

natured hoax as a serious accusation, and believed that there was but too much truth in it. Thomas Campbell was declared to have stolen "The Exile of Erin" from an Irish hedge-schoolmaster, whose name no one ever heard before or since. The Rev. Mr. Wolfe, the author of the noble ode on the burial of Sir John Moore, was in like manner declared to be an impudent plagiarist. One set of wise men declared that he purloined the ode from a lady, while another declared that he stole it from a briefless Irish barrister, who, however, made no claim to it, or on whose behalf no appeal was made during his lifetime. But if such be the case with a modern composition, when the proofs are so abundant and so easily accessible, we need scarcely wonder that it is sometimes difficult to fix the authorship of songs and poems published without a name more than a century ago. This has been eminently the case with the English national anthem, the most renowned song ever written, the most fervent expression of British loyalty, a song that touches a chord in every British heart, and makes it vibrate not only with personal attachment to the sovereign, whether that sovereign be a king, as in old times, or a beloved queen, the model and example of womanhood, wifehood, and motherhood, as in our happier day, but which expresses a patriotic devotion to that mild, equable, well-considered, and venerable constitution, of which the crown is the symbol rather than the agent. The sovereigns of England know not the name of the man who wrote this hymn of loyalty; the people are equally ignorant. One set of musical antiquaries claim the music for Dr. John Bull in the reign of James the First, but give no parentage to the poetry. Another set claim both words and music for Henry Carey, who wrote in the reigns of

William the Third, Anne, and George the First. Carey was both musician and poet; his music excellent, his poetry indifferent. This description well applies to the national anthem. The music is grand and simple, and capable of being elevated into sublimity; but the poetry, or the verse, is tame and weak; the rhymes

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,

cannot be called poetry at all, or even respectable verse; and all Carey's avowed compositions abound in similar defects and inelegancies. It may be asked why Carey, if he wrote the anthem, never claimed the authorship? Carey was a Jacobite. He wrote the sentiments of the Jacobites; and the song when first sung was treasonable to the reigning family, as treasonable as that other Jacobite song,—

Here's to the king, sir!
You know who I mean, sir!

Carey lived a life of poverty and neglect. The suspicion of disloyalty clung to him. He was thought to have written a treasonable song—that song which, by a strange turn in the wheel of fortune, has since become the very watchword of truth and loyalty. He thus failed to acquire the favour of those who could have befriended him, and at the age of eighty-six, weary of the world, sick at heart, hopeless, destitute, and reduced literally to his last penny, he committed suicide in a miserable garret. Carey's great anthem—treasonable though it seemed in his own day—was loyally meant. It was loyal to a principle; it was loyal to misfortune; and by the happy accident of its adoption by the house of Hanover it has become the embodiment of a still greater and better-founded loyalty than its author intended—a more valuable possession to the throne