

# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us to the end, dare do our duty as we understand it."—LINCOLN.

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### Youthful days of Dickens—His First Love—His Early Essays in Journalism.

The contributions to Dickens' early history are all the more valuable, since he has himself left no direct record of those days, save in Copperfield and in those innumerable and inimitable sketches of legal life, which prove that he did a good deal more than keep Mr. Blackmore's petty cash.

After quitting the precincts of the law, struck by the example of his father, who had become a Parliamentary reporter, Dickens devoted himself to the study of shorthand; but he could not get into the gallery at once, and two years were spent in reporting proceedings in the law courts.

But the boy of seventeen was not content with patience and industry by his first love, for he had found and fondly worshipped a Dora, and the publisher opened out to the idolater, both in fact and fiction, a highly unsubstantial, happy, foolish time.

Mr. Foster believed in any but the Dora of 1829 really reappeared in Dickens' life, and then Dickens wrote his still sceptical friend:

"I don't quite apprehend what you mean by overrating the strength of the feeling of five-and-twenty years ago. If you mean of my own feeling, and will only think what the desperate intensity of my nature is, and that this began when I was Charley's age; that it excluded every other idea from my mind for four years, at a time of life when four years are equal to four times four; and that I went at it with a determination to overcome all the difficulties, which fairly lifted me up into that newspaper life, and floated me away over a hundred men's heads, then you are wrong, because nothing can exaggerate that. I have positively stood amazed at myself ever since.

And so I suffered, and so worked, and so beat and hampered away at the maddest romances that ever got into any boy's head and stayed there, that to see the mere cause of it all, now, looses my hold upon myself. Without for a moment sincerely believing that it would have been better if we had never got separated, I cannot see the occasion of so much emotion as I should see any one else. No one can imagine the most distant degree what pain the recollection gave me in Copperfield. And, just as I can never open that book as I open any other book, I cannot see the face (even at four-and-forty) or hear the voice without going wondering away over the ashes of all that youth and hope in the wildest manner.

Mr. Foster adds:

More and more plainly seen, however, in the light of four and forty, the romance glided visibly away, its work being fairly done; at the close of the month following that in which this letter was written, during which he had very quietly made a formal call with his wife at his youthful Dora's house, and contemplated with a calm equanimity in the hall, her stuffed favorite Jip, he began the fiction in which there was a Flora to set against its predecessor's Dora, both derived from the same original. The fancy had comic humor in it as found it impossible to resist, but it was kindly and pleasant to the last; and if the latter picture showed him plenty to laugh at in this retrospect of his youth, there was nothing he thought of more tenderly than the earlier, as long as he was conscious of any thing.

At 19 Dickens began his manhood by entering the gallery on the staff of *The True Sun*, with which Mr. Foster was editorially and also in other ways connected; and he tells how he first saw Dickens one day when there had been a general strike of the reporters.

I well remember noticing at the time, on the staircase of the magnificent mansion we were lodged in, a young man of my own age whose keen animation of look would have attracted attention anywhere, and whose name, upon inquiry, I then for the first time heard. It was coupled with the fact, which gave it interest even then, that young Dickens had been spokesman for the recalcitrant reporters, and conducted their case triumphantly.

There never was such a short-haired writer, said of him his friend Mr. Beard, whom he first met in the gallery, and upon this path in life his success was sure. For two sessions, after leaving *The True Sun*, he worked for the *Mirror* of Parliament, and in his twenty-third year he joined the staff of *The Morning Chronicle*, meaning, in January, 1834, his first writing-time saw the light—the sketch of Mrs. Joseph Porter over the Way, which he had dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, in to a dark letter box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet street. The letter-box was that of the *The Monthly Magazine*, and when some days after he bought that periodical in the Strand—strangely enough, from a young man afterward the Hall of Chapman & Hall, this tender new illustration to his theory of the smallness of the world—he was seized with no slight agitation on seeing himself in print:

### "On which occasion I walked down in Westminster Hall, and turned in to it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

From the *London Telegraph's Review of Foster's Life of Charles Dickens.*

### A Murderer—Hing.

John Ware, who was hung in New Jersey, for the murder of his father, seems to have possessed many brutal attributes. The execution created no small excitement, owing to the celebrity bestowed on the murderer by the local journals, and the fact that he had hung, Mahomet-like, upon the gallows and death in the argumentative coffin of law for months past.

