

# A GREENROOM ROMANCE.

IN THREE SCENES.—SCENE I.

Mr. Percy Montmorency was seated in front of a looking-glass in his dressing-room at the Pantheon Theatre, habited in the costume of Charles Surface, with the perriquet in attendance. The name of "Montmorency" was merely a *nom de theatre* assumed by Harry Stanley when he adopted the somewhat singular resolution of "fretting and strutting his hour" on the boards of a metropolitan theatre; for Mr. Stanley was the only child of his father Colonel Stanley; and consequently heir to that gallant officer's estates in Yorkshire and elsewhere. For the rest, he was three-and-twenty, undeniably good-looking, and endowed with considerable abilities. Having completed the arrangement of the powdered wig, the perriquet withdrew a pace and contemplated the effect with well-simulated admiration. "Mr. Charles Mathews never looked the part better, sir."

The actor seemed to coincide in the opinion of his flattering attendant, for he rose, and surveyed himself in the glass with admiration, which he made no attempt to conceal.

"A good house, Jackson?"

"Capital, sir. But a little cold. They'll warm up when you go on, sir."

"Tell the call-boy I want him, Jackson."

Jackson withdrew; and Montmorency surrendered himself to a mental soliloquy, which assumed somewhat of this form: "I wonder what my father wishes to see me about? The same old story, I suppose—the folly and wickedness of the step I have taken. Well, of one thing, I am certain; I am much better off in my present position than wedded to that Barbadoes girl, Miss Anstruther, in spite of her money-bags, and whom I have never seen."

These reflections were put an end to by the entrance of the call-boy.

"If a gentleman giving the name of Colonel Stanley should call, show him in here."

"He is outside, sir," replied the boy.

"Show him in at once," whereupon there entered a small, wizened old gentleman, with snow-white hair and supporting himself on a stick. Montmorency advanced, shook hands with a great show of cordiality, and placed a chair, on which Colonel Stanley slowly seated himself, gazing around the small apartment with an unfeigned expression of curiosity. "So this is a theatrical dressing-room. You are pretty snug."

The room certainly deserved the encomium of the old colonel. Painting in oils and water colors nearly covered the walls; fancy pipes and cigar-boxes and scent-bottles littered the tables; a case of champagne reposed in one corner, while in the other was a small pile of seltzer water.

The colonel, after indulging in a sigh, proceeded: "I have called, Harry, before I return to Yorkshire, to make one more appeal to you to give up your present mode of life, settle down as a landed proprietor in your native county, and marry Miss Anstruther."

It was now the turn of the young man to sigh as he replied; "Impossible, my dear sir. I am already wedded—to the stage."

"That may be; but unions can easily be dissolved by a divorce, especially in these days."

"Not where the contracting parties are so attached to each other as I am to my profession. No, sir. If a man could take a wife on a lease, for seven, fourteen, or twenty or years, the case would be different. But the feeling that my lot in life was fixed—out and dried so to speak—the matter won't bear a thought." The young man felt strongly inclined to indulge in a stage-walk, but the limited area of the apartment forbade such a physical relief. If the reader should consider the remarks of the actor somewhat flippant, it must be borne in mind that no one whose character did not fall under that definition would have acted as Harry Stanley had done.

The old man scowled as he resumed: "I wonder you can respect yourself, dizen out and painted like a mummer at a pantime."

"I am of the same calling as the glory of England, Shakspeare the actor."

"And poet—you forget that, sir—poet, sir," sharply retorted the colonel.

"I can assure you, sir, we have men of good family playing very small parts to-night. Trip took honours at Oxford, and Backbite is a Cambridge man."

"Pray, sir," replied the colonel, "if that be the case, why do you all sail under false colors? Why resign the honoured name of Stanley for the Franchified one of Montmorency?"

The young man bowed as he responded: "Out of deference to the shallow scruples of the narrow-minded portion of society."

"Of which I constitute a member, eh?"

It was in a more conciliatory tone that his son took up the argument. "Pray, sir, let me ask you a question. Do poets and novelists never adopt a *nom de plume*? Did not Miss Evans style herself 'George Eliot'; the late Governor-general of India, 'Owen Meredith'; 'Mademoiselle de la Ramee,' 'Ouida'; 'Dickens,' 'Boz'?"

"That'll do," interrupted the colonel. "Then one fine day you will be falling in love, as you call it, with one of these artful and painted sirens, and I shall find myself grandfather to a clown or a pantaloon! For, of course, you will bring up your offspring to the profession, as you call it, as if there were no other profession in the world."

