

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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W. W. Mason, George A. Janks, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

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M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.

FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened.

Holmes House, TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot.

TIIDOUTE, PA., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors.

Exchange Hotel, LOWER TIIDOUTE, PA., D. S. RAMMEL & SON, Proprietors.

National Hotel, IRVINGTON, PA. W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor.

Dr. J. L. Acomb, 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, Cutlery, and fine Groceries.

H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta.

Interest allowed on Time Deposits.

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J. A. DALL, Prop., TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

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

Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold.

Gold and Silver Coin and Government Securities bought and sold.

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SLOAN & VAN GIESEN, BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON-MAKERS.

Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in its line, and will warrant everything done at their shops to give satisfaction.

HORSE-SHOING, Give them a trial, and you will not regret it.

The Republican Office

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, &c. to be sold cheap for cash.

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. 23.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1872.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement rates and prices. Includes 'Rates of Advertising', 'Business Cards', and 'Legal notices'.

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Established A. D. 1827.

DITTRIDGE & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Dithridge's xx Flint Glass PATENT OVAL LAMP CHIMNEYS.

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These chimneys do not break by heat. Ask for DITTRIDGES. Take no other.

DITTRIDGE & SON, Pittsburgh, Pa. 25-ly.

New Boarding House. MRS. S. S. HULINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders.

Exchange Hotel, IRVINGTON, PA. W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor.

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Barbarism in the Nineteenth Century.

A fearful sentence was carried out last month, under the majesty of the executions that elsewhere we are accustomed to hear and read about seem mild and merciful measures in comparison.

As far back as April the house of a respected farmer in that province was found broken into, and the proprietor, with his wife and children, brutally murdered.

The authorities set to work at once to trace the guilty authors of the outrage, and found two men in a forest some four miles away, Sebastulos Alexiry, a non-commissioned officer in the Sultan's army, and Moses Werthstein, an Austrian Jew, who had some of the farmer's money about them, and were in other respects suspicious.

They disclaimed any knowledge of the affair, but fifty lashes upon their bare backs soon extorted a confession from the Jew of all the hideous details, though nothing could unseat the lips of his accomplice.

The evidence was ample and overwhelming, and to the loudly expressed satisfaction of the multitude they were sentenced to be broken on the wheel, a punishment nowhere practiced except in Servia.

The Jew tore his hair and cried for mercy, but his companion was immovable. On the day of execution a vast throng assembled to see the punishment carried out.

Alexiry was first stripped and bound to St. Andrew's cross, while the executioner raised his iron club and crushed his right shoulder.

A shriek of agony followed, and another as his knee-pans were struck, after which he was unconscious.

The Jew did not die so easily, but lived for five minutes as his bones were crushed one by one, and only by three strokes on the abdomen did he cease his cries, and satisfy the cruel rigor of Servian law.

A striking execution was that of the murderers of M. Greco, at Marseilles, which has been recently announced.

The doomed men were Moorish Jews, and were brought from Aix to Marseilles in a prison van, a rabbi attending upon each prisoner.

The guillotine was sent down from Paris on its wagon, a strange looking vehicle, strapped on ordinary carriage trucks.

The prisoners were then taken to a house near by where the legal authorities were waiting for them.

They asked permission to write, and this being granted, each wrote a letter in their native tongue which they confided to their spiritual fathers.

The executioners then cut the shirt collars of the convicts and bound them with leathern thongs, after which they set out for the instrument of death.

The aids took of the hats of the condemned, and before they could recover from their surprise the youngest was beheaded.

The eldest involuntarily jumped back, but the next instant he too was a corpse, the double execution thus ending forty-five seconds from the time the guillotine was reached.

The executioners travel disguised in false beards, which are at no two times alike, thus enabling them to preserve incognito which lets them into good society.

The first divorce suit on record in Virginia was decided a short time ago, and the Judge, in delivering the opinion of the Court, referred to the extreme rarity of such cases in Virginia.