Adjudged to die at last by the final mandate of justice, he died to-day, fearing nothing, admitting nothing, defying everything, a blasphemous wretch, cursing at the verge of eternity. The story of the murder is thus told by a newspaper correspondent: Near the village of Engen-Coming, lived the Ware family. The old man, John A. Ware, his wife, his son and murderer, John Ware, and his daughter, Patience Ware. The family was not especially distinguished for advanced intelligence or elevated character. The folks in the vicinity and neighbors used to say that the old man used to beat the old woman and the old woman return the compliment, both being drunk at such time, and the only decent one of the lot was the daughter Patience Ware, married to a decent man named George Williamson. The son John Ware, was dogged, ignorant, and brutal. The smallest trace of refinement was wanting in him, and he was noted for his despicable animal propensities and passions. His mind was always on something low and inhuman, and actions the natural result of whatever little of mind he had left himself were of a similar character.

Patience Ware, the daughter, and her husband, George Williamson, were living with the old man at his residence, near Long-Coming. On the 16th of August, 1827, John Ware, the murderer, had a quarrel with his brother-in-law. He slapped his sister in the face, and the brother-in-law interfered. Williamson went out of the place and up the Cross Keys Road. There was an old gun, a broken-down musket, standing in one corner of the kitchen. John Ware caught it up, and fired at his brother-in-law. The shot missed, and John went on his way. He passed by the older Ware, the latter going toward the house. As he passed he said to him: "John is frantic, and fired at me just now," and the old man Ware said: "He's a damned scoundrel." Williamson went on, and in five minutes heard a shot. He could see nothing, but his heart told him there had been murder. He went back and found that John Ware had brutally murdered his father.

In the Ware residence there lived also a woman named Mary Ann Chapman or White. She was the house-keeper, and her character was none of the best. She was looking out of a second-story window. She saw the old man Ware coming along in the middle of the road toward the house. John Ware was in the front yard, the gun in his hand. The old man called out, "Go into the house, John, and put up the gun." Ware made no reply, except to level the gun and aim it at the father. The old man said, "You wouldn't shoot your old father, John."

"Give me some money quick," replied the son. The old man laughed, and said that when the son should have finished chopping wood he would pay him. John Ware then said "You old gray-haired—of a—, I'll shoot you," and leaning the gun on a post, fired it. The buckshot entered old Ware's brain, and he fell dead. The partridge rifled his pockets of \$150 and fled away. The alarm was spread and officers put upon the track of Ware. That night he was seen in a store at Glenfale, and from there traced to Camden. Just as he was entering the ferry-boat at Camden for Philadelphia he was arrested. On his person was found \$22 in currency, \$140 in bills, and a \$5 counterfeit note.

A young lady, with a number of others who were injured by a railway accident, was carried to a hospital. The surgeon came around and said to the young and fashionable Miss: "Well, madam, what can I do for you?" She said, "Doctor, one of my limbs is broken." "One of your limbs?" said he. "Well, which limb is it?" "Oh, I can't tell you, Doctor, but it's one of my limbs." "One of your limbs," thus dared the Doctor, out of patience, "which is it, the limb you thread a needle with?" "No sir," she answered, with a sigh, "it's the limb I wear a garter on." The Doctor attended to her, then said: "Young woman, never say limbs to me in a hospital; if you do I shall pass you, for when a woman gets so fastidious as that, the quicker she dies the better."

A schoolboy defined a lady to be "a grown-up girl, who doesn't cuss nor swear."

