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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE No. 339. I. O. of O. F. MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. 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. W. E. LATHY. J. B. AGNEW. LATHY & AGNEW, ATTORNEYS 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 to which they may be entitled, by calling on or addressing me at Tionesta, Pa. Also, claims for arrears of pay and bounty will receive prompt attention. Having been over four years a soldier in the late war, and having for a number of years engaged in the prosecution of soldiers' claims, my experience will assure the collection of claims in the shortest possible time. J. B. AGNEW, 415.

E. L. Davis, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties. 40-ly

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA. 4th Street.

F. W. Hays, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Notary Public, Reynolds, Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 30-ly

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa. PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties. 30-ly

Lawrence House, TIONESTA, PENNA. C. F. McCRAY, 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, BENNER & 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. 30-ly

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. 4-17-ly

W. C. COBURN, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co. Having had an experience of Twenty Years in constant practice, Dr. Coburn guarantees to give satisfaction. Dr. Co. has made 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. 23-ly

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. Collections solicited. 18-ly.

WILLIAMS & CO., MEADVILLE, PENN'A., TAXIDERMISTS. BIRDS and Animals stuffed and mounted to order. Artificial Eyes kept in stock. 2-15

NEBRASKA GRIST MILL. THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Lacytown), Forest county, has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted in first-class order, and is now running and doing all kinds of CUSTOM GRINDING. FLOUR, AND OATS. FEED, AND OATS. Constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest figures. H. W. LEDBUR.

EMPLOYMENT, Male and female, salary or commission. We pay agent as salary of \$20 a week and expenses. Bureau Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn. Particulars free. 414

JOB WORK of all kinds done at this office on short notice.

The Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 25, 1877.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertisement, and 2 rows of rates for different ad sizes and durations.

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. Stamping for braiding and embroidery done in the best manner, with the newest patterns. All I ask is a fair trial. Residence on Elm Street, in the Accomb Building. 11

Frank Robbins, PHOTOGRAPHER, (SUCCESSOR TO BERRY.)

Pictures in every style of the art. Views of the oil regions for album taken to order. CENTRE STREET, near R. R. crossing. SYCAMORE STREET, near Union Depot, Oil City, Pa. 20-47

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ELM STREET, SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S STORE.

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.

Pictures taken in all the latest styles of the art. 23-47

H. G. TINKER & CO. WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE.

Dealers in Oil Well Supplies, &c. Tubing, Casing, Sucker Rods, Working Barrels, Valves, &c., Brass & Steam Fittings, Belt-ing, Lace Leather, Casing, &c., Iron, Nails, Steel, Rope, Oakum, &c.

We make a SPECIALTY of one-and-a-quarter-inch Tubing and Steel Rods for Small Wells. H. G. TINKER & CO., Oil City, Pa.

THE LARGEST FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE OIL REGIONS!

MILES SMITH, Dealer in CABINET AND UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE! FRANKLIN, PENN'A.

Consisting of Parlor, Office and Common Furniture, Mattresses, Pillows, Window Shades, Pictures, Looking Glasses, &c.

Also, agent for Venango county for the Celebrated Manhattan Spring Bed and Combination Mattresses, manufactured and for sale at my Furniture Warehouse, 18th Street, near Liberty. Call and see sample Bed. 9-ly

You Can Save Money

By buying your PIANOS and ORGANS from the undersigned Manufacturers' Agent, for the best brands in the market. Instruments shipped direct from the Factory. CHAS. A. SHULTZ, Tuner, Luck Lax 1746, Oil City, Pa.

Dr. J. L. Accomb, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidouts, near Tidoute House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced Physician and Drug list from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

ADVERTISERS send 25 cents to Geo. A. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., for their Eighty-page Pamphlet, showing cost of advertising. 13-4

OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CENTEN'L EXHIBITION

It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 54 copies in one day. This is the only authentic and complete history published. Send for our extra terms to agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 35-4

The Light Brigade.

The charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava is thus described in a story in the Scottish American, entitled "One of the Six Hundred."

Recalling before the glorious charges of our Heavy Brigade, the Russian horse and foot had retired into a narrow gorge at the head of the long green valley. There thirty pieces of cannon were in position, and in the rear of them were formed six solid columns of cavalry and six of infantry, while other dense masses occupied the slopes beyond. Notwithstanding this formidable array, in an almost unassailable position, a message was received by Lord Lucan from Capt. Lewis Edward Nolan, of the fifteenth Hussars, undoubtedly one of the bravest of the brave, to the effect that the Light Brigade was to carry those thirty pieces of cannon.

