

THE DREAM.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."—
Byron.

The following story was narrated to me by a gentleman of strict veracity. He was an officer in the army, and the circumstance occurred nearly forty years ago, upon his returning with his regiment to England, after an absence of long duration. He was obliged to repair to London immediately after his arrival, whence he purposed setting off for the north of England, where his family was then residing. After many delays, occasioned by business at the war office, he concluded his arrangements, and determined to leave town on the 3d of November. The night preceding his departure arrived, and he fell asleep in excellent health and spirits; but awoke from his slumber in the utmost horror, for he had been disturbed by a dream, whose dreadful subject was heightened by a minuteness and circumstantiality seldom to be observed in these "fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train." It was some minutes before he could recollect himself, or feel assured that he was actually in safety; but at length, recalling his weakened energies, he smiled at his vain fears, and once more composed himself to rest.

He slept, and again the same vision appeared to him with added terror. He thought that he was travelling through a beautiful country, fresh with verdure, and rich in cultivation; when, as he journeyed on, rejoicing in the hilarity which shone around him, the prospect became suddenly changed; the green hills and smiling valleys were transformed to a bleak and barren heath; dark clouds obscured the heavens, and night suddenly came on. Presently he reached a building, which, at first, bore the appearance of a church; but, as he approached nearer, proved to be an inn.—He entered the gate which led to the house but found the greatest difficulty in proceeding. Sometimes his feet seemed fastened to the ground, and an hundred times he stumbled over impediments which appeared to lie in his path, the nature of which he was prevented by the darkness from discovering.

Still, with that blindness and obstinacy which usually characterise the dreamer, he continued to advance, until at last, the moon shining out, he found himself standing alone in a church-yard, and casting his eyes upon a grave-stone before him, Colonel B— beheld his own name sculptured on the marble! Struck with surprise, he looked again, but it was no longer there; and, passing through the church-yard, which now afforded no obstruction to his steps, he entered the inn.—The vision then became confused, and nothing was clearly defined, until he found himself in his chamber. Here a sensation of fear seemed to hang upon him, and he was oppressed by the feeling of intense expectation, so often experienced in dreams. Still the church-yard appeared as a prominent feature in the scene. The room seemed surrounded with windows, yet all presented the same ghastly spectacle of graves and tomb-stones, gleaming white in the moonshine, which seemed, as he gazed upon them, to gape beneath his eyes. At last he went to bed, but scarcely had he laid his head upon the pillow, when the door of his chamber was slowly opened, and he beheld a figure, in whom he recognised the landlord of the inn, advancing towards him with a knife in his hand, followed by another holding a lantern. Agonised by fear, the dreamer strove to shriek for help and mercy, but his tongue, refusing to perform its office, clung to the roof of his mouth. At this crisis his agitation awoke him, and he found himself sitting upright in his bed; cold drops were hanging on his brow, and he trembled as if in an ague fit; nor were his feelings much less unpleasing after the first agitation was subsided. In justice to Colonel B—'s character, which might otherwise suffer in the reader's estimation, from his indulging ideas so little consonant with his reputation as a soldier, I must remind him, that, at the period of my narrative, travelling did not possess all the ease and accommodation it now enjoys. Stage-coaches were yet in their infancy; the inns had sometimes a very ill name; the roads were bad, and occasionally frequented by such as scrupled not at saying, "Stand!" to a true man; so that a long journey was then regarded as a matter not only of consequence, but even hazard. In these days of peaceful travelling and "gentle accommodation for man and horse," some ridicule would justly attach itself to him whose sleep should be disturbed by an approaching journey; but forty years ago people might have dreamed of being murdered in the road between London and York, without incurring the charge of unreasonable timidity.

The Colonel, rousing himself from these sombre meditations, made a solemn resolution to "dream no more," and, falling into a peaceful and undisturbed slumber, he awoke next morning without a trace of the childish feelings which had so lately agitated him. The information he received on rising, however, did not increase his exhilaration; he had determined to make the journey on horseback, attended by a favorite servant, but, to his great vexation, he found that the man had been taken seriously ill in

the course of the night, and was now totally unable to proceed. There was not time to procure another attendant, and he was therefore obliged to advance alone.

