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POETRY.

The following beautiful lines, from the pen of one who mourns the loss of a brother in the late migration to California, have been written as a gift for two young ladies of a musical class at St. Louis:

THE LAND OF GOLD.

First Voice.

Don't know that bright land, in the far distant west,
Where the sun in his splendor, o'er mountains of gold,
Cuts his beams, at evening he sinks to his rest,
And the sands in each river hide treasures untold?

Second Voice.

Ah! I know—I have seen—and the desolate
Heath from me witness, how strong the allurements
Have been;
When the home was so happy, is left for the
path
That shall lead—must I say—but to sorrow, or
sin.

Both Voices.

Oh! home, give us home, though our destiny lies
In a happy estate, or in trouble and care;
Oh! home, give us home, with the friends that
we prize,
All our sorrows to comfort, our pleasures to
share.

First Voice.

But the land, it is pleasant the grove and the
plain,
With the morning rill and the beautiful vale;
Call they not in an accent, that never in vain,
Calls the eye to the lovely—though gold it may
fall?

Second Voice.

Yes, I know—and the desert wide open to view
Shows the dead and the dying—the wild
torrents
In its tide bears the loved one—his struggles are
through,
And his soul to the mansions of happiness soars.

Both Voices.

Oh! home, give us home, though our destiny lies
In a happy estate, or in trouble and care;
Oh! home, give us home, with the friends that
we prize,
All our sorrows to comfort, our pleasures to
share.

First Voice.

Yet I see in the eyes of the fortunate one,
As it falls on the riches his labors have gained,
The proud, satisfied glance, that success can
alone
Give his eye, who in hardship and danger has
strained.

Second Voice.

I have seen the sad tears in the father's stern eyes,
And the mother in bitterness weep for her son,
The fond wife mourn a husband—heard the or-
phan's lone cry,
But all mourning is vain, for the evil—its done.

Both Voices.

Oh! home, give us home, though our destiny lies
In a happy estate, or in trouble and care;
Oh! home, give us home, with the friends that
we prize,
All our sorrows to comfort, our pleasures to
share.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Tears, like tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some driving despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world,
So sad as the last which reddens over one,
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah! and strange as in dark summer dawn,
The first pipe of half-awakened birds,
To spring come, when the sun is low,
The sunset slowly grows a glimmering square,
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hope—so fancy feign'd
Go first that we are for others deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O, Death in Life, the days that are no more.

A plain spoken woman recently visited
a married woman, and said to her:
"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?"
"Amuse myself?" said the other, staring
"do you not know that I have my household
to do?"
"Yes," said the other, "I see you have it to
do, but as it is never done, I concluded you
must have some other way of passing your
time."

Formerly it was a maxim that a young
woman should never be married till she had
acquired herself a full set of linen. Hence, all
unmarried women have been called spinners,
an appellation they still retain in certain deeds
and law proceedings; though they are not en-
titled to it.

A young lady who had been severely
scolded by an ill-tempered counsel, ob-
scured on leaving the witness box, that she
was before fully understood what was meant
by cross examination.

MISCELLANY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.
GRACE KENNEDY.

(CONTINUED.)

"O, love me alone," answered the boy, cum-
ingly; "won't I make a movin' story. Am I
to cry?"

"Ay, a little, but spake plain at first. But
if they go to ax ye too many questions, ye
must cry so that ye'll not be able to spake."
"That's enough," said he winking.

"An' children," she continued, turning to the
little ones, "was Ned here last night?"
"Yes, mother," said they both.
"No he wasn't!" she shouted.

"Now answer me, was Ned here last night?"
"No he wasn't," said they, hesitatingly.
"When did ye see him last?"
"I seen him—" said Peter.

"Yesterday mornin'," suggested his mother.
"Yesterday mornin'," echoed Peter.
"Come now, say it again. When did you
see Ned last, Father?"
"Yesterday mornin'."

"Katty?"
"Yesterday mornin'," she replied.
"Give us the tay, mother," said Mick, begin-
ning to get tired of the instruction.
"So she poured out and tasted it.

"That's rail good, fair," she said, sipping it.
"An' I'm expectin' Mrs. Worrell will give us
some more. Be dad, we'll make somethin' by
Neddy now that he's dead, more than we did
when he was alive, at any rate."

