

The Democratic Watchman.

WELLESVILLE, PA.

For some reason or other, 'un known to us, the "Copy" of "Wearing the Cross," for the present number of the WATCHMAN, has failed to make its appearance. We know that it will be a disappointment to many of our readers, but not more so, than it is to our selves.

THE PARTING HOUR.

[The following beautiful poem, says the Portland Evening Commercial, was written by the late Edward Pollock, the gifted California poet, on the 9th of January, 1871, and has never been published. It was given by a poet to a friend who was about to depart on a steamer for Oregon, Pollock saying: "Take this; you may, perhaps, read and appreciate the sentiment long after I have ceased to be among the living."

There's something in the "parting hour" Will chill the warmest heart— Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends, Are fated all to part. But this first hope—her rainbow spank Has pressed it on my mind— The one who goes is happier Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be, Adventurous dangerous far, To the wild deep or bleak interior, To solitude, to dangers, still, Still something cheers the heart that lingers In all of human kind. And they who go are happier Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home With doubts and with fears, But this first hope—her rainbow spank Across her cloudy fears; Alas! the mother who remains, What comfort can she find But this—the gone is happier Than one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend—a comrade dear? An old and valued friend? Be sure your term of sweet converse At length will have an end. And when you part—as part you will— Oh, take it not unkind, If the one who goes is happier Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—and so it is, Though woe and woe, more cheerful are Than all the rest may be. And when, at last, poor man subdued, Lies down to death resigned, May he not still be happier far Than those he leaves behind?

Lincoln's Religion.

We have said that the loyal men of the "higher civilization" were intensely sensational. In the good old days, in the life time of the Constitution of the United States, this sensational mania found exercise in an ovation over an escaped runaway negro, a festival to a Japanese Tommy, or in flaming pictorials of prize fights, and adultery trials. Since the overthrow of our republican form of government, the sensationalists content themselves with big jollifications at funerals. Thus the remains of Mr. Peabody were carried about from town to town, and business houses made first-class advertisements out of the dead man's bones. The obsequies of "Clifton House Burlingame," the big queue from China, did not furnish so good an advertising medium, but afforded a capital merry-making. The funeral of Gen. George H. Thomas was splendid, not only for advertisement, but for self-laudation. All the braves of the grand army regiment had their speeches, about the perfidious exploits they had performed, under the eye of the illustrious Virginian. They had most glorious recollections of themselves and of the world's approval spoken by the dead hero, when he saw or heard of their prowess. "Old Tom," as he was usually called, hated clap trap, fuss and feathers, and all kinds of shams. If he could only have looked up from the place of loyal souls, how he would have longed to kick the play mongers!

But the most delicious and exquisite sensation ever enjoyed by the loyal North was in the case of Mr. Lincoln. His going off was in the high tragedy style with all the theatrical accompaniments, pit, dress circle, footlights and music! It was something to be proud of; no vulgar, shoddy affair. The seated martyr was the idol of the nation while living, and his tragic exit gratified the national vanity to the highest degree. Kemble and the elder Booth never got up anything better. Mrs. Lincoln, too, played the part of despairing widow so sweetly and affectingly. She threw herself upon the dead body, wished that she had died for him; wondering why they had murdered the saint and left the sinner behind. Oh! it was beautiful, and how the nation enjoyed the sensation! Then, in her more bereavement; she shut herself up, would see no one but carpenters and upholsterers, who she employed in packing up ten boxes and six bales of U. S. property to be transported to the lone homestead in Illinois. And then, in the desolation of her widowed heart, she sold six of the martyr's shirts!

