

E'en like a moth thy love decays  
 Within the lamp's faint light ;  
 Mine, like the fire-grass in the blaze,  
 Becomes more pure and bright.

Thou livest while the yellow worm  
 Within its slimy cell  
 Preys loathfully upon the form  
 Thy bosom loved so well.

But I, when thus my husband's frame  
 Within my arms I twine,  
 Can mock corruption! Gunga's stream  
 Our ashes will enshrine.

Ah ! know'st thou not high Brahma's power  
 Shields those who thus expire ?  
 Ah ! know'st thou not great Camdeo's flower  
 Uninjured meets the fire ?

Wreathed with its petals, flames in vain  
 To harm me may arise ;  
 I scorn their power,—I smile at pain,—  
 We mount into the skies !

There warm, this silent heart will beat  
 Responsive to my own ;  
 Those lips resume their accents sweet,  
 But for a moment flown.

We go in endless love to dwell,  
 To bask in Brahma's smile :  
 Kindred and friends, farewell ! farewell !  
 Now haste and fire the pile !

During of my intercourse with the Major, I saw and learned a good deal of the character of the Indian Sepoy, but chiefly of the native soldier of Bengal: it is altogether a fine one. The Bengal Sepoy is distinguished for temperance, docility, inviolable respect and fidelity to his officers, and a large share of personal courage. The corps which my friend commanded had fought most bravely at the storm of Bhurtpore, and rivalled the King's Regiments in their desperate attempts to overcome insurmountable obstacles on that fatal occasion. He and two of his Grenadiers had succeeded, after a murderous struggle, in reaching nearly the top of the breach, when one of