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T H E S C E P T I G.

(Continued from p. 326.)

THE DISPUTE.

—‘MUST insist that it was entirely right; for, as my very good friend, Lord Bounce, told me last night at supper, and as my namesake the member of parliament has often observed, a man’s situation in life isn’t of no consequence; but when people bring *low plebeians* into their family, and unites them to people of no family nor connections—low creatures, whom no Lord, nor nothing above a city Alderman or a poor paltry country Squire wouldn’t take by the hand, they ought to be discarded.’

‘Don’t tell me about Lords;’ exclaims Libratus in a fury, ‘who were Lords and Ladies, I wonder, in a state of nature? Are we not all Lords alike? and are not the brutes our subjects? Lords indeed! Think of France: If all the common people in the world did but know their duty, and had but half the spirit I would have, d—me, they’d sweep, at one stroke, the whole swarm of these RIGHT HONOURABLE LOCUSTS (as the admirable scourge of aristocratic-insolence, justly called them), from off the face of the earth, and divide their property among those that want it.’

‘I think,’ said Dubium, very thoughtfully and deliberately, ‘Hume observes, that if all the money in the kingdom were equally divided, it would amount to about five pounds a man; but, as he says, I have some doubt.—’ What! still some doubt left?’ says Arisor, interrupting him, ‘You must surely have had more than your five pounds worth at first, for you have been foundering your doubts very liberally this afternoon, and not exhausted yet!’

‘Lord,’ exclaims Pandora, ‘I think, for

people of such very great understandings, you’re very great fools to talk so much about these creatures. To be sure it’s quite a treat to hear such wise people talk, but it’s quite a bore to say so much about a low, good for nothing, runaway fellow, and such a nasty wanton huffey.’

‘Nay madam,’ replied the Epicurean, ‘you are too hard: neither of them are to blame, that I see. The young lady wanted a young companion to keep her from tumbling out of bed of a winter’s night, which is all very natural; and young Crochet, finding that he had touched the keys of her heart, thought he should improve the harmony of life, by having a partner who could play the treble to his bass, and whose fortune would keep the strings of the instrument in constant repair:—which is also very natural. But as a man of taste must soon be tired of striking the same dull key over and over again, he was certainly in the right to try for better music; especially as he had been disappointed in the principal object. I dare say they lived together as long as they could be both satisfied; and if he was tired first, the fault you know must be her’s; because it follows, of course, that she was the first who grew tiresome. Variety! variety! the joy of life is variety, and she ought certainly not to have been angry with him for pursuing it; since he left her at perfect liberty to do the same.’

THE RUSTIC.

‘And pray, my little bashful contemplatist,’ said I, walking up to Simplicia, ‘what is your opinion upon the subject?’ Simplicia had hitherto remained in total