A gorgeous tier is got up at the national expense and the martyr is put on exhibition, first at Philadelphia. Flowers, fresh flowers, are brought by lovely ladies and laid reverently upon the coffin. One of the fair donors manages to get up a respectable faint probably overpowered by the odor from the metallic box which contained the martyr's forehead. The spectators are enraptured. It is a sensation of the first magnitude. So they gratefully print, in full, the names of the sweet florists, and in large letters the name of the charming actress who fainted. On to New York! Another big show, another rain of flowers, but no fainting. On up the Hudson; another exhibition; more flowers, sighs, tears, and groans, but no fainting. At Philadelphia beat them all!—possibly because more sympathetic; possibly because that little hole in the metallic box had been discovered and galling wax reverently applied to it. Side shows, advertisements, glorious excitement all along the road; but home at Springfield, Illinois, at last. Now occurs a singular delay in the performance of the last sensational rite.

Some devoted loyalists had made a present of a burial lot, hoping to hand down their names to the latest generation in connection with the illustrious martyr, and to secure forever a first-class advertisement for their business. But the agonized widow, in the depths of her anguish, desired to let the martyr be "planted" there, until a suitable title of the lot was made over to her. The advertising doctores said, "No, never!" It was a rich sensation, almost equal to that of the Booth performance in Ford's Theatre, at Washington. But then, the scandal might damage the party, and so a compromise was effected between the inconsolable widow and the advertisers. The martyr was buried at last.

And now the artists go to work to get up fresh sensations. Beautiful pictures are produced representing the triumphant entry of Abraham Lincoln into Heaven; Washington crowns him with flowers, cherub angels warble around him, golden harps strike up anthems of welcome. Millions of these pictures are sent out, and picture makers grow rich, and the last sensation is better than the first.

The nation is still not satisfied with the sensational feast. So the irrepressible Geo. H. Boker, the indomitable poetaster of Philadelphia, gets up a melo-drama called the "Celestial Review." The martyr and the slain Federal generals are represented as reviewing the slain Federal troops in the presence of the PRINCE OF PEACE!!! This is the grand crowning sensation of all, and the loyal heart has enjoyed it exquisitely. It has been a feast of wine on the lease. The flavor of blasphemy hanging around it making it delicious to the golly loyalist.

But the richest thing, in connection with pictorial and poetic representations of the sainted martyr in Paradise, is this. He believed in no Heaven, nor hell, nor God, nor angels, nor devils. In his more genial moments, he believed in God and heaven, but not in hell. In his seasons of mental gloom, which were very frequent, he was an Atheist.

W. H. Herndon, Esq., the law partner of Mr. Lincoln before his election to the Presidency, has written a letter to the Toledo (Ohio) Index, which has been copied into Forney's Chronicle. The first is a loyal paper, the second is the organ of loyalty, so we take it that loyalty has endorsed the letter as genuine and reliable. Mr. Herndon himself is what he calls a Theist, and he contends that Mr. Lincoln was the same—a believer in one God, but a scoffer at Christianity. We give some extracts, premising that the italics are ours and not Mr. Herndon's.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 18, 1870. Mr. ABBOT: Some time since I promised you that I would send a letter in relation to Mr. Lincoln's religion. I do so now. Before entering on that question, one or two preliminary remarks will help us to understand why he disagreed with the Christian world in its principles as well as in its theories. In the first place, Lincoln's mind was a purely logical mind; secondly, Lincoln was purely a practical man. He had no fancy or imagination, and not much emotion. He was a realist as opposed to an idealist. As a general rule, it is true that a purely logical mind has not much hope, if it ever has faith in the unseen and unknown. Mr. Lincoln had not much hope and no faith in things outside of the domain of demonstration; he was so constituted—so organized—that he could believe nothing unless his senses of logic could reach it. I have often read to him a law point, a decision, or something I fancied, he could not understand it till he took the book out of my hand and read the thing for himself. He could scarcely understand anything unless he had time and place fixed in his mind.

