

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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THE UNDERSIGNED having associated themselves together in the practice of law, offer their professional services to the public. Business promptly attended to in all the courts of Warren, Forest and adjoining counties.

JUNIOR B. CLARK, D. D. FASSETT, Warren, Pa. Tionesta, Pa.

M. ITTEL, Proprietor, Elm St., Tionesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek, Mr. Ittel has thoroughly renovated the Tionesta House, and re-furnished it completely. All who patronize him will be well entertained at reasonable rates. 20 ly

FOREST BLSB, D. BLACK PROPRIETOR, Opposite 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. 4-17-1y

Holmes House, TIONESTA, PA., opposite the Depot. C. D. Mahle, Proprietor, Good Stabling connected with the house.

Syracuse House, TIDIOU, PA., J. & D. MAGEE, Proprietors. The house has been thoroughly refitted and is now in the first-class order, with the best of accommodations. Any information concerning Oil Territory at this point will be cheerfully furnished. 4-17-1y

Exchange Hotel, LOWER TIDIOU, PA., D. S. BARNES, Proprietor. This house having been refitted is now the most desirable stopping place in Tidiole. A good Billiard Room attached. 4-17-1y

National Hotel, WYNETON, PA., W. A. Hallenbach, Proprietor. This hotel is new, and is now open as a first-class house, situated at the junction of the Oil Creek & Allegheny River and Philadelphia & Erie Railroads, opposite the Depot. Parties having to leave by train will find this the most convenient hotel in town, with first-class accommodations and reasonable charges. 11-1y

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 Tidiole, near Tidiole House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints, Oil, Cutlery, and fine Groceries, all of the best quality, and will be sold at reasonable rates. H. R. BURGESS, an experienced Druggist from New York, has charge of the Store. All prescriptions put up accurately. 11-1y

JOHN A. DALE, PRES. GENL. PROPR., VICEPRES. A. H. STEELE, CASHR. TIONESTA SAVINGS BANK, Tionesta, Forest Co., Pa.

This Bank transacts a General Banking, Collecting and Business. Drafts on the Principal Cities of the United States and Europe bought and sold. Gold and Silver Coin and Government Securities bought and sold. 7-30 Bonds converted on the most favorable terms. Interest allowed on time deposits. Mar. 4, 11.

SLOAN & VAN GIESEN, BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON-MAKERS, 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 shop to give satisfaction. Particular attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING, Give them a trial, and you will not regret it. 11-1y

LLOYD & SON, WATER STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

HAVE JUST OPENED an extensive stock of FLOUR AND FEED, GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Which they offer to the public at rates as low as can be offered by any other establishment in town. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. 11-1y LLOYD & SON.

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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Table with 2 columns: Rates of Advertising. One Square (1 inch) one insertion... 25 00. One Square one month... 3 00. One Square three months... 5 00. One Square one year... 10 00. Two Squares one year... 15 00. Quarter Col... 50 00. Half... 100 00. One... 100 00. Business Cards, not exceeding one inch in length, \$10 per year. Legal notices at established rates. These rates are low, and no deviation will be made, or discrimination among patrons. The rates offered are such, as will make it to the advantage of nearly all business in the limits of the circulation of the paper to advertise liberally.

THE SUPERIOR LUMBER CO., MANUFACTURERS OF

Pine Lumber, Lath, Shingles &c.

Mills on Tionesta Creek, Forest Co., Pa. Yards & Office cor. 22d & Rail Road Sts., PITTSBURGH, PA.

EDWARD DITHRIDGE, E. D. DITHRIDGE FORT PITT GLASS WORKS. Established A. D. 1827.

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Dithridge's xx Flint Glass PATENT OVAL LAMP CHIMNEYS.

AND Silvered Glass Reflectors.

These chimneys do not break by heat. Ask for DITHRIDGES. Take no other.

DITHRIDGE & SON, Pittsburgh, Pa. 25-ly.

New Boarding House.

MRS. S. S. HULINGS has built a large addition to her house, and is now prepared to accommodate a number of permanent boarders, and all transient ones who may favor her with their patronage. A good stable has recently been built to accommodate the horses of guests. Charges reasonable. Residence on Elm St., opposite S. Haslet's store. 25-ly

Jos. Y. Saul, PRACTICAL Harness Maker and Saddler. Three doors north of Holmes House, Tionesta, Pa. All work is warranted. 11-1y

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

at the Store of D. S. KNOX, & CO., Elm St., Tionesta Pa.

We are in daily receipt of the largest and MOST COMPLETE stock of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET

BOOTS & SHOES!