And so the mother and son took their but-
tered toast and tea, with the drowned son and
brother lying beside them! And so they jok-
ed upon his death—the mother and son—and
she the cause of it! And so they sat by their
little fire, eating their comfortable breakfast,
having sent out the father and daughter to the
meal! And so they catechized the chil-
dren in lying and dishonesty, bringing them up
as dark spots, to taint the fair face of God's
creation!

The coroner came, and the police, and the
neighbors, and Mr. Worrell, and young Wor-
rell, and the laborer who found the body, and
with some difficulty they collected a jury.
Young Worrell, an intelligent lad of nine-
teen, was examined, and related that he and a
servant boy of his father's had accidentally
found the body that morning, as they were go-
ing to work; that they had been attracted to
the bog-hole by the barking of their little dog,
who had found his cap.

And Mick and his mother were sworn, and
with every appearance of bitter grief, deposed
that the little boy had gone out to beg on the
morning of the day before, and was not seen
by any of them till he was brought in lifeless
by Worrell.

So the jury considered, and agreed, that the
child was returning home after dark, had mis-
taken the path, and had fallen into the hole;
they, therefore, after a few moments, return-
ed a verdict of accidental death.

And they all went away, and the family were
left alone again with the corpse. The little
children again crowded around the fire, and
Mick stood in the corner of the chimney nook.
And the mother sat over the fire, her elbows
resting on her knees, and her hands supporting
her chin, rocking herself to and fro.

And Grace stood in the far corner, again crying
silently within herself. And the solitary can-
dle against the wall shed a dim mournful light
through the cabin; and the dead boy lay on
the floor where he had been placed for the in-
quest.

There was the perjured mother, that killed her
child; who there, before her other chil-
dren, had sworn to a lie—the mother that
brought them with pain into the world of sin—
the human mother, placed by the Almighty
as the natural guide to lead her offspring on
the way to heaven—this mother teaching
them the path direct to hell—the mother, the
bane or blessing of the child; for as she is, so
will he be.

Grace sat in the corner, still crying; her
mother stood up and approached her; she seized
her by the shoulder—
"Go along," she said, "an' wash that brother
of yours, bad luck to him! and lay him out,
and then put on the turnips." Will ye stir?
she continued, pushing her. "Come Mick,
agrs! said she, as Grace prepared to do what
she had told her, "I'm goin' out. Will ye
come?" And wrapping a tattered cloak about
her head, she left the house, followed by her
eldest boy. And Grace washed her little bro-
ther and laid him out, and lit the other candle.
Mrs. Worrell had given her; and produced a
bit of brown bread, which she divided between
Peter and Katty; and put on the turnips, and
gave the little things their supper, and put
them to bed; and they went to sleep. She
sat by the fire to watch. She was not crying
now. She thought, where was her father—
he was not coming in. He might have fallen in
to a hole too. And then she cried. Aain she
thought—where was Ned gone—how did Ned
die—would it not be better for her to go with
him, away from trouble? And she looked over
at the dead boy, and cried again. And her
eyes shined on the two living children—their
eyes shut too, lying without noise. And she
thought again, where were they not all asleep?
and two would awake, but one would sleep on—
And so Grace pondered within herself, and
cried, and thought and dozed—then dreamed,
and woke to cry again.

At last the door was pushed open, and her
brother Mick came in, supporting her mother,
drunk, hardly able to walk.

"Ye hell-hound—bra—!" she stammered to
pointing to the children.

Children, go into the hall for a moment—
Well, now, what do you want?
"Ye gave me a grate dale, lady, dear; and
—and—here's this," she added, bursting into
tears, and pulling the cap from her bosom.

"The lady took it."
"One of my caps," she said; "that was stolen!
How did you get it?"

"'Twas me, ma'am that took it," said Grace,
sobbing.
"And what tempted you to take it! This
cap could have been of no use to you if you
were hungry."

"Mother 'ud sell it, ma'am. An' 'twas com-
in' to the house I took it, afore I knowen you;
an' 'twas comin' to put it on the hedge after;
an' there was people lookin' at I couldn't; an'
thin I thought it better to come an' give it to
yoursel'."