I became acquainted with Mr. Lincoln in 1824, and I think I knew him well to the day of his death. His mind, when a boy in Kentucky, showed a certain gloom, an unusual nature, a peculiar abstractness, a bold and daring skepticism. In Indiana, from 1817 to 1830, it manifested the same qualities or attributes as in Kentucky; it only intensified, developed itself along those lines, in Indiana. He came to Illinois in 1830, and after some little roving, settled in New Salem, now in Menard county, Illinois. This village lies about twenty miles northwest of this city. It was here that Mr. Lincoln became acquainted with a class of men the world never saw the like of before or since. They were large men—large in body and large in mind; hard to whip, and never to be fooled. They were a bold, daring, and reckless set of men; they were men of their own minds—believed what was demonstrable—were men of great common sense. With these men Mr. Lincoln was thrown; with them he lived, and with them he moved and almost had his being. They were skeptics all—scoffers some.

"It was here, and among these people, that Lincoln was thrown. About the year 1834 he chanced to come across Volney's Ruins, and some of Paine's theological works. He at once seized hold of them, and assimilated them into his own being. Volney and Paine became a part of Mr. Lincoln from 1834 to the end of his life. In 1835 he wrote out a small work on "Infidelity," and intended to have it published. It was an attack upon the whole ground of Christianity, and especially was it an attack upon the idea that Jesus was the Christ, the true and only begotten Son of God, as the Christian world contends. Mr. Lincoln was at the time at New Salem, keeping store for Mr. Samuel Hill, a merchant and postmaster of that place. Lincoln and Hill were very friendly. Hill, I think, was a skeptic at that time. Lincoln, one day, after the book was written, read it to Mr. Hill—his good friend.

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THE LATEST SONG.

Wife at the piano; brute of a husband, with no more soul for music than his toilet. Oh, do not hide me if I weep! (Come, wife, and see this button on.) Such pain as mine can never sleep; (I'll have to get my other line.) For unrequited love brings grief. (Smith says he's coming in to-night.) And pity's voice gives no relief. (With Mrs. S. and Jones, and Wright.) No harm to ease the troubled heart. (Who stretched this bosom? I declare.) That written from Hattie's enraptured dart. (It's enough to make a parson swear.) When faith in man is given up, (How playful stiffeless are some women!) Then sorrow fills her little cup. (I'll have to get my other line.) And to its lees the white lips quail. (Smith says he's coming in to-night.) White Malice yields her mocking laugh. (With Mrs. S. and Jones, and Wright.) Oh, could I stuff in my breast (And Jones will bring some prime old sherry.) This aching heart, and give it rest, (We'll want some eggs for Tim and Jerry.) Could Lettie's waters o'er me roll, (These stockings would look better kept.) And bring oblivion to my soul— (When will you have that fifty-centality?) Then Happy I in other spheres, (I'll have to get my other line.) Might find that peace that earth denies. (There's now at last my dicky's tied!) —New York Clipper

An Incident of the War of 1812.

In the summer of 1812 I witnessed a most exciting spectacle from the little round windows in the easterly end of the old State House.

Commodore Hull and a number of his officers and brave tars were escorted up State street to the Exchange Coffee House, where a banquet was in waiting for them.

They had just returned in the frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," after her successful cruise, during which she captured the British frigate Guerriere, after a brief and bloody action.

It is said, "facts are stranger than fiction," and his case was an apt illustration of the saying—as I shall set forth—but to my story.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Lord Amber—Sunbama. THE most popular wash—whitewash. PLEADING at the bar—begging a drink. THE sweetens of life—our confecturers. OLD men are mowed down, but babies are cradled.

A BELLE doesn't always give the best tone to society. NOR the chimney for a studio—only that won't draw. TO say of a lady she is "no chicken," is a foul assertion.

Is a temperance lecture synonymous with a water spout? WHAT soup would cannibals prefer? The broth of a boy. THE kind of punishment Grooley favors—paper hangings.

Stags of fall—banana skins and orange peel on the sidewalk. THE girl of the period's favorite evening hymn (him)-her lover. FORNEY says "the Senate is sound." It is pretty much all sound.

WHEN riding on a donkey, what fruit do you represent? A pear. GRIFFITH is discoursing on "the folly of lying." He ought to know. A CAPITAL letter—The property holder who lets his houses at reduced rates.

