

TIONESTA LODGE No. 369, I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

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

OFFICE and residence in house formerly occupied by Dr. Williams. Office days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

AGNEW & LATHY, Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, in Street, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Bldg., Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNHAR & SMILBY, Attorneys at Law, - Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

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Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PENN'A., C. E. McCRAE, PROPRIETOR.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa.

W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, etc.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store.

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

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in all respects.

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SHEET IRON WORK, Smoke Stacks, Breeching, Sheet Iron, Well Casing, &c., &c.

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

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Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

THE DONATION PARTY.

"Of course we can't give our minister much of a salary, you know, Miss Harwood; but we've always calculated to get a man whose heart wasn't set on filthy lucre, as the 'postle says. 'I must own we hadn't had much success, for would you believe it? out of five candidates that moved here the year we built the church, not one was willing to stay and do the Lord's work.

"Why, there's only about sixty families in our church and it was settled that first winter that six dollars a family would be a fair tax, making eight hundred a year, you see; yet it's wonderful what trouble we've had to get a pastor.

"Brother Ralph thought that maybe if we had a parsonage it would help us; so he and other trustees bought that nice little cottage where Miss Gray used to live, with a whole rod of land belongin' to it; but, law! 'twan't of no use; none of them staid the year out; and I was clean discouraged.

"When Mr. Ormsby came nigh on to three years ago, he seemed more reasonable than the rest, though he asked if we couldn't furnish part of the parsonage, for him, as they were only new beginners and hadn't much housekeepin' stuff.

"Well, the ladies was so pleased with him that they took right hold of the work (he was to come back in a fortnight) and got lots of things together.

"There was a handsome pin-cushion made for each of the bed-rooms - and half a dozen tidies for the parlor, and a case for his shavin' paper, and all sent in the first week.

"You've heard him preach, Miss Harwood, and you know how interestin' he was, and what a beautiful reader and singer, too. Why, I declare I took real comfort goin' to church and sittin' under such preachin'; and so we all did, I'm sure.

"But I was tellin' you about what we gave him. Well, Deacon Stiles' daughter Sally made a drawin' of the church, and framed it in pine cones, to hang in Mr. Ormsby's study, and the deacon he sent us a cookin' stove out of his own kitchen. He'd just bought a new one for Miss Stiles, and he come over and put it up himself which I thought uncommon kind.

"Then we took up a contribution to buy some furniture, but ready money was scarce just then, so we only raised enough to get a pair of china vases and an inkstand.

"But Silas Hart, that sold em' to us, was one of our members, so he threw in a china dog for the baby and a match box for the parson's wife.

"Miss Jones and Uncle Midian sent in a new painted bedstead and a kitchen table, and so I told Ralph I'd give 'em a couple of kitchen chairs and our cradle, the one we was both rocked in. So I did, and I pieced a real handsome little quilt for the cradle, a sunflower pattern, all out of spick and span new calico, too.

"Well, it's most to bad to tell, but Mandy Jones, who went to help Miss Ormsby git to rights, told me she did act dreadful, and not a bit becomin' a minister's wife.

"She went all around the house lookin' as if she was ready to cry, and at last she sot down in the parlor on her trunk, and begun to laugh at the vases and the inkstand, and then wound up by findin' fault with the stove which she said looked as if it came out of the ark.

AN AUCTION SCENE IN MERRIE ENGLAND.

Old traditions linger in country places long after they have perished in great towns. Were the English provinces to be groped for modern antiquities, and the sum total prepared, the general reader would be amazed at the mass of ancient superstition lingering in modern England.

Not only do popish practices, popish legends and charms, flourish in our most puritanical counties, but even pagan rites and ceremonies. In the north the mummers at Christmas, of all days, dance a sword-dance which belongs to the worship of a Scandinavian god; in Northumberland, and parts of Ireland, the young folk still make little bonfires and leap through them on a certain day, though the practice is forbidden in the old Testament as an abomination, for this is no other thing than "going through the fire to Baal," and is one of the many signs that we Celts were an Oriental tribe.

Any novice wishing to strike this vein of lore without much trouble has only to read the excellent book of Mr. Henderson, and grope the index to "Notes and Queries." I strongly recommend the latter course.

For index-reading turns no student pale, Yet takes the eel of science by the tail.

