

him who refuses to give to the world his full sympathy, the world usually retaliates seven-fold; Crabbe is by no means so popular as his genius deserves: of late there has been a woful coldness on the part of the admirers of him, who has not been inaptly termed "The Hogarth of Poets;" and his works, in spite of the intense laudations of all manner of reviews, remain undisturbed on the bookseller's shelf. The critic who first perceived the true character of Crabbe's poetry and pronounced it untrue to nature was that Anarch old, Gifford, of the *Quarterly*. "In common life, (he observes,) every man instinctively acquires the habit of diverting his attention from unpleasing objects, and fixing it on those that are more agreeable: and all that we ask is, that this practical rule should be adopted in poetry. The face of nature under its daily and periodical varieties, the honest gaiety of rustic mirth, the flow of health and spirits, which is inspired by the country, the delights which it brings to every sense—such are the pleasing topics which strike the most superficial observer. But a closer inspection will give us more sacred gratifications. Wherever the relations of civilized society exist, particularly where a high standard of morals, however imperfectly acted upon, is yet publicly recognized, a ground-work is laid for the exercise of all the charities, social and domestic. In the midst of profligacy and corruption, some trace of these charities still lingers; there is some spot which shelters domestic happiness—some undiscovered cleft in which the seeds of the best affections have been cherished and are bearing fruit in silence. Poverty, however blighting in general, has graces which are peculiarly its own—the highest order of virtues can be developed only in a state of habitual suffering." With these sentiments we cordially concur; and from them we turn to the genius which the poet displayed in spite of the most forbidding and unpoetic subjects; we must previously, however give a glance at the history of his productions.

When "The Borough," a poem, was published, in 1810, the public had forgotten that, in 1783, the author had made his first appearance as a poet, and that, too, with the applause of such men as Burke, Reynolds, and Johnson. He was not insensible (who could he?) of the influence of such men, and claiming their approval for what he had in youth done, he sheltered his new poem under the name of Fox, who, it seems, perused it and praised it in manuscript, before his lamented death. All this, no doubt, paved the way to more universal admiration; the death-bed approbation of Fox secured a favourable notice in the *Edinburgh*, and the sarcastic spirit of the poem, so much akin to that of Gifford, favoured its reception in the *Quarterly*, while the singular merit of the work gave it a currency every where. All this and much more, the reverend poet has himself related in the preface to his collected works, to which we refer the reader for an ample explanation. In the "Parish Register," published before the "Borough," the author had a limited range of subject, and it was imagined that his muse, deprived of room for flight, had been obliged to droop her wings and keep nigh the ground. The "Borough," presented space enough: but it was soon seen that her plumes were not of the soaring kind.—It has been the pleasure of many poets to paint a sea life in rather romantic colours: there is