

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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WHOLE NO. 85.

SELECT POETRY.

THE HOT SEASON.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

THE folks that on the first of May,
Wore winter-coats and hose,
Began to say, the first of June,
"Oh my! how hot it grows."
At last two Fahrenheit's blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
A tutor with his ball!

Now all day long the locusts sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels warped inside out,
The pumps could only wheeze;
And ripe old wine that twenty years
Had cobwebbed or in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks,
Like Joy's best Champagne!

The Worcester locomotives did
Their trip in half an hour;
The Lowell cars ran forty miles
Before they checked their power;
Roller-brimstone soon became a drug,
And locust-frogs for evermore
All stalked for ice, but everywhere
Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,
But ere the scorching noons,
Their candle-moulds had grown as loose
As Cosack's pantaloons!
The dogs ran mad—men could not try
If water they would choose;
A horse fell dead—he only left
Four red-hot rusty shoes!

But soon the people could not bear
The slightest hint of fire;
Allusions to caloric grew
A flood of savage ire;
The leaves on heat were all torn out
From every book at school;
And many blackguard kicked and caned,
Because they said "keep cool!"

The gas light companies were mobbed,
The bakers all were shot,
The penny press began to talk
Of lynching Doctor Not!
And all about the warehouse steps
Were angry men in droves,
Crashing and splintering through the doors
To smash the patent stoves!

The Abolition men and maids
Were tanned to such a hue,
You scarce could tell them from their friends,
Unless their eyes were blue;
And, when I left, society
Had become desecrated,
And Battle street and Temple place
Were interchanging cards.

SELECTED STORY.

THE HEIR AND THE HEIRESS.

AN ADVENTURE AT TERMI.

In the early part of the month of October of the year 1822, having passed the night at Spoleto, which still looks as if the fatal earthquake of 1703 had shaken all the inhabitants out of it, we proceeded, after breakfast, over the mountains to Terni, visiting by the way the curious remains of an ancient aqueduct, and an arch called the Arch of Hannibal, under which he is said to have passed in triumph after the battle of Thrasimene. Though we had but fifteen miles to travel, yet, as we had to creep over the Apennines a part of them, it was towards the middle of the day when we heard our positions crying "Viva! viva!" as we drove up to the door of the hotel at Terni. An odd-looking foreign carriage that impeded our way moved forward upon this summons, and we took its place; and, having alighted, were conducted to a room on the first floor.

"Will there be time enough for us to see the falls to-day?" was our first inquiry; for we were anxious to reach Rome on the following evening, and to do this an early start was necessary.

"Certainly," said the host, "provided your excellencies (excellencies are cheap there) do not lose time."

However, the air of the mountains had given us an appetite, and it was agreed that we must before we did anything else; but it was arranged that, whilst we took our repast, a carriage should be prepared, and that we should set out immediately afterwards. In the mean while, we took our seats at the window, and looked abroad to see what was to be seen.

"What is that building opposite?" inquired I of the waiter.

"That is the jail," he replied.

"And whose carriage is this at the door?" said I; for the odd-looking foreign carriage was still there.

"It belongs to the Count and Countess of Z—," answered he. "They are just going to the falls."

Two minutes afterwards we saw the footman advance to open the door, and presently a gentleman and lady stepped out of the house and entered the vehicle. After landing her in, the count turned around and said something to the host, which gave us an opportunity of catching a glimpse of his face. It was a young and handsome one, dark, and somewhat sallied; his figure, too, was good; and he was well dressed, in a blue coat, dark trousers, and light waistcoat. Whilst he was speaking, the lady bent forward to observe him, and as she did so, she caught a view of our English plizettes at the window, and looked up at us.

"Heavens! what an Italian face that is!" I exclaimed to my companion.

"Why, I mean," I replied, "that there is a ready-made romance in it."

"What sort of a romance?" inquired he.

"Why," I answered, "Vandyke is said to have painted, on seeing a portrait of Lord Stafford, that he was destined to come to a bad end; and that the lady's face reminds me of the prediction. There's surely a very strange expression in those features!"

blond veil. Whilst we were making these observations, the gentleman stepped in, the carriage drove away, and our luncheon being shortly announced, we ceased to think more of the Count and Countess Z—.

