

throwing up his hat and crying "Hurrah ! for the wild, wild cherry-tree," we know what we should think of him. And this is a song which we have seen pointed out by a weekly critic of some note, as at once wild, poetic, and original." As for its wildness, it is more than wild—it is wild, wild ; and in respect of originality, we would say, it is *unique* ; it is unlike any thing that went before or is likely to come after. It is, in fact, a specimen of the mock merriment : a song-writer must be merry, and this poet seems to have said—" Jove ! I'll show you some gaiety ; was ever any body as gay as I will be ?—only let me once mount my ' wild, wild cherry-tree,' and no tight-rope danger ever cut such capers—

' Beautiful berries ! beautiful tree ;
Hurrah ! for the wild, wild cherry-tree,

The " Petition to Time" is, on the whole, perhaps, the best and most beautiful thing in the book ; it is the only song which comes from the man as the songs of BURNS used to come.

PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time !
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream !
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead !)
Touch us gently, Time !
We've not proud nor soaring wings :
Our ambition, our content
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are We,
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime :
Touch us gently, gentle Time !

If any song in the present collection lives, it will be this Petition : it deserves to be in all elegant extracts and popular selections for a hundred years to come.—*London Spectator.*