

*Mount Royal, October 1823.*

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My rhapsody having been honoured with a place in your blue book, I send you the particulars of a vision, or dream, which I hope may be equally fortunate.

— Methought I stood upon a high pinnacle that overlooked the land, and the ocean. Before me lay a beautiful level plain, verdant and flowering as the vale of Tempe. It was bounded by a rocky shore, against which the sea dashed its troubled billows, whilst the lesser waves, passing the outer range of stoney pillars, chased each other, as it were, in sportive mood, among the smaller rocks that studded the interval between that range and the bank, and lifted their weed-crowned heads above the briny surge. At a distance there appeared a ship under full sail, which soon approached the land. She was steering a due North West course; and, with the strength of sight and hearing that pertains to seers of visions, I beheld the crew, and listened to what was passing among them. What was most surprising was the number of bears, wolves, foxes, and other wild animals that were seen acting like men, upon their hind legs. There was a skilful pilot and soothsayer on board, who had brought the ship thro' many perils; but, thinking they needed not his services any longer, he was ordered to be thrown overboard, in the midst of many tremendous and blasphemous oaths. He had been put in irons, but he broke them; he had been attempted to be starved, but a sweet white dove brought him his meals every day; they had tried to assassinate him, but their daggers were blunted, and their poisons turned into nourishing food. He was cast overboard, and the crew gave a shout