

On the ladies wearing roses in their hair.

The reason why oft' on the heads of our fair,
 The sweetest of flowers in full beauty blows,
 Is this, the sly wench is all well aware
 The men love a pretty girl under the rose.

On their wearing watches in their bosoms.

"Amongst our fashionable bands,
 No wonder now that Time should linger,
 Allow'd to place his two rude hands,
 Where others dare not lay a finger."

A very ignorant woman, who seldom attended divine service, one day happened to go to church, when she heard a sermon from Luke xiii. v. 3. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." On her return home some of her neighbours enquired of her what was the minister's text? "O la!" she exclaimed, "a terrible text, a dreadful text! *Except we pay our rent, we shall all be turned out of the parish.*"

Anecdote of M. de la Feuillade, grand marshal of France, under Louis XIV.

Being very plainly clad, the grand marshal, having been dispatched by the king on affairs of the utmost importance, stopped at Lyons to deliver a packet from his Majesty to the Archbishop, who, taking the bearer for only an ordinary person, asked him whether there was any thing new at Paris; "green peas, my Lord," replied the marshal "are uncommonly forward this year!" "You mistake my meaning friend," said the Archbishop, "what were the people saying when you left Paris?" "My Lord," answered the marshal, "they were saying vespers." The prelate then fell into a violent passion, saying, "How dare you, friend, speak thus to a person of my quality? Who, and what are you, that you dare to be thus insolent? What are people pleased to