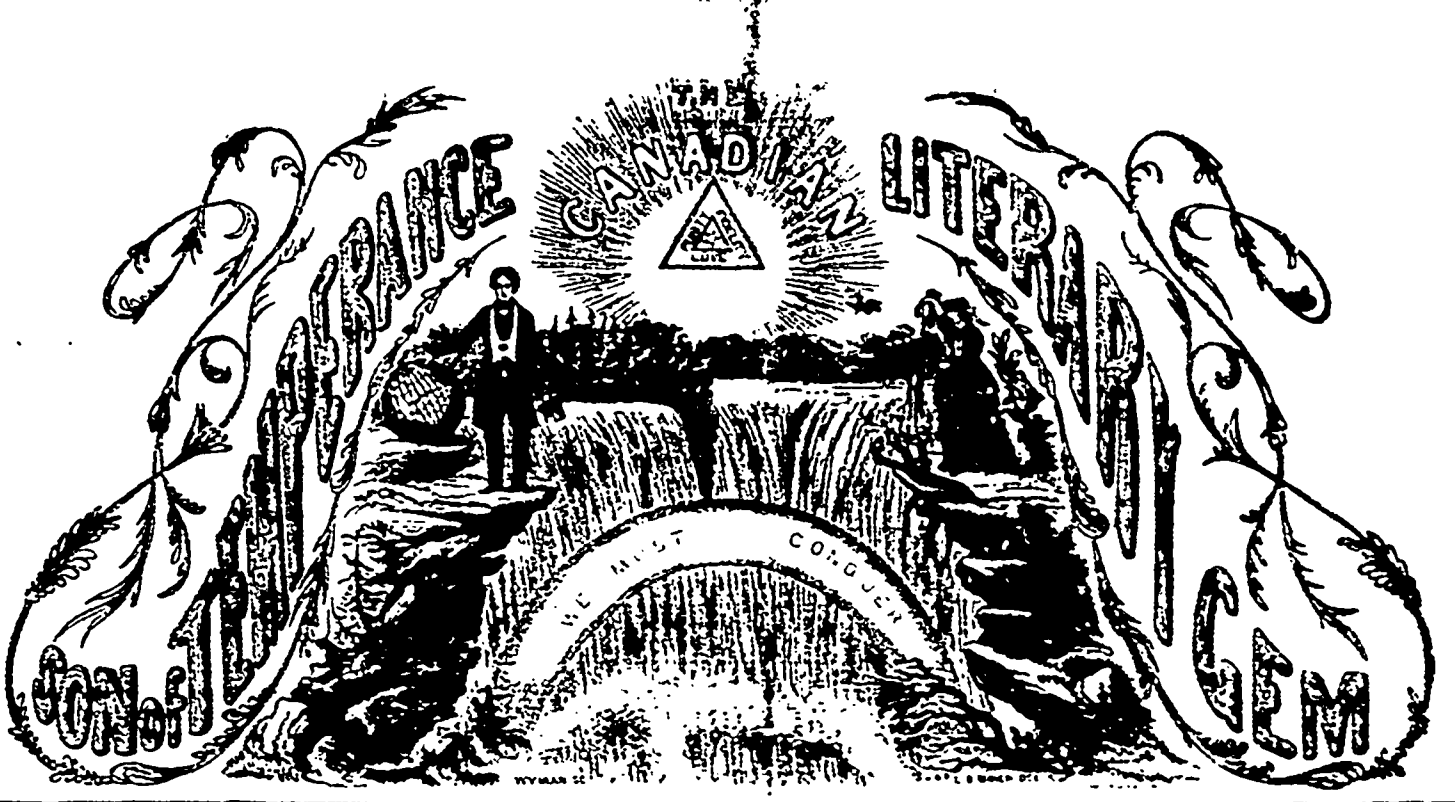

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COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

n beautiful dreams, love,
come to me oft,
he light wing of sleep
y bosom lies soft;
me when the sea
e moon's gentle light,
r on the ear
he pulse of the night—
he sky and the wave
the loveliest blue
he dew's on the flower
he star's on the dew.

beautiful dreams, love,
ome and we'll stray
he whole year is crowned
he blossoms of May—
ach sound is as sweet
'coo of the dove,
And the gales are as
As the breathings of love
Where the beams kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lessons they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll fly
Like two winged spirits
Of love through the sky,
With hand clasped in hand,
On our dream-wings we'll go
Where the star-light and dawn-light
Are blending their glow
And on bright clouds we'll linger
Of purple and gold,
Till love's angels envy
The bliss to behold.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

e the most tender and beautiful of the Irish Melodies, is
rn as "THE MEETING OF THE WATERS." In the sum-
807, Moore paid a visit to the vale of Avoca, in the
f Wicklow, where the two rivers Avon and Avoca meet;
rely and enchanting spot. This visit suggested the
ch has associated the vale of Avoca with all that is
and romantic.

