

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE

No. 369.

I. O. O. F.

MEETS every Friday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied by the Good Templars.

G. W. SAWYER, N. G.

S. H. HASLET, 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, H. S.

DR. W. M. FOGEL,

OFFICE opposite Lawrence House, Tionesta, Pa., where he can be found at all times when not professionally absent.

DR. J. E. BLAINE,

OFFICE and residence in house formerly occupied by Dr. Wiggins. Office days, Wednesday and Saturday.

J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY,

AGNEW & LATHY, Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

E. L. Davis,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa. Collections made in this and adjoining counties.

MILES W. TATE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.

F. W. Hays,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Notary Public, Reynolds McKim & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILEY,

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

NATIONAL HOTEL,

TIDIOUTE, PA.

W. D. BUCKLIN, - PROPRIETOR. First-Class Licensed House. Good stable connected.

Tionesta House,

ANDREW WELLS, Proprietor. This house has been newly fitted up and is now open for the accommodation of the public. Charges reasonable.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

B. 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.

Lawrence House,

TIONESTA, PA. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, 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.

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.

W. C. COBURN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON offers his services to the people of Forest Co. Having had an experience of Twelve Years in constant practice, Dr. Coburn guarantees to give satisfaction. Dr. Coburn makes 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 Wednesday and Saturday.

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 Tidouete, near Tidouete 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 Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately.

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MAY, PARK & CO.,

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Southern Travels.

[CONTINUED.]

We must not forget to relate the fact that, while coming through the saw-grass, three fish, known in that region as "trout" jumped into our boat. The trout in appearance is exactly like the black bass of northern waters; the only point of difference being that the "trout" has to be cooked shortly after being caught, or it will spoil. We ate none of these fish, because we were too long getting home.

At the haulover, we noticed a point putting out into the lake, about one-half mile North-east, and around that some five or six articles floating, which looked like small reefs or islands. Asking our comrades what they were, we were informed that they were alligators, and that the cape was called Alligator Point. These reptiles must have been nearly 20 feet in length. Almost any time during the year, when the sun is shining, from half a dozen to a dozen large gators can be seen floating on the water off this point. It is almost impossible, however to get a shot at them, as they disappear whenever a boat comes within less than half a mile of them. Here we learned that the alligator is always more shy in salt water than in fresh; and so much difference is there that it is considered quite a feat to kill one of them in salt water.

Between the "haulover" and Moore's is an island containing perhaps fifteen acres of land, covered with trees, where every season the curlews congregate in great numbers to build their nests and raise their young. Early on the morning of the 23d, we arose, and started for Hammon's plantation, where we arrived in the course of an hour, and in a short time had a steaming breakfast set before us, to which full justice was done.

The inhabitants of the lands on the east side of Lake Worth, when they commence life there, settle down very comfortably for a few years, in palmetto shanties, but with increased prosperity their taste becomes more cultivated, and their wants increase in proportion. Hence every settler attends to the ocean beach on his own land, and picks up lumber &c., which has drifted ashore. It is astonishing to notice the amount of lumber that comes up, especially after a "blow." It would seem that every vessel that passed, loaded with lumber, lost more or less of it on the voyage, and in a storm, it is supposed that a good many vessels unload part of their cargo for safety. Be that as it may, thousands of feet of lumber are cast on the beach about Lake Worth annually. This is picked up by the inhabitants, as is everything else that may be useful. This is called "beach-combing," and is practiced by the just and unjust. We know of two boats at present on the lake, that were picked up on the beach and, after some repairs used by the finders. A boat in that region is the settler's horse and wagon. Everything that cannot be transported by boat, has to be carried by hand, hence, all are expert sailors. No such thing as a horse or cow has ever been seen in that section, and it will probably be some years before there are any taken there. The only thing we saw in the shape of live stock, was chickens, and those owning them are as careful of them as some of our citizens are of their bonds. They are a treasure on earth.

On this day Hammon and Lenhart carried several back loads of lumber from the beach to his plantation, where he was erecting a board house about eighteen feet square. By this time we suppose the house is completed, and Hammon is enjoying himself as only those who have the best residences in a large territory can.

The day was ended up by a dose of bear meat, venison, hominy and hard tack, after which Mr. Lenhart devoted his time to making a cane for us of a stick of the Royal Palm, which he happened to have in his possession.

