

# THE SCRIBBLER.

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*Enter Valentine, in a gay new suit.*

*Val.* Morrow uncle! morrow Frank, sweet Frank! and how, and how d'ye, think now, how shew matters? morrow bandog!

*Unc.* How?

*Fran.* Is this man naked, forsaken of his friends?

*Val.* Th' art handsome, Frank, a pretty gentleman, e' faith, thou lookst well, and yet here may be those that look as handsome.

*Lance.* Sure he can conjure, and has the devil for his taylor.

*Unc.* New and rich! 't was most impossible he should recover.

*Lance.* Give him this luck, and fling him into the sea.

*Unc.* 'Tis not he; imagination can not work this miracle.

*Val.* Yes, yes, 't is he, I do assure you, uncle! the very he, the he your wisdom played withal—I thank you for't—neighed at his nakedness, and made his cold and poverty your pastime; you see I live, and the best can do no more, uncle; and tho' I have no state, I keep the streets still, and take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman, wear clothes to keep me warm—poor things, they serve me—can make a show too, if I list—yes, uncle,—and ring a peal in my pockets—ding dong, uncle—These are mad, foolish, ways; but who can help 'em?

*Unc.* I am amazed.

*Lance.* Is there no fairy haunts him? no rat nor no old woman?

*Unc.* Are you Valentine?

*Val.* I think so, I can not tell: I have been called so, and some say, christened. Why do you wonder at me?—did you ever know desert want? Y' are fools; a little stoop there may be to allay him—he would grow too rank else;—a small eclipse to shadow him—but out he must break, glowingly, again, and with as great a lustre, look you uncle, motion and majesty—

*Unc.* I am confounded.

*Fran.* I am of his faith.

*Val.* Walk by his careless kinsman, and turn again, and walk, and look thus, uncle—Come, Frank, fortune is now my friend, let me instruct thee.