

### 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



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.