

Published by J. J. HENNING, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: One dollar per annum in advance...

Advertisements: One square, first insertion, 10 cents...

The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

VOLUME VI.

MONTROSE, PA. THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1849.

NUMBER 14.

To a Friend on her Twenty-First Birthday.

BY ADALINE CUTLER.

Dear lady, thou dost ask a lay / From this untutored hand...

The gift of a book.

The gift of a book, what a dream, / A fairy dream like some to thee...

My wife's party.

BY HARRY SUNDERSLAND.

A better woman than Mrs. Sunderland / Does not exist anywhere...

you list," I remarked after a good number / of minutes had been made...

"Certainly!" I replied. "Why not?" / "Will they be able to make a good appearance?"

The exact character of the entertainment / was next to be considered, and an estimate / made.

"I will not be above a hundred / dollars," said Mrs. Sunderland after we had come / to some understanding as to what we would / do.

movement, when almost the waving of a / finger would have caused our party to break / up in disorder.

"The moment my niece understood the / feeling that had prompted the lady to with- / draw indignantly, they arose and were re- / turning from the room, when I intercepted / them and detained them with a little cere- / mony as possible.

"At least an hour earlier than we had / anticipated, our rooms were deserted, and we / left alone with our thoughts, which upon / the whole were not very agreeable.

"The next time we give a party— / "We won't," said I, taking the words / out of my wife's mouth.

Geographical Memoir of UPPER CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

(Continued)

Southern country and rainy season, / (latitudes 32°-35°).—South of Point / Conception the climate and general appear- / ance of the country exhibit a marked / change.

The face of the country along the coast / is generally naked, the lower hills and plain / devoid of trees, during the summer months / parched and bare, and water scarcely dis- / tributed.

The soil is generally good, of a sandy or / light character, easily cultivated, and in / many places of extraordinary fertility. / Cultivation has always been by irrigation, / and the soil seems to require only water to / produce a crop.

and pines. The upper part of the Salinas / valley, where we are now travelling, would / afford excellent stock farms, and is particu- / larly well suited to sheep.

The good range of grass and acorns, made / game abundant, and deer and grizzly bear / were numerous. Twelve of the latter were / killed by the party in one thickets.

Lower down, in the neighborhood of San / Miguel, the country changed its appearance, / being its timbered and grassy character, / and showing much sand. The past year / had been one of unusual drought, and the / river had almost entirely disappeared, leav- / ing a bare sandy bed with a few pools of / water.

On the evening of the 20th September, / cumuli made their appearance in the sky, / and the next morning was cloudy with a / warm southerly wind and a few drops of / rain—the first of the rainy season. The / weather then continued unintercepted dry / through all October—fair and bright during / the first part, but cloudy during the latter / half.

showers and hot sun, anti-cattle began to / seek the shade. The 23d was a day of hard rain, / followed by fine weather on the 24th, and a / cold southeasterly rain storm on the 25th.

No rain fell during the first half of Jan- / uary, which we passed between Santa Bar- / bara and Los Angeles: the days were / bright and very pleasant, with warm sun, / and the nights generally cold. In the ne- / gative of the San Bernardino mountains, / and Fernando missions, the olive trees re- / mained loaded with abundant fruit which / continued in perfectly good condition.

About the 14th, a day of rain succeeded / by an interval of fine weather, again inter- / rupted by a rainy, disagreeable southeas- / terly wind on the 22d. During the remainder / of the month the days were bright and pleas- / ant, almost of summer—sun and clouds vary- / ing; the nights clear, but sometimes a little / cold, and much snow showing on the mountain / overlooking the plains of San Gabriel.

In the first part of February, at Los An- / geles, there were some foggy and misty morn- / ings, with showers of rain at intervals of a / week. The weather then remained for sev- / eral weeks unintercepted and beautifully / serene, the sky remarkably pure, the air / soft and balmy, and it was difficult to imag- / ine any climate more delightful. In the / mean time the process of vegetation went / on with singular rapidity, and by the end / of the month, the face of the country was / beautiful with the great abundance of pasture, / and the luxuriant growth of grain— / corn, so esteemed as food for cattle and / horses, and all grazing animals. The or- / ange trees were crowded with flowers and / fruit in various sizes, and along the foot / of the mountain bordering the San Gabriel / plain, fields of orange colored flowers were / visible at the distance of 15 miles from Los / Angeles.

