

Published every week except on the first day of the month, except on the first day of the month...

The Montrose Democrat.

Dedicated to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

VOLUME VI.

MONROE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1849.

NUMBER 33.

WOOD-NOTES WILD!

The Language of the Heart. The loving Genius of mankind To Jupiter once came...

Deacon Humphreys was without a salary influence. But it is with the inner man we have to do. The fairest apples are sometimes defective at the core.

chance do they attend, "I wonder what they profess." The deacon shook his head and looked solemn.

new I recollect, Squire Bryce wants to sell his mill—it is right along side of mine, and I reckon my new mill is good for hearing the word as any man in the meeting-house.

this. She whispered it to Mrs. Smith, who whispered it to Mrs. Jones, who told Mrs. Brown, who told all the society, that the Nortons were wicked despising people.

When suddenly the Angel of Death folded his wings and sat brooding over the peaceful, pleasant village of Montrose.

The CURTAIN LIFTED. Or, Professions—Fraternal and Theatrical. CHAPTER I. The Deacon. EVERYBODY called Mr. Humphreys a good man.

CHAPTER II. Grassmere and its Inhabitants. Grassmere was a quiet out-of-the-way village, huddled in close by grand mountains.

CHAPTER III. One fold of the Curtains Drawn back. A new comer in a country village is always sure to elicit more or less curiosity.

CHAPTER IV. Love passages. The summer passed, and in the bright month of September, came Hubert Fairlie.

CHAPTER V. The Practical and Theoretical Christian. "Why have you done with Nelly?"

CHAPTER VI. The Postscript. The Curtain wholly Lifted. It was now the middle of October.