Democratic

Adam Hoy Watchman.

Charles Whippo, leg John D. Wagwer, leg Daniel Woodring, severely, A. J. Yothers, arm Daniel Farley, stomach,

COMPANY I. John M. Davis, hand slight.

James McManagle, leg and arm severely Reuben Leyle, contusion of the head:

COMPANY K.

MISSING COMPANY C.

COMPANY D.

MISSING IN PICKET LINE.

COMPANY K.

GREAT LINGOLN PICTURE GAL-LERY.

Willaim Campbell.

Simon Segner. James Ward.

Palser Imhoden.

Laphenus W. Shafer. James F. McNoldy. Henry Hillegass. Josiah II. Jacobs,

Robt. Hughy. Hugh Carnaham. John Fox. Adam Wontseller.

1865. They are as follows:

No. 1 A view of the Cave of

VOL. S.

BELLEFONTE, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1863.

NO. 20.

Muse.

THE PAST.

The joys that mem'ry brings can ne'er decay, While mar exists and moments pass away.
While years drift ontward on the careless tide, The past, in beauty, rises by our side : And while the mind looks forward to its goal, And future glory cheers the longing soul. Still reaching back, the heart will over be Where mem'ry rears green Islands in the sea; Where mem'ry rears green Islands in the sea; Each scene of bliss through which life's path ha

In vivid brightness rises from the dead; The shady lanes that time has led us through, At mem'ry's touch spring lightly into view, Their darker spots fade out before its light, And leave the beauties only in our sight.

The youthful sailor wand'ring on the deep While tempests loud above its waters sweep, Par from the home of those his heart holds dear, The present claims the tribute of a tear But when the mind its backward path pursues. And scenes of years, long gone, again he views In joy again he walks the springy sod. In Joy again to wants the springy sout.

Where once in childhoods happy tours he trod.

And though he see beneath the yawning wave,
The untold terrors of a wai'ry grave,
Forgets it all in mem'ry's cheering ray.

And in the dream the present fades away;
The suffring soldier worn with tells and war,
Tarns with a longing thought to just after. The surfring source worn with folis and war Turns with a longing heart to joys afar; Far down the vista of the past he strays, And views again the bliss of other days; The glist ling tear that trickles from his eye When he beholds his soldier comrades die he cottage standing by the mountain stre ide he sees a family group, And joys, long gene, once more around him t He hears the hum of life within the cot, mother's kindness claims for him a tho't. A mother's kindness claims for num a thort.
The gory field where struggling hosts have me
The booming gun, the clashing bayonet.
The wounded foeman bleeding out his life.
All tell the dreamer of the deadly strife;
But mem'ry tells him only tales of joy, The present fades, again he is a boy,

The sorrows that surround him all depart, He sinks to rest in mem'ry's cheering ray, And quite forgets the terrors of the day.

The Atheist exists without a God. And when his body rests beneath the sod. Can see no future rising on his way, s of bliss are His darkened soul can view no joys before, Eternal silence closes up the way Against the feeble being of the day; o hope, no hom for him beyond the grave, He sees in death's dark realm his final dator But when no future rises in his sight, He stands, again, a chi d, without a crime. A mothers form, long slumb'ring in the dust Bands once again above her procious trust; The dear old home, with all its joys, returns Again, with youthful hopes his bosom burns o mem'ry cheers, when hope has lest its pow And points the wind to life's most happy hen other pleasures falls and joys all die, In shade my form the past comes fleeting by To speak, in soft st tones, to weary hearts Ofhappy hours whose pleasure ne'er departs

Oh, who would wish to drow i in Tathe's stroum The pleasart memory of thi dhood's dream? Let other power's fade from me as they will But let me f el the joys of memory still ; And every turn while journeying on life's tire To find new happiness in looking back; Ch, may the thought of bright ones still be dea The face of departed friends stil stand As traced by memory's unerring hand Until I met them in the happy clims Where faces fade not in the breath of time. Howard, Pa., May 5th 1863.

Miscellaneous.

Written for the Democratic Watchman A DREAM OF DESPAIR.

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams
Unnatural and full of contradiction;

Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are nothing more than fictions.

Hood's haunted House.