He said: "Happily for the interests of society, and the sanctity of marital rights and relations, suits of this character are not of frequent occurrence in this State.

And, in these modern days of so-called social progress and social reform, it is a fact worthy of record, and one which fitly illustrates the purity of social life and the inviolable sanctity of the marriage bond in this State, that there can be found but two reported cases in all its judicial history, from the foundation of the Commonwealth down to the present time, touching questions arising out of the separation of husband and wife.

And the two cases referred to were not suits for divorce, but for alimony, brought by the wife after desertion by the husband.

An Arkansas local soliloquizes thus: "Some of our exchanges are publishing as a curious item a statement to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked its thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole of the horse and slaked its thirst with the plug, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the bung-hole and slugged its thirst with a slake, it might be worth while to make some fuss over it.

A Leavenworth editor doesn't now spend time watching the little busy wasp that gathered lint in his sanctum to make its nest. He came in one day and did not observe that the wasp was sitting in his chair.

The Emperor William.

A Dresden letter to the New York Post says: The Emperor of United Germany lost his stick the other day, and advertised for it in the daily newspapers, as any old burgher might do; a trifling fact, which indicates the finest trait of the German character--perfect simplicity.

The old sovereign had attached himself to that stick, which was given him by an Alsatian peasant on his return from the war. In his private room may be seen many such tributes of affection, carefully preserved; among others, a little white silk flag which once decorated a mighty cake presented to the Emperor by an old woman. That heart must be genial which can be open to small things like these; he that holds the baton of a mighty empire is all the higher for esteeming the gifts of a peasant's walkingslick.

The Emperor William made of that stern stuff of which his ancestor was made who went about Berlin, ratan in hand, frightening the apple-women at the street corners and rebuking lazy workmen; but to his energy and pertinacity of purpose Germany owes her present greatness.

There was but one voice throughout Europe when, after Sedan, he pushed forward to besiege Paris--men cried out that it was a mistake. Germans, proud of their national victories, now shook their heads, convinced that this was a false move; but the King never flinched; and there, on the consecrated soil of France, he was proclaimed the Imperial Caesar of a revived German empire.

A curious fact, apropos of the present subject, was related to me by a gentleman who visited Versailles during its occupation by the Germans. Most of the great Marshals of France are represented at the chateau by marble statues. In his wanderings about the buildings looking at these, my informant descended at last to a ground floor, where, in an obscure corner, he discovered a statue of Frederick the Great. "Old Fritz" stands there still, I believe, but I wonder that the Emperor of Germany did not insist upon the return of the hero's sword, which the first Napoleon stole from off his tomb at Potsdam.

A party of male passengers got on a train recently at Utica, N. Y., who were unable to find seats. Among them was a lawyer, who proposed to the rest that they all decline to give up their tickets until they were furnished with seats.

The agreement was made, and when the conductor came around he found twenty-three gentlemen but very obstinate men who refused to give him either tickets or money unless he would show them a place to sit.

The conductor replied that there were plenty of vacant seats in the next car; an inquiry it was ascertained that this was a drawing-room car, for which extra charge was made.

So the twenty-three declined to budge, and matters remained in this unsettled condition until the cars had gone a long distance. The conductor finally induced two dozen persons who had seats to go into the drawing-room car, without extra charge, and then made a place for the obstinate twenty-three, who then gave up their tickets, as they had said they would do.

Alas that there should be so many poor souls who in this world and that which is to come, look forward to nothing that is substantially comfortable and satisfying! Here, for instance, is a veritable descendant of St. Martha, who came into a neighbor's house in Buffalo, a few days since, downcast, wearied with many cares and cumbered with much serving. "So much to do! cleaning, working, cooking, washing, sweeping, and everything else! No rest? never was, never will be, for me!"

"Oh, yes," said the good woman she addressed, "there will be a rest for you all some day--a long rest."

"Not for me! not for me!" was the reply, "Whenever I do die, there will be certain to be resurrection the very next day! It would be just my luck!"

