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MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

We Join Ourselves to no Party that Does not Carry the Flag and Keep Step to the Music of the Whole Union.

VOL. 19. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1862. NO. 10.

JOB PRINTING of ALL KINDS
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

THE office of the Montrose Democrat has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety of type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlets, circulars, etc., etc., in the best style, on short notice.

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McCOLLUM & SEARLE,
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank.

HENRY B. McKEAN,
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law.—TOWANDA, Pa. Office in the Union Block. jc2 58 tf

DR. E. F. WILMOT,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homeopathic Colleges of Medicine.—Great Bend, Pa. Office, corner of Main and Elizabeth-sts, nearly opposite the Methodist Church. nj56 tf

DR. WILLIAM. W. WHEATON,
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON DENTIST.
WITH DR. MYRON WHEATON,
Mechanical and Surgical Dentist, recently of Binghamton, N. Y. tender their professional services to all who appreciate the "Reformed Practice of Physic;" careful and skillful operations on Teeth; with the most scientific and approved styles of plate work. Teeth extracted without pain and all work warranted.
Jackson, June 14th, 1860. y*

DR. H. SMITH & SON,
SURGEON DENTISTS.—Montrose, Pa. Office in Lathrops' new building, over the Bank. All Dental operations will be performed in good style and warranted.
J. C. OLMSTEAD.....J. L. READ.

DRS. OLMSTEAD & READ,
WOULD ANNOUNCE to the Public that they have entered into a partnership for the
Practice of MEDICINE & Surgery,
and are prepared to attend to all calls in the line of their profession. Office—the one formerly occupied by Dr. J. C. Olmstead, in DUNDAFF. ely 7 3m.

DR. N. Y. LEET,
Physician and Surgeon, Friendsville, Pa. Office opposite the Jackson House.
DR. LEET gives particular attention to the treatment of diseases of the EAR and EYE; and is confident that his knowledge of, and experience in that branch of practice will enable him to effect a cure in the most difficult cases. For treating diseases of these organs no fee will be charged unless the patient is benefited by the treatment. [August 24th, 1860.

SOUTHWORTH & VADAKIN,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS in Italian and American Marble for Monuments, Head-stones, Tomb-Tables, Mantles, Sinks and Centre-Tables. Also dealers in Marble and Slate for Mantles, Centre-Tables, &c.
☞ Shop a few doors east of Searle's Hotel on Turnpike street, Montrose, Pa. oct y*

WM. A. SNOW,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Great Bend, Pa. Office on Main street, opposite the Western House. apl

JOHN SAUTTER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop over L. N. Ballard's Grocery, on Main-street. Thankful for past favors, he solicits a continuance of the same. Being himself to do all work satisfactorily. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit. Montrose, Pa., July 2d, 1860.—tf.

P. LINES,
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JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.—Montrose, Pa. Shop near the Baptist Meeting House, on Turnpike street. All orders filled promptly, in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

L. B. ISBELL,
REPAIRS Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms. All work warranted. Shop in Chandler and Jessup's store, MONTROSE, Pa. oct5 tf

WM. W. SMITH & CO.,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. aug tf

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of *BOOTS & SHOES*, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Tyler's store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. je2 y

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Glass Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Window Glass, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Patent Medicines, &c.—Agent for all the most popular PATENT MEDICINES.—Montrose, Pa. aug tf

HAYDEN BROTHERS,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
YANKEE NOTIONS
—AND—
FANCY GOODS.
WM. HAYDEN,
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NEW MILFORD, PA.

P. E. BRUSH, M. D.,
HAVING NOW LOCATED PERMANENTLY, AT
Springville,
Will attend to the duties of his profession promptly.
Office at D. Lathrop's Hotel.

AT SMITH'S!
NEW MILFORD, PA.,
IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR
HARNESSES,
CHEAP FOR CASH,
AND GET THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY.
nov5 3m J. H. SMITH.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Of New-York.
CASH CAPITAL, ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
ASSETTS 1st July' 1860, . . $1,461,619.27.
LIABILITIES. " " 43,068.68.