If each warm hope at once hath died,
Then sinks the wind, a bighted flower,
Dend to the sunban and the shower;
A broken gem, whose inborn light
Is real-ered—ne'er to reunite.
Mrs. Hemans,

Midnight had come, in solemn silence, o'er the slumbering world; the minutes

were when the magicians of Egypt sought ing hours of pain. But listen to my tale of vain, if but that one, before whose shrine them in vain. Human happiness, and hue woe. man misery, the groan of agony and the shout of joy, the wail of despair and the and beat not with a thought of care; but I the sky of the present, the horizon of the cry of exultation, the thrill of pleasure and lived apart from my fellow men in a world future grew black with dark despair; the ment. Let those who denounce us for la-

ble thoughts," a nameless agony was marking dream of the reality. Other eyes are as ed to love the storm, I found joy in climb ed in every feature, and I thought that pas- blue, other hair as beautiful, other forms as jug the rugged mountain's side when the sion had stamped upon each lineament the unmis akable signs of its uncontroled dowith her, live now only in my hear, and are vulsed in the night of the demon of the

fades out in the bright vision memory rears knew the goddess was unworthy of my ado- fused to overwhelm. I stood upon the upon the wrecks of the past. O, then were ration, when I knew that though all her love slippery mountain path where goats would days too beastiful for earth, and they stand, were mine, it was not the shadow of an only dare to look, but all in vain, I could away in the back-ground like the evergreen equivalent for what I gave.

mind," to comprehend the emotions of his past, when his was young and lived among own soul, or to fix a limit to the capacity the flowers of childhood's Eden? Shall I saw it not, one to fix a limit to the capacity the flowers of childhood's Eden? Shall I saw it not, one touch of that hand of the heart, for good or ill. The "harp of recall to life the fearful picture that memo and I saw it not; one touch of that hand lot box in October next. a thousand strings" as tuneful as when it ry conjures up, of the dreary days that had been enough to inspire e with energy was pronounced effect by the Power which made it, you its strings still swept by myster joy, made the present a black ghehenna, age to face the focs that scowled upon me, rious hands; its harmonious or discordant from which is no escape, and clothed the but that touch was never felt. I was alone,

and the di eful touch of woe, all appear to of which they only heard in dreams. They fiends of hell seemed loosed to torture me, boring that peace may be restored, read it the faces of angels were turned against me carefully, perhaps the recollection of friends everything, it is everywhere, yet an inex-stand me, they failed to feel the same emo-mons, all that I hoped, feered or haied, licable mystery. Its laws are as unalterations that caused my pulse to throb, to find shared in one general anthema. My sufble as the flat of Him who called them into pleasures in the joys which gave me most ferings can no more be depicted than the being, and every cry of misery, every wail delight, and m my own world I lived with tortu es of Tartarus can be painted; dark of anguish that smites the ear, tells us how spirits called from the realms of silence, and ness above, beneath, around, everywhere strictly they are executed. These great longed, oh God, how carnestly, for one kin-eternal darkness; its black walls barred themes, so filled with unutterable thought, dred heart to beat in unison with mine, one my footsteps in whatever direction I bent ed me a long journey and crowded upon loving hand to return the pressure of own my way; then, one smile, one kind word, present, my own past became subjects of said I was too proud to dwell with them .- misery and pitied its wee, had been enough as plainly as the occurrences of yesterday, the rude touch of the cold, harsh world; my barque of life was tossing on mad biland then I longed to lift the curtain and then I cursed my fellow beings, cursed the lows, and in the lewering sky glimmered peer into the future. Why was it hidden blind folly of mankind, cursed my own life no star of hope to guide me over the black from us! So near us that the vibrating pen and longed to die; but death came not in waters of despair. False hearts and blight dulum as it swings forward in the present, will fall backward in the future, so closely ted as it is! throbbing with mighty emo-face, the form, the eye of her I loved now connected with the present, that a heart tions that none can understand, and ever met me everywhere, but they brought no

peats in both at one throb, yet so widely reaching forth for what the barren world balm, she knew nothing of my tortures, sund-red, that all the wisdom of man caunot enable him to penetra e its mystic in the boundless realms of thought, seeking I cursed her too; and in that curse my shades. I thought of what brightened the rest, like Noah's dove, and finding none .-- last joy went wailing forth upon the storm But a light dawned. Alas, that it was a and 1 fled from all companionship with meteoric light! Alas, that like the phosphorescent glare of the church-yard, it deavenly radience, and we can ever know that a bright future will dawn upon us if Alas, that it led me not upward to happened.

