Independent Republican.

H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher. "Freedom and Right against Slavery and Wrong." $2.00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1865. NUMBER 3.

Business Directory.

CHARLES HOLES,

DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms. Shop on east side Public Avenue in F. B. Chandler's store. Montrose, Pa., Nov. 7, 1864.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lent. Boards at J. Hosford's. Friendsville, July 27, 1864.—tf

E. W. SMITH,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lea's Drug store. Susquehanna Depot January 25, 1864.

H. BURRITT,

DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c. New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.—tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds of Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. Montrose, Pa., February 22, 1864.

W. E. & J. B. KIRBY,

KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment of GROCERIES; also, a good assortment of FRESH MEAT. Shop under W. H. Boyd's Tin Shop. Montrose, February 8, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Laibron's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown. Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Bentley & Fitch's. Montrose, February 1, 1864.—Oct. 22, 1861.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prepared. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Boyd's building, below Searle's Hotel. Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—feb7y1 1863.

S. S. ROBERTSON,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES Opposite Street, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, January 25, 1864.—tf

CHARLES MORRIS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. B. Week's Shoe Store, Montrose. Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Shaving, and Whisker Coloring done in the BEST STYLE. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the most APPROVED FASHION. Montrose, Sept. 23, 1863.—tf

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,

KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict attention to business and fair dealing, they hope to merit the liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and EATING SALOON is attached to the Grocery, where bivalves in season, are served in every style that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place, the old Mott Grocery stand, on Main Street, below the Postoffice. Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17,63.—tf

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SURGEON for PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyons & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's. Montrose, October, 1863.—tf

D. A. BALDWIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa. Great Bend, August 10, 1863.—1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,

DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. The Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the Methodist Church. Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. Having had about a year's experience in the United States Army, as Surgeon, especial attention will be given to SURGICAL OPERATIONS. ☞ Residence on Maple Street, East of J. S. Tarbell's Hotel. Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.—tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,

SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking Office of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in his usual good style and warranted. Remember, office formerly of H. Smith & Son. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

E. J. ROGERS,

MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the best style of workmanship and of the best materials. Shop at the well known stand of E. H. ROGERS, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line. Montrose, June 1, 1863.—tf

BALDWIN & ALLEN,

DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed Candles, Clover and Timothy Seed. Also GROCERIES such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. G. W. REACH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having permanently located himself at Brooklyn Center, Pa., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Susquehanna County, on terms commensurate with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr. B. Richardson, and boards at Mrs. Richardson's. Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 4, 1864.—1y

F. B. WEEKS,

PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; also Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

JOSEPH RICE,

MANUFACTURER and DEALER in all kinds of CHAIRS. Shop four miles east of New Milford Borough. New Milford, October 1, 1863.—tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and punctually to all business that may be entrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times. Diseases and deformities of the EYE, Surgical Operations, and all Surgical Diseases particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

E. PATRICK, Jr.,
E. L. GARDNER.

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties. Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,

DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brothers. Montrose, Pa. January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware Iron, Steel, Nails, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Buffalo Robes, Furs, Drugs, Oils and Paints, Dye Stuffs, Window Glass, Glassware, Wall Paper, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Musical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, Brushes, &c., and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, January 1, 1861.

C. O. FORDHAM,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised. Montrose, April 2, 1861.—tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st., third door below Searle's Hotel. N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

B. R. LYONS & CO.,

DEALERS in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, Ladies' Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Paper, Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue.
B. R. LYONS. J. D. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c. Brick Block, Montrose.
O. P. READ, A. WATROUS, H. O. FOSTER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa. Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1859.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop opposite the Republican Steam Printing Office. Montrose, Pa., October 25, 1859.—tf

D. A. LYONS,

DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Salt, Crockery, Hardware, &c., Store on Main Street. Susquehanna Depot February 11, 1862.—tf

BEAUMONT & WARD,

WOOL CARDING, Cloth Dressing, and Manufacturers, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made to suit when the work is brought. JOHN BEAUMONT.

BENTLEY & LOOMIS,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Scranton, Pa. Office over Fuller's Drug Store, on Lackawanna Avenue, late Overton Parkhill's Office. Military Exemption papers made out in Susquehanna County, if desired, would be well to attend to. Information by letter cheerfully given, and all business entrusted to us promptly attended to. D. S. BENTLEY. F. H. LOOMIS.
Scranton, Pa., Sept. 25, 1864.—tf

J. H. BURNS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel. Montrose, Jan. 21, 1863.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Liquors, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Brushes, &c.—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, January 1, 1861.

