shortest man in the company he held his place there in face of the rule to the contrary. There was a sweeping charge. That company left their dead further to the front than any other regiment in action on that day. They were cruelly crushed, relentlessly driven.

Little Potter was a giant in doing. He kept his place next to the orderly when the company was broken and scattered. With precision that would under other circumstances have been droll, he formed on the orderly whenever a charge was made, and while it was every man for himself. As he was ramming home a load a ball struck him in the fleshy part of the leg, cutting a great gash, and tearing his clothes. He was advised to go to the rear. The reply was: "I will show them who is a coward."

A shot struck him in the left shoulder, and he became deadly pale. Still with teeth and right hand he managed to load his gun and fire. Another shot struck him in the thigh and he fell. He was dragged to a stump and placed so that the raking fire would not touch him. He deliberately crawled round and placed himself so as to face the rebels, and as the company gave back in one of those almost hand to hand fights, Little Potter kissed his hand to the man nearest him and then nestled down with a sigh of relief.

Days afterwards the sergeant found a pair of black eyes glistening from festoons of white sheets in a hospital at Murfreesboro. They belonged to Little Potter; broken-legged, broken-armed and bandaged. He could not move and could hardly speak. But as the tearful man bent over him he lisped: "We wakht them, didn't we?"

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There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope for life. He sent for the jailor, and told him that he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and when that had been done he would be prepared to die. On receiving this intelligence the king ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The thief replied that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow which should bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might easily be tried, and his majesty might not lose the opportunity; so, accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers, and chief priest, he went with the thief to a place selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold. "But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your majesty." The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said: "I remember in my younger days that I often filched money from my father's treasury, which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly dare say my hand is clean. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister." The latter after a brief consideration, answered: "It were a pity to break a charm by a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people. How can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel." "No, no," cried the governor, drawing back; "remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant." And the high priest said: "You forget; I have the collecting of tithes and disbursement of sacrifices." At length the thief exclaimed: "Your majesty I think it is better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it is found that not an honest man can be found among us." In spite of the lamentable exposure the king laughed; and so pleased was he at the thief's cunning expedient, that he granted him a pardon.

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She must not read the paper first in the morning. Nor talk when I am sleepy.

Nor trade off my clothes to wandering Italians, for flower vases. Nor borrow money from my vest pocket when I am asleep.

Nor hold a looking glass over my face at such times, to make me tell all I know.

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"Well," he said, "I will take half a sovereign." "Done," said Sheridan, and he fired into the midst of the flock, killing a dozen. "I'm afraid you have made a bad bargain," said Sheridan. "Well, I don't know," said the man, "they weren't mine."

A gentleman dining at a cheap restaurant the other day was heard to give the outrageous order: "Waiter, let the cheese move this way." It was a cheese very like that on the table which was awarded the prize for gymnastics at a country fair.

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