

spect—that is, in the way of business. There it is, sir."

"Ha! yes!" And the mollified manager took the paper. "For the service of Bajazet Gag, Esq."—and let's see:

	£	s.	d.
"To five hundred wreaths of the best Portuguese laurel of heroic size, with boquets for first tragedy—gentleman star....	2	0	0
To ditto wreaths (with flowers in them, the choicest in season,) for first lady star,	3	5	0
To a hundred wreaths, with boquets, for second tragedy, (common).....	0	15	0
"What!" interrupted Duckweed, "will you have these things thrown to more than one actor of a night?"			
"One!" cried Gag, "to all. Yes, every body that speaks a line shall have his sprig—his flower thrown at him. That's where I'll trump the other houses. But don't interrupt me," and Duckweed continued—			
	£	s.	d.
"To twenty-five ditto (very common) for walking gentlemen,.....	0	3	6
To a hundred wreaths for first light comedian,.....	1	8	0
To ditto for first lady (with flowers in the same) .....	1	15	0
To ditto for chambermaids,.....	1	0	0
To ditto for walking ladies.....	0	5	0
To ditto for first old men.....	1	7	0
To ditto for first old women.....	1	10	0
To wreaths for heavy business, general utility, second old men and women, &c. &c. &c.....	3	0	0

£16 8 6

"Sixteen pounds eight and sixpence!" said Gag. "Well, for eight months, that's not so very dear."

"Understand me, sir," quickly returned Tulips, "it's sixteen pounds eight and six pence *per week* for eight months."

"Impossible!" cried Gag, "'twould ruin a theatre."

"The same as other managers, I *could* name, give me.—And then, sir, if you want the articles all the year round, it's impossible I could do it for less; in the summer months the laurels are very scarce."

"How's that? In the summer months?" asked Gag.

"Why there's some young gentleman, I don't know who he is, always plays then; and when he plays," said Tulips, "he takes a great many greens."

"Very true," remarked Gag. "The public judge of the talent of an actor as they would of the capacity of an ass, by the quantity of vegetables he'll consume. Sixteen pounds—humph? Yes, I can make the orange women sell some of the wreaths

and nosegays with their play-bills, and that's something out of the fire. Still it's a great sum—eh, Duckweed?"

"A very great sum," said Duckweed.

"Nevertheless," added the manager, "trump's the word, and we must save the amount out of the authors;" an economy to which Duckweed had not the slightest objection, as he plied his scissors for a weekly salary.

"Very well, Mr. Tulips, now we understand one another," said Gag. "Sixteen pounds per week, for you must throw off the eight and sixpence."

"Well, sir, the fact is, I never ought to have been a tradesman; I can't learn the worth of money; say sixteen. When will you begin?" asked the conscientious gardener.

"That you shall know to-morrow. And perhaps there'll never be such an opportunity for a serious minded florist to show his contempt of Mammon. Such an appearance! That night," said Gag, "you must make the stage a very flower-show."

"If I know the night a little time in advance, I might do something extra; because if it's not the season of parties—"

"Understand me," said Gag, gravely, "I must have none of the leavings of Portman-square; the articles must be fresh."

"Sir," protested Mr. Tulips, "the things shall come to you with the dew upon 'em."

"And upon my own night I shall expect something very handsome—very handsome indeed," urged Gag.

"Oh, sir, we shan't quarrel about a handful of wallflowers, or something of that sort, more or less," replied the contractor.

"Wallflowers, sir! Aloe-blossoms and magnolias at the least. And if a few pine-apples are found upon the stage, I don't know that it will be the worse for you in an ensuing season," was the manager's suggestion. "And now, as we understand one another, you shall have the earliest notice for the first supply."

The gardener was officiously conducted from the apartment by Mr. Duckweed.

#### DISEASE.

It may be said, that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness and innocence.—*Addison's Anecdotes.*