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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month... 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months... 6.00; One Square, one inch, one year... 10.00; Two Squares, one year... 15.00; Quarter Column, one year... 30.00; Half Column, one year... 50.00; One Column, one year... 100.00.

Legal notices at established rates. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

If a Heart for Thee is Breaking.

If a heart for thee is breaking, Use it gently lest it break; Warm and tender be thy greeting, 'Twill grow fonder for thy sake. Oh! in sickness or in sorrow, Let thy care its solace be, Then 'twill all its gladness borrow From its sun of hope on thee.

-Song Echo.

Story of a Diamond Necklace.

When the Countess Dubarry was in the height of her power, holding in chains a vicious king, Louis XV. ordered for her a necklace of diamonds. Bohmer and Bassenge, the jewelers, hunted the world through for gems worthy to be wrought into a necklace for the favorite of a king.

They made an effort to sell the glittering and costly bauble to the youthful Marie Antoinette, but the queen declined to purchase. The finances of the country did not allow of so great an expenditure on an article which, however beautiful, was by no means necessary to the queen.

There was a plot brewing which, if successful, would relieve the jewelers of the now obnoxious necklace, but which would not place it within the hands of royalty. It was a plot wonderfully contrived and wonderfully carried out, the chief conspirator, a woman, showing remarkable fertility of resource, uncommon audacity, and great recklessness of consequences.

This woman, the Countess de la Motte, was descended in an irregular way from Henry II. of Valois. The Saint Remi family, however, had been reduced through poverty to the lowest extreme of degradation; and, however their exalted lineage, they had lost all traces of their royal pedigrees.

When we are first introduced to the wicked countess she is begging on the roadside with her little sister on her back, she herself a child of tender years. Deserted by her unnatural mother these little ones had to take care of themselves, and perhaps the cunning for which the wily countess was distinguished had been acquired during her vagrant career.

It was a fortunate day for her when, running beside the carriage of the Marchioness de Boulaivilliers, she cried: "Pray take pity on two orphans, descended from Henry II. of Valois, king of France." Such an appeal was likely to attract attention, as it was unusual to see the members of a royal family reduced to such a plight.

Having been, unfortunately for him, introduced to the Cardinal de Rohan, grand almoner of France, she prepared to secure him in her toils. It was not

hard to ensnare. She was not destitute of attractions, was cajoling, flattering, insinuating and without any moral scruples; while he was vain, profligate, and easily duped by women. He was grand almoner of France, and a rich prize for her to grasp.

Resolved to secure her ancestral domains, she was determined to gain access to the queen in order to enlist her sympathies in her cause. But she failed in reaching the presence of Marie Antoinette, notwithstanding her artfully contrived plans. So persistent was she in thrusting her petitions before those in authority that, to get rid of her, the controller general added about \$150 to her pension.

Then it was, when she was having a hand-to-hand fight with penury, when every resource was exhausted, and the wolf could no longer be kept from the door, that her fertile imagination conceived a deed which for cunning and daring has rarely been surpassed. This was a plan to transfer the diamond necklace from the hands of the jewelers into those of her own.

She first set the report about that she was on terms of intimacy with the queen, and, to give an appearance of reality to her story, she was constantly seen in the vicinity of the palace, as if she had been visiting the queen in her private apartments. She persuaded Cardinal de Rohan that, through her intercessions, Marie Antoinette was ready to receive him again into favor.

She now goes a step farther, and the cardinal receives letters from the queen herself, through the medium of the countess. Through the same medium he sends money to her majesty, at her own request, which is eagerly appropriated by the Countess de la Motte. These letters are written on the same blue bordered paper on which Marie Antoinette usually wrote, and were inscribed by a young man employed for the purpose.

Under the pretense that the queen wishes the cardinal to negotiate with the jewelers for the necklace, he is invited by one of these blue bordered notes to meet Marie Antoinette in the garden of the Tuileries at midnight. To have believed it possible that the queen of France would commit the indiscretion of inviting a man to meet her in such a place at such an hour proves that the vanity of the cardinal was so gigantic that it completely swallowed up his common sense.

