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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Advertisement for TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. O. F., TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M., and various other local businesses and professionals.

Painting, Paper-Hanging &c.,

E. H. CHASE, of Tionesta, offers his services to those in need of PAINTING, GRAINING, CALCIMINING, & VARNISHING...

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENN'A., TAXIDERMISTS.

BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock.

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...

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS Dec. 31, 1875, \$5,735,925.79. MILES W. TATE, Sub Agent, Tionesta, Pa.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.)

Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, ELN STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE.

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.

FINE GOLD WATCHES, SILVER WATCHES AND JEWELRY!



WATCHES

Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated Jewelry, Black Jewelry, Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c., &c.

AT L. KLEIN'S JEWELRY STORE, TIDIOUTE, PA.

WATCHES AND CLOCKS

Repaired and Warranted.

LEAVE YOUR WATCHES at G. W. Bovard's Store, Tionesta, Pa.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL.

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

CUSTOM GRINDING.

FEED, AND OATS. Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures.

H. W. LEDEBUR.

EXTRACTS

From Speech of Ex-Gov. Robert G. Ingersoll, of Illinois, delivered at Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 15.

THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

But now I am going to say something about finance. I always hate to touch that question, because, as a general thing a man becomes very dull when he does. You know nearly every man thinks he understands it, and listens very impatiently to any opinions advanced by others. But still I will risk being dull, and tell you what I think. We owe a large debt. Two-thirds of that debt was incurred in consequence of the action and the meanness of the Democrats. There are some people who think that you can defer the payment of a promise so long that the postponement of the debt will serve in lieu of its liquidation—that you pay your debts by putting off your creditor. Some people have an idea that the Government can pay its debts when it substitutes one piece of money for another—that our Government can make money by stamping its sovereignty on a piece of paper. But this is not the case. The Government is a perpetual pauper. It passes round the hat and solicits contributions; but then you must remember that the Government has a bayonet behind the hat. The Government produces nothing. It does not plow the land, it does not sow corn, it does not grow trees. The Government is a perpetual consumer. The people have to support the Government; the Government cannot support the people. To suppose that they can issue money to the people is as absurd as to suppose that my hired man can issue certificates of my indebtedness to him for me to live on. (Laughter.) The Government has no money but what it received from the people. It had therefore to borrow money to carry on the war. Every greenback that it issued was

A FORCED LOAN.

My notes are not a legal tender, though if I had the power I might possibly make them so. (Laughter.) I borrow money and we have to pay the debt. That debt represents the expenses of the war. The horses and the gunpowder and the rifles and the artillery—are represented in that debt—it represents all the munitions of war. Until we pay that debt we can never be a solvent nation. Until our net profits amount to as much as we lost during the war we can never be a solvent people. If a man cannot understand that there is no use in talking to him on the subject. The alchemists in old times who fancied that they could make gold out of nothing were not more absurd than the American advocates of soft money. They resemble the early explorers of our continent who lost years in searching for the fountain of eternal youth, but the ear of age never caught the gurgling of that spring. We all have heard of men who spent years of labor in endeavoring to produce perpetual motion. They produced machines of the most ingenious character, with cogs and wheels and pulleys without number, but these ingenious machines had one fault, they would not go. You will never find a way to make money out of nothing. It is as great nonsense as the fountain of perpetual youth. You cannot do it.

THE DEBT TO BE PAID.

Gold is the best material which labor has yet found as a measure of value. That measure of value must be as valuable as the object it measures. I saw the sovereignty of Rome impressed on a piece of Caesar's coin. Caesar died as long ago as the Democratic party ought to have died, but the coin was intrinsically valuable though the sovereignty it represented had disappeared from the face of the earth. The sovereignty of a country is to be got in a different way. It has to be raised. It has to represent labor. The value of gold arises from the amount of labor expended in producing it. A gold dollar will buy as much labor as produced that dollar. I tell you another thing. This debt has to be paid. We ought to make the Democrats pay it for they lost the case and should pay the costs. (Loud cheers and laughter.) There is a mortgage on the continent—on the land of the country, on the honor of the Republican party, and that mortgage must be paid. Every blade of grass is a guarantee that it will be paid; every field of corn, every bannered hill that rises in the length and breadth of this Republic is a guarantee that it will be paid—every penny of it. All the minerals of the country are a guarantee that it will be paid. All the coal that was hoarded in the bowels of the earth millions of years ago by that old miser, the Sun, is a guarantee for the liquidation of this debt. So is every ounce of silver and gold slumbering in the strata of this continent—waiting to be excavated—

waiting to give back to the Sun, the flash which it received from his radiance.

EVERY GOOD MAN

and woman—every babe in the cradle, and every boy in the country, that is going to vote the republican ticket is a guarantee that the national debt will be paid. [Long and prolonged cheers.] Now the question is, Who is most apt to pay that debt? Those who swore it was constitutional, or those who swore it was unconstitutional? Every time a Democrat sees a greenback, it says to him, "I vanquished you." Every time a Republican sees a greenback, it says, "You and I put the rebellion down." (Cheers.)

