

A D R E A M O F C H I L D H O O D .

I DREAMED that childhood had returned ;
And oh ! 't was sweet to roam
Through flowery meads, and birchen groves,
That skirt my lowland home.
Again I chased the butterfly,
And plucked the heather-bell,
And wove a flowery coronal
For one who loved me well.
Again, with bounding step, I ran,
And placed it on his brow ;
Again I to the heart was pressed
That's cold and silent now.
I saw with joy the mild eye beam
That never looked unkind ;
But with a parent's fondness still
To all my faults was blind.

My dream then changed ; yet still I was
That parent's hope and pride ;
Though stern realities of life
Forced childhood's joys aside.
I lived, in memory, o'er again,
With bitter tears and sighs,
The hour when, far from home and friends,
I closed his dying eyes.
E'en in that hour of dread and death,
How placidly he smiled ;
And left a lasting legacy,
His blessing, for his child !

With agonizing start, I woke,
To feel life's every ill ;
Yet, 'mid misfortune's withering blast,
I hear that blessing still :
And echo seems, where'er I rove,
In gilded hall or bower,
To greet me with the voice of love
I heard in that lone hour ;
A gleam of bliss amid the gloom
Of sorrow's solitude ;
A talisman to draw my thoughts
Where vice dares not intrude.
It oft has checked my wild career
When borne on passion's wing ;
For oh ! a parent's blessing is
A sweet, a holy thing !

In fancy, oft I follow on
That faint, sweet voice of love,
Till, leaving earth and earthly cares,
I soar to realms above ;
And scenes of dazzling brightness rush
On my bewildered sight :
My spirit feels the Godhead there,
In majesty and might.
And sounds seraphic greet mine ear,
And heavenly anthems swell :
There, 'mid the choir, his voice I hear
Who loved me long and well ;
And, as the song of praise is raised,
In cadence sweet and mild,
Again the passing spirit says :
' ALMIGHTY ! bless my child !'

I. G.

ANECDOTE OF A BOTTLE OF WINE.

TRINGULO. Oh Stephano ! hast any more of this ?
 STEPHANO. The whole butt, man !
 CALIBAN. Hast thou not dropp'd from Heaven ?
 STEPHANO. Out of the moon I do assure thee ; I was
 The man in the moon, when time was.
 CALIBAN. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee ;
 My mistress shew'd me thee, thy dog, and bush.

I CONSIDER the wines of France to bear the same rank in comparison with those of other countries, that the highest order of lyrical effusion sustains in the world of poetry. Ordinary Rhenish wines are it's satires and pasquinades ; Port is didactic verse ; while among the first growths of the Rheingau, of Madeira, and of Spain, are to be sought the Shakspeares, the Homers, the Miltons, Virgils and Dantes of the wine-crypt.

It is in conformity with this poetical disposition of things, that, when I expect a visit from my friends, I descend into my wine-vault or mount the stairs of my attic. There, with keys in hand, I unloose the spirits of the mighty past, and restore in their happiest temperament and condition, and to their bright and animated destiny, the effulgent glories of the grape.

It was not always thus, dear John ! 'I do assure thee,' as my motto says, 'when time was,' a few cobweb'd bottles of old Madeira upon the upper shelf of a chamber closet not too near the surface of the earth, and a case or two, and basket or two, in a distant receptacle, were, in the golden days of thy better manhood, but faint precursors of thy rich and cherished hoards ; thy vaulted cellar and thy loaded wine-chamber — fraught as these now are with the result of distant voyages, of curious tastings, of patient research, and of elaborate choice illustrated with a benignant and happy fortune. And yet those were glad days, bright days, precious days ; were they not ? What a flavor, what a zest the wines wore when thou and I were young ! And the cookery ! dear Sirs, how well-dressed things were in those days !

We were living in a French boarding-house celebrated for it's *cuisine*. Our wine of course depended upon our proper self, but I have never met with a better *table d'hôte* than we were wont to be seated at, particularly upon any intimation to our worthy host that we expected friends, and wished to entertain them with our best. There was nothing of the 'busy hum of preparation,' nor any anxiety about the successful practice of the cook, nor disappointment in the marketing, nor rising in the dawn of morning after a feverish night to acquire, at any cost, the first specimen of the season ; nothing of that state of perturbed feeling which a tourist among us well calls 'stirring Heaven and Earth to give a dinner ;' but the hour came, the guests were punctual, and we sat down with