

*Fran.* Good morrow, uncle; I must needs go with him.

*Val.* Flay me and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours I shall be thus again. Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance.

*Exeunt Val. and Fran.*

*Unc.* I do believe him.

*Lance.* So do I, and heartily, upon my conscience. Bury him stark naked, he would rise again, within two hours, embroidered.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Wit without money.*

Yes, and thus do I, the Scribbler, after a three months eclipse, rise again, in a fresh and new suit, and break out "glowingly again, and with," I trust, "as great a lustre, motion, and majesty," as before, to scourge the follies, and reprehend the vices, as well as to endeavour to instruct and amuse the community in Canada.

A few words will be said, in another place, as to the causes of the repeated, and unexpected, delays that have occurred in my re-appearance. Whilst first, after passing a rapid glance over the period that has elapsed since the date of my last number, I will hasten to avail of such of the communications of my correspondents which have been for so long a while in my hands, as have not wholly lost their interest by the delay. Many of these ought to have come in under the head of the DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCER, but my friend DICKY GOSSIP, having not yet completely put his sub-printing-office in order, has requested me to say, that it will not be till the next number of the Scribbler appears, that he can set up No. XXVIII. of his Intelligencer; for the enrichment of the pages of which, he relies upon receiving an entire budget of new items, in order that they may reflect as much novelty and actually interesting matter as possible.

I think I may very properly denominate the