Another account says that he simply pointed to the guns with his sword, and said, "we should take them," and that the motion was taken for an order. Ere many minutes were passed poor Nolan paid the full penalty of the misconception or error in judgment—if error it was.

Perilous, rash and desperate though the attempt, Lord Lucan reluctantly ordered the Earl of Cardigan to advance with his brigade, and cheerfully obeyed the starting order.

We numbered only six hundred and seven horsemen, officers included. Each officer took up the words in succession—"The brigade will advance! First squadron, march, trot, gallop!" and then for the first time, as I lead my squadron on, did I become aware how thirsty we unconsciously become when under fire. My lips were quite baked, yet the morning air was moist and cool. We had before us a mile and a half to gallop over, level and open ground, unencumbered here and there by the dead and wounded men and horses of the previous encounter; but those were swept over in our advance towards where the black and grim artillery stood, with round and gapping muzzles, before the solid array of Russian horses and foot—these dark columns in long gray capotes, all cross belted, with fixed bayonets in the sun; darker and less distinct clouds of horsemen, whose forest of lances, sword-blades and brighter appointments glittered and flashed among their unnumbered masses. On and on we rode, and faces flushed red, and hearts beat wildly, while the Earl, brave as every English gentleman should be, with all his faults of temper, led us on with brandished sword. Every hand was firm on the bridle, every grasp was firm on the sword, every knee was pressed on the saddle lappets, every rowel was tinged with blood; so, holster to holster and boot to boot, the squadrons were pressing on.

"Charge!" escaped me, almost before the time, and then the maddened horses rushed on at full racing speed, with long invigorating strides. Our lances were all unslung, and in the rest, the banners fluttered before the horses' heads and outstretched necks from which the manes were floating backward like smoke.

We were soon within the lines of fire. Like the thunder of heaven the park of artillery shook the air, as cannon, mortars and rifles opened like fiery hell on front and flanks at once. An iron shower of round shot and grape, shells and rockets, with a tempest of conical rifle bullets, whizzed past our ears, or tore through horses and men, and down they went on right and left at every stride.

Struck on the breast with a shell the gallant Nolan fell back in his saddle with a wild and harrowing cry, as his horse swept round and bore his body to the rear, with his feet still in the stirrups, vindictive, even in death, his reputation as one of England's noblest horsemen.

Man after man, horse after horse, are now going down thick and fast, shrieks and prayers and curses rise together to heaven; but the rest close in from the flank, and firmer, denser, wilder and more resolute than ever we ride the race of death!

On and on yet, steeds snorting, lances rising and falling, pennons fluttering, and sabers flashing in the sunshine.

"Steady, lads, steady!" cried Lionel Beverly, as another shower of grape tore through the squadrons, and many more went down, though some of the horses remained riderless in the rank, and galloped mechanically on. For a moment, amid the confusion, I saw the Col. for the last time as he led us—that noble heart, that polished gentleman and gallant lancer. He was deadly pale, for he was mortally wounded in the side. His life-blood was ebbing; but his sword was still up lifted, and a light was flashing in his eyes, which already could see the "glories and the terrors of the unknown world."

"Close up, gentlemen and comrades! Keep your horses well in hand; but spur on—charge, and charge home! Hurrah!"

A ball hummed past—a twenty-four pound shot, apparently—and where was Lionel Beverly?

Doubled up—a dead and ghastly heap—under a dying and mangled charger! The next who fell was my friend Wilford. If he was somewhat of a dandy in England there was no want of pluck in him here. Leading his troop, he fell close by me, and I leaped my horse over him as he rolled past, churning a mouthful of grass and earth, his features awfully convulsed, and his limbs trembling in their death agony. Poor Fred. Wilford!

On and yet on! Many a familiar face is gone now; the gaps are fearful, and men who were on the flanks, now find themselves in the center.

On we still gallop toward the mouth of fire—on, and fearlessly. The best blood of the three Kingdoms is in our ranks, all well and nobly mounted, the flower of our noble cavalry—on yet like a whirlwind, the hearty British "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" ringing in our ears, the heart's blood seem mounting to the brain—and now we are upon them! Now the red flashing muzzles of the cannon are passed; the gunners are throwing themselves under the wheels and timbers, where we cut them down, and spear or pin them to the turf. Others are rushing for shelter to their squares of infantry, under whose rifles they lie flat and securely, while sheets of lead are tearing through us!

Oh, the superlative bitterness of that moment, when, with all our horses blown, I look back and see that we are without supports!

The guns are taken—the gunners almost annihilated; our horses are breathless. We have to ride back, under such a concentrated fire as troops were never before exposed to.