But a light dawned. Alas, that it was a and 1 fled from all companionship with meteoric light! Alas, that like the phosphorescent glare of the church-yard, it does of nature became my haunts, and the caught its fire from the world's corruption.

Alas, that it led me not upward to happened.

Alas, that it led me not upward to happened.

Alas, that it led me not upward to happened.

Alas, that it led me not upward to happened.

Alas, that it led me not upward to happened. that a bright future will dawn upon us if Alas, that it led me not upward to happness, of a half forgotten dram. Parsions that we do H's will. Then I tried to imagine but, like the ignis fatus, lighted my path-what man would be without a future, I way to the morass of lowest misery and described by the morass of lowest misery what man would be without a future, I way to the morass of lowest misery and destination of the rameless misery of one who delighted not in the present, and had no light to cheer him in coming time or eternity. I attempted to paint such a character of the rame that the present is that hour, as she lived in my imagine then? I way to the morass of lowest misery and despite the being that met at the present, and had no light to cheer him in coming time or eternity. I attempted to paint such a character of the rame that the rame tha y. I attempted to paint such a character tray that vision of heavenly radiance as it breath of flowers upon the summer gale. imagination, one who fixed all his hopes fell upon my sight then. I might tell of Since the nameless agony of that hour when earth, to find them disappointed, or ex- blue eyes, the light blue eye with golden I poured curses upon the altar where my cted to find in life, pleasures which bloom lash and faintly traced brow; of hair which deep devotions had been paid. I have no fear nly in heaven. I know not whether I pass- defies the pencil of a Raphael to paint, no hope, no throb of sympathy with augh d to the mystic dream-land, or whether I which hides in dark waves in the shadow. of earthly mould; no happiness, no joy bu beheld a vision; but, in the spirit or the and glows in golden beauty in the sunshine; in living o'er again the hours of childbood. flesh, a strange being stood before me. O'er of the light bounding fread I might speak, ere the serpent's tooth had found my heart his face was traced "the tablet of unuttera" but in language to faint, too poor to reach or a shadow swept across my life. I barn

no sound, but sat and gazed upon my mys. heart went forth and lived with her, my courts of death and brave the shafts he erious visitor; thus for several minutes, weary spirit found a place of rest. I smil- hurled; I called spirits from the darkes which seemed hours to me, we confronted ed in her smile, sighed when she wept and caves of earth; penetrated the gloom of each other, and then the phantom broke the lived in her life; for a moment I was hap- other worlds and roused demons to keep silence: "You would know what man is py. I imagined that I had received for my company with my dreary thoughts. Among without a future, what could drive him to unbrickel love a full return and upon the the present, hope not for the future and altar of our all ctions, I reared bright visions wrecks of a departed humanity I digged for lesire only to live in the past; take your that with mare than celestral splendor. A the secrets of eternity, grinning skulls and pen, write as I speak and you will have the history of one who has no joy but to muse a soul mist feel (when viewing first upon the pas." Mechanically I obeyed the unknown glories of the Heavenly Parand whether in sleep I traced the manuscript which now lies before me, or whether the strange being laid upon my table. In the morning I found it there, written in a strange of my affections, in against in painted her a complete the properties of the morning I found it there, written in a strange of my affections, in against in painted her a complete the properties of the morning I found it there, written in a strange of my affections, in against in painted her a complete the properties of the morning I found it there will be morning I found it there will be morning it is a strange of the manuscript addise; at the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a mautic of gorgeous early, and in its followed the object of my affections, in against in painted her a complete the morning is a strange of the manuscript which now lies before me, or whether the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a mautic of gorgeous early, and in its folls enveloped the object of my affections, in against on the morning is a strange of the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the properties of the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous and the manuscript which now lies before me, or whether the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the properties of the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the properties of the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the properties of the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the properties of the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the properties of the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the memory of those happy hours. Love wove a matter of gorgeous the memory of Bis voice seems still ringing my ears, his the flowers of sweetest pleasure and loved comet in its awful sweep through the un-

