

---

THE  
Nova-Scotia Magazine,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1790.

---

T H E S C E P T I C .

(Continued from page 245.)

**B**LUSHING fragrance of the morn  
of love!' repeats Gravelly, slowly,  
and with emphasis.—Pretty that, i'faith;  
only a little out of time or so;—by my  
reckoning it must be high noon; for here,  
said he, laying his hand upon the knocker,  
'is the chamber of the sun!—Ha! ha!'  
continues he, knocking, 'Melville is in  
his old way, digressing and apostrophising  
to the end of the chapter, and then put-  
ting off the intended information till ano-  
ther opportunity. I knew him once sit  
down to write a compliment to a young  
beauty, when, hurled away by his digres-  
sive fancy, he extended his plan to a po-  
em of near a thousand verses, and, when  
he had got to the end, found he had omit-  
ted the very thought he sat down to ex-  
press.

THE VISIT—TRIFLINGS OF COM-  
PLIMENT.

'Blest as the immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears, and sees thee all the while  
Softly talk and sweetly smile.'

jaculates Melville, as we entered the  
room, where bloomed the blushing fra-  
grance of the morn of love: for whether it  
be that the lovers were too intent upon  
each other to mark our approach—or whe-  
ther it be, as Mordant insists, that, in this  
day of unblushing levity, the wanton ostenta-  
tion of female vanity prompts the silly sex to af-  
fect a publicity of ridiculous dalliance,—or to  
whatever cause we may ascribe it, Flavia

and her lover, when we entered the room,  
were sitting on the sofa together, her  
arm still fondly leaning on his shoulder,  
and his around her waist. Flavia is what  
many call a beauty, nor could I discover  
a single fault in her person: but either  
my present state of mind has debilitated  
my sensibility of female loveliness, or  
else her attitude had disgusted the delicacy  
of modern sentiment; or, perhaps, there  
wanted a something, a *Je ne sais quoi*—  
for I felt none of those soft delighted tre-  
mors with which beauty could once in-  
spire me. We were received very polite-  
ly: and I then learned, for the first time,  
that the design of our meeting was to de-  
vote the day (which was Flavia's birth-  
day) to pastimes and amusements, and  
the evening to dancing.

'Shall we not want ladies,' said I, cold-  
ly; 'we shall look somewhat strange with  
but one fair one among us?'

'Nay,' said Flavia, with a smile, 'I  
think I should look most strange to trust  
myself, alone and unguarded, among so  
many lawless monsters:—for lawless  
monsters the best of you are,' continued  
she gayly, tapping Woodville on the cheek  
with her fan.

'Nay,' says Melville, 'Flavia can ne-  
ver be unguarded when Woodville is by.'  
'Nor could such beauty want protection,'  
replied the lover; 'though we were indeed  
lawless monsters, instead of what we are.  
Even the brindled savages of the wood,  
awed by the faint prototype of such love-  
liness, forgot their furious force, and ris-  
sed fair Una's feet.'