

barrel, though, I am obliged to own. In these days one thinks of a brewer's vat as of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*—a receptacle of all abominations—"all ill running in" to make the "charm grow madder." Well, let the witches and brewers look to it! As they have brewed so shall they one day bake. Not literally, perhaps—oh no! we emblem-fanciers think little of the letter—it killeth—but though not literally, nevertheless not the less really.