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When the guilty countess heard the news of the cardinal's arrest she was at a dinner party at Clairvaux, where the abbot was entertaining some of his friends. She almost fainted, as well she might, and rushed from the table in evident dismay. She was arrested the next morning and carried to the Bastille, while her husband wisely fled to England.

The audacity of the countess did not desert her on her trial. She put a bold face on the matter and denied everything, trying to make it appear that the cardinal was the guilty party. She was ever ready with the most plausible answers, and even denied the confession of Vilette, saying that he was as innocent as she was herself.

Everybody is satisfied. The cardinal that he is able to gratify the queen; the jewelers that they have got rid of

the necklace, and the countess that she has secured that which will place her far above the pangs of poverty. A thief, a forger of the queen's name, she stands on a volcano which is liable at any time to destroy her. She does not seem to realize this fact, however, as she gloats over her stolen treasure.

Not the faintest suspicion entered the minds of the cardinal and the jewelers that they had been duped. But why did not the queen wear the necklace she had purchased? There had been public occasions when it would have been most appropriate; when its gorgeous luster would have decked her most becomingly.

Meeting Mme. Campan, Bohmer, one of the jewelers, told her of the purchase made by the queen. She electrified him by asserting positively that the necklace was not in the queen's possession, and never had been. The necklace contained 629 diamonds, all of rare beauty and many very large. The De la Motte, picking it to pieces, prepared to sell the stones. Vilette, the young man who wrote the letters, was sent with some of the diamonds to sell.

And now "the winter of her discontent" vanished, and the countess prepared to live as a daughter of the house of Valois should. She furnished her house in regal style. The hangings to her bed were silver velvet trimmed with gold lace and fringe, and embroidered in gold thread and spangles, and her coverlet was worked in pearls.

But the storm was gathering that was to break upon her, for Mme. Campan had informed the queen of her purchase, made in her name by the Cardinal de Rohan. One day, as arrayed in his pontifical robes he was about to celebrate a church festival in the chapel of Versailles, he was summoned to attend the king in his private cabinet.

"How, sir," said the queen, "could you believe I should select you, to whom I have not spoken these eight years, to negotiate anything for me, and especially through the mediation of such a woman—a woman, too, whom I do not even know?" The cardinal evidently thought that the queen was only playing a part in the presence of her husband, and he felt some contempt for her cowardice in trying to screen herself from blame in the transaction.

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The cardinal was acquitted, amid the plaudits of the people; but the king demanded him to resign the office of grand almoner and the orders that had been conferred upon him, and to retire to his abbey among the mountains of Auvergne.

Upon the countess deservedly fell the greatest punishment. She had

planned the whole affair, the others being her dupes and instruments. When her sentence was read to her she went into convulsions. She was to be whipped and branded on both shoulders with the word "voleuse"—thief. She was not the person to submit quietly to an infliction like this. She screamed and struggled violently when the hot iron was applied to her tender flesh.

Through the connivance of outside parties she effected her escape, and joined her husband in England. They still had some of the diamonds in their possession, and these they continued to sell as their exigencies required. Her day for doing harm was not yet over, and she employed her pen in writing an account of the affair of the diamond necklace. Her narrative, which was as false as herself, was scattered far and wide; and her terrible slanders against the queen, strange to say, found believers.

The report of the American board shows an increase of seventeen missionaries, 103 preaching-places, 2,500 common school and 300 high school scholars, and more than 2,000 additions to the mission churches. The California Methodists have begun to raise a "Haven memorial fund" of \$10,000 in memory of the late Bishop Haven, who died in Oregon, for perfecting the library, cabinets, etc., of the University of the Pacific.

The fiftieth annual Episcopal Diocesan convention of Alabama reported twenty-seven clergy and 3,615 communicants. The confirmations of the past year number 216 and the baptisms 259. The total of contributions was \$47,546. A Lutheran Ecumenical council is now called for. The Lutheran Visitor believes that such a conference would be perhaps one of the greatest meetings ever held, and asserts that, instead of a few million of Calvinists or Armenians, it would represent 50,000,000 Lutherans from all quarters of the globe.

A Surgical Arm.

