## The Jlarth granch 刃emactat.

| W SER |  |  |  | H 15, 1865. | VOL 4 NO. 31 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  |  |  | chant-conld count my own heart-beats, hearthe measured footsteps upon a marble pavement, and see the eager, yet sad and gloomyfaces of those who waited for what was coming. |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | $\mathrm{ing}_{\mathrm{I}}^{\mathrm{s} \text { saw, as } \mathrm{t}} \mathrm{I}$ watched the crowd, that the | As I entored the room, the feeling of hor- ror so terrible to sustain in my dream came |  |
|  |  | and what came of it. | people all seemed te be Catholic's, and theman who spoke to me, a priest. Catchingroy eye, he came close to my side, and saldsolemply | Sisters of Charity by Mrs. Grant's bed. |  |
|  |  |  |  | The Sisters supported her upon either side while her dark hair fell upon her shoulders | $1863-$ A few brief months will bring thisrebellion to a close.$1864-A$ few brief months will bring: this |
|  |  |  | solemnly <br> "This womarf who is to die has violated her faith in a manner which forces the Church | over her white night robe. It was the samepicture I had seen in my dream as the nuns |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | $1864-\mathrm{A}$ few brief months will bring: thi rebellion to rebellion to a close. |
|  |  |  | (e) |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | ing, w as the same, half agony, half ter* ror, fading away into the beautiful smile o sweet serenity, | 1. This is the last draf. <br> 2. This is the last"draft sure. 3. This is positively <br> 4. This is certainly the last draft. <br> (To be continued.) <br> Pacific Echo: |
|  |  |  |  | sweet serenity, I stood stil) spell bound and mute, unable |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Spratal P |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | The next moment he advanced toward a platform around which clustered some nuns, and one or two priests, Between two of the | impulse drew me to her side. I bent over | Pacific Echo <br> Further additions : Aiter New Orleans, in 1861-the back- |
|  |  |  | nuns stood a woman robed in white, and asshe turned in mounting the platform, 1 sawthe features of Mrs, Grey. |  |  |
| ond |  |  |  | the beloved form while my tears fill upon ner hatr, and lovingly closed the |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | one of this infamous rebellion is broken in |
|  |  |  |  | \%om | 3. After Gicksburg, in 1863 -The back- bene of this damnable rebellion is broken all bene of this damnable rebellion is broken all to pieces. |
|  |  |  |  | Winduraw and ouly hie pricet rumanas, |  |
|  |  |  |  | "You have been kınd to her, and she loved you," he sad gently and in a low tone. | of this hell-burn rebellion is smashed all tosmithereens. |
| 201usintss Rotic |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  | Sia not koow ste had sano,? Trepona. |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | my father gave me ot the church, and fromthat day I was as wholly lost to her as if the |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | defeated the Copperheads at the election, if we did cheat a little, and suppress their presses. |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | itis |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | of the truth, so she rests sweetly at last,and one great solace of my own life is gone. | tly furnished, is all thet Gen. Grant asks forthe campaign against Richmond, and to give |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | It mas cutiret wath orer my notiers |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | 4 pages, <br> DR. JOHN HARVEY <br> On receipt of TEN CENTS, it will be sent |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | "I am travellin with a tent, which is better nor hirin balls. My show consists of a series |  |
|  |  |  | fast over the mass of dark hair scattered overher bosom. With a loving intensity of feeling never exceeded in waking moments, | of wax-works, a panerammy called a grand Movin Diareas of the War in the Crymear, comic songs, and the Cangaroo, which little |  |
|  |  |  |  | comic songe, and the Cangaroo, which little cuss co | society, is very particular in training the members of her household to their observance |
|  |  |  | ing never exceeded in waking moments, Ipressed the dark fringed lids over the blue |  | The other day fshe desired a new footman green Hibernian) to scnl some one dow <br> town with a message |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | eyes, and stooped to kiss her as she ha kissed me, with a full heart. As I raised my head, all the crowd had vanished, and the |  |  |
| \% |  |  | dead womans sied | minds me that sum folks turn $u_{p}$ their nosesat shows like mine, saying they is low and | , |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | eyes haunting me, I stole quietly away, leaving him alone. I had just passed beyond awide gate, under a solemn looking arch, when | gree. Sure imaintain that this is infurnal nonsense. I maintain that wax figures is |  |
|  |  |  |  | more elevatin than all the plays ever wroten.Take Shaspeer for instance. People thinkhe's great things, but i contend he is quite |  |
|  |  |  | the horror of the scene I had witnessed seemed to rush upon me with redoubled |  |  |
|  |  |  | power, and I awoke to find myself cold, trembling, and drenched with the dews of agony.For some time after waking, I sat still andthought over this singularly fearful dream. |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | and throwin straws at foiks, and larfin like asily old koot, and making a ass of himself | Curiosiry, -A perseno fan on obe |
| NTIST. |  |  | thought over this singularly fearful dream.I had not been reading anything to suggest itbefore sleeping. Nor was there a word in |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Mr, Grant, and what I suffered in thai In this dream I seemed to be staning | before sleeping. Nor was there a word in Mrs. Grant's story of an hour previous, to superintend anything so frightful in connec- <br> superintend anything so frightful in conn |  |  |
|  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { ton with it. Nothing had occurred within } \\ & \text { my recollection to give rise to such a freak } \\ & \text { of the imagination; so as I sat pondering } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | of the inagination; so as I sat pondering this dream, my heart heavy to aching, I dis- carded my old theory of dreams in which I insisted they were but reproductions of |  |  |
|  |  |  | insisted they were but reproductions of former events or a carrying out of that on which the mind was previously occupied in |  |  |
|  |  |  | the hours of sleep. It was quite late when I retired, and, nat <br> urally enough, I slept badly. When morn |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | glass that didn't have a head in it."Man of the House-"Yon leave blasted |
| IATIOIAL CuIM ${ }^{\text {ab }}$ |  | "There is to be an execution," he replied, A woman has been condemned to death." turned from the spot, intending to avoid | urally enough, I slept badly. When morn- ing dawned, I rose quite weary, and went |  |  |
|  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { out for a walk by sunrise in the hope of shak } \\ & \text { ing off the impi essions which hung so heavily } \\ & \text { upon my mind. } \end{aligned}$ |  | quick, or there will be a funeral." |
|  |  | the scone, but he commanded me sternly to move. | ment as I walked, but I did not beed- The |  | 隹 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Standing there in the shadow, mute and cold with the dread and horror that had seiz- me. I heard the sound of measured steps, |  |  | vs, vatereer |
|  |  | like a requiem. It is singular how distinctand impressive the details ofdreams often are;and in that motment I recognized the notes of |  |  | why, hay, to be sure !" was the reply. "Hayhe, he ! come, that's cutting it a little two |
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