Terrific Storm Shows Stormy Day.

At 7 o'clock was received after our paper / sent to press last week, and consequently was only / a part of our edition.

Fremont's Expedition—Terrible Marching!

St. Louis, March 26. The Independence (Mo.) Republican, of Feb. 23, / contains letters from Gen. Taylor, which represent / the winter as having been very severe: a Gen. Col. / Fremont, while passing through one mountain range / for 130 miles in one night; that he was then left / to make his way on foot, and abandoned it was im- / possible to proceed further, finally dispatched three / men to seek some settlement.

Mexico not returning. Fremont started / for Texas, distant 350 miles, where he arrived in nine / days. Major Beal immediately dispatched a party / of Dragoons, with mules and provisions, to save / Fremont's party. Fremont was much excited, / but accompanied the expedition.

The suffering of the party are represented as / having been very great, having even been forced to / the extremity of feeding upon one another. Mr. / Green, who brings the news, left Santa Fe several / days after the party, and that all of Fremont's / party perished except the Col. who is badly frost- / bitten.

Our correspondent at Independence expresses / doubt about the authority of this news, but we do / not see why we should be so much alarmed at / news received from Col. P. and his party, let them / recede the Rocky Mountains, struggling through / heavy dunes of snow.

Use of Newspapers.

No man should be without a well-conducted newspaper; / he is far behind the spirit of the age unless he / reads one; it is not upon equal footing with / his fellow-men who enjoy such advantage, / and is disregarding of his duty in not affording / them an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of / what is passing in the world, at the cheapest possible / teaching. Show me a family without a news- / paper, and I will venture to say that there will / be manifest in that family a want of liberality / of manners and indications of ignorance, / most strikingly in contrast with the neighbor / who allows himself such a rational in- / dulgence. Young men, especially, should / read newspapers; if I were a boy, even of / twelve years, I would read a newspaper / weekly, though I had to work by torch- / light to earn money enough to pay for it.

Drunkness.

The fact that drunkenness / constitutes an influence on the parents to / their children, has long been recognized / by reflecting, philosophical minds. "It," / says Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, "is / drunken man has a child, it will never / likely have a good brain." "It is remark- / able," says Dr. Darwin, "that the dis- / ease of drinking nutritious or fermented / liquors, are liable to become hereditary, / even to the third generation, gradually in- / creasing, if the course is not arrested / as a period as Plato's, he remarked the detri- / ments of the influence of parental indulgence / upon the offspring, and that the most glo- / rious drunkard, and made an effort to / in a case. She drove to Albany street, but / was refused admission and was brought / back to the theatre, where she soon became / insensible and was carried off in all her / finery to the watch house.

Manure for Fruit Trees.

Manure for fruit trees should always be cool / carbonaceous matters, with an excess of alkali, / before being applied, as it is best used with / safety, and an addition of lime, or ashes, / may be most desirable, added. The sur- / face of the ground around fruit trees should / always be top dressed to a moderate extent, / with charcoal dust or gypsum, which would / assist in the production of fruit, and in the / roots, by the assistance of these ingredients / which would be arrested by these ingredients / from the atmosphere, and carried to the un- / der manure by rains, dew, &c. Such / treatment would materially lessen the at- / tacks of insects on fruit trees.

Retrieving Prosperity.

Iron has advanced in England again. A further rise / of five dollars per ton is announced at the / quarterly meeting of the trade. A corre- / sponding increase of price follows here, of / course. All branches of manufactures are / reviving, and money is unprecedentedly / cheap in Great Britain. All this is of course / owing to the tariff. —Potterville Em- / ployment.

Now, Patrick.

"Now, Patrick," said a Judge / what do you say to the charge; are you / guilty or not guilty? "Faith that's dif- / ficult for you to say, let alone myself. / Walk till I hear the evidence."

An English Answer.

An abbot was once in England—the first / room of the Reformation, at the monastery / of Mount Saint Bernard. There are about / fifty or forty monks and novices.

MY WIFE'S PARTY.

BY HARRY SUNDERSLAND.

