

A FEW WORDS THAT MAY BE READ WITH PROFIT BY DEMOCRATS IN OFFICE AND OUT OF OFFICE.

The Democrats of the country may learn many useful lessons by observing and imitating the Republicans.

While the Democrats are resting, the Republicans are working with untiring industry.

While the Democrats are saying: 'We will not, hereafter, make any political tests in business, religion or social life,' the Radical is casting about for some way to make his business, his religion and his social position contribute strength to his party.

Too many Democrats, out of regard for the feelings of susceptible Republican friends, hold their peace six days in the week, and on the seventh Democratic clerks are refused to talk politics.

Republicans support their papers—advocate in them, subscribe for them, talk for them, canvass for them, and if the paper have a job office patronize it liberally.

Too many Democrats refuse to support their papers—do not advertise in them, nor subscribe for them, and if the paper have a job office, do not patronize it. If they want blanks, or bill heads, or cards, they send to another city and obtain them from a Republican firm.

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For the WATCHMAN.
MY PALACE.
BY MISS JANE ANDREWS.

I've a palace with marble halls,
With diamond windows and crystal walls,
Round which rare flowers bloom away,
Ver which "old Bob," the king of day,
Drops a bright will of woe and gold,
And the people who dwell there never grow old.
My palace is built on a verdant vale,
Where sunshine and music never fail.

The Sun on his daily round fourth pass,
Transforming the flow on flowers and grass—
An emerald gleam from the crown like blade—
A pearl from the lily's heart is laid—
A sapphire from the violet low—
Diamonds rich with fragrant glow.

On the bank tremble with a bluish like wine,
On the gall like flower of the express vine,
A pendant of amber from the locket swings,
To the clover a ruby nor splendor brings.

At eve, when weary mind and head,
I lay to rest on my chamber bed,
Upon the lily's white door I throw,
Against the misty light pass through.

When I search for the mythical face now,
For the thy form, and the clear smooth brow,
I find them with childhood forever gone,
Its truth, its truth, its innocence gone.

Ye may sing of the maiden's deeper joys,
And glady resign your childhood's toys,
But deeper joys in quick time bring,
Care departing on leaden wings!

When I search for the mythical face now,
For the thy form, and the clear smooth brow,
I find them with childhood forever gone,
Its truth, its truth, its innocence gone.

"It is ten miles from here, and I fear you will meet with a cold reception, as Mr. Miller disposed of the place to a gentleman in Europe, and is now traveling abroad—You will find no one there excepting the house keeper, and a few servants who have been retained by the present owner. If you will honor my humble roof, I shall be most happy to extend to you its hospitality."

"Thank you, indeed," said Tom, "but I shall avail myself of a neighbor's privilege to enquire of you on your delightful return. As I have not yet seen you, I will call on you first, and I will trust to your generosity to save me from the horrors of a 'black-chlorer hall.'"

"I pity your loneliness," said the kind old lady, "I know not what I should do without my daughter May, and my grandson, little Harry. They brighten a life that has had much to do with it, and fill the void in a heart that has been robbed of some very dear ones."

through the house and grounds, showing them the beauties the place already possessed, and explaining those he would add to the course of a few years.

"This is the stranger," said Mrs. Warden to the housekeeper, "I presume I have heard Mr. Miller speak of you, and shall be most happy to retain you in your present position."

"You can take your time, my good woman, to arrange matters. At present, all I need is a woman, and a supper: for I am both hungry and tired."

READ! READ! READ!—THE NEGRO TRIUMPH IN WASHINGTON.

The scenes and incidents connected with the triumph of the negro over the white population of Washington City furnish a new and striking illustration of the progress of the colored freedmen.

The secret of radical strength lies in the fact that the entire element of our negro population, touching the threshold of the Radical Congress, when it meets in July next.

direct appeals to prevent it had to be made to the police officers.

Radicalism in the Far West—It is remarkable how rapidly the new States of the West fall into the hands of the speculators and the grasping grasping.

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NEARER HOME.

The following verses appeared in some of the religious papers a few years ago, but where, or when, or by whom they were written, we are unable to say.

NEARER HOME.

Never my Father's home,
Where my many mansions;
Near the great white throne,
Near the golden throne.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.