

among you. — Not a
 line from any of you —
 not a message, since
 the 1st Sept^r. — I, W
 tell you what Madam
 if you don't mend your
 manners — if you don't
 mind your business better
 in future, I'll mount
 you on a ducking-stool
 & give you such a damnable
 fousing as you never had
 in your life. — I'll break
 Thompson — whip little Murray
 — kill Morris — & drive the
 Muster-Master to the Devil.
 What

What do you think of this?
 — Ask Wright If he thinks
 it a good symptom. I
 know he, & grin & say.
 — The Colonel will do very
 well after this — He,
 better be easy. — You are
 all a jenny set — the whole
 township of Granville from
 Esquire Catherins downwards
 & curse me if I don't come
 up with you all. If I
 had hold of Wright by the
 nape of his neck this minute
 I'd make him squeal like
 a kitten.