As soon, however, as we had satisfied the claims of hunger, we remembered the business that was before us, and calling for our carriage, we proceeded to the foot of Mount St. Angelo, where we alighted, in order to walk up the hill. There stood the foreign carriage; and I rather hoped that, as its owners were still viewing the falls, we might have another opportunity of inspecting the handsome pair. Some children, who are always in waiting to earn a few pence by showing travellers the way, here joined us, and advancing leisurely on account of the heat, we commenced the ascent.

There were gates at different intervals on the road, at each of which some children were stationed, one or two of whom, after letting us through, generally fell into our train. I think we had passed two or three of these, when we saw people hastening down the mountain toward us, with a speed that implied they were urged by some more than common motive; and as they drew nearer, we distinguished a clamor, mostly of children, all talking as fast as they could at the top of their voices, and gesticulating with the utmost violence.

"What is the matter?" said I to our little guide.

"We don't know," said they.

They then carried on a dispute amongst themselves, in which some said "yes," and others "no," but we could not understand more of their *paroles*. At length one of them, pointing at the advancing group, cried out, with characteristic energy, "Yes, there he is!" and, on looking forward, I descried in the midst of the party, walking so fast that he seemed either under the influence of the highest excitement, or else trying to outwalk his companions, the owner of the carriage, Count Z—.

He was bareheaded, his waistcoat was unbuttoned, and one side of his coat was torn clean off from the lapel to the waist. His face—but no—Fussli might have painted it—words cannot describe it; the deadly hue, the white lips, the staring eyes, the horrid distortion of the whole feature!

"What is the matter? What is the matter?" I exclaimed eagerly, as we reached the party.

But they all dashed past us, whilst the whole of our train fell into theirs; and if my companion had not laid violent hands on one urchin, and prevented his recession, we should have been left standing on the hill-side, by our selves. After straining our eyes after them for some minutes, guessing and wondering, and perplexing ourselves as to what had happened and where the lady could be, we resolved to hasten forward with all the speed we could, in the hope of having our curiosity satisfied, and of perhaps meeting the countess at the farm-house, or cottage, which we understood was to be found at the top of the mountain.

When we got to sight of this dwelling, our little guide ran forward; and we presently saw him talking to a woman who was standing at the door, and who ultimately appeared to be the only living soul left upon the hill. The woman gesticulated, the boy held up his hands, and I once more called out "What is the matter? Where is the lady?" "Dead!" was the reply. "Dead!" we reiterated in amazement.

"Dead!" repeated the woman; "murdered—drowned—gone over the falls—by this time you would not find a remnant of her as big as my hand—she must be dashed into a thousand pieces among the rocks! When the gentleman ascended the hill," she continued, in answer to our questions, "he drove the children back, and desired them not to follow him; and when they reached this place, he threw money to those who wanted to conduct him, saying he knew the falls as well as they did, and needed no guide. Most of them returned; but two, either from curiosity, or in the hope of getting more money, followed at a little distance, hiding themselves amongst the trees that border the river. They had not been out of sight above a quarter of an hour, when the child ran came running back, all agitated and out of breath, to say that the gentleman had conducted the lady to a spot very near where the river falls over the precipice, and that there they saw him stoop down and look into the water. He then appeared to invite the lady to do the same, and seemed to be showing her something in the stream. The children averred that she appeared unwilling, and that he forced her to comply. But that as it may, however, no sooner did she stoop, than, going behind her, he gave her a sudden thrust, and pushed her into the river. She snatched at his breast as she fell, but he tore himself from her grasp, leaving one side of his coat in her hand; and in another instant she was over the edge of the precipice, whirling in the torrent, and tossing among the rocks. One piercing scream alone was heard to testify that she was conscious of her fearful fate.

"Ere the children had well finished their tale," the woman added, "the gentleman himself appeared in the state we saw him."