FOR THE

MILLIONS!

which we are determined to sell regardless of prices.

HARDWARE

House Furnishing Goods, Iron, Nails, Machine tools, Agricultural Implements, &c., &c., &c., which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! of all kinds,

PARLOR SUITS, CHAMBER SETS, LOUNGES, WHATNOTS, SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES,

LOOKING GLASS, ES, &c., &c., &c., IN ENDLESS VARIETY. Call and see,

D. S. KNOX, & CO. REYNOLDS, BROADHEAD & CO. 1 Centre St., opposite Post Office, OIL CITY, PENN'A.

DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, CARPETING, OIL, CLOTHS, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS, ETC., ETC.

The Influence of Surroundings In the Education of the Young.

Read at the Forest County Teachers' Institute, Thursday Evening, Jan. 25, 1872.

BY MRS. S. M. F. JONES.

As an association of teachers assembled for mutual instruction and improvement in our art, it becomes the duty of each and every member of the same to contribute something to the exercises. In this view therefore (with great diffidence) I offer my own humble mite relying upon the generosity of my auditors to overlook all defects of style, while they give me their attention to the principles I shall attempt to illustrate.

Since Education lies at the basis, and is in fact the foundation upon which must rest the superstructure of all good government; and good society, it becomes a question of paramount importance what Influences or Surroundings are most favorable to the early development of the faculties of the mind.

It becomes at once patent to every observing mind that these Influences do certainly exercise great power in directing the interest and energy of the pupil. For we may say that what is true in social life is equally true in student life. The relations are the same governing the moral and intellectual instincts of our nature, and developing these into a higher or lower order of attainment. The distinction then usually drawn between the two is entirely erroneous. You will observe that while in our houses the necessary controlling elements are sought after for developing us into refined, intelligent beings--while our drawing rooms are tastefully decorated, ornamented with paintings, and brackets, and statuettes, the walls tinted with agreeable colors; our school-rooms for the most part abound in bare walls, and rude uncomely furniture.

There is in their very association a something at once repulsive, expelling ambitious feeling; making study irksome; having a tendency to degrade the moral as well as to blunt the intellectual.

Who is there present, but will say, speaking from actual experience, that one quiet hour in a tastefully furnished library is worth weeks of labor in a room where there is naught but "blank plaster about and above to engage the attention." Hear Ruskin on this point: "The notion of fixing the attention by keeping the room empty is a wholly mistaken one: * * * It is just in the emptiest room that the mind wanders most; for it gets restless like a bird for want of perch and casts about for any possible means for getting out and away."

It is impracticable to suppose that we could bestow upon our school-rooms the same elegance we lavish upon our private drawing-rooms; at the same time if we would turn our attentions to the matter in the right spirit, looking to the eventual good to accrue, there might be made many improvements without much additional expense. A little taste in form and coloring should be exercised as one of the essentials. We can usually determine without much difficulty what will be pleasing; our natural instincts leading us to distinguish readily between the agreeable and the disagreeable. There is no just reason for painting windows and doors with certain sombre shades such as brown or lead-color, when more agreeable colors might be as easily procured, and at the same rates. I would wish no worse prison than a room set off in this detestable lead color; and were I employed to teach in a school-room whose doors and desks were of this same unhealthful hue, I think I should at once resign my position in the conviction that with such unhappy influences about me all my efforts would prove useless.

I was afforded, some months since, an opportunity of visiting one of the District schools in this State. The approach to the building was certainly pleasing; the situation wholly desirable; and the exterior architectural display by no means disagreeable or objectionable. A simple yet tasteful building, located in a remote portion of the town, on a gentle eminence commanding a fine view of the pretty village and encircling hills. As I would

through the avenue of oaks leading to the building I could but wish that I were a school-girl once more; and in imagination I tried those halls, and felt my soul thrill with school-girl emotion. I said to myself in such a school-room--with such pleasing surroundings, labor ipse voluptas (labor itself is pleasure), weariness would be a thing unknown, Mathematics, and Grammar, and the subtleties of Logic would possess additional charms. Alas! for human speculations. How was my ideal of expectation shattered when I reached the event of realization. The entrance to the school-room was by a back portal, and proved to be anything but prepossessing. The room in itself was sufficiently large, and possibly neat; but there was about it a something at once repulsive. The incessant glare of light from uncurtained windows; the unvarying stare of white from the untinted walls; and worst of all, ungainly, cumbersome, leaden-colored desks--desks so tall they might have served a Titan--desks whose seats of such incredible height, left their Lilliputian possessors loftily perched, with feet restlessly dangling in mid-air--desks above whose tops chubby little souls must ever hopelessly essay to lift their keen glances for a glimpse into their neighbors' dominions. "Mind your business" desks. Not a picture, nor map, nor painted card of any kind relieved the gloomy monotony of white and lead-color. Poor little captives! No wonder you long to escape from your prison-house; no wonder you read your daily lesson as though your death-sentence was imbedded therein. And poor, struggling teacher! how I pity you with such unhappy combination of influences on every side. The influence of circumstances or surroundings upon human beings is a fact worthy of still further consideration. The very development of the physique; the stamp of the features; and moulding of character are to a wonderful degree dependent upon the conditions under which one is nurtured.