A better woman than Mrs. Sunderland / does not exist anywhere, though I do say / myself. I consider her the "salt of the / earth," and I think I ought to know / still Mrs. Sunderland has her faults— / I will not call them by so hard a name— / still Mrs. Sunderland has her weakness, / and one of these I wish to speak of to- / day. On this head I believe no one can / accuse me of weakness. I am not aware, / as a general thing, I think any better / of people than I ought to think. No, I am / not blind to anybody's faults, though I can / see and appreciate excellences as well as / any one.

After we had risen a little in the world, / and could afford not only to live in our own / house but to enjoy our share of the excel- / lences and luxuries of this life, we found / ourselves surrounded by a good many who / were not over liberal in their views on / Mrs. Sunderland and believed their / friendship sincere; but I reserved to my- / self the right to doubt the genuineness of / some of the professions that were made. I / didn't like the "my dear Mrs. Sunderland" / nor the particular solicitude expressed by / a few in anything that concerned my / wife's welfare; and when she talked about / Mrs. Jones being such a kind, good soul, / and Miss Peters being so disinterested in / everything I shrugged my shoulders and re- / served the privilege of a doubt in regard to / all being said that glittered.

Not having been raised in fashionable / life, we had no taste for display, and al- / though we had our share of company, / whether we cared about it or not, we had / never ventured so far as to give a / party although we had occasion to send in / a card to the society of our kind. But / some of Mrs. Sunderland's good friends and / acquaintances insisted upon it, last winter, / that she must give an entertainment, and / they used such urgent arguments that she, / good soul, was won over. I remained for / some time sceptical, but as she said she / put it out of Mrs. Sunderland's head that / it was her position and relations to / give a party, I with much reluctance with- / drew my opposition and forthwith the note / of preparation was sent.

"Who shall we invite?" was the first / question. "Our circle of acquaintance had been / considerably enlarged within two or three / years, and when we went over the list it was / found to be rather large. "We will have to cut it down consider- / ably," said I. "To do so without giving offence will / be difficult," replied my wife. "Better cut all off then," was my re- / sponse, but I suppressed the feeling, feeling / that it would be unkind to seem to know / where the shafts of this stage of the pro- / gram.

"We haven't got Fanny and Ellen on / our list," I remarked after a good number / of minutes had been made. They were two / of my nice, good girls but poor. Both / were dress-makers' apprentices. They were / learning the trade in order to relieve their / father, an industrious, but not a very thrif- / ty man, from the burthen of their support. / Some agreeable manner, and strong affec- / tion for their parents. "Shall we invite them?" inquired my / wife. "Certainly!" I replied. "Why not?" / "Will they be able to make a good appear- / ance?" You know that a number of / fashionable people will be here. "If you doubt it, we will send them each / a handsome dress pattern with the invita- / tion."

MY WIFE'S PARTY.

BY HARRY SUNDERSLAND.

A better woman than Mrs. Sunderland / does not exist anywhere, though I do say / myself. I consider her the "salt of the / earth," and I think I ought to know / still Mrs. Sunderland has her faults— / I will not call them by so hard a name— / still Mrs. Sunderland has her weakness, / and one of these I wish to speak of to- / day. On this head I believe no one can / accuse me of weakness. I am not aware, / as a general thing, I think any better / of people than I ought to think. No, I am / not blind to anybody's faults, though I can / see and appreciate excellences as well as / any one.

After we had risen a little in the world, / and could afford not only to live in our own / house but to enjoy our share of the excel- / lences and luxuries of this life, we found / ourselves surrounded by a good many who / were not over liberal in their views on / Mrs. Sunderland and believed their / friendship sincere; but I reserved to my- / self the right to doubt the genuineness of / some of the professions that were made. I / didn't like the "my dear Mrs. Sunderland" / nor the particular solicitude expressed by / a few in anything that concerned my / wife's welfare; and when she talked about / Mrs. Jones being such a kind, good soul, / and Miss Peters being so disinterested in / everything I shrugged my shoulders and re- / served the privilege of a doubt in regard to / all being said that glittered.

Not having been raised in fashionable / life, we had no taste for display, and al- / though we had our share of company, / whether we cared about it or not, we had / never ventured so far as to give a / party although we had occasion to send in / a card to the society of our kind. But / some of Mrs. Sunderland's good friends and / acquaintances insisted upon it, last winter, / that she must give an entertainment, and / they used such urgent arguments that she, / good soul, was won over. I remained for / some time sceptical, but as she said she / put it out of Mrs. Sunderland's head that / it was her position and relations to / give a party, I with much reluctance with- / drew my opposition and forthwith the note / of preparation was sent.

