

The Forest Republican.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY W. R. DUNN. OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING...

The Forest Republican.

VOL. X NO. 5.

TIONESTA, PA., MAY 2, 1877.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with columns for advertisement size (One Square, One Square, Two Squares, Quarter Col., Half) and duration (one month, three months, one year).

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Grand Templars.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

LATHY & AGNEW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. I have been admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. I am now at TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Counties of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BENNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. AGNEW, Proprietor. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER, Proprietor. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh.

W. C. GOBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co. Having had an experience of Twelve Years in general practice.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit.

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENN'A., TAXIDERMISTS. BIRDS and animals stuffed and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown) Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order.

FRED, FLOUR, AND OATS, Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. H. W. LEDEBUR.

EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We pay agent as salary of \$30 a week and expenses.

MRS. C. M. HEATH, DRESSMAKER, Tionesta, Pa. MRS. HEATH has recently moved to this place for the purpose of meeting a want which the ladies of the town and county have for a long time known.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO PRINCE). Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE. Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

H. G. TINKER & CO., OIL CITY, PA. WHOLESALE & RETAIL Dealers in HARDWARE, Oil Well Supplies, &c.

THE LARGEST FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE OIL REGIONS! MILES SMITH, Dealer in CABINET AND UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE!

FRANKLIN, PENN'A. Consisting of Parlor, Office and Corridor Furniture, Mattresses, Pillows, Window shades, Pictures, Looking Glasses, &c.

Also, agent for Venango county for the Celebrated Manhattan Spring Bed, and Combination Mattresses, manufactured and for sale at my Furniture Warehouse, 13th street, near Liberty. Call and see sample Bed.

You Can Save Money By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturers' Agent, for the best brands in the market.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Candles, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

Dr. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo. A. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing cost of advertising. 13 4t

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN'L EXHIBITION It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 34 copies in one day.

Job WORK of all kinds done at this office on short notice.

FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION SAMUEL LOVER. Father Blake was more familiarly known by the name of Father Phil.

By either title, or in whatever capacity, the worthy father had great influence over his parish, and there was a free-and-easy way with him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the careless spirit of Paddy; stiff and starched formalities being repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen.

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end lay in the rain through its worn-out thatch.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a side-long glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus: "Agnus Dei—You'd better jump over the rails of the altar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there—"

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender. "Orate, Fratres!—Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out of that; there's room below there. True for you, Mrs. Finn—it's a shame for him to be tramping on you. Go along, Darby Casey, down there, and kneel in the rain—it's a pity you haven't a decent woman's cloak under you, indeed!—Orate, Fratres!"

Then would the service proceed again till the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backward glance, he would say—"I hear you there—can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked around quickly—"You'd better kill the child, I think, tramping on him, Lavery. Go out o' that—your conduct is scandalous!—Dominus Vobiscum!"

shirt? Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky McAvooy, who certainly was under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, that he might reprove it. "Laughing is it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God—laughing because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are under rain that might turn a mill—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety!"

"Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you' who would grind your hearts to powder with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see—very well, very well, take care, then, if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you male-factors and cruel persecutors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet fool of a pastor has no tongue in his head! I say, your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pastor, (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and I can't speak to you as you deserve, you hard-living vegabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of, and then the rain might melt you if I couldn't; but no, the naked rathers grin in your face to no purpose—you chafe the house of God—but take care, maybe you won't chafe the Devil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, depend on something better—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit under you, and no roof over you. Oh dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you—through, if I had time and straw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable—for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one."

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it too, who have given more than the Catholics." He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own; making *vis-à-vis* marginal notes, as it were, upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed, from the body of the chapel; and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irrelevant. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass; when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter of interest, an approaching fair, or the like, in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against factions, fights, etc., are his themes. Then they listen only with reverence. But when the subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to "put in a word" in case of necessity. This preliminary hint is given to the reader, that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's subscription list for the repairs and enlargement of Ballysloughguthery chapel:—

Mickey Hickey, 7s. 6d. "He might as well have made it ten shillings; but half a loaf is better than no bread." "Praise your reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) "Oh how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be better for you, Micky."

