

courtship was privately carried on in the Scotch church every Sunday, until it was perceived by the lady's lapdog, who, finding himself neglected by his mistress, and being not a little hurt at their caresses, furiously reprimanded them with a bow-wow-wow.

Mr. Olive Harpagon, fourth son of Pierre Harpagon, Esquire, of Essefex-Street, is soon to lead the amiable Miss Chatbouilli, to the altar of Hymen, on which occasion it is reported that old Harpagon, will make a great display, as he has for some time been employed in collecting the loose stones, rotten timber, and rusty nails about his numberless premises, to defray the expenses of the *noces*.

"MR. GOSSIP. A mountain *day-sie* (pardon my orthography) has had a faithful devil of a *Bee* buzzing about her for five long years, in hopes of sipping her vestal sweets, during which time he made nine hundred and ninety and nine vows to seek honey from some other flower, and to forget, as he would then call it, the bitter horehound; at last, perceiving that all the sweets of his favourite blossom were exhale'd by other insects, whether bees, wasps or butterflies, the records of Flora do not testify, he, after completing the thousandth vow, (to change the metaphor,) veered his brig about, and is now under a press of sail, in the wake of a dutch-built hoy, whose broadsides smoke with twelve thousand pounders, who has taken in her top-gallant sails, (leaving an airy field for the rover) and appears to be lying to, to await the *stern rencontre*."

HALF-GERMAN.

We are informed that the lady, who was, it is said the heroine of the following song,

A certain fair wench, never mind what's her name,
By wedlock's check-mate, wish'd to finish her game,
And this to accomplish, she must have a man,
So she pitch'd on the famous old goat, Tommy Tan,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

A day was appointed for their interview,
So they merrily met, saying, "how do you do?"
'Very well, my dear creature,' 'very well my dear Tammy,'
I'm told that at cups and balls you're Ramo Samee.'
Derry down, etc.

Now the knight of the trap, without shame or sin,
Down squatted with her on a buffaloe-skin,
Talk'd of folly and fun, wife, widow and maid,
And finish'd with telling a tale o' th' fur-trade,
Derry down, etc.