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Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Marriages and Death notices inserted gratis.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**  
TIONESTA LODGE, NO. 477.  
I. O. G. T.  
Meets every Wednesday evening, at 5 o'clock.  
J. WINANS, W. C. T.  
M. CLARK, W. S.

Isaac Ash, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OH City, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

W. E. Lathy, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHIEF IN BANCHE, Tionesta, Pa. Will practice in the various Courts of Forest County. Office on Elm Street, two doors above Lawrence's grocery store.

W. W. Mason, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

C. W. Gillilan, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

N. B. Smiley, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Petroleum Centre, Pa. Will practice in the several Courts of Forest County.

Holmes House, TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mable, Proprietor. Good Stabling connected with the house.

Jos. Y. Saut, PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler, Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted.

Syracuse House, TIONESTA, PA., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors. This house has been thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order, with the best of accommodations. Any information concerning Oil Territory at this point will be cheerfully furnished.

Exchange Hotel, TIONESTA, PA., D. S. RAMSDELL & SON, Proprietors. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tionesta. A good Billiard Room attached.

National Hotel, IRVINGTON, PA., W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor. This hotel is NEW, and is now open as a first class house, situated at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny River and Philadelphia & Erie Railroads, opposite the Depot. Parties having to lay out hotel in Tionesta, will find this the most convenient and reasonable charges.

# 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.

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**GREAT EXCITEMENT!**  
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We are in daily receipt of the largest and MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF  
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And Dealer in  
WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.  
Repairing done in a workmanlike manner and warranted to give satisfaction.  
**ESTRAY.**  
CAME to the premises of the subscriber, in Green township, six miles southeast of Tionesta, on Monday, Nov. 21st, a DARK BROWN HELL, about two years old, with a white blaze on the left ear. The owner is required to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, or he will be disposed of according to law.  
PETER YOUNG,  
64-31 Nebraska, Pa.

**A PASTORAL.**  
The following poem is by A. J. Mumby, a hitherto unknown English poet. It is not only natural and easy in its flow, but it is a marvel in the way of versification. Observe the ingenious manner in which certain words of the first stanza are made to rhyme with the corresponding words in the second, and so on in the third and fourth, &c.:  
I sat with Doris, the Shepherd maiden;  
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers;  
I sat and wooed her through sunlight  
weeding,  
And shadows stealing for hours and hours,  
And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses  
Wild Summer roses of faint perfume,  
The while I sued her, kept hushed and  
harkened  
Till shades had darkened from gloss to  
gloom.  
She touched my shoulder with fearful  
finger;  
She said, "We linger, we must not stay;  
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;  
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"  
I answered boldly, "Nay, let me hear you,  
And still be near you, and still adore!  
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling—  
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more!"  
She whispered, sighing, "There will be  
sorrow  
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;  
My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded—  
I shall be scolded and sent away!"  
Said I replying, "If they do miss you,  
They ought to kiss you when you get home;  
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor,  
Should be the labor from which you come."  
"They might remember," she answered  
meekly,  
"That lambs are weakly and sheep are  
wild;  
But if they love me its none so fervent—  
I am a servant and not a child."  
Then each hot ember glowed quick  
within me,  
And love did win me to swift reply;  
"Ah! do not prove me, and none shall  
bind you,  
Nor I fray, nor find you, until I die!"  
She blushed and started, and stood  
waiting,  
As if debating in dreams divine;  
But I did brave them—I told her plainly.  
She doubted vainly, she must be mine.

So we twin-hearted, from all the valley  
Did roam and rally her nibbling ewes;  
And homeward drove them two together.  
Through blowing heather and gleaming  
dews,  
That simple duty from grace did lend her,  
My Doris tender, my Doris true;  
That I her warder did always bless her,  
And often press her to take her due,  
And now in beauty she fills my dwelling  
With love exulting, and undetested;  
And love doth guard her, both just and  
fervent.  
No more a servant, nor yet a child.

**An Indian Village.**  
"One can have no appreciative idea of an Indian village, unless he has been permitted to come across the prairie through a hot summer's sun and suddenly discovers one nestled under the broad shade trees, beside a clear running stream, in a green valley. How pleasant the grass then looks; how refreshing the bright waters, and how cosy the tall lodges, with their shaded verandahs of thickly interwoven boughs.

All day long we had toiled over the scorching plain, through clouds of grasshoppers that often struck us in the face with sufficient force to make the skin smart for several minutes. Once we had seen a mirage of a beautiful lake, fringed with trees and surrounded by green pastures, which invited us to pursue its fleeting shadows, but we well knew all about these deceptions by sad experiences, and pushed steadily on over the burning sands.

