

# The Montrose Democrat.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

A. J. GERRITSON, PUBLISHER.

MONTROSE, PA., MAY 19, 1859.

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 20.

## GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED



### FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

New Styles—Prices from \$50 to \$125.

EXTRA CHARGE OF \$5 FOR REMITTANCE.

495 Broadway—New York.

F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE.

These machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no rewinding of thread; they Hem, Fell, Gather, and Stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handneedle, as is required by other machines. They will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, even if she works for one cent an hour, and are unquestionably the best Machines in the market for family sewing, on account of their simplicity, durability, ease of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing—executing either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their Machines, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY beg leave to respectfully refer to the following

**TESTIMONIALS:**  
"Having had one of Grover & Baker's Machines in my family for nearly a year and a half, I take pleasure in commending it as every way reliable for the purpose for which it is designed."  
—Family Sewing, Mrs. J. C. Strickland, wife of Dr. Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.

"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for use, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."  
—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Independent.

"After trying several good machines, I prefer yours, on account of its simplicity, and the perfect ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After long experience, I feel compelled to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing."  
—Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.

"I have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine for two years, and have found it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, from Crocheting to Broadcloth, Garments have been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."  
—Mrs. A. E. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New York.

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family the past two years, and the ladies request me to give you their testimonials to its perfect adaptability, as well as labor saving qualities in the performance of all kinds of family sewing."  
—Robert Boorman, New York.

"For several months we have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sewing beautifully and quickly, would do best to purchase in possession of one of these reliable and indispensable iron needle-women, whose combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity, are invaluable."  
—Mrs. Morris, daughter of Geo. C. Morris, Editor of the Home Journal.

"[Extract of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt, Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12th, 1858.]  
"I had a test made in Melbourne, in 1853, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single seam of that has outlasted all the double seams sewed by sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up from his murky shades, he would sing the advent of Grover & Baker as a more-benignant miracle of art than was ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce midnight shift-making as the diabolical spring of woe and unhappiness."  
—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine have more than satisfied my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and after four years' trial, have no fault to find."  
—J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.

"My wife had one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been made."  
—J. G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover and Baker having an eternal holiday in commemoration of their good deeds for humanity."  
—Cassius M. Clay.

"I think it by far the best patent in use. This Machine can be adapted from the finest caubric to the heaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, faster, and more beautifully than any one can imagine. If mine could not be replaced, money could not buy it."  
—Mrs. J. H. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I earnestly recommend this Machine to all my acquaintances and others."  
—Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

"We find this Machine to work to our satisfaction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."  
—Henry Houghton, Alton, Tenn.

"I used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one, three, five, ten, and never get out of fix."  
—John Enskine, Nashville, Tenn.

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that it is the best and most beautiful that ever was made."  
—Maggie Aimson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine linen stitching, and the work is admirable—far better than the best hand-sewing, or any other machine I have ever seen."  
—Lucy E. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I find the work the strongest and most beautiful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to our race."  
—Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

## Kate Yale's Marriage.

"If I ever marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest, "the happy man, or the unhappy man, if you please, ha! ha! shall be a person possessed of those three qualifications: first, a fortune, second, good looks, third, common sense."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged in lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who have obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have just quoted.

At the enchaunting age of seventeen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will give her example, and, discarding others, except those favored ones, considering their relative claims.

It was not long before she was to be married. Her betrothed was a young man of fortune and family, and she was to be united to him in the most honorable manner.

But, certainly, ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admitted queen.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her existence to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her breast.

Her friends were numerous, her husband tender, kind and loving; but all the attentions and affections could not fill her heart. She had once felt its chord and sympathy moved by a skillful touch—she had known the heavenly charm of the deep, delicious harmony, and now they were silent—motionless, muffled, so as the speak in silks and satins.

Then a change became apparent to her husband. He could not remain long blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gaiety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul.

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud:

"I have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"I'm losing flesh," as the butcher said when he saw a man robbing his cart.

The following beautiful poem, first published in the Home Journal, is from the pen of a grand daughter of the eminent PHILIP SCHUYLER, of the Revolution. We earnestly desire that more of her leisure hours may be employed in giving such exquisite thoughts to the wings of the Press.

## The Dying Artist.

BY CATHERINE SCHUYLER BOLTON.

