

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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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MILES W. TATE. P. T. PETTIS & TATE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, 215 Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

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

George A. Jenks, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office on Elm Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

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

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M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek. Mr. Ittel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely.

FOREST HOUSE, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh.

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

Exchange Hotel, LOWER TIDOUITE, Pa., D. S. RANSOM & SON PROP'RS. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidouite.

National Hotel, IRVINGTON, PA. W. A. Hallenback, Proprietor. This hotel is new, and is now open as a first class house.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend to Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and Grocery Store, located in Tidouite, near Tidouite House.

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

H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

JOHN A. DALE, PRES'T. TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Exchange Business. Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold.

SLOAN & VAN GIESEN. BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON-MAKERS. Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in this line, and will spare every thing done at their shops to give satisfaction. Particular attention given to HORSE-SHOEING.

LLOYD & SON, WATER STREET, TIONESTA, PA. HAVE JUST OPENED an extensive Stock of FLOUR AND FEED, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Which they offer to the public at rates as low as can be given by any other establishment in town. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

The Republican Office KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Subpoenas, Warrants, Summons, &c. to be sold cheap for cash.

D. W. CLARK, (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.) REAL ESTATE AGENT. HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT. Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c., and am therefore qualified to act intelligently as agent of those living at a distance, owning lands in the County.

Office in Commissioners Room, Court House, Tionesta, Pa. D. W. CLARK, 44-ly.

THE SUPERIOR LUMBER CO., MANUFACTURERS OF Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c. Mills on Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa.

Yards & Office cor. 22d & Rail Road Sts., PITTSBURGH, PA. Jos. Y. Saul, PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler.

EDWARD DITHRIDGE, Prop'r. FORT PITT GLASS WORKS. Established A. D. 1827.

DITHRIDGE & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Dithridge's xx Flint Glass PATENT OVAL LAMP CHIMNEYS.

AND Silvered Glass Reflectors. These chimneys do not break by heat. Ask for DITHRIDGES. Take no other.

DITHRIDGE & SON, Pittsburgh, Pa. 25-ly.

New Boarding House. MRS. S. S. HULLINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders.

S. S. JONES - - Proprietor. NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE IN TIONESTA.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO. HAVE just brought on a complete and carefully selected stock of FLOUR, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

and everything necessary to the complete stock of a first-class Grocery House, which they have opened out at their establishment on Elm St., first door north of M. E. Church.

TEAS, SUGARS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, FRUITS, SPICES, HAMS, LARD, AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS, at the lowest cash prices.

Goods warranted to be of the best quality. Call and examine, and we believe we can suit you. GEO. W. BOVARD & CO. Jan. 9, '72.

A MIRACLE! Mr. Samuel Bell, of W. E. Schmeitz & Co., Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, 31 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been afflicted with chronic rheumatism for thirty years.

Mr. Gilliland's Pain Killer, he was finally induced to try it. A second application enabled him to lay aside his crutch, and a third effected a permanent cure.

Mr. Bell is a popular and well-known citizen, is a living monument of the efficacy of that great medical discovery, Gilliland's Pain Killer. The afflicted should ask their grocer or druggist for it, and try its wonderful power.

Mr. Gilliland, we understand, wants a respectable agent in every town and county for it. The principal office is at 72 Third Avenue, Pittsburgh Pa. 31-4t.

AGENTS WANTED--Bound canvassing book SENT FREE! of postage on receipt of 75 cents, and exclusive territory granted on the PICTORIAL HOME BIBLE.

Contains over 300 illustrations. Is a complete Library of Biblical Knowledge. Excels all others. In English and German. Wm. Flint & Co., Phila., Pa. 27-4t.

THE BOOT AND SHOE STORE. IF YOU WANT a perfect fit and a good article of Boots and Shoes, of the finest workmanship, go to H. L. McCANCE'S, 39 CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA. Satisfaction guaranteed. 2-33 1/2.

JIM WILD. BY F. BRET HARTE. Say, there! I Praps Some of you chaps Might know Jim Wild? Well,--no offense! That ain't no sense In gettin' riled!

