

FORNEY ON FOREST.

The Curtain Falls on Edwin Forrest. (From the Philadelphia Press.)

Seward the statesman, Meade the soldier, Greeley the editor, and now Forrest the actor—each eminent in his day and age, and, at intervals, characters of extraordinary interest—have all been successively eulogized and criticized; and none more than the historic man who died yesterday morning, December 12, 1872, about 9 o'clock, in the 67th year of his age, at his residence, corner of Broad and Master streets, in his native city of Philadelphia. Few, living or dead, have passed through an experience more eventful, and none have so well preserved from first to last his marked individuality. We have known Edwin Forrest for thirty-two years. Our special intimacy with him began when, in 1841, we saw him play Robert T. Conrad's "Jack Cade," at the Arch street theatre in this city, under circumstances that made an indelible impression. Forrest was thirty-six, Conrad thirty-four; and the audience were more than ready to greet the native artist and the native author with a genuine enthusiasm. "Jack Cade" itself was well calculated to arouse enthusiasm and to live long in memory. It appealed so strongly to the popular heart, and struck so many keys in the popular expectation, that it lives to day as one of the finest of our modern dramas. Represented by one of the most striking young men of the time, and the work of one of the most cultivated and refined of our rising Philadelphians, it got a start in the general esteem which it still holds. Conrad died in 1858, before his time, aged fifty. In his grave was buried a brain full of genius and a heart full of love. Forrest fought bravely in his sphere till 1872, passing from the stage of life one of the noblest characters that ever bore its bullets—passing, let us say, down to his sixty-seventh year, and dying literally with harness on his back. To the last he was a worker. He loved his art, its studies, its excitements, its activities, the changes of scene it afforded, its pleasures of travel and acquaintance, its rescue from the rust of idleness and the rack of private troubles. In many respects most reserved, he was at times a fascinating talker; and with a rare listener. Never eager to thrust himself forward in social life, he was never an uneasy guest. He was so conscious of his superiority that he never allowed anybody to ask his support at a convivial party as an actor, and it mattered not whether he talked politics, or religion, or poetry, he was the peer of his associates, of whatever rank or station. More than once in days gone by, when statesmen in Congress of both parties visited the editor of the Washington Chronicle and the Philadelphia Press at his old rooms on Capitol Hill, Forrest would come to us after he had acted Macbeth, or Othello, or Richelieu, or Jack Cade, or Coriolanus, and at a word forget the fatigues of the night, and startle the dignities by appearing as a French critic on Shakespeare, a Yankee in the South, a slaveholder on a steamboat, a negro in the pulpit, or an interpreter of some old ballad of the fireside affections. And all this till cold Pitt Fessenden, of Maine, or grim Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, or reticent Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, would be convulsed with laughter or drowned in tears.

It is too late in the day to discuss Edwin Forrest's gifts as an actor, but if there were any doubts about them, no better tribunal could be found than the best of Judges—the members of his profession—with all their envious and their jealousies. He has been at issue with many of them, for one reason or another; and yet we think we may say that E. L. Davenport, Barney Williams, John Brougham, Jas. E. Murdoch, J. W. Wallack, E. S. Connor, William Wheatley, J. S. Clark—even Edwin Booth—are proud of him, and so of every manager that he ever acted for. What better judge of a lawyer than lawyers? What better judge of the monarch of the stage than the men who played with him? Forrest was a hero to those who saw behind the scenes, and an idol to those who studied him before them. No man of his profession ever had more compliments from scholars, critics, editors and statesmen. He offended many of these, but their early verdicts stand in stern contrast to many of their later criticisms.

Of Forrest as an actor, a student, a traveler in his own and foreign lands, a delineator of men and manners, we must let historians, volunteer and otherwise, speak—expressing the deep regret that he has never had a sufficient Boswell to take down what he has seen and heard; to embellish his ten thousand anecdotes and memories; nor yet that he has made no record himself of what would be an unexampled book—an autobiography of Edwin Forrest, as full of interest as that of Pepy in the days of the Second Charles, or of Crabbe Robinson, who furnished the last generation with his reminiscences. We propose to speak of Forrest, THE MAN.