The mirages often deceive the weary traveler of the desert. Suddenly the horseman sees a river or lake, apparently, just ahead of him, and he rides on and on, hoping to come up to it. For hours it lies before his eyes, and then in a moment disappears, leaving him miles and miles out of his way. Indians armed then all day striving to oppose the fearful river just before them, and then at night turn back to plead their weary way to where they had started from in the morning. These mirages often lead to death both man and horse.

The mirage we had seen was most delightful, representing a clear lake, with trees, meadows and villages nesting on its shores, but it scarcely equalled the reality of the scene when, late in the afternoon we ascended a rise in the prairie, and saw below us a wide stream lined with green trees, and on its banks a large Indian encampment. The ponies pricked their ears and neighed with pleasure as they smelt the water, and our own delight was unbounded. We halted for a moment to admire the beautiful prospect. Through the majestic trees, slanting on the grass. Far away, winding like a huge silver-serpent, ran the river, while near by in a shady grove, stood the village—the children at play on the green lawns, not made by hands.

The white sides of the teepees shone in the sitting sunlight, and the smoke curled lazily upward from their dingy tops. Bright ribbons and red grass, looking like streamers on a ship, fluttered from the lodge-poles, and gaudily-dressed squaws and warriors walked about, or sat on the green sod under the trees. There were maidens, as beautiful as Hiawatha, or as graceful as Minnehaha, wandering hand in hand, along the stream, or listening under the shade of some wide-spreading tree to words of love, as soft and tender as ever were poured into woman's ear.

Near the village were hundreds of horses and ponies, with bright feathers flaunting in their manes and tails as they cropped the rich grass of the valley. A group of noisy children were playing at a game much resembling teetpins; some boys were shooting at mark with arrows, and up the stream several youths were returning home with rod and line, and fine strings of speckled trout.

Scores of men and women were swimming about in the river, now diving, and then donning each other, amid screams of laughter from the bystanders. We had been perceived by the villagers, and the unexpected arrival of strange horsemen at an Indian encampment always creates great excitement. They may be friends, but they are more often enemies, so the villagers are always prepared for a surprise.

**Useful Information.**  
**HOW TO LAY OFF A SQUARE ACRE OF GROUND.**  
Measure 209 feet each side, and you will have a square acre, within an inch.  
**CONTENTS OF AN ACRE.**  
An acre contains 4,840 square yards. A square mile contains 640 acres.  
**LAND MEASURE.**  
144 square inches, 1 square foot.  
9 square feet, in square yard.  
30 1/4 square yards, 1 square rod.  
40 square rods, 1 square acre.  
640 square acres, 1 square mile.  
**MEASURES OF DISTANCES.**  
A mile is 5,280 feet or 1760 yards in length.  
A fathom is 6 feet.  
A league is 3 miles.  
A "Sabbath day's journey" is 1,155 yards—(this is 18 yards less than two-thirds of a mile).  
A "day's journey" is 33 1/2 miles.  
A cubit is 2 feet.  
A great cubit is 11 feet.  
A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches.  
A palm is 3 inches.  
A span is 10 7/8 inches.  
A pace is 3 feet.  
**BARREL MEASURE.**  
A barrel of flour weighs 196 lbs.  
A barrel of pork, 200 lbs.  
A barrel of rice, 240 lbs.  
A keg of powder, 25 lbs.  
A firkin of butter, 100 lbs.  
A tub of butter, 50 lbs.  
A cask of butter, 60 lbs.  
**BUSHEL MEASURE.**  
The following are sold by weight per bushel.  
Wheat, beans, potatoes and cloverseed, 60 pounds to the bushel.  
Corn, rye and flaxseed, 56 lbs.  
Buckwheat, 52 lbs.  
Barley, 48 lbs.  
Oats, 32 lbs.  
Bran, 20 lbs.  
Timothy-seed, 45 lbs.  
Coarse salt, 85 lbs.  
**QUOTATIONS OF COIN.**  
When gold is quoted at \$1.10, a paper dollar is worth 91 cents nearly.  
When gold is quoted at 1.15, a paper dollar is worth 87 cents.  
When gold is quoted at \$1.20, a paper dollar is worth 83 cents.  
When gold is quoted at \$1.25, a paper dollar is worth 80 cents.  
When gold is quoted at \$1.30, a paper dollar is worth 77 cents nearly.  
When gold is quoted at \$1.35, a paper dollar is worth 74 cents.  
When gold is quoted at \$1.40, a paper dollar is worth 71 cents.  
When gold is quoted at \$1.45, a paper dollar is worth 69 cents.  
When gold is quoted at \$1.50, a paper dollar is worth 67 cents.  
**Why Some Young Men Fail.**  
That so many young men fail to secure lucrative positions or having obtained them, fail to retain them, is their own fault, nine times out of ten. They imagine that it is their misfortune—that they do not possess a "business turn," or do not have an aptitude for the duties of certain positions, or that their employers carelessly distrust them. But if they had the courage to go to the bottom of the matter, they would discover that they themselves are to blame. As a general rule, this class of shiftless youths, who find it so hard to retain positions, are not so anxious to draw employment as to draw a salary; they do not like to work and they will not take a lively interest in their duties. If they are fortunate, through the assistance of friends, or through the assistance of place, they try only to do just enough not to lose it. They do not seek to make themselves indispensable in it, with their eye steadily fixed on a still higher position to which they will certainly be promoted in due time. They do their work languidly and throw it off their minds the moment business hours are over, to think of it no more till the next day, when the task begins again. There can be no success in this conduct. Employers are sharp-eyed, and rarely fail to detect merit in those whom they employ. If one of their assistants is useful to them, they are not willing to do without him; they are ready to pay him what wages he is worth, and they are not anxious for him to reach that point when they can confide a share of their own responsibilities and cares to his hands. The secret of success to

