Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

VOL. 13 BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY FEB. 21, 1868. NO. 8

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

BY WILLIAM WASHINGTON.

Last night I dreamed, while slumbers wand,
Lay lightly on my brain,
That sisters dear, came back from Heaven,
And played with me again.

Again, we drew around the hearth,
While the winter hours passed by;
And, again 'midst spring times youthful mirth,
We "sought for the butterfly."

We dwelt once more, in our forest home,
Where the pure, fresh streamlets flow,
Where the green grass waved, and the ripening grain,
And the wild-flowers bud and blow.

No silver threads were interspersed
Through our parents soft, dark hair;
Our elder brothers, played there too—
'Twas home and we all were there.

But the spirit of dream, with mystic wand
That held me in its spell,
Vanish away with the vision of joy—
And I gazed where the star-beams fell.

On the river that flowed through the shades of night,
On the leaves of the myrtle and rose,
The star-beams slept, and on the graves
Where the forms of the loved repose.

Yet still I dreamed, as I dreamed in sleep;
And a soul went out on the main
As mem'ry recalled, through the umbrage of years,
Those scenes of my early pain.

I watched her glide in a "silvery bark,"
With a smile from the "tearful shore;"
She stretched her arms and called me on
To the *peace* of the bright *ever more.*

I longed to go, but the Father said
"Not now, my son, not now;
Thy sisters soul is ripe for its death,
And *she is called,* not thou!"

Then another launched in the shining barge,
On the waves of the dark, cold sea;
She laughed at the shivering boatman's call,
And prayed for her soul and me.

But scarce was the sound of the rippling sail,
Hushed on the surge-beaten shore,
Till the quivering bark, with its "boatman pale,"
Passed again to the *ever more.*

As the phantom bark loomed from the strand,
On the dim horizon's shade,
I wiped the tears from my grief. dimmed eyes,
And heart-broken, bowed and prayed.

Lonely, and sad, now I roam on the shore,
And watch for the boatman's hand,
That will beckon my soul, o'er the mist-covered waves
To the joys of a better land.

Though my sisters have passed from the "valley of tears,"
And have *left me to weep o'er* their graves,
I feel that e'er long, I shall meet them again
In a home o'er the "shadowy waves."

GLENNHOPE, Clearfield, Pa.

The Phenomena of Dreams.

BY CONTEMPORARY

"The action of the human mind, the thinking principle, perhaps the soul, as separate and distinct from the body, during sleep, is one of the profound mysteries of which we can never in the body know anything satisfactory." It is a curious subject for speculation. I have heard many strange facts related, and amusing theories drawn from those facts. One of the strangest is, that the soul is not under the influence, and acts independently of time and space, and can, and does in sleep, travel *instantaneously* through space *independent* of time.

Many well authenticated cases are related which would go somewhat to confirm a theory of this kind, two of which I am premitted to relate, having heard them from the dreamers themselves—vouched for, and corroborated by the testimony of others in relation to incidental circumstances.

Every college boy knows of a trick by which a person a sleep is made to talk in his sleep, and by the infliction of a small degree of pain (not enough to awaken the sleeper), with a pin, or by tying the toes or fingers, the most curious dreams are instantaneously produced. A slight puncture with a pin will make the sleeper dream of a quarrel, a duel, and a wound in the particular spot punctured, the circumstances occupying frequently weeks and months in the dreamer's mind.

I know that, having been myself an extensive traveler, I have visited places which (corporeally, *I was in, positively,* for the first time in my life) seemed as familiar to me as the well-known haunts of childhood, and that though most positively certain that I had never really been there, I could not divest myself of the idea that I had formerly visited it. Other persons have mentioned similar experiences to me. I would not *even venture to suggest a theory,* but leave it to philosophers to explain the phenomena.