gestures and the frightful contortions of his on. But there came a change. My heart bounded depths of ether, because, like my for more than it received, that strange sym sell, it wandered on alone. I claimed con though's, I think I shall never cease to repathy that all my life had been sought in panionship with the moon and stars, be nember. Although he so spoke rapidly vain, was wanting still. I felt and knew cause that in their wond rous march, they that ordinarily the ear could not follow his that my love was weighed in the balance of stopped not, moved not here and their to with my pen. He spoke without an effort. or seemel to draw a breath until the last to spare its object a moments pain, was all men, I defied demons that they might smite word died out in mournful cadence, and he unknown and unappreciated. Oh, the awas gone; his tale was thus:

| Trod the precipice verge and longed to ful butterness of that hour, the days of print fling myself a down its dizzy heights but a as gone; his take was thus:

"Far down the dreary poasts of time I and nights of sleepless anguish! But still strange power withheld me, I flong myself gaze, and life, with all its weary realities, I bowed and worshipped, even though I in the roaring cataract; but its waves ro

pine upon the bleak moun'ain's brow; they And then there came another change. Another change there came and left mountain's brow; were days when the distant thunder of life's The world opened its huge portals upon me, as I am. The firee convulsions of the soul mighty ocean, fell upon the ear as the minvoice of the sea-shell, and awoke no and face to face I met the false theories of clay could no longer bear the torments that thought of the coming cares of the great future. O, say not there is no beauty in the
past, the past, clad in its mystic mantle of memories, is all humanity ever has, the pres, by the cold hand of unfeeling man. Oh! that humiliation. I learned to find sweet ent may fleet from us as the voice of a dream then I longed for sympathy, longed for some pleasure in the long, long past, when a the future may never rise upon our pathway, but the past recorded by an unerring hand. then I longed for sympathetic heart where I could lay my but the past recorded by an unerring hand. weary head and know that one human bother bent above a happy child and gave me the only pure love I ever had. Heaven

and will follow us to the throne of God, and som throbbed in harmony with mine, that allows me joy in that love's might and purise before us in judgment. Hope once one kindred soul reached forth to sustain rity and so I live, without a present, without ared me onward with her witching smile, me in the bitterness of that hour. Whith- a future, a creature of the distant past. out her voice has died amid the whirl of er should I turn but to the angel at whose afe, and the future no more rises in golden feet my purest love was laid and for whose splendor to lighten the gloom of the present, darkness impenetrable closes up before, and had faded, that metoric flash was sinking by distance, as I gaze down life's long avestorm, 1 found that heart collapsed and ernor, any of whom I can heartily support; There are seared upon my brain, as the shuddering in the tempest's blast, that but I would ask of you, as a favor, to add o'er the slumbering world; the minutes were lengthening into the smallest hour of night and I sat musing. Man, and the in pathway to the sea; memories of days that that hurled their hate against me, and beg and Democracy, is equal to any sofar namnight and I sat musing. Man, and the in tricate machinery of the mind, formed my in their passage o'er my life, have left their oblighting track in characters of fire upon my heat; memories that hours and vears of anguish have not dimmed, and in their deepets reflections. For it we thousand years the acknowledged lord of creation, and yet, oday, ignoraunt of the laws of his being. unable to "explain or fix one moment of his cruel phantoms in my journey to the happy roared around, one glance from that eye first men of the Commonwealth. With

my hopes of life were laid, had been equal

each other. And what is nature! It is loved them all. But they refused to under- and I cursed them all. Men, angels, de- who but a short time since were enjoying Rise from the past and full sad thoughts to sleep;
The joys of childhood, fair as flow'rs of May,
Cheer the worn mind and drive "dull care away."

Cheer the worn mind and drive "dull care away."

Cheer the worn mind and drive "dull care away." soleum reflection; the dark shades, and Often when my heart reached forth for symbright sun hine of life, presented themselves pathy was it crushed back upon itself by hate had cursed. But they were wanting to love another State? Never, never. Can we force another State to love us? Answer

ninion in his heart. I spoke not, uttered indescribable as the beauty of Heaven. My tempest: I learned to wander in the very

Howard, May 15, 1863.

