

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477, I. O. G. T. Meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Isaac Ash, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oil City, Pa. W. W. Mason, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

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

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Petroleum Centre, Pa.

Holmes House,

Practical Harness Maker and Saddler,

Syracuse House,

Tidoutte, Pa., J. & D. Magee, Proprietors.

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NEW ENGINES, The undersigned have for sale and will receive orders for the above Engine.

John K. Hallock,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND

A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Crockery, and fine Groceries, all of the best quality.

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Attorney at Law.

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

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JOHN A. DALE, PRES.

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This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange business.

NOTICE.

DR. J. N. BOLARD, of Tidoutte, has returned to his practice after an absence of four months.

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Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell this great work.

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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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We are in daily receipt of the largest and MOST COMPLETE stock of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET

BOOTS & SHOES!

FOR THE MILLIONS!

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of all kinds, PARLOR SUITS, CHAMBER SETS, LOUNGES, WHATNOTS, SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES, LOOKING GLASSES, &c., &c., &c.

In ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see, 74-t D. S. KNOX, & CO.

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SEASON OF 1870-71. MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS.

Important Improvements. Patent June 21st and August 23d, 1870. REDUCTION OF PRICES.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., have the pleasure of announcing important improvements in their Cabinet Organs.

They now offer Four Octave Cabinet Organs, in quite plain cases, but equal according to their capacity to anything they make for \$50 each.

The same, Doubt Reed, \$65. Five Octave Double Reed Organ, Five Stops, with Knee swell and Tremulant, in elegant case with several of the Mason and Hamlin improvements, \$125.

The same Extra with new Vox Humana, Automatic Swell etc., \$150. Five Octaves, three sets Reeds, seven stops with Euphone; a splendid instrument, \$225.

A new illustrated catalogue with full information, and reduced prices, is now ready, and will be sent free, with a testimonial circular, presenting a great mass of evidence as to the superiority of these instruments, to any one sending his address to MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 134 Tremont Street, Boston, on 500 Broadway, N. Y.

36-4t

The Double Bed.

A new Western town, but lately reclaimed from the wilderness, where the houses are few, mean and ugly; the streets mud or dust; the trees destroyed, and the general appearance one of poverty struggling with heavy obstacles; where the wolves run the mail in ahead of time, and night is made hideous by a tailor practising on a flute--this is a good place to keep away from.

Into such a town as this, and during court week, I once rode on horseback at the end of a weary day, passed into a continuous mud-hole, studded with stumps and ornamented with logs, that a benighted country called a road. Night had already closed in, and I was guided to the hotel by the thousand and one boys of the place, and the noise issuing from the bar-room, no less loudly and disagreeable. I found the landlord shut up in a corner pen, dealing out liquid insanity to his customers. To my request for supper and a bed he responded that I could eat my fill, but there was not a bed unengaged or not occupied in the house. I persisted until the miserable wretch informed me that there was "a feller" in No. 6 occupying a double bed, and I could "roll in there," if so minded.

I was dismal, but my only hope; so, after the evening indigestion, I climbed the rough stairs to No. 6. I was told by the landlord to walk in without knocking, and did so. It was a cheerless room, without carpet upon the floor, or curtains to shut out the black night of the windows, that seemed to stare blindly in on one, and wink as the candle flared in the wind.

I found my companion measuring off his dreams by snores, and, undressing, "rolled in," as the landlord had suggested. My stranger turned over, with something between a growl and a grunt, as I crept to his side.

Tired as I was, I could not sleep. The bed-tick felt as if it were stuffed with grasshoppers, and the pillows were of the sort to slip up one's nose in the night, and be sneezed out some time during the day. Besides this, my bed-fellow snored abominably. It sounded like a giant trying to blow "Old Hundred" through a tin horn, without knowing exactly how. I bore this infliction as long as I could, and at last gave my friend a dig in the ribs, exclaiming at the same time:

"Hello--what is it?" he asked, in a confused way.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I think it my duty to inform you that I walk in my sleep."

