



A Fragment.

 LAND-SLIP here in beauty crown'd
 Below my feet ;
 Trees above, below, and in-bound,
 And both ends meet.
 I dream'd that nature on me frowned
 A mournful sigh.
 I see some clouds waft to and fro
 Across the sky ;
 There's light beyond, like leaves they go,
 Wither and die.

Ode.

 HE foreign messenger of spring,
 Our Canadian soil ne'er greeted
 With cuckoo wing ; but wild birds sing
 And the devils get defeated.

