

rather than to reason, must always have a precarious influence on each other?" I tried to console her—she said nothing, but took a package of letters from her desk, and handed them to me. Their contents proved the mournful prediction of her fears too true. At first, George Macdonough wrote with impatient ardour; then his letters were filled with amusing accounts of the parties given to La belle Suisse, whose father had come to reside in their neighbourhood; then he filled his pages with excellent reasons for not visiting her as soon as he intended; and, finally, when Harriet bowed down her pride, and entreated him, if he valued her reputation, to come soon, he sent a cold laconic answer, merely stating the time at which he might be expected. Poor Harriet! It was too evident she had thrown away all that made existence joyful. However, I tried to soothe her by the idea that gentleness, patience, and untiring love, might regain the affection on which her happiness must now depend. She loved to listen to such words—they were a balm to her heart.

Mr Macdonough came at the time he had appointed, and publicly announced his marriage. I did not see their meeting; but during the few months he remained at her father's, I observed his manner was uniformly kind, though frequently absent and constrained. An infant daughter formed a new bond of union, and seemed to be the herald of happier days. The young man watched over the little object with the most intense delight, and Harriet's half-subdued character seemed entirely softened, in the doating fondness of a mother, and the meek resignation of a wife, loved, but not enough beloved: none would have recognised the proud, ambitious, and sarcastic Harriet Bruce.

I must not dwell minutely on particulars, which I observed closely at the time, and which afterwards sunk deeply into my memory. Young Macdonough departed once more to take possession of his estate, and prepare it for the reception of his wife and child.

His farewell was affectionate, and his frequent letters seemed to restore my imprudent friend to something of her former buoyancy of soul. The idea of separation from her father was now her principal source of unhappiness; but that trial was spared her; the imbecility of the affectionate old man daily increased, and, a few days before his daughter's departure, death relieved him from the expected loneliness.

The young husband came, as he had promised; but his manner was colder, and his looks more stern than formerly, though none could say he failed in the fulfilment of his duty. Harriet never spoke of any change; her manner toward him was obedient and affectionate, but never fond. Her romantic visions of human perfection, her proud confidence in her own strength, were gone, and, no doubt, she wept bitterly over their mutual rashness. Knowing, as she did, that she was a burthen, taken up merely from a sense of honor, it is not wonderful her very smile had a look of humility and resignation. Their regrets were, however, kept carefully concealed; whatever might have been their feelings, both seemed resolved as on a system of silent endurance. There was something in this course a thousand times more affecting than the most pathetic complaints. I shall never forget the anguish I felt when I saw Harriet bid farewell to the home of her childhood—that home where she had ever been an idol and an oracle. The lingering preparation of departure—the heart-broken expression—the reluctant step—the drooping head—and the desperate resolution with which she at last seized the arm of a husband who loved her not, and who was about to convey her among strangers—they are all present to me now!

Harriet's letter soon spoke of declining health; and before three years had elapsed, she implored me to come to her, if I ever wished to look upon her again in this world of shadows.

I immediately obeyed the summons. Things were worse than I had expected. She was evidently very weak; and though she had every thing which wealth could supply, or politeness dictate, the balm of kindness never refreshed her weary and sinking spirit. Mr Macdonough never spoke harshly—indeed he seldom spoke at all; but the attentions he paid were so obviously from a sense of duty, that they fell like ice-drops on the heart of his suffering wife. I heard no reproaches on either side; but a day seldom passed without some occurrence more or less painful to my friend. Once, when little Louisa jumped into her father's arms, as he entered, and eagerly exclaimed, "Do you love me, papa?" he kissed her with much fondness, and replied, "Yes I do, my child." "And mama too?" inquired the little creature, with a sort of half-entreat- ing tone, so graceful in childhood; he put her away from him, and answered coldly "Certainly, my daughter." I saw a slight convulsion in Harriet's face, and in the motion of her hands; but it soon passed. At another time, when we were searching in his private library for the latest number of the Edinburgh, we discovered on a small open desk the engraving of La

belle Suisse, and near it a newspaper giving an account of the marriage of that young Baltimorean whom George had thought so strongly resembled the picture. The surprise was so sudden, that Harriet lost the balance of feelings she had hitherto preserved. She rushed out of the room—and it was several hours before I was admitted to her bedside.