Jim was my chum Up on the bar; That's why I come Down from up yar, Lookin for Jim. Thank ye, sir! you Ain't of that crew-- Best if you are!

Money?--not much; That ain't my kind; I ain't no such. Rum?--I don't mind, Seein' its you.

Well, this yer Jim, Did you know him? Jess 'bout your size; Same kind of eyes? Well that's strange-- Why it's two year Since he come here, Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us, Eh? The duce you say. Dead?-- That little cuss?

What makes you star-- You, over that? Can't a man drop 'S-glass in your shop But you must rar? It wouldn't take Very much to break You and your bar.

Dead! Poor--little--Jim!-- Why that was me, Jones and Bob Lee, Harry and Ben-- No-account men;-- Then to take him!

Well, that--Good by-- No more sir,--I-- Eh? What's that you say?-- Why, dern it!-- She!-- No! Yes! By Jo! Sold!

Sold! Why, you limb, You ornery, Darned old Long-legged Jim!

[From our Special Correspondent.] A TRIP TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KY.

DEAR EDITOR:--With your permission I propose to give a description of our trip to the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky:

Leaving Louisville on Monday morning, June 10th, we reached the Cave Hotel in due time, but being fatigued we did not enter upon our explorations until after dinner.

The party consisted of several ladies and gentlemen from your State, and several others who went there for the same purpose, i. e. to see the cave.

One must see a party attired for the cave to appreciate their appearance. The "cave suits" for the ladies are somewhat picturesque, while those for the gentlemen are simply--well suffice it to say your correspondent wore his only one day, as he did not think it very attractive, either in fit or material.

Promptly at 4 p. m. we took up our line of march, led by the accommodating guide, James --, a very intelligent colored man. Winding our way down a deep ravine we reached the mouth of the cave, which is about five hundred yards from the hotel.

It has a wild, weird look, as, standing just above the entrance, you gaze down into its depths of darkness. Our lamps were soon lighted and we started on our journey, to make what is called the "short route."

Before proceeding further, it may be well to give a few facts about the cave. It is situated in Edmonson county, Kentucky, about nine miles from Cave City, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, from which place it is reached by stage. It was discovered in 1809, by a man named Houchins, who ran a bear into it.

During the war of 1812 saltpeter was manufactured in this cave; the old vats still remaining in a good state of preservation. Though sixty years have passed away the rats, worn by the cart wheels used in transporting the saltpeter, are still plainly visible in the now almost petrified earth.

For many years after this the cave was considered of little value, and at one time the property on which its entrance is situated, containing 200 acres, was sold for only fifty dollars.

It is now owned by a company, and is leased by Mr. D. L. Graves, who is the proprietor of the hotel, and who knows how to make his guests comfortable and happy.

It would be vain to attempt a description of the many interesting scenes in the cave. Nothing but sight can give any adequate idea of their grandeur. I will therefore content myself with a brief running account of our trip through this subterranean world, leaving the imagination of the reader to draw the pictures as I proceed.

Passing along the "narrows," and leaving the saltpeter vats to our right, the first place of interest we reached was the Methodist Church. This is a large apartment, eighty feet in height. It is said meetings were held there fifty years ago, and the logs used as seats are still there. A projecting rock some fifteen feet high served as a pulpit platform.

Passing on by "Wandering Willie's Spring," we entered the Gothic avenue, saw the "Giant's Coffin," and reached the "Gothic Chapel." This is a very large room, the ceiling appearing to be supported by gigantic stalactites, which extend to the floor.

The stony icicles are large enough to form ribbed pillars, and fair gothic arches. Three of these stalactite pillars form the altar. Our guide told us that three couples had been united in marriage before this altar.

The first couple were driven to this subterranean chapel because the fair bride had solemnly promised her mother that she would not marry any one on the face of this earth! So she had to go under the earth.

The guide said he knew of no reason for the other marriages there unless the parties wished to "run matrimony in to the ground." Next we reached the "Devil's Arm Chair." This is a very large pillar, with a very comfortable seat in it.