s not in this wide world a valley so sweet
vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet'
e last rays of feeling and life must depart,
bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

ses not that nature had shed o'er the scene
rst of crystal and brightest of green;
ist her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
it was something more exquisite still.

at friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
ds every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
e felt how the best charms of nature improve,
e see them reflected from souls that we love.

ale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
oom of shade, with the friends I love best,
e storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

e of Avoca, thus made classic ground, thousands have
ed; and the tourist through Ireland would as soon
glecting the lakes of Killarney as "the vale in whose
bright waters meet."

ong the many descriptions of this beautiful spot, we
that given by an American lady, who visited Ireland
It is brief, but eloquent. She says:—

Ireland's summer twilight, lingering long, as though
the curtain closely about a bright isle in a dark
this. It was early in July, the rich foliage had attain-
, and not a sacred leaf was sprinkled on bush or tree,
autumn was near. For the first mile the road was
broad, lined with trees, now and then a white gate
stone pillars, opening to some neat cottage or domain;
streaks of the setting sun had not left the western
shimmered through the trees; while the air, made fra-
gentle shower, diffused through body and mind that
which seemed to whisper, 'Be silent—it is the vale of
are wandering.' We descended a declivity, and the
opens on at 'the meeting of the waters.' The tree
h Moore sat when he wrote the sweet poem, had been
to me in the morning. We now stood near the con-
two streams, where the poet says,

e is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
e vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;"

h variety of wood, the still, clear, limpid water,
the deep, in some parts dark and wild, in others light
and anon relieving the eye by some new variety;
"I believe", the pleasant association that this vale, however dark and deep its recesses, harbors not a venomous serpent or reptile—no, not even the bite of the mosquito is heard—made it to me all others. We rode three miles, scarcely uttering a syllable all the while, a holy repose seemed to rest on this hallowed spot, as when it first bloomed under the hand of its Maker, and the imagination was prompted to say, as no serpent has ever crawled here, the contaminating touch of sin has not left its impress.

"Never did I leave a spot more reluctantly; it was a night scene which never has faded from my eyes, and I hope never will.

"Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

"In the deep silence, the voice of God and the soft whisper of angels seemed to be there. These voices said kindly, 'There is mercy yet for poor erring man.' It appeared like the bow of the covenant, telling us to look and remember that though this world has been cursed by sin, yet a new heaven and earth are promised, of which this is a shadowy resemblance."

THE CITY OF LYONS IN FRANCE.

Lyons is situated at the junction of the Rhone and Sonne. It has a population of 2[illegible],000. It occupies mostly the tongue of land between the rivers, though much of the city is found on both sides of the two rivers. The old part is on the side and summit of the hills on the east. These hills rise abruptly from the Sonne to the height of 900 or 200 feet, somewhat like Mount Ida in Troy. From these heights, which extend for miles in a semi-circular direction, North and West, one may have a most extensive and beautiful panorama view of the country, dotted with castles, chateaus' farm-houses, and, here and there, a villa. On the east, are the mountains of Switzerland, peeping to the clouds, and terminating 100 miles distant in the white cap of Mount Blanc. This is said to be the grandest view in all France. There is nothing in or about Paris to compare with it.

Lyons you know, is an old town, dating back to the Caesars, one anterior to the Christian era. There are still to be seen here some relics of the Romans, such as arqueducts, arches, tablets, &c. Two of Rome's Emperors were borne here, Claudius and Caligula. Here too, Severus persecuted and massacred the early Christians—Bishops Pothinus and Irenaeus here suffered martyrdom. Porcarpio's remains found a grave here; and the remains of an underground room, where the early christians assembled for prayer, and were put to death, are still to be seen, and many of their bones are still there preserved. There is in the Museum a bronze tablet, on which is distinctly legible, a proposition to the Roman Senate of Caudius, to admit certain citizens of Gaul to Roman citizenship, A. D. 48,—of the age therefore of 1805 years. In 1739, Mrs. Temple, the adopted daughter of Dr. Young, (he "Narcissa" of his Night Thoughts,) was buried here, after being exhumed at Montpelier, where she died. There are other historical reminiscences that would interest you, had I time to refer to them.

