



Yet, it is not that Wealth now enriches the scene,
Where the treasures of Art, and of Nature, convene;
'Tis not that this union our coffers may fill____
O!no__it is something more exquisite still.

Tis, that Genius has triumph'd and Science prevail'd, Tho' Prejudice flouted, and Envy assail'd, It is, that the vassals of Europe* may see.

The progress of mind, in a land that is free.

All hail! to a project so vast and sublime!

A bond, that can never be sever'd by time,

Now unites us still closer__all jealousies cease,

And our hearts, like our waters, are mingled in peace.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS BY T. MOORE ESQ.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green, 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill, O! no_it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near, Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve, When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca. how calm could I rest In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best, Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease, And our hearts like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

*Those who are now groaning under the chains of the Unholy Alliance.