

# The Monitress

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., AUGUST 4, 1859.

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 30.

## GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED



### FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

New Styles—Prices from \$30 to \$125.  
EXTA CHARGE OF \$5 FOR REHMERS.

**495 Broadway - New York.**  
F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE.

These machines are from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no rethreading of thread; they Hem, Fell, Gather, and Stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the hand, and are as 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 testifying to their perfect reliability 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, by simply 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 your, 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 competent 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 the different kinds of sewing required for Breadcloth. Garments have been worn out under the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—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 refuse to give you their testimonials to its perfect adaptedness, as well as labor saving qualities in the performance of family and household sewing."—Robert Boomer, 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 indispensable iron needles, whose combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplicity are invaluable."—J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

[Extract of a letter from Thos. R. Leavitt, Esq., an American gentleman, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 14th, 1853.]

"I had a tent made in Melbourne, in 1853, in which there were one thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single seam that has outlasted all the other 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. I would denounce midnight skirt-making as the direful spring of woes 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. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Family Sewing Machines for some time, and is 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. C. Harris, Governor of Tennessee.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Where I am 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 cambric 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; it 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."—Deary Brothers, Alabama, Tenn.

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

## ELSIE RAYMOND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Wait a moment, grandma, I just want to run out and say good-bye to Daisy," and the sweet face set in a frame work of bridal flowers, looked a moment through the open door, and then vanished, leaving the lady in her Quaker satin and white muslin cap, could reply.

"What, isn't Elsie here?" The question was a young fine looking man, and there was something peculiarly attractive in the smiling of his dark expressive eyes, as they swept the room with a single glance, and then lighted on the old lady, and then lighted on the old lady, and then lighted on the old lady.

"She has just run out to bid Daisy good-bye. You know it wouldn't do to go of without seeing her old nurse, any how. Everything's packed isn't it?"

"Yes, and the carriage is waiting," and as the young man spoke, a tide of gleeful laughter rolled up to their eyes, and the company below stairs. The old lady did not mind it. She came close to the newly made husband and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Alden," she said very earnestly, "the hour has come for our parting. I can think of many things I want to say to you, and I ought to have done this before. But it is too late now. Oh, Alden, you will be very tender to my daughter, won't you? You will never forget how she has both watched and cared for, (it may be too much,) and how she has been known a harsh word in the house from whence you are taking her?"

The old lady's voice was pleading, almost to sadness, and her eyes were full of tears, but dimmed as they were, she saw the look of beautiful tenderness that flashed into the young man's expressive features.

"Do not fear to trust me, Mrs. Williams," he said solemnly taking both her hands in his. "Her happiness shall be the one great aim of my life. The love that has watched over her, the tenderness that has guarded her girlhood from the very shadow of evil, shall be increased a hundred fold in the home to which I take her, and had you heard those moments, when the look which accompanied them, you would have predicted a joyous wedded life for Elsie Raymond."

"I do believe you, Alden, my boy," answered the old lady, fervently. "But sometimes you may find Elsie a little impatient, or self-willed. I don't like to say it, for her heart is always in the right place, only you know how quick and impulsive she is, and she doesn't bear contradiction, for I suppose she's a spoiled child."

"Who's a spoiled child?" asked a voice so sweet that it would have thrilled your heart like a sudden outbreak of harp music, and the graceful figure of the girl bride sprang into the room.

Rubens ought to have been there at that moment. With her blue sparkling eyes, her half-lush gathered into her soft cheeks and her arch smile breaking over her lips, she morning sunbeams breaks into the heart of mountain roses, she was just the vision of outward, joyous earth-loveliness that his soul would have delighted in. Her white bat with its tappings of lace and ribbons, and her rich traveling dress, harmonized with the rare, English complexion of her complexion, and altogether she looked to the loving eyes that now rested on her, so bright, and sparkling and happy, that they forgot everything but her beauty.

"Grandma's been saying bad things about me," said the bride, with a pouting pout, that any young husband would have thought worth a dozen kisses. "Now, Alden, don't you let her frighten you one bit, for I am going to know just the most loving, obedient little wife in the world, and never let a thing you say I mean, so long as I live."

"I shan't say a word," very often saying, answered the young husband, stroking the curls that fell out of the little hat. "But come, Elsie, we shan't be in time for the cars. Say good-bye to your grandmother, quick."

"I will be a good girl, indeed I will," whispered the trembling lips, as they drew up to the grandmother's, and the smiling face was dim with tears.

"God bless you, Elsie, my child!" And her husband hurried away.

Elsie Raymond's future must tell the story of the past. Both her parents lay under the spring grass where she had learned to know them, and so she went to her grandmother's, heart and home. There only sunshine lay over her life. The tender, indulgent grandmother forgot there must come an hour when the child would rise, and the great life forms descend upon the flower that grew up in such beauty to her heart.

