

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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. T. J. VAN GIESEN, N. G. D. W. CLARK, Sec'y.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock. P. M. CLARK, C. S. A. VARNER, R. S.

J. B. AGNEW, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS! I have been admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C. All officers, soldiers, or sailors who were injured in the late war, can obtain pensions for which they may be entitled, by calling on or addressing me at Tionesta, Pa. Also, claims for arrearages and bounty will receive prompt attention.

W. E. LATHY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. Office next door to Lawrence House.

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

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

F. W. HAYS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds, Hukill & Co's. Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 30-1y

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

LAWRENCE HOUSE, TIONESTA, PENN'A. C. E. MEYER, PROPRIETOR. This house is centrally located. Everything new and well furnished. Superior accommodations and strict attention given to guests. Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served in their season. Sample room for Commercial Agents.

CENTRAL HOUSE, BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. AGNEW, Proprietor. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public. A portion of the patronage of the public is solicited.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER Proprietor. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co. Having had an experience of Twelve Years in constant practice, Dr. Coburn guarantees to give satisfaction. Dr. Coburn makes a specialty of the treatment of Nasal, Throat, Lung, and all other chronic or lingering diseases. Having investigated all scientific methods of curing disease and selected the good from all systems, he will guarantee relief or a cure in all cases where a cure is possible. No charge for Consultation. All fees will be reasonable. Professional visits made at all hours. Parties at a distance can consult him by letter.

Office and Residence second building below the Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays. 25th St. H. H. MAY. J. G. F. PARK. A. B. SMILEY.

MAY, PARK & CO., BANKERS Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all the Principal points of the U. S.

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENN'A., TAXIDERMISTS. BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock.

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Laceytown) Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of

CUSTOM GRINDING AND ADVERTISING FEED, FLOUR, AND OATS. Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. H. W. LEDEBER.

EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, on a permanent or temporary basis. We pay agents a salary of \$50 a week and expenses. See our Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing the Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn. Particulars free.

DR. J. L. ACOMB, CLIAN AND SURGEON, who has fifteen years' experience in a large successful practice, will attend all kinds of cases. Office in his Drug and Store, located in Tidout, near House.

IS STORE WILL BE FOUND assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, & all of the best quality, and sold at reasonable rates.

CHAS. O. BAY, an experienced and Druggist from New York, has the Store. All prescriptions accurately.

VERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing the particulars of advertising.

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The Forest Republican.

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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.

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, that of having a dressmaker of experience among them. I am prepared to make all kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and guarantee satisfaction. Sewing for braiding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a fair trial. Residence of Elm Street, in the Acorn Building. 11.

TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED!

THE ORIGINAL FETNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN. ASSETS Dec. 31, 1875, \$5,735,000.70. MILES W. TATE, Sub-Agent, Tionesta, Pa.

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO DREXLER.)

Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for sale or rent to order. CENTRE STREET, near R. Crossing. SYCAMORE STREET, near Lion Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-1y

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. 25-1y

ELM STREET. SOUTH OF ROBINSON'S STORE.

Tionesta, Pa. M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

H. G. TIKER & CO. WHOLESALE & RETAIL Hardware, Oil and Nails, Stoves and Tinware.

BELTING ALL SIZES. Constantly on hand, at low prices.

Manufacturers of SHEET IRON WORK, Smokacks, Breeching, sheet Iron, Oil Casing, &c., &c.

FOR SALE One Second-hand ten horse Stationary Boiler and Engine.

HINKER & CO., OIL CITY, PA.

THE LARGEST FURNACE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE OIL REGIONS!

MES SMITH, Dealer in CARPENTRY AND UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE!

Consisting of Parlor and Common Furniture, Cases, Pillows, Window Shades, Fixtures, Looking Glasses, &c.

For Venango county (in the Manhattan Spring Bed and Co. Mattresses, manufactured here at my Furniture Warerooms, 18th, near Liberty. Call and see our stock.

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Ulysses S. Grant.

Ulysses S. Grant retires from the Presidency of the United States today, and becomes the sole surviving ex-President of the Republic. All who have filled the high trust before him rest in City of the Silent. He is yet in the vigor of life, having been the youngest of our Chief Magistrates, and the country in whose most thrilling annals he is one of the great central figures, will rejoice to see him long among the people who have deemed their richest gifts his merited offerings.