Fortunately for my sensitive friend, this mentive struggle was too fierce to be of long continuance. The closing scene of her life drew near; and to her it seemed welcome as sleep to the weary. Sometimes the movements of reluctant nature were visible in the intense look of love she cast upon her child, and the convulsive energy with which she would clasp the little one to her bosom; but otherwise all was stillness and hope.

One day, when she had been unusually ill, and we all supposed she was about to die, she pressed my hand feebly, and whispered, "Will you ask George to see me once more?" I immediately repaired to the library, and told Mr Macdonough the dying request of his wife. At first, he made a motion toward the door, then, suddenly checking himself, he said in a determined tone, "I had better not. It will be painful to both. I will wait the event here." I returned to Harriet, but I had not courage to say her request was refused. She listened eagerly to every sound for a while; then looking in my face mournfully, she said, "He will not come!" My tears answered her. She looked upward for a moment, with an expression of extreme agony; but never spoke again.

FROM ALLEN CUNNINGHAM'S HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

CRABBE.

I have seen a long and ingenious critical comparison drawn between Burns and Crabbe; the resemblance lay most in the writer's fancy, for in all, save humility of subject, they are unlike. Burns flies, Crabbe creeps; the Scotsman is all fiery energy, buoyant feeling, and kindly sympathy with the woes and joys of man; the Englishman is a cold and remorseless de- sector, who pauses, with a streaming knife in his hand, to explain how strongly the blood is tainted, what a gangrene is in the liver, how completely the sources of health are corrupted, and that the subject is a thorough bad one. The former mourns over human frailty; the former crucifies it. Yet those who like to look at the sad estate into which husbandmen have fallen in these our latter days of 'toils and taxes,' and compare the peasant pacified but not filled with the parish spoon, sitting with his children in the dust,

Half mad, half fed, half sarkit,

with those strong-nerved yeomen, and their grass fields, cows, and cottages, who twanged their victorious bows at Agincourt, may consult George Crabbe.

He was born in the year 1754; at Aldborough, in Suffolk; received a classical education at Cambridge; studied surgery with the intention of practising it, but, not succeeding, turned his thoughts on the church. In the church, men sometimes rise by merit; more frequently by patronage; to secure the latter, Crabbe wrote and published, in the year 1783, a poem called 'The Village.' He commenced as he concluded; he is a poet of reality, and of reality in humble life; he discards at once all the illusions of the muse, and sings 'the honest, open, naked truth.' To him, the Daisy of Burns, covered with beauty and diffusing fragrance, would have been but a weed; and the Mouse, surrounded with images of moral sympathy, and even terror, a creature worthy of the hob-nailed heel and the 'murdering prattle.' His views in verse are thus expressed in 'The Village':

The Village life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age in its hour of languor finds at last;
What form the real picture of the poor,
Demand a song—the muse can give no more.

He goes on to say, that the muses of old sung of happy rustics, because they were unacquainted with the sorrows of their condition; for his own part, he disdains to hide the ills of life under poetic trappings, and resolves

To paint the cot,

As truth will paint it, and as bards will not.

That he saw only misery and depravity in the rustics around him, was, we suspect, the fault of his own eyes; for our own part, we consider that happiness is pretty equally diffused among the children of men: the hind, when he has turned his stipulated number of furrows, goes home rejoicing; the dairy maid, when she surveys her ranks of bowls, mantling with yellow cream, or sees the rich butter follow the plunges of the churn staff; nay, the ragged mortal who sweeps a crossing, and with a piteous face holds out the reliques of an old hat to catch the half-pence pitched, not given, by the hasty passer by, are all as happy, perhaps happier than ministers of state, or lords of high degree approaching the throne, and whispering

A secret word or two, man.

I know not what Fox, and Burke, and Johnson thought of 'The Village,' and the lazar-house pictures which it contained but this is certain, the author obtained a small appointment in the church, and silenced for twenty-seven years the stern tongue of his muse.

