

TO KATHLEEN O'NEILL.

Go, false one, go—the spell which bound
 My soul to thine, has pass'd away ;
 And I, alas, too late, have found
 The mockery that led me astray :
 The soft-breathed sigh, the beaming smile,
 No longer shall my heart beguile ;
 'Tis callous now ;—love's dream is o'er.
 And I will be deceived no more.

Go, false one, go—yet, parting thee,
 (Oh ! that I had but loved thee less,)
 I feel, despite thy cruelty,
 A something, language can't express :
 'T will prompt me oft to breathe a sigh
 To cheating dreams of bliss, gone by,
 To all that memory fain would keep ;
 And o'er the dear delusion weep.

Go, false one, go—this heart will ne'er
 Pay homage to another shrine,
 Since all it held on earth most dear,
 Was vainly sacrificed to thine.
 But now nor tear, nor sigh, nor smile,
 Nor charm of thine, shall it beguile ;
 It spurns them all ;—love's dream is o'er,
 And I will be deceived no more.

NABOCKLUM.*

A letter on the legitimate subjects for satire, and the system and principles pursued in this work as to them, to which the motto from Horace, prefixed to this number, alludes, is shut out. It will appear next week.

I regret much that any gentleman should take offence at being called upon to pay in advance, and beg to repeat that it is only from necessity that it is done. When, likewise, they consider that the collection can only take place, during a fortnight in each quarter,

*If Mr. Macculloch is not acquainted with the Irish language, I beg leave to explain the meaning of this, apparently strange signature. It signifies,—“never mind me.”