"Who shall we invite?" was the first / question. "Our circle of acquaintance had been / considerably enlarged within two or three / years, and when we went over the list it was / found to be rather large. "We will have to cut it down consider- / ably," said I. "To do so without giving offence will / be difficult," replied my wife. "Better cut all off then," was my re- / sponse, but I suppressed the feeling, feeling / that it would be unkind to seem to know / where the shafts of this stage of the pro- / gram.

"We haven't got Fanny and Ellen on / our list," I remarked after a good number / of minutes had been made. They were two / of my nice, good girls but poor. Both / were dress-makers' apprentices. They were / learning the trade in order to relieve their / father, an industrious, but not a very thrif- / ty man, from the burthen of their support. / Some agreeable manner, and strong affec- / tion for their parents. "Shall we invite them?" inquired my / wife. "Certainly!" I replied. "Why not?" / "Will they be able to make a good appear- / ance?" You know that a number of / fashionable people will be here. "If you doubt it, we will send them each / a handsome dress pattern with the invita- / tion."

MY WIFE'S PARTY.

BY HARRY SUNDERSLAND.

A better woman than Mrs. Sunderland / does not exist anywhere, though I do say / myself. I consider her the "salt of the / earth," and I think I ought to know / still Mrs. Sunderland has her faults— / I will not call them by so hard a name— / still Mrs. Sunderland has her weakness, / and one of these I wish to speak of to- / day. On this head I believe no one can / accuse me of weakness. I am not aware, / as a general thing, I think any better / of people than I ought to think. No, I am / not blind to anybody's faults, though I can / see and appreciate excellences as well as / any one.

After we had risen a little in the world, / and could afford not only to live in our own / house but to enjoy our share of the excel- / lences and luxuries of this life, we found / ourselves surrounded by a good many who / were not over liberal in their views on / Mrs. Sunderland and believed their / friendship sincere; but I reserved to my- / self the right to doubt the genuineness of / some of the professions that were made. I / didn't like the "my dear Mrs. Sunderland" / nor the particular solicitude expressed by / a few in anything that concerned my / wife's welfare; and when she talked about / Mrs. Jones being such a kind, good soul, / and Miss Peters being so disinterested in / everything I shrugged my shoulders and re- / served the privilege of a doubt in regard to / all being said that glittered.

Not having been raised in fashionable / life, we had no taste for display, and al- / though we had our share of company, / whether we cared about it or not, we had / never ventured so far as to give a / party although we had occasion to send in / a card to the society of our kind. But / some of Mrs. Sunderland's good friends and / acquaintances insisted upon it, last winter, / that she must give an entertainment, and / they used such urgent arguments that she, / good soul, was won over. I remained for / some time sceptical, but as she said she / put it out of Mrs. Sunderland's head that / it was her position and relations to / give a party, I with much reluctance with- / drew my opposition and forthwith the note / of preparation was sent.

"Who shall we invite?" was the first / question. "Our circle of acquaintance had been / considerably enlarged within two or three / years, and when we went over the list it was / found to be rather large. "We will have to cut it down consider- / ably," said I. "To do so without giving offence will / be difficult," replied my wife. "Better cut all off then," was my re- / sponse, but I suppressed the feeling, feeling / that it would be unkind to seem to know / where the shafts of this stage of the pro- / gram.

"We haven't got Fanny and Ellen on / our list," I remarked after a good number / of minutes had been made. They were two / of my nice, good girls but poor. Both / were dress-makers' apprentices. They were / learning the trade in order to relieve their / father, an industrious, but not a very thrif- / ty man, from the burthen of their support. / Some agreeable manner, and strong affec- / tion for their parents. "Shall we invite them?" inquired my / wife. "Certainly!" I replied. "Why not?" / "Will they be able to make a good appear- / ance?" You know that a number of / fashionable people will be here. "If you doubt it, we will send them each / a handsome dress pattern with the invita- / tion."

MY WIFE'S PARTY.

BY HARRY SUNDERSLAND.