Bring them to me—those flowers,  
Wild from the shaded wood,  
Nourished by dew and showers  
In the still solitude;  
Planted by God, inhaling  
Beauty with every beam,  
Guarded by care unfeeling,  
Gifted by love supreme,  
Dwelling apart, and parted  
From toll, and care, and doubt,  
Far from the broken-hearted,  
The weary and worn-out;  
Lay them within my fingers,  
Round, and over, and where—  
While so much beauty lingers  
With us, can I despair!

Alas, these fair wild flowers!  
They call again my dreams  
Amid the fresh green bowers,  
Beside the sunny streams.  
Why, when it hath no measure  
Of gladness or delight,  
Why must the soul find pleasure  
In living 'er its light!

Wherefore must memory hover  
O'er such rainbow dyes,  
Trace every day-dream o'er,  
Held before my eyes,  
Tinging my brow with blushes  
For aspirations there,  
Which now my spirit crushes  
In utter, blank despair!

Despair! Oh yes! despairing  
These visions on my press,  
Those bright forms ever wearing  
Their guise of loveliness;  
Those beautiful temptations,  
A glowing, endless train;  
Those glorious creations  
That gather on my brain:

Those exquisite deceivers  
With promises so fair;  
My hopes were all believers  
My harvest all despair!  
Before the canvas standing,  
What wonders o'er me came;  
What forms together banding,  
What lights together flame;

But when with pencil striving  
To make their presence known,  
Alas, what the first giving,  
The wonderful had flown.  
With breath and brain drawn tightly,  
I gave them to the world—  
They gazed upon them lightly,  
Then spoke with lips that curled,  
Ah woe! to feel the presence,  
And yet to want the power;  
To breathe the subtle essence,  
But never touch the flower;

To have the eager passion,  
The thirst that groweth pain,  
And hand that may not fashion  
The working of the brain!  
The dumb whose sealed lips languish  
For some sweet uttered sound,  
To speak the joy or anguish  
That in his heart is found;  
The sleeper in the hushing  
Of the night-hag—to be free,  
Struggling with weight of crushing;  
Oh! what are they to me!

And though no fame achieving,  
Yet in achieving thee  
May I not die believing?  
Mine own daily destiny!  
May I not deem that in me  
Lie germs flung from above,  
That taught me how to win thee,  
And how to wear thy love?  
Beloved, place those flowers  
Again within my view,  
They were nourished by the showers,  
They were nurtured by the dew,  
How sweet it was to wander  
By streamlet and by tree,  
Climbing hither, climbing yonder,  
To gather buds for thee;  
How sweet it was to wind them  
Within thy flowing hair,  
And secretly to find them  
Than thee tenfold less fair;  
How sweet it was to place them,  
In books, in poems approved,  
That after thou might trace them  
And me, in all things loved.  
Oh! vain dream was I dreaming  
Of fame, of favor's charm,  
Of genius sunlight gleaming,  
Dreaming, dreaming to my harm;  
And though I only waken  
When the shadow of my day  
By a hand-breadth may be taken  
Evening away;  
Through every heart is blighted,  
From all that's pure and true,  
For all I am required,  
Thus dying on my heart.

## How Big Darkey Jake was Cured of Bunting.

Some years since I was employed as warehouse clerk in a large shipping house in New Orleans, and while in that capacity, the following funny scene occurred:

One day a vessel came in, consigned to the house, having on board a large lot of cheese from New York. During the voyage some of the beams became damaged by bilge water, the ship having proved leaky, consequently the owners refused to receive them; they were therefore sent to the consignees of the ship, to be stored until the case could be adjusted.

I discovered, a few days afterwards, that—as to perfection—they were decidedly too fragrant to remain in the warehouse in the middle of June, and reported the same to my employers, from whom I received orders to have them overhauled, and send all that were passable to Board & Calhoun's auction mart (then in the old Camp street Theater), to be disposed of for the benefit of the underwriters, and the rest to be sold to a gang of black boys to work on them; and when they stirred 'em up, "Be the bones of Mol' Kell's quarten pot, but the smell was illegal entirely." I kept a respectable distance, believe me, for stinks niggers and stinks cheese, on a hot June day, just bangs all common essences including a certain "varnish"—we read about it.

Presently the boys turned out an immense fellow, about three feet six inches "across the stump," from which the box had rotted. In the center, a space about ten inches was very much decayed, and appeared to be about the consistency of mud. He had a long, thin nose, and a pair of eyes that were as black as jet, and he was as black as jet. He was as black as jet, and he was as black as jet.

