

Who saidst, "At sight of human ties,  
 Made for the base and slavish mind,  
 The rosy god affrighted flies,  
 Nor leaves one ray of bliss behind:"—

Oh!—didst thou know how false, how vain,  
 This doctrine of thy heart will prove;  
 Thou'dst own, that Hymen's fancied chain  
 Is the true bondage wove by Love!  
 For where two youthful hearts unite,  
 And own one faith, one fate, one name,  
 Think not Love's torch will burn less bright,  
 Though Reason sanctifies the flame.

#### THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG, AND HER LOVER'S REPLY.

(By Richard Ryan.)

Oh! take this rose, and let it lie,  
 Close to thy fond devoted heart;  
 There let it live its hour and die,  
 And never from the dear rose part.  
 For yester-morn at noontide's hour,  
 As wand'ring by the Ganges' stream,  
 Oppress'd and faint, I sought a bower,  
 And fairies sent me this sweet dream:

I thought a sylph, with wings of light,  
 Bade me select the brightest tree,  
 And gather for my soul's delight  
 A sun-bright rose, and give it thee.  
 Then take this rose, and near thy heart,  
 Oh! ever wear of love this token,  
 And never from the dear rose part,  
 For if 'tis lost my heart is broken!

#### THE REPLY.

You gave a rose, and bid me keep,  
 From all my nymphs the fragrant gem;  
 But, sad mischance, while deep in sleep,  
 The lovely rose was stol'n by them.  
 They kiss'd its leaves, and stole its dew,  
 To scent their own delicious breath;  
 And each to each the bright rose threw,  
 Until it sunk from bliss to death.

Then every leaf that late had giv'n,  
 To nymphs as bright its odours sweet,  
 Whose breath was as the breath of heav'n,  
 Was trod beneath the fair one's feet.  
 So like to thee, ill-fated flower,  
 Is he, who trusts in beauty's eyes;  
 For tho' in bliss glides many an hour,  
 Yet grief o'ertakes him ere he dies.