Whether he was so overcome by remorse as to be unable to attempt giving the color he had intended to the transaction, or whether he saw by the demeanor of the people that it would be useless, remains uncertain; but, whatever his motive might be, he merely glanced at them as he passed, clasped his hands as if in great agony, and then hurried down the mountain at the pace we met him, followed by all the inhabitants. There, then, was my romance, even to the dire catastrophe, completed already!

It may be imagined with what strange and awe-struck feelings we proceeded to view the falls. The river that flows across the top of the hills is called the Velino. On each side, which droop over its margin, and cast a deep shade on the water. We walked along the bank till we approached the torrent, and, within a few yards of the precipice, we thought we could discover the very spot where the catastrophe had happened. The soil on the edge of the bank had evidently been newly disturbed. The grass, too, was impressed and trampled, we concluded by the count's feet, in the moment of the struggle. There was something white on the ground. We picked it up; it was a little scloop of very fine blond—a morsel of the veil I had admired! We were dumb with horror; for everything was so vividly present to our imaginations, that we felt as if we had actually witnessed the murder.

Our anxiety to learn what was going on below rather precipitated our movements; so we descended the hill, and getting into our carriage, drove round to the bottom of the falls, to take the other view of them. A river, called the Nera, flows round the foot of the mountain, into which the cascade tumbles; and as the clouds of white spray, cascaded here and there with many a gorgeous hue, tossed in graceful wreaths before us, we more than once fancied that we caught shadowy glimpses of the veil, the drapery, or the pink bonnet of the poor victim. But all these were the mere tricks of imagination. All must have been whirled away by the rush of water, and carried far from the spot before we were led it.

When we arrived at the inn and eagerly inquired for the count, "He is there," replied the waiter, pointing to the heavy looking building on the opposite side of the way—"there in the jail." "And what will they do to him?" said I. The man shrugged his shoulders—"He is a noble; most likely nothing."

On the following morning we proceeded on our way to Rome, but without making arrangements for the satisfaction of our curiosity as to the causes which led to this melancholy catastrophe. What follows is the substance of what we heard:

The late Count Z— had two sons, Giovanni and Alessandro. The family was both noble and ancient, but, owing to a variety of circumstances, the patrimonial estates, which had once been large, had been gradually reduced, till there was scarcely enough left to educate the two young men, and support them in the *dolce far niente* that became their birth and station. In this strait, the old count looked about for an alliance that might patch up their tattered fortunes; and it was not long before he found what he wanted, in the family of the Count Boboli. Boboli had been an adventurer; in short, no one knew very well what he had been, for his early history was a secret. All that was known was, that he had appeared in Rome at the time of the French occupation, and that he had found some means or other of recommending himself to Napoleon, to whom he owed his patent of nobility. He had also found the means of accumulating immense wealth, the whole of which was designed for his beautiful daughter and only child, Carlotta. The count of a hundred ancestors found no difficulty in obtaining the acquaintance of the new-made noble; and as each could bestow what the other wanted, they very soon understood each other, and a compact was formed between them, well calculated to satisfy the ambition of both. It was agreed that the beautiful Carlotta should become the wife of the count's eldest son, and in exchange for the noble name of Z—, should carry with her the whole of her father's immense fortune.

The wedding was appointed to take place the day after Giovanni came of age, of which period he wanted six months; and this interval it was that was the cause of all the woe. Giovanni no sooner saw his intended bride than he became desperately in love with her. Never was wealth purchased at a less sacrifice; he felt he would rather a thousand times resign every ducat of the fortune than resign the lady. He devoted the whole of his time to attending her pleasures and following her footsteps; and the consequence was that Alessandro, the younger brother, to whom he was most attached, and who was generally by his side, was thrown much into her company. It seemed to have been universally admitted that Alessandro was the handsomest of the two. Some said also that he was the most agreeable; but on this point the world appears to have differed. Unfortunately, the mind of the beautiful Carlotta entertained no doubts on the subject; she resigned her affections, heart and soul, to Alessandro. Relying on her influence over her father, when she found that she could not fulfill the engagement he had made for her without dissent, she threw herself at his feet, and implored him either to bestow her hand on the younger brother, or to break the compact altogether, and permit her to go into a convent. Neither proposal, however, accorded with the old man's ambition; and the only effect her entreaties had was, that he adopted means to keep the object of her attachment out of her way, trusting that, when she no longer saw him by his brother's side, she would cease to make comparisons disadvantageous to her intended, and would be resigned, if not happy, to become the wife of Giovanni.