Nearly all our party tried the chair and as Miss McF-- sat in it some one remarked, "Now it is forever purified," and as your humble servant in turn took the seat, the remark was made, "Now the old fellow himself is in it." I vacated immediately.

Passing on our way we came to a small body of clear water, named "Lake Purity," from which we drank, and hastened by objects of minor interest to the famous "Star Chamber." This is sixty feet in height, seventy in width and five hundred in length.

The ceiling is composed of Black Gypsum, and is studded with innumerable white points, which, by the dim light, presents a resemblance of stars. Here all our lamps were hidden or extinguished, and the guide threw a faint light upon the ceiling, and most of the party immediately went into ecstasies over the starry heaven which they fancied they saw.

By far the grandest sight on the "short route" is "Gorin's Dome." This is more than two hundred feet high, and its walls present a gorgeous, and impressive appearance when lighted by a Bengal light.

This is alone worth a visit to the cave. Turning away we now retraced our steps and soon were again in the outer world.

Next week I will give you a description of the "Long Route." D. FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY--THE LONG ROUTE.

DEAR EDITOR:--As I promised you in my letter of last week I will now try and give you a description of our second day's journey to the Mammoth Cave by the "Long Route."

After a pleasant night's rest, the next morning, at 8 promptly, we set out on the long route to reach the entrance of which we went over a mile or more of ground (or rather rock) traversed the day before, and left the main cave at the foot of the "Giant's Coffin." The entrance is very difficult and requires one to appear very much in the same ridiculous attitude the ladies assume in the Grecian bend!

Roving on through the deserted chamber and other places of no interest we came to a long, serpentine and narrow passage, called "Fat Man's Misery;" and it is well named,

for it is almost impossible for one weighing, say 250 or 275 pounds, to get safely through it. It is about fifty yards long. The lower part of the avenue in width is from fifteen to thirty inches, and the upper part, that is from a man's chest to his head, from four to eight feet. In height it varies from four to eight feet, the greater part of the way averaging but four feet. The heaviest man known to have passed this tortuous avenue weighed 263 pounds. The "Fat Man's Misery" leads to a large hall, called "Great Relief."

Through "River Hall" we reached "Bacon Chamber," where most visitors think they see a fine collection of limestone hams and shoulders suspended from the ceiling. My impression, however, was that unless told so by the guide, imagination would never see the bacon. Leaving "Bacon Chamber" we went on to the "Dead Sea." This is the most awful wild and solemn view in the cave. Along a narrow, slippery terrace, we passed a deep gulf, which, when illuminated by the Bengal light, we saw to be a body of water some fifty feet long, twenty-five wide and fifteen deep.

From the terrace to the water is an almost perpendicular wall about forty feet high. There is a terrible grandeur in this place, and as I write I involuntarily shudder at its gloom.

Connecting with the "Dead Sea" is the river "Styx." As you pass along you hear the dull sound of invisible waterfalls. The deep, dark river is over-arched with rock so that we crossed it on a natural bridge. The "Styx" is one hundred and fifty yards long, from fifteen to forty wide, and varies in depth from thirty to forty feet. The natural bridge crosses the river about thirty-five feet above it.

Soon we reached the calm and peaceful lake "Letha." This is one hundred and fifty yards long, thirty feet wide, and has an average depth of twenty feet. As we stood by its side and peered out over its waters, we could almost fancy we stood by the heathen stream of oblivion--so dense was the darkness--so awful still the scene.

Here we had to embark in boats. As they moved away, the reflection of the swinging lamps in the water was beautifully sublime. But a few hundred yards further on we reached "Echo River," which is three-fourths of a mile in length. Connected with this river are some of the most delightful impressions we received in the cave. There are sights more gorgeous, more awful, more sublime, but nowhere are the senses of sight and sound so beautifully and so charmingly brought into unison, as at "Lake Letha." So here we crossed in boats which made three trips before we reached the "other shore."