"A ell, walk."

"My Christian friend, I am well aware that this is a free country, and if a man wishes to walk in his sleep, there is no constitutional provision to prevent him. But I wish to remark that if I do walk, you had better not interfere with me."

"O, walk; I won't say a word about it."

"Well, don't. When addressed or interferred with, I am apt to get furious. I nearly brained a poor man with a dog-iron the other night."

"The deuce you did?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I'll be blowed! That's rather disagreeable. A fellow might, under an impulse, blurt out something to you."

"Better not."

"No, I should think not."

A long pause followed this. At last the now wide-awake lodger asked, abruptly:

"Did you notice my hat on the floor?"

"I believe I did."

"If you walk, you know, I'd rather you would not step in it."

"I'll bear that in mind."

After another pause he again asked:

the bar-room, amid a lot of drunken brutes, who sang 'Bingo' for wagers of drink all night."

"Could you get no bed?"

"Yes, I had a double bed to myself, when that stupid ass of a landlord sent up a crazy fellow, who walked and struck out with dog-irons."

"Good Heavens, Gillipsy, was that you?"

"And, D, you don't mean to say you served me that infernal trick?"

It was a case that called for diplomatic explanation.

WARNING TO INEBRIATES.--Dr. McCulloch gives the following test, which perhaps, may be innocently tried by all, who are at all skeptical as to the prejudicial effects of alcoholic drinks on the constitution.

Hold a mouthful of spirits--whisky, for instance--in your mouth for five minutes, and you will find it to burn severely; inspect the mouth, you will observe that it is inflamed. Hold in ten or fifteen minutes, you will find that various parts of the mouth have become blistered; then tie a handkerchief over the eyes, and taste, for instance, water, vinegar, milk or senna; you will find that you are incapable of distinguishing the one from the other.

This simple and easy experiment proves to a certainty that alcohol is not only a violent irritant, but also a narcotic; for in this experiment you have objective evidence that it has inflamed and blistered the mouth, and for the time being paralyzed the nerve of taste, and, to a certain extent, those also of sensation. Now this is not an experiment or fact upon which any doubt has been or even can be thrown; and I ask you, can you believe that the still more important internal organs of the body can be less injuriously affected than the mouth?

"Even the moderate use," says Dr. Williamson, "of such liquors, if long continued, and grown habitual, cannot fail to have ultimately prejudicial effect upon the health while it may be confidently asserted that there are no circumstances of ordinary character under which it can be justified as beneficial or necessary."

WHERE IS POUGHKEEPSIE?--A well known Brooklyn politician, noted for his waggery, stopped the conductor of an Albany-bound train on which he was journeying last winter, and asked innocently if the next station was Poughkeepsie.

"No," said the conductor. On his next fare-collecting round, the conductor was again asked if the train was near Poughkeepsie; to which he again replied negatively.

Again and again, as the official made his rounds, the same question was asked by the anxious passenger, until at last the man of checks replied with some irritation in his tone:

"No, sir; we are not yet near your stopping place. Pray trust to me, and I will let you know when we shall get there."

The passenger thereupon relapsed into silence, and the official, engrossed in other duties, forgot his case until the train had left Poughkeepsie about a half a mile to the rear, when, recollecting himself, he hastily backed the cars to the station, and rushing up to the troublesome passenger, cried out:

"This is Poughkeepsie. Hurry up and get off. We are behind time."

"Oh, thank you," deliberately drawled the quondam questioner; "but I am going through. My daughter cautioned me particularly to take a pill at Poughkeepsie. That's all."

The pill was taken--and so was the joke--by the passengers.

A PITHY PRAYER.--One of the honorable members from Indiana, though a "member in good standing" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is not very much of a "praying man," and not a very frequent attendant at class meetings; Being present once at such a meeting, rather by accident than otherwise, he was called on by the class-leader to close the exercises by prayer. Before he had time to decline the invitation the people--rather anxious, probably, for a conclusion of the services--were on their knees, all expectant of the closing prayer. The Hon. gentleman thus cornered, delivered himself of a very brief supplication, as follows: "O Lord bless this church, its pastor, and its membership. Bless especially the class-meeting, and above all, give them a leader competent to select a man suitable to close the meeting with prayer!"