His son and heir drew himself proudly up as he replied: "No, sir, I trust I shall never forget that I own the honoured name of Stanley."

The colonel remained silent for several moments ere he observed; "I shall never understand why you declined to even see Miss Anstruther."

"Because the very fact that the lady was labelled my future wife," replied the son, "would have caused me to detest her at first sight."

The old colonel rose from his seat. "I can see very plainly that I am wasting both your time and my own—suppose you will have to do a little 'tumbling' presently?"

"I do not make my entrance till the third act. If you will go in front, you can have my box." Montmorency rang the bell as he spoke, and when the call-boy appeared, directed him to show his visitor into box A.

The actor was indulging in a sigh of relief, when a head appeared at the half-closed door, and a voice exclaimed: "May I come in?"

Montmorency bounded from his chair as he seized hold of the extended hand and drew the owner into the room. The new-comer

was a young man of about the same age as the actor, and was habited in modern evening dress. Montmorency wrung the hand of his friend Vallance, and forced him into a seat. "Delighted to see you, Jack! Have a weed and a seltzer?"

In a few seconds the two young men were similarly occupied, and immersed in the consumption of a couple of choice Partagas.

The actor opened the ball. "You must have met an elderly party in the passage. That was the governor. He is very irate because I won't fall in love at the word of command, and marry Miss Anstruther, whom I have never seen.—By-the-by, you have seen her. What is she like?"

"A lovely girl," replied Vallance. "I met her at a ball at Scarborough, soon after her arrival from the West Indies, Faith, Harry, you might do worse."

"And might do better; eh, Jack? But your ideas of beauty are so opposite to mine as I remember of old. Now, if you wish to see a perfect vision of loveliness, go in front and see Fonblanque, the Lady Teazle of to-night."

"You mean Miss Fonblanque, I presume?"

"Exactly. The prefix 'Miss' is frequently omitted in theatrical parlance. She is bewitching."

Vallance shakes his head. "Have a care, Harry. It would be a pity if you allied yourself with some unknown adventuress, after refusing the rich Miss Anstruther."

"Well, to be candid, Jack, I am afraid of myself. If I did not constantly call to my mind the fact that I am a Stanley, I should speedily succumb to the charms of the divine Fonblanque, so there is some benefit arising from birth after all."

"And how long do you mean to pursue this mad freak of yours?" inquired Vallance.

"Till I hear of good authority that the troublesome Miss Anstruther is engaged, or married."

"And then?"

"Why, then I quit the mimic stage as suddenly as I entered upon it."

"Meanwhile?" ejaculated Vallance with an incredulous smile.

"Meanwhile," replied Montmorency, loftily, "I contribute to the gaiety of nations," as Johnson said of Garrick; and therefore consider myself a far better member of society than a successful general who has killed so many hundreds of his fellow-mortals; or a lawyer, who has set whole families by the ears in order to fill his pockets; or a doctor, who, as Tobin says, spends the greater part of his time in writing death-warrants in Latin."

Vallance examined his finger nails for a few seconds, and after an embarrassing pause, said: "Harry, I am about to make a confession."

"I cannot promise you abolition, Jack."

Vallance proceeded: "On the memorable night when I first beheld Miss Anstruther at the ball at Scarborough, I fell over head and ears in love with her."

"You fell in love with her, did you," repeated Montmorency, in a tone of some annoyance. "You mean with her banking account. Remember, you are in the confession box."

"On my honour, no!" replied Vallance. "As you are aware, I could not afford to marry a penniless girl; but if I were as rich as Rothschild, and Miss Anstruther a pauper, I would marry her to-morrow, if she would have me.—You do not seem to like the idea?"

"Humanity is a strange compound, Jack. It grates upon my senses of propriety that any should step into my shoes and wed the woman intended for my wife, yet whom I have vowed never to marry."

"Why, what a dog in the manger, you are!"

"I would not mind so much if a stranger were to win the heiress; but to know her as your wife, Jack, for the remainder of my existence, to repent probably for my obstinacy.—You are not in earnest, Jack?"

"Ah, but I am!" replied Vallance, inwardly murmuring: "May I be forgiven the lie."

After a brief mental struggle, Montmorency continued: Well, success attend you. You are a lucky fellow to walk off with such a prize; while I shall remain a humble stage player."

"Remember the peerless Fonblanque, Harry."