My own reading in such matters has taught me one thing - to respect old tradition whenever I encounter any strange practice down in the country. Why, even rustic misrepresentation is often a relic, where it passes for an error. Rusticus calls a coroner's inquest "crown's quest," and the educated smile superior. But Rusticus is not wrong; he is only in arrears. "Crown's quest" is the true medieval form, and was once universal. Every English peasant calls theater a theater, and young gentlemen sneer. Yet theater is the true pronunciation, and fifty years before Shakespeare nobody, high or low, mispronounced the word into theater, as he does and we do.

To the tenacity of old tradition I ascribe a prevalent notion, in rude parts of this country, that an Englishman and his wife can divorce themselves under certain conditions. First, the parties must consent; second, there must be a public auction; third, the lady must be sold with a halter round her neck. That our rural population ever invented this law is improbable in itself and against evidence; there are examples of the practice as old as any chronicle we have; and I really suspect that in some barbarous age - later, perhaps, than our serious worship of Baal - but anterior to our earliest Saxon laws - this rude divorce by consent was the unwritten law of Britain.

The thing has been done in my day many times, and related in the journals, and I observe that it is always done with similar ceremonies, and that the lower orders of people, though they jeer, are not shocked at it, nor does it seem to strike them as utterly and profoundly illegal. It dates, I apprehend, from a time when marriage was a partnership at will, and Roman theory that marriage is a sacrament, and the English theory that marriage is not a sacrament, were alike unknown to a primitive people.

My note-book contains numerous examples. I select one with a bit of color, which was published at the date when it occurred.

Joseph Thompson rented a farm of forty acres in a village three miles from Carlisle. In 1829 he married a spruce, lively girl, twenty-two years of age.

They had many disputes, and no children. So after three years they agreed to part.

The bell-man was sent around the village to announce that Joseph Thompson would sell Mary Ann Thompson by auction on April 5, 1832, at noon precisely.

At the appointed hour Joseph Thompson stood on a table, and his wife a little below him on an oak chair, with a halter of straw round her neck. He put her up for sale in terms that a by-stander thought it worth while to take down on the spot.

"Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Ann Thompson, otherwise Williamson. It is her wish as well as mine to part forever, and will be sold without reserve to the highest bidder. Gentlemen, the lot now offered for competition has been to me a bosom serpent. I took it for my comfort and the good of my house; but it became my tormentor, a domestic curse, a night invasion, and a daily devil. The Lord deliver us from termagant wives and troublesome widows! Gentlemen, avoid them as you would a mad-dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, or any other pestilential phenomenon."

Here it seems to have occurred to Joseph Thompson that he was not going the way to sell his lot at a high figure; so he tried to be more the auctioneer and less the husband.

THE DONATION PARTY.

but was quite taken up with noticin' Miss Ormsby. She got as red as could be, and when meeting was dismissed she jest hurried out as if she didn't want any one to speak to her.

"Well, Friday came, and by three o'clock we was mostly all at the parsonage. Mr. Ormsby looked dreadful sober, more as if it was a funeral than a merry-making, I must say; but his wife was awful. She was jest as huffy and short as she could be with every one, and she went and locked the study door and put the key in her pocket right before us all, as if she was afraid we'd touch some of Mr. Ormsby's papers or books.

"Bimeby we began to think about settin' the table; so Aunt Betsey, Mandy Jones and me went out into the kitchen to unpack the contributions. There were some pertaters and turnips (them we put in the suller) a piece of corned beef, two or three biled hams, a pot of butter, some apple sars, and such a lot of biscuits it would have taken all night to count 'em.

"I began to be scar't when we took out puffin' after puffin' of biscuit, and no make to speak of. At last we come to Miss Jones' bascuit and there we found 'lection cake, as well as a great batch of molasses cookin'.

"I was glad enough I'd sent pound cake and crullers; but somehow when the table was ready, there was more biscuit on it than anything else, though we did the best we could.

"Mr. Johnson sent tea and coffee from his store, besides sugar and crackers, and Amos Hull brought a bag of nuts and some apples for the young folks after supper, he said.

"There were so many there we had to divide 'em into three lots, the dinin' room bein' small; and it was 'most 7 o'clock when they got through eatin'.

"Aunt Betsey stayed with me to clear up some; and I thought I never should get all the biscuits put away, for they 'most filled the pantry.

"For all there had been so many eaten, yet there was piles and piles left, and as Aunt Betsey said, they wouldn't need to bake for months to come.

"It happened so that I didn't go out much the week after the donation party, but the second Sunday after, I started off good and early for church, and as I turned the corner by the parsonage, I saw something that 'most took my breath away. Every one of them sharp pickets round the house had a good biscuit stuck right atop of it! Yes, Miss Harwood, jest as sure as you live, there was Aunt Betsey's nice raised biscuit - I could tell her by the shade - and Miss Hull's rusks, and Miss Stiles' soda biscuit, and every one of 'em wasted in that shameful way.

