

I saw, I loved, was ruined and undone,
Wrecked for a while my virtue lost de-
pored,
In secret pined, unpitied and alone,
Nor ever sought the God I once adored.
Oh! Altamont thou blest of heaven fare-
well,
Ere this arrives Maria is no more,
And while you listen to my passing knell,
I tread the gloomy and eternal shore.

REFLECTION.

PERDITION spreads her pleasing wiles.
To draw the unsuspecting nymph astray,
Awhile she seems to tread enchanted
ground,
But wanders far from virtue's narrow way.
The fond alluring dream at last is o'er,
A sea of black destruction opens wide,
A white behold's her trembling on the
shore,
Then rising whelms her in its rapid tide.

APOSTROPHE,

OF THE SHADE OF BRIAN BOROMHU, TO
HIS HARP.

*Deposited in the Museum of Trinity College,
Dublin.*

A SOUND as of arms, to the high hall
advancing,
Seem'd join'd with bold musick, as nearer
it drew,
Illuming the long aisles, what quick
flashes glancing
Through every casement, successively
flew!
When lo! crown'd with shamrock, the
wreath of true glory;
A sword in his belt, with its golden hilt
gory;
While spread on a green robe his blest
locks so hoary,
Approach'd the august shade of king
BOROMHU,
"What changes have been," he exclaim'd
soon discerning,
The mouldering HARP, he moved forward
to view,
"Since I to my palace, from vict'ry re-
turning,
Wak'd national airs as I strung thee anew,
Then ERIN was mighty, kept free by her
king,
Her worth from all shores, saints and sages
did bring,
My hundred bright bards, making youth
scorn death's sting,
Renown'd the slain heroes who serv'd BOR-
OMHU.
"But ERIN de lin'd, and like nations un-
number'd,
Submitted to sloth, and to slavery too;

How rudely neglected for ages you slum-
ber'd,
What barbarous ages were seen to ensue,
Base Ignorance courted his own degrada-
tion,
Dependence ensued, and the bards lost
their station,
The GENIUS of ERIN gave up his laps'd na-
tion,
And wept at the tomb of her friend BOR-
OMHU.

"Oh! worth nought avail'd 'em, how
oft the false tourist,
(His hosts ERIN's rich sons, his safe-guards
her poorest)
Call'd men the most savage, and maids
the impurest,
Whose lives were in heav'n prais'd to
bless'd BOROMHU.

"I implor'd ERIN's GOD, and he said—
"Patriot spirit,
Go, influence thy people true taste to
pursue;
Force scorn to be just, and grant wrong'd
Irish merit,
Reward still when won—nor will claimants
be few,
Hence, minstrels long silenc'd by prej-
udiced slander,
In primitive pomp shall my fav'rite isle
wander;"
Then to ERIN GO BRAH, that in sweet, so-
lemn grandeur,
Awoke on his wild harp, marched off Bo-
ROMHU. O.
Ballycarry.

EPITAPH,

ON MISS NEWTON.*

CAN Silent Wo of sharpest kind
Extort from apathy a Tear?
Can pity touch the unfeeling mind?—
Oh! then approach! But mark what's
here!
Wild grief and mis'ry meet thy eye!—
Sad, comfortless, absorbed in thought,
A widow sits—a tomb hard by—
Her soul with bitter sorrow fraught.
Now catch the interrupted sighs—
The sounds that falter on her tongue,

*The verses in the last number entitled "Kitty lovely blue eyed maid," were written some years previously for the same lady whose death is here lamented, what her personal charms and amiable character were, are obvious from these two tributes of the regard of the author, (who seems to have been duly sensible of both) without inserting his note; which if placed where he intended it would have much diminished the effect of his former very pretty composition. That the tomb and the ball-room should never appear together, a moment's reflection will convince his good taste.