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MEETS every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars. W. R. DUNN, N. G. G. W. SAWYER, Sec'y.

OFFICE and residence opposite the Lawrence House. Office days Wednesdays and Saturdays.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, cor. Elm and Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa. I have associated myself with Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice of law in Forest County.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 35-ly.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Venango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining counties.

HARRIS & FASSETT, Attorneys at Law, Titusville Penn'a.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren, Crawford, Forest and Venango Counties.

BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK. W. A. HILANDS, Lessee. 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.

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FOREST HOUSE, Opposite Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened. Everything new and clean and fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly on hand.

G. T. LATIMER Lessee, Elm St. Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek. Mr. T. has thoroughly renovated the Hotel. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates.

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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 Tidouite, near Tidouite House.

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

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

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.

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I have superior facilities for ascertaining the condition of taxes and tax deeds, etc., 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-ly.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS! ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the mouth of Tionesta Creek. The tables and room are new, and everything kept in order.

MR. SMITH has fine machinery for making all parts of a watch or clock that may be missing or broken. He warrants all his work.

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

WM. F. BLUM, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON-MAKER. Corner of Church and Elm Streets, TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in its line, and will warrant everything done at their shops to give satisfaction.

HORSE-SHOEING. Give them a trial, and you will not regret it.

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

Tionesta, Pa., M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.



Pictures taken in all the latest styles at the art.

E. KLEIN, TIDOUITE, PA. Dealer in Fine Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc.

All repairing in this line neatly done and warranted. Particular attention paid to the repairing of Watches.

PAPA BALDWIN Has opened a SEWING MACHINE DEPOT.

In his BOOT and SHOE STORE, And in connection with his other business he has constantly in store the

GROVER & BAKER, DOMESTIC, VICTOR, WILSON SHUTTLE, WHITNEY, HOWE, BLES, WHEELER & WILSON, HOME SHUTTLE, and will

FURNISH TO ORDER any Sewing Machine in the market, at list prices, with all the

GUARANTEES which the Companies give, and will DELIVER THE MACHINES

In any part of Forest County, and give all necessary instructions to learners. Needles for all Machines, Silk and Thread always in Store.

TIDOUITE, PA., June, 1874.

NEW JEWELRY STORE In Tionesta.

M. SMITH, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, At SUPERIOR STORE.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. A Large and Superior Stock of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

MR. SMITH has fine machinery for making all parts of a watch or clock that may be missing or broken. He warrants all his work.

SUBSCRIBE for the Forest Republican it will pay.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The following synopsis of the character of George Washington, is taken from a letter written by Thos. Jefferson in 1814. It has become fashionable in these days to treat the memory of Washington, if not with contempt at least with indifference and slighting words.

"I think I know General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these: 'His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke; and as far as he saw no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion.'

Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no General ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment.

The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision.

He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, exact and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little and that only in Agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

These are my opinions of General Washington, which I would vouch at the judgment seat of God, having been formed on an acquaintance of thirty years. TH. JEFFERSON.

A GENUINE FRENCH ROMANCE.

One of those little romances of which the French are so fond, has lately taken place in Paris, and is thus described in a journal: Mr. Robert, a wealthy and highly accomplished gentleman, well known not only for his valuable collections of paintings and medieval relics, but for his rare skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a Mr. B., whom he had never seen, kept one of the most extensive ateliers of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him with a view to make his acquaintance.

Entering the counting room he found a good natured, eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him, and exclaimed: 'I suppose that you also have seen my advertisement and come to apply for that situation as designer?'

For a joke, Mr. Robert replied that he had. Mr. B. supplied him with paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. Mr. Robert soon found that what Mr. B. really wanted was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. In a short time he produced a sketch which suited the employer to a dot—a point.

Mr. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced to the work rooms and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, busily employed, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist began to feel as if he should have to be carried out himself—being very susceptible.

'Working for a living,' said he to himself, 'is not entirely devoid of attractions. Let us work.' Mr. Robert being an accomplished artist, delighted his employer, and he soon found a remarkable fascination in seeing his designs realized in steel, silver, enamel, or wood. He took pleasure hitherto unknown, in seeing his works in show-windows and finding them in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was of course concealed from 'society,' nor did his employer suspect that his artist was his landlord. But Mr. Robert soon found a more intense object of fascination in the daughter of Mr. B., a young lady who also took part in the duties of the atelier. This damsel was as remarkable for her accomplishments as for her extraordinary beauty, and Mr. Robert soon found that as regarded taste and culture in all matters which specially interested her, he had never met with any one like her.

Step by step, the pair fell in love, and little by little the artist ingratiated himself with the father, that the latter, after due deliberation, consented to their union. Previous to the marriage the old gentleman one day spoke of a dowry. 'I shall give Marie 50,000 fr,' said he, with a little air of boasting. 'Ah, mon garçon?'

'And, I suppose,' added Mr. Robert, gravely, 'that I, too, must settle something on my wife. Well—I will.' This caused a peal of laughter, which was redoubled when the artist added: 'And I will settle this piece of property, house and all, with the building adjoining, on her.'

But what was their amazement when Mr. Robert drew forth the title deeds, and said: 'You seem to forget that I am your landlord? Isn't my name Robert?'

SNOOZER SPRINKLES THE STREET.