Every man who can afford it should supply his boy with tools, and a room where they may be used and cared for. A boy takes to tools as naturally as to green apples, or surreptitious and forbidden amusements; and ten to one, if he has a chance to develop his mechanical tastes and gratify them to their full extent, his tendencies to vicious courses will remain undeveloped. Such a result is enough to compensate for all the expense and trouble the indulgence we commend would entail; while the chances that the early development of his constructive faculties may, in this mechanical age, be the means by which he may ultimately climb to fame and fortune are not small.

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, I found an old friend seated at the table. We had not met for years. After a cordial greeting, I said:

"Are you stopping here?"

"I have been trying. But I am nearly dead. I sleep on a bench in

Ages of Noted Public Men.

Jeff. Davis is 63 years old. Gen. Tecumseh Sherman is just 51. Charles Francis Adams is 64. Gen. McClellan is 45. Gov. Geary is 56. Senator Morrill is 56. Charles Sumner was born in Boston January, 1811.

Wendell Phillips is 60. Carl Schurz can never be President or Vice President because he was born in Germany. Age only 42. Oliver P. Morton will be 48 next August.

Andrew G. Curtin is 54. Gen. Francis Train's age is 45. Phil. Sheridan is nearly 40, and there is danger that he will never get married.

Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, was 59 last February. Ben. Wade is 75. James E. English was born in March 1812.

Simon Cameron is 72. John A. Logan was 45 last February. Clement L. Vallandigham is 59. Ben. Butler is 53 in years and 253 in tricks that are vain. Safford E. Church is 52. Speaker Blaine is 41 and weighs 220 pounds.

Gov. Palmer, of Illinois, is 55. Gen. Frank Blair is a Kentuckian; 50 last February.

Reuben E. Fenton is 52. Winfield Scott Hancock is just 47. Thos. A. Hendricks will be 52 next September.

John T. Hoffman is 45. Lyman Trumbull was 58 last October. George S. Boutwell is 56. John C. Fremont is 58. W. S. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, is 45.

Gen. N. P. Banks is 55. Ulysses Simpson Grant was 49 on April 27, 1871.

Chief Justice Chase is 63. Horace Greeley began to learn what he knows about farming at Amherst, N. H., Feb. 3, 1811. He is turned 60.

Hannibal Hamlin is 62. Judge David Davis, of the Supreme Court; Avonljouis, 325 lbs; girth 120 inches; age about 55.

James F. Wilson, of Iowa, was born in October, 1828, and is 42 years old. George H. Pendleton is an Ohio man, of Virginia antecedents. He is 40.

Judge Thurman is a Virginian from Lynchburg, born there in November, 1813, but removed to Ohio in 1820. He is 58.

Schuyler Colfax was born in New York, is 48 years old, and has a smile that is childlike and bland. B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, is 45. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, is about 38.

Unfortunates.

Soon after the close of the rebellion, a large number of Southerners who embraced the "lost cause," embittered by the result of the war, determined to emigrate. Two colonies were formed--one in Mexico, and the other in Brazil. The fate of these colonies is almost identical. After years of suffering and privation, those who could, came back to the United States, glad to return with life. From Brazil, many were sent back at the expense of the Government, and a few--either ashamed to return, or unwilling to acknowledge their mistake--still drag out a miserable existence in the lands of their penance rather than adoption. The experience of the Brazilian colony has been the hardest and saddest. Most of those who remain in Rio Janeiro are reduced to beggary. One of these emigrants, who had been an influential man in the South, a prominent politician, and Mayor of his native city, sells bad spirits to thieves in low groggeries. The fate of these emigrants cannot but awake general sympathy in their favor.