J. Milton Smith, Sec'y. Chas. J. Martin, President.
John McGee, As't " A. F. Wilmarth, Vice "

Policies issued and renewed, by the undersigned, at his office, one door above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
nov3 y BILLINGS STROUD, *Agent.*

H. BURRITT
HAS just received a large stock of new Stoves, for Cooking, Parlor, Office and Shop purposes, for Wood or Coal, with Stove Pipe, Zinc, &c.
His assortment is select and desirable, and will be sold on the most favorable terms for *Cash*, or to *Prompt Six Months Buyers*.
New Milford, Oct. 25th, 1860.

Dandelion Coffee.
A HEALTHY beverage. One pound of this Coffee will make as much as two pounds of other Coffee. For sale by ABEL TURRELL.

MEDICAL CARD.
E. F. WILMOT, M. D., Graduate of the Allopathic and Homeopathic Colleges of Medicine, would returnhis sincere thanks to the people of Great Bend and vicinity, for the very liberal patronage with which they have fa. for him, and he hopes by a strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of the public confidence. Great Bend, January 22d, 1861.

TAKE NOTICE!
Cash Paid for Hides,
Sheep Pelts, Fox, Mink, Muskrat, and all kinds of Furs. A good assortment of Leather and Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. Office, Tannery, & Shop on Main Street.
Montrose, Feb. 6th. *A. P. & L. C. KEELER.*

DAVID C. ANEY, M. D.,
HAVING located permanently at New Milford, Pa., will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at Todd's Hotel.
New Milford, July, 17, 1861

ABEL TURRELL
HAS for sale, Metallic Oil, for Sewing Machines, Clock & Watch Oil, Bed Bug, Rat and Mouse Poison, Homeopathic Remedies, Pond's Extract, and a great variety of Liniments, Salves, Pills, and Plasters, and an endless variety of Patent Medicines.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SPEECH OF SENATOR DAVIS.

UNITED STATES SENATE, JANUARY 23.

* * * * * * * *

The case of Mr. Bright was taken up.

Mr. Garret Davis, (Union,) of Kentucky, resumed his remarks. He said that treason was the greatest of crimes, as it involved whole nations in its consequences. Yet men who were now engaged in treason boldly confront honest men.—There has been too much lenity shown these men, who ought to be abhorred as the vilest of culprits. Was not Bendict Arnold a traitor? Suppose the Senator from Indiana had been a member of the Continental Congress, and suppose that after Arnold had been detected in his treason the Senator had written such a letter to Arnold as he had written to Jeff. Davis, in that day of purity and patriotism, would he not have been expelled from the Senate? Is Jeff. Davis less a traitor than Arnold was? Was not Aaron Burr inefablly less traitor than Jeff. Davis? Yet the Senate expelled Mr. Smith, of South Carolina, for too intimate relations with Aaron Burr. The Senator from Indiana avows that he has not changed his opinions and will not. If he holds opinions opposed to coercive measures to subdue the rebels, and will not vote for any measure to support the Government, he ought to have resigned his position here. But as he has not done that, it must be the duty of the Senate to expel such a member. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Sumner) chose to introduce the subject of slavery into his argument. I regret that he thought it necessary to do so, but upon that point he is tye one in fault and not I.