He had been forgotten by poets and critics when he published 'The Parish Register,' and in the year 1810, burst out upon the world with 'The Borough,' a Poem; it was found that time had increased his intensity of observation; had sharp-

ened his sense of character, and improved his manner of communicating his notions to the world; but had not brightened the moral darkness of his early landscapes, nor shewn him, with Burns, how much happiness and virtue the roofs of fifty smoking cabins covered. Alms-houses, hospitals, and prisons, with their paupers, their diseases, and their felons, are subjects little grateful to poetry. In this work, strong as it is in originality of character, and brief, clear, and decided, as most of its pictures are—the poet mistook, or eluded, the aim and purpose of poetry. He has given a Newgate Calendar in verse. If, weary with work, and sick of the cares of the world, we seek consolation in Crabbe, as we do in almost all other poets, instead of being soothed and elevated above our nature with the divinity of song, we should think of the grave—of a sixpenny leap into eternity from the top of Fire Monument. No, God deliver us from Crabbe in the hour of depression. Pictures of moral, and mental, and bodily degradation, are frequent thro' all his works; he is one of Job's chief comforters to the people; he shows the misery of their estate on earth, and then consoles them with the healing doctrine, that 'Hell was not made for dogs.' This 'Come curse me Jacob, and come defy me Israel' sort of style, is as unjust as it is unpoetic. I hold it to be bad taste too, in the muse, to shut her right eye on all the virtues, and open her left eye on all the vices and miseries of men, and then pitching her voice to a tone sarcastic and dolorous, sing of nothing but the crying crimes and running sores of human nature. There is something wrong in the mind or taste of the poet who looks on creatures with ragged clothes and unswept houses, as utterly fallen and reprobate; and who dips his brush in the lake of darkness, and paints merry old England as a vagrant and strumpet.

It is pleasing to turn from the stern—nay, terrible pictures of Crabbe, to his more soft, graceful and touching delineations; it is these that enable us to endure the misery of his elaborate sketches, and which, like a spring among burning sands, cheer and refresh us, and connect the poet with the kindlier sympathies of human nature. Had he mingled these more frequently with his gloomier strains; had he given as much of the good as of the evil of life, he would have obtained a place in our hearts, next to Cowper and Burns, who, of all modern poets, have appealed more extensively to the general feeling of mankind. It would form a curious chapter in a biography, to examine how little the works of men correspond with their natures. Crabbe was meek and affectionate, gentle and generous; gave largely to the poor; nay followed them from his door, when servants had repulsed them, and made amends both with tongue and hand. His poetry, instead of coming fresh from the heart, was the offspring of a system early settled and constantly followed; he had determined that his muse, instead of walking like a pastoral damsel barefoot among flowers, and crushing fragrant berries at every step, should rough it among the thorns and briars of the world, and for the cheering and mirth-awakening songs of the elder muses, should weep and wail, tear her hair, gnash her teeth, and refuse to be comforted. As a man he was widely beloved; and as a clergyman, deeply respected. He was particularly anxious about the education of the poor, and gave much of his time to its furtherance. The Sunday School was his favourite place of resort; he loved to sit and listen to the children; and strangers who desired to see the venerable and inspired man, usually went there between seven and eight in the evening—such visits were frequent. To a friend who called towards the close of his life; he said, pointing to the children, 'I love them much; and now old age has made me a fit companion for them.' He died 8th February, 1832, in the 78th year of his age. The people of Towbridge closed their windows, and many went into mourning from respect to his memory.

ORIGINAL.

THE STARS.

Oh Stars, ye are the royalty of Heaven. Byron.

O Stars, primeval Stars,
Who can thy glories sing,
Mortality's dull bars
Have broke sweet Fancy's wing.

Bright stars, ye burn and list
To Heaven's harmonious song,
While mortals gaze, and wist
Not where thy glories throng.

From chaos dull ye came,
When the voice of God awoke
Creation's radiant frame,
And silence's slumber broke.

Ye lit the bridal bower
In Eden's glowing grove,
And shed a tender shower
Of light on peerless love.

Ye are the Magi's book.
In which he read of old;
And warlike hearts oft shook
At the mystic tale he told.

On Rome ye brightly shone
When her eagle was unmatched,
And now her strength hath flown,
By you she's softly watched.

Thro' ether ye are treading