

disturbed. The manner in which the intruder, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as though my room, and all within it, belonged to him, excited in me, as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke—

“What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?” he said.

I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him involuntarily—

“I am writing a plan for the Dissolution of the American Union, (you know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of Dissolution, in the event of *certain* contingencies!)”

“To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible:

“Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand, your right hand?”

“He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events have called back to life. The features were those of George Washington, yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none other than GEORGE WASHINGTON. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office—”

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause. “Well, w-e-l-l, what was the issue of this scene?” Mr. Calhoun resumed:

“This intruder, I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is, I felt a strange chill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it, and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to ex-

amine every feature of his face. It was the face of Washington. Gentlemen, I shudder as I beheld the horribly *dead-alive* look of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, He looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way—

“And with this right hand, Senator from Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper, declaring the Union dissolved?”

“I answered in the affirmative. ‘Yes!’ said I, ‘if a *certain* contingency arises, I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution.’ But at that moment, a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, an inky blotch, which I seem to see even now. ‘What is that?’ cried I, alarmed I know not why, at the blotch upon my hand.

“‘That,’ said He, dropping my hand, ‘that is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.’”

“He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he placed upon the table—placed it upon the very paper on which I was writing. That object, gentlemen, was a skeleton.

“‘There,’ said He, ‘there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British. He gave his life, in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinian, and so are *you!* But there was no blotch upon his right hand—’

“With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man’s bones and—awoke. Overworn by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?”

All the company answered in the affirmative. Toombs muttered, “singular, very singular!” at the same time looking rather curiously at the back of his right hand—and Mr. Calhoun, placing his head between his hands, seemed buried in thought.

CHOLERA.—We learn from some of our exchanges, that this dreadful disease is again making its appearance in New York, and Alabama, and that several cases have lately occurred on the steamboats running from New Orleans to St. Louis.

For the Deseret News.

MR. EDITOR,—

We would inform our friends and fellow citizens, that a Council of Health was formed in this city, about sixteen months ago, by and with the advice of the authorities of the Church, which is attended once in two weeks, at the house of Dr. W. Richards.

The principles on which we shall act, we believe to be benevolent. We intend to allow our selfishness to govern us no further than we deem necessary to enable us to accomplish the greatest good. We greatly desire the means of using our time and talents to the best advantage; further than this, we are not anxious. Though we may fail to convince some of the superiority of the botanic practice, we feel confident that our exertions, under this head, will shake the faith of many in the propriety of swallowing, as they have long done, with implicit confidence, the most deleterious drugs, under the sole authority and responsibility of technicalities. We intend to lay before the Council, from time to time, such medicinal plants, as shall come to our knowledge, for their approval or refusal, as we shall find in this vicinity; believing in the goodness of the Creator, that he has placed, in most lands, medicinal plants for the cure of all diseases incident to that climate, and especially so in relation to that in which we live: and it is better to cultivate our own resources, than to send to distant lands for such as may be obtained in our own vicinity by a little exertion and experience.

Yours, with esteem,

WM. A. MORSE, P. C.