In this hour of our country's great need, when she wants and requires that every true Union man, every loyal son and daughter of hers, shall unite all their energies, all their forces, to save her from disolution, I had hoped that in the Congress of the United States, in this awful moment at least, the Abolition party or faction would have been hushed, and that the only object calculated to produce division among the true men of the country would not be introduced in either House of Congress, if it could be possible avoided. I had hoped, at any rate, that the craven cry of 'slavery' would not be heard in either House of Congress during this rebellion, and I was pained immeasurably that the dominant party in the country, and in the two Houses of Congress meeting here together, did not not invite, frankly and openly, in the presence of Heaven and earth, the co-operation of all Union men who were willing to put down this rebellion, and say to them now, now, in this great need of our Government and country, let all questions that divide us be suspended. Let us keep them out of our deliberations. Let us unite upon the one elevated and sublime platform of undying devotion to the Union and the country. Upon that we can all meet, and on that let us consult and act, and give all our energies to our country. Let us not give up to party and to faction. Let us rise to a purer atmosphere. Let us evoke the inspiration of the Revolution, and let us emulate the example of Washington and those patriots of the Revolution, and in the solemn presence of the memories of those glorious men, let us banish everything calculated to produce division among us, and unite as one man, with one heart and one soul and one mind, and give all our counsels and exertion to the deliverance of our country, and to put down effectually this atrocious and most wicked rebellion. Oh! what a spectacle the Congress of the U. S. of America would then exhibit. Oh! that the Senator from Massachusetts, instead of introducing here, from day to day, petitions to usurp an unconstitutional power for the purpose of emancipating the slave, had answered and said to those men who thus addressed him—"peace, for the present. Let this question, and all other questions of difference on this point among Union men sleep—sleep. We have enough to do to put down the common foe. Let us unite, without any diversity of counsel or of purpose, in this great and holy work; and when this internal rebellion is disposed of effectually, when the Union is reconstructed and the country is at peace, then if you choose address me on the subject of slavery, and send forward your petitions.' But, sir, I do not make these remarks with any purpose of censure. I only make them for the purpose of expressing the reason of my head, and feelings of my own heart in relation to this matter. The gentleman assumes this broad position, that slavery was the cause of this rebellion. In my humble judgment, it is but one of the remote, and not the greatest of the remote causes. It was not the immediate exciting cause of all.

Mr. Davis then paid a high tribute to the purity and worth of John Quincy Adams, and quoted a speech of his where he said that "so long as the slave States have the power to sustain the institutions of slavery, I will not interfere, but if they come to the free States for help, and ask them to put down a slave insurrection, then I will say when that comes Congress has full plenary power over it; it is a war power." Mr. Davis also referred to an assertion of General Jackson's that where the military power takes possession the war power must become law. But the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Sumner) would have us empower any subordinate General to declare emancipation, yet that statesman (Mr. Sumner) seems to forget that we have written in the Constitution that this Constitution reserves certain rights from the States and gives them inalienably to the people of the United States, but invests the war making power in Congress. The Constitution provides for the crime of treason and that the attainder shall not be perpetual. Can military Generals alter the provisions of the Constitution in regard to the crime of treason? He (Mr. Davis) contended that in Congress alone was the power to declare martial law and to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. Martial law is the mere will of a military commander. Is such a law to sweep away all the provisions of the Constitution? Such a law would be far worse than the bloody laws of Draco. Is the sublime edifice of the Constitution to fall, to tumble into ruins, when an army makes its appearance? Is a military commander to have the power to proclaim universal freedom to the slave at his will? Such an idea is monstrous. He (Mr. Davis) was for putting down the rebellion, and, so far as could be, hanging its leaders. He said in the name of justice hang them, and let their property be forfeited to true and faithful men. He thought that this rebellion had many causes. If slavery had never been mentioned in the halls of Congress there never would have been any rebellion One of the causes of the rebellion was the admission into the Union of Texas; another was attempting to force the Lecompton Constitution on Kansas. I am here, sir, as a humble member of this Senate. I am not here as a factionist or party man. But, sir, I am utterly opposed to this whole thing of emancipation, and I hope to restore this Union and crush out this rebellion. Let them bring forward and sustain their measures for that. But let this alone. Let alone this thing of emancipation till this war is closed with the reconstruction of the Union and the assertion of the majesty of the Constitution and the law. Let us avoid anything that so much tends to prevent peace.

Sir, I was pained—inexpressibly pained—the other day to hear the Senator from Iowa (Mr. Harlau) express his willingness to put arms into the hands of the slave. Let him refer to the history of that terrible insurrection in St. Domingo, the reading of which makes human nature shudder. I have seen myself men who were refugees from the servile insurrection in St. Domingo; and the living, glowing, horrid colors in which they have painted these scenes haunt my memory to this day. Go back to the first insurrection of the slaves near Richmond, which occurred many years ago, and see the horror which that created. What did England say when she had the prospect, and I believe the wish, to have a brush with the United States? Are we not permitted to arm the refugee slaves here in our midst, and put arms in their hands, and form them into regiments to invade the Slave States? When the slaves come as invaders, with arms placed in their hands, it will be like letting the young tiger taste of blood. When he gets a taste his savage fury will know no bounds, but will rave and rage as a demon from the infernal regions. I am acquainted with the negro race, sir. I was born among them. I was brought up with them. I played with them. They shared my joys and my sorrows, and I have shared with them theirs. I hold slaves now, and, next to my wife and my children, I would defend my slaves, and would guard them from all wrong. And I know that that is the universal sentiment of the slaveholders of my State. I wish you would go and see the institution there. There is no amount of money that would buy from me my faithful and contented slaves; and they are all so as far as I know. I have not seen a slave chastised for twenty years; and it is a very rare occurrence that it is ever heard of in my own State. They are clothed well, fed well. They are housed well. They have every attention of the most skillful physicians that is given the members of the white family. In the midst of cholera, pestilence and death, their owners stand by them and share the malaria and infection with them. I have seen it done again and again. Indeed, I may say that I have performed such duty myself without regard to consequence. I would do it again.