But Carlotta was a woman of sterner stuff than her father had reckoned upon. Absence had no effect upon her passion—opposition rather increased than diminished it—and, at length, a few days before that appointed for the wedding, she took an opportunity of disclosing the truth to her unhappy lover, and entreated him, by the love he bore her, to resign her hand himself, and to use all his influence to procure that she should be married to his brother. The poor young man, desperately in love as he was, could at first hardly believe his misfortune—so near from consummation of his dearest hopes—within three days of a longed-for happiness—and the cup was dashed from his lips! As soon, however, as he had sufficiently collected his senses to speak, he told her that, from the moment he had first seen her, he had only lived to make her happy; and that he had looked forward to spending his days in that, to him, most blessed vocation; but that, since he found that this was a felicity not designed for him, he had nothing more to do with life. Finally, he promised that she should be obeyed, and should become the wife of his brother. He then went home, and, after writing to Alessandro, detailing what had led to the catastrophe, he stabbed himself to the heart.

The younger brother had now become the elder—heir to the title, and the legitimate claimant of the lady's hand and fortune. But, alas! he was no more disposed to marry Carlotta than she had been to marry Giovanni. Old Boboli, by way of separating him from the consummation of his hopes, sent him to Paris; and, by his interest there, had managed to place him in some situation about the court, where the young man soon found his heart assailed by the charms of the fair Mademoiselle Coraille de la Riviere, who showed herself insensible to his admiration, and whom he loved with all the intensity that belonged to his nation and to his peculiarly ardent character.

His brother's letter, therefore, was a *coup de foudre*. The titled fortune had no charms for him without Coraille; and, besides, with that instinct that sometimes seems to guide our loves and our hates, from the very first interview he had with Carlotta, he had taken an aversion to her. However, he obeyed his father's summons to return immediately to the Abruzzi, where, staid, frowning amongst the mountains, the old Castle of Z—, but with a firm determination to refuse the hand of Carlotta, in spite of every means that should be used to influence him. But when people make these resolu-

tions they should take care to keep themselves out of the reach of everybody whose interest it is to induce them to break them. We are all apt to think resolutions much less brittle things than they are, till they have been tried in the furnace. Although Alessandro from the first had boldly declared that nothing should ever persuade him to marry a woman whom he had always hated, and whom he now hated infinitely more, since she had been the cause of his brother's death, his father's perpetuity did not give way one inch. Whilst he found his aversion by no means diminished, his resolution gradually gave way before the old man's firmness on the one hand, his mother's tears and entreaties on the other, and his own horror at the idea of his ancient house and all its honors sinking into utter poverty and hopeless obscurity, when it was in his power, by marrying an heiress, to restore it to all its original splendor.

Whilst at this time, my fore-falling shadow of the future had passed before his eyes—whether the idea that he might wed Carlotta, secure to a fortune, and then find means to be again a free man, had ever presented itself to his mind—whether he had given it to dwell there—whether he had given it welcome—hugged it, cherished it, resolved on it—can now never be known; but, certain it is, that he suddenly changed his mind, avowed himself prepared to obey his father's commands, and ready to lead the daughter of Boboli to the altar. The period for the wedding was then fixed; but in the meantime he returned to Paris, where he said the duties of his office called him.