"Ah! you right. There is beauty, talent, wit, elegance, refinement, all enshrined in the admirable Lady Teazle of to-night. I shall no longer hold back. To-night I shall know my fate. You have applied the touchstone."

The shrill voice of the call-boy now uttered the words "Charles Surface."

"There is my call. So adieu for the present. Go in front, and call for me at the end of the show; and we will have a steak at the Albion together, and drink to the speedy nuptials of my *bete noir*, Miss Anstruther."

"With whom?"

"Any one! I care not—no offence, Jack—so I am free."

Vallance proceeded straight to box A, and having tapped at the door, found himself face to face with Colonel Stanley, who eagerly exclaimed: "Well, Vallance has my plan succeeded?"

"I fear not, sir."

"Give him a second dose of the first opportunity. I never knew it to fail. If you want to make a man fall in love with a particular woman, tell him she is half engaged, and she will instantly go up twenty per cent. in his estimation. That is how I came to marry his mother. Directly my father told me that Fred Spencer was mad after her, and that she was half inclined to marry him, I rushed to the attack, stormed the fortress, and carried off the prize! I wasn't going to let that puppy march off with her. A fellow with not a tithe of my personal recommendations." Here the colonel paused, as he beheld the countenance of his auditor completely engrossed with the scene; for in the lovely Lady Teazle of the play Jack Vallance recognized the West Indian heiress, Emily Anstruther!

SCENE II.

Along one of the tortuous passages leading to the dressing room, a gentleman is conducting a lady, preceded by the dresser. They have evidently come from the audience part of the theatre, as they are both in modern evening dress. Presently the dresser pauses at a door, and after tapping, enters; and returns to invite the lady to invade the sacred precincts of the dressing-room of Miss Fonblanque, the representative of Lady Teazle. After a few whispered words to her escort, the lady accepts the invitation, and in another moment is clasped

in the embrace of the actress. "My dear Julia!"

"My darling Emily!"

Certainly, Lady Teazle fully deserved the rapturous praises of Montmorency. Her lovely dark eyes shone all the brighter for the contrast to the powdered wig; while her splendid figure was displayed to the utmost advantage by means of her handsome brocaded dress.

"And as you recognised me under these tinsel robes, Julia?"

"Your voice is unmistakable; I should have known it anywhere, Emily. When do you intend to return to your own sphere?"

"First tell me, Julia, how you managed to penetrate these sacred precincts?"

"Oh! my husband, who knows everybody, said he could at once accomplish it, directly I told him you were my old school-fellow at Barbadoes.—Now answer me my question, there's a dear!"

"I have found my proper sphere; I am free, popular, and admired. Instead of one admirer, I have hundreds, and the number is increasing nightly. What can woman wish for more?"

"I'll tell you, Emily; a nice husband, and domesticities."

The actress indulged in a scarcely audible sigh. "That might have been my lot. I mean the domestic bliss part of the affair, if I had not had it dinned into my ears from morning till night that there was only one road to happiness—a union with Mr. Stanley, whom I have never seen."

"You might have liked him very much."

"Impossible, my dear Julia. The very fact of a man being ticketed like a prize animal at a show, and then his being introduced to you as your certain and future husband, would be quite sufficient to make me detest him.—No, Julia; when I marry, I will myself make the selection, and he must be one who is ignorant that his intended is a rich heiress."

"That will not be a very easy matter to accomplish, Emily."

"Listen, Julia, and I'll tell you a secret. There is a young man acting in this company—a Mr. Percy Montmorency. He is all I could wish—handsome, clever, accomplished, and vastly agreeable."

"Then you have made your selection?"

"Not so, Julia. His profession renders our union impossible. He may be heir to a peerage; he may be a lawyer's clerk. There is the most delightful mystery as to our antecedents, we play actors! For instance, who would suppose that I was the rich West Indian heiress, who utilized her amateur theatrical talents, and adopted her present profession? And all in order to escape being pestered into an unwelcome and distasteful marriage. Heigh-ho! I wish I had never seen this captivating fellow."

Mrs. Sydney sighed as she rejoined: "Ah, Emily, there is the danger of your present mode of life. Before you know where you are, finding yourself over head and ears in love with some handsome fellow, even of whose very name you are ignorant. As to the position in society of his progenitors, that is a point which would require the research of the Society of Antiquaries."