The Ulysses S. Grant of today and the Grant of the future history of the nation, will present very different portraits to the world. Time mellows the passions and prejudices of men, and the grave "covers every defect, buries every error, extinguishes every resentment," and only the attributes of greatness, whether developed in good or in evil, survive for the criticism and example of the generations which follow. The history of each of the three Presidents whose names are inseparably interwoven with our civil war, starts in obscure birth, and their advancement was rough-hewn by their own almost unaided endeavors; and the life of Grant presents the anomalous illustration of a gallant young soldier returning to the obscurity whence he came, and to the listless career that repelled ambition from his dreams. A quiet, unobtrusive, unselfish citizen in humble employment at Galena, he made his scant livelihood out of a few dollars a month he earned, he was called into notice by a local meeting inspired by the appalling news that fraternal war had spread its fearful shadow over the country, and as one known to be skilled in military affairs, he was made prominent in the consultation of his community over the terrible trial that was at hand for free government. Regiment after regiment was organized sent to the field, and Grant was yet behind, for he had few friends to press his promotion and he knew little of the arts which aid self-advancement. One faithful friend, Mr. E. B. Washburne, made Governor Yates, overcome his prejudice, and a reluctant colonel's commission made the hero of Appomattox and the ruler who has stamped more of his individuality upon the Republic than any of the long line of Presidents of the past.

As a soldier he is of his own school. Of all the scores of generals who brightened and faded during four years of battle, none rivaled Grant, in any measure, in the attributes which finally won the costly victory over rebellion. And his military career was as strangely varied as it was grandly successful. His first battle was a mistake and a failure; his next a victory; his next a triumph that called out the grateful affection of the nation, and his next a blunder that was esteemed worse than a crime. Shiloh ended his command, and but for a generously trusting President he would have retired into forgetfulness. Time softened the bitter asperities which crowded upon him, and the recall of Halleck to Washington to become Commander-in-Chief restored the fallen leader of Shiloh to the head of his army. How he won Vicksburg after repeated failure had made the heart of the country sick with hope deferred, is a story that is fresh in every memory. "The Father of Waters again goes unwept to the sea," was the eloquent tribute to his victory that came from the pen of Lincoln. Again at the battle among the clouds of Tennessee he sent out the bulletin of triumph, and with one accord the country that clamored for his destruction but a few months before, rejoiced as Congress created laurels for him which had only been won by a Washington and a Scott; and his orders thenceforth summoned a million men as reapers in the fearful harvest of death. In the Wilderness battles he taught the world how free government made a heroism of its own. It was the tempest of destruction, the hurricane that toyed with the dead, but it was the way to peace, and only Grant would have dared and won as he did. For a long, long twelvemonth he held the Confederacy in its dying agonies, and saw it convulse the civilized world and bereave every home in the land in its struggling throes. But Appomattox came at last, and there was but one man in all the twenty millions who battled on his side, who could have lived in the trust of the nation and tempered victory with the generosity that Grant gave to Lee when the sword of the insurgent leader was surrendered. The great Captain of the age, who had won his fame on the field, taught his country that peace and brotherhood were its priceless jewels. The warrior retired from the field with long disservice States reunited and he was content. He had no love for the sinuous ways of politics and no

ambition to reach the one crown that was above him; but he was a tempting prize for those who struggled for power, and not until after three years of turmoil in the fiercest, passions of factional strife, did he listen to the whispers of ambition. His resolution never to exchange his place at the head of the army for the brief and always doubtful honors of the Presidency was shaken as the struggle of 1868 approached, and not until after the summary displacement of Stanton by President Johnson, did he cast his political fortunes with the Republican party, whose ticket he had never publicly supported. His nomination was a supreme necessity, and his election inevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevity of the soldier, and electrified the nation by the key-note of the campaign: "Let us have peace!" Of his civil administration exhaustive criticism is untimely. Few Presidents committed more grievous errors; few so well redeemed them and recalled the public faith that had faltered. He never reached the popular heart as Chief Magistrate, for he thought little of the multitude in his administration of the Government, but he was conservative and safe and was sustained therefore. He stood unmoved when the Liberal wave of 1872 surged against him, with the ablest founders of his party assailing him, and he saw their lances shivered as they recoiled before his overwhelming triumph. He ruled as a ruler, not as a servant; he made his own policy and forced obedience to it; he framed his own laws when necessity demanded it and compelled obedience to them. To him more than to all others does the country owe the solution of the disputes that threaten the very existence of government, and however many judge the decision of the tribunal, it was the end of turbulence, the restoration of law, and he justly merits the gratitude of the people for his patriotic efforts, which removed the most appalling peril, and stamped the impress of peace and justice upon Louisiana.