When the time arrived that he should have re-appeared, he wrote an excuse, alleging that he was still detained by business; and this he continued to do, week after week, till the period appointed for the wedding was close at hand. At length, on the evening before that fixed for the ceremony, he reached home. He had travelled, he said, with the greatest speed, having only been able to obtain a certain number of days' leave; and added, that the very moment the marriage was solemnized, the bride must be prepared to step into his travelling carriage, and accompany him back to Paris. Carlotta, who, with her father and other members of both families, was waiting for him at the Castle of Z—, made no objection to this arrangement. She must have been aware that he did not marry her from choice; but the amount of his aversion, or that he had another attachment, she did not even appear to have suspected. She probably imagined that the wealth and importance he was attaining by her means, and the compliments she had paid him by her decided preference, were sufficient to expiate the wrong she had done his brother, and trusted to her beauty and her love to accomplish the rest. Or perhaps, under the influence of an uncontrollable passion, she never paused to think of anything but its gratification at any cost.

However this may be, they met with calm decorum in the presence of the family, and of the society assembled at the castle; but it was afterwards remembered that, after the first salutation, he had never been seen to address her. On the following morning there was a great deal of business to be transacted, many arrangements to be made, and he was so fully occupied till night, that the young couple scarcely met till the hour appointed for the solemnization of his marriage, when he and his friends entered at one door, whilst the bride and her party advanced by the other. The company were magnificently attired, the chapel blazed with light, the pillars were twined with wreaths of flowers, the air was redolent with the perfumes of the incense; but the bridegroom stood with averted eyes, and it was observed that when the ceremony was concluded, he did not approach his bride, but turned away and addressed his mother.

The whole party now withdrew to the *salle a manger*, and supper; but ere the repast was well over, Alessandro's servant entered to announce that the carriage was at the door, and all was ready; whereupon the bride and bridegroom rose, and, after a hasty farewell to their friends and relatives, quitted the room.

"You'll reach Terni to breakfast," said Boboli, as he conducted his daughter through the hall.

"Yes—to a late breakfast," replied Alessandro.

"Let us hear of you from thence," said Boboli.

"You shall hear of us from Terni," replied Alessandro.

"Adieu, my dear father!" cried Carlotta, waving her handkerchief as they drove off.

"Adieu, my child—adieu! May the Virgin protect you!" cried Boboli, as he turned and re-entered the castle.

Many of the party asserted afterwards that she had appeared agitated and uneasy during the supper; and some declared that they had observed her watching her young husband's countenance with an eye of terror and perplexity. Her maid, too, affirmed that she was quite certain her lady's heart had failed, and that she had some misgivings that evil awaited her. "When I gave my lady her shawl and bonnet," she said, "she shook like an olive leaf; and when I asked her if anything was wrong, all she said was—*Madre di Dio, povera! povera!*"

They travelled all night—at least all the remainder of the night, for it was past midnight when they started—only stopping to change horses, and they arrived at Terni to a late breakfast, as Boboli had predicted. Whilst the breakfast was preparing, the young countess changed her dress; and the maid asserted that she here again betrayed considerable agitation, and that she heard her say to herself—*Ahi! mio padre! ah! Giovanni!* The waiter and the host who had attended them, remarked that she ate nothing, swallowing only a little wine; and that the count himself appeared to have little appetite. No conversation passed between them, till, suddenly, her husband asked her if she was ready. She started at the sound of his voice, as if it were something unusual to her; but immediately rose from her seat, and said "Yes!"

"Come, then," said and giving her his arm, he conducted her down stairs. The horses for the falls had been ordered by the servant immediately on their arrival, and were now waiting at the door; and it was at the precise period our story has now reached, that we had looked out of the window, and saw them enter the carriage and drive away.

"What did he say to you?" I inquired of the host.

"He desired me to see the man who is not so much in favor of the temperance cause as anybody."

"It is possible," replied the host, shrugging his shoulders.

But he did not escape: the young Count Alessandro Z— was condemned and executed—partly, however, through the strong interest that Boboli made against him. Nothing more of the mystery was ever disclosed, except to his confessor. "He died, and made no sign."

A CANINE SKETCH.
THE following capital dog story is from the recently published work of John T. Irving, Esq., a nephew of Washington Irving. His volume is entitled "The Attorney."

