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JEFFERSON DAVIS' DREAM.

The following curious "dream" we find in the Springfield (Mo.) *Journal*, of Sept. 15th, and publish it by request of one of our citizens for the benefit of the curious:

The following dream was related by the "reliable gentleman" from Richmond:

One day, a short time ago, while sitting in a hotel in Richmond, Va., a total stranger to every one in the city, I took up a daily paper for the purpose of passing away an idle hour, and for my further comfort I seated myself in the recess of a bay window, and was thus wholly hidden from the view of any who might chance to enter the room. I was the one solitary occupant of the room and had but just become interested in the latest news, when I heard the door of the room open and the footsteps of two persons approaching. They seemed to be talking confidentially together, and I thought it my duty to make known my presence by some sign so that I might not hear anything not intended for my ear, but on peering into the room, imagine my surprise when I recognized in the occupants, Jeff. Davis and his traitor friend, Toombs of Georgia. I hesitated no longer but settled myself back in my seat, and with the intention to listen to the conversation which was carried on in a low tone.

"But," said Toombs, "Mr. Davis, you must not give way to the vagaries of your brain. Come, tell me all about this wonderful dream, and my word for it, you will feel better after the recital." Davis, rising, turned the key in the door, and resuming his seat close by Toombs, gave the following version of the dream that disturbed him.

Said he, "I had a party of friends to supper last night, who prolonged their visit to a late hour. I ate heartily during the evening and experienced a strange feeling of heaviness before retiring. My room you know is well supplied with large windows, and the night being a splendid one, I lay on my back looking out at the heavens, sparkling as it were with diamonds, and ruminating on the destiny of the Confederacy. How long I continued thus I know not but stealing over my senses, it appeared to me, instantly came a clear perseption of our cause from the beginning. I thought myself in Washington in in the same room where we all met that night to perfect our plans for the destruction of the Republic. I thought you were there and Breckinridge and all the rest, and I seemed to live over again the closing scenes which were enacting in Congress, and I was startled from the contemplation by a slow, deep, solemn voice, close by my pillow, saying, 'Jefferson Davis! Jefferson Davis!' This was the beginning. I startled and looked round to see who it was that spoke in those awful tones, and a cold chill of horror crept over me as I saw a dim, shadowy figure disappear in the darkness. Presently my gaze became fixed and before me passed the whole Southern land, one State after another. Maryland heaving and tossing upon the waves of the ocean, doubting which way to plunge; Virginia had a similar exterior, but the most deadly, damning hate rankling in her heart; Georgia, crazy with the enormous weight of her sins and her passions, anxious to give them vent in the warm blood of the Northern heart; and so passed they all one after another, the last appearing still more hellish than the first. No sooner were these ended than by some singular change in my position I imagined myself standing on the top of Bunker Hill, and once more the panarama of the States was present before me. This time it was of the North. But why enter into the details of this vision, for I saw them in all the beauty of their free system; the children on their way to school, the old people at the noonday prayer meeting; the farmer in his field, and the scholar in his study. All this passed rapidly before me, and I felt a fire in my heart that to my disordered brain threatened to consume me entirely. Again the scene changed and I found myself on a height overlooking Charleston harbor, and just at that moment the Star of the West was attempting to carry provisions to the starving garrison within. I saw the shot fired, forcing her return, and my heart sank within me as I heard that deep, solemn voice close beside me say, 'Jefferson Davis! Jefferson Davis! this is your preparation for the halter!' Again I saw another fleet sail to the relief of Sumter—saw the bombardment and its final fall. Once more I imagined myself standing on the summit of Bunker Hill, and the whole North lay spread out at my feet, and my God! the charge that had come over this land! Where from this very spot and extending out to its farthest corner, there was a hurrying to and fro—men shouldering their muskets and all tending to one point—Washington. My eyes fairly blazed from my head when from the clear blue sky above me I heared once again the mysterious voice ringing in my ears, 'Jefferson Davis! Jefferson Davis! behold the armed legions of the North; see the agony of parting; see the misery and desolation that are to follow. Jefferson Davis, this is your work!' My limbs trembled as I heard these words uttered in these awful tones. My brain reeled and I fell headlong from my position."

At this point Jeff. Davis stopped talking, and wiped the cold sweat from his brow, Toombs remarking that "it was a most wonderful dream—most wonderful."