Look, for example, at the Digger Indians of California, huddled together, half naked, in their underground habitations, amid dirt, smoke, and ashes; their daily subsistence roots and insects. What can you say of their character; of their general physique; of the expression of their countenances? How will they compare with the nobler Indian who takes a pride in building his wigwam, embellishing it with the trophies of the chase; spreading some soft matting for his floor and his couch; sitting down to the sumptuous repast of game which his own industry has provided? His frame is erect; his limbs symmetrical; his features shapely; his countenance intelligent; his eye keen and penetrating.

Go with me into the interior of Ireland. What a miserable, ragged, dejected-looking set of creatures confront one! Their features are coarse and disproportionate; their teeth awry; their voices harsh and grating; and their contour admits no lines of grace or refinement. What are their modes of living?--a miserable filthy hovel, with scarcely any furniture, and that of the meanest sort; a scant allowance of coarse food; and a bundle of peat to keep him warm.

Turn to the Swiss peasant. The simple white washed cottage, with its tasteful garden in front, at once lends enchantment. Enter that home--the furniture is plain yet comely, and is disposed for comfort and for ornament. There is a musical instrument perhaps; snowy curtains caught back gracefully with particles of ribbon, shade the windows; some landscape pictures adorn the walls; and a few choice books rest upon an unpretending shelf. What a pleasing group are here assembled. The mother looks up from her needlework; her face wears a smile; her features are delicate and refined, even though they bear the impress of declining years. The father is a wholesome, good-natured fellow (notwithstanding he may sometimes have his flights of passion). You can see his soft beauty in his face, sometimes venting itself in sparkling *jeu d'esprit*; the children are bright-eyed and intelligent-looking, their manners gentle and unassuming.

And why this difference? Are the Irish indeed less energetic in purpose; less noble, less generous? Are their

capacities for social, moral, and intellectual acquirement so far beneath those of their Alpine brothers? No, certainly not? It is the strange, unnatural force of circumstances by which they are surrounded and overwhelmed. Give them a like incentive to action--throw around them the same combination of influences as control the Swiss peasant, and you would ere long behold a people lofty in intellect, proud in character, and finely commanding in personal appearance.

If, then, these things have such weight upon the physical, moral, and intellectual character of a people, is it not of vital importance to us as a nation, and more particularly to the youth of our land, that the best influences be secured in the culture and training of the latter; and where, I ask, are these influences most needed, most felt--where, but in the School-Room?

"Scatter diligently in susceptible minds The germs of the good and the beautiful! They will develop there to trees, bud, bloom, And bear the golden fruits of Paradise."

"What Shall It Profit."

The clock had just struck six from its place on the black marble mantel of the pretty little dining-room, where fresh bouquets of roses exhaled perfume as if each separate pink blossom had been under a crucible of sweetness, and a noisy cry of "Mama, he's coming! Papa is coming!" filled the house, from three or four rosy little mouths.

Nina Melton, the eagerest child of them all, ran to the door, and stood there, smiling and lovely, with the little ones clinging round her skirts, to welcome her husband's coming footsteps, the *beau ideal* of wifely pride and happiness.

"Why, Harry," she said, as he came up the steps, with a kiss for little Nina, and a chuck under the chin for Johnny, and a word of greeting for them all, "what makes you so grave?"

"Nothing, child; only I'm tired, and want my dinner."

The dinner was ready--a pair of brown little chickens, with a Parisienne soup first, and a bread pudding afterwards; for Nina Melton was as notable a house-keeper as any in the land.

But Harry Melton's face did not soften in its rigid lines as the meal progressed to a close.

Nina was helping her youngest child to his little plate of pudding, when one of the servants came softly in and whispered something to her.

"Very well," said Mrs. Melton carelessly; "give her the other bundle, Harry, can you let me have the five dollars?"

"What for?" Mrs. Melton looked a little surprised. It was a question he was not in the habit of asking.

"To pay Mrs. Barbour, for sewing."