Just then the door opened, and Mr. Rawley walked in, and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves; the one on a chair, and the other on end directly in front of the surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

"Are you one of the witnesses?" inquired he of the dog's master.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subpoenaed to testify; and here's the document." As he spoke, he laid upon the table a paper which, from having been several days in that gentleman's pocket, had faded from white into a snuff-color, and was particularly crumpled.

"What's that animal doing here?" demanded the surrogate.

"He hasn't had time to do anything," replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I come. He goes when I go. He's a peeler."

"The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him instantly."

Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had had a slight taste of the sessions, so that he was not as much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise might have been, and he replied:

"I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to prevent it. There's the animal; and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin ag'in it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and that ain't one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair.

"Mr. Slagg?" said the surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig, "remove the dog."

Mr. Slagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog, and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions; and receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct; and resumed his pleasant expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate, as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstration of anger.

"Slagg, have you removed the dog?" said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under his very nose, saw that he had not.

"No, sir. He resists the court," replied Mr. Slagg.

"Call Walker to assist you," said Mr. Jagger sternly.

CHILD OF THE ANGEL WING.
"Oh, sing me a song, as I fall asleep."
Said a little one with a lustrous eye,
Or tell me a tale of the flowers that peep
In the bright green woods that reach to the sky—
Particlers in the spring, when the birches fling,
And the hedges are blue as our Nelly's eyes;
Or tell of the child with the angel wing,
Who walks in the garden of Paradise!"

I sang him the song—I told him the tale,
And watched by his couch till we thought he slept,
For his cheek was white as the rose-blossoms pale,
That stealthily and bright near his pillow crept;
Then my words grew faint, and my voice sank low,
And I said, in thy dreams may the seraph sing,
But he whispered soft, as I rose to go—
"Oh, tell of the child of the angel wing!"

Then I sang again—but he restless grew,
And tossed his young arms as he wildly spoke,
And a burning red in his forehead flew,
As the moon went down and the morning broke.
But he spoke no more of the spring's bright flowers,
And he thought no more of his sister's eyes;
One name alone, in his feverish hours,
Was breathed in a whisper that pierced the skies.

"My mother," he said, and his eyes waxed dim,
For the sense, with their wavering lustre fled,
And he never knew that she knelt by him,
Whose sun went down at his dying bed!
He has gone where the seraphs sweetly sing—
His story was brief as the sunset day,
He walks with the child of the angel wing,
In the flowery gardens of Paradise!"

DREAMS.
DREAMS can be procured by whispering in the ears when a person is asleep. One of the most curious as well as authentic examples of this kind has been referred to by several writers. I find the particulars in a paper by Dr. Gregory, and they were related to him by a gentleman who witnessed them.

The subject of it was an officer in the expedition to Louisiana, 1825, who had his peculiarity so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the habit of amusing themselves at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of a dream, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend, with whose voice he was familiar. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired and awakened by the report.

On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunk, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to swim for his life. He immediately did so, with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker, upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course.

After the landing of the army at Louisiana, his friends found him asleep in his tent, much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his alarm, by imitating the groans of the wounded and dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who were down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man, next himself in the line had fallen, when instantly he sprang from his bed, rushed out of his tent, and was aroused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent ropes.

A remarkable circumstance in this case was, that after these experiments, he had no distinct recollections or fatigue; and used to tell his friend that he was sure he was playing some trick upon him. A case entirely similar in its bearing is related in Smellie's Natural History, the subject of which was a medical student in the University of Edinburgh.

A singular fact has been observed in dreams which are excited by noise, namely, that the same sound awakens the persons, and produces the dream which appears to him to occupy a considerable time. The following example of this has been repeated to me: A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot and at last carried out for execution.—After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had produced both the dream and awakened him. The same want of notion of time is observed in dreams from other causes.

Dr. Gregory mentions a gentleman who, after sleeping in a damp place, was for a long time liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture, and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and after trying various experiments, he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to wake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. The gentleman, after a considerable time, recovered from the affection.

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Dr.," he replied. "I have got one of the best wares, when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then she is sure to be ready, and she has done so many times always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. 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