### My Initiation.

Met a friend on the street; asked me to join the Good Templars—have a first rate time, get acquainted with lots of pretty girls and go home with them, asked me if he should take my name, told him 'Don't care if you do. Got a letter saying I'd been elected, thought I'd join; started up Division street, thought I would drop in at Bob's and Jack in the glass, saw sugar in the glass; went in Craker's, looked in glass to fix necktie; started to find ball, asked a fellow if he knew where it was, said he didn't; saw some girls go up stairs, thought that must be the place; went up two pair of stairs, knocked at the door, man inside put his head in a hole, asked him what he wanted, said he wanted the password, told him I didn't want to pass any words with him, said I couldn't care, told him I'd come to join; he let me in a little room and told me to sit down. Bineby a fellow came out and asked if there were any to be initiated and then went in; the two other fellows with red collars on came out; one asked me if I believed in the existence and power of Almighty God, the other asked me for the stamps, planked down the cash and they departed. Soon fellow No. 1 returned, and they were ready and to follow him. He knocked at the door, fellow inside wasn't going to let us in—changed his mind and opened the door; boys and girls jumped up and commenced singing, soon got done and sat down; walking before an officer with a young lady on each side of him, tho't I'd like to change places with him; next took me around and batted me before a young lady on the opposite side of the room—don't know what she said, was looking at her all the time. Marched me around again, heard the girls whispering and talking. "Wonder if he's married—he is pretty good looking—perched—horrid—splendid—En just going for him," etc. Batted before another officer, who came down and shook hands with me; said, "How do you like all the folks?" He kept on talking and told me to go sign the constitution. Done so, and was marched up before the first officer, who gave a lot of signs—don't know what they were—was looking at the girls on each side of him. Soon all the boys and girls jumped up and joined hands; one of the girls handed me a glass of water; it wasn't very bad, but pretty thin; the other girl put her arms around my neck and put a white collar on me—thought she was going to kiss me but she didn't. Then they put me in the circle, joined hands with the girls who said I was "splendid." Then they had intermission, all came and shook hands with me—called me brother; didn't know I had so many brothers and sisters before. In latter part of the evening asked the girl who said she was going for me, if I could see her home; she said yes if her husband was willing. Did not wait to see but took my hat and left, whistling "Shoo, fly, don't bother me!"

### A Story of an Actor.

Mackay, the actor, was once a gun-maker in Hatfield. One day, while working at the bench vigorously shaving a twelve-inch bastard file, with no one present but a single fellow-workman, he suddenly dropped his file, sprang back a few feet, struck the attitude that Macbeth is supposed to have assumed in the dagger scene, and repeated the blood-curdling words in the text, in a voice hollow, solemn and impressive, with features whereon was painted all the agony of a tortured mind, accompanied with gestures so strikingly true to nature that his fellow-workman was astonished.

He was more than that. He was thoroughly frightened. He had never been to a theater in his life, and consequently was but little prepared for this sudden display of theatrical thunder. He supposed that his companion had been struck with insanity, and to his mind it was more pleasant thought to be scooped up in a room with a crazy man. But how should he escape? That was the question. The object of his dread was between him and the door, and he dare not pass him.

They were on the second floor, and escape by the way of a window was too dangerous to attempt. All this passed through his mind so quickly that the young tragedian had only got to the words, "Come, let me clutch thee," when the frightened mechanic hastily retreated to a far corner of the room, where there was a stack of gun-barrels, and, clutching one placed himself in a defensive posture, with a look so determined and yet so horror-stricken, it seemed to say, "If you do 'clutch' me, or attempt to do so, I will knock your brains out with this gun-barrel."

He kept his eyes fastened on the speaker and breathlessly watched every motion, and maintained the striking attitude until the close. Mackay had been so wrapped up in the recitation that he had not taken in the scene here described, but as he concluded he embraced the situation of affairs at a glance, and said, "Why, Jack, what's the matter with you?"

"The matter with me; nothing!" exclaimed Jack, indignantly; "but I'd like to know what in thunder is the matter with you."

A mutual explanation took place and a hearty laugh followed.

### Golden Words.

Don't smoke.—[U. S. Grant.]  
Don't deceive.—[Baron Munchausen.]

Love your country.—[Jefferson Davis.]  
Mind your own business.—[Catachzy.]

Don't read novels.—[Harper & Bros.]  
We concern in the above.—[T. B. Peterson & Co.]

Beware of Mrs. Livermore.—[General Hall.]  
Read the Bazar Gazette.—[Sir Wm. Temple.]

Make money and do good with it.—[W. M. Tweed.]  
Don't marry until you can support a wife. (Nor then either.)—[Malbone.]

Wisdom is better than soup.—[Daniel Webster's reply to Gen. Scott.]  
Let your motto be self-reliance, faith, honesty, and industry.—[James Fisk, Jr.]

Attribut no success in life to mere devotion to spelling.—[Josh Billings.]  
He that in the world would rise, must take papers and advertise.—[Confucius.]

An honest man gathers no moss. A railing man is the noblest work of God.—[P. V. Nashy—Boston Bazar Gazette.]