TILDEN'S FOLLY.

Now gentleman, to pass from the financial part of this; and I say one word before I do it. I will say that if any man came to you and wanted the date taken from a note, you would say he was dishonest; and any man who wants the date stricken from this pledge of the Government is dishonest. (Applause.) Mr. Tilden wanted the date left out so that Hendricks could crawl in. (Applause.) No; the Republican party intends to pay its debts in coin on the 1st of January, 1879. Paper money means probably the payment of the Confederate debt; a metallic currency the discharge of honest obligations. We have touched hard pan prices in this country, and we want to do a hard-pan business with hard money. You cannot jump when you are in the air. You need a solid footing before you can stand firm, and that is what we have reached financially. If the Republican party fails to resume on the date fixed, it will fail nobly, fighting like the soldier on the ramparts with the banner in his hands. Why my friends, if you can think of any mean thing that could be done, I will find you a Democrat to do it. I do not say that all Democrats are dishonest, but I do say that their principles are dishonest, and that a majority of the party are dishonest.

THE CANDIDATES.

But now let me speak of the candidates of these two parties. The Democratic party have put forward Mr. Samuel J. Tilden. Mr. Tilden is a Democrat who belongs to the Democratic party of the city of New York, and the Democratic party of the city of New York never had but two objects—grand and petit larceny. (Laughter and applause.) In Illinois, we have always heard that Tammany Hall bears the same relation to a penitentiary that Sunday School does to a church. (Laughter.) I don't say it is so, but simply state it as I hear it there. I have heard that the Democratic party got control of New York when it did not owe a dollar, and have stolen and stolen until it owes \$160,000,000; and I understand that every election they have had was a fraud—every one. I understand that they stole everything they could lay their hands on. And, oh, what hands! (Laughter and applause.) Graped and grasped and clutched, until they stole all it was possible for the people to pay the interest upon, and now they are all yelling for honesty and reform. I understand that Mr. Tilden was a pupil in that school, and that he is now a teacher in that school. (Laughter.)

HAYES' RECORD.

On the other side another man has been nominated—Rutherford B. Hayes. In the first place, he is an honest man. You Democrats will say that is not much; but I ask you to try it once. Rutherford B. Hayes is a patriotic man, and when the war commenced Rutherford B. Hayes said, "I would rather go into this war and be killed in the course of it than live through it, and have taken no part in it." (Applause.) Compare that with Mr. Tilden's refusal to sign the call for the Union meeting in New York. All the Democratic snakes, with their forked and poisonous tongue stuck out, have not found in the reputation of Gov. Hayes a crevice in which to deposit the poison of their malignity. Imagine a man so pure that the Democratic party cannot lie about him! (Great laughter.) I would also say William A. Wheeler is also as staunch a Repub-

your future in the hands of that party.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

on the other hand, is the party of reason, of progression and education. The Republican party is the one that believes in the equality of human lives. I believe it. I am willing to give to every human being every right that I claim for myself. Every man who won't do that is a rascal. My friends, I believe the world is going to get better. I do. I believe we are getting better all the time. Samuel J. Tilden says we are a nation of thieves and robbers. I don't believe it. If we were he ought to be President. I believe we are getting better, and every day the Republican party is in power we will be getting better. And how? By free labor and free thought. Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth. Free labor has done everything that has been done in the United States, because the problem of free labor is to do the most work in the least time, and slave labor is to do the least work in the most time. The political principles of the Republican party are as broad as this continent—as extensive as humanity itself. They welcome every one to this country who is a friend of humanity and of human progress. We believe it is right to allow every man to do his own thinking and to express his own thoughts. We will suffer no fetter on the brain, no chain on the hand of man. (Renewed applause.)

EVERY LOYAL MAN,

if he be white or black, must be protected. In the days of slavery in the South the whipping post and instruments of torture, compelled obedience from the slaves. To-day they know and act upon the principle that if you can't convince a man you can knock him down. If a man won't vote as they want him to they know that the knife can make one voter less; that one gun can do more toward converting a man than twenty churches. The Republican party has sworn to protect every man in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and it intends to do it. The worst ward in the city of Pittsburgh is the one that will give the biggest Democratic majority. Why, out of 140 voters in the State prison of Maine, 139 are for Tilden and Hendricks. And that is the party of Reform! (Laughter and applause.) The best recipe that I can give you to keep out of the Penitentiary is to vote the Republican ticket. (Applause.) The Democrats object to having a standing army of twenty-five thousand men for thirty-eight States, and yet it takes twenty-five hundred policemen for the city of New York to keep the Democratic friends from picking your pocket on the way from the depot to your hotel.

A Runaway Locomotive.

