

coming in "such questionable shape," *was* a compliment, and, as such, my inserting the same in this history, proveth we, to this day, consider it. The flowers are long since faded and gone; the holder stands before me as I write, under a glass shade, and the verses are *immortalised*!

We gave three nights' Entertainments at Brooklyn—a sort of over-the-water suburbs of New York—and these were our farewell efforts to give amusement to, and extract dollars from, our American patrons. I was tired, in fact, of my "Trip"—the amount of unaccustomed anxiety and perpetual "something to do" attendant thereon, had sickened me *for the time* of acting, and I pined for steaks and bottled stout; besides, my clothes were worn out, and Lucille said, "She was all to pieces!"

Dress, I may remark, is in New York a most expensive luxury. An ordinary suit of broadcloth can scarcely be got under 70 dols., fourteen pounds English; and a mild Lady's bonnet is cheap at 20 dols. Talking of bonnets, reminds me of a little instance I must give you of lady-politeness that occurred one day. *Heaven* knows whether it should be taken as a general sample or not—I don't. Lucille had rather a nobby little hat—an importation from *home*. Hats were then unknown *on* Broadway as a portion of a lady's apparel, and great was the consternation this same Lilliputian Golgotha created. The men seemed rather to like it, but the women said, "They wouldn't wear such a fixing atop of *their* head—*they* wouldn't!"

Well, as before said, "one day" Lucille and myself were doing a promenade (a thing we seldom *did* do) during the fashionable hour, down the fashionable side of Broadway. Suddenly I heard a small scream, and felt L's arm withdrawn from mine, and looking round, I saw her standing by herself, looking wildly about, bare-headed, and her long hair streaming in profusion down her back; a second look, showed me a lady gorgeously dressed, endeavouring to *shake off* the afore-mentioned "pork pie," which by some means had been hitched on to, and been whisked away, by the lady's parasol. Down it fell on to the saliva-stained pavement, and *poking it* towards Lucille with the point of her parasol, she said, "I guess *it's* yours, marm, and *it* has spiled my fringe—it has!" And, without further word, walked away.