

## THE GANGES.

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RAAJHMAAL, OCTOBER, 1815.

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*Gunga !* from where high Himalaya's snow  
Soars in lone glory far above the clouds,  
Thy gelid streams in early brightness flow,  
Whilst Solitude their granite cradle shrouds.

But soon escaping from the Mountain's breast,  
Whose gorges could thy power no more enthrall,  
Thou speedest to fulfil thy high behest—  
Fountain of fruitfulness to broad Bengal.

Like infant innocence thy course began—  
From Heaven's near snow thy waters had their source ;  
Alas ! polluted by the touch of Man,  
Thou bearest now Corruption in thy course.

The blind Hindoo within thy margin laving,  
With seven-fold prayer directed to thy shrine,  
Deems *Ganesa* omnipotent in saving,  
And that thy fertile waters are divine.

He traceth not the Heaven that fed thine urn,  
Groveling in darkness on thine idol strand ;  
Nor will he to thy great Creator turn,  
Who poured thee " from the hollow of his hand."