

season :—no great praise, to be sure ; for so proverbial is the dulness of 1832 likely to become, that the publishers for the last two months have post-dated their volumes, and transferred to 1833 some of the sins of its dying brother. *The Library of Romance.*



A DREAM.

ORIGINAL.

Deep from the ocean's dark abyss,
 A being, horrible and grim, whose every look
 Even fearless wicked fiends might fear,
 I saw arise. His eyes of fiery red
 Deep ting'd with black, terrific glar'd.
 His teeth, thick set in treble rows,
 No lips such as the human face adorns,
 Conceal'd. He weapons bore of size immense,
 The chief of which faintly resembl'd
 A mower's scythe. The sam'd spear's shaft
 Of great Goliath as much equall'd his'
 As does the feeble rose bud's stem
 The pondrous trunk of aged oak.
 His fleshless loins an awful girdle grac'd—
 A fiery serpent having DEATH,—
 In doleful black, stamp'd on
 Its surly wreaths. He ey'd me,
 And my trembling soul, sunk
 At that look. The clammy, sweat
 Of coming death, bedew'd my shaking limbs.
 I was an easy prey. Slight was the blow
 That sever'd clay from breath divine.
 My soul unclogged then wing'd aloft,
 Quick coursing though the aerial regions
 Which its fancy never dar'd to climb.
 Tho' long the way, short was the time
 Till heaven's bright battlements appear'd,
 As I drew near, I paus'd, enraptur'd
 To admire the vast magnificence of Zion's bounds.
 A chain of Mountains, vast, sublime and beautiful ;