Nearly three millions of letters went to the Dead Letter Office last year. They are partly classified as follows: Fifty-eight thousand letters had no county or State direction; more than four hundred thousand wanted stamps, and three thousand were put in the post office without any addresses at all.

Ninety-two thousand dollars in cash, and over three million dollars in drafts, checks, etc., were found in these letters. It appears that, on an average, every letter that is misdirected, or goes to the Dead Letter Office from other causes, contains one dollar.

The Danbury News having untruthfully said Boston proposed to get up a stupendous gift enterprise, with Rhode Island for the principle prize, the Providence Herald says that the lowest prizes are to be the busts of the principal Connecticut editors, the heads done in wood, after the model of the never-to-be-forgotten wooden nutmegs, which made the reputation of the State in foreign countries.

Shooting the Apostles.

After the city of Mexico had surrendered to General Scott, it is well-known that the troops were obliged to win their way from house to house, and street to street, until they expelled the remnant of the Mexican army, which disputed every inch of ground from the gates of the city to the palaces.

The Second regiment United States infantry, under command of Colonel Riley, were gaining ground step by step, under a hot fire from house-tops and church-steeple, when Pat Mullony, a private in Company F, made a dash and intrenched himself in a doorway (the doorways are large, with heavy projecting jama) a full half-square in advance of his company, and commenced a spirited fire.

When he had fired five shots he was joined by a comrade just as he was preparing for the sixth round, who asked him what he was firing at and desired a "chance in."

"Hist!" says Pat, "wait till I fetch another of the pla'guards. I have done the business for five of 'em and there is another waiting to be served the same sauce."

Bang! went the sixth shot, when his comrade, together with two others who had now joined them, exploded with laughter.

"What in the devil's name be yees laughing at, at all?" says Pat. "Sure, didn't I fix his flint nice enough? and by the power there is another spalpeen just stepped in his place, and waiting for a dose," ramming his carriage home with energy.

"Stop, Pat," said his comrade; "don't you see you are firing at the apostles?"

"An' is it the apostles, is it? Now may the howly St. Pether forgive me!" exclaimed Pat, his eyes opening like two saucers as he made the discovery that he had been firing on two life-sized statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, which stood on each side of a church-door about musket-shot down the street.

Pat had hit St. Peter six times. It was a standing joke against him, and he never heard the last of it as long as he remained in the regiment.

One of the daring Buislays recently had a very narrow escape from a horrible death at San Francisco. To comply with the always growing desire for something still more perilous in the programme of the gymnast the Buislays have introduced a balloon scene, which it is almost impossible for the average person to witness without a feeling of terror.

At the close of many other wonderful feats an immense balloon ascends from an amphitheatre until it has reached such a height that the car is just barely visible to the naked eye.

One of the male Buislays then drops over the side upon a trapeze bar, and performs with as much sang froid as if he were still in the theatre, with a netting beneath to break a possible fall.

On the 11th instant, while going into the air to show his skill in this way, the balloon took fire. When within about ten feet of the ground an explosion followed, and the fragments of the balloon dropped upon the heads of the audience in all directions.

In the midst of the smoke, young Buislay descended without injury. If the explosion had taken place ten minutes later he would have met a fearful end.

Not long since, another member of the same family lost his life under similar circumstances in Mexico. Considering the fact, it is no wonder that a great deal of surprise has been occasioned by the announcement of the survivors that a new balloon would soon be constructed in New York and forwarded. It is not about time that we had some legislative enactment to put a stop to such shocking exhibitions?

Step the Interest. Daniel Webster once dined with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to the wine, a dusty old bottle was carefully decanted by Peter, and passed to the host. Taking the bottle he poured out Mr. Webster's glass and handed it to him. Then pouring out another for himself, he held it to the light and said: "How do you like it, Mr. Webster?" "I think it a fine specimen of old Port."

"Now you can't guess what that cost me?" said the host.

"Surely not," said Mr. Webster. "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well, now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I added the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of just one dollar and twenty cents per glass!"

