

"The Democrat" published every Thursday morning, by S. B. & E. B. Chase, Editors and Proprietors.

The Montrose Democrat.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square, (12 lines or less) 3 insertions, \$1.00

Special to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Jurisprudence.

VOLUME VII. MONTROSE, PA. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1850. NUMBER 49.



A CAREFUL READER.

New of valley, hill and mountain, And the twilight shadows glide, And the dawning moon's faint gleam

By my lonely window seated, While in fancy hovering night, I am still by loved ones drearied.

Darkened shadows o'er my brow, And a thrill like mine o'er my cheek, Out upon my spirit and soul

Just a whispered word once spoken, 'Twas not meant to give me pain, Still it flutters with power unbroken

Ah! where'er my feet are straying, That one true thought haunts my day, With the half-moon's silent play, And that deep reverend glow

'Twas the look of those who'd gone, Gave that sweet strength his aid, Power eternally would.

Ah! in tears of soft beweeching, Had those lips been my own, With one look my soul's emotion

Then perchance before the morrow The same breath that gave it birth, Had depelled this loving sorrow

Long in silent pride of standing, To confess an earthly power, With a heart that seems complaining

Ye who know no thought of sadness, Sure it's not in vain to weep, 'Tis the gentlest of all human grief

Oh! be gentle, lest with anguish, Hiding not what she you heard, How your broken spirit languish

My father, where art thou? Would I might hear thy voice and touch thy hand, The way grows very dark, and lonely now

Far, far away, how little doest thou know, That the compass of thy heart is wide, 'Tis child's sickle now

Yes, father! do not weep; For I am weary with this lonely pain, And oh! how gladly would I be at ease

I go among the dead; As thou hast been in my childhood, hence Before this night to my lonely bed

Beyond that wondrous scene, And with the Almighty in his dwelling place, With the soul journey of thy life to do

You ocean-kissing day-god halt sadly leaves the world; and the dusky night-shade creeps softly o'er the earth.

But not long does Nature bloom with gladness—not long do the flowers lead the air down with their fragrant eaves

But a passing thought is flung, Darkened shadows o'er my brow, And a thrill like mine o'er my cheek

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Every hour, the restless, yet unrelenting Emperor, called at her door to enquire concerning her situation.

He regretted Josephine with the greatest kindness, but she soon perceived that his kind words were but a mask to cover the deadly question.

Josephine was in a state of extreme nervousness, and was yet unprepared to appear before her sovereign.

Her husband became more reserved, and avoided himself from her society; the private scenes between them were almost entirely shut out.

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He regretted Josephine with the greatest kindness, but she soon perceived that his kind words were but a mask to cover the deadly question.

Josephine surrendered herself to the unrelenting dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the intensity of her woe.

For six months she wept as incessantly as her eyes were nearly blinded with grief.

At length the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a side door, and the entrance of Josephine.

Josephine, half-delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass through, in taking a final adieu of him.

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