The wind having been from the north for a few days, and no sign of an immediate change, we concluded that if we could catch our party at

Jupiter, we would do so, as we could then reach home at least two weeks sooner than we could otherwise do. We consulted with our boat, who was positive they had not left, but did not wish us to hurry. We concluded, however that two weeks time was an object, as some one has said "Time is money," and packed our traps.

On the morning of the 24th of February, we started up the lake in the big boat, and were soon some three miles above the Inlet. Here we unloaded and, after a lunch, started through the woods for the beach. The woods were so thick and tangled, and the cactus was so plenty and large, that it was almost impossible to get through. However, at the expense of a few pricks and scratches from the cactus, we made it, and, in company with Lenhart started for Jupiter. Lenhart, who was a small man, (and who by the way had come to Florida some six or seven years before, nearly gone with consumption,) shouldered our valise which was heavy, and our haversack, which was ditto, and left us to take our gun and a canteen. Even with this difference in our favor, Lenhart walked away from us with as much ease as if he were light.

After a long and tedious walk for me, but seemingly merely a succession of rests for Lenhart, we arrived at Jupiter Inlet about dark, and to increase our troubles rain commenced coming down heavily. Through the mangroves and sial hemp, we made our way to the point where the river and inlet join, and built a fire. By this time it was quite dark, and we both yelled with all our strength to make the sons of Jupiter send us aid. Hearing no response, we fired a couple of shots, and soon had the pleasure of hearing the sound of some one embarking on the other side. Soon the boat, containing Farrell, came over, and we got in. Lenhart, notwithstanding our entreaties that he should go over with us, and stay until morning, persisted in going back, through the rain to the place where we had left the boat. However, he was as tough as a pine knot, and had no fears of any ill effects to follow from his exposure. We bid him good bye, regretfully, and went across to the light-house, when a warm welcome, as well as a warm supper, awaited us.

A good night's sleep, and a change of underclothing made us feel bright, and in the morning, Capt. Armour proposed a deer hunt. All were agreeable, and getting a couple of boats out, we sailed up the Lokohatchie. Capt. Armour had a beautiful little sail boat, and it was the internal desire of all the party to go in Armour's boat, but a young gentleman named Chapman, from Lake Worth, and ourself, suppressed our eagerness, and took passage with Mr. Moore, the assistant lightkeeper, in a boat named "Dolly Varden" which was shaped more like a tub than any other boat we ever clapped eyes upon. We counted upon being left, especially as Capt. Armour had a little the start of us in getting under way. But behold, when we came to the place where the deer were to be slaughtered, we landed about the same time. We were somewhat astonished, but attributed the result to difference on the part of Capt. Armour.

Arrived at a cape about three miles up the river, we disembarked, and were deployed across the cape, like skirmishers, while Capt. Armour went through the brush between us and the river, with a horn, to scare out the deer. He did his part of the business thoroughly, making hideous echoes, and scaring the birds, but the deer failed to respond.

Embarked again, Armour getting the start of us about a minute, we sailed for another point, but, finding upon examination no fresh deer tracks, started on again. Now for a race. Both captains did their level best, and the result was that we reached the light-house four or five minutes before the other boat. Then, we, the "jolly crew and the captain too," of the "Dolly Varden," laughed long and

loud, to think of that old shell beating Capt. Armour's beautiful boat. Armour's boat soon landed, and on being rallied, offered to bet on his boat, but found no takers. When we got up to the house the Captain's wife came out to get some venison to cook for dinner, "and mourned because she found it not."

Dinner, smoke and rest. Then Farrell proposed a fish. So he, Chapman and ourself got some lines and went out to the inlet. The first thing was to get bait. After much digging and poking around among the sand, we found a lot of fiddler's crabs, which is the only bait used here except mullets. The fiddler's crab is a queer looking specimen, of which there seems to be nothing but legs, pincers and eyes. The latter are very prominent and very bright, sticking out like beads. When discovered, they make off for their holes in the sand, at a speed that is astonishing; the strange part of it is, they run sideways. When cornered they stop and put up their claws, ready for fight, and are really a fierce-looking little creature.

