

# Portland



# Transcript.

BY GOULD & ELWELL,  
Office 80 Middle, near Corner of Exchange St.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR.  
One Dollar for Eight Months, in advance.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

VOLUME XVII.

PORTLAND, MAINE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1853.

NUMBER 28.

## Poetry.

Written for the Transcript.

### ANCIENT AND MODERN FOLLY.

BY E. R. PLACK.

Who has not read the olden tale,—  
And read with melancholy,—  
Of the high feasts of Tarsus' vale,  
And Cleopatra's folly?  
Lo, in height of the festal tide,  
And the reckless flush of mirth,  
From her jeweled head, in scornful pride,  
She tore a pearl of exceeding worth,\*  
Dissolved it in the voracious cup,  
And drank the costly beverage up!

A more than match for Egypt's queen  
Our queens of Fashion are.  
True, true it is, the golden sheen  
They guard with jealous care;  
But into the blind and senseless whirl  
Of gossip and of show,  
They fling the soul—that matchless pearl,  
And thus its treasures go!

\*According to Rollin, 50,000L. sterling, or nearly 100,000 dollars.

## An Original Story.

Written for the Transcript.

### DUNWOODIE'S GHOST.

BY HARRY WILSON.

Dunwoodie has had, until within a few years, in common with all places of note, its haunted house. Within most of its rooms

gentleman, evidently an invalid, and with a look as if crushed to the earth by sorrow, took possession of it. His wife was his only companion, and she too, seemed bending beneath a weight of grief. They lived entirely alone, and were seldom seen even at a door or window. The man soon died, and the widow continued to live in utter seclusion, visited by no one but the Jew.

At the time of her husband's death strange stories were whispered about.

The funeral was at midnight. The Jew and The Shadow the only mourners.

As the clock struck twelve, they moved from the house, and by the light of a cloud-obscured moon, the coffin which was of lead, encased in mahogany, was committed to the grave.

It was said the body was not within it, but that preserved by some method of embalming, and surrounded by wax tapers, it still occupied the chamber where he died.

True it is, that so long as the house stood, although The Shadow had been dead for more than a dozen years, and no living thing was ever seen about it until a few months previous to its destruction, save the Jew, who made an occasional visit as agent for the heirs, which office he pretended to hold; still from a window in the third story, there shone night after night, and all night long, a clear brilliant light.

It was said other lights had been seen at the hour of midnight in various parts of the house, as the dead man with taper in hand wandered from room to room.

tion, leaving its two rooms half-handkerchief form.

There was no chamber, or attic, but the partition was fitted to the roof, leaving a rough arch over each room. In the outer room, this was nicely papered with old numbers of the Dunwoodie Patriot, and ornamented with strings of red peppers, crooked-necked squashes, and bunches of thyme and sweet marjoram. But the crowning glory of Granny Hedge's household arrangements, and her special pride, was the arch of the other, or as she called it the keeping room.

She made it a shrine where were deposited all the relics of her departed lord and husband, Jonathan Hedge. These were, first a large high colored portrait of the said Jonathan, in an intensely blue coat, with yellow buttons, and a cocked hat, with something rising from it that I could never fairly decide to call a plume, and which for many years I fully believed to be a furled flag of our union. Next to this speaking memento of the departed, hung a well burnished gun, and a rusty sword.

The remaining space was occupied by the identical coat and hat, depleted in the portrait, but shorn of the bright colors, and gay trappings with which the artist's imagination had decked them. A neat bed stood in one corner of the room, and Winny's pink gingham hung lovingly beside her grandmother's black bombazine, at its head.

But all this has nothing to do with Dun-

stood open, and these were sure signs that its inmates had departed.

We sat through the night, watching the magnificent spectacle, and when the sun rose, he found us gazing upon a mass of glowing cinders, all that remained of the haunt of Dunwoodie's ghost. We were hardly surprised when we learned that Winny Hedge, was not to be found in the village. We felt sure she had left with Lawrence Garnet, but what lay before her, in a life far away from all who had known and loved her, we dared not think. Some efforts were made to ascertain the direction they had taken, but they were fruitless, and the only comfort left us, was the remembrance of the kindly look and gentle bearing, of the young stranger's mother. May God be merciful to her, as she is kind and loving to the orphan. Among the names, of the gang of desperadoes, and counterfeiters, who were arrested in Michigan something like a year since, we saw that of Garnet Hedge. Was it strange, that we feared it might be the reckless husband of our lost one who had thus mingled their names, for no good purpose. Poor Winny, we shall often think of thee, if we never know thy fate.

'Tis a pity to spoil a ghost story, but our haunted house was probably the stronghold of a band of villains, and our ghost, a flesh and blood robber, or counterfeiter, who thus played upon our credulity, till circumstances rendered it advisable to destroy their fortress, and our ghost vanished, as ghosts usually do in the end. Who the real

had some business. And here they were! They besought me not to leave them, as they were sure they should be all dead before morning. So of course I could but remain with them, and try after lodgings once more.

We renewed our inquiries—humble solicitations, preparatory overtures, cautious advances. If I had had you two fellows with me, it might have been managed more than once, but directly they found that women were in the question (the term ladies was absolutely dangerous to breathe, as it instantly received an inverted interpretation from these brutal householders) all hope was dashed out in a moment. I ought as a gentleman—as a man—to have engaged in 5 regular fights, besides countless tortures of passive self-command, in consequence of the atrocious, unmanly, ten times worse than black savage replies that were made to my request touching my three dripping, bedraggled, half fainting companions. The answers—divested of all their gold-mania ferocity—were to the effect that they wanted no women or children here, and they might all just go to a place which the speakers considered infinitely worse than Melbourne! Well these things are not merely accidental adventures—I know that numbers have experienced the same—they are historical, and very bad bits of history everybody must admit them to be.

By this time poor Mrs. Poulderby, being, you know, very fat, was sobbing and puffing as though she would burst, and she like to