Jefferson, resuming, said, "I thought that my fall was not sudden, but that I occupied some months in my descent, and during those months I could see the Anaconda tightening its folds all around the Confederacy and I felt the certainty that all was lost, that we should be crushed in one common destruction. I saw the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and a thrill of horror crept over me as I saw that traitor to North and South, Floyd, steal away in the darkness of the night, leaving the rest to destruction. ——

Along the lines I saw our armies possessed of fearful dread, flying from Nashville and Columbus; I saw the battle of Pea Ridge, and in almost the twinkling of an eye, the Grand Army of the Potomac, in all its mighty proportions, appeared before me, and I felt that all was lost. Again the solemn voice rang out in my ears, 'Jefferson Davis! Jefferson Davis! thy doom is sealed—meet thy reward!' No sooner were these words uttered, than in the distance, I heard an unearthly shouting and yelling that like red hot iron drawn through my heart grated on my feelings. Soon there came in sight what I found to my horror to be a body guard of 'imps' sent from the bottomless pit to bring me to judgment. Placing themselves around and under my body, we descended rapidly towards Hades. Soon we found ourselves landed on a barren rock in the most desolate place possible for you to imagine. Stepping round to my view a wide entrance, and it grew the most beautiful flowers, and I seemed to hear the most beautiful sounds imaginable. One of my guards here spoke to me and said, 'child of mortality, follow!. He led the way and I followed closely. It was long before the beauty of the entrance passed away and all became dark, dreary and desolate. Traveling what seemed to me a great distance, we at last came to a great iron door, the nails on it seemed to sparkle and blaze with some intense heat within. Here sat an elderly imp as a door keeper, and by his side was a very large book, in which were written in letters of fire the names of all the damned who preceded me.

'Child of sin,' spoke the old man, 'who art though?' and I answered, 'Verily, my brain reels and I know not.' 'Child of sin tell me by what name thou wert known to earth?' and I answered, 'Jefferson Davis.' No sooner had I uttered this name than the imps, with a horrible, never to be forgotten screech fled to a distant corner, and stood staring with gleaming eyeballs, that seemed to loathe me with a most tremendous loathing. I tried to approach them, but they would not permit it, seeming fearful of any contact with me. Horror stricken and amazed at this conduct of those I thought would be my friends, I returned to the door which I now found open. No sooner had I entered than the door closed with a heavy sound and I heard rolling in the distance my name as I was introduced to the society of the damned. Onward, and onward I found myself traveling, and ever and anon, as I passed by some poor wretch writhing in all the misery of the lost, would turn my eyes to catch one look of sympathy, one glance of commiseration for my fate, but in vain. All seemed to look upon me with a dreadful horror, and pointing their burnt fingers of scorn as I passed, whispering to each other, 'Hell is disgraced! Hell is disgraced!' Hurrying faster on, I at last found myself before an open door, having printed over it in letters of fire, 'Enter, and receive thy doom!' I entered and there in the middle of a large apartment was raised a throne of living fire and upon it sat the most awful being I ever beheld. On his head was a crown of living scorpions and around his neck and coiled in his bosom was the deadly rattlesnake. I had but a short time to look, when in a voice of thunder he said to me, 'Who art thou?' And through the long arches through which I had passed, came the answer, 'Jefferson Davis! Jefferson Davis! Hell is disgraced, cast him out—cast him out!' Transfixed with horror, the Devil seemed to gaze upon me, and in a voice of awful depth and harshness, said to me, 'Jefferson Davis, once upon a time, I who now sit here Jailor of the damned, ambitious to be greater than the greatest rebelled, and was cast forth, and this sentence was passed upon me—to sink down to Hell and have dominion over all the iniquity of the world until a greater than I should appear, when I should be released and my dominion be given to him. Jefferson Davis, long have I waited, long have I tempted, but in vain until to-day you appear before me loaded down with crime that even I shudder as I see you. Jefferson Davis,' said he, rising, 'take my seat and crown.' As he uttered these awful words my blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and the most horrid wail of agony rose from the myraid of the damned, and with a shout I awoke, trembling in every limb, and cold sweat all over me, and broad day light streaming in at my windows. The scenes seemed so real and my doom so prophetic that it preys upon me like a canker, and I find myself unable to cast it off." Davis here ceased speaking and they both rose and unlocking the door passed out, and as they passed I caught a glimpse of them, and never to the day of my death shall I forget the haggard, careworn faces of those two traitors.