Some years since, when the honorable Charles Wickliffe, of Kentucky, then a member of Congress from that State, was spending the winter in Washington, Mrs. Wickliffe, who had remained at their home in Kentucky, dreamed one night that she and her husband and five or six members of Congress, all of whom she knew, seated around a table at a late hour of the night engaged in playing whist. The location of the house in Washington, the room, the furniture in the room, the relative position of the players, everything seemed perfectly familiar to her, and the impression of the whole scene was so vivid, that when she was roused from her dream, she could not divest herself of the feeling that it was not the unsubstantial vapour of the mind, but that it was a reality. Never had a dream been so marked and distinct, the very dresses and the conversation of the players remained fixed in her mind's eye, and on her ear. Composing herself once more to sleep and thinking, perhaps that the vision was the result of her over-wrought solicitude about her absent husband, she dismissed the whole matter from her mind, *fell asleep* and *again* she saw in a dream the identical scene reproduced, except that one or two of the persons had withdrawn from the circle and two other friends taken their places. But *there was* the table, the cards, the furniture, and the same room. This dream recurred three times in the course of the same night. So vividly was the whole scene depicted in her mind, that she arose (this was long before the days of railroads and telegraphs) and wrote at length to her husband a minute account of her dream describing every particular of the scene as she had seen it. In the due course of mail, Wickliffe received her letter, describing *accurately* what had transpired and at the exact time. Several of the members of Congress, who were present at the time and place, vouched for the fidelity, the most extraordinary accuracy of her description of the scene.

This may be said to have been a *coincidence,* and it is most certain that the most of our dreams are mere nothings; but if one *authenticated fact* be admitted, how can it be explained? Does the thinking principle for an infinitely small space of time travel over the limits of space? Can any electrical phenomena bring place and people, wide apart, in conjunction?

Judge Alexander Porter, of Louisana, once related to me a curious dream he had had. Being in New Orleans, he was engaged until a later hour one evening in a conversation with Mr. Gardere, our State Treasurer, at the time. In the course of conversation, the Judge had refered to an article in an English periodical, which he desired to show Mr. Gradere, but having left it in his room in the third or fourth story of the St. Louis Hotel, he promised to hand it to Mr. Gardere in the morning. The friends separated, Mr. G. to go home and the Judge to go to bed. Much fatigued, he soon fell asleep, *and dreamed.* Dreamed he was traveling on horseback to Nashville, Tennessee, a route which he had often gone over, and with which he was perfectly familiar. He passed through several days with various experiences; stopped at the different stands crossed the rivers, and was pursuing his journey as leisurely as he had often done before. This night, as he thought, he stoped in the Indian Nation, at a very rude and suspicious-looking place. There were several *rough ugly* looking customers sitting round the fire. From some whispers and suspicious glances which he had observed, he was satisfied those ruffians intended to rob, perhaps murder him. Isolated as the locality—there was no house within miles around—there was no alternative but for him to remain where he was. His horse was very much jaded, and being much fatigued himself, he took up his saddle-bags and retired for the night. There was no lock on the door of the room, but so impressed was he with the insecurity of his situation, that he put the furniture and everything he could move, against the door, in order at least to have some little warning; if possible, to be awakened by the resistance which these barricades would offer, and trust to chance for his safety. His forebodings were too true; he had not long been in bed (according to his dream) before he heard persons approaching his room; stopping, they commenced pushing at the door. In this dilimma he scarcely knew what to do, but in a second he determined that his only safety was to rise from his bed, and await the entrance of the robbers, perhaps murderers, and when the door yielded, as he knew it must, to knock the first man down, and run for the woods, were he hoped to secrete himself until day light. Acting on this idea, he slowly rose from his bed and *took such a position* as would enable him to knock down the first intruder, then escape by flight. It was not long before the feeble resistance of his barricades yielded to the outward force. Feeling the door *yielding,* he made ready and *knocked down*—not the robber—but his friend, Mr. Gardere; who, being much astonished at his unwelcome reception, exclaimed, "Halloo, Judge!" The Judge immediately awakened, and as soon as consciens of facts, was delighted to find that he had not seriously injured his friend, when an explanation took place. It had been but a few minutes since the Judge had retired to his room, when Mr. Gardere, curious to see the article in the periodical previously alluded to, determined to go up to the Judge's room and take it home with him that night. The first touch of the knob and the opening of the door had, not doubt, induced the whole dream of the journey to Nashville, the robbers, etc., etc. The Judge had only time to get out of bed, and as Mr. Gardere entered he received the blow intended for the robber, which knock down his friend but relieved the Judge from his *painfull dream,* which he related to me in all seriousness, vouching for the authenticity of the facts, but looking upon it as a *mere co*-incidence.

