

idea of your giving her a Calf, which, as it grew in years might have horns, which would be dangerous were he to come in contact with his species of which the herds in this place are tolerably numerous. On my route to another quarter, I met lord Goddamnhim, vomiting *sacrée mille foutres* at you, for giving him a rib, as there were plenty of other men's wives which he could get at any time; and promising to erect monuments to all such as he should outlive.\* In my further rambles, I met Mr. Mackaw, who damned the Scribbler, (though by the bye he is strongly suspected to be one of your contributors,†) and at first expressed his fears that Miss Solar Ray would be huffed at the publicity of their intended union, and dismiss him; besides, said he, it is all nonsense, I am not in a way to support a wife: but I afterwards learnt he was overjoyed when, notwithstanding all, the lady told him she would take him for richer or poorer, as well as for better or worse. Not having yet been introduced to Miss Marechal, I can not say much about her, but most people think it will be a very good match, and that the lady will, *comme de droit*, rule the roast and wear the breeches. This is enough at present from

A LOUNGER.

\* His lordship has erected a superb monument, in the catholic burying ground, to the memory of one of his mistresses, Marianne B.

LOUNGER.

Heartily as I detest and despise his lordship, I consider this as an act far more worthy of praise than blame. Without entering into the merits of the deceased, it displays a sense of feeling and gratitude for which I should not have given so profligate a man credit, together with a laudable disregard of public opinion or censure, when self-approving motives warrant such a testimony of regard. L. L. M.

† I make it a system never even to endeavour to find out who are my correspondents. It is much more convenient to know nothing about them.

L. L. M.