FALSE CHARGES.—The Sacramento *Union*, after quoting the charges of the New York *Express* to the effect that the President has been actuated entirely by political considerations, in making military appointments, refutes them by referring to the speeches of Latham, in which he claimed that out of two hundred Brigadier Generals, at least a hundred and seventy five were Democrats. The *Union* closes as follows:

It was this same class of Democratic party politicians who controlled affairs when the Mexican war was in progress. In that war President Polk pursued a vastly different policy from the one adopted by President Lincoln. No General of volunteers who went to Mexico was appointed by President Polk who was not a Democratic politician. Such men as Wm. O. Butler, Gideon J. Pillow, Caleb Cushing, etc., etc., were the men appointed Generals by Polk, and a Democratic Senate confirmed the appointments. Whigs were then good enough for soldiers but not for Generals. To such an extent was party feeling and action carried, that an attempt was openly made to supersede Gen. Scott by the appointment of Thomas H. Benton, a Democratic Senator, Lieutenant General. An act authorizing the President to make the appointment was lost in the Senate, though every Democratic Senator present voted for the bill except Calhoun and McDuffie, the Senators from South Carolina. They refused to become parties to such an outrage on General Scott, as well as on the army, and the scheme failed. In those days a Democratic President conferred the commission of General upon none but Democrats; in these times, which try men's souls, a Republican President appoints one hundred and seventy five Democratic Generals out of two hundred. A stronger illustration of devotion to party on the part of one and devotion to country before party on the part of the other, could not be given.

CONFEDERATE CURRENCY—A friend has sent us some interesting spacimens of rebel currency, consisting of a ten dollar note of the "Confederate States of America," and a five cent promise to pay on the "Bank of Tennessee." The first named bill is payable "six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the United States and the Confederate States," and "is findable in eight per cent. stock or bonds" of the rebel experiment. On the left is a figure of a half dressed, hard looking female, out of employment, who contemplates with no appearance of gratification the legend engraved before her, indicating the time when the note is to be paid. A pitch fork protrudes over her left shoulder, from which we infer that the figure represents the Genius of something or other, pertaining to the Confederacy, at which the devil has made a "pass" and unluckily missed. On the right stands the figure of the best looking Indian female we ever saw, whose duty seems to consist in steadying a toppling "X" with her "left" while with her other hand she holds up, in a tiresome position, something which has the appearance of being an ear of Indian corn. In the center is still an other Indian, surrounded by a promising family, holding in his hand a tomakawk, from which we infer that he is one of the "plumed riders of the desert" who at Pea Ridge performed such wondrous feats in defense of the Confederacy. Both these notes are printed on coarse paper, and are got up in about the style of California poll tax receipts.—Marysville (Cal.) *Appeal.*

New England and the Chivalry.

It is so common in these days of national troubles to hear Massachusetts and the whole of the New England States spoken of in a sneering and disparaging manner, that we cannot refrain from presenting a few statistics for the benefit of those *chivalrous* individuals who would have the world believe that bravery was a thing never inherited by a man born north of Mason and Dixon's line. Let the pompous, self styled, high toned *gentlemen*, who love to prate about the valor of the South, and continually brand the men of New England as white livered Abolitionists, remember that during the war which liberated us from British tyranny and gave us a separate national existence, Massachusetts—the much despised little Bay State—alone furnished more soldiers than *all the States south* of Pennsylvania. Let them remember, also, that the great and immaculate State of Virginia only furnished 752 more men for the revolutionary war than little Rhode Island, the smallest State in the Union. And let it be indeliably impressed upon their memories that South Carolina—which is so often compared to Massachusetts—was in those days a nest of infernal tories and traitors, and has so continued even down to the present day. Under ordinary circumstances we should object to the publication of anything calling in question the bravery of any particular section of the Union, but when we hear the apologists of the rebellion constantly blowing about the valor of the South and the lack of courage in the North, we deem it but just that the truth should be published. Let those windy individuals blush for the want of courage or patriotism displayed by the fathers of the boasted Southern chivalry:

"The men of New England were the first to rush to the Capital when it was threatend by rebels and traitors. They are true to their traditions, for they were foremost, too, in that war which gained our liberties and Union. Those who sneer at New England will do well to look at her record in the revolutionary war. The whole number of men enlisted in the Continental service, from the beginning to the close of the war, was 231,959. Of these, Lorenzo Sabine says, in his historical essay prefixed to his 'American Loyalists,' that 67,907 were from Massachusetts; and all the States south of Pennsylvania provided but 50,493, or 8,414 less than the gallant Bay State alone. New England equipped and maintained 118,350 men—more than one half of the total number placed at the service of the Congress during the war. The great State of Virginia sent to the war only 752 men more than little Rhode Island; she sent 'only a fifth of the number contributed by Connecticut; only one half as many as New Hampshire, then an almost unbroken wilderness.' It is as well to remember these facts when men who do all in their power to embarrass the Government and to favor the rebels, cry out 'Aboll tionist' at New England."—*Portland Times.*

A dwarf elephant, twenty years old and only thirty inches high—a perfect Tom Thumb of the elephant tribe—has just been added to Wombell's (now Edmund's) menagerie in England. It was imported from Malacca.

