"Folly is immortal," Jove replied,
"But, tho' your prayer must be denied,
"An endless penance is decreed him;
"For Love, tho' blind, will reign around
"The world; but still where-ever found,
"Folly shall lead him."

ON THE APHORISM,

"L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes."

FRIENDSHIP, as some sage poet sings,
Is chasten'd Love, deprived of wings,
Without all wish or power to wander;
Less volatile, but not less tender:
Yet says the proverb—"Sly and slow
"Love creeps, even where he cannot go;"
To clip his pinions, then is vain,
His old propensities remain;
And she, who years beyond fifteen,
Has counted twenty, may have seen
How rarely unplum'd Love will stay;
He flies not—but he coolly walks away.