

Must cut your softness, worth and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight for ever ;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer ;—and a short one too :
All that affection feels and fears
When hours, without you, seem like
years.—

Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat !—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt ;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—cut and come again.

F R I E N S H I P.

By Dr. HAWKESWORTH.

FRRIENDSHIP is the joy of reason,
Dearer yet than that of love.
Love but lasts a transient season,
Friendship makes the bliss above.

Who would lose the secret pleasure
Felt, when soul with soul unites !
Other blessings have their measure,
Friendship without bound delights.

F A S H I O N.

By Miss FALCONER.

FASHION, more fickle than the breeze,
As this is up, and that is down,
In various forms attempts to please
The humours of th' inconstant town.

In sable vest she now appears,
And now in snowy robes is seen ;
So different is the hue she wears,
She moves the rainbow's changeful
queen.

Courted by every breast, she flies
From gay to grave, from grave to gay ;
She roves at large, and freely cries,
Let Fashion gild each varying day.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

S T A N Z A S

In imitation of Milton. Book 4th. line 640.

Mon Ame, loin de vous languira solitaire.
RACINE.

I.

HOW sweet ! at early dawn, to stray
Along the wild sequester'd vale,
To dash the dew-drop from the spray,
And taste the balmy-breathing gale.

II.

From sunny hills, and mossy seats,
To view the lovely landscape round ;
To hear, amid the green retreats,
The music of the woods resound.

III.

How sweet ! when noon embrowns the
glade,
To linger in the woodbine bower ;
Or by some babbling streamlet laid,
To listen to the summer shower.

IV.

Or when the rainbow decks the sky,
To wander thro' the woodland scene,
Mark in each flower a brighter dye,
In every mead a deeper green.

V.

How sweet ! when on the mountain's
head
The sun displays his latest ray ;
The western skies are lively red,
And Zephyr fans the parting day.

VI.

No more alas ! the morning breeze
Awakes to joy my anxious breast—
The soothing songsters on the trees
No more can charm my soul to rest.—

VII.

The fragrance of a summer shower,
The sweetly pensive walk at eve,
The varied brightness of a flower,
No more my gloomy cares relieve.

VIII.

O thou ! dear author of my pain,
Return—restore my wonted ease—
Indulgent hear thy faithful swain,
And nature's charms again shall please.

POLLIO.

Halifax, Feb. 25, 1790.