"Good gracious! you don't say so," said Mr. Webster; and then draining his glass he hastily presented it again with the remark: "Fill up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop the confounded interest."

The Choctaw Vindicator (Indian Territory) was unable to get out an issue last week, because the entire "force" editor and all, took to the woods after a robber.

Bringing Down a Horse Thief.

Colonel Putney favors us with the following particulars of an occurrence at Benton on the 4th: A desperado named Edward White, recently of Cerro Gordio, appeared there that morning with a young horse which he desired to enter for the races of the day.

Mallory, of Bishop creek, recognized the horse as one that had been stolen from him and laid claim to him. White denied the claim in a very insulting manner, but we believe, gave the horse up, nothing more being said until about six o'clock in the evening, when he approached Mallory, standing in a store, and commenced to abuse him. But a few words had passed, when White jerked out his revolver, and aimed a shot at Mallory, they being about five feet apart at the time; but a bystander knocked the pistol up, and the ball went through the ceiling. He fired again, but with no better success, Mallory having retreated inside of a doorway close by. White then jumped into the street, brandishing his pistol, and proclaiming that he was "on it. If you don't believe it just pitch in. The click of a revolver is music to my soul--n you all!" Sheriff Hightower tried to arrest the raving scoundrel, but was told to stand back or he would get his heart blown out. Hightower, not being armed, was forced to do so, but started after his shotgun, standing unloaded in a room a short distance away. White, meantime, walked leisurely off down the road and soon after met Dr. F. C. Smith riding along. With an obscene oath he ordered the doctor to "Get off of that; I want to ride awhile right now." As the doctor had been celebrating considerably during the day it took him some to clearly understand the exact nature of the proposition, and was finally saved the necessity of compliance by the interference of an acquaintance of the desperado, who came up and persuaded him to let the doctor alone. Shortly after Mallory and the sheriff mounted and armed with shot guns. As there is no music in the click of these things, the desperado decided at once that he was "not on it" so very largely after all, and surrendered without more ado. He was committed, and sent to Bridgeport on three several charges of horse stealing, an assault to commit murder, and attempted highway robbery. As he didn't actually murder anybody his prospect of spending a few summers at the seaside are exceeding flattering.--Inyo (Cal.) Independent, July.

The man with his lung-caster, who accompanies Barnum, and makes an honest penny by testing the wind of the multitude, came to grief at Terre Haute the other day. A healthy farmer's boy with a chest on him like an emigrant's valise, drew in a mouthful of the atmosphere, wrapped a quarter-section of his lips over the nozzle and breathed. An explosion followed, first of the machine, and then of the bystanders, and the "professor" was heard to say, as he gathered up the fragments of tinkling brass and springs "He had been eating onions; that's what made his breath so strong."

According to the Rondout Freeman, there are hundreds of ladies from the city boarding in the mountains of Shandaken. The country is completely overrun by women, one boarding-house having no less than forty "school-mams." It is said to be nearly as much as a young man's life is worth to pass through that locality. One who has tried it says he never had such a greeting. It was a perfect ovation. Young ladies crowd the piazzas and wave their handkerchiefs, and all the romantic walks are fairly lined with them. Go west, young man, go west--as far as Rondout.

The accomplishments of a sightless man are next in order. Reading, Pa. has him, but doesn't appreciate the phenomenon, and leaves it for a Berks County German paper to immortalize him. He is a German, 90 years of age, keeps a tavern (which is known as Blind Hartman's), is expert in the handling of money, and baffles all attempts to cheat him with spurious currency. He walks out alone, can point to any piece of real property in the town, and to crown all, mends clocks and repairs instruments.

Once on a time, at the funeral of a wife, the undertaker arranged for the husband and mother-in-law to ride in the same carriage. "Must I," said the broken-hearted man, "must I ride with that awful woman?" "I think you will have to," answered the undertaker. "I will disturb every carriage of the procession to make a change, and you must ride here." "Well, if I must, I must," said the stricken man; "but to ride with her destroys all my pleasure on this occasion."

