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Lawrence House, WM. LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR. This house has just been opened to the public and the furniture and fittings are all new. Guests will be well entertained at reasonable rates. It is situated on Elm St., opposite Superior Lumber Co. Store, 39-ly.

Tionesta House, 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. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 20-ly.

FOREST HOUSE, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite 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.

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Dr. J. L. Acomb, 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 Tidoute, near Tidoute 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. 4-ly.

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SLOAN & VAN GIESEN, BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON-MAKERS, Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA. This firm is prepared to do all work in the line, and will warrant everything done in their shops to give satisfaction. Particular attention given to HORSE-SHOING. Give them a trial, and you will not regret it. 18-ly.

TEN EYCK & VANDERSAAL, WHOLESALE & RETAIL CONFECTIONERS.

STORE: No. 3 South Seneca Street, NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE. MANUFACTORY: No. 88 North Seneca Street, 39-ly. OIL CITY, PENN'A.

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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. 4-41-ly. D. W. CLARK.

New Boarding House, MRS. S. S. HULINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders, and all transient ones who may favor her with their patronage. A good stable has recently been built to accommodate the horses of guests. Charges reasonable. Residence on Elm St., opposite S. Haslet's store. 23-ly.

A. H. PARTRIDGE, DEALER IN FURNITURE, CHAMBER SUITS, SOFAS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, MATRESSES, LOUNGES, SPRING BEDS, &c., &c., FRAMING PICTURES, A SPECIALTY.

Has a large variety of Mouldings of all kinds, and will frame to order all pictures brought to him in any style to suit customers. Rooms in second story of Bonner & McKay's new building, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa. 39-3m.

ORMSTON & HOSEY, CENTRE STREET, OIL CITY, PA., BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS, TWINES, TOYS, INKS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Books, Newspapers and Magazines MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS. At publishers rates. 39-ly.

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.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, 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. Jan. 8, 1873. GEO. W. BOVARD & CO.

JAS. MCKAY, at the Post Office, has opened out a choice lot of CONFECTIONARIES, CANNED FRUITS, CIGARS, AND NOTIONS OF ALL KINDS. A portion of the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. M. MCKAY. 40-ly.

INDIAN JUGGLERY.

Jugglery is another amusement of which all Oriental nations are extremely fond. So numerous and various are the facts practised by the performers in this line that "Indian Jugglery" is famous the world over, and their wonderful dexterity in all matters requiring unusual slight-of-hand has passed into a universal proverb. A visit at the house of a wealthy Hindoo, on the occasion of his son's marriage, gave me an opportunity of witnessing some of their rare feats in this line. The wedding festivities comprised two whole weeks of banquets, processions and entertainments of all sorts, with a most extravagant display of jewels and torches, flowers and silks along the pathway of the bridal party, the whole costing, it is said nearly a lakh of rupees, or some forty-five thousand dollars. But, then, the bridegroom was an only son, and there is no other occasion on which an Oriental will so lavishly pour out his wealth as the birth or marriage of a son. During the day the time was divided between eating, dancing, theatrical exhibitions, concerts, gambling and jugglery, and at night there was always a brilliant display of fireworks while the festival lasted. But of all, the jugglery was most wonderful. Grass seed was sown before our eyes, and in five minutes after a beautiful green lawn of smooth-shaven grass lay at our feet. A tiny, two-leaved plant was handed us to look at. We saw and felt it, and perceived that it was a genuine mango tree, having but two imperfectly developed leaves, with a portion of the seed still adhering. In half an hour we at the mangoes plucked apparently from this very tree, which had seemed to grow before our eyes till it had towered above our heads, budded, blossomed and bore fruits that turned from green to golden almost as rapidly as they could be plucked and eaten.