young men lies in the homely virtues of diligence, industry, vigilance and honesty. With these attributes, even not when reinforced by native talent and education, no young man need fail of constant and lucrative employment. They are the open sesame to his employer's confidence and friendship. They are valuable properties in any business, and are as certain to command a good salary as prime wheat is to bring a good price. Those young men who possess them succeed; those who do not possess them fail.

**Elopement Extraordinary.**  
Another case of elopement came to an untimely end in Boston lately. The intending delinquent is a young lady of great beauty, well connected, is heiress in her own right to a splendid fortune, and is only eighteen. Her admirer, a dashing young fellow of the city is not favorably looked upon by her father, consequently their opportunity for exchanging their sweet vows of love were limited. Love, however, laughs at locksmiths, and rather than bear the thralldom longer they resolved to defy the parental authority, and rivet the chains of love with Hymen's lock without his consent. Last evening everything was prepared, the hack was in readiness, the swain eager, the hour had struck, and expectations was on tip toe. But, alas, for blighted hopes, papa got wind of the affair, and locked his daughter up, and prevailed upon the housemaid to take her place. Biddy, unused to such demonstrations, took them all in good part, resolving to carry out the affair to the end, a denouement which occurred sooner than either expected.

"What an infernal smell of whisky—where the deuce does it come from, I wonder?" said Brown, as the fumes came.  
"Faith and sure I dunno."  
"Eb, what? why, Emily, you seem to have mastered the Irish dialogue to perfection ejaculated Brown, not a little astonished at the peculiar accent. But his suspicions were confirmed when he tickled the aforesaid organ, and the mystery of the whisky at the same time cleared up. Seeing he had been sold, and without waiting to step the hack, he dashed open the door and springing out he was up St. Charles street in less than no time. Biddy ordered the hackman to drive to Boylston street, where old H— (the name is suppressed for obvious reasons) bestowed upon her a five dollar bill. Miss H— feels bad, but has not the slightest suspicion of the part Biddy played in the little drama.

**Ballet-Dancing as a Profession.**  
Olive Logan, speaking of the ballet-girls, and their tuteurs, says that dancing is an art, as well as painting or sculpture, and that actresses or ballet-girls are no more immoral than other women, in proportion to their number, and that she can mention as many actresses who are virtuous, as any man can who are not. Principles of decency and virtue are implanted in their hearts when pure to the end. In regard to their salary, she says that in New York city they get from eight to fifteen dollars a week, according to their facility for dancing, which is the only qualification requisite. She, in common with all honorable people, hopes for the time when women, in all branches of all professions and trades, will be less liable to misrepresentation of their motives; and when, if a girl desires to be a ballet-girl or a cigar-shop tender, it will be perfectly understood that she does so to earn a livelihood, and not from other motives.

—Away up in Maine, where it was to be supposed the follies and crimes of fashion had not yet been introduced, it is charged that women even in the smallest towns and villages have adopted the practice of arsenic eating. This is a European custom which has obtained a pretty strong hold in some of our large cities, but which we had presumed was interdicted in the rural districts where the cosmetics of nature, fresh air and exercise, abound on every hand. Its object, as most of our readers must know, is to give whiteness and clearness to the complexion, and for imparting, in the language of the advertiser, "a beautiful and everlasting rose-tint to the cheeks of the fair." The only arguments against its general use are, that in a short time it gives a deadly pallor to the countenance of its victims and an unnatural brilliancy to the eyes, that it is impossible to give up the practice when once commenced, and that it will eat up the vital powers quicker than alcohol or opium.