The actress looked solemnly in the face of her friend, and taking both her hands within her own, replied: "Julia, there is a fascination in the life of a successful actress, of which you can form no conception. There is the delight of selecting the costume you are to wear on the eventful evening. No trifle to a woman, as you will admit. Then there is the actual pleasure of wearing it, not for the sake of some half-dozen friends, whose envy in consequence is a poor reward, but the object of admiration to hundreds of spectators nightly! The, instead of monotonous domesticity, executing crewel-work to the accompaniment of the snoring in an armchair of a bored husband, we have the nightly welcome from a thousand pair of hands, and the final call before the curtain amidst an avalanche of flowers! Your name on every tongue, your photo, in every print-shop in London, and your acts and deeds the subject of conversation at every dinner-table in the metropolis!"

Mrs. Sydney shook her head with a melancholy smile as the actress finished her oration. "I am still unconverted, Emily."

"Quite right, Julia. If we were all actresses there would be no audiences!"

The inexorable call-boy here put a compulsory finish to the interview between the two friends, with the words "Lady Teazle."

SCENE III.

Montmorency was seated in the green-room at the conclusion of the play, engaged in that absent train of thought known as a brown study. The more he saw of the fascinating Fonblanque, the more he was captivated. Every hour spent in her society but served to rivet more closely the chain which bound him to her. Should he confederate and make her an offer of his hand, she would naturally be influenced by a profound sense of gratitude, when she discovered that she had married a man of fortune and a Stanley! Whereas, if he had married the rich Miss Anstruther, he would have had money bags perpetually thrown in his face. A silver-toned utterance fell on his ears. Looking up, he beheld the subject of his cogitations.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Montmorency, on your Charles Surface this evening. A double call before the curtain, and well deserved."

"You are pleased to flatter me. The plaudits of the house to-night render any praise on my part of your Lady Teazle unnecessary. I regret that I am fated to lose so charming a compatriot."

Was it fancy that Montmorency imagined he detected a paler tint on the cheek of the actress, as she replied: "You are not going to leave us?"

"I fear so."

"Wherefore?"

"You are the last person to whom I can confide the cause of my sudden departure."

Lady Teazle cast down her lovely eyes for a brief space, and then, in a voice in which the smallest possible tremolo was perceptible, whispered: "Are you not happy here?"

"I fear, too much so," sighed Montmorency. "I have been living in a fool's paradise lately."

"How? In what way, Mr. Montmorency?"

"I am in love.—You start. You do not believe in an actor, who is always simulating affection, ever falling under the influence of a real and veritable passion?"

"You wrong me; indeed, you do. The artistic nature is, and must be, more acutely sensitive than that possessed by ordinary mortals. Do I know the lady?"

"You see her every day—when you contemplate those charming features in the

glass. Yes; it is you, Miss Fonblanque, whom I love, whom I adore!"

How can we describe the flood of sensations which agitated the bosom of the heiress, as she listened to the avowal of affection from the lips of the only man she ever loved! In low and trembling tones, she managed to reply: "Mr. Montmorency, you are not rehearsing a scene in some new comedy?"

"I never was more serious in my life."

By this time the pride of the Anstruthers had come to the assistance of the heiress. "I grieve very much that I cannot accept your offer. It is impossible."

"Impossible! Why?"

"That I cannot explain."

"We are both members of the same profession, and so far equal."

"Pardon me," said Lady Teazle. "You know nothing of my antecedents, and"—

"And you know nothing of mine, you would say. Charming equality! Say, Miss Fonblanque, may I hope?"

It was now the turn of the actress to sigh. "It would be cruel to raise hopes which can never be realized."

Montmorency let fall the hand which in his ardour he had seized, and drew himself proudly up. "That is your fixed answer?"

"It is."

Montmorency once more took possession of her taper fingers, and raising them to his lips, uttered the word "Farewell!" and hastily left the green-room.

The dark melting eyes of the heiress gazed after his retreating figure, and large drops of moisture gathered in them. "I have half a mind to call him back," she mentally whispered.—"No! I must remember I am an Anstruther."

Sinking on a couch, Lady Teazle felt her brain going around; then presently raising her eyes, she beheld—Mr. Vallance.

"Have I not the honour of speaking to Miss Anstruther?"

"Since you recognise me, it would be affectation to deny my identity. Mr. Vallance, may I ask you to preserve my secret?"

"From all save one individual—Mr. Montmorency. Surely you knew that in the Charles Surface of this evening you beheld your rejected lover, Mr. Stanley?"

A film came slowly over the eyes of Miss Anstruther. "You are not joking, Mr. Vallance?"