"And you came of your own accord!—your
mother did not send you?"
"Mother, ma'am! Mother wanted to keep
it, but I took it this mornin', when she was
asleep, an' hid it to bring it to you?"

And the child looked up into the lady's face,
and the latter saw truth stamped in the mourn-
ful blue eyes that looked into hers; and a tear
quivered on her own eye-lash as she turned to-
wards the house, and called her children.

"Come here, Charles and Jane. You see
this little girl. She was here the day before
yesterday, as you both know, and received a
great deal from me." As she was coming to
the house on that day, she was tempted to do
very wrong—she broke one of God's com-
mands, and stole this cap. She might have
kept it without even being suspected of the
theft, for we thought it was the beggarman
stole it. Well, this little girl was moved with
gratitude towards me, and of her own accord,
brought back the cap to-day. I do not know
if she is aware of the great sin of which she
has been guilty; but what I wish to call your
attention to, is the remembrance of a kindness,
and her modesty in confessing her fault. Go,
my little girl," she continued, addressing Grace,
"go to the kitchen, and I will send you some-
thing to eat."

The lady returned to the house with her
children, and ringing for the servant, desired
him to tell the cook to give the little girl some
food, and to let her know when she had fin-
ished.

Presently the man entered, saying that the
girl wanted to go.
"Why, she had not time to eat anything,"
observed the mistress.

"She hasn't eaten anything, ma'am; she says
she wants to take it home."
"Come, children, let us go and speak to her."
They found her in the kitchen, tying up
some bones and potatoes in an old handker-
chief.

"Why won't you eat anything, my poor girl?"
asked the mistress of the house.
"Ah, lady, I'm not hungry, an' it's late, an' it's
a far way off, an'—"

And the remembrance of her little brother
stole across her mind, and she burst into tears.
"Don't cry, don't cry," said the lady, kindly.
"What's the matter? come, now, tell me."
And the voice of kindness went to her heart—
how little she knew it—and she sobbed
more bitterly.

"Come, dear, tell me," said the lady, more
kindly.
"Poor Grace!—the good lady called her
dear—her, the poor beggar-girl. And the
corresponding chord in her own heart, till then
unstrung, answered the tender word! She
screamed, as she threw herself at the lady's
feet—Ned, poor Ned, was drowned yesterday,
an'—an'—berrid the day!" She was choked
with sobs! She knelt there—the servants
stood round her. There was hardly a dry eye
—the children wept bitterly—the good old
cook raised her up.

"There, ma'oureen, don't take on so—
And your brother was drowned, acushla—
ma'oureen. Is there any more of ye?"
"An' my poor child, you came over here to
return my cap—the day your brother was
buried; said the lady, actually crying herself.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Grace, not exactly
understanding why she should not have come
on that account. The poor seldom allow the
death of friends to interfere with their occupa-
tions.

"Where do you live, and what is your name?"
"Grace Kennedy, ma'am; and I live about
four miles from this, beyant Escar, near Mr.
Worrell's."

"Margaret," said the lady, addressing her
cook, "give her some broken meat and pota-
toes, and let her go home."
So Grace hurried home, and found her father,
there, who had just arrived before her. And
the children had been left all day by them-
selves, for their mother had not been home at
all; and their fire had gone out; and there
they cried all day, cold and hungry.

"How their eyes glistened when Grace pro-
duced their store! She had not touched a bit
herself—she waited to eat with them; so she
set to work, and heaped some, and the four had
a happy, comfortable meal. Mick and his
mother arrived late—the latter again drunk—
Some bawling and abuse took place, until she
was at last persuaded to go to bed. And
Grace lay down beside her little brother and
sister, and slept more happily than she had
done for some time.

To return to the family who had been so
kind to her.
The lady whose cap she had returned, was
wife to a Mr. Saunders, agent to a considerable
property in the neighborhood.

"Not to them," said Grace, coloring, and
pointing to the children.

Mrs. Saunders heart. The children had be-
come quite fond of her, and eager to learn
how her little brother was drowned.

As the family sat round the fire, after dinner,
she mentioned the circumstance to her hus-
band.