—John Allen, the "wickedest man" in New York, is outdone by the "wickedest woman" in New York, who has felt the sins of her way and changed them. Annie Russell, keeper of the most disorderly place in the miserable Fourth ward, having repented, has caused all the furniture of her Water street bagnio to be literally "broken up" with axes, and it is now to be used as a place of worship. This conversation results from attendance at the "Home for Women," at John Allen's old place, where noon-day prayer meetings have been held every day since its establishment. A bit of instruction is contained in her statement that in 1866, she had left Water street, as she confidently believed never to return, and had removed to a quiet locality up-town. Here for some months she lived in quiet and was at first treated kindly by her neighbors. She furnished her house neatly and all the past appeared forgotten. But Tom Norton, unwilling to lose the rent of the house on Water street, began systematically the work of driving her back to her old place and occupation. He talked with the frequenters of the bar-room in the vicinity and others until her former history was known by all her new found friends. She did not hear of his actions for some time, but noticed that she was shunned, and she became so miserable that she sought her old abode on Water street to drown her agony. She says it was a cruel alternative, but she felt compelled to choose it. All who have seen and talked with her at this time are encouraged to believe in the sincerity of her conversation. She says she has paid the rent upon the house which she lately occupied up to January 1st, and that as long as she can rent the house it will be used as a chapel room. She prays very frequently to herself and all her wretched sisters in Water street. It has been ascertained that she has considerable money and owns several houses up town. She has placed the work of collecting the rent entirely in the hands of the missionary of the Home, and intends to devote the rest of her life to saving of fallen women. The best assurance of her sincerity is the utter hatred which she has for the means of her former life. She says she never wanted to see it again.

—In a small city, not far distant from the "Hub," resides a dentist named Brown. He received an order from his beloved pastor for a set of false teeth. The work was executed promptly, and the pet shepherd of his pet flock called in at the appointed time to receive them. Brown fixed them in the reverend customer's mouth, when the latter, stepping to the glass to see the effect, said slowly and distinctly:  
"Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!"  
Now Brown is more noted for his quickness of temper and profanity than for his piety; and hearing his customer speak in such a manner, his ire was quickly aroused.  
"Blast it!" he exclaimed, "if you don't like the teeth, you needn't take them, but there is no penalty for your swearing about it."  
"My dear sir," he said, "I was not swearing about the teeth; but for ten years I have not been able to pronounce my beloved Savior's name distinctly; I was only trying your teeth."

—We heard a gentleman, who has been in position in our Lancaster courts during the last forty-eight years, relating an incident the other day within his own recollection, where two persons living in this county, had a suit about the payment of the value of two bushels of lime, valued at the time 11 cents per bushel. The result was, that after being in litigation for four or five years, going to the Supreme Court, etc., it was finally decided to divide the costs between them, while the original sum equally divided, would have amounted to but eleven cents each.—Moral—Never have recourse to the arbitrament of law of petty cases, and never for any case if you can possibly avoid it.—Lancaster Express.

—A good story is told of a man who having, after a long struggle, worked himself into good society by means of the aristocratic alliance of his daughter, gave a grand dinner party to his newly-acquired circle. He didn't invite his own brother, for the reason that "society is getting so mixed one must draw a line somewhere."  
—Said Sidney Smith to some ladies when he was told that one of the grafts at the Zoological Garden had caught cold, fancy "a giraffe with two yards of sore throat."  
—One-sixth of the female population of England work out of doors.  
—The way to treat a man of doubtful credit is to take note of him.  
—The Germans hope to hang up their Christmas stockings in Paris.

**Rates of Advertising.**

One Square (1 inch), one insertion	10 00
One Square " " one month	3 00
One Square " " three months	8 00
One Square " " one year	25 00
Two Squares, one year	45 00
Quarter Col. " " " " " "	30 00
Half " " " " " "	50 00
One " " " " " "	100 00

Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, \$10 per year.  
Legal notices at established rates.  
These rates are low, and no deviation will be made, or discrimination among patrons. The rates offered are such, as will make it to the advantage of most of the business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

**CRUMBS SWEEP UP.**  
By REV. T. DE WITT TALMADE, The most Popular Preacher in America. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell this great work, is better than Mark Twain, and no trouble to sell. Big price. Send for terms and illustrated page circular. Evans, Stoddard & Co., Publishers, No. 740 Sansom St., Philadelphia.