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THE DYING STORM.

By Mrs. H. F. Gould.
I am feeble, pale and weary,
And my wings are nearly faded,
I have ceased a secret prey,
I am glad to quit the world.

THE CHAMBER OF MYSTERY.

My elder sister Ruth and my self were the only children of our widowed father.
We were poor, and we were brought up in a cheap retired village in the west of England.

and Coningsby, for Mr. Mordaunt was nearly as poor as ourselves, although he had a snug parsonage and productive garden, and was young and loved Ruth dearly, while she was well fitted to be a clergyman's wife on a small income.

peeped through the keyhole; and at last I made up my mind to hold steady of plainly asking for an explanation.
"Dear Uncle Sebastian," I commenced one morning at breakfast time, "I hope you will not think me impertinent, but I am very desirous of knowing if I can do nothing for you. I fear I am a poor companion, and you are disappointed in me."

de attached importance to the minute writing? On the eighth day from my ascent of the apple tree, Uncle Moss became so much worse, that Mrs. Dawson wished to call in medical advice, but he would not hear of this.
"Dear Uncle Sebastian," I commenced one morning at breakfast time, "I hope you will not think me impertinent, but I am very desirous of knowing if I can do nothing for you."

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

(Continued from the Democrat Daily Advertiser.)

Louis Kossuth is one of the most remarkable men of the present age. He is indeed considered by many the only really great man of the nineteenth century who yet produced.
He has certainly above talents of the most rare and extraordinary kind. Not only in the same manner, but what a horrid change these three years in damp, filthy dungeons had made! Wessolugi was blind, Lovassy, one of the students, crazed, and the rest dangerously ill.

the opposition paper, and four students of law, leaders in the young men's political club. For above three years the public was entirely ignorant of the fate of these persons.
At last, in 1839, they appeared again, as mysteriously as they had disappeared, not even knowing themselves where they had been, for they had been seized secretly, and conveyed blindfolded to dungeons, from which they were brought out in the same manner.

Marriage Matters.

For the benefit of our unmarried readers, and especially of the ladies, we copy the following important decision of Judge Black recently affirmed by the supreme Court of Pennsylvania:
"If a man offers to marry a woman or promises to do it, he is not bound to comply with it, unless she agrees to accept him. It takes two to make a marriage contract as well as any other bargain. Where a man has a contract of marriage with a woman, and merely puts it off, and she becomes impatient, she cannot drag him into Court and demand damages, unless she has formally offered to perform the contract on her part, and he has refused, and so puts an end to the contract."