On a regular stage was in November of 1820, at the Walnut street theatre, in Philadelphia, where he had a very cool reception; that he had to play in Cincinnati in the fall of 1822, in very ordinary characters, and in Louisville in the lowest comedy—in the latter even assuming the character of a negro dandy; that he had suffered many privations in his onward course—having had to boll corn as hard as a Pharaoh's heart, to keep up life; having to play in a circus as a tumbler and rider at a salary of twelve dollars a week for twelve months having afterward passed through the character of a valet at the Pearl street theatre, in New York—indeed, going through all the subordinate parts precisely as a real mechanic must begin, at the foot, whether he be manufacturer or journalist, until finally he appeared at the Chestnut street theatre, in Philadelphia, on the fifth of July, 1826. Nothing so much hardens a man as the consciousness that he has risen to high position by himself alone. It requires a supreme philosophy to forget the reproaches and roughness of early days. Your philosophers are, as a general thing, those who have grown to an appreciation of submission to fate by an easy life. Edwin Forrest must be accepted as one who owed obligations to nobody but himself. Herein consists, casuists would say, the weakness, yet it was at the same time the strength of his character. He depended upon nobody. He drew upon no brains but his own, except when he appealed to the great leaders of literature, open to all the world. He created many glorious illustrations of these mighty authors. He was robust, Titanic, original in all things. He did not list sentences that were written by the great minds of the past to be spoken in volumes to future generations. He thundered them in his own American tongue. He invented wonderful situations. He started the proprietaries in the old world and the new. He even risked the charge of being vulgar. He was to the stage what Michael Angelo was to art; what Tyndale is to science; what Garibaldi is to revolution. He uprooted things. He compelled people to think. Even the scholars who professed to know more of Shakespeare than himself were startled by the rare intelligence with which the Southwark boy discovered new jewels in the Shakespeare line. Of course, with his education, he could not be in polite society what Macready was in England, and he rushed into many excesses. He was American in all his passions and his prejudices. Traveling through Europe; full of admiration for the old masters, completely absorbed by the rush of ideas precipitated into his young mind for the first time, he could hardly conceive why, on his return to his native country, he was not accepted as a perfect delineator of the stage.

One thing must be said of Edwin Forrest, now that he lies cold on his bier—he never courted popularity; he never flattered power. Imperturbed a thousand times to enter into society, he rather avoided it. The few friendships he had were sincere. He never boasted of his charities, and yet we think, when the secrets of his life are unsealed, this solitary man, who dies without a single known living person of his own blood, will prove that he had a heart that could throbb for all humanity. Having known him and loved him through his tribulations and his triumphs for more than a generation, we feel that in what we say of Edwin Forrest we speak the truth of one who was a sincere friend, an honest citizen, and a benevolent man.

The Will of an Unreconstructed Southerner. David Deshler, a wealthy German citizen of Tusculum, Ala., brought suit against a debtor in this State several years ago. After remaining in a lower Court for some time, the case was finally appealed to the Supreme Court. Deshler died not long ago, and in his will, written in his own hand, in Philadelphia, March 8, 1870, he designated Gen. John D. Rather as his executor. His suit in the Supreme Court was suspended on account of his death. In order to revive it, Gen. Rather was required to qualify in this State, as Deshler's executor, and to file a certified copy of the will, which should also be recorded in one of the Probate Courts. Gen. Rather complied with all these requirements yesterday, before Judge Forrist.

The will contains the following clause, which, it is said, will not hold good in law: "Making the exception, however, that any of my said nephews who may have taken an active part, voluntarily, to carry on the fanatical, barbarous and unrighteous war upon the Southern States of the Union, by serving in the Union army, so called, or by aiding and abetting with their personal influence, or money, said unholy crusade, shall be utterly excluded from any benefit to be derived from my estate, considering, as I do, that they assisted in diminishing the value of the same to a much larger amount than would be their legitimate share, had said war, in which they may have participated, not occurred or been carried out."—Nashville Times.

A BARBER in Titusville, while cutting the hair of a rural customer, ran his shears against some hard substance, which proved to be a whetstone. The old farmer said he "had missed that whetstone ever since haying time, last July, and had looked over a ten acre lot for it, and now he remembered sticking it up over his ear."

Railroads.

PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE AND CHICAGO RAILWAY.—On and after Oct. 27th, 1872, the following are the trains going WEST.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH R. R. On and after Oct. 27th, 1872, trains will leave stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:

GOING SOUTH—MAIN LINE.

GOING NORTH—MAIN LINE.

GOING EAST—RIVER DIVISION.

GOING WEST—RIVER DIVISION.

