

and that gaiety showing itself musically is not *English* ; when we are poetically given it is in the sad piping strain of the forlorn, deserted, or hapless lover. Gaiety is not *English* ; we can be sentimental, tender, witty, pretty, pompous, and glorious in our songs ; but we ever want the essential quality of gaiety—gaiety of heart—the dancing life of the spirit, that makes the voice hum, the fingers crack merrily, and the feet fidget restlessly on the ground.

BARRY CORNWALL steps forth to prove the truth of our proposition. If there is one true spirit of true gaiety in all his volume of Songs, we will forfeit our Library and all its celebrity. There is boisterous mirth, if you please, as if the writer or the singer were determined to roar himself out of a fit of despair ; there is drunken and maudlin jollity ; there is also much sparkling of words—make-believe champagne, not so good as clever gooseberry—in short, an effervescence more like a bowl of whipped cream than a glass from the true Heliconian bubbling spring. When there is genuine mirth—as if to prove our proposition still farther—it is complete undertaker's merriment, sepulchral in its subject, ghastly in its images, horrible in its whole conception, unholy jollity—a jig among the tombs—the feast of worms.—Such is the song about that lively old fellow King Death, with his coal-black wine. Of the forced mirth, a specimen may be seen in the Hurrah for Merry England ! A more doleful shout we never heard ; it reminds us of the starved cheers of the gaunt and famine-struck mob in the *Siege of Calais*, who attempt to raise a shout, when they can only compass a long lugubrious howl, after the manner of a cat that has been three days in a trap.

Hurrah, for William of England !

Our friend as a king should be ;

Who casteth aside

Man's useless pride,

And leans on his people free.

Hurrah for the King of England !

The boast of merry England.

Merry England with a witness if this be one of its songs !

A Bacchanalian song, set to music by Mr. H. PHILLIPS, is another attempt at gaiety.