"It's all up—three about—retire!" A single trumpet feebly gives the call, and away we go.

Shot in the heart, perhaps—my Arab steed sank down gently beneath me; but I receive a severe blow from something, I know not what—the splinter of a shell, probably, which crushed my lance cap, and almost stunned me. I must have remounted myself mechanically, for when we hacked our way back, and reached the rear, I was riding a bay horse of the Eleventh Hussars, the saddle and holsters of which were slimy with blood. The horse fell with me soon after, as it had been disembowled by a grape shot.

Of all those glorious regiments who formed the Light Brigade there came back but one hundred and ninety-eight men; many of these were wounded and many dismounted, and when the rolls were called over at nightfall, it was found that one hundred and fifty-seven were dead, one hundred and nineteen wounded, and three hundred and thirty fine horses were killed, leaving more than one hundred and thirty dragoons unaccounted for.

I had not the heart to number the forty men who represented the two squadrons which followed Lionel Beverly. There, on the green sward of that Valley of Death, lay our gallant Colonel, cut in two by a round shot; Travers, torn to pieces by a grape shot; Sariven, slain by three lance wounds; Howard, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow;" Frank Jocelyn, our old Sergeant-Major, and an incredible number of others killed. The flower of our lancers was there, and among them my faithful follower, Fitzhado, with a rifle bullet in his leg.

Hot, breathless, stiff, sore and covered with bruises, I now discovered that in the melee—though I was unconscious of having struck a blow—there were, at least, twenty notches in the blade of my sword, that I had received three very severe lance prods, two sword cuts, and that my uniform was torn to rags. When we halted to girth up I threw myself on the rich grass of the valley, and, taking off my battered lance cap, felt the cool breeze most grateful as it came from the distant sea. Then I buried my face among the verdure, less for coolness than from excess of weakness, and to hide the sorrow that consumed me for the losses we had sustained.

From a distance came the cheers of the Heavy Brigade, avenging us and completing the work we had begun. Then the fierce excitement—the devil that had possessed me passed away, and I thought only of the dying and the dead.

Tradition says that years ago, when the hen-livers of the Chesapeake swarmed with wild fowl, the hands employed at an iron forge at Havre de Grace once upon a time refused to work because they were fed upon canvas-back ducks instead of bacon.

A late book is entitled "Half Hours with Insects." What a lively half hour one can have with a bee!

In England the chief jockey gets better pay than the prime minister.

The Young Man from Tioga.

On board the steamer Rhode Island Orrin F. Ruggles, of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, Tuesday took passage for Providence. Orrin is a young man, fresh from his native haunts and innocent of guile, and as he strode the vessel's deck he longed for a cheerful companion. Such a one presented himself in the person of E. L. Nesbit, a gentleman peculiar "for ways that are dark," but who, in a vest and coat of clerical cut, is a man of singularly meek and saintly presence. In such a guise he came Tuesday, and to Mr. Ruggles he imparted, with a show of consequence, that he was a leather merchant who had a cargo of hides on board. The young man from Tioga was delighted to make so respectable an acquaintance, and when the latter showed him a pocketbook filled with gold coin his opinion of the stranger became still higher. After absenting himself for a while to look after his merchandise the clerical looking stranger reappeared, and said hurriedly that he was at a loss for change to pay some freight charges, and taking out a one hundred dollar bill he laid it on Orrin's lap and said:

"Will you loan me \$45 for an hour or two till we can change the bill? Keep it till then."

Mr. Ruggles was only too happy to be in a position to oblige his new acquaintance, and he at once counted out the required sum. The stranger took it, smiled his gratitude, rose to go, and then, as if an idea struck him, he said:

"Ah, perhaps I could get some change for the bill below. Let me have it if you can and take this," at the same time producing the plethoric pocket-book in which was the gold coin. "Take it, my dear sir," he added, seeing that Mr. Ruggles hesitated. "It is a mere form, of course, but judicious, very judicious among business men. One cannot tell nowadays with whom one is dealing. Take it, sir, till I return."

The stranger, smiling still more suavely, bowed himself away, and the Tioga youth placed the pocketbook in his coat, thinking all the time how precise and formal these business men were in their dealings. There had been a witness, however, to the colloquy in the person of a small but posted darkey, who expressed his contempt of the whole proceeding by hallooing out:

"Hay, Boss! Reckon you're sold. That 'ar ole cuss'll dust away with the sugar. You're robbed, boss; shoah."

"At this, Orrin F. Ruggles, of Tioga, rose to his feet, and, in his surprise and consternation, hoarsely articulated:

"Sonny, I kin run some."