THE NEED OF A FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.—We give the following article from the Richmond *Enquirer* as illustrating the need of a freedmen's Bureau in the South. The incident is, we suppose, one of ten thousand similar ones, of daily occurrence in that section:

A gentleman from one of the neighboring counties, who desired to obtain a number of able-bodied negro laborers for his plantation, visited Richmond to procure them, having learned that there were hundreds of unemployed blacks lounging idly about the city. The morning after his arrival he was directed to one of the localities where large quantities of bread and soup are daily distributed by Freedmen's Bureau. He found a ragged, hungry horde, of nearly five hunpred persons, assembled to receive *usual supplies of food.* To his astonishment, these applicants for soup and bread where not all women and children. He counted one hundred and eighty able-bodied negro men, capable of preforming every variety of farm labor. There they were with every conceivable variety of vessel, waiting hours to be fed by the Bureau. To many of these hulking idlers he offered the highest wages paid to agricultural laborers, and abundant rations of good, wholesome food. But they all refuse to enter his service, alleging amoung other reasons, that they were fed by the Bureau, and did not wish by leaving Richmond to forfeit their right to vote.

An Apology For Drunkennes.—Thereby Showing its Good and Bad Effects.

Drunkenness has a legal and patriotic tendency; because drunkars pay their debts according to law and furnish abundant employment for lawyers and sheriffs, justices and constable; and they also support the government generously, by paying more excise than any other class of citizens.

Drunkennest promotes liberty and equality; because it disposes the subjects of of it to spurn all restraint human devine; and it brings down the proudest gentleman to a perfect level *with the with the* greatest ruffian; and renders their company equally agreeable and entertaining, as they are equally disposed to pour out a deluge of nonsense, billingsgate and blasphemy.

Drunkenness promotes legal science; because drunkard obtain an interesting knowledge of criminal jurisprudence, and a number of them study the penal statutes in these legal seminaries, commonly called jails and penitentiaries.

Drunkenness promotes domestic government; for if you follow a drunkard home, you will find him raging and foaming; blaspheming and abusing his patient, industrious and miserable wife and children, who stands before him with fear and trembling, horror and anguish as silent as the grave and as submissive as the slave chained to the car.

Drunkenness is subservient to orthodoxy and virtue; drunkards demonstrate the doctrine of human depravity and degradation by arguments, the most convincing and unanswerable; and they display vice in an attitude and dress the most odious and disgusting.

Drunkenness promotes religion in general, and temperance in particular; because some men have no religion until they obtain a stiff grog, and their religion increases in proportion to the quantity of spirits they may imbibe, until at length they become so extremely religious and humble, as to wallow in the mud along with the hogs, for the edification of the spectators.

Drunkenness circumscribes the agency of the prince of darkness; because his infernal majesty from long experience, has so much confidence in drunkards that they will directly, or indirectly, render their families as miserable as possible, that he seldom interferes in the business. And whenever a drunkard appears in any company the demon on duty puts on his hat and leaves the room, as his presence is no longer necessary.

Finally drunkenness prevents testamentary obligations and funeral mourning; because drunkards generally live their own heirs and die their own executors, and leave the world with the consent of their friends and neighbors.

Done in behalf of the thirsty by their attorney in fact.

A LESSON FOR WELL-DISPOSED WIVES. "Why is it," asked a lady, "that so many men are anxious to get rid of their wives?"

"Because," was the reply, "so few women exert themselves after marrage to make their presence indispensable to the happiness of their husbands!" When husband and wife have become thoroughly accustomed to each other—when all the little battery of charms which both played off so skillfully before the wedding day has been exhausted, too many seemed to think that nothing remains but the clanking of the legal chains that bind them to each other. The wife seeks to developed in her affection no new attractions for her husband; and the latter, perceiving the *lapsus,* begins to brood over an uncongeniality which does not exist, into an surpassable obstacles in the way of his earthly felicity. This is the true secret. The woman who charmed before marrage can charm afterwards, if she will, though not, of course, by the same means. There are a thousands ways, if she will study them out, in which she can make home so attractive that her husband will unconsciously dislike to absent himself from it, and she can readily make herself the particular deity of the domestic paradise. This done, she may quietly laugh at all attempts to alienate her husband's inclinations; and with these inclinations will always go, in such cases, his active judgment.