A Philadelphia surgeon has invented a remarkable machine for the performance of surgical operations. The Philadelphia Record thus describes it: It consisted of an upright arm standard about four feet high and a couple of inches in diameter, with a foot treadle and driving wheel at the base. At the top was fastened what may be described as a flexible arm, being a long iron bar, with the shoulder, elbow and wrist made flexible by means of an ingenious arrangement of wheels, enabling every section of it to be moved in any direction at will.

High-Priced Books.

Brayton Ives, a New Yorker, paid \$15,000 for an illuminated missal the other day not too large to slip into an overcoat pocket, if, like those in Mr. George Bancroft's overcoat, the pocket is made big enough to take in an octavo volume. This is probably the largest price ever paid in this country for one book. In England \$36,000, paid for a Gutenberg Bible on paper, is high-water mark in book prices.

Sitting Bull recently served as mate on board the steamer Key West at Fort Buford. The crew deserted the boat at that point and Sitting Bull volunteered to unload it. He wore the mate's cap and directed the work.

SUNDAY READING.

Religious News and Notes. In the last ten years the number of churches in Chicago has increased from 156 to 218.

There is a congregation of colored Catholics in Marion county, Ky., with 179 communicants.

The members of the Presbyterian congregation of the Rev. A. B. Mackay, Montreal, have given, the past year, \$140,000 for theological education.

It is said that boys and girls who have walked a distance of eighty or ninety miles to attend the Telugu Baptist schools in India have been regretfully turned away for lack of accommodation.

The Lutherans are very strong in Missouri. They have 630 ministers, 818 congregations and 325 "preaching stations." Last year 18,735 children were baptized, and 8,380 were confirmed.

The Free Baptists of New Brunswick have added 344 communicants and received \$25,000 for church purposes during the past year. The increase in communicants during the last ten years has been 3,500.

The Methodist Episcopal church South has eleven mission stations along the Rio Grande and the Mexican border, with sixty-one preaching-places, 447 church members and 373 Sunday-school scholars.

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Feasting in Fiji.

The two is of a bluish-gray color, and both in appearance and consistency resembles mottled soap. As its name suggests (Arum esculentum) its leaves are like those of our own arum greatly magnified, while those of the yam are like a very rich convolvulus, as is, also, its habit of growth. A great many varieties are cultivated, including one the root of which is throughout of a vivid mauve. The sweet potato is also in common use, and bread-fruit and bananas are abundant. The favorite method of preparing the latter is to wrap them up in a large leaf and bury them till they ferment. The starch which the leaf is dug up is simply intolerable to the uneducated nose of the foreigner, but the Fijian inhales it with delight, therein scenting the mandrai (bread) and puddings in which his soul delights. These puddings are sometimes made on a gigantic scale on the occasion of any great gathering of the tribes. We were told of one that measured twenty feet in circumference, and on the same occasion there was a dish of green leaves prepared ten feet long by five wide, whereon were piled turtles and pigs, roasted whole; also a wall of cooked fish five feet high and twenty feet long. Certainly the masses of food accumulated on these great days beat everything we have heard of ancient Scottish funeral feasts. Mr. Calvert describes one festival at which he was present where there were fifteen tons of sweet pudding, seventy turtles, fifty tons of cooked yams and taro (besides two hundred tons which were judiciously reserved), and as much yamanga-root as would have filled five carts. The mode of laying the table on these occasions is peculiar. All food is arranged in heaps; a layer of cocoanut as foundation, then baked yams and taro; next the gigantic puddings on green banana leaves, the whole surrounded by pigs and turtles. These are roasted whole in huge ovens, or rather pits in the ground, perhaps ten feet deep and twenty in diameter, which are first lined with firewood, on which is laid a layer of stones. When these are heated the animals to be roasted are laid on them, with several hot stones inside to secure cooking throughout; then comes a covering of leaves and earth, and the baking process completes itself. When all is ready certain men are told off, who carefully apportion this mass of food among the representatives of the various tribes present, these subdividing among themselves, and great is the need for punctilious observance of all ceremonies and points of etiquette, as the smallest breach thereof would inevitably be noted, and involve certain revenge—or rather would have done so before the people became Christians.—Good Words.

Life in New York City.

