

party that had almost nightly attended our Entertainments at the Hope Chapel. He, in a very gentlemanly manner, proffered the before-mentioned bouquet to Lucille, complimented us, and, of course, especially her, on the great pleasure they had received, et cetera, et cetera; and after receiving a half-promise from us to visit New Orleans before we left America, bowed himself and his party off.

When we had sufficiently recovered from the shock of this unexpected compliment, we examined the gift, and found it composed of rare exotic flowers, arranged with taste in a holder of gold and mosaic-work, studded with pearls and turquoises, and, what amused us more than all (how about your curiosity, reader?) carefully enveloped in silver paper, a small *d'oyley* of white satin, on which was printed the following lines:

LUCILLE, where art thou? why hush'd is thy song?

Thou "Last Rose of Summer," what are you

About, that without you, you keep us so long?

Why do not the managers "star" you?

Are we right in our fears, will for ever our ears

With Parodi, "Pic," Patti, Cortesi

Be bored? when there's one, who can give them a "*stun*,"

"Take their track"* from, and then beat them easy.

Let little "Pic" squeal, and Parodi loud peal

Forth their notes, which some say are divine;

We care not for "Fatty," and as for poor Patti

From her you've quite taken the shine.

Then come to the South, and your own pretty mouth

Shall ne'er ope, but with rapture we'll hear you,

We pray you come forth from this cold shallow North,

And to sunny Orleans we will bear you.

Accept this sweet token, we bring you heart-broken,

The gift itself's scarce worth your thank'ees,

And when it's grown older, then stick to the holder,

As we will to you, though we're Yankees!

Were it not for the intrinsic value of the gift, I should have felt bound to have looked upon this precious *morceau* as a would-be-witty satire; as it was, however, we agreed that the compliment, though

* A Yankee term, signifying *Going a-head*.