The Emperor of Germany is a practical printer. All his family are obliged to have some trade. William chose to be a typo, and worked at the case three years. Since dropping the "composing stick," he has taken up the "shooting stick," "imposed" all Germany into one "form," under one "head," given his army a first class "maker-up," knocked the French into "pi," and "locked up," their "leader," till they agreed to pass over their "quoin."

We call the attention of Bret Harte to the following touching episode of Arkansas life: The barbers at a private mill complained of the feed, and at breakfast the next morning the proprietor laid two revolvers beside his plate and smiling sweetly he remarked: "The cuss as says he don't like bash lies." The unanimity with which they "wrestled" it was a theme for many ballads.

"Brick" Pomeroy, lately divorced from one wife, was married to another at New York, on Monday, the happy woman being Louis M. Thomas of that city. She was divorced, too, and knows how it was herself.

Rich Joke.

The Troy Press says: A few days ago at North Adams, the State constable seized a jar of rum, and arrested the party in whose possession it was found, for selling liquor. The examination before the District Judge came on, when the State constable was sworn and testified that he had seized the liquor, and made a detailed statement of the facts. Hon. Shepard Taylor, the attorney for the prisoner, asked him if he knew it was liquor. He replied, "yes, it was rum." He was then asked how he knew it was rum, and he replied that he drank some of it. The prisoner, who was a woman, was then called as a witness in her own behalf, when the following questions and answers were put and received:

Q. Did you have any liquor in your house when the State constable called there?

A. Yes; I had some in a jar.

Q. How long had you had it?

A. About six months.

Q. Did you have it for sale?

A. Oh, no; I don't sell liquor.

Q. What did you keep this rum for?

A. I kept it to wash the baby.

Q. Had you ever washed the baby in this rum?

A. Oh, yes; often! I used to turn some out in a dish, wash the baby in it, and then turn it back into the jar again.

Q. Do you mean to say that this was the same liquor of which the State constable drank?

A. The very same.

There was much laughter in the court, and the State constable declared he would seize no more liquor that was kept in a jar. He is about the only man in North Adams that will take offence if you ask him to take a drink.

"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as restive as our own. They passed like vapor, white nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when nature first commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn as she had once for our children. Yet in a little while all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and prayers will be said, and then we shall be left alone in silence and in darkness for the worms, and it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died, and the eyes that mourn for us will be dried and glisten again for joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our names."

There has not been a single year of peace since this century began. In the first fifteen years there was war all over Europe extending to this continent. In the next ten years Mexico, Central and South America were involved. In the next twenty-five years the great European powers carried on wars in Africa and Asia, followed by the Crimean war and other wars in various countries in Europe. Since 1800, England has waged forty-nine wars, France thirty-six, Russia twenty-one, Austria twelve, and Prussia seven. All this does not include the numerous revolutionary movements and intestine struggles in both hemispheres or our own Indian wars and civil war, all of which caused great misery and loss of life. We may boast of our civilization and brag loudly of the moral progress of the nineteenth century, but the facts stated show all such boasts and brags to be--brags and boasts only.

The Charleston, S. C., Courier says: We differ from Mr. Greeley on most subjects on which he has expressed his views. His philosophy is in our opinion tainted with eccentricity, his logic is faulty in its premise, his political economy is defective, and if truth must be told, his writings on the subject are among the most tiresome in the language, and his statesmanship is no better than his philosophy, his logic, and his political economy, but his great talents and his great heart merit the admiration of every citizen of the South. We are glad to see that he has been well received up to the present time, and we shall be much disappointed if he does not return to his Northern home thoroughly satisfied with his reception, and we shall be equally disappointed if our people do not extend to him, wherever he may go, a cordial welcome.

An auctioneer, at a sale in New Haven on Saturday evening, produced a statuette of "The Greek Slave," and said, "Now, gentlemen, how much am I offered for this beautiful Madonna?" Applause followed.