A writer who signs himself "A Non-Resident American," says in the Contemporary Review: New York is no longer the city that it was fifty years ago. It has grown so rapidly in extent, in population and in wealth that all the conditions of life are changed. I visit the palatial residences of former days, and I find myself in the midst of towering warehouses, or in the midst of a German city, or surrounded by squalid tenement-houses, swarming with Irish. Another turn, and I am in a Chinese quarter. If I would find the fashion and wealth of the city, I must go far out among the old market gardens and the more distant pastures, which are covered now with costly dwelling-houses. Then \$20,000 was a great fortune; now, New York boasts of a citizen who is worth \$20,000,000. There are others who are almost as rich. They are railway kings, or men who have grown rich by the sudden and enormous rise in the value of real estate; and socialism, imported from Europe, having no kings here to attack, has found a name for these men, and threatens them as "monopolists." The palaces of the Fifth Avenue laugh at the faint echoes which reach them from the halls near the Bowery, where social clubs discuss the rights of labor, and openly advocate the assassination of monopolists; but no one can seriously study life in New York without finding himself confronted, first of all, with this problem of the relations of wealth and poverty. New York has not grown rich so much through the skill and energy of her citizens as through the rapid growth of the country, with which she has had but little to do, except in the way of developing her natural advantages by building railways and canals. Most of her rich men owe their wealth to the rise in the value of real estate or to fortunate speculation in stocks. It has not been a slow growth. It has come suddenly. The poorest man in New York, who can read a penny paper, is familiar with the slang of Wall Street. He knows that he is cutting stone or carrying mortar for a palace which is building for a man who has "captured a railroad," or "watered stock," or "made a corner." He does not need to go far to be told that this does not mean money earned, but money stolen from the laboring classes. He believes it. And even this does not touch him so directly as the fact that he pays an exorbitant rent to another monopolist for his filthy rooms in a tenement-house.

If this were all of New York society, this article would never have been written. There are rich men whom wealth has not corrupted, and poor men whom poverty has not embittered. This does not need to be said. It may be said of every city. But there are probably few cities in the world where a choicer society can be found than in New York, and there are few, if any, where there is more earnest, active Christian life. We find it among the rich and the poor. It is colored somewhat by the dominant spirit of the city, but it is genuine. It is struggling manfully to redeem the city from crime, corruption, filth, ignorance, irreligion and degradation of every kind; and if the city is saved from outbreaks of the worst forms of communism, it will be by its means.

But I am dwelling too long upon generalities. Let us come down to practical every-day life. The New Yorker is always in a hurry. He is an early riser, and generally eats a hearty breakfast by 8 o'clock. If he is a religious man he has had family prayers before breakfast, as this is the only time of which he could be sure before midnight. If he does not read the morning paper at breakfast, he reads it on the way to his office. He is almost certain to have callers on business before he can leave his house; and if he is known to be a benevolent man, he has a score of begging letters by the morning delivery. He gets away as soon as possible, and is not seen again until evening, when he comes in just in time to dress for dinner. His household affairs are managed by his wife. He is liable to have business calls before he has finished his dinner. If he goes to his club, he talks business there. He has committee meetings to attend. At 9 or 10 o'clock he may go with his wife to a party; or he may get away a little earlier to the theater. If he has an evening at home, it is because he has a dinner party for evening entertainment himself. He keeps late hours. If an active religious man, Sunday is almost as busy a day as any other. If not, it is divided between business and amusement. In May his family goes into the country, or to some watering-place, to remain until October, but the chance is that he gets but little rest. When rest becomes absolutely essential he escapes to Europe.

What the ladies do, except to make themselves agreeable when they can be found, I cannot say from observation, but they seem to be as overworked as the men. Some of them certainly speculate in stocks. They have their clubs and societies, literary and otherwise. Many of the charities and religious societies of the city are largely in their hands. Domestic and social affairs are generally left to their management. If most of the wealthy are devoted to fashion, many are devoted to better things—to self-culture, religion and benevolence. Perhaps all this is enough to account for the fact that there seems to be so little of quiet and repose in New York life.

The Baptist denomination in Vermont has about one hundred churches, with a stated membership of 10,000.