

The Montrose Democrat.

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

A. J. GERRITSON, PUBLISHER.

MONTROSE, PA., JULY 21, 1859.

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 28.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED



FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

New Styles—Prices from \$50 to \$125.
EXTRA CHARGE OF \$5 FOR HAWKES.

425 Broadway - New York.
F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE.

These machines are from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no rewinding of thread; they clean, fold, gather, and stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handneedle, as frequently by other machines. They will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can do, 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.

An 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-day reliable for the purpose for which it is designed. Family Sewing."—Mrs. Joshua Leavitt, wife of 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 duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every variety of family sewing. After changing the spools of thread."—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"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 its strength and durability of the work. After long experience, I feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it to every family desiring a sewing machine."—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 Cambric to Broadcloth. Garments made with it are neat, and the work is done with ease and simplicity."—Mrs. A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New York.

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my family for two years, and the ladies request me to give you their testimonial to its perfect adaptability, as well as labor saving qualities in the performance of family and household 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 done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these reliable and indelible 'iron needle-women,' whose combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity are available."—J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. P. 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, 1853.]

"I had a tent 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 other seams sewed by sailors with a needle and twine."

"If Homer could be called up by 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 skirt making as the direst spring of woe unnumbered."—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine have more than sustained 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. Hammon, Senator of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and I am satisfied it is one of the best labor-saving machines that has been invented. I take much pleasure in recommending it to the public."—J. B. 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 & Baker having an altar in my house 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 cambric to the heaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, faster, and more beautifully than any other 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; it is easily understood, and capable in its earnestly recommended. 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."—Deary Brothers, Alton, Tenn.

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

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

"I use my Machine upon coats, dressmaking, and fine linen stitching, and the work is admirably better than the best hand-sewing."—Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I had 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 sex."—Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.

WHO WINS.

"Bet you two to one, you can't do it." "Bet you an even fifty we recognize you in ten minutes—an oyster supper and a basket of champagne, that you are identified before the evening is over," exclaimed in rotation three fashionably dressed gentlemen, lounging on the steps of the House of Representatives, at New Orleans, to a fourth, who only smiled quietly in reply to their excited observations.

The little group was a remarkable one, the individuality of each member of it being so strongly marked as to render him noticeable, even amidst a crowd.

A Captain Ranger was the first speaker, a dashing officer, who had seen service in the Mexican war, at once the ugliest and most fascinating man in New Orleans. He had small dark eyes, thin, brilliant hair, knotted temples, a hideous scar across the left cheek, incomparable impudence, unequalled tact, and an instructive perception of the foibles, and weaknesses of the fair sex, that rendered him at once the terror and the terror of the other lady-killers of New Orleans.

No. 2 was Capt. Kenneth of the Navy, jovial, red faced man of fifty, short in stature, but endowed with herculean strength, fond of wine and women, and the most amusing companion, though somewhat too free in conversation and opinion for a lady's boudoir.

Walter Fitz Jones, Montgomery Walsingham, the third speaker, was by profession a poet—that is; made execrable verses, and grumbled at the brutes of publishers, who refused to pay for them. He was little, thin skinned, light haired, with the coquet of Malvoid, the ambition of a Cæsar, the waddle of a duck, and the voice of a mouse.

Allen Loring, the fourth, was a young man, slender but elegant in figure, with hands and feet feminine in size and beauty, a bareheaded face outlined and tinted like that of a handsome girl, sleep blue eyes, a profusion of waving curls, and delicate scornful mouth. He was the son of a wealthy New York merchant, a stranger in New Orleans, and the recent acquaintance of the worthy gentleman above described. This worthy gentleman, attracted by his beauty and compensating his apparent fragility and inexperience, resolved to protect him—perhaps purporting to himself, as a reward, to ease him of a little of his money in a gentlemanly way. But to their astonishment, and mortification they found this inexperienced, delicate boy, more than a match for them in whatever game they proposed, whether of chance or calculation.

He was not to be outwitted, for he had the presence of mind and the keen perception of a North American Indian. And he was to be feared, for the grasp of his lily hand was like that of a vice, his nerves were of steel, his skill in handling weapons of every kind superior, and his disposition that of a tiger, though he wore the gentle and charming manner of a woman.

Allen Loring thought not, so on the evening light, he led a *Pompadour*, he executed a set of six in his private apartment to the unbounded amusement of the customer and Sam, a knowing darter, who had been hired to aid and abet him in this audacious undertaking.

"Golly, massa," chuckled Sam, "you be do prettier gal dare, sarin; not one ob dem got sick and white cheeks, and dem curls set you out 'most 'nearly!"

Certainly, blue satin, lace, hoops, rouge patches, powdered hair, bracelets, earrings, and peeped eyebrows had worked a marvelous change. Allen almost doubted of his own identity.

"Sam is right, Mr. Loring," said the customer, "you make a very handsome young lady, if you could only look a little more modest. Drop your eyes a little—no—and don't take quite such long steps."

"Confound the hoops!" growled Allen, as in his preambulations he contrived to upset a china vase. "How the dickens am I to navigate with this toggery!"