Elsie had one of those fine rich, impulsive natures, that especially require judicious training. This she had never received from her grandmother, and the under current of self will and pride in her nature had gained depth and force, which in her early girlhood she had repressed themselves in her impatience of mild reproval or contradiction.

But usually she was so loving, gentle, so transparent—and, as I said, her future spouse tell her past.

Two years had gone swiftly, happily by. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond sat at their breakfast that morning. The room with its appliances of taste and luxury, was one of those rare home gems, that only an artist can appreciate.

But the little wife, behind the silver coffee urn, in her faded morning gown, with its tassels of fine silk, was, after all, the crowning beauty of the sweet home scenes.

"Alden," said Mrs. Raymond, as she passed his second cup of coffee, "won't you put down that paper, and listen to me a moment. You know that party you promised me almost a year ago. Well, I've decided on it now, and we'll make a grand effort to have it pass off well."

If Mrs. Raymond had at that moment looked narrowly at her husband's face, she would have seen it grow pale at the mention of the party.

"I am sorry Elsie," he commenced moving restly on his chair.

she guessed the anguish that lay at his heart. As it was, her face flushed with anger. "Really," she answered, "I was not, until this morning, aware I was responsible to you for the subject. I might choose to abstain from conversation with my friends. Once for all, what is the reason you refuse me this party?"

"I do not refuse it, Elsie, I only ask you to delay it."

"And I must, and I will have it next week, or never; I cannot see why you wish me to postpone it, unless it be because you know the delay will greatly annoy me."

"The young man's pale face flushed with the pain her words had occasioned him. 'Elsie,' and his voice was quieter, and sterner than before, 'you cannot move me by these accusations because you know as well as I do, there is no truth in them. I have heavy payments to meet this week, and that alone was the reason of requesting you to defer the matter.'"

"All I have to say," she answered, "is, I am likely to accomplish our wishes by quitting them in a few dictatorial manner."

It was unfortunate for Mr. Raymond that he added to his explanation that last remark, for now that she assigned a motive for the delay, his wife's heart softened toward him, but that last speech hardened it again.

"I do not believe a word of what you are saying, Alden Raymond," she answered, pushing back her chair, and bursting into a flood of passionate tears. "If the money had made any difference, you'd have told me before this late day, and it's only because you want to mortify me before the world, that you are so stingy this morning. I wish I was back again in my old home, with grandma, and dear old Elsie, who would never have spoken to me the harsh cruel words that I just now have heard. I wish I was back there again, and that I had never left it, for that I never had seen you, Alden Raymond."

"And springing from her seat, the angry woman burst out of the room, and her husband made no effort to detain her. He only leaned his head on his hand and groaned bitterly. It was the last drop in his cup of bitterness."

An hour later and the young merchant was walking up and down his counting room with restless step, and haggard face.

There had come a sudden revolution in the mercantile world, and his house was one of the first to feel it. "There is no chance to sail clear of this," he murmured, the young man as he struck his forehead. "A few weeks more and we are lost. I shall be ruined, and Elsie—his face worked faintly a moment, and then he resumed, "there is no way to raise the money, unless—"

he stared anxiously about him, as though he feared the terrible secret which lay behind his uncles' might have revealed itself, though he had never crossed his lips, and for the first time in his life, his face wore a look of agony and grief.

"Yes, I could get it so," he said, leaning his head on his hands, "and if his affairs should happen to take a favorable turn, I could repay the note before anybody was the wiser; if not, and his voice grew hoarse, "river and a pistol shot would settle it all."

Elsie's little property all swallowed up, too, God knows I meant to secure to her, but there was no help for it, and she knew it. She'd have me worse than that, and may be I can win back one of the old love smiles to her sweet lips. He did not finish the sentence, Elsie, you can give out the invitations for your party next week. There is the money which will defray the expenses, and Mr. Raymond placed a note for a thousand dollars in the lap of his young wife.

It was dinner time, and Elsie had had all the morning to reflect on her conduct at breakfast, and bitterly had the young wife reproved herself for the unkind words she had spoken. But her will was unobscured still, and when the foot-pace of her husband rang through the hall, the old pride came back to her heart, and the morning curl to her rosy lip, and she thought to herself, "Alden shall speak first."

And he did; and that generous deed of his overcame at once, all the pride and self-will of the really loving wife.

She sprang up quickly, and would her white arms around her husband's neck, while tears of remorse and tenderness swept down her face. "Oh, Alden," she said, "forgive me, forgive me for the cruel words I said this morning. I have been so sorry for them. I do love you better than all the world beside, and I would not leave you for a thousand grandmothers. Say just once to me 'Elsie I forgive you,' and I shall be so happy."

He drew her brightly back to his bosom, and raised down kisses on her sweet brow, as he said, "Elsie, once and forever I forgive you, but I have been very weak, and I have suffered much this morning. Let me lay my head in your lap, and see if I shall not feel better, while you talk to me."

