

by them. Let us convince ourselves, that the education which we agree to admire, is after all, of very new manufacture. Let us fall back on the older habits of Englishmen, on the general practice of other nations, and

on the common-sense conviction, that the purity, the simplicity, the healthy intelligence and industry, of a promising lad, are best preserved, in the sanctuary of a well-regulated home.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## ENGLISH SONGS: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE poetical literature of England is the richest and noblest of modern time—superior in some respects to that of the Greeks and Romans, as all will confess who have studied it, and who remember Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron, and all the glorious galaxy of the poets from the age of Chaucer to the present day. But many who acknowledge the claims of English literature to the highest poetical pre-eminence deny that in one great department of poetry, popular song, it can rank on an equality with other nations. The late Thomas Davis—one of the young Irishmen who conferred honour upon the literature of his country—declared that the songs of England were the worst in the world. "How can a nation have good songs," said he, "when it has no music?"

"English music is execrable," said the great Napoleon, when he dis-coursed to his faithful Las Casas, in the mournful days of his exile, on all imaginable subjects—of war, policy, philosophy and literature. "The English have no music; or, at all events, no national music. They have, in fact, but one good tune." And to show his qualifications for the office of musical critic, he declared that tune to be "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon"—an excellent tune certainly, only it happens to be one

that the Scotch have borrowed from the French. The emperor did not stand alone in his ignorance. Even now we hear of English ladies and gentlemen who not only know nothing of the beautiful melodies of their native land, but who actually deny that such melodies have any existence. Not content with shutting their ears against the sweet sound, they affirm that there is no such thing as music in British, or at all events, in English nature. In days when the popular melodies of England had not been collected, as those of Ireland had been by Sir John Stevenson and Thomas Moore, or as those of Scotland had been by George Thomson and Robert Burns, there was some excuse for Englishmen who did not know their own wealth in this respect. But now, when their melodies have been collected by Mr. William Chappell, and shown to be equal to any in Europe, there is no excuse for an ignorance of which patriotism ought to be ashamed. "What a beautiful melody," said Rossini to an Englishman (who agreed with him), "is 'The girl I left behind me'! It does honour to Ireland." But Rossini was wrong. That beautiful melody is pure English—published in England long before it was first played in Ireland by the soldiers of William the Third. "How sweet," said an English lady, "is the air of 'My lodging is on the