

And since I know 'tis all in vain,
To whine and whindle, or complain,
I'm patient, chearful, and content,
To bear the ills I can't prevent.

No lovers lisp the soft'ning tale,
Nor vines refresh the gloom-envelop
plains,
Nor lyre calls echo from the silent vale.

HORACE. ODE IV. BOOK I. imitated.

THE DIAMOND.

A FABLE.

WINTER his hoary troops with-
draws,

The spring resumes her youthful reign,
With genial warmth all nature glows,
And calls to life the teeming plain :
Flora's gay files the dew drop leads,
And rising to adorn the fair,
To grace the breast, or sparkle in the
hair,

The crocus gilds the yellow shades.
Now rushing to the waves below,
The pines their floating sails unfold,
And fly where Tyrian purples glow,
Or Indus rolls his sands of gold.
Blest season !—thy delightful reign
Calls ev'ry bloom to deck the grove,
Thy influence wakes the poet's strain,
Thy influence wakes the fair to love :
Now the soft lyre in ev'ry grove prevails,
Favonius as he skims along

Learns the sweet engaging song,
And echo tells it to the warbling vales.
Mira the sparkler of the plain,
With transport hears the tuneful swain ;
Mira's breast heaves at ev'ry line,
Swain—take the fair—each lavish joy is
thine :

While love sits reigning in the shade,
The lark the nuptial chorus sings,
The warbler flies the woodland glade,
And o'er the lovers waves his downy
wings.

Sestius indulge the soul awhile,
And on the landskip glance the joyous
smile ;

Call forth the sweetly warbling strain,
While amidst the op'ning blooms,
Love his genial sway assumes,
And young Lyæus revels in his train.
Seize the gay moments as they fly,
Avaunt ye gloomy train of cares !

Should we delay to taste the ripen'd joy,
Th' fates might clothe their life-dividing
sheers.

Greatness, how vain !—one boat receives
The sons of triumph, and their meanest
slaves.

Soon too must Sestius tread
The fatal path, and haunt th' Avernian
shade ;

There nature never feels a change,
Nor sends her seasons on their annual
range ;

There an eternal horror reigns,

LONG on Golconda's shore a diamond
lay

Neglected, rough, conceal'd in common
clay :

By every passenger despis'd and scorn'd,
The latent jewel thus in secret mourn'd,
'Why am I thus to sordid earth con-
fin'd,

'Why scorn'd and trod upon by every
hind ?

'Were these high qualities, this glittering
hue,

'And dazzling lustre, never meant for
view ?

'Wrapt in eternal shade if I remain,
'These shining virtues were bestow'd in
vain.'

And thus the long neglected gem display'd
Its worth and wrongs, a skilful artist
stray'd

By chance that way, and saw with curi-
ous eye,

Tho' much obscur'd, th' unvalu'd trea-
sure lie.

He ground with care, he polish'd it with
art,

And calls forth all its rays from every
part ;

And now young Delia's neck ordain'd to
grace,

It adds new charms to beauty's fairest
face.

The mind of man neglected and un-
taught,

Is this rough diamond in the mine un-
wrought.

Till Education lend her art, unknown
The brightest talents lie, a common stone ;

By her fair hand when fashion'd, the new
mind

Rises with lustre, polish'd and refin'd.

THE ORIGIN OF BEAUX.

WHO e'er with curious eye has
rang'd

Through Ovid's tales, has seen
How Jove, incens'd, to monkeys chang'd

A tribe of worthless men.

Repenting