"Well, I stood and looked - I hadn't the strength to move - and soon some of the ladies came along and asked me; and there we nigh stood till the last bell began to ring, talkin' the matter over and feelin' pretty mad, I can tell you.

"Mr. Ormsby had a good sermon that day, but I could hardly hear a word, my mind was so full of the biscuits.

"Miss Ormsby warn't there, and as soon as the last hymn was sung, he got up and said that he had a call from a church in the far west, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to accept it. He went on to say that he would like to go that same week, and then, without so much as tellin' us he was sorry to leave us, or offerin' to wait until we got some one else, he gave the benediction and dismissed us.

"I can tell you there was talk enough when we got out that mornin' and some of the folks thought to 'pint a committee to ask Mrs. Ormsby about it, but brother Ralph said: 'No; if they was goin' let 'em go peaceable; so they all agreed to say nothin' at all.

"However," said he, "now I have told you her little defects, I will present the bright and sunny side of her. She can read novels, milk cows, and laugh and weep with the same ease that you could toss off a glass of ale. What the poet says of women in general is true to a hair of this one: Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace To laugh, to weep, and cheat the human race.

She can make butter and scold the maid; she can sing 'Moore's Melodies' and plead her own frills and caps. She cannot make rum, nor gin, nor whisky; but she is a good judge of all three from long experience in tasting them. What shall we say for her, with all her perfections and imperfections? - fifty shillings to begin?

There was a dead silence. He had better have employed George Robins, Sr. "Cuiuslibet in sua arte credendum." There was no bidding at all. Then the auctioneer was angry and threatened to take the lot home.

The company in general sustained his threat with composure; but one Mears conceived hopes, and asked modestly whether an exchange could not be made. "I have here," said he, "a Newfoundland dog - a beauty. He can fetch and carry; and if you fall in the water, drunk or sober, he'll pull you out."

Thompson approved the dog, but objected to give a Christian in even exchange for a quadruped. Each species had a prejudice in its own favor, owing to which the company backed him. So at last Mears agreed to give the dog and twenty shillings to boot.

The bargain was made. Thompson took the halter off the wife and put it round the dog, and Mears lead his purchase away by the hand, amid the shouts and huzzas of the multitude, in which they were joined by Thompson.

After a while, however, the latter recollected he had a duty to perform. "I must drink the new-married couple's health," said he, gravely. Accordingly he adjourned with his dog and his money to the public house, and toasted his delivery so zealously that he took nothing home from the sale except the dog.

Funerals as Disease Breeders.

There is a good reason to believe that disease is occasionally disseminated through the medium of funerals. We have at least one fairly authenticated instance in this country of diphtheria being diffused broadcast through the crowding incidental, occasionally to the last ceremony. In America this question is beginning to receive much attention, and several cases have been reported of late where the transmission of the disease from the corpse seemed highly probable. The Suffolk District Medical Society sent out 400 circulars to medical practitioners with a view to ascertain the opinion of the profession on the alleged danger of permitting public funerals of persons who had died from diphtheria. Two hundred and thirty-nine answers were received; of these 143 writers express a belief in the possible danger of contagion at such funerals in the houses of the dead, but none in churches, 29 fancy that in the present state of knowledge there is no justification in prohibiting public funerals, and 8 record circumstances which occurred in their own experience confirmatory of the proposition that peril may ensue, but the testimony these latter advance is not quite satisfactory. The society after due consideration recommend that funerals at the houses of those who have died of diphtheria should be private, owing to possible exposure to the poison of the disease.

"When a Franklin Square girl's father at a quarter past eleven cautiously entered the parlor with a hat in each hand remarked quite firmly: 'Mr. Hotcloth, I was just going out to take a sniff of air, and thought I'd ask you which hat was yours, so as not to make a mistake?,' young Hotcloth took his arm from the girl's waist, and as a shade streaked out over his features he said: 'Oh, Mr. Coldbath, I must go down and see the election bulletins before they're taken in'; and after looking at the girl with a variegated aspect, he passed out, bidding the old man a heartfelt good night robed in about as much feeling as a champagne headache."

General McClellan is said to be writing a history of the war, his main idea being his personal vindication. He has already thrown up intrenchments around the title and is approaching the preface by zigzags. - Graphic.

A tall man having rallied a friend on the shortness of his leg, the friend replied: "My legs, reach to the ground - what more can yours do?"

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.