"I do not think," she continued, "that it was
an honest principle which induced her to re-
turn the cap, so much as a fine feeling of grati-
tude, which would not allow her to injure one
who had been kind to her; but it is a fine, no-
ble nature on which to graft good principles.
Do, dear John, let me try an experiment with
her poverty, and bring her up as a servant, say,
and see what that fine disposition will be with
education. The expense will not be great, as
she is quite old enough to be useful in many
ways in the house."

"Oh, do, papa," cried Jane, "and I will hear
her lessons."

"I see no objection to your plan, Ellen, if
you wish," answered Mr. Saunders; "but I
would recommend you to make more inqui-
ries relative to her parents and their character.
Where does she live?"

"Beyond Escar," she said, "near a Mr. Wor-
rell's."

"Oh, I know Worrell very well; he is a
most respectable man, and will, I dare say, be
able to give us every information. I have
some business in Hollywood to-morrow; I
will drive you round by Escar, if you wish,
and you can ask Worrell about her."

"That will do exactly, John," said the lady;
as she left the dining-room.

The next day was wet, greatly to the dis-
appointment of the children; but the day after
the sun shone out beautifully, and the whole
party set out on the car. Mr. Saunders did
his business in Hollywood, and then turned to
from Mr. and Mrs. Worrell a full and true
account of little Ned's death, and also the cause
of it, as appeared on the inquest. Mrs. Wor-
rell was loud in her praise of Grace's disposi-
tion, saying, what a pity it was that she had
such a bad example before her.

"The father's good enough," said her hus-
band, "if he had work, but the mother's a ter-
rible bad woman. It was only the other night
—the very night the little boy was buried—
that I saw her dead drunk above at the shop."
"Shall we venture to rescue this child from
such depravity?" asked Mrs. Saunders of her
husband.

"It will be hazardous," he replied. "We
can see them, however. Where is their house."
"Worrell?"

"Why, sir, it hardly deserves the name of a
house. They live in a little hovel about a
hundred yards off the road, in on the bog about
a quarter of a mile on the road to Escar. I
will go with you and show it."

"Oh, pray don't think of it," said both lady
and gentleman; "send a boy with us; it will
do quite as well."

"Well, ma'am, if you'll allow me I'll go my-
self; the boys are all at work; and I've noth-
ing particular to do; and, to tell you the truth,
I am rejoiced that you are going to do some-
thing for our little favorite, Grace, for she has
really ideas above the rest."

So they set out towards Kennedy's abode,
accompanied by the good-hearted farmer. As
he walked by the side of the car, Mrs. Saun-
ders told him how Grace had attracted her notice.

"That is just what I and my wife have ob-
served in her," said Worrell—"a warm affection,
and thankfulness for whatever little kindness
is done her."

They approached the hovel; it was a desol-
ate-looking place; the straight road on a
long way, and on each side bog and heath;
nothing to break the eye but the black turf-
clumps here and there.

"There's the house," said Mr. Worrell, point-
ing to the right of the road.

"That!" said Mrs. Saunders, as they looked
towards what appeared at the distance only a
raised bank. "Is it possible that human beings
live there?"

"Yes, so it was. Half stuck against a turf
bank, a little raised above it, were the walls
forming the hovel in which the Kennedys
dwelt; a hole in the top for a chimney, and a
hole in one side for a window, the entire not
higher than six feet, roofed with large sods
taken from the bog; all round the house bleak
and cold; hardly a path to it."

"And here live beings such as we are," said
Mrs. Saunders, turning with a tearful eye to
her husband—"Christians, with the same feel-
ings, affections, and perhaps talents, that we
have, if they were only cultivated; and look
—such a wretched, wretched hovel! I could
not imagine anything worse; and so dreary
and cold all around. O, does it not touch us
to value what we have, when we not merely
think of, but look on the misery of others!"
Dear John, I should so like to go up to the
house."

"My own love, it is very wet and dirty; you
would be sure to catch cold."
"But I have strong boots on. Mr. Worrell
could I venture to go to that house?"
"Why, ma'am, it's very wet; but if you
were as far as that big stone, there's a sort of
path from that up to the door."

