

"The Democrat."
S. G. HOFFMAN, Editor and Proprietor.
TERMS: ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE...

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THE MAGYARS.
They later not yet!—though the despairing pour!
Across the broad Danube the tribes of the Don!

The Tempest.
I was never a man of feeble courage—
There are few scenes, of either human or elemental strife upon which I have not looked...

that stood at the foot of a small rugged precipice. He rose and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds marshalling themselves like bloody giants in the sky.

Love in the Backwood.
Jimmy Waddie's First Courtship.
'Talking of sweet boys, puts me in mind of my young days, I should rather guess I was in for 'em some myself, them times.'

Many years have gone by on the wing of light and gladness, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me at times with peculiar distinctness.

ness, hot from the sun's oven. This manufacturing cold prays with the lips, while the heart continually aches Gammon, it is no more use than talking Chocowas to a Chinese.

This was said by an old man, whom we introduced as Mr. James Waddie, or rather old Jim Waddie. Every body (except the reader) knows him and his penitential year spinning. It is the oven of a militia training day.

My dear friends—I will tell you how to enjoy a much bliss as heaven can afford to humans. Be contented with what you have, no matter how poor it is, till you have an opportunity to get something better.

incline and sorrow usurp the places of affection and of joy, give them a title to address you. They speak to you as brothers, if, like them, you love Ireland.

A Buried City Revealed.
Mr. Lazard's new work, Nineveh and its remains, first produced by Pottman in New York, is just published in our country.

The Irish Exiles' Address.
The address of the exiled patriots to the men of Ireland is as follows:
FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—If your efforts to procure a mitigation of the penalties to which we are about to be subjected had been as successful as you desired, we could not have offered to you more than a grateful acknowledgment that those which we now tender for the sympathy and solicitude which you have displayed in our behalf.

The monuments of Nineveh indicate a high degree of civilization. The discovery of beautiful specimens of glass, of the pulley and the arch, and of a complete system of sewerage, (better than that now existing in New York,) reminds us that there is 'nothing new under the sun.'

Both being the way in which man humbles the monster of the land, it is not strange that the wise animals of creation, who walk on their hind legs and eat with a spoon, should occasionally endeavor to come to man's assistance over their unthinking and less cunning fellows.

It is also rumored, that the Russian minister has had no idea of demanding his passport, even if his relatives were removed from public office at Washington, the emperor, his master, loving his western ally so well that he could not quarrel with him for an ambitious fall of office-holders.

level of the heroic age, and had outstripped on the green things that surround us with the best of them, swallowing hard, and asking no questions until danger is over.

The republic, as we foretold, in some fumblings in this matter, but its salutary is so non-committal that we cannot call too soon to meet it. We think, therefore, that we shall follow the advice of the old Vermont member, who, when called upon to reply to a speech of ours, said, "Mr. Speaker, I hate to kick against nothing—IT WOULD BE WORTHLESS."

It is a hard thing to see a man with a little cream of human kindness in you, and yet to see him so miserably wretched. I thought you was a man with a little cream of human kindness in you, and yet to see him so miserably wretched.

while the mounds in waiting pitched in at the appropriate places and swelled out the concatenation of sweet sounds.

The Second Washington had borrowed the suit of continentalism worn by the illustrious predecessor from the patent office, for the occasion, and had adorned his coat with a character with a becoming spirit when the party lagged or got out, and finally wound up the performance with a magnificent solo in the following words to wit:

When the sun was fully over, and finally completed, there was a great call around the green old tree, which once broke by the Boss STORMA shaking the old corked hat at the Premier, and swearing roundly that with such a harmonious set of fellows around him, the organ might go to where Orpheus went, when, out of personal considerations to the very spectators of those empires have hidden the Hebrew Scriptures—the sacred writings of people scorned and oppressed by Assyria and Babylon—have been preserved; and now, after so many ages, incidental allusions are made to them, as confirmed by the disinterment of the Past!