Last Monday, at noon, the locomotive on the Smyrna Branch Railroad ran away and nearly killed itself. After bringing the noon train into town, and after Engineer McConaughy had started to dinner, the fireman, John Shorts, cut the locomotive loose from the car to shift it to the other track and get it out of the way of a frightened peach team. He turned on steam, and as he did so the pin fell out of the throttle bar. He could not shut her off after that, and away she went at a breakneck speed through Commerce street to Clayton. Shorts made a perilous leap from her as she whizzed by Union street and saved himself, though he was flopped over and over in the dusty street when he struck the ground. In just about one minute from the time Shorts "pulled out the stopper," here, the locomotive was a ruined mass at Clayton. The distance between the two points is one mile and a quarter. As quick as possible a telegram was sent to Clayton to "switch her off," but she beat the telegram by about two lengths, and had spread herself pretty well over the depot ground when the dispatch reached there. She did not obey the curve at Clayton at all, but shot off in a straight line across the grounds. She jumped off with such force as to throw herself flat on her side, and in this condition she smashed into the platform along the main track, near the north end of the depot. She slid sideways for 100 yards or more, snapping bolts and rods as if they were ropes of sand. Her wheels that were uppermost whizzed round like a top, and the raging steam whizzed like mad from every aperture. Fortunately the exhaust pipe broke, or she might have burst her boiler. The whole affair was over almost as quick as wink. In two hours after the accident a wrecking train from Wilmington was on the spot, and by 4 o'clock the wreckers had picked up the pieces, put the wreck on the track and were off for the repair shops.—Smyrna, Del. Times.

THE PARTIES CONTRASTED.

Not long ago I was passing along a road, where there was a sign post which had stood there for years until it had become weather-beaten and decayed. It pointed to nowhere, and was a useless, worn out relic of by-gone days. I thought to myself when I saw it, that is like the Democratic party. Again, in another place I saw the ruins of an old inn: the building was burged down, and only the two tall old-fashioned chimneys at either end of the building still stood erect. Up in front of the tavern the old sign still swung and creaked, and spoke to the public of "Entertainment for Man and Beast." And again, I thought this is like the Democratic party, so prolific of promises and so unable to fulfill them. And the two chimneys reminded me of Tilden and Hendricks, trying by their prominence and sophistry to blind the eyes of the people to the ruin about them.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

is made up of the worst elements of society. There is not a penitentiary in the United States that Tilden and Hendricks cannot carry five to one. In the Democratic Party can be found the vicious and foul. The man who wishes to answer an argument with blows, he is the Democratic party. All men who sympathized with the South in its efforts to destroy this Government are now in the Democratic party; all the men who shot our soldiers at the dead-mark are now for honesty and reform, and if Tilden should be elected President of the United States all these men would be found shouting for Tilden and Hendricks. Now my friends, keep out of the Democratic party; do not vote that ticket, any young man who is going to cast his first vote—do not place

lican as ever there was in the party. (Applause.) There is no one a greater advocate of reform than he. (Applause.) Governor Hayes already has three Democratic scalps in his belt. Pendleton, Thurman, and rise up Wm. Allen, and in November he will have another; that of Samuel J. Tilden. (Great applause.)

(The speaker then gave a glowing exhortation to the people to vote for the Republican party, and arranged the Democratic party in the most eloquent, burning words ever listened to by a Pittsburgh audience.)

But let me ask you if you have heard from Maine? (Applause.) And from Vermont? (Applause again.) You have heard then? Well where is all that "tidal wave," that "undertow" that "sober second thought"—and when did a Democrat ever have a sober thought? We don't hear so much from them as we did. And let me remind you that in Maine James G. Blaine, that knight-errant of chivalry, that true knight who clutched the Confederate Congress by the throat and held them until their foreheads became as black as their records and until their tongues spoke out like flags of truce—(tremendous and long continued applause)—after having failed to get the nomination at Cincinnati, he did not desert his party, but went to work in Maine with a will, the effects of which you saw in the returns. (Cheers for Blaine again.)

The speaker then desired to stop, but the crowd would not hear of it and he continued for several minutes longer, and concluded by referring to Hendricks. In response to a question by some one in the crowd, the speaker said he was not in the habit of paying attention to trifles, which was the reason he had not mentioned Mr. Hendricks. He said Hendricks was a good man, but was in bad company, and his principles were bad. Bidding the audience good night, he then took his seat amid the wildest cheering.

The meeting immediately adjourned.

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A man was sawing wood yesterday

afternoon in a back yard. He sawed two sticks as thick as your wrist, and then went into the house. "Mary," said he to his wife, "my country needs me; there is no use talking, we just got to slaughter all these Injuns; no true patriot can be expected to hang around a wood-pile these days." "John," said his wife, "if you fight Injuns as well as you saw wood, and support your family, it won't take one hundred and eighteen Injuns to capture one squaw, and then you'd have to catch her when she had the ague and throw pepper in her eyes." John went back to the woodpile, wondering who told his wife all about him.