

The Montrose Democrat.

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

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

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Port's Corner.

For the Democrat.

Passing Thoughts

I love thee still, though golden days have faded
And suns have set,
Though dark edged clouds my o'er-changed
head have shaded
Since last we met;
Though hopes that dawned upon lip's blissful
morning
Have sunk in gloom;
And bright-hued flowers my early path adorn-
ing
Have ceased to bloom.
I see thee now, on thy young lip is nesting
A dreary smile,
And eyes of blue all trustfully are resting
On mine the while,
The same great wreath of earnest love is glanc-
ing
To my souls shrine,
And hopes as pure, as truthful and entertain-
ing
As thine—mine!
The dimpling vale that archly used to bright-
en
Thy cheek of snow,
As my proud, girlish fondness loved to high-
ten
The rose bud glow,
In spirit dreams before me ever linger
A brow of pearl,
While gleefully I twine around my fingers
Each golden curl;
With the low, sobbing winds seem ever blend-
ing
Thy tones of love,
And thy large, searching eyes are fondly bend-
ing
Down from above.
Am I alone? the loosened locks that cluster
Around my brow,
Beneath a gentle hand of snowy lustre
Flow darkly now,
E'en the cool night-breeze wafts the dreamy
sadness
From my flushed cheek,
And my hushed spirit steals a thought of glad-
ness,
It dare not speak.
Loved one, art thou amidst the world's wild
rushing
From me estranged,
My heart shall whisper with its last, low gush-
ing,
I am not changed.

Original Tale.

Written for the Montrose Democrat.

The Edwards' Corner.

BY MISS M. A. DENISON.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

Where all was joy
And all was love.

"I am young again, Bertrand," exclaimed the foreigner in a hasty voice, pointing to the most little garden, and the pretty porch over-
hanging with creeping vines.

"Not by many a long year," exclaimed his companion, laughing. "Now for granny's sake, as I used to say when I was a boy, don't go being sentimental Steene—at least not yet; besides it's not becoming in that costume."

They were welcomed with a tenderness that brightened the now softened outlines of the widow's face, and took from her impudic manner, without lessening her pride of demeanor. As Bertrand presented his friend, madam Wolfstein looked at him curiously and said, "do you know I fancy he has a face like my, bravo, Elstano! Ah! he has not this been a day of glory?" Tears suffused her eyes; her lip trembled, but overcoming her emotion, she added, "I have been waiting for weeks—weeping at my own unfortu-
nate spirit—should have known it! my lion-hearted boy."

Madam Wolfstein was more gentle with Lena on this evening, but the latter was extreme-
ly pale and nervous. The fatiguing scenes of the day, united with some other yet undefined emotion, had exhausted her energies.

"I am going to tell you my poor friend's story; he has given me permission. Would you think it? He is cast off by one of the best of friends—the victim of malice and misrepresentation."

Lena and the stranger stood in the shadow looking together over an ancient book of illu-
minations that had been an heir-loom in the Wolfstein family for many generations. The widow turned towards them with a troubled face.

"Has he a mother?" she interrogated, soft-
ly.

"Yes, unfortunately, one who is possessed extremely against him; and he is one of the best of men."

"That is cruel."

"Aye! it is indeed; but let me give you his history; I promise you it will be entertain-
ing—the very gist of romantic adventure."

When but some sixteen years of age, he journeyed with a relative to the city of—
where for a long time this relative resided having been intrusted with important official business. At the conclusion of the war which you know desolated the upper country—this lad, then nearly nineteen, disappeared; and nothing was heard of him by his distracted relatives, until many months after, they received news that he was living in a foreign city; that he had discovered his native land—that he had married a lady with whose charms he was smitten, while with his uncle on his official visit, and that for her sake, he had for-
sown home, friends and the sacred cause of liberty—and become a traitor."

"But did he thus perjure himself?" asked the widow anxiously.

"You will hear," answered Bertrand with unusual gravity. "The truth is this. My friend being extremely delicate from his youth was not deemed by his uncle sufficiently strong to accompany the troops to battle. His heart beat high for the honor of his country, but with indignation towards those who ad-
vised it best for him to rest in ignominious ease, while his young companions were winning laurels and reaping fame. This resolve was sudden, and acted upon instantly. He repaired to a friend, procured a disguised, entered him-
self in a false name, and remained in concealment till the day of the engagement. In the very battle on the command of his own father, did this youth fight bravely—many times under his eye, yet he escaped recognition. He was wounded—you can see the scar now on his right temple—he stands sideways. Ah! he is smiling—should it wonder if he con-
fesses of what we are talking?"