Now, sir, it is this perpetual agitation which has brought about this rebellion. I admit that slavery has been one of the causes—a remote cause, but a pretty powerful one. Gentlemen in the Cotton States with their slaves have amassed fortunes, and many of them have princely revenues of thousands of dollars, and this wealth has begotton crime and insolence and ambition, and these foibles of the Southern character have been displayed most insultingly in the halls of Congress. But in these Southern States, in many of these families, are some of the truest gentlemen, in the highest sense of the word, that I have ever known, and some of the purest statesmen. But I admit that, as a class the wealthy cotton growers are insolent, proud, domineering and ambitious. They have monopolized this Government for the last 40 years, and when they saw the sceptre about to depart from them in the election of Lincoln, sooner than submit to give up the Government, its offices and its spoils, in their mad and wicked ambition they determined to overthrow the Government and build up another one. But there are in the Northern States who have always agitated this subject. There are also honest men, who, while they are opposed to slavery, are willing to give to the slaveholder all his constitutional rights. But what are the opinions of these extreme Northern men—these fanatics? They aver that the constitution is a union with death and hell, and they have become so base that they even execrate the name and memory of Washington. The great object and end of these fanatics is to secure the emancipation from slavery, and not to restore the Union. We want to restore this Union as Washington made it, but we not want Congress to inaugurate and consummate a servile revolution. No. Let Congress do its duty in this war, faithfully and fearlessly, as the people are doing theirs. They have come to the rescue of the government as no people have ever done before. From the east and the west, especially from the free States, they are as one man.—Kentucky has been invaded, and the Confederate government has avowed that they will have Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri. They proclaimed when they invaded Kentucky that Kentucky was necessary to the Southern confederation, and they would have it at the cost of blood and conquest. I am for meeting them, sir, with the sword, and fighting them back for they have protaned our soil. Our brothers from the North west have come to our rescue wtih a generosity and a devotion for which they deserve and have our gratitude. Never, never, were more welcome visitors to any country. They have come among us and have seen our institutions. We have become acquainted with each other, and have learned to know each other more intimately. They have begun to marry our daughters, and we have sent our sons to marry their daughters. Let us establish thus a union of hearts and hands that will last forever. Kentucky has peopled many of the North western States, and they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and we would much rather have a union with these North western States than those far off distant States. There never was a war in the early history of those States in which Kentucky has not sent forth her brave sons, who have poured out their blood in the defence of our common country in those States, and oh! how nobly, and fully and truly are they now paying the debt. They have come to protect the State which had protected them in by gone years, and oh! what meetings there were. I have been in their camps, have mingled with officers and their soldiers, and addressed their regiments, and they have made me honorary member of those regiments. I know the commanders of those regiments, and as nine to one they have expressed to me that their purpose and their only purpose in waging war was the restoration of the Union, and the vindication of the Government, and not a war upon slavery. Thus writes one of them to me:

"As an Indianian and a member of the army of the United States, I cannot fail to express my satisfaction at the just and conservative course you have pursued on the slavery question. Indiana is not fighting for the emancipation of slavery but for the restoration of law and order, and when that shall have been accomplished our mission in ended. In all the officers and soldiers of the Tenth Indiana, I do not know one abolitionist. If Congress would legislate for the white man, and let the negro alone, it would be better." Oh! how much better it would be. That is the distinction of true patriotism of mind and heart, and that is the utterance which nine tenths of the soldiers of the North west speak, and will speak forever. If at the outset you had proclaimed that this was to be a war upon slavery, you would not have had one fourth of the force in the field that you now have. You are Senators, and you are supposed to act, not from passion, but from reason, patriotism, right, truth and eternal justice. If you will act upon these principles, I am not afraid to trust you nor the President. These fanatics, these political and social demons—your Beechers, your Cheevers, your Phillipses, and your Garrisons come here breathing pestilence from Pandemonium, trying to destroy the Union, so as to secure over its broken fragments the emancipation of slavery. They oppose Mr. Lincoln, as honest and pure a man as ever lived, because he stands by the Constitution and is opposed to interfering with slavery. The utterances they have dared to put forth in this city have desecrated the Smithsonian Institution. If the Secessionists had dared to give expression to the same utterances they would have been sent, and properly sent, to Fort Lafayette or Fort Warren. What will you do with these monsters? I will tell you what I would do with them and with that horrible monster, Greeley, as they come sneaking around here, like hungry wolves, after the destruction of slavery. If I had the power I would take them and the worst secesbers and hang them in pairs. [Laughter,] I wish to God I could inflict that punishment upon them. It would be just. They are the disunionists. They are the madmen, who are willing to call up all the passion of the infernal regions, and all the horrors of a servile war.—This they would carry out over the disjected fragments of a broken Constitution to obtain their unholy purposes, and I am too fearful that the honorable Senator from Massachusetts Mr. Sumner sympathizes with them. [Laughter.] Mr. Davis then apologized for detaining the Senate so long. He spoke of the President as an honest, intelligent man, who ought to suppres these pestilent men who distract his counsels and neutralize his efforts to carry on the war He referred to Gen. Lyon as the hero, most to be admired in this war as a volunteer martyr to liberty, and alluded to the brilliant exploits of Gen. Sigle, showing him to be another brave warrior and true hero. He said that the country wanted the services of all such gallant men, and use all efforts to put down the rebellion, and leave all these discordant elements alone.

MRS. STERLING'S RECEPTION.

"When thou makest a supper call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors."

"And so we are really settled in our own house! It seems too good to be true, don't it?"

As John Sterling's pretty wife was speaking, she let down the soft, heavy falling brocatelle curtains of the handsome room, half parlor, half library, where she sat with her husband; turned on a little more gas so that the Italian peasant girl and the dark, bright Spanish woman, on the alabastar shade of the drop light, might display their beauties yet more glowingly; and then seated herself in a little easy chair, beside the lounge, where her husband lay stretched out in the enjoyments of masculine comforts, evening ease and household sovereignty. Taking up a dainty bit of bright colored knitting, she went on:

"It was very nice to be sure, boarding at mother's, but was a sort of vacant life after all. This is so much better. I have something to do now.

John Sterling smiled.

"And something to govern. After all, I believe it is the love of power that makes you women so delightful in homes of your own. I don't doubt, gentle as you women seem, that your servants find you as austere as the Great Mogul."

"I declare John, you are too bad. I never scold, and I'm sure everything has gone on so nicely since we have been here—"

"A whole week, and all the brooms new. But don't look sober. I have every confidence in your ability to keep the wheels moving."

She sat silent awhile, until her husband began to wait to hear her voice again, and rallied her for her abstraction.

"What is it, little one? You seem in a brown study about something. Remember I'm your prime minister, and must know all your state secrets and cares of Government."

"I was only wondering, John, whether you would see a certain matter as I do.—Do you realize how many parties we went to while we were at mother's? There were the Hurlburts asked us three times, and the Graytons twice; and you know we went everywhere."

John Sterling knew that very well.—Somewhat reserved of nature, save to those of his own household, and not fond of general society, going to a continual round of parties had been one of the sacrifices he made, during the first winter of his marriage, to please his gay little wife. The idea crossed his mind, as she spoke, that she too had wearied of too much excitement, and was going to propose for the future, a quieter life.

"Yes, I liked it," she said with a little embarrassment, for her woman's intuition evinced the course his thoughts had taken. "I was only thinking, John that, having accepted so many invitations, every one would say we were mean if we did not give one large party in return. It would be just the best time now, don't you see? Every thing we have is so fresh and new—our drawing-rooms are really elegant! I should so like to gather our friends round us, and give a sort of house warming!"

