

MLLE X?

I saw a maiden, oh! so coy,
On Sparks Street promenading—
Methinks I thought there is no joy
In solitary gadding.

And so with courage born of old,
I said in accents tender:
"Oh! do not think me overbold,
I fain would homage render."

"Have we been introduced?" she cried;
A crimson blush suffusing
Her powdered cheeks a richer red,—
It really was confusing.

[Three hours elapse]

Beneath a full and placid moon,
That must have found it boring,
We had the old eternal spoon;
Our words of love outpouring.

So if you see her prim, sedate,
Across your pathway tripping,
O Stranger! do not hesitate;
She really is quite nipping.

Curtain