DRUNKEN SENATOR.—There was a time when a frequent charge of the party of "great moral ideas" against the Democracy was that a number of its prominent members were addicted to intemperance. The boot is on the other leg now. The Senate of the United States to-day boasts of three Radical Senators who indulge their taste for the ardent to such an extent that they are frequently in their seats in a state of intoxication. The names of these modle Senators are Chandler, Yates, and Sprague; the latter of whom, a day or two since, attempted a speech in reply to Senator Hendricks' able argument against the Reconstruction bill, but was so thoroughly drunken that after uttering a few maudlin and incoherent sentences, a brother Senator was compelled to divist him from the chamber. It will be remembered in this connection that General Grant was "so much *confused*" in his celebrated interview with the President, in the presence of the Cabinet, on the 14th of January, as to have totally forgotten what he said or did on that memorable occasion. "The party of progress" is progressing with a vengeance.

ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL.—At a festival party of Old and young, the question was asked, which season of life is the most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of four score years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said:—When the spring comes and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, how beautiful is spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its foliage, and singing birds are among all the branches, I think, how beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, how beautiful is autumn! And when it is winter, and no fruit, I look up, and through the naked branches as I have now, I see the stars shine through.

THE UNWISE CHOICE.

Two young men when I was poor,
Came and stood at my open door;
One said to me, "I have gold to give,"
And one, "I will love you while I live!"

My sight was dazzled; woe is the day
And I sent the poor young man away;
He did not give me any signs,
But he left his picture in my eyes.

Beside the lane with hedges sweet,
Where we parted never more to meet;
He pulled a flower of love's own hue,
And where it had been came out two!

Still smiles the house where I was born
Among its fields of wheat and corn;
Wheat and corn that strangers bind—
I reaped as I sowed, and sowed the wind.

I live where splendor shine, and sigh
For the peace that splendors cannot buy;
Sigh for the day I was rich, tho' poor!
And saw the young man at my door!

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

——When was Noah in America? When he was on the Ark-and saw.

——When is a storm like a fish after a hook? When it is going to abate.

——Cover a fool with gold and he will pass current.

——Some fishermen use cotton for bait; so do some women.

——Why is life the greatest riddle? Because all must give it up.

——At what season did Eve eat the apple? Early in the fall.

——Carpenters should be looked after—many of them are counter-fitters.

——Our *devil* says "hoops surround the loveliest of all things—girls and whisky."

——"I am passionately fond of paintings," a young man said when he kissed the rough cheek of his sweetheart.

——A smart lad, hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed "They why don't you get me a drum?"

——What's the difference between a boot black and a Freedmen's Bureau agent? One blacks the boots, the other boots the blacks.

——The arm of a pretty girl wound tight round your neck has been discovered to be an infaliable remedy in case of sore throat. It beats pepper tea all hollow.

——"I'd give that girl a piece of my mind," exclaimed a young fellow. "I would not," exclaimed his uncle, "you have none to spare."

——What's the difference between the manor of the death of a barber and sculptor? One curls up and dies, and the other makes faces and busts.

——"Why are women like churches?" Firstly, because there is no living without one; secondly, because there is many a spire to them; thirdly because they are objects of adoration, and lastly, but by no means least, because they have a loud clapper in heir upper story.

——Five horse thieves were arrested on Monday at Nashville, in the "reconstructed" Pandemonium.

——Why is a strictly temperance dinner impossible? Because there is no entertainment without its fin-*ale* (!!)

——Women often go to the destruction of their husband's fortunes through buy ways.

——What does Mr. Algernon Swinburn'an by a kiss which stings? A smack on the face.

——An editor heads the list of marriages "noose items," another calls them "feats of the ring."

——You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

——Why was Goliah astonished when David hit with a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

——"I hope, my little daughter," I said one morning, "that you will be able to control your little temper to-day."

I hope you will you will be able to control your big temper.

——A charity scholar, under examination in the Psalms, being asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?" replied "Please, sir, bed-bugs."

——John Covode says: "Geary is the humbuggest governor we ever had."

——The people of the North will not tolerate a President elected by negro votes, controlled by bayonets and bribes. They will be slaves and dastards if they do.

——It is said that Stanton wrote the Grant letters to President Johnson.