"That's a primitive, comfortable sounding term, Nellie. How much would this friendly little affair cost us?"

"Oh, I've thought that all over. We should have to ask every one we know.—It wouldn't do to slight any. Besides, the more the merrier, you know. We could have Smith get up the supper and furnish the decorations. His bill would be about three hundred and fifty—say fifty more for music; and a new dress for me."

"Yes, I am sure I could make five hundred dollars do it handsomely. I could send out the invitations for week after next."

"Well, dear, you must let me dream over it. I really didn't know receptions were such expensive affairs. Five hundred dollars for an evening's entertainment; and the prospect of a hard winter, and much suffering among the poor!—Well, I'll tell you in the morning. If I can make up my mind that it is right, you shall have a party.

The rest of the evening was a little constrained. The young wife seeing that her husband did not care to talk about the reception any more just then struggled bravely to avoid the subject, and inasmuch as it held possession of all her thoughts, was rather an absent minded companion.

That night, after his wife was quietly asleep beside him, John Sterling spent an hour of not untroubled thought. Unlike Nellie, he had been brought up in a quiet country home, where five hundred dollars would have been thought by no means an inadequate provision for the support of the family during the entire year. Was it right, could it be right, to spend it all upon one evening's entertainment, for the sake, too, of people who would be in no wise benefitted thereby—whose choicest pleasures were so common that they had already pallied upon their senses! But then, as his wife had suggested, they had been out so much—would not this drawing back from a return of civilities look very mean—and John Sterling shrank with all the pride of a sensitive man, from the least imputation of meanness. They were not rich. True, his capital was his own, and his business was good, but he had felt that he could not spend more than three thousand a year on home expenses, and here was five hundred extra, upon which he had not counted, coming at once. Surely he could not dare for such a cause, to stint his contributions of the relief of the suffering? Could he afford it without? Nellie, the indulgent child of wealthy parents, knew nothing of such anxious thoughts; she only heard the result in the morning. Before he gave her his good-bye kiss, he said in a tone a little more sober than he meant it should be,

"Well, dear, you shall have your party. You can begin making your arrangements at once. Here is a hundred dollars for the feminine adornments; I will pay Smith and the music afterwards."

That was all. John Sterling had a sunny, unselfish temper, and when he had made up his mind to grant his wife the indulgence she craved, it would not have been like him to spoil her pleasure by any indication to dissatisfaction.

Still, as I have hinted, her intuitions were strong, and her nature sensitive and impressible, and she had a certain sense of having persuaded her husband somewhat against his own wishes that rather disinclined her to commence her preparations. It was nearly eleven o'clock before she dressed herself for her shopping expedition. She was just tying the strings of her elegant fall hat when she heard a ring at the door, and presently a servant came in with the information that a little child, who had brought some sewing, wanted to see her.

Mrs. Sterling was motherly by instinct, and her heart warmed at once to the shy little creature who came timidly in. It was a girl not more than seven years old—quite too young, Mrs. Sterling thought, to be trusted alone in the streets, but then she herself had been brought up under the successive rule of nursery maid and governess.

She took the bundle from the child's hand, and said, with the same bright, kind smile which had wiled John Sterling's bachelor heart away,

"Where did you come from, and how did you find your way here alone, you poor little thing?"

"Sister Anne sent me ma'am. She had done your embroidery, and she thought if she could get the money for it, to pay Mrs. Jenkins, may be she would let us stay in the room till she got a little better."

"She is sick, then?"

"Yes'm. She didn't feel well enough to come. It has been hard getting along all summer, for the ladies she works for were most all out of town, and some of them owing her; and I s'pose the worry and the not having much to eat did it, ma'am."

Mrs. Sterling leaned towards the little creature, and looked at her more closely. Could it be hunger, she thought, that made these blue eyes look so large and the skin so transparent? Was this little thing actually suffering for bread and she going to spend five hundred dollars in one evening, feasting those who never felt a want even of dainties? She knew now what thoughts had been in her husband's mind when he spoke of suffering among the poor. She said pleasantly,

"Well, child, you must have some luncheon, and then I will go with you to see your sister. I had better speak to her about the work."

"Ain't it right? Can't you pay her?" The child gave a start of alarm and spoke with the premature womanliness and the natural apprehension of misfortune which are among the saddest fruits of poverty."