"Nina, that woman charges you too much," he said, sharply.

"I do pay her a little more than Jane Callahan charges, but you must remember, dear, she's a widow, with six little children."

"I'm not bound to support her and her children."

"No, Harry, but--"

"Pay her for what she has done," he said, tossing a five-dollar bill ungraciously across the table; "but don't give her any more. Jane Callahan sews cheaper."

Mrs. Melton made no further remonstrance, but obeyed in silence.

"Charley Miller is coming here this evening," she said, a few minutes afterwards, "to get Johnny's old suit of clothes. Mrs. Miller was so thankful when I told her she could have them--"

"She can't have them," interrupted Mr. Melton. "Jones tells me he gets half price for anything of that sort, at a store in Chatham Street. He gave me the card, and I shall send for them to come up here and take away all our old clothes. We must economize, Nina."

"But Mrs. Miller is poor!"

"So shall we be, if we go on in this way. I tell you, Nina, I have been thinking seriously over this matter to-day. I've lost eighteen hundred dollars through Corbett's failure, and I can not afford to keep half the paupers in New York. There's old Aunt Dorcas living rent free at the farm. I don't know why I should support Aunt Dorcas. Mortimer offered me three hundred a year for the place yesterday, and I shall write to tell the old lady to turn out!"

Mr. Melton bit his lip. "There," he said, a little petulantly. "I might have known it would have ended like this, if I tried to reason with you. Women can't be logical if they try."

"If this is the way you are feeling, Harry, I'm afraid you will disapprove of what I ventured to do to-day. Mr. Liscombe was here to ask about the rent of your little store in Sixth Avenue. It was for that lame brother of his, an honest, hard-working young shoemaker, who was very ambitious to go into business for himself. He has scraped together enough to pay nine hundred dollars, the first year's rent."

"But I raised the rent to twelve hundred."

"I know you did, Harry; but I knew, at least I supposed, you would be willing to do a charitable action for one so piteously afflicted by Providence; so I told Mr. Liscombe that poor Giles could have it for the former rent of nine hundred."

"Then you did a foolish thing," said Mr. Melton, raising and beginning to pace the room in evident annoyance, "a very foolish and ill-considered thing indeed. I must send my clerk round to Liscombe's the first thing tomorrow morning. I can't afford to make a present of three hundred dollars a year to Giles Liscombe, just because he's a cripple. I pay my taxes, I contribute to the charity funds of the church, and I can't and won't do any more!"

Nina listened in silence, to her it seemed as if a strange transformation had come unexpectedly over the whole spirit and temperament of the man she called her husband.

Presently she rose up. "I will put little Mary to bed," she said quietly, and stole away upstairs, with the other children silently following her.

"Papa isn't nice to-night," said Johnny as he took his spelling-book to the nursery table. "Mama, what makes him so cross?"

"Hush, Johnny," said Mrs. Melton, whose wifely loyalty admitted of no doubt or question; "papa is tired."

Johnny was not altogether satisfied with the version of affairs, but he fell back on "words of six syllables," without asking any more questions; and Nina returned downstairs, taking up her needlework, and quietly seated herself by the shaded gas burner, as she saw that Harry lay on the sofa, apparently asleep, with the newspaper over his face.

Once or twice, as the clock ticked softly in the stillness, and the indistinct hum from the street below floated in through the half-open window, Nina let the work fall to her lap and unconsciously drifted away upon the tide of grave and troubled thoughts which seemed to eddy round her heart.

They were making money, the firm of Melton and Chisdale; she had heard people say so, time and again. She had been congratulated upon the success of her husband's business, and had smiled back a pleased response.

Old Uncle Darwin Field, when he had made his week's visit in the city two years ago, had contemplated Harry Melton's luxurious home with grave wistfulness, and said to her--

"Remember, Nina, my gal, that riches have wings, and don't get too set on such things."

She had thought the old man interfering, almost impertinent at the time; now his words came to her like a half-forgotten prophecy.

"Can it be possible," she thought, as her sad eyes gazed out into the starry firmament of the summer night, "that he too has caught the worst infection of moneymaking--that he is growing avaricious and mean and grasping? Oh, no, no; Harry never could be that!"

The work lay unheeded on her lap. She had no heart to sew now.

Up to the present moment, Nina Melton's life had been one of uninterrupted smoothness and sunshine.

Could it be that the shadows, so long withheld that she had learned to doubt their actual existence, so far as she was concerned, were coming at last?

Suddenly Harry Melton started from his slumbers, and sat upright, gazing with a bewildered air round the room.

"Nina, wife, are you there?" he said, in a strange, husky tone.