A man living on Main St. went home last evening filled up to the collar with benzine. Feeling rather 'warm for the season,' Mr. Snoozer, for it was Snoozer, took off his coat and boots, put on his slippers, and getting the garden hose went out to sprinkle the street, so as to make things cool around there. Now, it takes a quick, discerning, calculating eye and a steady hand to manipulate a hose in the day time. At night the difficulties are multiplied. But Mr. Snoozer's mind was simply on the subject of sprinkling. He gave the hydrant wrench several twists, and had on a full head. After a few crackles and spurts, a steady stream was let fly right on the boots and white linen pants of a man with a red rosebud on the left lapel of his coat, who was coming up from a call on Fourth street. The man stopped suddenly in surprise, and Snoozer, noticing the mishap, in the true spirit of a thoroughbred gentleman, advanced to render an apology, when the nozzle was turned a quarter of an inch to the larboard, and poured a stream right against the stranger's immaculate bosom. The latter might have got red-hot at this treatment, and shown fight, were it not impossible to do so under the cooling influences brought to bear, and to avoid further disaster, the rosebud and linen pants popped around the corner into an alley.

Mr. Snoozer was then proceeding quietly to cool off the bricks of the pavement, when a gentleman, with two ladies, two shawls, and one sore boil on his arm, walked up from a Vine-street beer garden. To prevent another catastrophe, the hoseman turned the squirting apparatus toward the open street, without the least intention of pouring about four gallons of Ohio river water down the backs of a lady and gentleman who were riding by in a tilted top buggy. The gentleman, in words usually expressed in print in dashes, told of his displeasure, and uttered threats against Snoozer's life. Mr. Snoozer said it was purely accidental—that he was willing to take it all back—that there was no sense in crying over spilled water. While thus engaged in an explanation, he was perfectly oblivious of the nozzle in his hand. He was as innocent as an unborn babe of knowing that a stream, running at the rate of forty knots an hour, was sailing through the open window of a second-story bedroom in the adjoining house, where a man and his wife were sleeping. He never dreamed of such a thing until female shrieks were heard and a man in white raiment appeared at the window and fired off seven shots from a revolver.

Then Mr. Snoozer thought he would shut off steam. But he had mislaid the wrench. He, however, kept the gathering mob at bay until his wife rushed out, hauled him into the house, and prevented riot and bloodshed. No arrests.

'Yes, I remember that anecdote,' the Sunday-school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice, and the old sad look in his eyes. 'It was about a simple creature named Higgins, that used to haul rock for old Malthy. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. Bagley, but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door. Then he said, 'Does the widder Bagley live here?'

'The widder Bagley? No, sir!'

'I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?'

'Yes, Judge Bagley lives here.'

'I'll bet he don't. But never mind, it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?'

OLD WEASEL'S LAST POKER HAND.

The best poker hand we ever heard of was held by old Weasel the other night. Weasel didn't know much about poker, but he wanted to learn, and every now and then (the party was playing euchre) he would show his cards and ask if that wasn't a good hand. Once or twice he bet, but somebody always beat him, because he knew so little about the game. After a while, as Weasel was dealing, and when he had thrown three cards around to each one, he stopped and looked at his three. He looked a good while. Then he got excited.

'Now, I know this is a good hand—I've learned something about poker in the last two hours, and I'll bet \$25 on these three cards. It's just the best hand I ever saw.'

Jones had beaten Weasel on this sort of a banter already, and so he took up his cards. He had three aces—a pretty good hand for three cards. Nobody could have full of fours, and his three were the biggest in the deck. He bent a pitying smile on old Weasel and said: 'I think I've got something pretty good here, but I couldn't bet less than \$50 on it. We're not playing poker, you know, and these outside issues are irregular. I bet \$50.'

'Done!' said old Weasel; 'What have you got?'

They put up their money, and then Jones showed his hand.

'Here's three aces, you old mutton head! You can't beat that with any three cards on earth. You ought to know better than to—'

'Hold on,' cried old Weasel, throwing down the king, ten and seven of hearts. 'That's a flush, ain't it? When you've got all of a suit that's a flush, I believe; and a flush always beats three. I don't know much about poker, but it seems to me I've got the best hand out of jail.'

Jones had forgotten about flushes. In fact, the whole party rather underrated old Weasel because he was a religious man and not supposed to know anything about crads. But they kept a very watchful eye on him after that, and when he spoke of poker hands they all insisted on sticking to the game they were playing.—N. Orleans Picayune.

WEST POINT CADETS AS BARRECK PERFORMERS.

The most amusing drill of the service took place this evening in the riding hall, near the lower dock. Twenty-six cadets, of the first class, commanded by Captain Rafferty, of the sixth cavalry, went through the trying maneuvers of the school of the soldiers, mounted, at 5:30 o'clock. The galleries were occupied by the board of visitors and more ladies than I have seen together here since the beginning. The cadets assembled, armed with sabers and revolvers, on some of the most troublesome horses in the command. The young men went through troop exercise and the use of a saber in cutting at a false head on a post about the height of a man. Having given satisfaction at this part of the trial of skill, the men were dismounted and ordered to unsaddle their horses. Then riding bareback, two at a time fired at a dummy, leaped a hurdle, thrust at a ring and another false head in one tour of the school. These attacks required rapidity and coolness, because the revolver had to be drawn from the holster, cocked, fired, and returned, the sabre drawn, the hurdle leaped and the thrusts delivered in less than a minute. Few failed, despite the spirit of their steeds. Their performances elicited the highest encomiums, and were truly exciting. Mr. French, one of the cadets, narrowly escaped serious injury from the falling of his horse at the hurdle leap. Horse and man, in the most critical moment of the tilt, rolled over and over in the arena, which was fortunately covered with tan bark, and saved the limbs, if not the life, of the cadet at least.—N. Y. Times.