AT a banquet recently given at Tronisse, in Norway, a dish of fresh beef was served which was found last Summer in some tin cases buried at Spitzbergen. According to indisputable indications these cases were placed there by the Parry expedition in 1826. The meat was perfectly fresh, and had not contracted any bad odor.

A FRENCH sportsman, in the neighborhood of the wood of the Clairmarais, recently hunting, shot an unusually large raven, which had round one of its legs a small iron ring, on which were engraved the words, "Born at Courtrari, in 1772." This fact goes to confirm the tradition that ravens live for a century and upwards.

THE TWO COMMANDERS.—A teamster in our army was outrageously rough, and yelled at his mules very foolishly, annoying all around him. The General who happened not to be informed, once heard him and ordered him to stop such outeries.

"And who are you?" asked the driver.

"I am the commander of this division," replied the General.

"Well, then, command your division; I am commander of these mules, and I'll holler as much as I please," roared the team driver.

The Union as it Was.

This is a question very often harped on by discontented individuals, who fail to inform us what it is. Circumstances change many things, some of which can be remedied where loyalty is shown, while necessary acts to crush rebellion in several instances cannot. In order to understand what is meant by the "Union as it was," we would ask those who urge it so strongly, if it means the restoration of slavery in the District of Columbia, the enforcement of slavery against the will of the citizens of Territories, or the endorsement of acknowledging the right of a State to secede—as the rebels claim—according to the Constitution? If not any of these, then we respectfully ask for information, as we can see no change except emancipation, which is only enforced on disloyal persons. Probably a few loyal persons may suffer, but the Government will make good their losses. If our property suffers in a disloyal section, we are satisfied to see it destroyed, with firm belief that we would be remunerated, besides enjoying the gratification of seeing our enemy suffer to the fullest extent. The few Union men in rebeldom are not grieved about the safety of their property, and it is all nonsense for these "Union as it was" pretenders to exhibit condolence, when the seizing propensities of the Southern Confederacy are taken into consideration. Buchanan gave us enough of the "Union as it was," which left President Lincoln with a great civil rebellion to conquer. If we have not anticipated any of these "Union as it was' shriekers' ideas, we will be pleased to know their definition. If the idea of any State desiring to emancipate is in opposition to the "Union as it was," we can't see it, even in time of peace. In war, slaves being equal to horses, according to the law, both are subject to confiscation. These sapient philosophers, who see nothing but objections, should explain them openly, like the secessionists do, in order that some sense may be exhibited in what they advocate.—*Yreka Journal.*

Napoleon's Last Military Project.

In the concluding volume of his "History of the Consulate and Empire," M. Thiers gives the following account of the last military project of Napoleon, who, after his abdication, had retired from Paris, and was awaiting the means of escaping to America:

Napoleon was almost alone at Malmaison, except MM. de Bassano, Lavalette, de Rovigo, Bertand, who scarcely ever went out. Except his brothers and mother and Queen Hortense, the only visitors seen there were officers escaped from the army, who came with the dust of the battle-field, to inform Napoleon of the march of the enemy, and to entreat him to place himself once more at their head. He heard them quietly, calmed their excitement, thanked them, and profited by their information. Without knowing precisely the position of the allies, he concluded from these different reports that, according to his wont, the impetuous Blucher had got the start of the discreet Wellington, and was at least two days march distant from the English. Suddenly, with the ordinary promtitude of his military observation, he perceived that it was possible to surprise the allies apart from each other, and by a lucky chance, find under the walls of Paris the opportunity which he had vainly sought at Waterloo, of defeating them separately, and thus re-establish the fortune of the French arms. In effect, at least 60,000 men were returning from Soissons; there were 10,000 in Paris, and 70,000 combatants were more than were needed to overwhelm Blucher, who could not bring into the field over 60,000; and Blucher but of the way, there was a chance of subjecting the Duke of Wellington to similar disaster. Who could tell what ardor such a triumph would provoke on the part of the nation? Napoleon, giving the rein to his last dream of happiness, imagined that it would be glorious to render such a service to France, without wishing to profit by it himself, and to return to the path of exile after having made possible a favorable treaty of peace. To save, perhaps, the crown to his son, was all that he expected from this last feat of his arms.

