



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

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.