

Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did
 say,
 If ever I lived upon dry land,
 The spot I should hit on would be little
 Britain.
 Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own
 island."
 Oh, 'tis a snug little island,
 A right little, tight little island,
 Search the globe round, none can be found,
 So happy as this little island!

It was not many years ago, and within living memory, that Thomas Dibdin was to be seen wandering, a forlorn old man, through the streets of London, with scarcely a shoe to his foot, and with the fate of Henry Carey staring him in the face. What brought him into this pitiable condition it is not for us to inquire. Let his memory rest. By what right shall posterity pry into the private misery of poets? His muse was an honest one, and he devoted her to honest uses. More need not be said of him.

Of the English song-writers of the present century, the most illustrious were Thomas Moore, claimed exclusively by the Irish, but who may be also claimed as particularly English, in such well-known songs as "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Minstrel Boy to the War has gone," "As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may Glow," "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Canadian Boat-song," and many others equally familiar. Thomas Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," his "Mariners of England," and his "Hohenlinden" are three songs, any one of which would be sufficient for a noble reputation. Cold is the heart that can read them unmoved, even if patriotism should not lend its glowing heat to the admiration which they excite. His "Exile of Erin" and "Irish Harper," though Hibernian in subject, are English in style and treatment, and may fairly rank as English songs of the best class. In his love-songs Campbell was not so successful. His

"Pleasures of Hope" and his "Gertrude of Wyoming" may pass out of popular favour; but his war-songs and some of his lyrical pieces will last as long as the literature of England.

Did space permit, a more detailed mention might be made of Captain Morris, who wrote about three hundred, and Thomas Haynes Bailey, who wrote upwards of eight hundred songs. The gallant captain was the friend, or rather the companion, of George the Fourth, for kings are placed too high to have real friends. He sang his own songs at the royal table, at the Beefsteak Club, and at the mess table of the Guards. He had good poetical intentions; but mere intentions do not produce poetry. Nothing of him remains in the popular mind or on the popular ear. He wrote for a class, and not for the great heart of humanity; and his songs are effete, defunct, dead, buried, and forgotten. The reputation of Haynes Bailey has greater tenacity of life. He had real tenderness, which he displayed in such songs as "The Soldier's Tear" and "Oh, no, we never mention Her!" and considerable wit and humour, but his sentiment was too often mere sentimentalism, his love lackadaisical, and his melancholy very genteel and effeminate—wearing white kid gloves, and wiping its eyes, in which there were no tears, with a highly perfumed cambric pocket handkerchief—a very Mantilini of the art of poëtastry.

Of Brian Waller Procter, better known to the world as "Barry Cornwall," it is not necessary to indulge in elaborate criticism. One of his songs, "The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!" took possession of the tongue and ear of the multitude, and maintained it *usque ad nauseam* for a whole twelvemonth or longer. A second, on a very inferior subject, "King Death is a rare old fellow," is still occasionally heard, and will live as