The day was pleasant for the season, and the apprehensions of the preceding night quickly vanished from his thoughts. As evening approached, he quickened his pace towards a village which appeared at a little distance, and where, his horse being fatigued, he hoped to obtain quarters for the night. The shades of evening were falling thick around him as he entered the village; the chill blast of a November night moaned through the streets; it was a lonely place, and the Colonel began to doubt, from its wretchedness of appearance, if it could afford accommodation for himself and his horse. At length he thought he could distinguish a sign-post in the distance; he quickened his pace, and soon became convinced that he was approaching some house of entertainment; but, as he came nearer, a slight turning in the road disclosed to him another object; he started, and, for a few moments, felt more than he liked to own, even to himself. "Was it possible? No, it could not be; the twilight had deceived him;" but a few paces convinced him that it was no delusion, for exactly opposite his intended lodging stood the village church, with its usual accompaniments of graves and tomb-stones.

His immediate impulse was to pass the house without farther hesitation; but, recovering from his first surprise, he now began to reason with himself upon the folly and impropriety of suffering his imagination to be so acted upon as to refuse the shelter which was thus offered to him, and which the situation of his horse rendered almost necessary; while, by proceeding, he risked the chance of being benighted in a part of the country entirely unknown to him; and what motive could he assign for acting thus? A dream, forsooth; a nightmare, occasioned by a disturbed mind, or a hearty supper! No; an officer in the British army would not allow himself to be led astray by every turn of a distempered fancy; he would enter the inn.

By the time this man's resolution was adopted, Colonel B— had arrived at the place of his destination; where, having examined the house, his determination began to waver. It was situated quite at the extremity of the village, and rather apart from any other habitation; and, whether it was really so, or that the distempered state of his nerves influenced his judgment, he knew not, but it certainly appeared to him that the place wore an aspect of seclusion and gloom very unlike the air of cheerful comfort which usually characterises an inn.

While deliberating within himself, the landlord appeared at the door: he was a ferocious-looking person, with an expression of sullen malignity in his countenance; looked as if he had not been shaved for a month; and his manners, if not decidedly uncivil, were so disagreeable and abrupt, that if the traveller's resolution had before begun to falter, the sight of the inn-keeper soon overthrew it entirely; and, having inquired the distance of the nearest town, which he found to be very trifling, Colonel B— gave the spur to his jaded horse, and the church-yard, the gloomy inn, and the ferocious inn-keeper, were soon left far behind.

Fate now seemed determined to atone for her former unpropitious treatment; after riding about half a mile, the traveller reached a town, whose cheerful appearance afforded a new contrast the most striking to the lonely village he had just quitted. The inn, a pleasant-looking place, stood surrounded by other houses, and nothing like a church-yard was to be described. Rejoicing in his good fortune, Colonel B— dismounted, and entered the house; he was conducted into a room whose naturally-pleasant aspect was now heightened by the blaze of a cheerful fire; the attendants were civil; the supper excellent; and, as he enjoyed the luxury of his present situation, he blessed the friendly warning which, by exciting his apprehensions, however unnecessarily, had induced him to exchange a bad lodging for one so full of comfort and convenience.

The evening passed rapidly away, by means of the usual amusements of a solitary night at an inn, eating and yawning; and, at ten o'clock the Colonel desired to be shown to his apartment. As he looked round the pleasant chamber to which he was conducted, his mind again reverted to the lonely inn, and its appearance of desolation and misery; but, although acknowledging the superiority of the quarters he had chosen, and never for a moment repenting of his choice, he yet could scarcely help blushing as the events of the day passed in review before him. In his present state of ease and security, his spirits exhilarated and his limbs at rest, he marvelled that his mind could have been disturbed, or his actions controlled, by a cause so trivial and childish; and the result of these, his calm meditations, was a secret resolution of never disclosing the circumstance to a single human being.

