

T H E

# Nova-Scotia Magazine,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1790.

T H E S C E P T I C .

[From the Biographical and Imperial Magazine.]

STRANGE appearance, indeed said Mordant, muttering,) but what do the unprincipled destroyers of the health and morals of youth regard appearances? Or what awful appearances of solemnity, what monitory memorials of mortality can check the brutish impetuosity of modern lasciviousness?

‘Egad (said Caylove, skipping forward, and snapping his fingers,)—Egad, I suppose she’s in mourning for some of the chaste sisterhood that were buried from the Lock last week.’—At this he laughed aloud, and rubbed his hands pretty briskly.

‘The fate of these poor criminals (said Gravely,) is hardly an object of merriment.’

I was a little surpris’d at the long silence of Lewson, and turning round to him, I saw he was gazing thoughtfully upon the object of the foregoing animadversions. He heaved a deep sigh; and, as we pass’d under a lamp, I could see a tear steal down his cheek. ‘Alas (said he, after a pause)—those sable trappings are the weeds of widowhood! Who knows, but this poor unfortunate young female has left some lovely babe—some orphan’d infant at home, crying in its cradle for that bread to obtain which she is now going to submit herself, with anguish and abhorrence, to miserable pollution?—Good Heaven! most unfortunate of beings are they who are reduced to such miserable means of existence—most miserable of the miserable, they who are thus compelled to sacrifice ease and innocence to the heart piercing cries of natural affection!’

‘I see no reason for any of your sup-

positions (said Gravely;) she may have lost some friend lately; and dead as these poor wretches are, to all sense of religion and virtue, they may still be alive to the feelings of nature; and though they disregard the laws of public decency, they may assume the outward semblance of sorrow, because their affection for the deceased has impressed the inward suffering upon their hearts.’

‘Be that as it will (replied Lewson,) their miseries demand our pity. And sen (continued he, turning round as she pass’d) see what sorrows prey upon her faded cheek!—But let us turn away. The rude stare of so many eyes, but rent the thin veil of artificial levity from her unhappy countenance, and all the native confusion of ruin’d virtue, and the reproaches of an unsilenced conscience are rushing upon her—are conspicuous in her averted eyes. I will relieve her wants, however,—’ said he, putting his hand into his pocket, and following her. But he drew suddenly back. ‘Alas! I had forgot that I gave my purse to the poor clergyman.’

## THE FALSEHOOD.

‘To the clergyman (said I?) why, you conceal’d this from us before.—We heard nothing of it in your former account.’

‘Nor should you now, but that it escap’d me unguardedly,’ replied Lewson—apparently much confused.

‘I know not how it was, but my scepticism for a moment forsook me, and I was fool enough to believe that it was more than a supposition that there were such distinctions as virtue and vice.—Yes, I forgot