

times of heartier customs and of more genial ways,—we raise no lamentation for the departure of the golden age, in the spirit of Hoffmann von Fallersleben, who sings—

“ Would our bottles but grow deeper,  
Did our wine but once get cheaper,  
Then on earth there might unfold  
The golden times—the age of gold !

“ But not for us ; we are commanded  
To go with temperance even-handed.  
The golden age is for the dead :  
We ’ve got the paper age instead !

“ For ah ! our bottles still decline,  
And daily dearer grows our wine,  
And flat and void our pockets fall,—  
Faith ! soon there ’ll be no times at all !”

This is rather the cry of those who live that they may drink, than of our wiser selves, who drink that we may live. In truth, we are not dead to the charms of other drinks, in moderation. The apple has had a share of our favour, being recommended to our literary notice by an olden poet :

“ Praised and caress’d, the tuneful Phillips sung  
Of cyder famed—whence first his laurels sprung ;”

and we have looked with a friendly eye upon the wool of a porter-pot, and involuntarily apostrophised it in the words of the old stanza—