

Leo. (petulantly).—Yes, perhaps my description was too long.

But there was *one* there,
A handsome troubadour. He wore no air
Of the dreamy Italian school, that go
Twanging guitars, 'neath latticed bars,
To Spanish belles. Nor wore he tights,
Nor dagger, nor feather'd hat, nor silver lute,
To speak of the charms of his girlish love.
But draped in the more modern style,
With hand-organ and ape attached,
He sang, in worn-out tunes, of a love
That was undying; and sighed gently soft,
As the sound of Aelian harps and ocean shells.
In this guise, he won the prize
At the masquerading carnival.
Then the band tuned up the conquering hero,
And I presented the prize to Maurizio;
While he whispered in my ear that evermore
He would wear the garb of a Troubadour.

Lucz.—

And that is how we have in this 'operay'
The wandering minstrel to fill out the play.

Leo.—

Alas, since then I have never seen him.

Lucz.—

I think I heard them say
He was captured as a vagrant by *Chief Murray*,
And was sentenced one month by the *Colonel*,
At least so says the *Free Press* journal.

Leo.—

No, no, no, listen, last night he came
And ground his organ 'neath my window frame.
Though stirred with minstrel's power, he sang to me on no lyre—a
lyre is not an opposition candidate, but a harp with strings. (*Sings.*)

SONG—LEONORA.

Air. "Tacea la notte."

The night calmly and peacefully in beauty seemed reposing,
The moon floated in silver light her fairest beams disclosing,
When thro' the air resounding clear,
Till then in silence wreathing,

Gently and sadly on mine ear
An organ's notes were breathing,

And words that pensive import bear, and words that pensive import bear
A minstrel's song arose.

Lucz.—It does not look as if he would be here to-night, so shall we go in
and finish our game of progressive euchre!

Leo.—*Whist*, girl, that is all *you care* for. I am too *flushed* with expectation
to *stay* here. I must discard thoughts of him, for I think
a *deal* too much.

Lucz.—You are a *trump*, besides if he *comes in* and finds you are *out*, it will
be a *bluff* and he—

Leo.—I'll do it, but perhaps he will neither *cue* it nor *call* again.

Lucz.—You can *cut* him *straight* then, but come to our *bover*.