

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he goes,
To see if the sleepy blossom
Have begun to open their eyes;

From a window broad my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot,
And catches the "poor man's blessing"
I cannot envy his lot;

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A Mending that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub,
(Our other one has wings);

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city,
Close to the crystal portal,

CLARA WILLIS;
Or, The Diamond Ring.

It was the night before Christmas.
Mr. Almayne did not observe the little, blue-
nosed boy crouching by the brilliantly illu-
minated plate-glass window.

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The Democratic Watchman.

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"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

EXTERMINATION.

"Only two boxes," sighed the boy. "I was so cold, Clara, that I couldn't go round to the houses."

"Well, never mind, Ben," she said, cheerfully. "Sit close to me, dear—we'll keep each other warm. Oh! Ben, I should like to have given you a nice whole loaf for Christmas."

"Don't cry, sis," said the boy, leaning his head against her knee. "Didn't you give me your shawl for a comforter, only I lost it that windy day? You're just as good, and sweet as you can be, Clara, and I love you just as well as if you were my whole sister, instead of only half a one."

She smiled through her tears. "What was it about a glove, Ben? He sprang suddenly as if remembering. "A gentleman dropped it in the street; I ran after the carriage, but it went too fast for me to catch up. Isn't it nice, sis? "Very nice, Ben."

The Abolition extremists are blatant for the extermination of the Southern people; and a large majority of them would gladly see a war of extermination waged against the Democrats of the North. In localities where Democrats are in minority, they have to submit to all kinds of abuse, and are frequently maltreated for their political opinions.

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BULWER ON THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

A few weeks ago Sir E. Bulwer Lytton delivered a lecture in Lincoln, which city he has for a number of years represented in Parliament, on the early history of Eastern nations. He gave an outline history of the Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek, and Jewish nations, and closed with the following powerful and dramatic description of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus:

"Six years after the birth of our Lord, Judea and Samaria became a Roman Province, under subordinate governors, the most famous of whom was Pontius Pilate. These governors became so oppressive that the Jews broke out into rebellion; and seventy years after Christ, Jerusalem was finally besieged by Titus, afterwards Emperor of Rome. No tragedy on the stage has the same scenes of appalling terror as are to be found in the history of this siege. The city itself was rent by factions at the death of its king, and the elements of civil hatred had broken loose—the streets were slippery with the blood of citizens—brother slew brother—the granaries were set on fire—famine wasted those whom the sword did not slay. In the midst of these civil massacres, the Roman armies appeared before the walls of Jerusalem. Then for a short time the rival factions united against the common foe, they were again the gallant courtiers of David and Joshua—and sallied forth and scattered the eagles of Rome. But this triumph was brief; the ferocity of the ill-fated Jew soon again wasted itself on each other. And Titus marched on—encamped his armies close by the walls—and from the heights the Roman general gazed with awe on the strength and splendor of the city of Jehovah."

Let us here pause—and take ourselves, a mournful glance at Jerusalem, as it then was. The city was fortified by a triple wall, save on one side, where it was protected by deep and impassable ravines. These walls, of the most solid masonry, were guarded by strong towers; opposite to the loftiest of these towers Titus had encamped. From the height of that tower the sentinel might have seen stretched below the whole of that fair territory of Judea, about to pass from the countrymen of David. Within these walls was the palace of the king—the roof of cedar, its floors of the rarest marbles, its chambers filled with the costliest tapestries, and vessels of gold and silver. Groves and gardens gleaming with fountains, adorned with statues of bronze, divided the courts of the palace itself. But high above all, upon a precipitous rock, rose the temple, fortified and adorned by Solomon. The temple was as strong without as a citadel—within more adorned than a palace. On entering, you beheld portions of numberless columns of porphyry, marble and alabaster; gables adorned with gold and silver, among which was the wonderful gate called the Beautiful. Further on, through a vast arch, was the sacred portal which admitted into the interior of the temple itself—all sheathed over with gold, and overhung by a vine tree of gold, the branches of which were as large as a man. The roof of the temple, even on the outside, was set over with golden spikes, to prevent the birds settling there and defiling the holy dome. At a distance, the whole temple looked like a mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles. But alas! the veil of that temple had been already rent asunder by an inexplicable crime and the Lord of Hosts did not fight with Israel. But the enemy is thundering at the wall. All around the city arose immense machines, from which Titus poured down mighty fragments of rock, and showers of fire. The walls gave way—the city was entered—the temple itself was stormed. Famine in the meanwhile had made such havoc, that the besieged were more like spectres than living men; they devoured the bolts to their swords, the sandals to their feet. Even nature itself so perished away, that a mother devoured her own infant; fulfilling the awful words of the warlike prophet who had first led the Jews towards the land of promise—"The tender and delicate woman amongst you, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness—her eye shall be evil toward her young one and the children that she shall bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitsness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates." Still, as if the fog and the famine was not scourge enough, citizens smote and murdered each other as they met in the way—false prophets ran howling through the streets—every image of despair completed the ghastly picture of the fall of Jerusalem. And now the temple was set on fire, the Jews rushed through the flames to perish amidst its ruins. It was a calm summer night—the 10th of August; the whole hill of which stood the temple was one gigantic blaze of fire—the roofs of cedar crashed—the golden pinnacles of the dome were like spikes of crimson flame. Through the lurid atmosphere all was, carnage and slaughter; the echoes of shrieks and yells rang back from the Hill of Zion and the Mount of Olives. Amongst the smoking ruins, and over piles of the dead, Titus planted the standard of Rome. Thus were fulfilled the last avenging prophecies—thus perished Jerusalem. In that dreadful day, men still were living who might have heard the warning voice of him they crucified—Verily I say unto you, all these things shall come upon this generation. * * * O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent to thee, * * * behold your house is left unto you desolate! And thus were the Hebrew people scattered over the face of the earth, still retaining to this hour their mysterious identity—still a living proof of those prophecies they had scorned or slain—vainly awaiting that Messiah, whose divine mission was fulfilled eighteen centuries ago, upon Mount Calvary.