A bronze basin of clear water, which we had the privilege of examining, was placed on a stand; and though, when we trust in our hands, there was found nothing but the water, in a little while a magnificent lotus or water lily sprang up therein, and lo! its huge blossoms, pink-hued and fragrant, were before us—mammoth flowers, eighteen inches in diameter! The spectators were in ecstacy. Young and old even the natives, who had all seen the wonders before, clapped their hands with delight; only the magician himself was quite reticent. Presently he held up a piece of yellow tissue paper, perhaps six inches square, and after turning it round and round in various positions, he formed of it quite a natural-looking butterfly on his open palm, and so arranged two wax lights as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly between them without affecting the flame, and then by a more gentle motion over the insect, he started it into apparent life. First, it moved slowly toward the fan, as if testing its powers of locomotion, then tripped more lightly along the edge, and finally bore away, wheeling and dipping toward a vase of flowers that stood near, then floating away in very wantonness, and presently returning, lighting and coquetting among the dainty blossoms like a thing of life, the wings fairly quivering with excitement. Just then a mate was supplied to the lonely excursionist by the same magic power that had given the first its full being; and together the fairy tourists set forth on their travels. Round and round they wheeled and floated, but always within the charmed circle about the conjuror's head, sometimes kissing his cheeks and lips, together or singly lighting on the outspread fan or returning to flutter among the flowers, then flirting or coquetting with each other, putting their tiny heads together in mutual caresses, and shaking their gauzy wings with all the pretty airs and graces of living birds. The scene ended by the magician taking a small peal box out of his bosom, opening it and holding it toward the butterflies. They seemed to observe the downy cotta which the box was lined, and in climbing curves they moved toward it, and crouched down, with wings outspread, upon the dainty couch prepared for them. The juggler closed the box at once, and as he did so we saw seated upon the top, a live creature that croaked forth sweet songs until its little throat seemed ready to split, as if striving to compensate for the departure of our butterfly favorites. Suddenly the song of joy was changed into piercing notes that betokened horror or alarm, and we saw at the conjuror's feet a deadly cobra di capella, coiled as if to spring, with its glaring eyes fixed upon the spot, that seemed spell-bound to the spot, either too frightened or fascinated to move. The man waited till the snake was in the very act of springing, and then, with a few words spoken in low, musical tones, and a gen-

tle droning movement of his hand, he seemed to throw the cobra in the same trance-like state that the bird had evinced, while the latter roused up and flew eagerly into the juggler's bosom, which had been opened for its reception. From this same capacious receptacle, apparently exhausted in its resources, was drawn out another cobra, and after allowing them time to make each other's acquaintance, sometimes exciting them to anger, and again soothing to quietude by his soft words and droning motions, the juggler wrapped them around his neck and arms, and stood with exultant pride, allowing them to touch his nose, the tip of his tongue, and in one instance the pupil of his eye, with their vibrating tongues. But all the while he held a small lute in his hand, and when words seemed to fail he played a few notes on the instrument, which soon reduced the reptiles to a state of dreamy quiescence. After performing various daring feats with them, to show the audience that the snakes had in no way been mutilated, he threw a large chicken between them. Both struck at it, and it died in about five minutes.

A TEMPERATE CONGRESS.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Evening Journal writes: Time was when, perhaps, to have been a Congressman was to have been a drunkard. But those were days when forensic eloquence was introduced and supplemented by the whisky glass upon the member's desk, and when Puritan preachers braced themselves to proclaim the "damnation of hell" by the substantial inspiration of whisky toddy. Now the only approach to a public use of stimulants in Congress is the sipping of tea in the House lobby and the two modest cups of maccaboy snuff which grace either end of the Speaker's table. The change in public exhibitions of intemperance among our leading men is not less marked than is this difference in the character of the recognition given to stimulants by Congress. It is not so many years since it would require the fingers on more hands than one to count the drunkards in Congress. At nearly the same time there were three confirmed inebriates holding seats in the United States Senate. And although there are many public men who looked upon "the wine when it is red," and white, and golden yellow, I do not know of a man in either house of Congress who can be called a drunkard. I know not of a man holding a position of any considerable prominence in the government service who is addicted to intemperate habits. There are hundreds of clerks here, some of whom have at time something in their pockets, and little in their heads. The bumper class is made up of these clerks. But the drunkenness among them is by no means as considerable as has been described. I do not know that there are more young men of dissolute habits among government clerks here than may be found among a similar number of young men in similar employments in commercial cities. And there are hundreds of young men here who, with scanty salaries, uncertain tenure of office, fair abilities and large families, have saved enough by temperance and economy to buy themselves good homes, and will transmit honorable names to their children, in spite of the wholesale aspersions which are cast upon their class.

