

her mistress, the more shame, on some arrant or other. You have it now.



I can not refuse insertion to the following remonstrance to GINGER,

I am quite astonished, Sir, at your having exposed any of my friend Lieutenant Old Deil's exploits to the public. You are not acquainted, I perceive, with his modesty. Nothing could give him more pain than a relation of that gallant action. Surely you have never attended any of Dr. Catapult's lectures, or you would not have ventured to have raised the passions of such a modest unassuming man as the lieutenant. Had you been present when your letter was read at the teatable in his presence and that of a numerous company, you would have been greatly alarmed. He stamped and raved, and *darned his wig*, and as the ladies present had not attended the Hon. Tory Loverule's speech against laughing, shameful to relate, not one of them could hold out, but *burst into fits*, particularly when they recollected that his wig had stuck to a nail below a form, under which——In short you will be the cause, Sir, that his friends will soon be obliged to lead him by the hand, as, since your communication has appeared, he wears his wig and his helmet over his eyes. It is, however, a happy circumstance that the editor mistook the date, and seemed to doubt the authenticity of your intelligence. This alone pacified him, and restored him to his senses.

Moreover you have falsely asserted that when searching for his caxon he laid his hands on two not so sleek as his own. This is point blank denied by the owners of the said wigs, and surely they must know better than you. MARPLOT.