A better woman than Mrs. Sunderland / does not exist anywhere, though I do say / myself. I consider her the "salt of the / earth," and I think I ought to know / still Mrs. Sunderland has her faults— / I will not call them by so hard a name— / still Mrs. Sunderland has her weakness, / and one of these I wish to speak of to- / day. On this head I believe no one can / accuse me of weakness. I am not aware, / as a general thing, I think any better / of people than I ought to think. No, I am / not blind to anybody's faults, though I can / see and appreciate excellences as well as / any one.

After we had risen a little in the world, / and could afford not only to live in our own / house but to enjoy our share of the excel- / lences and luxuries of this life, we found / ourselves surrounded by a good many who / were not over liberal in their views on / Mrs. Sunderland and believed their / friendship sincere; but I reserved to my- / self the right to doubt the genuineness of / some of the professions that were made. I / didn't like the "my dear Mrs. Sunderland" / nor the particular solicitude expressed by / a few in anything that concerned my / wife's welfare; and when she talked about / Mrs. Jones being such a kind, good soul, / and Miss Peters being so disinterested in / everything I shrugged my shoulders and re- / served the privilege of a doubt in regard to / all being said that glittered.

Not having been raised in fashionable / life, we had no taste for display, and al- / though we had our share of company, / whether we cared about it or not, we had / never ventured so far as to give a / party although we had occasion to send in / a card to the society of our kind. But / some of Mrs. Sunderland's good friends and / acquaintances insisted upon it, last winter, / that she must give an entertainment, and / they used such urgent arguments that she, / good soul, was won over. I remained for / some time sceptical, but as she said she / put it out of Mrs. Sunderland's head that / it was her position and relations to / give a party, I with much reluctance with- / drew my opposition and forthwith the note / of preparation was sent.

"Who shall we invite?" was the first / question. "Our circle of acquaintance had been / considerably enlarged within two or three / years, and when we went over the list it was / found to be rather large. "We will have to cut it down consider- / ably," said I. "To do so without giving offence will / be difficult," replied my wife. "Better cut all off then," was my re- / sponse, but I suppressed the feeling, feeling / that it would be unkind to seem to know / where the shafts of this stage of the pro- / gram.

"We haven't got Fanny and Ellen on / our list," I remarked after a good number / of minutes had been made. They were two / of my nice, good girls but poor. Both / were dress-makers' apprentices. They were / learning the trade in order to relieve their / father, an industrious, but not a very thrif- / ty man, from the burthen of their support. / Some agreeable manner, and strong affec- / tion for their parents. "Shall we invite them?" inquired my / wife. "Certainly!" I replied. "Why not?" / "Will they be able to make a good appear- / ance?" You know that a number of / fashionable people will be here. "If you doubt it, we will send them each / a handsome dress pattern with the invita- / tion."

MY WIFE'S PARTY.

BY HARRY SUNDERSLAND.

A better woman than Mrs. Sunderland / does not exist anywhere, though I do say / myself. I consider her the "salt of the / earth," and I think I ought to know / still Mrs. Sunderland has her faults— / I will not call them by so hard a name— / still Mrs. Sunderland has her weakness, / and one of these I wish to speak of to- / day. On this head I believe no one can / accuse me of weakness. I am not aware, / as a general thing, I think any better / of people than I ought to think. No, I am / not blind to anybody's faults, though I can / see and appreciate excellences as well as / any one.

After we had risen a little in the world, / and could afford not only to live in our own / house but to enjoy our share of the excel- / lences and luxuries of this life, we found / ourselves surrounded by a good many who / were not over liberal in their views on / Mrs. Sunderland and believed their / friendship sincere; but I reserved to my- / self the right to doubt the genuineness of / some of the professions that were made. I / didn't like the "my dear Mrs. Sunderland" / nor the particular solicitude expressed by / a few in anything that concerned my / wife's welfare; and when she talked about / Mrs. Jones being such a kind, good soul, / and Miss Peters being so disinterested in / everything I shrugged my shoulders and re- / served the privilege of a doubt in regard to / all being said that glittered.