NATHUEL S. PIKE.

Among the reminiscences of Samuel N. Pike, the recently deceased millionaire, the Cincinnati Gazette has the following: When his first opera house was built he superintended himself its construction. He gave out no contracts save, we believe, for plastering; but he secured the completion of the building for a sum considerably less than in those days such work was usually done. When that work was finished, and when in March, 1859, the grand Opera House was thrown open to the public, there was probably no more happier man in the city than Mr. Pike. Strakosch inaugurated the season, and the house, we remember, and "Martha" was announced for the first performance. Among others in the east were Mme. Strakosch and Brignoli. There was an audience present of thirty-five hundred, and the enthusiasm as the entertainment progressed grew apace. From the Gazette of the following morning we take this account of the reception that was accorded the builder: At the close of the fourth act there were confused calls for "Colson," "Pike," "Barras," "Brignoli," &c. Mesdames Colson and Strakosch, and Junco came before the curtain and were greeted with applause. Then arose a cry of Pike! Pike!! Pike!!! Everybody looked at his private box, but he wasn't there, and

Mrs. Pike and the friends with her looked at the body of the house. But Mr. Pike was not to be seen, and the cries grew louder and more peremptory. At length Mr. Barras, the indefatigable manager, appeared and said that "he wished Mr. Pike were there to speak for himself, but"—and then, at the side, he saw Mr. Pike coming, and he stopped.

Mr. Pike's appearance was the signal for the most terrific applause. The usually well behaved balcony and parquet were so tumultuous in their shouts that an individual in the gallery shouted: "Order in the pit!" and then there was silence, and Mr. Pike's speech.

Mr. Pike looked at the house, turned pale, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen: You call me, and here I am; but I hardly know what to say." [Laughter.] Then he grew paler and more embarrassed, looked at his private box and around the house, and continued: "They say actions speak louder than words. Here—(throwing wide open his arms as if to comprehend the whole house)—here are mine, and to them I refer you." [Prolonged cheers.]

A VERMONT GUNNER.

Three or four years after the war of 1812, before the jealousy and bitterness that had been ranking in the minds of Englishmen and Americans ever since its termination had passed away, a frigate, of which Gregory was executive officer, was lying in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. There were several English men-of-war in port, and the older officers were careful to prevent collisions between the sailors of the different ships. One fine day the gunners of a British ship of the line and a frigate got permission to exercise the great guns by firing at a mark. A large hoghead or other cask was anchored at a suitable distance, about two miles off and the frigate and seventy-four were both blazing away at it. Some half-dozen shots had been fired by each, and the mark had not been hit. With the aid of a glass it could be seen that some of the balls fell near it, while others fell short or struck a long way off. There were a large number of ships in port, and the gunnery practice attracted general attention, and many sarcastic comments were made upon the unskillful firing of John Bull. The Yankee sailors were much excited, and their own superior gunnery was loudly asserted. Meantime the firing was continued, and with a similar result. At last one of the experts of the American frigate, unable to control himself, implored Mr. Gregory to let him have one crack at the barrel. He was sternly rebuked and ordered to quarters. The fellow was a long-limbed, powerful Vermonter, an old tar, but with much of his mother habits and peculiarities hanging about him. Returning to his messmates, he vowed it was a shame he couldn't give "them Brits a lesson." Presently he inquired of the lieutenant how much it would cost for one shot at the cask. "Such a flogging as you have long deserved," said Mr. Gregory. "Any thing else, sir?" inquired Jonathan, as he turned away. In less than a minute "bang" went a thirty-two, and the British mark was knocked all to pieces. Mr. Gregory at once ordered the man under arrest, and sent him on board the English frigate with a note explaining the matter. There was great excitement on board the ship. The Yankee gunner was complimented for the accuracy of his shot, the British sailors were reproached for their clumsy shooting and the Vermonter returned to his vessel with ten guineas in his pocket. A young Briton lately lost a large sum by betting on spiders. He wagered that a spider which he would produce would cross a plate quicker than a spider to be produced by a friend. Each spider was to have its own plate. His spider, however, on being started, would not stir, while its rival ran with immense speed. The bet was consequently lost; and the loser soon found out the reason why—his friend had a hot plate. Says the Boston Traveler: One of the most ludicrous incidents possible occurred in an auction room in this city on Saturday, where a man-neth painting is on exhibition, of Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel. An Irishman asked a bystander—"Who is there?" "Adam and Eve and their children," was the reply. A lady standing by said; sotto voce, to her companion—"Why, I did not know they had any children."