LUMBER CITY, May 9, 1865.

MESSES EDITORS. I notice several dis

tinguished gentlemen named in connection

John Jackson, abdomen William Lambert, seve Widam Musselman, slight.

Christain Swiler, arm, badly.
J. C. Sowers, breast severe.
John Thomas, arm and breast severe.
Thomas Williams, eye and arm.
Andrew Whitehill slight
Erm Walter, arm severely.
Frederick Yochum, hand slight.
Joseph Yetters, severely. COMPANY D.

2d. Lieut. Alfred A. Rhemhart, severely. 1st. Sergt. John A. Burchfield arm slight. Sergt. William Gemmill, head severely. Corp. John C. Bathgate, abdomen slight. William Weaver, slight. John. J. Flemming, thigh slight. Daniel H. Harter, shoulder slight. Daniel H. Harter, shoulder slight, Wm. Bible, hip slight, Charles Hart, foot amputated, Alfred Rankin, leg flesh wound, Peter Lansberry, head severely. Thaddeus Stove, leg severely. Banityin Bloom, Left Benjamin Bloom leg. severe. David Wance, hip slight. William Reid, arm slight. Charles F. Speaker, slight. David Harshbarger, severe. David Wolf, hip severe. Charles Runkle, knee severe. David Kerr, head slight. David Etters, head slight.

Henry Campell, leg slight. Wm. Knarr, thigh and side severe. Jacob Dunkle, arm and leg severe. COMPANY E.
Capt. Chas. Stewart, foot, slight.
1st Serg't. Wm. T. Clarke. leg slight
Jas. E. Shoppart, finger, slight.
COMPANY F.

William Walkins, hip, severe. COMPANY G. Corp. Wm. Taylor, slight. Eckenroath, arm, amputated. Joseph S. Harpster, arm, severe.
Dani. S. Keller, neck and back severely.
Wm. W. M'Guire, throat severely.
David W. Miller, head slightly.,
John H. Moyer, slight,
J. E. Yotes, arm, severe.
Reuben Reed, neck slight.
Alexelander Ross, neck severely.

Alexelander Ross, peck severely. Wm. H. Swinehart, hand slight. COMPANY H. Captain George A. Bayard, head and arm, First Lieut. John L. Johnston, breast, Recruiting has been commenced in sounds ever heard, but the causes that produce them as great a mystery to the Philosopher of the nineteenth century, as they

A LONG LIST OF SUFFERERS

Annexed is a full list of the killed and wounded in the 148th or Centre county regiboring that peace may be restored, read it the pleasures of home, that are now suffer ng in Hospitals, maimed, some of them for or the ghastly faces of the brave dead, ture to them. A continuation of the war can only bring more lists of the kind, it car ly make more suffering and sorrow, more death. Could we Pennsylvanians be whipped on our own soil? Could we be forced

Capt. Thompson Core, shoulder severely. Corp. Ross C. Kirkpatrick, elbow severely. Andrew . Kifer, hand and arm severely. Andrews. Kiter, nang and aris Oliver Pettet, arm severe. William Wyant, shoulder severe. John N. Ratl.fon, arm and side George Price thigh severe. John E. Carson, slight. honestly, or more lists like the following will tell. List of consualties incident to the 148th P. V., during the engagement from May 1st 1863 to May 5th, inclusive.

KILLED. Company C. 1st, Lieut. William H. Bible. 24, Lieut, Francis Stephenson. Sergenn, A. G. Carter, Corporal James T. Beck. Cor. Nathan M. Yarnel, Private Jacob Baurd, Jacob Dorman, Henry W. Markle, William Morris, William Smith.

Company G.—George W. Ishler. Corr. George W. Ward.

Company I.—Andrew Graft, Company K.—Corporal Hugh S. Neil-WOUNDED,

Col. James A. Beaver, side severe. Major George A. Fairlamb, chin slight. COMPANY A.
Captain R. H. Foster, musket ball throat

Private Jacob Emerick, face severely. Daniel Long, shelt, calf of leg. Nathaniel Boop, musket ball face. COMPANY B. Sergt M. Conner leg and face left on fi ld J. W. Riddle, thigh severely Frederick Doughman, arm. Mathias Walker.