Not having been raised in fashionable / life, we had no taste for display, and al- / though we had our share of company, / whether we cared about it or not, we had / never ventured so far as to give a / party although we had occasion to send in / a card to the society of our kind. But / some of Mrs. Sunderland's good friends and / acquaintances insisted upon it, last winter, / that she must give an entertainment, and / they used such urgent arguments that she, / good soul, was won over. I remained for / some time sceptical, but as she said she / put it out of Mrs. Sunderland's head that / it was her position and relations to / give a party, I with much reluctance with- / drew my opposition and forthwith the note / of preparation was sent.

"Who shall we invite?" was the first / question. "Our circle of acquaintance had been / considerably enlarged within two or three / years, and when we went over the list it was / found to be rather large. "We will have to cut it down consider- / ably," said I. "To do so without giving offence will / be difficult," replied my wife. "Better cut all off then," was my re- / sponse, but I suppressed the feeling, feeling / that it would be unkind to seem to know / where the shafts of this stage of the pro- / gram.

"We haven't got Fanny and Ellen on / our list," I remarked after a good number / of minutes had been made. They were two / of my nice, good girls but poor. Both / were dress-makers' apprentices. They were / learning the trade in order to relieve their / father, an industrious, but not a very thrif- / ty man, from the burthen of their support. / Some agreeable manner, and strong affec- / tion for their parents. "Shall we invite them?" inquired my / wife. "Certainly!" I replied. "Why not?" / "Will they be able to make a good appear- / ance?" You know that a number of / fashionable people will be here. "If you doubt it, we will send them each / a handsome dress pattern with the invita- / tion."

MY WIFE'S PARTY.

BY HARRY SUNDERSLAND.

A better woman than Mrs. Sunderland / does not exist anywhere, though I do say / myself. I consider her the "salt of the / earth," and I think I ought to know / still Mrs. Sunderland has her faults— / I will not call them by so hard a name— / still Mrs. Sunderland has her weakness, / and one of these I wish to speak of to- / day. On this head I believe no one can / accuse me of weakness. I am not aware, / as a general thing, I think any better / of people than I ought to think. No, I am / not blind to anybody's faults, though I can / see and appreciate excellences as well as / any one.

After we had risen a little in the world, / and could afford not only to live in our own / house but to enjoy our share of the excel- / lences and luxuries of this life, we found / ourselves surrounded by a good many who / were not over liberal in their views on / Mrs. Sunderland and believed their / friendship sincere; but I reserved to my- / self the right to doubt the genuineness of / some of the professions that were made. I / didn't like the "my dear Mrs. Sunderland" / nor the particular solicitude expressed by / a few in anything that concerned my / wife's welfare; and when she talked about / Mrs. Jones being such a kind, good soul, / and Miss Peters being so disinterested in / everything I shrugged my shoulders and re- / served the privilege of a doubt in regard to / all being said that glittered.

Not having been raised in fashionable / life, we had no taste for display, and al- / though we had our share of company, / whether we cared about it or not, we had / never ventured so far as to give a / party although we had occasion to send in / a card to the society of our kind. But / some of Mrs. Sunderland's good friends and / acquaintances insisted upon it, last winter, / that she must give an entertainment, and / they used such urgent arguments that she, / good soul, was won over. I remained for / some time sceptical, but as she said she / put it out of Mrs. Sunderland's head that / it was her position and relations to / give a party, I with much reluctance with- / drew my opposition and forthwith the note / of preparation was sent.

"Who shall we invite?" was the first / question. "Our circle of acquaintance had been / considerably enlarged within two or three / years, and when we went over the list it was / found to be rather large. "We will have to cut it down consider- / ably," said I. "To do so without giving offence will / be difficult," replied my wife. "Better cut all off then," was my re- / sponse, but I suppressed the feeling, feeling / that it would be unkind to seem to know / where the shafts of this stage of the pro- / gram.

"We haven't got Fanny and Ellen on / our list," I remarked after a good number / of minutes had been made. They were two / of my nice, good girls but poor. Both / were dress-makers' apprentices. They were / learning the trade in order to relieve their / father, an industrious, but not a very thrif- / ty man, from the burthen of their support. / Some agreeable manner, and strong affec- / tion for their parents. "Shall we invite them?" inquired my / wife. "Certainly!" I replied. "Why not?" / "Will they be able to make a good appear- / ance?" You know that a number of / fashionable people will be here. "If you doubt it, we will send them each / a handsome dress pattern with the invita- / tion."

By J. J. Henning.