

walked one evening last week with a young gentleman in the grove near Mile-end, should have taken the precaution of spreading her shawl under her before lying down, as grass is a sad enemy to white dresses, and tells tales when least thought of. Her laundress declares the green stains all over the back of her dress were as bad as if they had been done in dyeing.

*Campbelltown, July 1822.*

*This is to give notice, that a certain lady having lately passed thro' this place several times, my husband will, henceforward, whenever she is expected, not be able to attend to his public business, as I mean to keep him locked up, to prevent a meeting.*

*MRS. MEG NAIL.*

REPORTED NUPTIALS. The gallant Mr. *Rooster* and a young *French* lady, have at last made up their minds to be *welted* together. It is expected there will be some weeping and wailing amongst our disconsolate swains on the occasion.

A treaty of matrimony upon a very *broad basis* is rumoured to be upon the carpet between the governess of Fort Stark, and a medical gentleman from the South west. A wag observes it is well it is on the carpet, and not on the bed, or else it would break down.

The match that was expected would take place between the blooming widow of the late Sir Blazon Nonpareil, and her champion, the knight of the Telescope, has, it is understood, been broken off; the sprightly widow having thought fit to undeceive the knight by declaring her intention of rewarding Mr. Brown Beard with her hand and heart for his zeal and assiduity both during her late husband's life time, and since his death (since which four long months have expired) as his clerk and assistant. An improbable story of the ghost of Sir Blazon having appeared to the knight of the Telescope on the place d'armes has been sent us for insertion, with the dialogue said to have passed on the occasion; in which the apparition expressed great surprise at the intelligence that his widow should marry his clerk so soon, whilst, by the bye, the sly knight never says a word of his own intentions; but if ghosts are to rise and walk about, on such common occurrences as young widows taking fresh husbands, we should meet them at every corner, and be forced to jostle through their shrouds all the way from the citadel to the hay-market. Sir Blazon's anxiety about his child is a little more