

THE CRACKER FOR OSCAR'S NUT.

Oscar, what a sly fellow you are,
 To write so pathetically,
 About meeting clandestinely
 With "blushes," "fair tresses," and eyes on a par;
 If you didn't feel happy it would be queer,
 When "blushes" said "*do come again Oscar, dear.*"

"Love thinks" of the time when, "late in the eve,"
 You rather more openly,
 And very romantically,
 Took some supper before you took leave!
 Now come, Oscar, between you and me,
 Wasn't the celestial herb you sipped, *green tea*?

As you directed, I looked to the sky,
 And in the deep profundity,
 Of vast immensity,

I twigg'd the COMET,—not "all in my eye,"—
 A celestial long-tailed swaggering "ranger,"
 In short, good Tom M'Ginn's, illustrious stranger."

Montreal, Oct. 1853.

A. T. C.



CHARADE.

See'st thou that form supremely fair—
 That lofty brow—the raven hair
 In curling ringlets wound?
 Mark'st thou that eye, whose gentle light,
 Dispers the deepest shades of night?—
 It rises on thy rapturous sight,
 And now my "*First*" you have found.

Simple sign of magic power,
 Who can estimate thy dower?—
 Who thy worth portray?
 Far as the heaving billows roll
 Thy mute voice cheers the weary soul,—
 Points the young mind, perfection's goal,
 My "*Second*" leads the way.

Hast thou in gloom and sadness wept—
 Thy chamber paced when others slept,
 And wished for opening day?
 In absence hast thou friends—although
 Thy thoughts were *present*—yet, how slow
 The postboy's wheels—they come—and lo!
 My "*Whole*" thy joy's display.

Montreal, November, 1853.

OSCAR.