With a dozen or two of these "insects" we commenced to fish. But a few moments elapsed before Farrell pulled out a fish called the "blue cat," which resembles our catfish, save that its skin has a bluish cast. This fish is not considered fit for food. We caught several of these chaps, but could not get any other fish. Finally our bait gave out, and we cut up a catfish, and put a large piece on our hook. Presently something took the bait, and we observed our line going out moderately, and pulled in. For an instant there was considerable resistance, but whatever had hold let go, and we pulled up our bait; observed that it had been violently tampered with. Threw in again, with the same result, and repeated several times. Finally we gave the animal more time, and this time came nearly getting it ashore; but about ten feet out our hook straightened, and we lost our "catch," also our temper. We supposed we had lost a big fish; but upon explaining the circumstances to Capt. Armour, he told us that we had hooked a green turtle, which would have been more valuable than a fish of the same weight. We concluded we would take stronger hooks when we next visited that place.

On the morning of the 26th, all things being ready, we started for Sand Point, with a fair wind. Chapman was added to our former crew, and was a valuable addition. Capt. Armour and Mr. Moore going ahead in the "Dolly Varden" and piloting us over the oyster beds, and past conch bar. Here they took leave of us, and we were sorry to part with them, having found them very pleasant and gentlemanly fellows.

I will remark right here, that Mr. Moore went to Florida, about five years ago, expecting to die of consumption. He is now as hardy as any man could wish to be, and has no trouble whatever with his lungs.

Through Jupiter narrows we pulled easily, having Chapman, a good oarsman to help us out. At the head of the narrows we stopped at "Indian Camp," and cooked some dinner. Soon we struck St. Lucie Bay, and sailed along briskly. On the ocean beach, not far north of this bay, we observed the buildings for a "life-saving station" had been commenced since we went down. At these stations are a number of good seamen, placed by the government, with life-boats and apparatus to afford aid to vessels needing it, and to rescue passengers and seamen, should any vessels be wrecked off their territory.

Nothing of any moment occurred until we reached St. Lucie P. O., about 9 o'clock in the evening. Here Chapman and ourself, taking Paget's boat, rowed over to the post-office, a distance of over half a mile. We had now been from home about a month, and had received no letters. Now we were to know how matters were progressing at home; now we were to receive messages from loved ones, and news from the outside world. The boat flew over the water. Our

heart was light, our spirits gay. Arrived at the office, Mr. Chapman received a number of letters and papers, but there was "nothing there for Mr. Dunn." In all our travels, and in all our experience we were never so bitterly disappointed. What could be the matter? Where were our letters? They had certainly been written. Bowed down with disappointment, we returned to the boat, and wrapping our blanket around us gloomily settled down for the night.

In the course of an hour after leaving St. Lucie, we came to a stop for the reason that we could not find the entrance to Indian River narrows. Farrell was ahead, on the look-out; Paget at the rudder. We would sail to a point where we imagined there might be an entrance, then pole out. Finally we saw a place that must be the channel, and stood for it. Within a few rods of shore Farrell sung out "land ahead, all 'round," and indeed it looked so, as we could not in any direction see any way to get out of what now looked like a small lake. Nevertheless Farrell heard a good deal about "land ahead all 'round," before we reached Sand Point.

We sailed around here the rest of the night, and just before daybreak heard somebody singing. Hailing the voice, we took that direction, and found a man named Pierce, from Lake Worth. Day breaking, we took breakfast with him, and with a good breeze started on. Our breeze, however died almost completely out shortly, and a rain came up. This was very dampening on the spirits, as Mr. Pierce had assured us that the wind would change before that day was out. However we crawled along, and the wind freshening, we reached Sand Point at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 27th. Chapman and Farrell made a bed in the boat, and Paget and ourself took our way to Mr. Harvey's, where we had good beds and a good sleep.

We must not neglect to relate that the night we were hunting for Indian River Inlet, we caught a terrible cold, which, contrary to its usual custom, settled on our lungs. We were somewhat alarmed, fearing that some one had lost his consumption down there and we had picked it up. This cold stuck to us for over a month. It was a rather tougher article than a first class northern cold.

