

The Democratic Watchman.

In order to encourage youthful aspirants after literary fame, we shall devote this column, entirely to their benefit, and publish in our issue, any production that has formerly been cast into the "waste basket." We have not time to make corrections, consequently will give them *verbatim et literatim*.

MY DREAM.

It was the night after Christmas as I lay on my bed
And feverish visions surrounded my head
I dreamed that I passed through the last dying thro
And my soul took its flight to the regions below
I reached the door safely and took up my stand
And soon saw that hell was crowded full of the dambd
Black abolitionists who have ruined our nation
By laying a tax on the people and some near starvation
I had not stood long till I opened my eyes
For I found hell 'n some dreadful surprise
But just then Old Nick came up in a big hurry
Saying move from the door for I am in a hurry
Pray what is your hurry in surprise I did ask
Do tell me the story if to tell it is no task
I am waiting for Thaddy the devil replied
And oh want he howl when his eyes open wide
To find he is in hell with the rest of the traitors
Then they'll be sorry they were Democrat hater
But they'll find its too late to alter their choice
For in their doings down here they'll find I have a voice
So now must hurry and make room for Old Thaddy
For all these imps here are expecting their daddy
Just look in your corner and open your eyes
Oh old old Lincoln he's a little surprised
To think that old Thaddy his brother should come
Down here to live without fire or a drum
I looked in the corner and there sat old Lincoln
In the torments of hell his eyes they were blinking
I pitied his case and felt rather sorry
To see him fall so low from his glory
Yet pity his case as I might it was just
That he like all others should crumble to dust
Then I turned to old Nick and asked him how soon
Old Thaddy would come would it be night or noon
He will come in the night like the rest of his crew
For this is the time when they steal their way through
But old Thaddy may not come yet for a year
But I am sure of his escape then never fear
A year yet for Thaddy to exclaim in surprise
Then I awoke in my dream and my eyes
Opened wide I was glad I was a dream and no thing more
For never visions like that had haunted my door
And gentlemen I am glad it was nothing but a dream
For if it had been reality I would not now have been here
Here to tell you this real story but I sincerely believe it will come to pass that Mr. Stevens has not long to live and he had better be preparing to go in peace.

Lines to Joseph H.

Oe I would not detain you
If life hung on the ward
Though my soul remotest depths
With agony were stirred
I'd scorn your base professions
Fling all your loved words back
If kept they'll blight and sear my heart
As marked by lightning track
I loved you once I'll not deny
Loved with a woman's power
That would have braved a thousand ills
When other hearts would cover
To win for this one throb of joy
Devo on hovering pain
Fraud cutting on your pressing life
Its black wings shade again
Oh the whole world was beautiful
In that wild passion flood
And it seemed celestial nectar thrilled
My fiery young hearts
The sunset glimmed regal bright
Above the great blue hills
And heaven seemed a opening down to earth
Oh royal bliss to love and live
A nearing gods' own palms
A town on which we climb the steep
And led to angels' realms
A wave in our great sea of joy
A shore forever white
Where soft breakers toss up pearls
Rich with the seas wave light
Felt all this sh' there all this
And yet I scorn you now
For what didst give to me so well
Your loves most sacred vow
Did you not seek another heart
In fashions empty throng
And flatter around mimicking soft words
With the rare mirth and song
Give me your love I have your vows
False as the fickle snow
Which whirls and eddies o'er the earth
Whatever winds may blow
Go go and let this image fade
Forever from my sight
And still much as I hate you now
I dream of you at night
Go to true woman's heart I'd give
To death its love kept mine
Rather than have a false mans love
Turn from another shrine.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
The Great Remedies for all Diseases of the LIVER, STOMACH, OR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.
HOODLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Is composed of the pure juices (or, as they are medically termed, Extracts) of Roots, Herbs, and Barks, making a preparation, highly purified and, and entirely free from alcoholic admixture of any kind.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
Is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with the purest quality of Soda Crust, Orange, &c., making one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
Those who have no objection to the combination of the Bitters, as stated, will use.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
They are both equally good, and contain the same medicinal virtues, the choice between the two being a mere matter of taste, the Tonic being the most palatable.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
The stomach, from a variety of causes, as Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, etc., is very apt to have its functions deranged. The Liver, sympathizing as closely as it does with the Stomach, then becomes affected, the result of which is that the patient suffers from several or more of the following diseases:

HOODLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.
Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Headache, Difficulty of Breathing, Flatulency at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dips or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flashes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginations of Evil, and Great Depression of Spirits.

Hoodland's Bitters.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOODLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

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BENNER TOWNSHIP.

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TENN TOWNSHIP.

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WALKER TOWNSHIP.

WOLF TOWNSHIP.

Sale.

ACRES PER WARRANTER NAMES TAXES.

CURTIN TOWNSHIP.

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QUICK TOWNSHIP.

RUSH TOWNSHIP.

TENN TOWNSHIP.

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TENN TOWNSHIP.

UNION TOWNSHIP.

WALKER TOWNSHIP.

WOLF TOWNSHIP.

CAUTION

Hoodland's German Remedies are counterfeited; that the signature of C. M. JACKSON is on the wrapper of each bottle.

Principal office and Manufactory at the German Medicine Store, No. 637 ARCH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES M. EVANS, Proprietor, Formerly C. M. JACKSON & Co.

PRICES.
Hoodland's German Bitters, per bottle, \$1 00
Hoodland's German Tonic, put up in quart bottles \$1 50 per bottle, or a half dozen for 7 50.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order get the genuine. For sale by F. P. GREEN, Druggist, Bellefonte, Pa.

And by druggists generally.
March, 28-1865 1 y.