"The Democrat."

8. B. & E. B. Chase,

ters' office over M. C. Tyler's !



Mortes.

Tennslated from the French of Beranger BY J. S. DI BAND.

Christian, to suffering traveller, Send series water to thy deer; Best a series can I larger This small pittance to implore. He are the small pittance to implore, Le : I am the Waxineanso Jaw Bardened by the weight of egy. Yet not growing sell like you. Time's far end my only hope us, And each night if was the last, But the sum-art ever neath.

Carried by a frightful whirlwind O'er the wrecks of thousand Stul O'er the Greek and Roman ashes— Lands of ice and lands of dates.

Ever, ever.

What to other men power mortal
Lattich me, but in van;

Crag and precipies to bless me
Hod there high heads o'er the main
But the furnous whirtwind snatches
Me from death's attempt door.
Gad has changed me itius, to punish
Sins too dark to point "of."
Thus at is with into before thee,
Who is scarce allowed to stay
Which he cleare the prodiered goldst,
Drinks—and then an wy, wany!

Ever, ever.

Turus the seath and how the river
Where I wander,
Ever, ever.

Ever, ever.

If show I austhe my acrows,
Resting health some shody tree.
On the tarf, or by the waters
As they morner wild and free to
Then I hear the whirtwand granthe
Round about my the challe.
What supports to angry heave in
This moment passed beneath the
The delay than fearting partney.
Which the wholesiand urges on,
Elevatry cannot be located.
Thoughts a momental to tak he was

When I gaze on psyone reliablem.
Then it wernel he e my own!
If my eyes would fout upon them, Comes the which sud's raging tone
Old men would you date to eavy
Me my long and drawd career,
Wend you for a price thus wanter.
O'er the earth from year to gyear?
See those, children sweetly smilling.
Looking on with hope and traw year.
But a few short year may vatura
Extensive for the state of the s

Ever, wer.

To the walls all dark and lonely
Where I in olden time was bornII I go and find some traces
To arrest in fontetip lare.
Then the warrismd speaking force
Cries with much menacing. "On
Rest but when thy spent fanteth,
When each speak of vige 's gues.
Thy foorfathers have use left there
Place within their modelment
in the depths of along giosm."
For ever
Thanse the earth and flows the river
Where I wander,
Ever, ever

I menaced with fourth fourthers.

vance I wander, Evrr, over.

§ entraged with laugh inhuman The man-God as he just expired. Then the read—it field human me Till cash none i haw retired. But affect i the whirtwise present At this punchionent, Oh, tremble, Thus to etrangely dealt on me! His drinky it was not—But homestly revibed. Thus called torth this ingering yeagy Which by nothing is languised. Ever, ever Turns the earth and flows the river While I wander, Ever, ever.

tombedone in Nationalisation:

I seem in the morning—it was Spring.

And I smilled—
I walked out at noon—it was Summer.
And I was glad—
I sat me down at even—it was Autumn,
And I was sed—
I laid me down at right—it was Wister,
And I slept.

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