Harriet Beecher Stowe commences her readings in Springfield, Massachusetts, September 13, with scenes from Uncle Tom's Cabin--"Black Sam's Stratagem, or it's best to be on Missis' side," "Eliza escapes on the Ice," "Black Sam a Politician," "Uncle Tom's Trial, Temptation Victory and Death," and also selections from her other works.

In the parish of Cobham, Surrey, England, in which Inigo Jones is known to have resided, the name Inigo is known to be uncommonly bestowed in baptism on the children of the poor.

"I myself," says a correspondent of the Guardian, "a few years since baptized in Cobham Parish Church a child to whom the name of Inigo was given, and was then and there told that the name was not unfrequent in the village, and that its origin was that of the illustrious architect."

The Boston and Albany Railroad has adopted a very sensible regulation. All station men are ordered to stop any freight train which may approach within five minutes of the passage of the preceding one. In this way the trains are kept at least five minutes apart. There are many other little precautions that might be required on railroads to the greater security of the public, but as a rule they are only thought of just after some frightful accident has happened.

The value of a letter may be seen by omitting the s from speculation, and you get "peculation," an ugly word. This is a mistake which American printers should avoid from patriotism, if for no other reason. Take away this letter, and what is left of the Stars and Stripes? Nothing more than Tar and Stripes.

"How much money have you?" said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his daughter. "Oh, I haven't much of anything, now, but I have a rich prospect, indeed." The wedding occurred and the old chap learned from his fine son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.

An Indiana man took a friend home to tea the other evening, without giving his wife notice. That night she talked herself into paralysis of the tongue. Now all the men in the neighborhood are sending for friends and taking them home at all hours.

The other night the Kansas Pacific passenger train lost its sleeping car, and the conductor went back sixty miles before he found it, and the passengers were sleeping in peaceful innocence, waiting for a freight train to run into them.

The Moravia News contains the following advertisement: Lost--A small gold gentleman's ring, between Saturday evening and Monday on the road near Montville. The person finding such an article can return it to its owner at this office and paying charges.

A little boy was sent to a store for some eggs; before reaching home he dropped them. In answer to the question from his mother, "Did you break any?" he replied, "No! I didn't break any, but the shells came off of some of them."

A Connecticut paper says: If that accordeon artist who so assiduously practices "Shoo Fly," and other classical music, opposite this office, will call at the American Consul's house, Honolulu, he will be liberally rewarded.

The statistician of an Eastern paper avers that the flies are so good-natured this season that a well-organized one will allow himself to be brushed off an editor's nose eighty-seven times and not show any temper.

A Kentucky candidate for Congress lately fled affrighted from the rostrum because some boys threw a pack of firecrackers at his heels and he mistook them for bullets of the opposition.

A Southern paper says in its local columns: "A negro and two fine mules were drowned in the river yesterday. The mules were remarkably fine animals, and cannot be easily replaced."

A woman was recently arrested in Baltimore on the charge of being a "common scold." In two minutes' talk with the justice she proved the charge true and was committed.

The following notice is posted conspicuously in a newspaper office out West: "Shut the door; and as soon as you have done talking business, serve your mouth the same way."

A young woman, whose pocket had been picked in an omnibus, admitted that she felt the prisoner pressing her, but thought "he was only intending to make love."

A Cincinnati wife left her husband's board, but took the bed with her. He is puzzled to know how to word a legal notice of warning to prospective creditors.

Barnum's gorilla was heard to remark, one hot day, that "he'd be -- if he'd wear a hair overcoat much longer this hot weather for \$10 a week."

Some unscientific thief recently robbed a journalist of his valise in a Baltimore train. He secured about two dollars' worth of writing paper.

A San Francisco husband refused to buy a carriage for his wife, and the lady is trying to swear him into an insane asylum in consequence.

An Ohio boy has walked already 13,000 miles to see his girl, and ain't half through yet.