——Twas Sunday night. The moon shone bright, and all was cool and shady, when a gay young gent. down High street went a walking with a lady. They talked of love; he called her dove; he told of his affection. She heaved a sigh and turned her eye in an opposite direction. But why that start that hills the heart, and with ire incrusted? Ah do not blame sweet Sarah Jane, to her pin she her trusted, for fear her shriek or rather speak. If Whitsell has busted!"

From Virginia.

ROCKY MT., Mecklinburg Co., Va.
January 21st, 1868.

MR. P. G. MARX—DEAR SIR:—Little of interest has transpired in this section since I last wrote to you; the only matter of importance that appears to occupy the minds of the people is "who will the Democratic party nominate for the Presidency?" Many and various are the opinions expressed upon this point, yet most gentlemen demur in the expediency of nominating a civilian. I find that these are the sentiments of the WATCHMAN, and THINK they are unobjectionable, for many reasons. It would be a serious undertaking to find among our grand array of shoulder straps—a military man, whose moral character—to say nothing of intellectual deficiencies, would be irreproachable enough to justify either party in the nomination, it is a well known fact that Nigger servitors—the Radicals—are not very particular as to the efficiency of their office holders, and doubtless their nominee will be the most intelligent prince that can be found in their nobility of numb-skulls; and to make him appear reconcilable, to his other notabilities he shall be encased in heroic blue, with brave looking brass-buttons and starry shoulder straps; this will be a proper termination, to their apparently successful course of ridiculous infamy; for in it the world may see embodied all that is *shameful, perfidious, infamous* and *villainous;* in fact, it would be the height of shame, the depth of perfidy, the width of infamy, and the breadth of villiany; including all the vituperations that one can bestow on meritorious rascality.

You may perhaps consider me rather dull—and with good cause—but I should like to know whether the united race of niggers and radicals will be represented in the coming convention or not; I daresay, however, the niggers will decline the honor, in favor of their worshippers; which would be commendable in them, for generally speaking they are very jealous of each other, and should they chance to think, that their dignity was exposed to the horrors of impeachment. I assure you there would be demands for admission; they are not particularly well informed on this subject else they would trust all to the respect their importance engenders, in the eyes of their su—I mean—*in*-feriors.

I defy any one to show me a Radical that is a niggers superior, as an example of nigger supremacy I will relate an incident that occurred a few weeks ago:

The scarcity of money and the worthlessness of negroes combined, rendered it necessary for planters to be cautious in engaging laborers; and for that reason the greater portion of them give them a portion of the crop, for the double purpose of securing themselves against losses, and as an encouragement to them to perform their duties, very liberal inducements are offered if they choose to avail themselves of good opportunities; a certain planter, was not a little surprised, upon offering a negro one third of what he could make and his rations to be refused, "but," says cuff—"Marse if you'll give me one fourth I'll work for you and find myself." Had the aforementioned Planter been a Radical he would have availed himself of Cuff's ignorance; but he being a gentleman, he explained the difference between one-third and one-fourth, which explanation required a vast amount of eloquence; it is surprising to notice the time consumed in getting a niggers comprehensive organs in operation, for instance if you ask one to be up early in the morning he will not exactly understand you before the middle of the ensuing week, unless the request be coupled with preambles sufficient to head a congressional act; all of which tends to prove the superiority of niggers to the radicals.

The radical niggers still continue their pilfering and stealing, by the way, stealing appears to be a natural failing of radicals; (without regard to color.) the last act of this kind that I know of, was perpetrated in Charlotte county; an old gentleman living not far from Red Oak Grove, rented a house to a nigger a few weeks previous to Christmas, the nigger had no home for himself or family, and it was an act of kindness in Mr. M———y to allow him the use of the house, as a mark of gratitude. The nigger went to his barn and stole about seven hundred of tobacco, tied it up in his wife clothes and was about to evaporate with the same, luckily for him the affair was discovered in time to prevent its being removed. The criminal escaped and has not since been seen. Such cases occur so frequently that they are seldom noticed, and a great many criminals are allowed to escape with impunity. Can not the Democracy of the North remedy these evils? Can they not once more restore a respect for the Laws of our country, throughout the length and breadth of the land? I trust they can! And while they are doing their utmost for our country's good. Allow me to subscribe myself, Yours.

——The vote in Mobile, Alabama, on the 6th was—white 52, negroes 750, on the 7th—white 13, negroes 332.