The Albany Express, one of the most devoted Republican papers in the country, administers a timely rebuke to the speakers—principally of the clergy, professed followers of the meek and lowly Saviour—whose comments upon the murder of the President are made up of loud and incoherent ravings for vengeance. Alluding to their blood-thirsty declaration that there shall be no more mercy towards the South, the Express says: "If there is to be no more mercy, then it is time to pull down our pulpits and to build up prisons for the galleys, to quadruple our prison houses, to change half of our asylums and hospitals into jails and dungeons. 'No more mercy.' Then in vain the Son of God said upon the cross, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do,' and in vain God himself declared, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.' No more mercy! Then let every offender against God, man and country receive an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. States and courts, judges and priests, princes and ministers, on this plea, will urge the sword and strike at all who depart never so much from the strict law of duty. Thank God, this is not the sentiment of a Christian patriot. No man could live an hour tried by a tribunal where there is no mercy, and so long as Christ's Sermon on the Mount stands, or the spirit of Christianity lives in the hearts of the people, it will be a living rebuke to those who demand that there shall be 'no more mercy.'

STATE RIGHTS.

The following is an extract from one of "Carlton's" gossiping letters from Richmond: "The Sentinel office was not destroyed. I saw the proprietor to-day. He formerly did the Government work. We had a pleasant interview. 'I was sorry,' he said, 'to see the Stars and Stripes torn down in 1861. It is the proudest flag in the world, but I shed tears when I saw it raised over the Capitol of Virginia on Sunday morning.' 'Why so?' I asked. 'Because it was done without the consent of the State of Virginia.' 'Then you still cling to the idea that a State is more than a nation?' 'Yes. State rights above everything.' 'I give you the conversation as near as I can recall it, that you may understand the insanity of the secessionists. They have no conception of the great principles which underlie this mighty struggle. They are clinging to the abstractness of the past—State Rights, State Sovereignty—and are impelled by State pride. They talk of the proud Old Dominion, the State which has raised up Presidents—of their ancestors and all that—living in the past, without comprehending the revolution of the present, which has precipitated them from power, and which has brought liberty to a despised race. 'Carlton' is it right in speaking of this war as a 'revolution?' Such it is. For more than two years, at least, it has been a violent attempt on the part of the administration to effect a radical change in our form of government. The publisher of the Sentinel is not half so insane as Carlton himself, and has more-better views of the character of our institutions. The ejaculation 'State Rights above everything!' which Carlton regards as an evidence of 'insanity' will receive a hearty response from every reflecting mind. The doctrine of secession does not necessarily follow, as many seem to suppose. The States are older than the Nation, and gave it all the power it possesses. The Nation is sovereign in the powers so delegated, and the States are sovereign in all other powers. The only question is what power was delegated, and what retained. Control over the local institutions of States certainly was not delegated to anybody and when Mr. Lincoln assumed to exercise it, he knowingly trespassed upon State rights, and inaugurated a 'revolution' tending to change our institutions from a republic to a despotic form. The creature assumes the power of the creator; and if Mr. Lincoln succeeds in breaking down State rights, the distinction between his and any other despotism will not be worth naming. If he can destroy one State prerogative, he can as well another. Hence we are not surprised to see those who believed that Congress could destroy slavery in South Carolina, attempt to control the railroad interests of New Jersey. We say emphatically—"State Rights above everything," and by those who mean all rights not delegated to Congress, without assuming to say what they are or are not. The closer the relation between government and people, the better. There is little danger that a State will enslave its own people; but it is not so certain that another government made up of rival and hostile States, will be so careful of popular rights. The only security we have in the rights reserved when the compact was formed. By these we ought to abide always. They may appear chiefly important to Virginia to-day, and Massachusetts to-morrow; but in truth, all the people of all the States have an equal and paramount interest in their maintenance, as the experience of a series of years will prove.—Union Democrat, Manchester, N. H.

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THE MECHANIC.

