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Swift the friend of lovers flies,
To steal the banquet cherish'd prize;
But this fair Hebe did not see,
Or would she ask an elegy?

THE
BIRTH-DAY ORNAMENTS.

PERSON and mind, we must confess,
Receive from polish and from dress
A charm to point the native grace,
The virtuous heart, the beauteous face;
But faults in each, refuse their aid,
And more adorn'd are more display'd;
Can polish'd vice the good engage?
A viper in a gilded cage!

'Twas thus the tender parent thought,
When his adorning gifts he brought;
My child, he said, my Rosaline,
* And all the father beam'd divine,

* There is no affection so pure and angelic, as that of a father to a daughter. In love to our wives, there is desire; to our sons, ambition; but in that to our daughters, there is something which there are no words to express.—*Spectator*, N^o. 449.

Benignant May now cheers the earth,
 And this day twelve years was thy birth ;
 May it be mine this day to bring,
 Important treasures to thy spring.
 And thy lost mother to restore,
 Give thee the ornaments she wore ;
 For these, while here we were allied,
 With love and me were all her pride.
 Evander then in accents mild,
 Thus with his gifts address'd his child,
 My sweetest Rose, attention pay,
 And fix thy thoughts on what I say ;
 If these from you no worth receive,
 How vainly does my fondness give.
 For here, the wise no value trace,
 Till these are joined by kindred grace ;
 And first, he said, my Rosaline,
 This OZIER WAND's by nature thine,
 Alas ! it was in Eden broke,
 Evander sighing as he spoke ;
 The giver there how much forgot,
 Ordained it your peculiar lot ;
 Whene'er it bends to just command,
 See, how it blooms beneath the hand ;
 Keep it my child, with care thro' life,
 It suits the daughter and the wife,
 And tho' it marks no present sway,
 To rising honours leads the way ;

'Tis planted first in wisdom's school,
And leads the mighty to their rule.

A VEIL he next display'd to view,
Edg'd with PEARLS of blooming hue ;
He thus proceeded, these you see,
Wear the sweet blush of MODESTY ;
When thus drawn forth, compell'd to shew,
Mark how trembling is the glow ;
This serves you in a double sense,
An ornament and a defence ;
Its timid lustre can unfold,
A sacred charm to awe the bold ;
Give every beauty softer grace,
And add ideal loveliness,
The beauteous ensign of your fame,
And woman's glory is its name ;
Again he paus'd to view his child,
With timid look, she blushing smil'd.

A brilliant WATCH the next he brought,
It's chain with many an emblem wrought ;
The cock, prime herald of the dawn,
The loaded bee, from flowery lawn.
Silkworms and spiders at their looms,
And ants that hoard ere winter comes ;
Its worth admiring, as he viewed,
His theme Evander thus pursued,

My Rose, 'till time shall pass away,
 Be this the emblem of thy day;
 With this pursue thy steady course,
 'Tis action gives to virtue force,
 Loitering, you as this machine,
 Some spring to good have wrong within;
 Winding up this splendid toy,
 On yourself your thoughts employ,
 And since life here, to you was given,
 To fit you for a life in heaven;
 Ask with every setting sun,
 What for heaven has Rosaline done?

The gift that courted next her sight,
 Was a clear ROBE, of SPOTLESS WHITE;
 The father said, my Rosaline,
 This, with its kindred grace be thine,
 By all the good and wise confest,
 The pride of virtue and of taste;
 Free as the air, open as day,
 Children this beauteous robe display.
 And thence, the prince of love and peace,
 Declares, of such my kingdom is;
 Much merit should this gift impart,
 And all its wearers shew the heart;
 It is the dress which angels wear,
 And thought their purest emblem here;

Evander ceased, rejoiced to see,
His child possess SIMPLICITY.

A TURBAN to adorn the HEAD,
Was the rich present next display'd ;
Gems from every country brought,
Work which every age had wrought ;
There arts and science spread their store,
In brilliant types, from every shore ;
And as its value stood confest,
Evander thus his thoughts exprest,
This gift a value must possess,
Too rich, some think, for female dress ;
Its worth to know exceeds your powers,
And nature meant it only ours ;
Whoe'er these narrow claims have spread,
But little of themselves have said ;
Little discernment have they shown,
Who have your worth so little known.
How can their rugged bosoms prove,
Exalted friendship, tender love.
By no such vanity beguil'd,
I give it thee my darling child,
Tho' in itself a boundless store,
With caution let it still be wore.
On you, it was not meant for show,
Tho' there be those who wear it so,

From all conceit, still wear it free,
 Beneath the veil of modesty.
 A conscious joy the father took,
 From Rosaline's inquiring look,
 And as his last best gift he draws,
 He views it with a solemn pause,
 Conceal'd the moisture of his eye,
 And half suppress'd the rising sigh,
 Assum'd composure ere he spoke,
 And thus his tender silence broke,
 Thou dearest object of my cares,
 Accept the gifts my love prepares,
 But vain the value of the rest,
 If this, the chief, be not carest;
 Then, thro' this CRYSTAL every day,
 My presents carefully survey,
 Thro' this, inspect my gifts of love,
 How they decay, or they improve,
 To what the wise shall recommend,
 If fitly, meek OBEDIENCE bend,
 This will a gentle firmness show,
 To dignify the MODEST glow;
 Display your best pursuits, and thence,
 Incite to active DILIGENCE,
 And by a conscience free from harm,
 Show INNOCENCY's open charm,
 Extending every virtue's sphere,
 You see the worth of KNOWLEDGE here;

Tis thus the wise, with steady eye,
 Their morals by RELIGION try,
 And if with these thro' life you move,
 Our joys our virtues you improve,
 With fond attentions, ceaseless cares,
 Tis woman guards our infant years ;
 Her kind compassions sooth in death,
 And she receives our parting breath.