A. Brown, head slightly.
C. Ammerman, head slightly. Joseph Iddings, arm severely.

COMPANY C Sergt. C. C. Herman, arm flesh wound. Sergt. J. C. Layder, calf of leg. Sergt. J. F. Benner, head slightly. Seigt, J. F. Benner, head sugnity. Corporal Christain Swartz, arm, 2d. Corp. W. C. Huey, left arm, 3d, Corp. J. F. Swiler, mortally. 4th, Samuel Bottorff, hand slightly. Albert Adams, left side slight. Patrick Campell, slight. Reuben Cronimiler, shoulder and arm. John Craig, arm and thigh. William C reer, arm and thigh. Lewellen Fatton, leg slightly. Amos Garberick, severly.
Robert Grater, side and shoulder badly.

Thomas McBath, slight, Fabein Matts, arm severely. Wm. McCalmont, head slight, R. C. Neil, head slightly. Henry Penington, thigh and arm. Henry A. Sowers, abdomen mortally. David W. Shivery, severe. Christain Swiler, arm, badly.

opinion in favor of a superior race of men, to spring from an amalgamation of whites and blacks—Cheever and Tyng appear delighted. A fine painting, and excellent likenesses of the three worthy friends. No. 22. A Copperhead chasing a huge black snake, which is running away with affrighted velocity.

A young school

black snake, which is running away with affrighted velocity.

A young school teacher at Bocket Massachusetts, having indulged in the pleasing practice of kissing his young lady pupils in open school, the school committee, in their annual report, in they remarked that this "is an exercise not recognized by our school regulations." merit as works of art, but as well for their historical and local interest. It is hinted regulations." that the next Congress will purchase the whole gallery, and make it a permanent at traction to draw literary men and artists from all parts of the world to Washington

John Gahagan, arm,
Francis J. Hunter, arm,
Samuel Wyland, finger,
George W. Long, foot,
W. J. Lucas, arm,
Michael Lebkisher, arm,
Thomas Myton, mouth and arm,
Samuel Orris, face,
Oscar L. Runk, hip,
Charles Whinno, leg

A number of leading Republican papers, we notice are entering into a defence of political preachers, and would make their readers believe that this pernicious practice is all right and proper. We think practices fraught with great evil, to the Church as well as to the State. It has already produced scheme in congregations, divided Churches, degraddelergymen in public estimation and vastly lessened their inflence for good in community. So has it created wrangling, bitterness of spirit, feud, and presecution among neighbors and friends. It is noticeable that the practice is approved or following only amorg those whose political sentiments are of Abolition stamp, and they make their religion subservient to their political belief. And we find it almost universaffly the case that among the religious societies thus contaminated with politics, the utmost uncharitable-ness prevails against all who differ with their joint sectarian and party beliefs. Surely A number of leading Republ can papers, joint sectarian and party beliefs. Surely there must be someting, then, of evil in a system which is so peculiarly creative of ill-

PULPIT POLITICS.

will and enmity among neighbors and com-munities. Indeed it would seem as if this vile was ordained by the Almighty Himself as a terrible penalty upon those who thus essay to degrade His holy cause by associa-

as a terrible penalty upon those who thus essay to degrade His holy cause by associating with it the unworthy, mere worldly concernments of men.