"I'm a massa, dat's a fac. I done butt de wood 'round 'er of old Pete's head last night, but Massa Nicholas was gone to git me gone! I kin jist bang de head of any nigger in dese parts, little—kin I?"

"Well, Jake, I've got a little job in that line for you, when you haven't anything else to do."  
"I'm on 'lar' for all dem kin' ob jobs, myself—I is."  
"Well, you see that large cheese block there?"  
"I does dat. I does myself!"  
"Now, if you can butt a dent in it, you shall have it!"  
"Golly, massa! you'se foolin' dis nigger?"  
"No, I'm not, Jake—just try me."  
"Wot you gib me de ball ob dat rat cheese, I'll butt a dent in 'em!"  
"De Lor! I'll butt 'em wide open, an'—Is wot myself. Jess 'tan' 'ack dar for Ole Souf Carolina, 'case I'se comin' myself—I is!"  
And old Jake started back some fifty feet, and went at it with a good quick run, and the next instant he heard a dull, heavy sound, —a kind of crash, and old Jake's head disappeared on the right, with the top just visible on the other side as he fell down, so that just his eyes were visible. From the center of Jake's voice was scarcely audible and half smothered, as he vainly tried to remove the immense cheese.

## The Timely Witness.

At the close of a cold winter's day in the year 1814, during the court term of Clerkenwell Assizes, England, there came up by the evening mail stage an ordinary looking person, which halted at a small tavern in the town of B—, where the trials were being heard, and who informed the landlord that he should proceed on the following day, if the weather should not be too bad.

He booked himself as "Henry Edgford, of Leeds." His baggage was duly bestowed, and nothing out of the common appearance indicated itself in his manner or habits. He spoke pleasantly, mixed with the coming and established guests of the house, and as the weather seemed gloomy and forbidding in the morning, (a circumstance that might easily have been foretold on the evening he arrived by the way,) he decided to remain at the tavern over another day.

Among the cases which had been presented by the grand jury of the borough, at the present sitting of the court, was one for highway robbery, charged upon a man who answered to the name of Burrows, and whose trial had commenced on the day of Edgford's arrival.

Time appeared to hang heavily upon the new comer's hands, and he seemed to be anxious to proceed on his journey; but the weather would not permit, and he found himself "reluctantly compelled" to tarry at B—. His landlord, desirous to amuse and retain his visitor as long as possible, informed him that the town or vicinity offered—but pour encouragement ordinarily for the entertainment of strangers, and especially those who were bred in, and accustomed to city life; but just at that time the court was in session, and among the presentations was the case of one John Burrows, who was being tried for an alleged robbery on the highway, the details of which would no doubt interest him for the moment. But the stranger had no taste for the marvellous, and did not care to attend court.

The subject was freely discussed at the tables, however, both at the breakfast and lunch hours, and Mr. Edgford was induced at last to go to the court house to listen to the closing evidence upon the capital trial which had so deeply interested every one else in the neighborhood and which was in reality a cause of both importance and note.

In the meantime, letters reached the hotel for "Henry Edgford, Esq., of Leeds," forwarded daily by the post from London; and Mr. E. had spoken of one or two of his correspondents casually, who had been recognized by other gentlemen, also tarrying at the public house where he was temporarily sojourning. He had a heavy letter of credit from his friends, and he had been reading everything about the department and carriage of Mr. Edgford, deboted him the accomplished gentleman.

The case of Burrows, who was charged with the high crime mentioned, was to this case, as set forth in the allegation:  
On the night of June 24th, the Hon. Jonas Pettit, M. P., was on his way home in his pony chaise, when his animal was suddenly seized by a man who sprung from a hedge row near the crossing of the Charing and Barrington roads, who presented a pistol against the person of the honorable M. P., and demanded "his money or his life." It was the setting of a moon, and he could only glue to the identity of the supposed robber was a small spark upon the lack of his hand, which the honorable gentleman observed at the time the highwayman had drawn the pistol upon him.

He had only four guineas about him at that moment; he had a single ten pound note upon the bank of England. The latter was not discovered by the robber, but the four gold coins were given up. Immediately an alarm was given by the honorable gentleman. Scouts and policemen were sent out, and three days afterwards, Burrows was captured in a neighboring town, and confined on suspicion. No gold was found upon him.

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