The 27th, being Sunday, we took a rest, and ate oranges. On the 28th went down to the landing, and in company with Paget and Chapman, sailed down to Titusville, about two miles below. This place is the residence of Col. Titus, by reputation a cowardly old bully who figured conspicuously among the border ruffians of Kansas, and who while there offered a reward for the head of Walker. Walker surrounded his house took him prisoner, and made him beg piteously for his life. This circumstance is told in Richardson's book "Beyond the Mississippi." The old chap is now prostrated by what he is pleased to call "rheumatic gout." The inhabitants thereabouts abbreviate this, and call it "rot-gut." He's a bad egg. The place amounts to nothing at present, and if ever that section does improve, Sand Point, instead of Titusville will be the place.

On Tuesday, the 29th, accompanied by three gentlemen named Webster, Herbert, and Belden, we took passage in the steamer "Pioneer," the only steamboat on Indian River, for Aurlantia, a little town some ten miles up the river. The friends of our Indian River voyage bid us good-bye and God speed, and we steamed away for Aurlantia.

Aurlantia is at present about the size of Newmanville, but to look at the map of the place, which is circulated by the speculators who own the land, one would think that Philadelphia was a small village compared with it. There is nothing in particular to recommend this place, the ground being low and sandy, and possessing no beauty to make up for the poverty of its soil. The steamboat came to anchor about a quarter of a

mile out, and we were taken about half way ashore in a small boat, where we met the hack which was to take us to Lake Harney.

The trip from Aurlantia to Lake Harney was performed with the identical mule team that had taken us from Enterprise to Sand Point, but with a different driver. This drive was only sixteen miles, we were a light load, and this trip was not so tedious as it might have been. A few miles out of Aurlantia we discovered a flock of quails alongside the road. In the twinkling of an eye our shot guns were charged, being breech-loaders, and two quails bit the dust. Shortly afterward we saw the pigeon of Florida, which is rather smaller than our wild pigeon here. During the ride we managed to shoot three of these, and these with our quails, "on toast," that evening were splendid grub. We also saw a flock of "whooping" cranes, a large bird, the flesh of which is said to be equal to that of turkey, and Belden endeavored to shoot one, but failed.

We arrived at the landing at about 4 o'clock p. m., and immediately boarded the steamer "Volusia," Captain Lund. This is a light draft boat, calculated for navigating the Upper St. Johns. The accommodations were not equal to those of the "Sedgwick," the boat we came up on, but did very well. The amount of freight, consisting mostly of oranges, was much larger than we had anticipated, but the passengers were only our hack load, and one Dr. Gillespie, of whom more hereafter.

This landing, at the southern end of Lake Harney not being much frequented by steamboats and travelers, abounds with alligators. During the rest of the evening until dark, we had lots of sport tickling up the gators with buck shot, a charge of which would cause them to switch their tails like cows in fly time, and disappear with such a vim that the water would foam like soda water.

As soon after dark as we could reconcile ourself to the idea, we went to bed, but were disturbed during most of the night by the boat being stuck on various bars, and the emphatic language of the Captain and mate, who endeavored to put more energy into the negroes who were trying, rather lazily, to shove her off. It was daylight before we got off, and we found ourselves in Lake Jessup, which is a sort of side issue, not being directly on the St. Johns, consequently out of the way of the regular route. Our vessel went up in the lake for the accommodation of one of our passengers, Mr. Herbert, and to land and receive freight. On this lake were two towns, or rather places for towns, a store, a couple of residences and a landing comprising each. On this lake we saw several alligators, but they were somewhat shy.

Nothing extraordinary occurred until we arrived at Enterprise, about 2 o'clock p. m. Here we went up to the store, and laid in a supply of tobacco, thence to the Brock House (terms \$4 per day) and indulged in a glass of soda water, which had been cooled on ice. This was very refreshing, as it was the first cool drink we had come across since we left this point on our way down.

On board again we go across the lake (Mourne) about five miles to a place called Mellenville. This is a nice, clean little town, and ships thousands of barrels of oranges annually.

Our next stop was at Sanford, on the west side of the lake, and here is nothing to speak of except a terribly large hotel, called the Sanford House. If that house were moved to Philadelphia, and would furnish good accommodations to the public for \$2 a day during the Centennial, we would rather have the receipts than a fifty barrel oil well. Whether or not this house can ever be made to pay, is a question we are not prepared to answer.

Leaving the lake and steering into the narrow channel of the St. John's we saw and shot at several gators. Nobody hurt. During the night we passed Volusia landing, and picked