"Come John, let us try," said the lady, jump-
ing from the car. And she did try, and reach-
ed the low door with her husband, and stoop-
ing, went in. Grace was sitting at the fire
mending something; the children were crouch-
ing over it; their mother was sleeping on the
bed. Grace colored as she recognized the la-
dy, and stood up, giving her mother a push—
and the poor are thereby greatly benefited.

The printing business is an illustration. Pro-
vius to the invention of steam-presses, print-
ing was done by hand. Does any doubt that
there are now a thousand times more people
employed in the printing business, than there
would be if no steam presses were used? Ev-
ery sensible person answers no. And this will
be the operation of the sewing machine. It
takes the needle from the seamstress's hand,
and replaces it with a crank, and gives her a far
easier employment, and better remuneration,
than she now receives.

Interesting Facts—Printing.
Common, or letter press printing, such as
books, newspapers, &c., is carried on by a large
number of tools or types, every one of which
costs money, labor and ingenuity to fit for use.
There are about two or three men in the United
States who can make the matrix in which the
types are cast, so peculiar, complete, propor-
tioned, uniform, and exact must the work be
done; the letters are made principally of lead,
mixed with other metals, in order to harden it
sufficiently when cast.

For every sized and differently shaped type,
new matrices have to be made, and each with
the same exactness, or the font is defective.—
In Roman each letter must be made three times
—large and small capitals, lower case, points,
figures and other indispensable characters. To
give some idea of the number of characters and
letters which go to form a font of types, we
will state that there are two cases, as the
printers call them, the lower case containing
all the common or small letters, with the fig-
ures and points of punctuation, double letters,
spaces, and quads; this case has 64 boxes,
and every one is occupied. The upper case,
containing the large and small capitals, and nu-
merous characters in common use, has 98
boxes. Thus it seems the type founder, in or-
der to supply a common font of Roman letters,
has to have constructed 162 matrices—and
the Italics are not included here, which
will make over 100 more—just to manufacture
letter, &c., of size and corresponding faces.—
Here, then, there must be about 250 charac-
ters, and some of them a good many times
over, to print a newspaper. To give the unini-
tiated the number and proportions of type
used—it may answer just to state that we can
say for a common average font,

8,500; b 1,600; c 3,000; d 4,000; e 12,000;
f 2,000; g 1,600; h 6,000; i 8,000; j 400; k 8,000;
l 19,000; m 3,000; n 8,000; o 8,000; p 4,000; q 550;
r 5,000; s 8,000; t 9,000; u 4,000; v 1,000; x
500; y 2,000; z 200.

Nothing is here said of points, figures, double
letters, and other characters, which would
swell the list amazingly. And all this makes
one item in a common newspaper office. Nor
is anything said of the numerous pictures,
flowers, ornamental shades, condensed, exten-
ded, &c., types used in job and newspaper
printing, all of which is necessary to make the
stock of an ordinary newspaper establishment.
The types cost from 30 cents to \$3 a pound.

A common newspaper office ought to be
supplied with from 1000 to 1500 lbs of type.
These with (some \$200 worth of woodwork,
\$250 for a hand press, a good many dollars for
brass rules, and still more for iron materials,
ink, &c.), will make a very large abstraction
from 1,500. The usual width of newspaper
columns is about 17 ems wide. And an em
is the thickness of a line.

On an average, nearly three types will go into
an em, counting spaces. For every 1000 ems
a printer sets, he handles 3000 types; and if
he sets 6000 ems, which is a days work with con-
recting the same, distributing enough for the
next day, he handles not far from 36000 types.

The remark is often made, that there are so
many errors in the paper, and it is true, but let
99 out of 100 who make the observation try
the experiment and make less—if they can.

TERMS OF SALVATION.—The Englishman
says: How do you do? The Jew; Peace!
The Arab, God grant thee his favor! The
Persian, May your shadow never be less: The
Greek, Xepic!—Rejoice! The Roman, Vale!
The Scotch, Hoo's wive! The Irish, long
life to your honor! The German, Wie geht's!
The Frenchman, Comment vont vos portez vous!
How do you carry yourself? The Spaniard,
Comogesto usted? The Italian, Come sta!
The Chinese, How do you get on? The
Egyptian, How do you sweat? The Russian,
Rab vash!—Your slave! In England in old
times, Save you, air! &c., &c.

