

Norwegian dungeon where he bears the chains of a wild beast. We see the giant both of courage and of sin, brought down to child-like meekness, and weeping away his hours in sorrow and in darkness. We see the strong and wicked soul borne to the naked ground, prostrate on the bare bosom of our common mother, sobbing in broken tones of grief. We see the strong and wicked soul, which had feared no crime, of blood, or guilt or wrong, melted and humbled by thoughts of hours to be his no more: by recollections of his Mary, exceedingly lovely and exceedingly loved—guilty, it may be, but whom all wish to believe innocent; guilty, it may be, but yet having such grace and sweetness, that her errors are forgotten, and a civilized humanity remains always her advocate. Chatterton has developed the moving and romantic elements, both of character and situation, in this poem, with a force of emotion, and a felicity of diction, that made me and as I closed the book, to think what our literature had lost in the glorious and inspired boy. Chatterton evinced how mighty his genius was, by the distance at which it anticipated experience. Why, when most of our boys are but blubbing their books, this superhuman youth was pouring out the thoughts that swell and shake the breast of manhood. Still, there is no means by which genius can altogether anticipate experience. The faculties most powerful, therefore, in the youth of genius, are those which distinguish the writings of Chatterton. These are luxuriance of fancy; and opulence of expression. The fancy of Chatterton is not only rich but strong: it has not only a plumage of dazzling splendour, but a pinion of daring flight; and his language reflects, perfectly, the brilliancy of his fancy, and sustains him amidst the bravest of its soarings. In the genius of Chatterton there are equal precocity and power, a supernatural wildness and a fearful grandeur. In some respects, Chatterton resembled Shelley: in others he was as dissimilar as possible. Shelley lavished his genius on the future, and Chatterton spent his upon the past. Both of them were zealots; Shelley for phantoms, and Chatterton for forgeries; Shelley for visions which he believed were sometime to be; Chatterton for a fable which he was conscious never had been. A solitary peculiarity attaches to unhappy Chatterton, which leaves him distinct and singular: He was martyr for a lie; a lie, too, which, by any supposition, must inflict a fatal and certain penalty; for, if discovered, it must blacken his moral character, and if successfully concealed, it must be the death of his fame.

Some other characters among our destitute poets, I reserve for future reflections.

## FAREWELL TO CANADA.

BY A. G. L.

I LEAVE thee, Canada, perchance for ever;  
Though not my native land, yet to my heart  
By dear and holy ties, time cannot sever,  
Ah! closely art thou bound:—still must we part:  
I go, my place 'mid strangers to resume,  
Though kind, yet strangers still to me; such is my doom.

Why love we thus insensate spots of earth?  
Gazing on thy old rock, thou river Queen,\*  
And yon proud flag aloft, come pouring forth—  
Like music gushing from some source unseen,—  
Sweet harmonies of deep and tender feeling,  
From this wild dizzy heart, beneath that music reeling.

'Tis not the power alone of admiration  
Which stirs within me as I sigh farewell;  
Ah no, thou glory of my glorious nation,  
A sadder magic weaveth here its spell;  
I go, dear mother, to a step-dame land,  
And sobs my gasping heart to leave thy guardian strand.

And then, within thy ramparts, old Quebec,  
There have been bosoms once bound fast to mine;  
Even now, as mournfully I pace the deck,  
Clings to my side a dear, dear child of thine;  
She too yields thee her tribute grief at parting,  
As to her hazel eye the farewell tears are starting.

Since last I trod thy streets, beloved town,  
Death, and his father Time, have wrought their will;  
The first had blinded with his withering frown  
Eyes which in memory beam upon me still;  
And Time with worldly cares hath staggered others,  
And eaten through the chain which clasped our group of brothers.

Have I not cause sufficient then to grieve,  
And wrap me in thy robe, dark Melancholy?  
Yet two there are, Time cannot from me rive,  
Nor chase from out their souls the angel holy—  
With fond bright eyes, and brows of softest splendor,  
Who sacred vigil keep in bosoms true and tender.

Farewell, high city on thy rock-reared throne:  
Farewell, farewell, flag of the truly free!  
While memory lasts, ah, both be still my own,  
In nightly dreams cease not to visit me,  
To tell me of our own proud British race,  
And warn in stranger lands to work it no disgrace.  
Sincee.

Love is in some the effect of first impressions, as in others it is of slower growth, and produced by habit and circumstance—in other words, there is one sort of love the effect of experience, and another the effect of inexperience; both of them are full as much of a spiritual as of a physical character; they may, too, be equally powerful in degree, though the one, having no other foundation than imagination, is necessarily uncertain in its duration, whereas the other grows with our years, and becomes eventually a necessary part of our existence.

\* Quebec.