

# Montrose Democrat.

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## THE Montrose Democrat

Published Every Wednesday Morning.

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Carriage and the Local General News, Poetry, Stories, Anecdotes, Miscellaneous, Health, Sports, and a reliable class of advertising matter.

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For all business, call on me.

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For all business, call on me.

D. W. SEARLE.

For all business, call on me.

AM ELY.

## County Business Directory.

Two lines in this Directory, one year, \$1.50; each additional line, 50 cents.

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## Select Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

By TENNYSON.

Full come deep lies the winter snow,

And the winter winds are wearily sighing:

Tell ye the church bell sad and slow,

And tread softly and speak low.

For the old year lies a dying.

Old year, you must not die:

You come to us so readily.

You lived with us so steadily.

Old year, you shall not die.

He lies still; he doth not move;

He will not see the dawn of day.

He hath no other life above.

He gave me a friend, and a true love.

And the New Year will take him away.

Old year, you must not go:

So long as you have been with us.

Such joy you have given with us.

Old year, you shall not go.

Before of his bumper to the brim:

A Jolliter year we shall not see.

But his merry quills are over.

And the New Year will take him away.

He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die.

I've had so much to do with you.

Old year, you shall not die.

He was full of joy and jest.

But his merry quills are over.

To see him die across the waste.

His son and heir doth ride post-haste.

But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my friend.

And the New Year will take him away.

Old year, you shall not go.

Come up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow,

I heard him now the crowing cock.

The shadows flicker to and fro.

The cricket chirps; the fire burns low:

Shake hands before you die.

Old year, you shall not die.

Speak out before you die.

His time is growing short and thin.

Alack! my friend is gone.

Close up his eyes, lie up his head:

Step from the corpse, and let him in.

That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend.

And a new face at the door, my friend.

A new face at the door.

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

By TENNYSON.

Ring out, old year, and let him die.

The flying clock, the frosty light.

The year is dying in the night.

Ring out, old year, and let him die.

Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

The year is going, let him go.

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind.

For those that here we see no more.

Ring out the old, ring in the new.

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