He ruminated this great project during the night of the 28th (for it was not until that evening that he obtained the information on which he founded his new combination), and was interrupted by the arrival of M. Decres and M. Boulong de la Meurthe, who came at midnight to inform him of the intentions of the Executive Commission relative to his departure. He received them immediately, and on the delivery of the order requiring the captains of the two frigates to weigh anchor without waiting for safe conducts, he declared he was ready to start out but that he desired to send a message to the Executive Commission. He then dismissed, with an oppressed breast, these two old servants, whom he was to behold no more.

On the 29th, at dawn, he ordered his horses to be saddled, put on his uniform, sent for General Beker, and with a singular animation which had not been remarked in him since the 18th of June, he explained his purpose. The enemy, he said, has committed a great fault, which, indeed, was to have been expected with the character of the two allied Generals. They have advanced in two masses of 60,000 men each, and have left between them a distance so great that one may be destroyed before the other can come up. Here is an unique opportunity which Providence has furnished us. We should be very guilty or very insane not to profit by it. Accordingly, I offer to put myself again at the head of the army, which, at my appearance will regain all its zeal, to fall desperately upon the enemy, and after having punished him for his temerity, to restore the command to the Provisional Government. I pledge, he added, my word as a general, a soldier, a citizen, not to retain the command an hour beyond the certain and splendid victory which I promise to bring back, not for myself, but for France.

This proposition was, of course, rejected by Fouche and his colleagues in the Executive Commission, but when General Beker returned to Malmaison he found Napoleon still in uniform, and with his aides de camp already to mount and set forth. Not surprised, but afflicted and for a moment angry at the rejection of what he believed to be a last opportunity of crushing the allies, he at once completed his preparations for leaving France. Once more we quote M Thiers:

"The companions of his exile were chosen. They were Gen. Bertand, the Duke of Rovigo, and Gen. Gourgaud. Drouet should have been of the number, but he had been judged to be alone capable of commanding the Imperial Guard after Napoleon's departure, and he had been obliged to accept that command. Napoleon himself had required him to do so. He regretted Drouet, he said, as the noblest heart and the best mind that he had known. But he did not despair of seeing him in America, as well as Count Lavalete and some others on whom he counted. His mother, his brothers, Queen Hortense, were also to rejoin him there. All his preparations being finished, he determined to quit at the end of the day. He had given but little thought to pecuniary resources, and had confided to M. Laffitte four millions in gold, which had been found by accident in an army wagon. Queen Hortense besought him to accept a diamond necklace, in order that he might always have at hand a resource easy both to conceal and to dispose of. He refused at first, but when she insisted, weeping, he permitted her to place the diamonds in his clothes, then embracing his mother, his brothers, Queen Hortense, his generals, he entered the carrige at five o'clock, (June 29th, 1815,) while every one, even the soldiers on guard, broke into tears. He went by way of Rambouillet, avoiding Paris, which he was not to enter again until twenty-five years afterward, in a funeral car, brought back dead to the Invalides by a king of the house of Orleans, who himself is no longer at the Tuilleries at the moment when I finish this history, so rapidly do the inhabitants of that redoubtable palace succeed each other in this tempestuous century.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Rev. H. Bellows, Chairman of the National Sanitary Fund, thus acknowledges Oregon's contribution for the relief of the sick and disabled soldiers:

"The widow's mite was worth all the gifts of the rich combined. Oregon's gift is not a mite though a mite would have been Oregon's share. But the Columbia does not roll the proper name of our country through her wilderness without waking the patriotic blood that flows in the veins that thinly people its banks. Oregon's heart is warm and loyal. She stands a stern, faithful sentinel on the northwestern outpost! The Pacific Ocean allows neither meanness, inhumanity nor disunion to pollute her coast. the Western line of the continent is even truer than the Eastern."

TRAIN has adopted a new plan for making a stump speech in Massachusetts. After delivering his lecture on England, or Progress, of Young America, or whatever he has announced, he informs his audience that having spoken an hour and a half for their entertainment on that subject, he proposes to give them half an hour extra on another—the Negro. Those who choose to stay, hear and discuss the question, can do so but those who came only to hear the lecture can leave or stay at their option.