And Elsie sat there a long time, tugging her little dimpled fingers through the thick brown curls of her husband, and laying her cool lips every few moments to his fevered forehead, chanting to him her sweet humming bird song, and what a delightful affair it would be; dreaming till the darkness, and sleep, and shame, that was drawing closer and closer to their threshold!

It was late the morning after the party. It had been as the young wife had predicted, "a brilliant affair."

And now as she walked through the elegant confusion of her parlors, and thought what glances of admiration had followed her during the evening, and how proud Alden would be when she recounted to him the compliments, which the guests had bestowed upon her "beautiful boxes," and how she had inadvertently heard Major Hamlin, who was pronounced the most artistic judge in the city, call her "the rare blossom of the festival," those pleasant dreamings experienced a rude interruption.

"Two rough-looking men entered the parlor, and required if Mr. Raymond was in."

"Yes," he answered, "I was surprised and startled."

"What's the matter?" he asked hurriedly, "has there been two police here after me?"

"Oh, Alden," she could not finish the sentence, for he rushed from her, out into the hall, and up the stairs like a madman."

Elsie's heart died within her, and it was only by grasping the cushions of the sofa, she prevented herself from sinking to the floor. She feared—she knew not what, but the next moment the woman's heart of Elsie Raymond awoke within her. Alden, her husband, was suffering, it might be in disgrace and shame, and she should stand by him, and where should she find comfort and strength, but in her!

She sprang up, and though her limbs shook like reeds beneath her feet, her face would not be whiter when it lay under the coffee-plaids, she went straight out into the hall and up the long stairs to her room.

The door was not locked, and she opened it without knocking. "What a scene for the blue eyes of Elsie Raymond! Her husband stood in the center of the room, with a pistol pointed at his heart. One minute more, and she had been too late."

With one loud shriek she rushed to his side, with one blow of her small, white hand, she struck the heavy pistol to the floor, and with a wild cry springing from her pale lips, "sared, Alden," she found her arms afloat in his blood.

"The desperate man put her away. 'Sared,' he cried, hoarsely, 'sared to ruin, degradation, to worse than death. Leave me, Elsie, and let me do the deed now.'"

But she came back to him, for she would not be put away. "No, no," she answered, and her pale face glowed almost like an angel's, "I will be with you, whether you live or die. I wish I was back there again, and that I had never left it, for that I never had seen you, Alden Raymond."

"And springing from her seat, the angry woman burst out of the room, and her husband made no effort to detain her. He only leaned his head on his hand and groaned bitterly. It was the last drop in his cup of bitterness."

"Yes," he answered, drawing closer, and the light of her eyes shone in her eyes, "I will be with you, whether you live or die."

And then he took her in his arms, and while his heart was raving with deeper agony for her than for himself, he told her all.

And Elsie learned for the first time, of the threatened collapse of her husband's business, and of the utter impossibility of meeting the expenses of their late party, without her husband's ruin.

He had never crossed his lips, and for the first time in his life, his face wore a look of agony and grief.

"I do believe you, Alden, my boy," answered the old lady, fervently. "But sometimes you may find Elsie a little impatient, or self-willed. I don't like to say it, for her heart is always in the right place, only you know how quick and impulsive she is, and she doesn't bear contradiction, for I suppose she's a spoiled child."

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"Grandma's been saying bad things about me," said the bride, with a pouting pout, that any young husband would have thought worth a dozen kisses. "Now, Alden, don't you let her frighten you one bit, for I am going to know just the most loving, obedient little wife in the world, and never let a thing you say I mean, so long as I live."

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## ADDRESS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE.

### Fellow-Citizens of Pennsylvania:

We now proceed to present to you, as briefly as circumstances will permit, a view entertained, as the State Committee believe, by the Democracy of the State and the Nation, respecting the rights of our naturalized citizens, and those principles of natural justice and freedom which we are prepared to maintain in our intercourse with foreign States, as a part of our enlightened American Policy. This subject has been at all times interesting, and so our committee shows."

The first Article in the Constitution, authorizing Congress to establish a uniform rule of naturalization, and the several acts of Congress passed in pursuance of the power granted, all indicate this fact. It so happens now, that the State of war in which several of the leading nations of Europe have become involved, and which may possibly embrace in its ultimate scope the whole of our continent before peace shall be re-established, has imparted, for obvious reasons, an immediate and most important significance to all those questions depending on the right of expatriation, as we understand it in this country, and which, in connection with our act of naturalization, are not only extremely interesting to our citizens, but directly and vitally concern the dignity, power and international consequence of our Government. It is true that many of the Governments of Europe have made provisions, in some made or other, for the naturalization of foreigners, by which they are invested with a portion or all of the rights of native born subjects, in the country of their adoption, but, nevertheless, these same Governments, almost without exception, circle the whole of their naturalization before peace shall be re-established, has imparted, for obvious reasons, an immediate and most important significance to all those questions depending on the right of expatriation, as we understand it in this country, and which, in connection with our act of naturalization, are not only extremely interesting to our citizens, but directly and vitally concern the dignity, power and international consequence of our Government. 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