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Scranton, Pa., Sept. 25, 1864.—tf

J. H. BURNS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel. Montrose, Jan. 21, 1863.

From the Atlantic Monthly for January.

MY AUTUMN WALK.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

On woodland ruddy with autumn
The ambre sunshine lies;
I look on the beauty round me,
And tears come into my eyes.

For the wind that sweeps the meadows
Blows out of the far Southwest,
Where our gallant men are fighting,
And the gallant dead are at rest.

The golden rod is leaning,
And the purple aster waves
In a breeze from the land of battles,
A breath from the land of graves.

Full fast the leaves are dropping
Before the wandering breath;
As fast, on the field of battle,
Our brethren fall in death.

Beautiful over my pathway
The forest spoils are shed;
They are spotting the grassy hillocks
With purple and gold and red.

Beautiful is the death-sleep
Of those who bravely fight
In their country's holy quarrel,
And perish for the Right.

But who shall comfort the living,
The light of whose homes is gone;
The bride that, early widowed,
Lives broken-hearted on;

The matron whose sons are lying
In graves on a distant shore;
The maiden, whose promised husband
Comes back from the war no more?

I look on the peaceful dwellings
Whose windows glimmer in sight,
With croft and garden and orchard
That bask in the mellow light;

And I know that, when our couriers
With news of victory come,
They will bring a bitter message
Of hopeless grief to some.

Again I turn to the woodlands,
And shudder as I see
The mock-grape's* blood red banner
Hung out on the cedar tree;

And I think of days of slaughter,
And the night-sky red with flames,
On the Chattahoochee's meadows,
And the wasted banks of the James.

Oh, for the fresh spring-season,
When the groves are in their prime;
And far away in the future
Is the frosty autumn-time!

Oh, for that better season,
When the pride of the foe shall yield,
And the hosts of God and Freedom
March back from the well-won field;

And the matron shall clasp her first born
With tears of joy and pride;
And the scarred and war-worn lover
Shall claim his promised bride!

The leaves are swept from the branches
But the living buds are there,
With folded flower and foliage,
To sprout in a kindlier air.

October, 1864.

* *Ampelopis*, mock-grape. I have here literally translated the botanical name of the Virginia creeper—an appellation too cumbrous for verse.

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

"House full? Why, how much company have you, Louise?"

Mrs. Louise Anslie, our pretty hostess, who was on her knees before my trunk, engaged in admiring my wardrobe while she chatted, turned immediately to my sister.

"My dear Julia, we are actually crammed," said she. "There hasn't been such a summer rush for The Maples since I can remember. First came the Athertons and the Wilsons; then little Hattie Latimer and her sister; then Harry Vernon, Charlie Wayne, Fred Lawton, and his pretty little cousin, and consequently her ardent admirer, Mr. Maynard. I thought we were certainly full, and James was just saying, last night, that he couldn't possibly accommodate anybody else, when a carriage drove up, and out sprang Hugh Cheston.

"Hugh Cheston?" said I, my face flushing.

"Hugh Cheston?" exclaimed my elder sister, Gertrude, who was tumbling over the contents of her trunk in search of something. "Oh, I am delighted!"

"He's the best catch I know of, Louisa," said Julia.

"Well of course he has come to spend a week or two, and James was just as glad to see him as if there wasn't a soul in the house and we had whole suites of rooms," replied Mrs. Anslie; "but I was at my wits' end for a place to put him in. At least I remembered what a good little soul you are, Mattie, and so ventured to let him have the chamber I had preserved for you. You won't think it an imposition, will you, dear?"

"No, indeed, I can manage capitally with you, Julia," I said.

"It's very good of you. He's just returned from the continent," continued Louisa. ("Oh, what a love of a bertha, Mattie!)—and has brought home a French valet who is almost as handsome as his master, who is turning the head of every maid in the house. How delightful it is to hear them talk French—master and man! Mattie, where did you ever find this perfect trimming?"

"I haven't seen him for nearly five years," said Gertrude; "but I used to be desperately in love with him. Such handsome eyes as he had!"

"He is very rich, which is much more to the purpose," said Julia, whose twenty six summers had brought her to appreciate the practical part of life. "Mattie, you little homely thing," she added, "what are you dreaming about?"

I got up from the floor where I had been sitting for the last ten minutes, with my hair about my shoulders, and went to the mirror. I did not want them to see what a bright color there was upon my cheeks.

My sisters were dressed in a few moments more, and went down stairs with Louisa. When the sound of their voices had died away I threw myself upon the carpet by a chair and fell to dreaming. Five years before—it did not seem long—I had seen Hugh Cheston, and for the only time in my life. It was on the night of a party given at my father's house, in honor of my sister Gertrude's eighteenth birthday. Little more than two years before I had lost my dear mother, and the idea of a crowd of gay people thronging the room where she rested in her coffin on that last sad day filled my childish heart with grief and indignation. But no one took any notice of me. I knelt there by the window of my little room, which was in the wing of the house and overlooked the terrace of the main building—my face wet with tears, and the the most wretched feeling I had ever felt lingering around me. Suddenly a light from the ball-room streamed out broadly upon the darkness, as some one drew the wind drapery aside, and an instant afterwards two persons stepped out upon the terrace. It was my sister Gertrude and a gentleman. I could hear their words plainly as they passed backwards and forwards. They talked gaily and carelessly about a great many things, some of which I could understand, and others I could not. At last I was startled by the words of my sister's companion.

"What is that?" he said.

"What?" said my sister. "What do you mean, Mr. Cheston?"

"I thought I caught a glimpse of a child's face at that window," replied the gentleman. "And if I am not mistaken it was wet with tears."

I drew back quietly with a beating heart, but I heard my sister say, "Oh, 'tis Mattie, my little sister, I suppose. The child is averse to our giving this party to-night, and declares that we are all heartless and forgetful of my dear mother. Of course, as you are aware, the idea is very absurd, but no one could make her believe it, and she has shut herself up in her room and cried all day."

Gertrude had told the truth. These were just the facts of the case. If her words had called forth a smile from her companion, I should have hated him forever; but peeping carefully from behind the curtain I saw his face as he passed by the lighted windows, and it was as grave and gentle as I could have wished. He made Gertrude no reply.

A few moments afterwards they stepped through the window into the room again. Leaning back into my old place I dropped my head into my hands and fell to thinking, but not of my troubles. Suddenly I was startled by hearing my name called. After a moment's bewildered hesitation I leaned forward and looked out. Mr. Cheston was standing alone upon the terrace.

"Won't you come down a moment?" he said, smiling at my frightened face. "I want to talk with you."

Springing up, I left my room, and tripping lightly down the stairs, stepped through the hall door upon the terrace, and stood before him with a beating heart. He took my hand and stooping down he looked kindly into my face.

"What have you been crying for?" he said, gently.

"You know," I replied, laconically.

"So I do, little Mattie," he said, smilingly, "and I called you down because I wished to tell you that I don't think it foolish at all, as the others do, and I'm very sorry for you."

I allowed him to kiss me, which was a liberty I should have indignantly resented under any other circumstances.

"In a few months I am going away, and shall be gone for several years," he said, after a pause, during which he looked keenly but kindly into my downcast face. "When I come back you will be a young lady, Mattie."

"I know it," said I. "And I am very sorry for it."

"For what reason?" he asked.

"They are so foolish," I said. "They talk about nothing else but dress, and gentlemen, and parties, and are always the crossest people in the world to me."

The idea that Mr. Cheston was laughing at me flashed upon my mind as I finished speaking; but glancing up quickly in his face, I saw that it was unusually grave.

"Your opinion of your sex is not a very flattering one, however truthful it may be," he said. "Do you believe all young ladies are like those, whom you see every day?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Do you think it necessary that they should be?" he asked.

"No, sir," I said, "for I don't think my mother was such a young lady."

"Don't you think that you could grow up to be a sensible, useful woman, if you were to try?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Will you try?" he asked.

"I will," was my earnest reply.

"And I hope you may succeed, my dear Mattie, both for your sake and my own," said Mr. Cheston. "Now I must leave you. Will you kiss me good-bye?"

I astonished myself very much by the act, when I pressed my lips to his, as he bent down. Something in my face attracted his attention a moment after, and he sighed.

"You're a queer little thing," he said. "What would you tell me if I were to ask you if you liked me?"

"The truth of course," I replied.

"Then I'll spare your blushes, you remarkable morsel of womanhood," he said. "But, Mattie," he continued, more seriously, "will you kiss me when I come back?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You will be a young lady then, remember," he said.

"I shall be myself just the same," I said.

"So you will," said he. "I shall hold you to your promise. Remember it. Now, good-bye."

He turned away as some one came upon the terrace, and I sprang through the hall door, and flew back to my room. And this was the scene I was thinking over as I sat upon the floor of my room at the beautiful country-seat of the Anslies—a girl of seventeen, dark, plain, shy and sensitive.

"Mattie, what for mercy's sake are you doing that you are not dressed yet? 'Tis nearly dinner time," said my sister Julia, dashing into the room for something, and stopping short as her eyes fell upon me "Have you been asleep?"

"No," said I, sullenly, getting up and going to the mirror.

"Oh, you queer child," said she. "Now do be quick. You'll find me in the drawing room if you ever get ready to come down," and on she swept.

I think there are few persons in the world who can understand what I suffered when I entered the room where Mr. Cheston was. Everything was a blank to me as I crossed to the window where my sister sat. I realized nothing in existence but the heavy pulsations of my heart, which seemed as if they would beat out my life. When I came to my senses I was sitting by good Mrs. Wilson, who was always kind to me, and whom I sometimes thought I loved better than either Julia or Gertrude.

"You did not expect to see so many people, dear, and were frightened," she said, with a smile on her kind motherly face. "I saw it the moment you opened the door."

I answered only with a glance, and slipped my hand into hers.

"Mrs. Wilson," said my sister Gertrude, "if Mr. Cheston comes this way again I want you to take Mattie round to the other side of you. You will, won't you?"

"No, my dear; that's very ungenerous of you," replied Mrs. Wilson. "I shall warn Mr. Cheston that you have serious designs on him."

"I don't see the necessity of warning a person against a danger of which he is already aware," snapped a young lady with very black eyes, who stood behind the sofa on which we sat.

Gertrude turned round with a crimson face.

"What is the subject of your discussion? Won't you admit me to your confidence, ladies?" said a familiar voice, so near my ear that I started in affright.

The black-eyed young lady slipped aside to give Mr. Cheston place near Gertrude. Several persons were presented to him; I among others. He paid no particular attention, and took a chair beside Gertrude

"Don't you inquire what we were talking about, Mr. Cheston?" said the black-eyed young lady.

"I believe I had the audacity to do so," he replied, smiling. But the smile was very different from the one I remembered to have seen upon his face.

"We were speaking of kisses," said Gertrude, quickly, with a saucy smile. "And Hattie Latimer declared that she didn't believe you cared for them."

I started. I had never before heard my sister utter a deliberate falsehood.

"I am very sorry that Miss Latimer thinks me so indifferent to the most exquisite perfect luxury in life," he replied, glancing up at her.

"Victory, Hattie! Mr. Cheston does believe in kisses," cried Gertrude, with a smile so bright as to dazzle the eyes, so that but two of us saw the hidden malice.

I think Miss Hattie was about making an attempt to struggle out of the position into which my sister had thrust her; but Louisa Anslie, who had sauntered up a moment before, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Cheston, don't you remember that you once attended a forfeit party, and wore the most dissatisfied face I ever saw in my life, all the evening?"

"But Mrs. Anslie, that was because I consider forfeits a sacrilege of the caress," he replied. "It is converting the beautiful into the useful, and ruining the exchange value by so doing. I regret, however, that my face betrayed my feeling. I assure you that the rudeness was not intentional."

"Mr. Cheston is apparently unconscious that several ladies are looking at him very admiringly," said a low voice near me.

I turned round. It was Mr. Maynard, who was in a fever of jealousy because Rose Lawton's bright eyes were fixed upon the gentleman in question.

"Take care, Mr. Cheston," cried Gertrude. "I'm afraid you don't know what you are bringing upon yourself. Having declared yourself so much in favor of the "most perfect luxury in life," we young ladies may have you quite at our mercy. According to your assertion, I doubt if you could resist the reward of a kiss from a pretty girl who might be suing for a favor. Could you?"—"Yes," he replied.

"How so?" she asked.

"Because a kiss given in that way would be of little value," said Mr. Cheston.

"I consider that a very unkind speech, coming as it does from the lips of a man who is well aware that kisses are a lady's favorite bribe," replied Gertrude, flushed, but laughing. "It is a most ungallant speech, Mr. Cheston; you must stand trial for punishment."

"I will make it short by choosing Rose Lawton for my judge," he replied, laughing, and glancing up into the smiling eyes of the little beauty.

"Your chastisement shall be to confess whom you kissed last," said she, gaily.

"That is not fair," he said.

"Why?" she demanded quickly.

"Because," said he, "the lady is present, and the punishment would rather fall upon her than me."—Whereupon they all burst into a merry laugh.

"Well, then, you can tell whom you intend to kiss next," said Rose.

"That will not do, either," said he. "I should never be able to put my intentions into effect."

"Do you keep an account of your kisses as you do your expenses, Cheston?" called out Mr. Maynard.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cheston, quietly.

"Now I have it!" cried Rose Lawton. "You shall tell us how many ladies you have kissed during the last five years."

"I will do so on condition that my word will not be doubted," he said gravely.

"We will believe you, certainly," said Rose, "Now listen, good folks."

"Not one," said Mr. Cheston, quietly; upon which everybody looked astonished.

"Oh, Mr. Cheston, you amaze us?" cried Rose.

"Hugh is probably faithful to some fair lady who favored him before," said Mr. Anslie, who had been listening quietly for a few moments

"Exactly," said Mr. Cheston, rising with a bow, and turning away to some one who called him impatiently.

Oh, the significant glances and exclamations of wonder that was circulated through the group after his departure!

"And what are you thinking of, little mouse," said Mrs. Wilson, bending toward me. "Your cheeks are as red as roses."

She would have been overwhelmed with astonishment if I had told her.

* * * * * * *

Three weeks passed, and Mr. Cheston and I were on no more intimate terms than we had been on that first evening. We rarely met except at the table or in the drawing room of an evening, and he seldom addressed me when we did meet. By degrees I overcame my shyness and sensitiveness regarding him.—He had forgotten, I thought, the romantic incident of my childhood, which had always had such a charm for me, and I wondered at myself for ever supposing that he had remembered it beyond the moment. It made me a little sad to know that all my pleasant thoughts concerning it were castles in the air, and slightly humiliating, taken in connection with his polite indifference to me, to know that those thoughts were so many.

"Mr. Cheston was a great lion among the party at The Maples." The ladies liked him; the gentlemen were jealous of him while they strove to imitate him. Everybody talked of him; everybody admired him; [illegible]

The summer wore gradually away. Several of our party had returned home, and one clear September morning Mr. Cheston informed Mr. Anslie at the breakfast table that he should be obliged to return to town the next morning. It frightened me to know how shocked and pained I was, and at the first opportunity I rose and left the room.

That evening, when the drawing-room was deserted by the few that remained of the gay company, and I could hear their voices far down the moonlit park, I strolled into the dark, and silent room, and sank upon a cushioned seat. Instantly some one started up in the dusky light, and coming forward, sat beside me. It was Mr. Cheston.

"Mattie," said he, "I intend going away before six o'clock to-morrow morning, and shall probably not see you again." I did not reply, and he continued—"Haven't I a right to ask for a good-bye kiss?"

The light was not so dim but that I could see a laughing light in his eyes.

"You have the right which the promise of a child gives you, I suppose," I replied, somewhat annoyed by his light manner. It was so little for him to say good-bye to me. It was so much for me to say good-bye to him.

"A child in years you certainly were, Mattie, but more of a woman at heart than thousands twice your age," said he. "Do you know that you made a conquest of me, little one, when you kissed me upon the terrace in the darkness that night?"

"A conquest!" I said, startled.

"I carried that kiss away with me," he replied.—"I loved the remembrance of it as I did my life. I would not have parted with it for all the wealth in the world, for it was a sweet hope on which hung all my light of the future. The lips of no other woman have pressed to mine since then. I said to myself that, until I kissed another, your kiss remained.—Do you understand?"

My eyes were full of tears, but I tried to smile.

"You were a sweet child, Mattie," he continued, "and have grown into a sweet woman—such a woman that I have been waiting to find that I might marry. Now I ask for that promised kiss, and if you give it to me I shall take it for granted that you give me yourself with it."

