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\$2 PER ANNUM.

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising rates (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and Price.

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.

TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342, O. U. A. M. MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

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

J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY, AGNEW & LATHY, Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa. Office on Elm Street.

MILES W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TIONESTA, PA.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Reynolds Munkit & Co.'s Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa.

KINNEAR & SMILEY, Attorneys at Law, - Franklin, Pa.

NATIONAL HOTEL, TIDIOUTE, PA. W. D. BUCKLIN, PROPRIETOR.

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

BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L. Agnew, Proprietor. This is a new house, and has just been fitted up for the accommodation of the public.

FOREST HOUSE, S. A. VARNER PROPRIETOR. Opposite S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just opened.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has had fifteen years' experience in a large and successful practice, will attend all Professional Calls.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality.

BANKERS, Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts. Tionesta. Bank of Discount and Deposit.

FELT CARPETINGS, 25 cts. per yard. FELT CEILING for rooms in place of Plaster. FELT ROOFING and SIDING.

Southern Travels.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

On Tuesday, the 29th, accompanied by three gentlemen named Webster, Herbert, and Belden, we took passage in the steamer "Pioneer," the only steambath on Indian River, for Auran- tia, a little town some ten miles up the river.

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 sick 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 host, 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.

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.

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.

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.

Nothing of any moment occurred until we reached St. Lucie P. O., about 9 o'clock in the evening. Here Chapman and myself, taking Paget's boat, rowed over to the post-office, a distance of over half a mile.

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 sick of the Royal Palm, which he happened to have in his possession.

land, 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.

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.

On the morning of the 23th, 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.

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.

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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 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 tiller. We would sail to a point where we imagined there might be an entrance, then pole out.

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.

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.

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.

On Tuesday, the 29th, accompanied by three gentlemen named Webster, Herbert, and Belden, we took passage in the steamer "Pioneer," the only steambath on Indian River, for Auran- tia.

Aurantia 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 Philadel- phia was a small village compared with it.

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 Auran- tia to Lake Harney was performed with the identical mule team that had taken us from Enterprise to Sand Point, but with a different driver.

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.

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.

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.

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.

On board again we go across the lake (Monroe) 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 Philadel- phia, and would furnish good accomo- dations to the public for \$2 a day during the Centennial, we would rather have the receipts than a fifty barrel oil well.

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