You'll be gone with sturdy tread,
Tolling hard for his highest bid,
Sleeves uprolled and high cheeks flushed,
While the city streets yet are lashed;

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While the city streets yet are lashed;

You'll be gone with sturdy tread,
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Sleeves uprolled and high cheeks flushed,
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You'll be gone with sturdy tread,
Tolling hard for his highest bid,
Sleeves uprolled and high cheeks flushed,
While the city streets yet are lashed;

Is it possible there are men, calling them-
selves citizens of the United States, who
desire to coax on further bloody fighting?

Lee's army surrendered—but from one and the
other, many thousands of men withdrew—
denying the right to surrender them, and
drawing off, "on their own hook," to watch
the shape things would take.

If a policy of conciliation and of magnani-
mity is inaugurated, these powerful forces
are likely to fall into the new order.
They are tired of the exhausting war, if they
can quit it with self-respect.

The war may be over. With wise mea-
sures taken, it cannot be renewed. But it
may be rekindled! It will not be in the
name of the defunct Confederacy. That is
done with. But it may be in behalf of vested
interests in Texas, and that region,
beyond the Mississippi.

Louis Napoleon declined to interfere in
behalf of the Confederacy of the South.
Respects his apprehension that there was a
secret treaty between the United States and
England, in case he did intervene, he fore-
saw that few American Federations would,
in regard to all European question, act
together—and even more powerfully than if
nominally united. He did not choose to
run risks to build up a stronger system that
would supersede, if he held off. But, one
of the French Emperor's "Napoleon ideas,"
has ever been that France should in some
way, retrieve the cession of Louisiana to the
United States.

After flatter the late Confederacy with
false hopes, it seems now Napoleon's plan
to offer to Texas, refugees, and Confed-
erate soldiers, a guarantee of Texas, and
perhaps Western Louisiana, as a resort that
French arms will defend. Napoleon, propos-
es to make bond against the United States,
when the latter are exhausted and wearied
with long civil war. It is not a new Con-
federacy, or an independent people, that he
proposes to help into existence, but a
French dependency. He thinks, in hatred of
the United States, that he can count on
nearly one hundred thousand Confederate
veterans, to carry out his schemes on this
continent. Now, does he count right or
wrong? This is a question that Louis Na-
poleon cannot answer, but President John-
son can. With the Federal army devoted
to him, and to his friends Grant and Sher-
man, President Johnson can arrange mild,
generous, and contending terms for those
lately styled rebels. If he deals harshly
with them, thousands will be off to Texas,
to renew a desperate fight, with the delusion,
or, possibly, the fact, of an active and
energetic aid of France!

For Mexico, to whose fortunes France,
and Napoleon, are committed, is in the scale.
It is only a question of time. The conflict
is coming on. We regret it. But we can-
not close our eyes to facts.

In view of this threatened conflict—not
of the defunct Confederacy, but of Texas,
and a war with France, how crazy is the
"opinion" of Attorney-General Speed, and
the action of certain war officials in regard
to the late rebels! Rebels are delusive
things. As respects the government that
accepts them, they are to be construed
strictly. As regards the men who give
them, they are not to be interpreted liberally.
Privileges are to be enlarged. Re-
strictions are to be narrowly interpreted.
That is the ancient dictum of law, especially
applicable in matters of war. The "opin-
ion" of Mr. Speed, met by a counter "opin-
ion" of somebody else, will be taken as the
infraction of the parole on the part of the
Confederates will be declared free of their
obligation!

For God's sake, let the most liberal inter-
pretation be accorded to the parole. Con-
federate soldiers! If this is not done, thousands
of them declaring themselves deceived and
wronged may go to Texas, to fight United
States troops, not any longer under the
Confederate flag, but under the banner of
France!

Let Attorney Gen. Speed's "opinion,"
go to the dogs, and let a humane and mag-
nanimous policy be pursued towards the
paroleed and surrendered prisoners.—N. Y.
Freeman's Journal.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—Each mother is a
historian. She writes not the history of em-
pires or of nations on paper, but she writes
her own history on the imperishable mind
of her child. That tablet, and that history
will remain indelible when time shall be no
more. That history, each mother will meet
again, and read with eternal joy or unutter-
able grief in the far coming ages of eterni-
ty. This thought should weigh on the mind
of every mother and render her deeply cir-
cumspet and prayerful, and faithful in
her solemn work of training up her chil-
dren for immortality.

The minds of her children are susceptible,
and easily impressed. A word, a look, a
frown, engrave an impression on the mind
of a child which no lapse of time can efface.
You walk along the sea shore when the tide
is out and you form characters, or write
words, or names in the smooth, white sand
which is spread out so clear and beautiful
at your feet, according as your fancy may
dictate; but the returning tide shall in a
few hours wash out and efface forever all
that you have written. Not so the limbs
and characters of truth or error, which your
conduct imprints on the minds of your child.
There you write impressions for everlasting
good or ill, which neither the floods nor the
storms of the earth can wash out, nor
Death's cold fingers erase, nor the mot-
ing of ages of eternity obliterate. How care-
ful, then, should each mother be of her
treatment of her child. How precious!
and how serious labors are entailed on
the mind those truths which shall be his
guide and teacher when his feet shall be
slid in death.

"One who knows" through the Atten-
tion, sage advice: "Keep your eyes wide
open before marriage, but half-shut them
afterwards."