

Sous la verdure
Zephir eteint les feux du jour,
Mais son haleine fraiche et pure,
Ranime tous les feux d'amour,
Sous la verdure.

Sans la verdure
Point de myrthe, ni de laurier,
Comment orner la chevelure
De l'amant, et du guerrier
Sans la verdure?

Sur la verdure
L'innocence timidement,
Cueille des fleurs pour sa parure,
Par fois elle en perd jouant
Sur la verdure.

Sur la verdure
L'amour a trouvé le bonheur,
Depuis cette heureux aventure
L'Esperance a pris la couleur
De la verdure.

A Translation or imitation of the foregoing elegant Stanzas is earnestly requested.

BOAST not, fond youth, the Fairy power
Of wit, or worth, or feeling fine,
Say canst thou fix a widow's dow'r ?
Arc *Settlements* or *Bank-Stock* thine !

If thou not share Potosi's mine,
Nor offer Love a golden show'r,
Talk not of charms, or bliss divine
Thou wast not born in fortune's hour.

A. R.

ON THE TIMES.

BY MR. B— OF B—D.

O TIMES! O manners, honest Cic'ro
cry'd,
When his lov'd Rome lay bleeding by his
side;
When sire with son in fierce contention
stood,
And Roman plains were drenched in Ro-
man blood;
But to exclaim, O times, O manners now,
When none can fear the haughty tyrant's
brow,
When every hill, and every valley smiles,
And peace and plenty bless these happy
isles,
To cry O times, O manners, now, displays,
Your own ill-temper, not good George's
days.

ANSWER,

BY MRS. E—D.

WHEN Cæsar Rome's imperial spirit
broke,
And bowed her haughty neck beneath his
yoke,

BELFAST MAG. NO. XXVI.

“ O wretched times,” desponding Cic'ro
cry'd,
When Rome's best blood but swelled her
Tiber's Tide.

Yet generous Brutus struck one well aim'd
blow,
And instant vengeance laid the tyrant
low,

*But when oppression tries each deeper art,
To poison, not to stab each honest heart :
When virtue is so rootéd from the ground,
That hardly can one generous vice be found ;
And just of gold in every sordid breast,
Like Aaron's rod, has swallow'd up the rest ;
Like Aaron's rod, has swallow'd up the rest ;
Then, then, exclaim O hapless times indeed !
For deeper is the wound which does not bleed.*

ADDRESS TO A HARP.

FAREWELL my harp ! farewell my
only treasure !

No more with thee I'll cheer my weary
mind,
No more with thee I'll wake this sprightly
measure,
For I must leave thee, sweetest friend,
behind.

Thy strains no more shall lull each rude
emotion,
And give the tear of rapture to my eye ;
From thee I go across the stormy ocean
Where no loved friend shall hear me when
I sigh.

Oft o'er thy strings in silent rapture
musing,

The poet's dream would o'er my fancy
steal,
And thy soft tones a gentle balm diffusing
Those sorrows softened which they could
not heal.

The noisy follies of the world disdaining,
To thee how oft for solace would I fly,
And while I listened to thy soft complain-
ing,

How would'st thou hush the agonizing
sigh.

But hopeless now, forlorn, and broken-
hearted,

From thee, in vain, I seek my lost repose,
Remembrance lingers over joys depart-
ed,

Joys that but aggravate my present woes.

Farewell my harp ! farewell my only
treasure,

No more with thee I'll cheer my weary
mind,

No more with thee I'll wake the sprightly
measure,

For I must leave thee, dearest friend, be-
hind.

E. C.

C c