Mrs. Sterling relieved her with ready sympathy.

"Yes, indeed, the work is all right. It's done beautifully; but I want to see your sister about more, and perhaps I can do her good."

It would have made the kind lady's heart ache could she have seen the eagerness with which the half famished child devoured the lunch which was now set before her in the kitchen.

In a few moments they were ready to start. Mrs. Sterling had replaced her velvet mantle by a Scotch shawl, her French hat by a simple straw; and with a basket in her hand, containing a few dainties with which she hoped to tempt the sick girl's palate, she followed the child across the city towards C——street, a locality hitherto *terra incognita* to her.

In a half dilapidated wooden house, in a narrow court, she found the object of her search. She went up two flights of stairs and entered a back room lighted by one window.

The atmosphere struck her, in spite of her warm attire, with a sudden chill.—Evidently the sun never came there. The dampness on the walls, the general aspect of gloom and cheerlessness was only removed by an air of scrupulous neatness which pervaded everything. Mrs. Sterling had already noticed this quality in the attire of the child, which, though cheap, and poor and patched, was as immaculate in its cleanliness as her own.

At the window attempting to sew, the older sister sat, but she was evidently very ill. Every now and then a spasm of coughing seized her, which compelled her to lay down her work, and clasp both her hands on her side, while the paleness of her thin cheek flushed into hectic. Mrs. Sterling had not seen her before since last spring—the work returned that morning having been sent to her by a servant. She went to her and sat down in a chair which stood near.

"Your sister said you were sick, and so I came to see if I could be of any use to you," she said in gentle tones, which of themselves carried a certain comfort with them. "You have changed terribly since spring. I must hear all about it; but I want you should eat what I have brought you—here are some wine jelly, and a bit of cold chicken—they will do you good."

The poor girl looked at the viands with the involuntary greediness of hunger.—Then she blushed deeply, and said in a low voice:

"I am very grateful, Madam, but if you please I will wait until you leave me. Allow me at present to attend to you."

"No, indeed!" Mrs. Sterling spoke in a pretty absolute fashion. "I am not going yet. I want to talk with you awhile, and I shall not do so until you have taken something to strengthen you. Little Jane has lunched already."

So the gay, bright lady sat and waited, feeling in the new prospect of being actively useful, a genuine glow of delight.—When the girl had finished her generous meal, and taken up her work again, Mrs. Sterling began to talk to her.

"Is this consumption, Annie?" she asked, gently. "Your cough alarms me."

"No ma'am, I am very sure it is nothing of the kind yet. My father was a country minister, and of a strong and healthy constitution. He died young, but it was from a violent fever caught in attendance on a sick stranger. I think it was grief which made my mother follow him in three months. She had always been delicate, though not sickly, and she lacked the strength it requires to live and suffer. It is seven years since she died, on the very day little Jane was born?"

"How old were you then?"

"Fifteen and there were no living children between us two."

"And you have supported yourself and her ever since?"

"Oh, no! My father's books and furniture sold for enough to keep us some time, and my aunt who lived here, brought us up to Boston. We both lived with her. She took care of Jane, and I worked in a shop, and earned enough to buy our clothes and help Aunt Martha with the living. It is only since she died, three years ago, that I have been alone with Jenny."

"You came out of the shop then?"

"Yes, because I could not have Jenny there with me, and she had no one else to her; and indeed I have made more money since, I have embroidered so much."

"But surely you have suffered more than usual this summer?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. The ladies that I work for are mostly all out of town in the summer always, and so winters I try to save something. But last winter was so hard that I had not so much work as usual, and this summer, we have not been very well off. I had to give up the comfortable room, I used to have, because I could not earn enough to pay for it, and I suppose the dampness here has not just agreed with me."

She tried to smile, but the tears came instead. Mrs. Sterling took her hand with a comfortable pressure.

"Don't cry. Better times are coming to you now. I am sure I can influence you a great deal more work. You shall have enough to do, and we must see that you move out of this damp, unhealthy place."

Sister Annie smiled sadly.

"The landlord has seen to that Madam—I can only stay here three days longer. He wants to let the room to a tenant who will pay more; and I have been troubled for fear I should not be able to go out and find another place."