Here the father turned the laugh against Micky. Billy Riley, 3s. 4d. "Of course he means to subscribe again." John Dwyer, 1s. "That is something like! I'll be bound he's keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the altar; it's as black as a crow, instead of being as a dove." He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers, as follows: Peter Heffernan, 1s. 8d.; James Murphy, 2s. 6d.; (two and six); Mat Donovan, 1s. 8d.; Luke Dannehy, 3s.; Jack Quigley, 2s. 1d.; Pat Finnegan, 2s. 2d.; Edward O'Conner, esq., £2. "There's for you! Edward O'Conner, esq.—a Protestant

of the parish—two pounds." "Long life to him!" cried a voice in the chapel. "Amen!" said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, 2s. 6d.; Young Nicholas Fagan, 5s. "Young Nick is better than old Nick, you see." Tim Doyle, 7s. 6d.; Owny Doyle, £1. "Well done, Owny na Coppel—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings." Simon Leary 2s. 6d.; Bridget Murphy, 10s. "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon; a lone widow woman gives more than you."

Simon answers, "I have a large family, sir, and she has no children." Jude Moylan, 5s. "Very good, Jude; the women are behaving like gentlemen; they'll have their reward in the next world." Pat Finnerty, 8s. 4d. "I am not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s., for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8s. 4d."

"It was three and fourpence I gave, your reverence," said Pat from the crowd. "Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure, you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?" "Yis, I would; that's the rule of backgammon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark you pay for it."

Here his reverence turned round, as if looking for some one, and called out "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! where are you, Rafferty?" An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued—"There now, be active. I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read among your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you, and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!"

Squire Egan, £5. "Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that—a Protestant in the parish—five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you don't take care." Mrs. Flanagan, £2. "Not her own parish, either. A fine lady." James Milligan, of Roundtown, £1. "And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown haven't been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a list from Roundtown—I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in a most extraordinary manner: "James Milligan, of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnegan, of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey, of Roundtown, one pound; Kit Dwyer, of Roundtown, one pound—pound, I mane; Pat Roundtown—Pounden, I mane—Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also—there's an example for you!"

"But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours—you are not a good gleaner—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her silver ruffs; them ribbons of yours cost a trade, Kitty. Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you."

Mathew Lavery, 2s. 6d. "He doesn't belong to Roundtown—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosper from this day out; Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, 2s. 6d. (two and six); Luke Clancy, 2s. 6d.; John Dillon, 2s. 6d. "One would think they had all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names—Mathew, Mark, Luke and John—the names of the blessed evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy of the name—we'll call them the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.)

"Do you hear that, Mathew, Mark, Luke and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.) A voice, when the laugh had subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillings your reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil. "Hennessy, your reverence." "Very well, Mark. I suppose Mathew, Luke and John will follow your example?"

"We will, your reverence." "Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we'll call you the faithful apostles—and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you."

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-

dressed woman for? They back. Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked for it—don't go by that other woman there—Oh, ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am?—You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant straw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now—after that, remember—I give it from the altar, that from this day out straw bonnets pay a penny piece."

Thomas Davy, esq., £1. "It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman." Miss Fanny Dawson, £1. "A Protestant, out of the parish, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh fifthly, the Protestants is shamming you! Dennis Eganin, 7s. 6d. "Very good indeed for a working mason." Jimmy Riley, 5s. "Not bad for a budge carpenter."

"I gave you ten, plaze your reverence," shouted Jimmy; "and by the same token you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Virgin, sir, I gave you the second five shillings."

"So you did, Jimmy," cried Father Phil; "I put a little cross before it to remind me, and I forgot it after; and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which the emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blessed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so lightly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved, with his outstretched hands, his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish Assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the progress of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—they were again a reverent flock, and he once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "Orate, Fratres!"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are not so frequent occurrence in Ireland—that country so long suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

Orators of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to lead that people by love, whom all your serenity has been unable to drive?

The San Francisco Mail uses plain English. It says the *Atlas* and other papers that speak of the magnificent opportunity which California presents the new comer, lie in a very gratuitously criminal way. "The unvarnished truth is," it says, "that our labor market is stacked to overflowing, and every fresh arriving train but adds to the miserable multitude that waits, suffers, starves and finally fights its desperate way east again. Men of brains and culture, good clerks, excellent accountants, business men of undeniable energy, mechanics of ability, walk the streets in dumb despair."

"Westward ho!" is the national tune in California as well as in New York, and workmen had better keep step to the music wherever they are. To the young man who is about to put his college education and trunk on a California train, the *Mail* cries "Stop! Yes, let him stay where he is, and if he can't find the chance he wants, let him take the first that offers."

A Norwich man came home and spoke sharply to his wife. His little boy heard it, and tearing trousers, slipped out and called in a policeman. It isn't every father that has such a boy to take care of him.

Butter was in use 4,000 years ago. Some of the original stock appears to have held over.—*Boston Post.*