A NEW STORY.

Some years ago there was a well-known engineer, whose name is not given, for good and sufficient reasons, ran a passenger train on one of the most popular and most traveled roads that run out of Indianapolis. At a certain place on the road, every night for about a week, as the passenger train run by this engineer came thundering along, it was certain to be thrown from the track by obstruction placed there. Several of these mishaps to the train caused loss of life, and the ability of the engineer was being questioned. One night as the unfortunate train was nearing the fatal spot, the engineer who was sitting glum and silent at the throttle, turned to the fireman and said: "If this train jumps the track at that place to-night, you follow me; don't stop for anything, but keep close after me. Somebody has been throwing this train off the track, and I'm going to catch him."

When the train arrived at the usual place it struck a misplaced rail and was derailed. The engineer, closely followed by the fireman, jumped from the engine and ran into a cornfield and started up a man that lay concealed there. Upon bringing the culprit back to the wreck the enraged passengers wanted to lynch him. The engineer, a stern, cold, determined man, prevented them, saying he would take care of him, and through the intercession of the conductor the trembling wretch was left in charge of the engineer. The train was righted and was soon speeding on its way. The prisoner, who had confessed the deed, had been seated on the engine and the fireman placed beside him as a guard. When the train was on a smooth piece of track the engineer beckoned the fireman to stand out of the way. The fireman stepped aside, and the engineer picked up a round stick of wood and struck the criminal such a blow upon the head that it stunned him. He then caught the quivering form of the poor wretch, and, opening the furnace doors, threw the body into the hot, scathing hell of flame. The doors were shut and the train rattled along and never until upon his death bed did the engineer confess the act, nor was it ascertained what had been the fate of the fiend who had been in the habit of throwing the passenger train off the track.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A WONDERFUL GEM.

A. M. Stewart, one of the best of the great gravel dealers of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California, has shown us a stone that is different from anything we have ever yet seen. The stone appears to be a ruby, and is doubtless of great value. Mr. Stewart has several times been offered from \$50 to \$500 for his "find," but has always refused to sell. The stone is surrounded by a ring of white stone of peculiar formation. The gem, or central stone, is about the size of a ten cent piece, while the whole specimen is about the size of a half-dollar. This stone, being viewed through a powerful glass, shows the most wonderful rays of light—rays more than rivaling the aurora borealis, with specks of silver and gold. Mr. Stewart picked up the stone from the surface gravel in a ravine upon his claim. He sent it to San Francisco to a lapidary, asking that it be cut on one side. The lapidary tried to cut it, but made a poor job of it. He got off some of the rough outside shell, but was unable to make much impression upon the stone itself. We saw the hardest of files tried upon it, and they did not even make a scratch. The owner of the stone informs us that three other stones of the same kind are in the possession of the Indians of that region, who hold them in great respect as talismans and refuse to part with them at any price. By showing one of these stones an Indian, for instance, may pass through all the northern tribes of Indians. The stone is certainly a great curiosity, and believe this is the only one ever seen in the hands of a white man. It is in the shape of a magnifying glass, being thick in the middle. It is probably a quarter of an inch thick in the center, though but about half an inch in diameter. Being cut on one side only, and poorly cut at that, it is hard to judge of the full beauty and value of the stone. The owner does not call it a ruby, but thinks that it is a new and rare stone unknown to the lapidaries. It is certainly a most unique and beautiful gem.—Virginia (Nevada) Territorial Enterprise. One of our citizens went to the cars this morning to see his wife off, and having two or three minutes before starting time, "stepped around the corner an instant." He returned just in time to see the train moving off, and, slapping his leg emphatically, he loudly ejaculated, "I oughtn't to have taken sugar."