If you wish to see a woman go off like a flash, just accuse her of using powder. ONE way of giving a man a chance of rising in the world—Knock him down. THE bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

ONE of our lawyers ventures to assert that courting is not altogether a labor of love. AS an anomaly—that the river should be rising when it is constantly going down. DO keep warm of a cold day, women double the cap and men double the horn.

TO cure corns; hold your foot by the stove until the corn pops. Said to be a sure cure. YOU no ladies of the lower parlor—is what the kitchen girls of Boston call themselves.

A Nigger minstrel ought not to be trifled with. Neither must he be trifled with. WHEN a married man becomes worried, it is perfectly proper for his wife to pull his ears. THE Suaz Canal is like the style of some writers—it flows smoothly enough, but lacks depth.

A QUESTION of color—Would it be proper to call an ignorant colored laborer a green hand? WHAT class ought never to do was consumption? Merchants with strong iron chests.

Beauty of American Women.

Nature has endowed the American lady with a profusion of rich gifts far beyond her less favored sisters abroad. Truly great beauties are comparatively rare and even on this point the diversity of taste may lead to a difference of opinion—the majority of women are more than merely fair.

They are, almost without exception, delicately made, and in this respect very different from the robust type of the English girl of the period, with her ruddy color, and full form; and her deep masculine voice, and still more different from the heavy, angular German girl, who combines so mysteriously with an unlimited appetite.

The neck and the extremities are uniformly so small that European establishments have to make collars, gloves, and shoes especially for the American market, certain sizes of these articles being utterly unobtainable in Europe. Hence, when the American girl reaches her natural heaven, Paris, and has been for a few weeks in the hands of French artists, she is simply perfection.

She outshines the Parisian on her own privileged ground. Bolder men will remember a fair New York beauty who visited Paris when the Emperor was still President, and the furor her exquisite toilets created whenever she appeared at the opera, at the Elysee, or at the Bois.

Younger men need not be reminded of the recent rivalry between one of their beautiful countrywomen and the brilliant Metternich, and the desperate but futile efforts made by the great arbiter of fashion to wrest the crown of victory from her hands.

Combining great natural advantages in beauty and grace with admirable taste and an almost instinctive perception of the becoming, American women abroad very easily out-strip all competitors in the art of dressing. Putnam's Magazine

Lord Macaulay as a Boy.—The following anecdote of Lord Macaulay is taken from a letter written by a Scotch school boy, during his vacation, to his father in Edinburgh, dated "Topham, September 20, 1810." After describing his journey from the house of his tutor at Norfolk, and his arrival at Clapham, he goes on: "Mrs. Macaulay has got the finest family of children I ever saw. The oldest of them, a boy of ten, came at tea-time and shook hands most heartily. A keen dispute arose between him and his sister about Scotland and England. He insisted that he was a Scotman, and that he should henceforth be called Tam instead of Tom. He called one of his sisters Jean, instead of Jane, and a younger brother Jock, instead of John, which put them quite furious. It was good fun how fiercely they fought." The writer of this used often to speak of Macaulay as the very erect boy he ever met, with the one exception of the late John Gibson Lockhart. Both of these boys were in constant readers.

Abraham Lincoln used to say the best story he ever read of himself was this. Two Quakers were travelling on the railroad, and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham a praying man," objected the other. "Yes; but the Lord will think Abraham is joking." The first replied, conclusively.

A woman with which the French people are quite familiar—bon-bast. WHEN does a bonnet cease to be a bonnet? When it becomes you, my dear. CONSIDERING that the Pacific Railroad is to become the medium for transporting tea eastward, we presume the track is laid with the Trail.

It is generally supposed that Old Ocean allows a free passage to everybody, yet it is a fact that there are thousands of dead heads at the bottom. —An old lady named Clarke, aged about sixty years, a resident of Woodville, near Johnston, fell dead, on Monday morning last, while standing at a table washing dishes.