### Escape From Wolves.

A Sunday School Superintendent, out in Alaska, treated his entire charge to a sleigh ride. There were just fifty-one of the cherubs, and six large sleighs. On the way home they were beset by a pack of ferocious wolves. Cool and collected in the hour of fearful trial, the heroic Superintendent saw instantly that his most sure bet was overtake. In an instant his quick mind grasped the only chance of escape. Seizing the child that always sang "I want to be an Angel" too notes too high, he flung it to the rapacious horde. Next came their onward rush for a moment. Next came the archer who never brought any penmanship to the heathen. And so on swept the pursuers until the last was exhausted. But the brave fellow had economized his material nobly. And besides a whole Sunday School showed a pack of wolves preciptly. We have always noticed this. In another moment the sleigh dashed into the village, and the grand, noble, true-hearted man knew he was saved.—*Washington Capital.*

Our major, says an old Mexican volunteer, had very long feet, and also a horse that threw every one but the major. One evening the major's servant was out on the parade ground with the horse, and as usual, got thrown off, when one of the boys spoke up and said: "I know why the horse don't throw the major!" "Why?" was asked by a dozen or more. "Well, you see, the major's got such long feet the horse thinks he is in shafts."

### The Secrets of Masury.

Old Zach Wheeler was quite a character in his time, being a clever, easy-going, everybody man, who managed to let everybody know him out of his estates. Just as the last term was about to slip out of his hands, he succeeded in raising the money to lift the mortgage. Aaron Bangor, a prominent Mason, accompanied him to the register's office, which was in a neighboring town. As they were on their way back, so Aaron says, Zach in a confidential manner said:

"Now, Aaron, we're here all alone, and I want you to tell me the secrets of Masury."

"I can't, Zach, they would kill me."

"Why, no, they won't; they'll never find it out."

"Yes, they will, you'll tell of it."

"No, I swear I won't."

"Well, if you'll ride close alongside of me, and put your hand under my thigh, and take the oath I'll administer, I'll tell you the secrets of Masury."

Zach was not slow to comply, and most powerful "Iron-clad oath" was administered and taken.

"Now for the secrets," exclaimed the impatient and unsuspecting victim.

"Well," said Aaron, with mock solemnity and secrecy, "in the first place, we Masons combine together to cheat everybody as much as we can. This is the first grand secret. The second is like you to be: When we can't find anybody else to cheat we cheat each other, but as little as we can."

"Well," exclaimed Zach, "I don't want to be a Mason, but I might have been a rich man's store now."

### A Vagabond Sage.

An old man of active physiognomy, answering to the name of Jack, had not brought to the police court. His clothes looked as if they had been long brought second hand in a goodly pile, for they had indeed been so from the rules of the world that Jack proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None; I'm a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are just about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travels without money, and the former without brains."

"Here have you traveled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to reprove, and a great deal to laugh at."

"A handsome woman showed me a picture of a man who had been a writer who short service, and a fool that has seen enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you observe?"

"A man that marries a girl for her fine estate; a youth who takes medicine while he has the power to earn his money; and the people who elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laughed at a man who expects his position to commend, that neglects which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."

### A Horrible Story.

On a Monday evening, August 27, 1867, young wretches named Joseph F. Bosh and William Chinnoweth, aged sixteen and eighteen respectively, out of an old after-sent murdered the four-year old daughter of Richard Hill. After committing the deed, they threw the body into the creek, where it was found, the neck being broken and the body horribly mutilated. F. Bosh and Chinnoweth were arrested, and made confession of their guilt. In their confession they stated that they expected the purchase of the bills for the missing child, would cause the family to leave their home, which they then purposed to plunder. While being taken to jail, the two inhuman wretches attempted to strangle each other and both were killed by the officers.

The Bangor (Me.) *Wagon*, tells the following story: "An Anglo-Saxon independent writes that Charles Barry, a musician residing in that city, died at a ball at Kendall's Mills, and the ball retired to rest, as usual, all was restless and unable to sleep, a sensation of dread of something was felt, and look hold of his mind. He strove to shake it off, and counted steps in vain. So strong did this uneasiness become that he at length arose and took the first train for Augusta, and immediately went to his home, where he found his wife and little son, four years of age, both nearly suffocated from coal-gas. It was a long time before they could be revived. Had he been absent an hour longer, they would doubtless have been dead."

A little boy was recently presented with a toy trumpet, to which he had given a great attention. One day when he was about to be put to bed, he took the trumpet, and was ready to say his prayers, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother saying, "Here, gran ma, you blow while I pray!"