"Practice is all that is needed. Take it up this way—no. Don't lift your skirts quite so high, and use your fan a little more. There—!—!—! will do now well."

"All right! then I'm off Sam. Why, what's the matter now, you rascal!" for that worthy was apparently in confusion.

"Oh! lor, massa! can't help it! Oh! kias, hi. It's too much for dis nigger, to see massa step round, holding up de peacock, so flouky like, and showin' dem satin slippers in dat way. This child's gine to bust, sure!"

"It's his way you was on an unprotected female! Straight on your face now and escort my modesty to the carriage, and none of your grinning to betray me, or you shall find my hand as heavy as ever," and drawing his hood and cloak around him, Loring, escorted by Sam, reached the hall quite unsuspecting.

How to pass the receiver of tickets was the next question. Sam's ready wit came to the rescue.

"Massa say, pass right on," he bawled as Loring hesitated. "He forgot his gloves and de tickets, and gone to fetch 'em."

And the doorkeepers not entertaining the slightest suspicion of this beautiful and magnificently dressed young lady, Loring passed without opposition into the drawing room.

Such giggling, chattering, whispering, titillating! such weighing of draperies, glancing of jewels, and flitting of fans! such exhibitions of lovely necks and shoulders, as dresses were hooked up! such jangling of boots and trying of slippers!—arranging of curls (and we must say it) putting on of rouge and powder!

Loring was confounded, suffocated, overwhelmed. Wolf in sheep's clothing that he was, he felt his cheeks burn with a guilty blush, and the battery of eyes, black, blue and brown, leveled at him on his entrance, attracted by his beauty, and splendor of his costume.

"Your seat is undone," warbled a sweet voice close in his ear, and turning he confronted a blue-eyed, ringed lady in a peasant's costume, holding up one end of the trailing ribbon.

"Let me fix it for you," she proceeded, scribbling Loring's awkwardness to timidity. "You are a stranger, aren't you? I thought so. I have been watching this half hour. When are you going in? Not till your father

comes! Why, that may be an hour yet. It is generally understood, however, that the poet quoted merelles his own and other people's lunacies, that Loring listened admiring, and finally brought poor little Walter up to an avowal of affection.

"Certain it is that Allen agreed also to meet him, at twelve o'clock, in front of the Hotel, giving him, as a token, the central flower of his bouquet, and then skipping out unobserved, made his way home, rejoicing, escorted as before, by Sam.

"Stole away! stole away!" "Showed the white feather!" "Lost your bet, Loring my boy!"

Such were the shouts that greeted his entrance in the apartment of the three friends the next morning.

Allen received these demonstrations of triumph with his usual imperturbability, only exclaiming:

"You are mistaken, gentlemen. On the contrary I have won."

"You don't mean to say you were present!" they exclaimed.

"Certainly, and had the pleasure of a long and confidential conversation with each of you."

"The proof! the proof!" "I have them, and will give them now, or, if you prefer, at twelve o'clock to-day in front of the hotel."

The three gentlemen started, and stared blankly at Allen and at one another.

"I mention the hour of noon," proceeded Allen, "because I am commissioned at that time by a lady—one Miss Annie Leyne—to present each of you with a token corresponding to the hour of your position."

Allen was the last to speak, and he spoke with a certain gravity, and explained the mystery of his disguise.

Thus saying he gratefully presented Kenneth with the other glove. Captain Ranger, with the half of the handkerchief, and Walsingham with the remains of the bouquet.

Allen won the bet.

Shortly after, Florence de Haes was astounded by the receipt of a superb diamond bracelet and an elegantly worked notice of thanks for her kindness to a stranger, signed by one Allen Loring, who took occasion soon to call in person, to renew the expressions of his gratitude, and explain the mystery of his disguise.

Florence remembered certain little demonstrations of regard, common among ladies, and particularly a parting embrace she had bestowed on the supposed Miss Leyne, was at first somewhat shy and constrained, but Allen's perfect tact soon placed her at ease, and the affection she had felt for him at first grew so far from decreasing, that she consented to be introduced by a certain day, to attend a trial, in which it was an important witness. In order to accomplish this, I was compelled to travel night and day.

One evening, about dusk, I reached a small village about thirty miles distant from the capital of the State, and took up my quarters at the tavern in the place. It was a wretched building, and kept by an old man and woman, the best couple I think it has ever seen my lot to meet. In answer to my inquiry as to whether I could have lodging there for the night, I noticed that the host gave peculiar look at his wife, and after some whispering I was informed in the most ungracious manner possible, that I could have a bed.

I was frequently, in the course of my life, been obliged to sleep with strangers, and I was more distinctly than when in the inn of temper to be destroyed by the miserable fare set before me, or the still more miserable sleeping apartment into which I was ushered after I had concluded my repast.

The chamber was small in size, and was certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars peeping through the roof. The bed was a simple bag of straw, and my swagging, insolent guard had somewhat thrown them off their guard, yet I could plainly see that their doze was not removed.