"I am here, Harry."

"Thank goodness! Then it was only a dream."

"What was only a dream?"

"Come here, and I will tell you, wife. Here, close to my side. Heavens!" he muttered beneath his breath, as he passed his hand unceasingly over his wet forehead, "how real it seems yet! Where are the children?"

"Upstairs. Mary and Nina are asleep, and Johnny is at his lessons."

"I have had the strangest dream of a dream you ever had," he went on.

"Nina, I think it must have been intended for a warning for me. It seemed to me as if I were dead. You and the children were with me, and yet not with me; that was the strangest mystery of all. You seemed to stand afar off, in beautiful green meadows, all misty with the sunshine that was around you, and the children were gathering flowers at your feet--flowers,

such as I have never seen in my mortal garden; and there were many others there, and the air was full of music, whose strains I could faintly hear. And I was hastening towards you, when my footsteps were stopped by a wall--a wall built of shining pieces of gold, with a sentinel standing beyond, in white, glittering raiment with a sword, whose brightness dazzled my very eyes.

"Let me pass!" I cried; "let me go to them!" and pointed eagerly to the green meadows where you all were.

"Never!" the sentinel answered. "This wall divides you from them for ever; the wall you yourself have built up, in your short-sighted greed and avarice!"

"And then I knew that the gold pieces of which the wall was built were those I had saved from the wretched purses of those who were poorer than I--Giles Liscombe's hard-earned money, and the rent for poor Aunt Dorcas' house, and the little I had would have taken from Mrs. Barbour's board, and much more besides.

"Oh, Nina, when I saw that shining barrier I knew that it divided us eternally, and it was made plain to me all of a sudden how miserably I had failed in life. 'For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"It seemed as if a great weight rested on my soul, an awful load of remorse! I lifted up my voice to utter a cry of despair, but I could not breathe even a whisper, and then I awoke. Nina, Nina, thank God with me that it was only a dream!"

She pressed his hand softly in her own, as the tears came into her eyes. "Thank God, indeed, dear Harry!" she answered.

The Ventura (California) Signal relates the following: "We forgot to note a little incident that took place here some time ago that was well worthy of record, illustrating California youth and life. Two boys, aged respectively twelve and fourteen years, sons of W. E. Foster, of Montecito, and R. R. Hall, of the Ojai ranch, were out on the mountains on horseback, looking for their cows, when they discovered a young grizzly bear toddling along in the trail. They had been long enough here to know the danger of trying to catch the little fellow, the ferocious dan rarely being beyond the cries of her young. But the temptation was too strong for youthful discretion, and keeping an eye on the varmint, they began hallooing, and finally being convinced that the old one was not near, they rode up to him, and, with the dexterity of old vaqueros, quickly succeeded in fastening the lariet about his neck, and took him safely home. It was a feat as dangerous as daring, and a sport that old hunters would not care to indulge in unless exceedingly well mounted.

Marriages a hundred years ago in England are described in an old paper thus: Married in June, 1760, Mr. William Donkin, a considerable farmer of Great Tossom, near Bothbury, in Cumberland Co., to Miss Eleanor Shotton, an agreeable young gentlewoman of the same place. The entertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than 120 quarters of lamb, 44 quarters veal, 20 quarters of mutton, and a great quantity of beef; 12 hams, with a suitable number of chickens, &c., which was concluded with eight half-fankers of brandy made into punch; 12 dozens of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and 90 bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of 550 ladies and gentlemen, who concluded with the music of 25 fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity.

Old Starks, an honest German, had a farm about three miles from the village of Naples, on the Illinois River, and, like most of his countrymen who settle in this country, was great on garden truck, butter, eggs, &c., which he carried regularly to the town to sell or barter for family supplies. One day he came in as usual, and Peter Critzer, the store-keeper, thinking to get a "saw" on the old man said: "Well, Starks, got some more eggs?"

"Yah, I have a few." "I paid you a bit for the last," said Critzer, "but we have had a convention of the store-keepers, and they have resolved to give only ten cents in future." "Yah, Vell, mine hens they have a meetin'" replied Starks, "an' they resolves wot dey won't war 'emseives out layin' eggs for less as fourteen sents!" And the old man stalked off leaving Peter to stand the laugh of the crowd.

A young lady who has been taking quinine in large quantities became so impregnated with iron that one cold evening, when her lover kissed her at her at the door, he had the same experience that small boys do who approach their mouths to lamp-posts, and, before he could separate his lips from hers, was caught by his ought-to-be mother-in-law. Moral--don't take quinine.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common suffering is a far stronger link than common joy.