

also, early in the day, out of his paradise, and sent him into the work-day world beyond, to eat bread in the sweat of his brow. I quitted the Leasowes in no degree saddened by the consideration that I had been a hard-working man all my life, from boyhood till now; and that the future, in this respect, held out to me no brighter prospect than I had realized in the past.

When passing through York, I had picked up at a stall a good old copy of the poems of Philips, — John, not Ambrose; and in railway carriages and on coach-tops I had revived my acquaintance, broken off for twenty years, with “Cider, a Poem,” “Blenheim,” and the “Splendid Shilling;” and now, in due improvement of the lessons of so judicious a master, I resolved, when taking my ease in the “Plume of Feathers,” that, for one evening at least, I should drink only cider.

“Fallacious drink! ye honest men, beware,
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue.”

The cider of the “Plume” was, however, scarce so potent as that sung by Philips. I took the third permitted glass, after a dinner transposed far into the evening by the explorations of the day, without experiencing a very great deal of the exhilarating feeling described, —

“Or lightened heart,
Dilate with fervent joy, or eager soul,
Keen to pursue the sparkling glass amain.”

Nor was the temptation urgent to make up in quantity what was wanting in strength: “the third circling glass sufficed virtue.” Here, as at the inns in which I had baited, both at Durham and York, I was struck by the contrast which many of the older English dwelling-houses furnish to our Scotch ones of the same age. In Scotland the walls are of solid stone-work,