

on the anniversaries of the birth of mistresses, parents, kindred or friends, but upon their name-days, that is, upon the days on which the festivals of those saints are celebrated after whom they have received their baptismal appellations. Besides the nosegays, garlands, sweetmeats, and other offerings made as presents on those festive occasions, a custom has obtained of celebrating them by the firing of guns and pistols, which are discharged on the eve of the saint's day in front of the house where the party intended to be honoured resides. These salutes, as is frequently the case with other salutes given to mistresses by their lovers, take place when the shades of night have hushed into silence the busy hum of day, and, being more noisy than the gentle ripplings of meeting lips, have no doubt occasionally startled some doting and dozing dowagers, or some of those more doting and more dozing old ladies, who, under various masculine denominations, claim to sit upon benches, and preside at meetings. Hence the crime of *donner un bouquet* has become visitable, under the sapient regulations, emanating from the aforesaid old ladies, by fines, paltry indeed in name, but, by the enormous expenses of informers, witnesses, &c. often swelled to three, four, and five times the penalty. Fortunately the laws of this code, are not, like Draco's, written in blood, but in sand, for, by attempting to legislate for every trifling thing, even down to the marbles and hoops of the little boys, and the *chauffepieds* under the petticoats of the poor half frozen market women in winter, these great legislators have overshot their mark:—their edicts

“———stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop
As much in mock as mark;”

And *bouquets* and *charivaries*, and other good customs of the olden time, maintain their ground, in