

dies who are *bien chaussées*, find themselves under the disagreeable necessity of moving in an irregular curve, through every variety and thickness of mud, through the deepest snow, or through deep furrows of dust, according to the weather and the season, at the risk likewise of being run over or knocked down, by a cart, a caleche, or a sleigh. These massy fungi are generally perennial, and are removed very slowly and with much difficulty. They are strongly recommended to the attention of experimental philosophers, particularly with a view to the prevention of their appearance, or the remedy of the evils they produce.

To make amends to the ladies for having just dragged them through mire, filth, and dust, to avoid the piles of building-materials with which our streets, are so frequently encumbered, I will lead them into the country, and offer to their contemplation a different scene from that of stone, brick, mortar, fires, fire-engines, and insurance offices.

My friend Erius's ode to the Moon, put me in mind of a copy of verses composed some five and twenty years ago, when moonlight-walks had not only the charms they will always have for me, but, when the fervency of youthful love made them doubly delicious. After ransacking my old papers, I at length found them, and here they are, as they were written; if considered a little too amatory, my fair readers have only to look in their glasses, and they will readily excuse the pruriency of poetry that was inspired by charms like their own.

Now evening, mild, with step serene,
 Advancing shews her tranquil mien,
 And spreads her shadows o'er the green,
 And now the pale moon calls for love,
 Queen of the night!