He now began to prepare himself for bed: while he was thus engaged, his attention was attracted by the moon, which, shining in all the lustre of a clear autumn night, shed a

stream of radiance through an aperture of the window-curtain. Attracted by its beauty, Colonel B— approached the window to take a more distinct view of the fair planet; when drawing aside the intervening shade, he stood transfixed in shuddering horror, for a cemetery lay before him, where the moon was gleaming white upon graves and tomb-stones, with a brilliancy which rendered every object as clear as if he had beheld it in open daylight! For a few moments he felt completely unnerved; the dream was again before him, and he dwelt upon its strange fulfilment, until his blood seemed curdling in his veins; and he turned from the window unable to endure the ghastly prospect it presented to his view.—The loneliness of his situation, the church-yard, all seemed accomplished, all but the dreadful conclusion of the vision.

A moment's reflection had the effect of making him blush for his weakness, and, in the strength of assumed courage, he resolved to betake himself to rest. Before doing so, however, he took some small precaution, locked the door, and prepared his pistols.—Overcome by fatigue, Colonel B— soon fell asleep, but his slumbers were broken and uneasy, and from these he was at length awakened abruptly by a noise which sounded close to, if not actually within, his chamber. The agitated state of his mind, which all his philosophy had not quite succeeded in calming, rendered every accidental sound a subject of apprehension; he listened attentively, but all was again silent, and he concluded that the disturbance which, in the confusion of his thoughts on awakening, he fancied so near, had, in reality, arisen from the departure of some of the guests.—His slumbers appeared to have been of some continuance, for the light was now expiring, and its fitful gleam, as the blue flame rose and fell in the socket, mingled unpleasantly with the broad light of the moon. He was summoning up energy to arise and extinguish it, when he was again startled by the same sound which had awoke him. The lamp had given its last faint struggle, like a troubled soul clinging to the life it is about to leave for ever, when another light mingled with the pale moonshine, and the traveller now perceived that it glimmered through a door which had entirely escaped his observation, but which was now opening slowly and cautiously. Doubting if he were not still under the influence of a dream, Colonel B— fixed his eyes upon the aperture, which continued gradually to widen, and he soon became aware that he was no longer the sole inhabitant of the chamber; the light, however, would not permit him to discover the number of his adversaries; and, being ignorant how many he had to cope with, he committed himself to the protection of heaven, and, placing his hand upon one of the pistols, remained perfectly still, awaiting the approach of his murderers with firmness and resolution. They paused, and whispered together for a few moments; and then, with slow and noiseless steps, drew near the bed. There were two men; and the former, as they approached, bidding the other "hold up the lantern," the Colonel perceived its dim light gleaming upon a knife which he held in his hand. They were now within a few paces of the bed, and on the event of that moment depended the fate of the Colonel; he felt that it did so; and, rousing every energy to his assistance, he raised the pistol with a firm hand, when, in the next instant, his antagonist lay weltering in his blood. The other immediately fled; and Colonel B—, springing from the bed, found that his aim had been surely taken, the bullet having penetrated the heart of the assassin. In this man he recognised the landlord of the inn. Thus the dream was, in every respect, accomplished; and, by attending to the mysterious warning it conveyed, the traveller had escaped a dreadful fate, and had executed a just retribution upon the murderers.

Some years after this, the accomplice, who had escaped, was brought to justice, and hanged, for a murder committed by himself and his master, many years before, in this same house. At his death he made an open confession, not only of the crime for which he suffered, but also of his having assisted his master in his attempt to assassinate Colonel B—, from the commission of which act they had been so mysteriously and so providentially prevented. The traveller himself reached home in safety, though in a maze of gratitude and wonder; and from that night continued, as may be easily supposed, to the end of his days, a devout believer in dreams and visions.

Varieties.

WHOLESMENESS OF COFFEE.—The general effect of coffee upon the nervous coat of the stomach is, unquestionably, a gentle stimulant; and, as most substances of that class, has, to a certain extent, a tonic power, it is not hesitated to be recommended to invalids whose powers of digestion have been debilitated by stimulants of a more powerful character, such as fermented liquors, wine, spirits, &c. The custom of taking coffee after a late dinner, and just before retirement to rest, is bad; because its stimulant property upon the nerves of the stomach exerts a power destructive to sleep—it promotes an

activity to the mind, and gives a range to the imagination which prevents self-forgetfulness, that sure harbinger of repose.

