

charming neat dressing-room belonging to Venus on the top of Mount Olympus—but what I saw and heard there in the subsequent part of my dream, must be reserved for a following number, as some other matters are now waiting at the door of my cerebellum for admission and discussion.

I have been informed that the lines in my last appeared some years ago in almost all the American papers of note, and were universally attributed to Thomas Moore; yet I do not recollect ever to have seen them published in any collection of his poems. I shall in future be on my guard against such disingenuousness, and shall remember the hand-writing. Whatever appears in the Scribbler, *without the mark of quotation*, may be considered as original, and where not attributed to another pen, as the inspiration of my favourite muse.

#### A SCENE IN THE STRAND, LONDON.

One morn I stept into a modish shop,  
An opera-glass, or something else, to buy,  
And on a lady fair I there came—pop—  
Who cheapen'd—what?—a pair of garters—fie!

A gay and gallant dame she was, I ween,  
And tho' a grandmama, yet youthful rigg'd  
Full sixty lusty summers she had seen,  
Yet look'd delightful, feather'd, capp'd and wigg'd.

I made my bow, and as I spoke, I view'd  
Elastic garters just arrived from France,  
Where gold on pink this noble motto shew'd,  
St. George's, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

A passing smile betray'd my latent thought,  
And this the lady chose that I should tell:  
"You think too flashy articles I've bought,  
"To suit my age." "Ah, no; I know full well!"

"That like Ninon's your charms are never old,  
"But these are useless, like an *unseen rose*."  
She smiling answer'd, "Men are very bold;  
"I've many known, and *what may happen no one knows*."