To this we may add that the English, Irish,
Scotch and French commonly address others
in the second person plural; the Jew, Arab,
Persian, Greek and Roman in the second per-
son singular; the German in the third person
plural; the Spaniard in the third person sin-
gular (masculine); the Italian in the third per-
son singular, (feminine). Of the others we know
nothing.—N. O. Bee.

THE HERO OF WATERLOO ON HIS RETURN.
"It is true," said Madame de Stael to the Duke
of Wellington, "that your Lord Chancellor ad-
dresses the king kneeling, during the sitting
of Parliament?"
"Is it true?"
"How does he do it?"
"He speaks to him kneeling, as I inform
you."

"But in what manner?" "You will be ap-
plied the Duke; and he threw himself at the
feet of our Corinna. "I command all my sub-
jects to witness" cried Madame de Stael.—
And the whole assembly applauded, with one
accord. I answer not for this singularity of
applause, which these same spectators were at
the foot of the stairs.

"A nice place ye've come to choose a ser-
vant!" said the former, smiling.
"O, John, John! it is not horrible!"
Mrs. Kennedy had by this time roused her-
self, and stood up.

"O, me lady, an' I haven't a chair or seat to
offer ye."
"My good woman," said Mrs. Saunders, "are
you the mother of this little girl?" pointing to
Grace.

"Yes, yer ladyship."
"Will you allow her to come to my house
for a month; and if I like her and she proves
honest and obedient, and truthful, I may teach
her to be a servant?"

"O, I'll go bail for her, bein' honest, yer
honor."
"It is because she honestly brought me back
a cap which she was tempted to steal, that I
am induced to take her on trial. Will you al-
low her to come?"

Her mother darted a look at Grace.
"Ye'll be givin' no hire ma'am?" asked Mrs.
Kennedy, thinking perhaps of the generally
successful foraging of Grace.

"O, come, Ellen," said Mr. Saunders, going
to the door.
"O, mother dear!—O, ma'am!" cried Grace,
springing forward with her hands clasped—
"don't want hire; I'll go with ye, ma'am dear,
I love ye. Nivir mind mother."

"I can't take you, though, without your
mother's consent; and as I will not undertake
to give you any wages, she does not appear to
wish you to come."

"O, in God's name take her, ma'am," said
her mother. "I didn't mean anything with I
spoke of hire. Take her wid ye."
"I am not going to take her now," said Mrs.
Saunders, smiling. "I will send for her to-
morrow, and my messenger will bring some
clothes for her, and she can give those on her
to the poor little children there."

This it was arranged. And Grace felt her
father's cheek wet with tears as he kissed
him, and told him, that night, when he came
home from work. And he hugged his little
daughter, and tried to think of some prayer he
had been taught in the bright days of child-
hood, long ago. And he saw a gleam of hap-
piness to cheer him through the dark mist of
misery.—The next day Grace went to her new
home.

(To be Continued.)

Important Invention—Automa-
tion Sempstress.
Mr. Allen B. Wilson, of Pittsfield, Mass.,
says the New York Sun, has recently invented
a patent for a machine, by which sewing of all
descriptions is executed in a very rapid man-
ner, and in fitness and strength superior to
handwork. The simplicity of the mechanism,
its diminutiveness, and the amount of work
which it accomplishes, are truly astonishing.—
A single machine occupies so little space that
it can be put inside a man's hat, and yet by the
turning of a small crank, the instrument will
sew ten times faster than any sempstress.

Sewing machines, have been invented and
in use in this country for three or four years
past, but none of those have been of very
much benefit, since they could only be used
for coarse work, and were otherwise so incon-
venient as to be only partially able to compete
with hand labor.

The invention we are now describing, ob-
viates all these difficulties, for it can be used
for any kind of sewing, fine or coarse, or for
embroidery. Every part of a man's dress, coat,
vest and pantaloons, button holes excepted—
can be made by this machine, also ladies' dress-
es, shirt bosoms, caps, collars, &c. In fact,
there is scarce a single branch of needle work
to which this instrument cannot be applied,