The editor of a western paper says: "We cannot exist any longer on firewood, maple sugar and sheepskins. We bid our patrons good-by, and offer for sale two hundred bushels seed potatoes, slightly frost-bitten."

A young lady at a party, on being asked to favor the company with "The Maiden's Prayer," went to the piano and struck up "Mother may I go out to swim," in a very animated manner.

A baggage master was killed the other day, while trying to mash a man's trunk. He had mashed thousands of trunks and never had one gone back on him before.

A Western lover says of adored one: "Her last words fell like great rocks, into the sea of my sorrows, and splashed the briny water into my eyes."

Hunting for Sunken Treasure.

The Brig Nellie Gray is fitting up at Norwich, Conn., and will soon sail from New York, on a most romantic, and, if successful, profitable expedition. Since 1815 there has lain on the bottom of Cumana Bay, Venezuela, the wreck of a Spanish war vessel, the San Pedro de Alcantara, which, as flagship of a fleet of one hundred sail, bore also three millions in gold for the payment of the forces sent by Spain to subdue her rebellious colonies. The attempt failing, the San Pedro was about to return to Spain, laden with loyalists and the treasures of a kingdom as well as the spoils of countless churches and convents, when the firing and explosion of her magazine sent her to the bottom in ten fathoms of water. Since then various attempts, with rude appliances, have been made to recover the treasures, estimated at \$5,000,000, but only some \$300,000 have been obtained. The proposed expedition is undertaken by the American Submarine Company, of which General Burnside is President, and George W. Fuller, the most experienced submarine explorer in the country, is Superintendent. The brig is filled with all the appliances of modern science, and by means of his improved machinery, and especially his submarine lantern, Mr. Fuller is confident that he can tear to pieces the wreck, secure the most valuable treasure, and by dredging recover the scattered coins.

There is now on exhibition in New York a specimen of the "big trees" of California. It is said to have been cut from the tree at a distance of twenty feet from the base, and in order that a fair idea may be formed of what the tree originally was, it is said that the stump is covered over now and used as a ball room, being so large that thirty-two persons can dance a double cotillon in it, and then leave room for the band and spectators. The age of this giant of the forest is determined by the usual number of annual rings, of which there are said to be 2,560. In the cutting down five men were employed twenty-five days, and from a comparatively small portion of it wood enough was obtained to build a hotel. The original height of the tree was 302 feet, and its largest diameter 32 feet.

From Gloucester, Mass., comes the story of a sailing boat, merry with a bridal party, that went out to sea and came not back again. The wedding had been celebrated in the morning, and the party were to leave for New York at night, so to fill the measure of the day went rambling over beach and scar, and finally gathered in the boat for a short sail upon a sea that scarcely rippled. It was the last that was heard of them. Whether upset by a sudden squall, or borne out to mid-ocean by counter gales is unknown.

The heat of the sun must have been terrific at Batavia the other day. A milk dealer, after washing his cans, placed them against the side of a house to dry, and the reflection of the sun upon them actually set the building on fire. The man seemed to have had an idea what was to happen, for he had insured the house only three-quarters of an hour previous.

The Indianapolis Journal says: "A Sullivan county man, who heard that the safest way to commit suicide was to shut yourself up and burn charcoal, was found in a tea-crate lot with a charcoal fire near him. Though he had taken the precaution to put up the bars and stop up a crack in the fence with a newspaper, the charcoal went back on him, and he lived."

Women are rapidly marching forward to complete emancipation. A beautiful and well educated young lady has just opened a large boot and shoe store in Philadelphia. She has three girl clerks, and they all wear little fancy leather aprons so as to look business like and, at the same time, pretty.

The head of a Vermont railroad shop was applied to for permission to work on Fast Day by a couple of men who were noted for their laziness. Permission was given, "for," said the chief, "you can't either of you work hard enough to break the day."

A girl in Portland was reading the parable of the wise and foolish virgins when she suddenly paused. "Well what did they forget?" asked the teacher encouragingly. "They forgot their kerosene," responded Miss Five-year-old.

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