"And you call these fellows well done, do you?" I asked, taking up a packet of the counterfeit notes. "Well, all I have to say is that if you can't do better than this, you had better stop up shop."

"Can you show me anything better?" one of the men asked.

"I rather think I can. If I couldn't I'd go and hang myself."

"Let's see it," they all cried.

This was my last coup, and one on which I knew my life depended. It so happened that on that very day I had a counterfeit ten dollar bill passed on me. It was a perfectly new bill, and so beautifully executed that, who am an excellent judge of paper money, did not hesitate to take it. It was only from having a genuine bill on the same bank, that I could detect the counterfeit.

"Look here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, "here is my last job. Examine it well, and tell me what you think of it."

"By comparing it with this genuine note," I returned, handing it to them for their inspection.

It was passed from hand to hand, and a variety of opinions passed upon it—some said it was a counterfeit—others said they thought it a good bill.

"How will you prove it's a counterfeit?" asked one of the men.

"By comparing it with this genuine note," I returned, handing it to the speaker.

The moment they compared the two, all doubts vanished. "Beautiful!" exclaimed some, "Splendid!" said others. When they had examined it to their heart's content, they shook me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds. I carried out my part well. Some questions were asked me, involving technicalities of the business, but I remarked that I was on a journey of pleasure, and would prefer a drink of whiskey to answering questions.

The whiskey was produced, we made a night of it, expanding at dawn.

The next day I arrived at Milwaukee, and informed the police of my adventure, and the next night the gang was captured, and most of them sent to the penitentiary.

I preserve the counterfeit, and I never part with it, for it saved my life.

low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peered through the key-hole, and to my extreme surprise, I saw half a dozen strong looking men, with their coats off, and leazes turned up, performing a variety of strange occupations. Some were working at a large occupation, some were repairing a copper plate printing machine, and some were engaged in stoking on steel. In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. These men were a gang of counterfeiters, and my landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band, for in one corner I perceived these employed, the man polishing off some half dollar pieces, and another, brought poor little Walter up to an avowal of affection.

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ADDRESS

OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

The Democratic State Central Committee met at Harrisburg on Wednesday, June 29th—members present from all sections of the State—and unanimously agreed upon the following ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens of Pennsylvania:

We are happy to address you at a moment when unmistakable manifestations of returning confidence and courage, on the part of the Democracy, are beginning to exhibit themselves in all quarters of the Commonwealth. You have already seen with what unanimity the State Convention, which assembled at Harrisburg on the 10th of March last, passed resolutions affirming the principle and policy which we hold ourselves pledged before the country, and how it proclaimed, by acclamation, in favor of our excellent and unexceptionable candidates.

With an occasional exception, in the nature of an ardent patriot or earnest hostility, all honest disposes in earnest to the State Central Committee, although composed of forty-one members, representing every district in the State, and some of whom you will doubtless recognize in their long and faithful connection with the Democratic organization, have been found an unit in the resolute purpose to sustain the organization at all hazards against open or covert hostility. The county meetings, wherever they have spoken, have shown themselves fully conscious of their responsibility, by forming local tickets of the most acceptable description, and by otherwise exhibiting an earnest and true, invincible determination to crown the canvass with the success that can hardly fail to attend their valiant and efficient exertions. We are glad to state, also, that the Democratic press have dropped, with one accord, all unfriendly and unprofitable discussions on irrelevant topics and issues, and are properly directing their undivided and powerful energies against the common enemy.

For every professing Democrat who values consistency and principle, the path of duty is now broad, plain and inviting. No one can be so ignorant as to pretend to misunderstand the present relation of parties in this State; the importance of the contest, both in its State and National aspects, upon the precise import of the issues that have been formed in this pending controversy. The lines which divide the two contending parties, whether drawn on the map of the State, or that of the Union, is too deep and striking to escape the eye of any who may not willfully shut their eyes to the plain side of the harmonious in our deliberations and in the exposition of our views, with a platform and ticket challenging honest criticism; while on the opposite side you perceive two factions—the Blue Republicans and the Know Nothings—composing the Opposition, each afraid to avow its ultimate designs, its present distinctive characteristics; each assuming its original distinguishing quality; each declaring itself opposed to the other on certain vital points, yet conspiring together to secure place and spoils, by deliberately ignoring sound principles of Government, and all enlightened inspirations of true American statesmanship.

We do not approach you, fellow citizens, in the name of a "People's Party," concocted yesterday, composed of shreds and patches of all opinions, and intended to serve the masses who may be deceived by its empty promises; but the politicians who have invented it for their profligate purposes. We speak in the same language used by our glorious party sixty years ago. No candid man will deny that, from the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson to the present date, the Democratic party have been the real representative party of the genius, character, honor, and interests of our free institutions. It has been so recognized by the people of the United States, who have so constantly imposed upon its duties and burdens of government. It has eliminated the leading truths of the Constitution, embodied them in simple, though imperishable formulas of doctrine, and applied them firmly and efficiently, in practical administration, until it has become the actual reflex of all the great constitutional principles, on the basis of our republican system.

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