

(ORIGINAL.)

## THE DREAM.

I HAVE heard of some who never dream, but it is not so with me. I sometimes dream, and many a pleasant excursion have performed while the limbs were extended at their ease on the couch, and the senses locked up in the arms of Morpheus. I hate long preambles, and must therefore enter on my dream.

There is in my vicinity a very high mountain which raises its lofty, towering, head to the clouds of Heaven. Had it been in the plains of Shinar, it would have saved much brick and hard labour, as the builders would certainly have chosen it for the foundation of their Tower. To a great height from its broad base equally around, the ascent is gentle; but where its longitude begins to contract, it is very steep and bold. At the summit we come to a beautiful area, not more in superficies than perhaps an acre of ground, not quite level but broken here and there with ledges of granite, and small chasms in the rocks. In the spaces between the ledges are found trees of a white birch, covered with a bark which easily divides into innumerable folds of the finest and most delicate silk. These are spruce trees, some maple, a profusion of wild flowers, and mountain ash, adorned with clusters of red berries, the year round. On reaching the summit of this stupendous mountain, the hard labour of climbing is soon and richly rewarded. The view is most extensive, and varied, taking in a circumference of nearly one hundred miles around in every direction from the lofty centre on which the beholder stands. Within the circumference of this grand view, we see the habitations of men, villages, glittering spires, meandering rivers, smooth lakes and oval ponds, interspersed here and there, and buried among the remains of the primeval forest, till in the far distance we lose all that is earthly in the blue sky. This beautiful mountain answers a nobler end than that which Pope attributed to the "column," erected in memory of the great fire in London. For, though it is "pointing to the skies," it is not "like a tall bully," lifting up his head to tell his "lies," but for twenty miles around it serves instead of both a thermometer and a barometer to the rural inhabitants. Its lofty grey head indicates the approach of cold and heat, fair and rainy weather, by signs which never deceive. Old and young are therefore accustomed to look up to the signs which our mountain assumes, before every change of weather, with more than telegraphic regularity and certainty.

But where is my dream? Well, then, here it is, but give me time. "In the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men," methought that, in company with my best friend, who has been my companion for thirty years in joy and in sorrow, till we have both grown old together, I found myself on the top of this lofty eminence. What struggles and toils we encountered and overcame, before we made our land-

ing good, need not be told. Suffice it briefly to say, that, on the summit, we found ourselves in company with a great multitude of people, but whose faces were all new to us. They were not, however, disagreeable, because they were new acquaintances, seen only for the first time. I have been on the top of this mountain more than once, but I never happened to have got there in my waking hours half so easy, and with so little fatigue, as on this nocturnal excursion. What a pity that, when the poor old body is in quiet sleep at home, the mind, or spirit, or whatsoever it may be, could not perform journeys to do our necessary business, and return to us when we are ready to rise and dress ourselves in the morning? True indeed it is, I have something that not unfrequently performs aerial journeys and voyages to remote countries, far quicker, I should suppose, than the power of steam can ever be expected to do, but then the messenger is giddy, volatile, confused and unintelligible, and therefore unprofitable. But what has all this to do with the relation of my dream? I do not know how it is, but really dreams are ticklish and shy, too much like a vapour rising from the stagnant marsh, not staying long enough in one position to form a figure or shape that can be described. Proceed, however, I must; for of my dream I have some hold. I left off when we got to the summit of the mountain. In my dream I did not find the area like what it was when I was there before—a bleak, uneven surface, covered with brush, wild flowers, trees and gray rocks, but a labyrinth of grottos, and chambers cut out of the rock, and covered over with dark moss. Within the rocky chambers and grottos were all manner of what, at some period of the world, were chairs, tables, earthen vessels and couches, all in good keeping, but old and covered with moss, and of a fashion which no man now living ever witnessed. They were; such as we may suppose, people, lacking mechanical genius, might have made and used more than a thousand years ago. We, with our temporary companions, amused ourselves by roving from one chamber to another, in the city of the Rock, to gaze on the strange curiosities which met us at every turn. I tried to make a list of the most remarkable, but after fumbling in my pocket for a long time, to bring out a pencil, the hand, while I thought it was writing, made no move, and the pencil made no mark. When we were all about to retrace our steps downward to the plain, and back to our homes, a grave looking man, somewhat past the meridian of life, with his locks nearly as white as snow, placed himself on the gray fragment of a detached rock that lifted him a little more than the head and shoulders above the crowd, and slowly raising his hands to attract public attention, thus, as nearly as I can remember, spoke with a clear, distinct, and solemn voice:

"I am very glad, my friends and countrymen, to see so many of you in this place. Moved, no doubt