

Childhood was all the youth for me
 That fate design'd ;
 And youth is age—infirmity
 Of limbs and mind.

Love came, and its enchanting beam
 Illum'd my way ;
 But like a sweet, delicious dream
 It pass'd away.

Love cannot brook the storms that sweep
 O'er life's bleak plain ;
 The gentle flower can only peep
 And fade again.



Dialogue

BETWEEN AN AMERICAN REFUGEE OF THE CIVIL
 WAR AND A CANADIAN.



CANADIAN—

We wonder not a little to behold
 The daring progeny of dauntless heroes,
 Who fought at Lexington and Bunker's Hill,
 Fleeing from civil discord to our land
 To brook the ridicule of cursed "Britishers."