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. After October 27th, 1872, trains will arrive and depart as follows:

Through Trains Arrive Through Trains Depart.

Local Trains.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILROAD NEW LINE TO BUFFALO VIA THE OIL REGIONS.

Insurance.

CHAS. B. HURST, INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENCY, (Near the Depot), ROCHESTER, PA.

Fire Life and Accident Insurance. NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.

ANCHOR AND NATIONAL LINES OF OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S PRESS COMPANIES' AGENCY.

ETNA INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN. CASH ASSETS, \$6,000,000.

NIAGARA OF NEW YORK. CASH ASSETS, \$1,600,000.

ANDES INSURANCE COMPANY, OF CINCINNATI. CASH ASSETS, \$1,500,000.

ENTERPRISE, OF PHILADELPHIA, PA. CASH ASSETS, over \$600,000.

LANCASTER, OF LANCASTER, PA. CASH PAID ASSETS, \$340,000.

ALPS INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ZILL, PA. CASH CAPITAL, \$350,000.

HOME LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK. CASH ASSETS, \$3,500,000.

TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN. CASH ASSETS, \$1,500,000.

LANCASTER INSURANCE COMPANY! LANCASTER, PA.

HON. THOS. E. FRANKLIN, Pres. B. F. SHENK, Treasurer. EDWARD BROWN, Secretary.

Miscellaneous.

L. R. NORTON, PIANOS AND ORGANS, No. 118 SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.

STATE AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED JEWETT AND GOODMAN.

ROCHESTER PLANING, SASH AND DOOR MILLS. MONROE MILLER, W. BOLBY, M. MILLER & CO., CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS. The undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received a new stock of goods of the latest styles for Fall and Winter wear, which he offers at very moderate rates.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS CONSTANTLY ON HAND. Clothing made to order on the shortest possible notice.

STOCK OF FURNITURE West of the Mountains. Of our own manufacture, will be found at the Mammoth Furniture Establishment of C. G. HAMMER & SONS.

C. W. TAYLOR, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, BEAVER FALLS, PA.

DWELLING HOUSES, TENEMENTS, IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED REAL ESTATE, IN AND NEAR THE BOROUGH OF ROCHESTER, FOR SALE AND RENT, BY S. J. CROSS.

A. J. PETTIT, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, NOTARY PUBLIC AND SPECIAL COMMISSIONER, FOR SALE OF LANDS IN EAST VIRGINIA.

G. W. MASSEY, CLOTHING CLEANED, DYED AND REPAIRED AT SHORT NOTICE, NO. 74 GRANT STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

F. M. ELLIS, ARCHITECT AND DESIGNER. OFFICE: RAMSEY'S BLOCK, BEAVER FALLS, BEAVER CO., PA.

J. PROCTOR, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HAIR DRESSING ROOMS, Hair Work of Every Description! Children's Hair Cut Neatly.

LOCHIEL HOTEL, CORNER MARKET & THIRD STREETS, HARRISBURG, PA. G. W. HUNTER, Proprietor.

Banking and Finance.

JOHN CONWAY & CO., BANKERS & BROKERS, ROCHESTER, PA. DEALERS IN EXCHANGE [COMMODITY, EXCHANGE] Accounts of Manufacturers, Merchants and Individuals Solicited.

BEAVER DEPOSIT BANK OF BEAVER, PA. EBERT ALLISON, Cashier. COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY MADE AND REMITTED.

P. BENTEL & CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS, FREEDOM, PA. Are now prepared to do a general Banking and Broker business.

NATIONAL BANK, NO. 33 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA. J. W. COOK, President. R. W. MACKAY, Cashier.

JAMES T. BRADY & CO., BANKING HOUSE OF R. E. & H. HOOPES, NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

G. S. BARKER & CO., BANKERS, BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A. DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, COIN, COUPONS, &c.

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK. JOHN V. DONALD, W. J. SPEYERER, GEO. C. STEPHENS, H. J. SPEYERER, Cashier.

ETNA Insurance Co., HARTFORD, CONN. PAID UP CAPITAL, \$3,000,000. CASH ASSETS, \$5,549,504.87.

ENTERPRISE SALOON AND RESTAURANT, OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. No. 19 SIXTH ST., (late St. Clair.) PITTSBURGH. NEAL McCALLION.

G. MASHY, PEARL SALOON, 17 SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURGH, CROICE LIQUORS. REBAR. 70-300.