"Well, you must not feel anxious.—Just leave that till to morrow. Then if you are not able to go I will find a place for you. It cannot be a difficult matter to find out one as good as this. At any rate, to morrow you shall see me again, and in the meantime the pay for the work little Jane brought home, will make you comfortable."

So saying she put into the girl's hand twice the customary price for the embroidery she had done, without waiting for the thanks which trembled on Annie Hadley's pale lips, she went out of the room, down the stairs, and returned home after this, her first charity visit.

On the way she stopped but once, and that was not to look into any of the windows gay with autumn goods, or to exchange her hundred dollar note on the Suffolk Bank for silks or satins. She only went for a moment to a neat, respectable looking house on Myrtle street, and then hurried home.

She met her husband, when he came to his five o'clock dinner, with a beaming smile. The meal was well cooked and neatly served—the wife opposite him was young and fair—and when John Sterling rose from the table and went with her into her evening room, it was no wonder he said to himself that this being in one's own home, wasn't so bad a thing after all.

"What was it Nellie? he asked after a while in answer to a questioning hesitating look in his wife's eyes. She drew nearer to him.

"You are sure, John, you can spare me that five hundred dollars without putting aside any rightful claim?"

"I hope, Nellie, if I had not thought so, I should not have given it to you, much as I love to please you."

"Then what," she spoke hesitatingly, 'what if I wanted very much indeed to use it for something else?"

"I do not understand what you can possibly mean."

For answer she detailed to him the events of the day. When she was through she said; "It seems so hard, John, for that poor girl, a minister's daughter, too, to be suffering for want of food; and living, or rather dying, by inches, in that miserable, damp, unhealthy place. I can see how, with five hundred dollars, I co'd make her so comfortable. I stopped in at Nurse Smead's, on my way home today, and I found that she had a nice, bright, good-sized room, where the sun shines half the day, which she will let for seventy dollars a year. There is a stove in it already, and a carpet on the floor, and thirty dollars more would supply it with everything more needed for comfort. Now if I could pay the rent for that room a year in advance for Annie Hadley, and fit it up neatly, what a fine start it would be for her! It would give her such a rest—such a freedom from care! She would have time to get well. She is very skillful with her needle, and with the work she could easily do she could live nicely, and Jenny could go to school.—I have it all planned, and there with your permission, goes the hundred dollars in my pocket."

John Sterling looked at his wife, and it seemed to him, with the generous unselfish light illuminating it, her face was the face of an angel. But he did not say so then. He answered in the tone of one raising an objection.

"But what would you wear to the party, Nellie? I should not like to see you look shabby."

"Trust me for that. I can wear my wedding dress. It is such a rich, heavy white silk, and it is not soiled at all. With a little different arrangement of the trimmings it will be as handsome as anything I could get. But are you quite set upon giving the party, John?"

"Are you not, dear?"

"I was."

There was a pause for a few moments, in which Nellie tied and untied the tassels of her little silk apron several times. Then she looked up, an eager light shining through the mist that had somehow gathered before her eyes.

"I supose there are many people in the city, John just as worthy as Annie Hadley, and needing help just as much."

"Without doubt, Nellie; plenty of worse cases, especially now that winter is coming on.

"Could you help me find them?"

"I think I could. Some of the cases of destitution, which he cannot afford to relieve, make a business man's heart ache almost every day."

"Then four hundred dollars extra, which you could not have given otherwise, will do a great deal of good, won't it?"

"Yes a great deal. It is a large sum."

"Yes, it is a large sum, as you said last night, John, to be expended on a single evening's entertainment for those who do not need, but not large when we compare it with those who suffer. John I have no wish to give that party. Will you take the money for doing good?"

"But those who have invited us, Nellie?—The Hurlburts, the Graysons—all your many friends? One wouldn't like to be thought mean." "We can ask them all, a few at a time—all those we care for. Your ordinary house-keeping allowance is liberal enough for that. If that does not please them, after all John," and the little woman laid her head on her husband's shoulder, for she was one who seldom uttered her deepest thoughts, or mentioned even to him, the emotion which she held most sacred—"If they should not approve it, it matters so much what He thinks, who told us to invite to our feasts the poor, the maimed, the blind. I have been