"The matter is too serious for jesting. But I will break a confidence. He loves you. He told me so half an hour ago."

The heiress could scarcely forbear a smile, as she reflected that her ears had drank in the soft confession only five minutes ago. "Mr. Vallance will you do me a favor? Will you ask Mr. Stanley to step here for a few minutes? But remember, you must on no account reveal my identity."

"You may rely on me, Miss Anstruther. I do not know what steps you mean to adopt; but there is no time to lose, for old Colonel Stanley is in front, and will, if he has recognised you, at once inform his son."

"That is my fear; so hasten."

Almost before the heiress could mature her plans the rejected one appeared before her. He was very grave, and bowed with an air of deep humility, as the actress thus addressed him: "Mr. Vallance and I are old acquaintances, so I commissioned him to ask you to return for a short time. I feel very anxious about our scenes in the *Hunchback* to-morrow. Would you mind running through the *Modus* and *Helen* scene. I mean the second one."

Montmorency bowed. "With pleasure."

It would have been a lesson for half the actresses on the stage, could they have beheld the manner in which the saucy coquette of the play coaxed her lover, lured him on, fascinated him, and enveloped him in such a spell of witcheries, that no *Modus* that ever breathed could have been proof against her seductive wiles. The scene came to an unexpected termination, for Montmorency suddenly caught her in his arms, and as he held her clasped tight to his breast, exclaimed in rapid and excited tones: "This is not acting! If it be, you are the greatest actress that ever trod the boards. You love me! I see it in your sparkling eye; I read it in your blushing cheek! Say, am I not right?"

Emily Anstruther remained perfectly passive in the arms of Harry Stanley, as she murmured "Yes."

The enraptured couple were so completely absorbed in reading love in each other's eyes that they had not observed the entrance of two gentlemen, Colonel Stanley and Mr. Vallance.

The old colonel was the first to speak. "Speak, sir! Is this a scene from a play?"

By this time the heiress had left the sweet anchorage of her lover's arms, and advancing to the old man, said: "Do you not recognise your godchild, Emily Anstruther?"

But surprise had taken away the power of speech from the colonel.

His son interposed. "I trust Miss Anstruther will acquit me of any guilty knowledge of this fact—will believe that I believed she was merely Miss Fonblanque the actress."

Emily Anstruther here cast down her eyes, while a deep blush mantled over her face and neck. "I am afraid I am not equally innocent; for Mr. Vallance informed me that I had refused my hated lover. But I have enough confidence in his love for me, to hope for his belief in my unselfish love for him."

"So you see, da!" exclaimed the younger Stanley, "Love not only rules the court, the camp, the grove, as the poet says, but does not disdain to flutter his wings in the green-room."

Love of Home.

The most appreciable quality of the British people is their love for home. I place the love of home as the very basis of national life. Surely there is no bond more constant with true happiness than that which binds together the members of a family. There is nothing so congenial, so pleasing and satisfying as home, for it is the abode of love, free and unconstrained; it clusters around itself sweet associations with loving and loved faces during a long series of years of sweet companionship; it is the museum *par excellence* where a thousand things, each with a history and pedigree of its own, are arranged with exquisite taste by loving hands—altogether a perpetual source to heart and mind. And it is at home, in the midst of peace and quietness, that the best work is conceived and executed. Let no sentimental hobby or crude political theories destroy the united action of every member of the household. Married women may now exercise a right over their separate property. They will wield the right at a great cost if at the expense of mutual distrust and lessened co-operation between husband and wife.

## Some Historical Jokes.

"A mule is a mule but a man is a mulier." This joke is supposed to have been brought up from India by the earlier Pelagians settlers of Italy. Tetrarchus Periconius, in his annals relates that Caesar while pausing at the brink of the Rubicon, in an effort to budge a baggage mule which had braced its fore feet against the ruins of a Dric temple, was approached by one of his officers, Tediis Sempronius, who remarked that his wife was even more difficult to control than the aforesaid obstinate animal, Caesar, after curdly rejoined, "Omnia Gallia est divisa in partes tres," bade Tediis declare himself, whereupon the latter said that while a mule was a mule, yet his wife was mulier. Caesar, upon hearing this remark, mounted his horse and made a dash for the other bank. So passed away the liberties of Rome. Tediis Sempronius was subsequently put to death on the first proscription, after having got off the joke on Mac Antony. The specific charge against him was an attempt to revive the humour of the Targuins.