In later times, this city was been the scene of terrible carnage and slaughter of human life. My business fronts the *Place de Terreaux*, where, in 1793, the guillotine was placed, and where human victims fell in hundreds to glut the vengeance of that tribe of devils who ruled France at that day. Some 39,000 victims was the work of those fiends; and, in all probability, the same scenes would have been enacted on the 18th Brumaire, had not Providence raised up "Napoleon the Great" to seize the helm of State, and guide the ship with a strong arm and an unerring eye, to safety and renown.

Lyons is at most remote Paris for revolution. Even now, there are stationed here 40,000 troops. These, with 20,000 prisoners—some are nothing—and 5000 asses, constitute a large proportion to produce working, and live on the product of others. Our streets are ever crowded, with men, women, and children, the sidewalks being narrow, every body takes the middle of the street. Horses, mules, donkeys, wagons, carriages, and cars, are yet, in all this crowd, there is perfect order. No one is ever hurt or run. Such a thing as a person being run over is never heard of.—*N. Y. Sun Cor.*

☞ *The Chicago Journal* says myriads of pigeons have filled the air for a day or two, bound South. They fly so high, however, for spectators. This uncommon sight is said to indicate the approach of cold weather.

A MAN RESTORED TO LIFE AFTER BEING BURIED TEN MONTHS.

The subjoined extract is translated from the Paris *Journal of Magnetism*, which quotes as its authority a very remarkable book published by Mr. Osborne, an English officer, on his return from the court of Runjeesing, in India. We may also add that General Ventura, who was one of the witnesses of this extraordinary transaction, testified to the correctness of the statement when he subsequently visited Paris.

Mr. Osborne says:—"On the 6th of June, 1838, the monotony of our life in camp was agreeably interrupted by the arrival of an individual who had acquired great celebrity in the Punjaub. The natives regarded him with great veneration, on account of the faculty he possessed of remaining buried under ground as long as he pleased, and then reviving again. Such extraordinary facts were related in the country concerning this man, and so many respectable persons testified to their authenticity, that we were extremely desirous of seeing him; for instance, Captain Wade, of Lodiana, informed me that he had himself been present at the resurrection of this Fakir, in the presence of Gen. Ventura, the Rajah, and several men of distinction among the natives, and that after his interment had lasted several months."

The following are the details which were given him of the interment, and those that he added on his own authority of the examination:

"At the end of some preparations which had lasted several days, and which would be too tedious to enumerate, the Fakir declared himself ready for the experiment. The witnesses met around a tomb of mason-work, constructed expressly to receive him. Before their eyes the Fakir closed with wax (with the exception of his mouth) the apertures of his body, through which air might be admitted; he then stripped off all his clothing; he was then enclosed in a linen bag, and by his direction his tongue was turned back, so as to enclose the entrance of his throat.—Immediately after this operation the Fakir fell into a lethargic state. The bag which contained him was then closed and sealed by the Rajah. This sack was then placed in a wooden box, which was locked with a padlock and sealed. The box was lowered into the tomb, over which was thrown a great quantity of earth, which was trampled down and then sown with barley; finally sentinels were set to watch it day and night. Notwithstanding all these precautions, the Rajah was still suspicious; he came twice during the ten months that the Fakir remained buried, and caused the tomb to be examined; he found the Fakir precisely as they had left him, and perfectly cold and immovable.

"The ten months having expired, they proceeded to the final examination. General Ventura and Captain Wade saw the padlock opened, the seals broken, and the chest raised from the tomb. The Fakir was removed; there were no indications of the heart or pulse. In the top of his head there remained some light sensation of heat. After first placing his tongue in a natural position, and then pouring warm water over his body, he began to evince some signs of life. After two hours he was quite restored and walked about. This wonderful man is about thirty years of age, his figure is unpleasant, and his countenance has a cunning expression.

"He says that he had delicious dreams during his interment, and that resuscitation is very painful to him."

LIVE NOT TO YOURSELF.

On the frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Ask why it hangs there? "I hang here," says the beautiful flower, "to sweeten the air which man breathes, to open my beauties, to kindle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand of his God, who pencilled each leaf and laid them thus on my bosom. And whether you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lone mountain side, with the hope possibly that he will throw me one passing glance, my end is the same—I live not to myself."

Beside yonder highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it; and you say, surely that must stand for itself alone. "No," answers the tree, "God never made me for a purpose so small. For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the passing flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have consoled and protected the brood of young birds as they lay and nestled in their nests; in the storm I have