But we think the practice pernicious in another point of view. The framers of the Constitution wisely declared against a union of Church and State. That instrument should, be regarded by all citizens as a Will which neither the heus nor their Jezendants should ever violate or destroy. At dassuredte, were all the different religious denominations throughout the land to adopt the practice which the Republican papers defend and approve—were all the people to countenance it—we should inevitably glide into a condition of affairs which would establish the power of the Church over that of the State, and pastors and leading churchmen would then become our civil rulers as well as our religious teachers. The manufold evils which would grow out of such a state of affairs, who cannot predict? We ought not to mingle religion and politics. The pure Through the politeness of several printers Through the politeness of several pointers to mingle religion and politics. The pure non of remarkable genius, we have received pastor who well and faultfally serves his list of drawings and paintings, which Great Master will instinctively refrain from list of drawings and paintings, which re to be placed on exhibition at Washing-Great Master will instinctively refrain from participation in party matters. He cannot touch his clerical robes in the pool of politics without soiling them—and he should preserve these ever pure, or never wear them more. It has been we sincerely believe, a tipe cause for the growth of infidelity, this degrading the clargymen to the level of the Abolition politician, for we find that, in the communities where religion and religion are on immediately after the 4th of March, lean, ghastly figure placed as sentinel at the entrance. A grave yard in the distance with 400,000 graves, at the right are 200 000 cripples, and on the left an unaccountable throng of widows and orphans. A remarkable nighter adolegied to Abraham. communities where religion and politics are equally discoursed from the pulpits infalcity most flourishes. We can view the practice in no light in which it is likely to subserve markable picture -dedicated to Abraham Interior.

No 2. Judas Iscariot in the act of betraying. A capital sketch—dedicated to E. Stanton. Esq., Secretary of War.

No 3. St. Dustan relating his interview with the Devil. A copy—dedicating to Maj. Gen. B. F. Butter.

No 4. The Maj. Gen. B. F. Butter.

No. 4. A group of gamblers quarreling at all fours. After the manner of Teniers—dedicated to the Republican contractors, No. 5. Tom Thumb speaking through a trumpet, with the intention to pass himself off for the Belgian Giant—dedicated to several Maior General.

No. 6. A miser cutting up a naval flag, and converting it into money bags—dedicated to Gideon G. Welles and his brother-in-Two years ago the United States were at

and converting it into money bags—dedicated to Gideon G. Welles and his brother-in-law Morgan.

No. 7. A rope dancer balancing and empty pitcher on his chin—dedicated to Salm on P. Chase.

No. 9. A white men embracing a negrowench. An immodest picture—dedicated to Charles Sumner.

No. 10. Forty thieves breaking into a government treasury dedicated to the friends of the administration.

No. 11. Five satyrs teaching the devil how to lie-dedicated to the editors of the Albany Evening Journal.

No. 12. A crowd of negroes stripping the shirt off the body of a white man, and leaving him naked—dedicated to the last Congress.

No. 13. A throng of white men and negroes setting fire to the Temple of Liberty.

leaving him naked—dedicated to the last Congress.

No. 13. A throng of white men and ne goes setting fire to the Temple of Liberty. An immense picture: canvas 40 feet by 24 —dedicated to the Republican party.

No. 14. A drunken white man, with his face painted like a pegro, holding a banjo in his hand, in the act of singing "John Brown's soul is marching on"—dedicated to John W. Forney.

No. 15. A picture of the infernal regions, with the devils all unchanged, labelled "The United States in the reign of Lincoln I."

No. 16. Ulaman hanging on the gallows which he prepared for Mordecai—de licated to the editors of the Evening Post.

No. 17. "The Union League," being the picture of a mob of white men and negroes trying to split a rail labelled "The Union"

No. 18. Diplomatic dinner at the White Huste. His Black Excellency the Minister Hayti seated between Mrs. Lincoln and the charming Miss Chase. The seats of the diplomatic corps are vacant. John W. Forney standing behind the chair of the Haytian Minister dressed is a waiter. A very spirited picture.

No. 19. Henry Ward Beecher, in the act of praying to the devil to send famine, pestilence and the sword upon a slavery cursed Union.

No. 20. Reverend Doctors Cheever and Tyng, at a clandestine interview with Satan, in front of the pulpit in Cheever's church; Saisn in the act of delivering an opinion in favor of a superior race of men, to spring from an amalgamation of whites and blacks—Cheever and Tyng annear defined and our Army of the dead of the wind on a sungamation of whites and blacks—Cheever and Tyng annear defined and our Army of the dead of the wind of a requirem.

No. 20. Reverend Doctors Cheever and Tyng, and a clanded and our Army of the dead of the wind of a requirem.

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A Western poet writes a song for the

"I wish I was a negro I really do, indeed; It seems to me that negroes Get everything they need."

Soldiers in the service for 'three years or during the war,' are entitled to their discharge at the expiration of the three years.

Some of our steamboa's on the Mississippi are to be clad in cotton. The rams would be best in wool.