William Rufus was tarrying one day at Winchester, during the summer of 1088, when he was approached by his Lord Chancellor, who suggested that inasmuch as the King was a young bachelor the ladies of the court naturally expected more attention than they had received during the preceding reign. "By St. Simon the Cellarer," exclaimed the King, "they shall never say I value them not. Largess is thine, me lud, if thou devise a scheme for their entertainment, for I am busy with the cares of State." "Ice-cream," suggested the Chancellor. "Too high," rejoined the economical King, pointing to a neighboring confectioner's sign, "£1.50 per gal." The Chancellor resigned in disgust.

When Alexander paused before the walls of Tyre, Dlessepsius, his engineer reported that the city was impregnable. All attempts to break down the walls would be but a waste of time, and an assault would cause terrible effusion of blood. Alexander smilingly replied that while a battering-ram might fail, a goat would probably answer. "Bring up a goat or the batter we had last night; either is a strong batter," he musingly answered. The people of Tyre, who were on the walls of their city, immediately got down and left on the other side.

## Gladstone and his Wife.

We are always curious to know something of the domestic life of great men, and wish to know if the wife has had any part in the husband's success. It is always said that Mrs. Gladstone has been a helpmeet indeed, and one would be led to this opinion from the sweet, wifely, motherly expression of her countenance. Mrs. Gladstone does not look older than an American lady does at 50. Her hair is almost black and her face is almost free from lines and wrinkles. English woman of the last generation dresses hideously, and the majority of the present generation do. And Mrs. Gladstone, in respect of dress, belongs to both past and the present. She always looks dowdy. One can not get over the feeling when seeing her that she is of bourgeois origin. If one did not know her, one would assume that she belonged to what is called the "shop-keeping class." When she came into the chapel on Sunday she was really a curiosity. Her face is uncommonly sweet and spiritual. Her smile tells the story of a true and gentle heart. But—Why should any lady dress so barbarously? The puffed-out hair, and big, ill-shaped bonnet, with the old-fashioned toilet veil; a long, rather rusty velvet cloak, with wide fur trimmings and ungloved hands did not seem suitable to the face. During the services, when Mrs. Gladstone removed the cloak, she put on a light, coarsely-knitted worsted shawl, and then to me, the picture of odds and ends seemed complete.

But to Mr. Gladstone, I was pained to see him. He shuffled into the chapel and into his pew with a quick, nervous, ill-regulated step that indicated strength of will trying to overcome weakness of limb. He looked two inches shorter than he did four years ago. His face is full of crows' feet, lines and wrinkles run in every direction upon it, and if he were 100 years old his face could not be more wizened and worn. The withered, pinched face, with its great, penetrating, restless eyes, was almost weird. I sat immediately facing the prime minister, and within ten feet of him, and I must say—I am bound to say—that his presence pained me all the while I was in the chapel. He is a man with a great trouble on his mind, or else no face in this world ever told the story of trouble. When he closed his eyes in prayer—and I peeped several times to see—there was almost an agony on his countenance. He was so uneasy and restless when standing up, so fidgety with the books and his fan that it was deeply painful to see him.

## Recklessness of the British.

There is considerable recklessness in the character of the British people, and its effects are seen in early marriages, in trade and finance, at sea and land, in the mine and the factory. What are the oft-recurring commercial crises but the rebounds of a reckless neglect of rules of prudence and wisdom! Whence the many accidents on the railroads and the heavy losses [at sea] but the result of wanton negligence of danger? It is not only the owner of the mine that neglects opening proper shafts, but the miner himself, that will light his candle or pipe in the midst of fire-damp. It is not the ship-owner only that will send unworthy, overladen, and under-manned ships to sea, but the captain and seamen, who will encounter any peril in order to shorten the passage by so many hours or days. If boldness be a virtue, recklessness is a vice; if bravely be commendable, rashness is a crime. In 1882, 15,350 deaths arose from violent causes in mines, from vehicles, from machinery, from weapons, from falls, from burns, from explosions, from weather agencies, from drowning and suffocation, and from poison and other causes, many of them the simple result of recklessness. No other country exhibits such a catalogue of violent deaths. True, they have not the same quantity of mines, nor the same mileage of railways, nor the same tonnage of shipping; yet the proportion of losses is greater here than anywhere. Now, the acquisition of wealth by gambling and recklessness is vicious and criminal. Wealth, says Weyland, is not acquired, as many persons supposed, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt.