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, DECEMBER 26, 1865. NUMBER 52

Business Directory.

DR. A. D. TEWKSBURY,
HAVING spent one year as Surgeon in the United States Army, has again located at Auburn Centre, and will attend all calls in his profession.
Auburn Centre, Pa., June 28, 1865.-1yp

DR. C. J. DRINKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office with Dr. Conn, over W. J. & S. H. Mulford's Store. Public Avenue Residence with Joseph D. Drinker.
Montrose, Sept. 5th, 1865.

DR. E. L. BLAKESLEE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has located at Brooklyn, Susquehanna County, Pa. Will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at L. M. Baldwin's.
Brooklyn, July 10, 1865.—y1.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over Webb's Store. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, June 8, 1865.—tf

GROVES & REYNOLDS,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS. Shop over Chandler's Store, Public Avenue.
Montrose, June 19, 1865.

DR. CHARLES DECKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located himself at Birchardville, Susquehanna County, Pa., will attend to all the calls with which he may be favored with, promptness and attention. Office at the residence near Orange Mott's, Esq.
Birchardville, Susq. Co., Pa., May 29, 1865.—tf.

JOHN BEAUMONT,
WOOL CARDER, Cloth Dresser, and Manufacturer, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the work is brought.
Jessup, March 28, 1865.

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office over I. Post's Store. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, February 6th, 1865.—tf

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC, MONTROSE, PA.,
TAKES Acknowledgment of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any State in the United States. Pension Vouchers and Pay Certificates acknowledged before him do not require the certificate of the Clerk of the Court.
Montrose, Jan. 2, 1865.—tf.

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 Lesh Drug store.
Susquehanna Depot January 22, 1864.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Nowa, 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 kind of Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements &c. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 23, 1864.

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. Office over the Postoffice.
Montrose, December 23 1863 —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. Bowman's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—feb17y1 1863.

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 bivlers, &c., will be served in a style that the taste 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. Lyon & Son, Public Avenue Boards at Mr. Elderidge's.
Montrose, October, 1859.—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

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New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.—tf

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Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17,63.—tf

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Montrose, October, 1859.—tf

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Great Bend, August 10, 1863.—1y

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Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

WM. BLAKELY,
DEALER IN STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, HARDWARE, IRON, NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, &c. Store on the corner of Main and Church streets.
Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

BALDWIN & ALLEN,
DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed Candles, Cloves 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

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

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNETS 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 Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, Books, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Binding business in all its branches.
J. LYONS,
Montrose, January 1, 1864. T. A. LYONS.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints Oils, Dye-stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Lamps, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, 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 De Witt'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.

I. H. BURNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel. Pension and Bounty Claims carefully prepared. Collections promptly made.
Montrose, Nov. 21, 1864.—tf.

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.
C. J. READ, A. WATROUS, H. C. FOSTER
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

WILLIAM W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER. Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of CABINET FURNITURE, or furnished at short notice. Shop and Ware Rooms foot of Main St.
Montrose, Pa., March 5, 1863.—tf

PHILANDER LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1864

THE ONLY PLACE
WHERE you can get Fancy Furs made at home and warranted to be all right in every respect is at
Montrose, Jan. 25, 1864. S. C. KELLUM.

GRANDFATHER'S PET.

There is the room where we slept,
Only a year ago—
Quietly, and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow;
There, by the bed in the dusty gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasp'd hands and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room,
With the fragrance fled away!

Effie, grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face—
I seem to hear her yet
Singing about the place;
But the crowds roll on, the streets are drear,
The world seems hard with a bitter doom,
And Effie is singing elsewhere—and here
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why if she stood just there,
As she used to do,
With her long yellow hair,
And her eyes of blue—
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she be quiet, and buried and dead,
I should not wonder much.

For she was so young, you know—
Only seven years old,
And she loved me, loved me so,
Though I was gray and old,
And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see,
And it still looked living when she lay dead,
And she used to plead for mother and me
By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little night-gown dressed
Not to hear my footstep sound
In the room where she used to rest.

Nay! though I am dull and blind,
Since men are bad and base,
The Lord is much too kind
To mar such a sweet young face.
Why, when we stood by her still bedside,
She seemed to breathe like a living thing!
And when I murmured her name and cried,
She seemed to be listening!

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
Beyond this human life;
But I cannot think that my darling died
Like great strong men with their prayers untrue—

Nay! rather she sits at God's own side,
And sings as she used to do!

A weary path I have trod;
And now I have no fear,
For I cannot think that God
Is so far, since she was here!
As I stand I can see the blue eyes shine,
And the small arms reach through the curtain gloom—
While the breath of the great Lord God divine
Stirs the little white rose of a room!

DECEMBER.

Only the sea intoning,
Only the wainscot mouse,
Only the wild wind moaning,
Over the lonely house.

Darkest of all Decembers
Ever my life has known,
Sitting here by the embers,
Stunned and helpless, alone.

Dreaming of two graves lying
Out in the damp and chill;
One where the buzzard, flying,
Pauses at Malvern Hill.

The other—alas! the pillows
Of that uneasy bed,
Rise and fall with the billows
Over our sailor's head.

Theirs the heroic story—
Died, by frigate and town!
Theirs the Calm and Glory,
Theirs the Cross and Crown.

Mine to linger and languish
Here by the wintry sea;
Ah, faint heart! in thy anguish,
What is there left to thee?

Only the Sea intoning,
Only the wainscot mouse,
Only the wild wind moaning
Over the lonely house. [ALDRICH.

ONLY FOR ONE WEEK.

"Here we are, snowed up," said I to Constance Hedley, who had been staying with us at our quiet parsonage-house since the beginning of December. I had known her ever since her widowhood, which dated back some five years before the time of which I am speaking, and both myself and my husband felt a great respect for her. She was much admired, only twenty-nine years of age, and fond of gaiety. Contrary to our usual habits, which were somewhat secluded, we had given different entertainments to our fellows, and on the evening before—which was New Year's eve—we had taken her to a ball at the house of some friends in the neighborhood. She was unusually silent the next morning, and I fancied she was over tired with dancing, or that the weather had affected her spirits, for the snow which had commenced falling the day before had not ceased, and the sky was the color of lead. We had every prospect of being kept prisoners to the house for a time, which as we were five miles from a railway-station, and had finished all the sensation novels sent us from Mudie's a fortnight before, was by no means an agreeable one.

"You doubtless imagine that the dreariness of the weather has given me the blues," remarked my friend; "nothing of the kind; I assure you if I am a little bit thoughtful this morning, it is quite from another cause. Last night a gentleman asked me a question which took me back seven years into the past, for just so many winters have gone by since the same question was put to me on the same night of the year. I have often been on the point of relating to you an adventure which happened to me when I was a girl, but of which I have as yet never spoken to any one out of my own family. I will no longer be reserved on this subject with so true and valued a friend as yourself. But, before I tell you what the question was, I must give you some uninteresting preliminaries."

I made a blazing fire, before which we drew our easy chairs, and Constance began her story. I never could listen long to anything, however interesting, in an uncomfortable position, and should have been a very restless being had I lived in those days when all the seats were uneasy—though the Yankees may keep their horrid rocking chairs to themselves as far as I am concerned, for the swaying caused by the slightest movement, reminds me always of being on board ship, which I detest, even when the sea is as calm as possible. Here is my friend's tale in her own words:

When I was just twenty-two I went with my parents to a fancy ball, on New Year's Eve, at Lady L's. I had many partners, and danced half the night when soon after supper a friend of my father's introduced a gentleman to me whose name I could not distinctly hear in the confusion of voices around me, and the striking up of the band for the next dance. Hurriedly engaging my hand for the next quadrille, my prospective partner disappeared in the throng. I had time to see that he was about twenty-two or three years of age, wore a plain domino, and that the look of anxiety which set upon his features was strange in so young a face. Nevertheless, I had forgotten his existence by the time he came to remind me of my promise. He led me to my place and we commenced dancing without his once addressing me. At the end of the first figure I turned to reply to some remark I fancied that he had at last ventured to make, when I met his perplexed looking gaze, and perceived that he was talking to himself, for he said:

"Yes, it may do; tall, the same name, too;" then suddenly to me, "Pray, Miss Fortescue, do you consider yourself tall? What may be your height?"

Not a little surprised at this brusque manner of opening a conversation, and thinking I would answer him someway in his own style, I replied, "It may be seven feet, but is not."

"But scarcely under five feet eight inches," he resumed, "have you any relations in Canada?"

I answered in the affirmative, and though with a haughty tone, yet I must have looked amused for he presently added.

"I see that you are more diverted than offended by the extreme audacity of my mode of addressing you which perhaps strikes you as less eccentric, in the midst of this motely crowd, than it otherwise might; but I assure you I have no wish to appear original or impertinent; I am actuated by very different motives. Before entering this ball-room I received a letter containing intelligence of a most perplexing and annoying nature, and which has thrown me into a state of the greatest anxiety. I am placed in a position of some difficulty, and without assistance from you, I feel I can scarcely extricate myself. However mad you may and must think me to be, with this interview I venture to beg your permission to ask you two more questions. They will no doubt strike you as still more [illegible] stranger to ask. But you have the option of choosing to listen to them or not."

By this time our quadrille had come to an end, and leading me to where my mother was sitting, my partner said:

"Make your decision, and tell me of it when you waltz with me, as I trust you will when the next dance is over."

I agreed to this, and he left me. When he came to claim my hand as the first notes of the deuxtemps struck up, my curiosity urged me to grant his request, and he put question the first to me, after the first round.

"Your Christain name?"

"Constance."

"How fortunate," exclaimed my partner.

Number two, after the second round.

"What fortune, if any, do you possess?"

I answered, "Only a thousand pounds."

"Lucky again," muttered he. "One more question, the last and most important one, I will, if you allow me, make to you in a letter of explanation, which having read, I trust you will not be so cruel as to refuse your aid. May I write to you or not?"

This was not to be answered at once or without consideration.

"I do not press you now, but hope to have your favorable answer to my earnest request when you leave the cloak-room," said he, returning me to my mother's side.

What an odd circumstance! Did ever a girl have such a strange partner? I thought of but little else but him and his funny questions for the rest of the night. The more I thought about it, the more reluctant I felt to refuse his explanations; and before the time for our departure arrived, I had resolved to accept his proposal of writing to me. He might say what he chose, but from a free agent still, and I would take care not to commit myself to anything. I could tell my parents about it all at some future time, but there could be no harm in receiving a letter. I had made up my mind that, having heard so much, I would know more; and when, on leaving the cloak-room, I encountered my hero of the night, I acceded to his urgent request, then hastily repented.

"I return to London in a day or two," said he, "and you shall receive a letter before I start."

I can scarcely describe how strangely I felt all the next day. I could hardly believe that I had not been dreaming—that there was no reality in the affair. At all events, my partner must have been playing me a practical joke. I should, of course, get no letter. But I should have felt disappointed if none had arrived, and I passed that and the next day in a state of feverish expectancy. At last the unlooked-for epistle came, and tearing it open, I read the explanation which ran thus:

"Dear Miss Fortescue—I feel very grateful to you for allowing me to make a full explanation of what must appear to you to have been my extraordinary behavior to you on the night of the ball, and if after the perusal of this letter you will consent to give me your assistance my gratitude will be boundless; for indeed you will help me out of a great difficulty, one through which my happiness might be shipwrecked, unless I can manage to evade it. I must tell you all, from the beginning, before I can expect you to judge of the case. When I was about fifteen years old my father, who was then my only surviving parent, died, leaving me to the care and guardianship of his half-brother, who was twelve years his junior, then just twenty-eight years of age. My father's marriage had been an unhappy one, and his dying request to my uncle was, that he would use his utmost endeavors to prevent me from contracting an early marriage, in order that my judgment and taste should be so far matured as to render an imprudent choice least probable. True to the promise thus exacted, my uncle, a great stickler, used every means in his power to exclude me from female society, keeping as vigilant a watch over me as was consistent with the exercise of the duties which his profession involved. His regiment was ordered to India, when I had completed my twenty-first year. Before his departure he made arrangements with a friend of his who was on the point of sailing in his yacht for the Atlantic, that I should accompany him. This plan pleased me, as offering an opportunity of gratifying my long cherished wish to see the world and something of life, for I had till then a limited experience, my University career having prohibited travel in the vacations, which I usually had spent with him in some place. I was with delight that I heard we were bound for America, and that we should probably visit Canada, where the gentleman whom I was to accompany had a bachelor brother residing. In his last interview with me, before starting, my uncle talked to me long and seriously as to my future, and upon the importance of my exercising the greatest discretion in the choice of my wife, should I at any time be matrimonially disposed. He reminded me that my fortune had been placed by my father at his disposal for me, until I should reach my twenty-fifth year. After this time he should cease to exercise his right to influence my actions, but that until then he would in no case consent to my marriage, or, indeed, to any engagement of the kind, unless he should himself be perfectly satisfied with the lady—who must possess no less than a thousand pounds of his own making—namely: That she should be tall, that her name should be Constance, and that she should possess at least, one thousand pounds. To these he annexed a condition which bound me to wait to engage myself until he should see her, and be able thus to form his own judgment. I had not yet dreamed of proposing at all, and troubled myself very little about the promise which I readily made to what I considered my uncle's eccentric exactions. Nor did I think then that he seriously intended to stand to them; but fancied he was jesting in a grave kind of way as he often did in conversation with me. After a delightful voyage we reached the New World, and soon arrived at the county, our destination. I was kindly welcomed by my friend's brother, who, though a single man, was of a very sociable disposition, and had a large acquaintance. The brothers were not so vigilant over me as my uncle might have wished, in their kind-hearted zeal to interest and amuse me, and I had plenty of opportunities of dancing and waltzing with the tall lady. Among the many charming girls whom I met in society, Miss Fortescue attracted me most, and after repeated meetings I felt that I was falling desperately in love with her. She did not discourage me, and we were not long in establishing a mutual understanding. I did not mention to Mary, for such is the name, anything about my uncle's strange conditions, but simply told her that I should not be free to marry her until I had attained my 25th year; but secretly I began to think of my promises with some degree of anxiety. I discovered that Mary's second name was Constance, to my surprise and intense relief. She was more than commonly tall certainly, but