The achievements of Grant are of those which will grow in lustre as the passions of the age perish, and his errors will be obscured as the country and the world pay tribute to the achievements of the great Captain of the Republic.—Philadelphia Times.

Wealth is not Happiness.

The first mistake that is made by most men is in making wealth the object of their lives. But wealth, as we know, does not give happiness. The Vanderbilts, the Stewarts and the Astors have not been our happiest men. They are not the typical men in our homes; they are not typical men in social life; they are not the typical men in the delights of life, or in the profession of learning, which perhaps yields the finest joys man can know. We can go down lower still, and find the men who have only one million or so, or a half million, and they do not type the happiness of American homes. Go into their houses. How splendid, how gorgeous, how gaudy they are, and yet they cannot rival the little homes in the love of a husband and wife, in the reverence of children for parents, in the parents' guardianship over children, in all the sweet happiness that affection spreads abroad like a fragrance through the chambers of our houses. You know that almost every American gets wealth who chooses to, though he loses it again, perhaps; but he gets it. It is no great proof of ability nor evidence of success for a man to get wealth in this country and this age. Now, then, it seems to us that if a young man should picture to himself rather a quiet house, sunnily placed on some hillside, with a stretch of meadow in front, through which courses a running stream, shaded by pleasant trees, with a loving wife, a group of pleasant-faced and virtuous children, quietude of days and peacefulness of nights, health and contentment of mind, that would be much better than to set up a fictitious standard and strive incessantly for it as if he thought that you must reach it or be utterly undone.—Murray.

It is an old saying that a man should not marry unless he can support a wife; and from some examples we have seen we are beginning to doubt whether a woman can prudently marry unless she can support a husband.

Alexis has been living in a place where the girls don't wear corsets, and he was terribly surprised when he went to waltz with an American girl and found that his arms reached twice around her waist, and met on her belt buckle in front.

Anybody can shovel snow, but the man who can do it and not swear, is good enough to be an editor.

"Shoot Him on the Spot."

A fine oil portrait of ex-Governor Dix, of New York, has been put up in the "Governor's Room, City Hall, New York, and the event has brought the old warrior again under the considerate care of the interviewers. One of these has gleaned from him the following account of that famous order which gave the veteran Son of Mars such a fame. The General, who alludes to his exploit with the modesty of a true hero, gave a number of facts and incidents hitherto unpublished. In answer to many questions he spoke in substance as follows: At the time of my sending the order to shoot any man that attempted to haul down the American flag, perfect apathy reigned at Washington. The authorities looked quietly on and saw our forts, arsenals and revenue cutters stolen without one word of remonstrance. I confess that my blood boiled. To take care of the revenue cutters was part of my duty as Secretary of the Treasury, and I determined not to leave it undone. Hearing that the Robert McClelland was in danger of falling into the hands of the conspirators at New Orleans through the treachery of its commander, Captain Breshwood, I dispatched to that city Mr. W. H. Jones, chief clerk in the First Comptroller's office, with instructions to Capt. Breshwood to proceed to New York without delay. I wanted to get the vessel in safe quarters. The Legislature of Louisiana was in session, contemplating the passing of an ordinance of secession. Several States had already seceded, and my efforts to get the specie out of the New Orleans mint—there were \$800,000 there at the time—had been unsuccessful. The Director of the Mint declined to recognize my authority. When Jones reached the city he sent me a dispatch to the effect that Capt. Breshwood refused positively in writing to obey my orders, and that his refusal was by the advice of the Collector of the Port. I immediately left the White House, where I was staying temporarily, went to my room in the Treasury building, sat down, and, obeying the impulses of the moment, wrote the following answer to Jones' dispatch: "TREASURY DEPARTMENT, January 29, 1861. W. Hemphill Jones, New Orleans: Tell Lieutenant Caldwell [of the revenue cutter] to arrest Capt. Breshwood, assume command of the cutter, and obey the order through you. If Capt. Breshwood, after arrest, undertakes to interfere with the command of the cutter, tell Lieutenant Caldwell to consider him as a mutineer and treat him accordingly. If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

"JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of the Treasury."

