

the right of any Senator to modify his expressions in a personal manner, as reported. Mr. Foote was represented to have said that Mr. Benton was shielded by his age, and his open disavowal of the obligations of the laws of honor. It was false: let any man offer him (Benton) an insult, where it could be properly chastised, and he would soon learn his age. He would now give notice to the Senate, that if it failed to protect itself from the use of language which would not be used in the veriest brothel, he would henceforth protect himself, cost what it might.

Mr. Foote said he made no unjustifiable alteration and avowed the report as his own. In conclusion, he wanted to know if Mr. Benton considered himself amenable to the law of honor. If he does not, let him say so.

Mr. Benton made no reply, but indulged in a contemptuous laugh.

Guardian.

DESERT NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

OFFICE OF DELIVERY.—

The *News* will be delivered at the Post Office. Subscribers from distant parts of the valley to order, but, for their convenience, we propose to forward packages, as we may have opportunity, to ANSON CALL, North Canyon Ward; DANIEL MILLER, North Cottonwood; ISAAC CLARK, Brownsville; JOEL JOHNSON, Mill Creek; WILLIAM CROSBY, Cottonwood; ISAAC HIGBEE, Utah Valley; PHINEAS RICHARDS, San Pete Valley; EZRA T. BENSON, Tooele Valley: and request them to act as our Agents. Subscribers will do well to inform us, or the above Agents, where they will receive their papers.

City Subscribers can have their papers delivered for an additional 50 cents for the term; provided enough wish it, to employ a carrier.

WANTED, at our office, flour, wheat, corn meal, butter, cheese, tallow and pork in exchange for the *News*.

✍ We neglect home affairs, this week, to leave room for foreign sketches, of which we can give but few—fires and floods, murders and robberies, cholera and perplexity of nations are prevalent, concerning which we shall continue to sketch. From the best information yet obtained, it is believed that the House was four or five weeks in electing a Speaker and Clerk, and their progress since has well compared. Cholera has again appeared in the States. Hungary has fallen. General peace in Europe: and the present appearance is like a calm before a tornado.—More hereafter.

✍ Post Office open each Sabbath from 12 to 1 o'clock, P. M.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The Washington correspondent of Mr. Lippard's paper, the "*Quaker City*," communicates the following curious account of a recent remarkable dream of Mr. Calhoun's. We have not much faith in supernatural appearances, or in Washington correspondents, but if any thing could lead the ghost of the "FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY" to re-visit the realms beneath the moon, it would be the thought that his beloved country was in danger of DISUNION, which is but another name for CIVIL WAR.—We give the story for what it is worth:

Washington, D. C., Jan. 12, '50.

MR. EDITOR—The other morning, at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man, with a hard, stern, Scotch-Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow-white. He is tall, thin, and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his Fatalism the brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the

shrine of that iron Necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning, at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left, in a nervous and hurried manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name I think is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

To this Calhoun replied in rather a *flurried* manner—"Pshaw! It is nothing! Only a dream, which I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical delusion, I suppose."

Of course, these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly—

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand—"however, if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it."

Of course, the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room, engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor who entered, and without a word, took a seat opposite me, at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant, that I should on no account be