

ON THE APHORISM,

“ L’Amitié est l’Amour sans ailes.”

FRIENDSHIP, as some sage poet sings,
Is chasten'd Love, depriv'd 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.