When I had finished writing this dispatch, I thought of taking it over to the President for his approval. But remembering his caution and prudence, especially his paramount desire that if there must be blood shed the North should not spill the first drop, I concluded to act at once on my own responsibility. I gave the letter to my clerk, who copied it and whom I sent directly with the copy to the telegraph office. The letter itself, as was my custom with the originals of public documents, I threw into a drawer reserved for the purpose. Receiving no reply from Jones, I feared my dispatch had been intercepted; and two or three days afterward, at the next Cabinet meeting, I remarked to Mr. Buchanan, "I am afraid, Mr. President, that we have lost another revenue cutter," explaining to him the loss of the Robert McClelland.

"What did you do about it?" asked the President.

"I sent word to Jones to have Breshwood arrested, to put Caldwell in command, and, if any one attempted to haul down the American flag, to shoot him on the spot."

He started, and said, somewhat sternly, with an air of incredulity, "Did you write that?"

"No; I telegraphed it," I replied. He never alluded to the matter again, although I saw him almost constantly until the 4th of March following. About a week afterward Louisiana seceded. Captain Breshwood, saying that he acted under the orders of the legislature, had meanwhile transferred the revenue cutter to the care of that body. When the ordinance of secession passed he hoisted the flag of Louisiana in place of the stars and stripes. The order to Jones, very unexpectedly to me, leaked out through the persons who had intercepted it, and was soon the subject of remark in Washington, where it was accorded a variety of receptions. One day at dinner in the White House, a large number of guests being present, a niece of the President turned suddenly to me with the question: "Did you issue that order?" She was, I believe, connected by marriage with a prominent Southern fam-

ily. At any rate her sympathies were strongly with the South and were ardent in the extreme. I answered her very quietly that I did. She straightened herself, and with a bearing of queenly dignity and authority, not devoid of a certain spice of sarcasm, said, "What authority had you for doing it?" "Oh, Madam," I replied, "it was a sentiment." The President made no remark.

Some Very Unkind Remarks about the Young Men of the Period.

There is altogether too much sentimentalism abroad now-a-days about whipping boys. In ancient days boys were soundly flogged, and they grew up into the men who laid the foundation of the world's civilization. The men who won our independence were all whipped at home and school when they were boys. Our fellows who went out to Mexico, and walked through the hall of the Montezumas had all been spanked by their mothers, boxed by their primary teachers, and flogged by their fathers and the teachers of their youth. Every man on either side in our civil war had felt the rod, and there is not a man in the country over thirty-five who does not remember the good old days of wholesome flogging at school, and feel the better for the discipline that made him then smart. It is only these latter-day young saints whose spirits cannot endure the rod. They are the high-toned young bucks who seize a cue as soon as they can look over a billiard table, who go into the mint-julep business on joint speculation with pocket money just sufficient to go halves on one julep and two straws, who chew tobacco as soon as they cut their second teeth, who torture their infant stomachs with mean cigars, and, as they approach manhood, go home on Saturday night into the presence of their mother and sisters as drunk as fools. They are the same high-spirited fellows who, when they, in the old age of their young manhood, take to themselves wives, being removed from their mothers and sisters, make themselves agreeable by frequently going home, and making their families comfortable for the benefit of the high-toned fellows with whom they run. It is all stuff and nonsense about breaking the spirit of the boys. All that has ever been accomplished in the world has been accomplished by men who were flogged when they were boys. What the new sentimental training is to do for the world will be left for time to reveal, but no person of any intelligence can regard the tenderly-nurtured and mildly-disciplined youth coming up around us now, and say that he discovers in them the elements of a greatness that is to make the grandeur of the past appear mean and little. Cromwell and Nelson and Wellington, and all the heroes of English and American history were vigorously strapped at school, and when the attention of their fond parents was called to the occurrence, they lustily cried out to Tutor Macduff to lay on, and be hanged to him who first cried hold, enough. Boy human nature has not changed since the days of Solomon, and spoiling the youth is as much a consequence now of sparing the rod as in his day. Half the boys of this generation would be improved if they were soundly and regularly trounced three times a week. They might not all need it exactly at the appointed time, but it would benefit all by reminding them that there is an authority paramount to their own unbridled will, and it would make them grow up more law-abiding, peace-obeying, honest, sober and industrious men than three-fourths of them ever have any chance of being. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salary or wages you can get, but work for half-price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow you up individually—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear out all that you earn. Control your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others and ask not help for yourselves. See that you are proud, too. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to be stingy.

A boy going out poaching shot a bird, and another ran to secure the trophy. On coming near to where it had fallen, he found a white owl, so sprawled on the grass as to present to his view only a head with staring eyes and a pair of wings attached. Instantly he shouted in dismay, "We're in it now, Jack; we've shot a cherubim!" Speech is silver; silence is gold.