Mr. Cheston was sure of what I had never acknowledged to myself—my love for him. I felt it in the confident clasp of his arm; I saw it in the confident glances of his eyes; and content that he should read the heart of which he was so certainly the master, I acted my simple self and gave him "The Promised Kiss."

"A LETTER FROM JACK."

U. S. S. VICKSBURG, OFF WILMINGTON, N. C., December 29th, 1864.

Mr. Editor:—In my last letter I informed you that we were then in the Gulf Stream, cruising for blockade runners &c. We overhauled several schooners bound from Matamoras to New York; but although they were engaged in an unlawful traffic, having smuggled their cargoes of cotton across from Texas to Mexico, yet as the same were shipped under the protection of the French Fag, we could not interfere with them.

We experienced some rough weather, and our coal being exhausted, we put into Beaufort. Arriving in the Harbor, the Pilot informed us that Savannah was taken, and that an attack had been made upon Wilmington. We also received orders from the senior officer at that place that the Admiral had ordered all vessels to coal without delay, and proceed thither. On the 25th coaling ship was carried on to its fullest extent, and some 20 tons were taken in, and in the afternoon of the same day we weighed anchor and started on the "War Path." We arrived off the Eastern Bar on the morning of the 26th, coming among hundreds of empty shell boxes floating on the surface of the water, which led us to the supposition that some powder had been used. We soon sent up our numbers, and came in the midst of the fleet, where we found all the Frigates, Sloops-of-War, Ironclads, &c. The "Malvern" not being in sight, we reported to the Susquehanna, who informed us that he had no orders for us, that all the Fleet had been ordered to report to Beaufort, and that we had better cruise around and look after blockade runners, and, as he expressed it, "We might pick up something." Our Executive Officer said, "Is Fort Fisher taken?" A pause. Answer, "Yes, by the Rebels!" Again, "Ben Butler has it in his side pocket." We then learned that Admiral Porter had attacked and silenced Fort Fisher and all the land batteries along the shore, that troops had been landed but did not occupy the same.

We received orders on the eve of the 26th to assist in re-embarking the troops. This we did, covering the bark employed for that purpose. Whether the movement is a feint to cover some future movement, or for what purpose it was intended, is more than I can tell. Suffice it to say that the Navy nobly did its work, silencing the batteries in a few hours. The Old Ironsides, going within a few hundred yards of the Fort, let go her anchor and blazed away.—Some have insinuated that a misunderstanding existed between the Commanders of the two forces, but I do not wish to deal in idle rumors. The attack has at all events been postponed until some time in the future. We are now off the Western Bar, engaged in our old duty of blockading. We were engaged yesterday in shelling a beach blockade runner, the batteries on shore responding. I hope to see this place closed up effectually ere long.

C. H. SMITH.

SOLDIER'S LETTER.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST REG., P. V.

A lady writing to a soldier and asking what he meant by right and left of the army, he gives the following:

MISS L. A. D.: I this morning give you command of an army. Your line will extend from Binghamton to Montrose, by way of Silver Lake; and there, along the old turnpike, is your front. Binghamton is your extreme right: there you want a big fort that covers about five acres of land; put sixteen big guns in there that will throw grape and canister, place six guns in front of your fort, and six on the flank side, and four to fire lengthways of your line; and you want a division of cavalry to act as scouts to protect the right flank of your army. Miss B. A. N. commands the eighteenth corps, and Miss B. A. M. must hold the line to T. Gage's—that is her extreme left; there she wants a fort with eight guns, four in the front to protect the road that comes from Brackney; that is your front, of course, and two guns to fire each way of your line, to cut the enemy as bad as possible; and at T. Gage's the nineteenth corps joins you. Miss W. J. will command that corps and will reach to Quaker Lake at the Maine place; that is her left; T. Gage's her right. W. J., you want three forts in your part of the line, one on the hill at Mike's, and one on the Britten road, and one on your extreme left, to command the road at the lake. There the second corps will join you, and Miss H. A. M. commands it, and her corps will reach to Richmond Hill; there is her left flank, and there you want a fort, there is the 141st reg't at that fort, and you want a fort at the Four Corners, to command the road that comes from Silver Lake, and one at the D. L. Meeker place and at the road that comes from the Catholic Church; put twenty guns in that one to shoot Copperheads with; one at the B. Gage road; put four guns in that one; eight in the one on your extreme left. Miss H. L. takes command of the fifth corps, and joins Miss H. A. M., and reaches to Montrose. Miss H. L. wants four forts in her part of the line, one on the hill beyond the old factory, and two between there and Montrose, and there a big one, which is the extreme left of your army.

Then, Miss H. A. D., put the ninth corps on the road that leads from Montrose to Snake Creek, and give Miss S H. command of the ninth corps, and have her fortify well along that road, and put a division of cavalry along the road, and send squads of them out every day as scouts, and, if needed, send a brigade out of each corps, for there you want your railroad and stations along that road to get supplies to your army, and between your railroad and front line of works you want your wagon parks and supply trains, and ammunition trains, and you can put gunboats in the Susquehanna river, if you wish. I think they will be safe. Well, I have told you enough, guess I will give my command to aunt P. G. She may act as Grant, and you may act as General Mead.

I must stop and eat my dinner, for I am as hungry as a bee. S. W. L.

☞ The last wicked story of Paris is, that there is a mother—married, of course, very early—who still prides herself on her youth and beauty. She has had differences with her son, who is old enough, at least to be examined on oath. They both had to state their age in a court of Justice "Your age, madame?" asks courteous justice. "Twenty-five," says the audacious mother. A little later the son is in the box. "Your age, sir," asked the justice. "Why," answered the ingenuous youth, "I find, to my astonishment, that I am a year older than my mother."

☞ A young New England mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored pants conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly—and so she fashioned them. Their effect when donned by the little victim, was ludicrous in the extreme. Papa at first sight of the baggy garment, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," burst out in a fit of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know when he's going to school or coming home."

☞ It is stated that a lady walked down Broadway, New York, last Tuesday morning, with a dress on which cost in the aggregate two thousand and five hundred dollars.

THE STORY OF THE "WORLD."

During Sherman's march through Georgia, the following incident related by the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, took place:

Assured that General Corse's column would certainly occupy Clinton on the 22d of November, the New York *Tribune* and Cincinnati *Commercial* pushed off in advance, passing Sunshine Church, where General Stoneman was captured last July, and accepted an aged lady's hospitality for the night, and a seat on the velveted sofa, so cozily drawn up before the parlor fire. An only daughter, accomplished as she was beautiful, and "beautiful as a poet's dream," and her niece, a very pleasant lady, joined us there, and for the time political enemies became social friends. The *Tribune* being dressed in a suit of grey, while your correspondent wore the hateful blue, the ladies anxiously inquired what position he—"the grey"—held in the army.

"None," he answered.

"Why are you with it?" they continued.

"Oh, it's my business."

"Are you a sutler?"

"No, indeed."

"An army correspondent," I interposed, wishing to relieve their anxiety.

"Please tell me for what paper?" and the widow's appeal was irresistible.

Before I could reply, the gay deceiver had said—"The New York *World*."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the widow, with sparkling eyes and face illumined with delight, "I'm so glad to meet you! It is seldom one gets a word of cheer these days. You'll stay until all the troops pass through won't you?"

"Thank you!" he replied. "You know

"'A little word, kindly spoken,'"

Interrupting him, the widow added, with much intonation,

"'Relieves a heart that's almost broken.'"

A beautiful repast; words of cheer and joy; many peals of ringing laughter; thrilling music on the piano-forte; in fact, a social re-union and magnificent hospitality was ours that night, and I enjoyed it, because

"Stolen pleasures are always sweetest,"

But next morning, after breakfast, there came a confession. You can imagine its effect.

"I cannot," said my *chaperone*, "I cannot deceive you ladies, longer. Allow me to say that I am not a correspondent for the New York *World*, but for the New York *Tribune*, that great apostolic Abolition sheet!"

"Oh, it can make no difference to us," the lips of the widow readily answered, but her face and manner said much else. And when her mother asked what was the difference between the papers, avowing that she had never read either, the daughter with much surprise exclaimed—

"Why, ma, don't you know the *World* sympathizes with us?"

A pleasant joke, you will think; but oughtn't it to blush the *World?*

ADDRESS

Of Hon Wm. J. Turrell, of Susquehanna County, in the Pennsylvania Senate, January 3d, 1865, on taking the Chair as Speaker.

Mr. Turrell on assuming the duties of the chair, made the following remarks:

SENATORS—For your kindness and confidence manifested in again electing