And he could. Before the stranger had left the pier Orrin had overhauled him, and with his hand fiercely clutching the coat of clerical cut he demanded his money. His acquaintance of the upper deck looked up in surprise.

"What?" said he, "did you think I was stealing it, sir? If you did, sir, here it is. Now give me mine."

At this moment Sergeant Gastlin appeared and arrested Orrin's friend, who was no other than Edward Nesbit, alias Adams, a well-known confidence operator.

It is needless to add that the plethoric pocketbook contained a lot of bogus coin.

Advice is a first-rate thing when the person giving it knows what he or she is talking about. But there are volumes of advice and counsel which are utterly useless, and more than useless because it is simply the result of an uncontrollable desire to say something—what, makes no difference. Advice, to be worth anything, needs to be matured before it is uttered. It is no-thing better, however, as a rule, to attend to your own business and let other people's alone, unless you are invited to interfere. Public men are especially the victims of the advice giver. Every man and woman in the world think themselves called upon to give a man who happens to be in public life a sort of advice, seeming entirely to lose sight of the very important fact that any man who has mind enough to attract any considerable share of public attention probably has enough to manage his own affairs. Get your own affairs in good shape and keep them in it, and do not waste so much of life in looking after other people.

He was praising her beautiful hair, and begging for one tiny curl, when her little brother said: "Oh, my 'tain't nothin' now. You just ought to have seen how long it hangs down when she hangs it on the side of the table to comb it." Then they laughed, and she called her brother a cute little angel, and when the young man was going and heard that boy yelling, he thought the lad was taken suddenly ill.

Among the many anecdotes related of Curran, we cannot help thinking of the following, bearing upon the impertinence and assumption of Judge Robinson, as among the most telling and characteristic attacks of unpremeditated satire upon "blasted empiric" and "puffed pretence," that ever even Curran afforded to the world.

The same Judge Robinson, according to Lord Brougham, "was the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets, and, by his demerits raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced." Curran, very soon after being called to the Bar, on some statement made by Judge Robinson (before whom he was pleading), observed that "he had never met the law, as laid down by his Lordship, in any book in his library." "That may be, sir," said the Judge; "but I suspect that your library is very small." Curran replied, "I find it more instructive, my Lord, to study good works than to compose bad ones. My books may be few, but the title-pages give me the writers' names, and my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdities; that their very authors are ashamed to own them." "Sir," said the Judge, "you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Mr. Curran; "my lord, upon that point I shall cite you to a case from a book of some authority, with which you are, perhaps, not unacquainted." He then briefly recited the story of Stimp in "Roderick Random," who, having stripped off his coat to fight, entrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off. Mr. Curran thus applied the tale:—"So, my lord, when the person entrusted with the dignity of the judgment seat lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." "If you say another word I'll commit you," replied the angry Judge; to which Mr. C. retorted, "If your lordship will do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting that I am not the worst thing your lordship has committed."

A French journal says that a famous French surgeon, lately deceased, who was brusque and unpolished, found, on entering his house one day, an old priest who had been long waiting his return. "What do you want of me?" "I want you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woollen cravat, which revealed on the nape of his neck a hideous tumor. "You'll have to die with that," coolly remarked the surgeon. "I thank you, doctor," simply replied the old priest, replacing his cravat, "and am much obliged to you for warning me, for I can prepare myself, as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much." The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon the priest, who received his death sentence unmoved, with amazement, and said: "Come to-morrow at eight o'clock to the Hotel Dieu, and ask for me." The priest was prompt. The surgeon procured for him a special room, and in a month the man went out cured. When leaving he took out of a sack 30 francs in small change. "It is all I have to offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot from Rouen in order to save this." The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and drew a handful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the 30 francs, saying, "It's for your poor," and the priest went away. Some years later the surgeon, feeling death to be near, bethought him of the priest, and wrote to him. He came at once, and the surgeon received at his hands the last consolation of religion.

The wars of this century have been the most bloody and costly since the palmy days of Rome and Greece. For its ten great bloody periods, viz: the Napoleonic, Grecian, Crimean, Italian, Danish, Austrian (1866) Brazilian, American, Abyssinian and Franco-German wars—leaving out minor expeditions and skirmishes—the figures foot up \$38,367,600,000 expended, and 11,708,600 men destroyed from 1800 to 1871. Two thirds of this aggregate outlay of men and money are to be charged on the ledger to Napoleon I. up to his closing battle fought at Waterloo.

The settled expression of determination that mingles the face of a man who is just starting out to have a tooth pulled is only equaled by the subdued look that creeps over his features as he passes with his hand on the knob of the dental room door, turns quietly around and retreats through the hallway out doors.