

larly enough it was only when discussing the outlines of the paper now before you with the writer that Dr. Doie became aware of the earlier translation by "Minimus."

For *The Nova Scotia Magazine*.

Translation of the thirty-third Ode of Anacreon.

You, dear Swallow once a year,
In Summer's genial heat appear;
Once a curious mansion build,
Once with little swallows filled:—

But love, within my hopeless breast,
Hath huilt a never falling nest.
Some young desires in plumage bright,
Half of some the shells detain;
Some within the egg remain.
The chirping brood with careless noise,
Stun my ears and kill my joys.
The elder loves, the younger feed:
These again with wondrous speed,
Other generations breed.
Ah! what can ease this wretched breast
With such a swarm of loves possessed!

Minimus.

(*The Nova Scotia Magazine*, March, 1790, p. 230.)

The following is the text of Dr. Doie's translation:—

Dear Swallow! you, a friendly comer,
Returning every year,
Build your nest here in the Summer,
In Winter disappear.

For Nile or Memphis far you leave:
But love within my heart
His downy nest doth ever weave,
And never will depart.

One passing is just getting wings,
One hatching, one on egg:
A clamorous cry unceasing springs
From gaping mouths that beg.

The older loves quick zeal display
The younger brood to feed:
These, brought up, in their turn straightway
Another nestful breed.

What remedy therefore have I?
Since every effort proves
I have not power, howe'er I try,
To drive away such loves.

W. P. D.

(From *Stewart's Quarterly*, Vol. 2, No. 2, Oct., 1869, p. 252.)