NEW SPECIES OF TAN.—A tanner, named Rapadius, of Bern Castel, on the Moselle, has discovered a new species of tan proper for dressing leather. It is the plant known by the name of Bilberry or Whortelberry (*Vaccinium Myrtillus* or *Myrtillus*), which should be gathered in spring, because at this season it dries more readily, and is more easily ground. Three pounds and a half of this tan suffice for dressing a pound of leather, while six pounds are required from the oak to produce the same effect. By this new process, tanners can gain four months out of the time required for preparing strong leather. A commission having been appointed at Treves to examine the leather so prepared, reported, that they had never seen any as good, and that every pair of shoes made therefrom, lasts two months more than what are manufactured from common leather; that the skin of the neck, which it is difficult to work, becomes strong and elastic like that of the other parts. The shrub should not be pulled up, but cut with a bill, to obtain the re-production of the plant the following year. When cut, damp does not deteriorate it, which is not the case with oak-bark, which loses ten per cent. of its value by being wetted.—*Bulletin des Sci. Tech.*

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JACKSON.—The following anecdote is told of Jackson, the President of the United States, when he was a judge; it has the merit of being characteristic at least. One day a person was placed at the bar for some pretty considerable small number of murders—a very common species of delinquency in Kentucky; who, on being sentenced, contrived by vigorous use of his arms and legs to get out of court and make off. The sheriff instantly invoked the aid of the surrounding citizens to retake the criminal, and several bounded forth for that purpose. Judges in America are not encumbered with wigs and gowns; and Jackson, who had started with the rest, soon headed the chase. The fellow, finding himself hard pressed by "Hickory," turned short round, and offered to fight; when the judge, having first summoned him to surrender, and he having refused, coolly drew one of his pistols from his pocket, and shot him through the head. He then returned to court, resumed his seat, and heard with all imaginable gravity the report of the sheriff of the attempted evasion of the criminal; how he was pursued, and, refusing to submit to lawful authority, was shot through the head by a certain citizen, Andrew Jackson, whose aid the sheriff had legally called for. *United Service Journal.*

ENGLISH LAW-MAKING.—Some faint idea of the bulk of our English records may be obtained by adverting to the fact, that a single statute, the *The Land Tax Commissioners' Act*, passed in the first year of his present Majesty, measures, when unrolled, upwards of nine hundred feet; or nearly twice the length of St. Paul's Cathedral within the walls; and if it ever should become necessary to consult the fearful volume, an able-bodied man must be employed during three hours in coiling and uncoiling its monstrous folds.—*Quarterly Review.*

CORPORATIONS.—Government has been a corporation, and had the same interests and the same principles of action as monopolists. It has been supported by other corporations; the Church has been one, the Agriculturists another; the Borough a third, the East India Company a fourth, and the Bank of England a fifth: all these, and interest like these, constituted the citadel and out-work of its strength, and the first object of each has been to shun investigation. We have, however, rent the veil; those who before doubted may, if they please, come and see, and be convinced.

In lieu of the old system we are told a new one is in progress of being established; intelligence, not patronage, is to form the pivot of public authority: the idea is a good one,—it is worthy of the age, and we wait in hope to see it practically realized.

DISEASE COMMUNICATED BY LEECHES.—The editors of a German medical journal, desire to intimate to their readers, that leeches which have been applied to patients affected with syphilis, are capable of communicating the disease on being used again.—Several apparently well-authenticated cases of this disease having been communicated to children by leeches that had been applied to a syphilitic patient, have been published in the foreign journals. In this country, it is very common for apothecaries to apply the same leeches to several patients. When a leech throws up a little blood on being applied to the skin, previously to its adhering, the patient may conclude for certainty that it has been used.—*Gazette of Health.*

FRUIT BASKET.—A man carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman, and thus accosted: "So sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony." "So itly, old lady," said he, "you mistake, this is merely the fruit basket."

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