Before crossing "Echo River" our guide fired a pistol and the reverberations were louder than the heaviest artillery or thunder I ever heard. In these waters are found the celebrated eyeless fish. The fish are rarely over eight inches long and resemble the common catfish very much. They have not the slightest trace of the organ of vision and are almost transparently white.

I have not space to dwell on many places of interest, but will briefly refer to the remainder of our journey. By a tedious and monotonous route we reached "Washington Hall," where we partook of the frugal repast set before us by our guide. Some of the party complained of a scarcity of provisions, but as every body knows my well merited reputation, as a small cater, this was of no great inconvenience to me.

The most artistic portion of the cave is to be seen after leaving the dining hall. Passing through "Snowball Room" and avenue we came into "Cleveland's Cabinet," which, in its extraordinary beauty, is the crowning glory of the cave. This avenue is about two miles in length and is a perfect arch of fifty feet in the centre. It is completely incrustated from end to end with crystallizations of gypsum, white as snow. These crystallizations assume various figures, mimicking flowers of all climes. Sometimes the hard rock is changed into a parterre of white roses; sometimes it is starred with opening daisies; the sunflowers spread their flat disks and

rayed leaves; the feathery chalice of the cactus hang from the clefts; the night blooming cereus opens securely her snowy cap, for the morning never comes to close it; "the tulip is here a virgin, and knows not that her sisters above are clothed in scarlet of shame." Among so much magnificence it was difficult to select special objects for the memory to retain.

But the "Last Rose of Summer" deserves mention. This is a large white rose, eight inches in diameter, which hangs from the ceiling, and, strange to say, is the last flower in the avenue, and there are no others in the immediate vicinity. This fact gives it solitary beauty which it would not otherwise possess.

The cross attracted considerable attention. This consists of two crevices in the ceiling, intersecting each other at right angles, forming a maltese cross. These crevices are lined with flowers of plaster of paris. The cross is about eight feet long.

Leaving these enchanted scenes where we see God's appreciation of the beautiful we soon crossed the "Rocky Mountains" and reached "Crogans Hall," the end of the cave, having traveled a distance of nine miles. Wearily we set out on our return.

Several of our party had been too tired to proceed beyond "Cleveland's Avenue," and had already started back.

Finally the cave's mouth was reached and toiling up the hill we soon surrounded the well filled tables of the dining-room, and I opine that that there was not much margin for the landlord that night.

In conclusion I would say we had a most delightful trip, although we were all very tired. D.

The Detroit Free Press mourns the loss of a smart boy in this manner: "The public will regret to learn that the family of James Otis, Porter street, is to remove to Saginaw, taking young Johnny along. The boy started out two years ago by shooting himself. Two months after he choked himself with a fish bone. A few days after he built a fire in the barn and called out the steamers. He then swallowed a top, got run over by an ice wagon, fell into the river, was lost for three days, and first and last he has been a fountain of local news, whose value cannot be estimated on a slate four feet square. If the Saginaw reporter only commences on him right he will "pau out" at least three times per week. He should be furnished with a box of matches, a horse pistol and plenty of gunpowder, and it won't do any harm to pat him on the back occasionally and tell him that his efforts are appreciated."

One of the most remarkable men in Mexico is General Manuel Lozada, an independent chieftain, who prides himself on having in his veins the blood of the Montezumas. For many years he has been independent of the government, has his own army, collects his own revenues, makes his own laws, and declares war and makes peace to suit himself. The population of his canton is 30,000, all Indians, and under his complete control. He maintains the most stable and orderly government in Mexico. He is a farmer by desires and tastes, and one of the hardest-working men in the canton. His people are comfortable and happy, yet he cannot write his name. That sort of thing is done for him by a priest who is always by his side.

An Irish correspondent of an English paper, after stating the fact that every steamer is loaded with emigrants for America, many being left behind for want of accommodations on board, says: "I sincerely hope my poor countrymen are 'improving their position' in going to the 'Far West'; but if emigration on this scale continues a little longer, I think Ireland will become a large pasture farm. Already several large farmers in my locality have sold off their milk cows and turned to feeding dry stock, in consequence of the scarcity of female servants."

In Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, a young woman called at a tailor's establishment to procure work. One of the workmen, an entire stranger to her, being attracted by her appearance, struck up a talk, and in less than an hour they were made man and wife. Of course such a protracted courtship afforded every opportunity for the young lady to become thoroughly acquainted with the disposition and character of her spouse, and a happy married life must be the result.

A young man in Hartford read somewhere that more deaths occurred at five o'clock in the morning than at any other hour, and now gets up regularly at four, in order to be out when Death makes his morning calls.

The following extract from the Louisville Courier is a gem in its way: "The New York Sun, which is seldom satisfied with things, objects to the proportions of rattle-snake recently seen in Carter County, in this State, and described as reaching from one side of the road to the other, while its body was as big as an ordinary churn. The Sun says 'that was a very badly-proportioned snake,' and that 'it should have been a good deal longer or else a good deal thinner.' We should like to know who is running the snakes of this State, herself or the editor of the New York Sun. When things come to such a pass that New York arrogates to herself to dictate to Kentucky the size and shape of her serpents, it is high time for the trumpet to sound to arms and for the sword to leap from its scabbard."

A few days ago a couple of Boston runners entered a restaurant in Portland and ordered dinner. One was pleased to order a plate of baked beans. When he came to settle he asked the price, and was informed that forty cents would be satisfactory. The runner was astonished, and exclaimed--"Isn't that a h--l of a price for beans?" The man of grub got mad, and said that was the price and that must be paid. The runner re-uttered the same pious exclamation of astonishment several times and paid the seat. On going out of the door he turned and yelled it again, but the bean man was silent. The next day the restaurant keeper received a dispatch and paid the telegraph boy forty cents. Judge, if you can, of his utter disgust when upon opening it he read, "Isn't that a h--l of a price for beans?"--Bangor Commercial.

We have a little story for boys with a nice moral to it. Little Johnny Moore, away out in Monroe, Mich., went to a picnic last week, and like a foolish little boy that he was, tried to smoke a cigar. It made him sick, of course, and he threw himself on the wet grass and lay there a long time. The result was he had congestive chills and died. It is a sad story, and the moral is--that you can go to picnics if your parents are willing, but you had better not try to smoke cigars, and by all means don't lie on the wet grass.

There seems to be an unusual anxiety nowadays to save the lives of murderers. The minions of the law will neither compass their death nor allow them the privilege of doing it themselves. A wretch in Peoria, Illinois, who had slain one wife and obtained another in Kentucky, tried to poison himself a few days ago, but was prevented. His wife had kindly furnished him with a dose of corrosive sublimate, but was disappointed by the meddling officers.

A simple, practical test is given in the American Artisan to test the purity of coffee by which many adulterations of that article can easily be detected, even if the taste is not a sure index. If a teaspoonful of genuine ground coffee be thrown into a tumblerful of cold water, it will float upon the surface. Most substances used in adulterating coffee will sink at once.

A printer, having been "flung" by his sweet heart, tried to commit suicide. The "devil" found him out and took him to the sanatorium where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. The picture of despair presented by the editor reconciled the printer to his fate. He began to consider himself as comparatively happy.

A New Fairfield man who failed to get a thirty cent pine apple for a quarter of a dollar, wanted to know "whether we are breathing the pure air of freedom, or being strangled with the fetid breath of a hellish despotism?" The storekeeper said those were the only pine apples he had.

An aged couple in a village reproved a young man for familiarities with their daughter, when he thus to them did make reply: "Well, you needn't be so bouncy about it, we've been married a year."

An ingenious youth, in Quincy, Ill., has been doing a thriving trade in selling rats' tails, planted in flower pots, to unsophisticated florists, as specimens of new species of cactus.

A Kansas paper in reporting a trial, concludes with "the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, but if the prisoner is sharp, he will leave town without loss of time."

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they have no business, and the other is that they have no mind.

An old farmer said of his clergyman, whose sermons lacked point: "Ah, yes, he's a good man; but he will ramb with the teeth upward."

A dumb man recently went to law with a deaf man. The latter, of course, was the deaf-endant.