"Wonderfully like," murmured the widow, as if unconsciously, her eyes fastened upon the stranger.

"His wound was so severe that to fell senseless, and knew nothing more until he found himself stretched out upon a narrow bed, in a wretchedly ventilated cabin, his limbs stiff and aching, his head weak, and his heart faint and desponding. He learned that he had been taken prisoner, and the life spared only through the interposition of a gentleman to whose son he bore a remarkable resemblance. On that account, though strictly guard-
ed after his recovery, he was not confined in the common receptacle for prisoners, but placed with a gentleman of rank and supposed to the druggery of writing, which all possible access to his liberators was strictly barred and sealed. For many years, every means was taken to change his principles, and to win his loyalty from his own country. In vain. He always and boldly denounced his enemies, and shrank not from declaring his readiness to fight for his beloved land at any time and at all hazards."

Fortunate was it for him that the person to whose care he had been committed, was a man of noble heart and liberal principles. In-
stead of being harassed by the soldiers, he was man, and won by his engaging and frank open countenance, joined with his heroic de-

termination of dying rather than turn traitor for his own benefit—he resolved to give him liberty.

This gentleman had a beautiful daughter whom my friend might have loved and mar-
ried too, but for the seeming power and aid not might give his enemies. He kept his heart however. As Bertrand lifted his eyes, he noted that Lena had become intensely interested—that her cheeks were flushed high, her eyes sparkling vivaciously.

For a moment his narration was broken; his heart beat with an acknowledged tenderness, but observing that Lena's blush grew painful in its intensity, he rapidly continued—the often accompanied her father and herself in public, and was thrown very much in her society in private, but he was true to himself, to his God. At that time, after five years of exile, your most humble servant stepped on the stage to aid in this drama. In the back-ground imagine a row of filthy docks, thro' whose gloom and dirt the dismal clanking of chains kept grating harsh music. In the fore-ground a score or so of miserable, woe-begone individuals like myself. An evidence that the scene in this first act was a prison, in which the principal actors received no indulgences behind the curtain.

In one of the short walks in which we prisoners were occasionally paraded, not I assure you, without a well-earned retinue; I met your sister—but never mind! I'm not woun-
ded so seriously—and he laughed with a faint voice—but that I shall get over it. Yet its strange what an impression such a thing will make on a man's mind, eh? I had roven a romance, as wild as delightful—but non-
sense—my imagination always runs riot."

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—but no matter; I can see how it will end now"—and he bent a penetrating glance on Lena, who blushed, and left the room abruptly. Madame Wolfstein, noticing her extreme agitation, followed her.

"Now, Bertrand, what does all this mean?" asked Steene, "how strangely you look and act. Upon my word; I believe you have undertaken too much, and that it has overcome you."

"Bertrand's only reply was, 'I wish you may be happy,' and he turned to leave his friend."

"Stop Bertrand—we two must not part thus. You shall explain yourself. I do not understand—hardly know to what you have referred."

"Why Lena! Lena, of course; Lena loves you," and he laughed almost convulsively.

"How can you know that?" asked Steene his countenance suddenly changing, and his tone very low and thoughtful, as if it was not a thought that displeased him.

"Know it! My eyes never deceived me yet—but I pshaw! what a fool I make of myself!" Then after a pause, he asked, "what were you saying Steene?"

"Nothing," replied his friend, who was thinking.

"Then why not say something? Don't you see what a fool I am making of myself? Steene, you're a happy man—but I did hope, Steene—I did hope, that beautiful girl was your sister—but never mind! I'm not wound-
ed so seriously—and he laughed with a faint voice—but that I shall get over it. Yet its strange what an impression such a thing will make on a man's mind, eh? I had roven a romance, as wild as delightful—but non-
sense—my imagination always runs riot."

"Bertrand—you are not crazy, are you?" asked Steene.

"I don't know, but I'll tell you what I do know. I'm a most consummate fool to let a thing of this sort take such possession of my mind—don't you think so Steene?"

"Come, come, my friend, my brother—let us not think of this. You are no doubt mis-
taken—the girl—"

"Mistaken," broke in Bertrand. "I tell you Lena loves you, I know—for your brother's sake—your mother—then your resemblance to Elstano—the romance of the thing, but more than all her own manner—ah, I can tell. Her heart leaps towards you like a young gazelle towards its mate. But Steene, don't think of it again. I feel better already now I've fairly made up my mind. It's not so bad after all. And then I shall be happy in seeing you so. I hope you can return her affection, Steene."

"It would not be so very difficult," answered the other smiling.

"God! and I feel quite reconciled before long. Here comes your mother. You can very well dispense with my company now—good night. He wrung the hand of his friend. It was