and not a few were fresh from their labors, with unwashed faces, and blacking-boxes thrown over their bony arms. In their haste and eagerness they caught many a switch from the attendants' canes before they settled down in their places. Nor did they accept this treatment uncomplainingly, but invoked dark powers upon their assailants' heads. Before we got in, nearly all the seats were taken, and the latest comers had to seek a still higher gallery, which also filled with a rapidity that must have carried joy to the manager's heart.

The lights remained low for nearly half an hour yet, but all those meagre faces were intent upon the green curtain, while the buzz of conversation went on uninterruptedly. Venders of apples and peanuts moved about the audience, crying their wares. Some of the men beguiled and inspired themselves at the bar before alluded to, until at last, after all the waiting, struggling, and hope, a few instruments were scraped in the orchestra. The spectators then began to whistle, stamp, and shriek, vociferously. The lights blazed out a little stronger, and the stamping was more energetic, tantalizing the expectation to an insufferable point. A short delay was resented with an uproar of such vocal combinations as I had not thought the human voice capable of. But—tap, tap! That was the conductor's *bâton*. The little fiends (so must I call them) shifted about in their seats, packed themselves closer than ever, and stretched their necks nearer the stage. Imagination and anticipation were on tiptoe. The haggard, half-starved creatures were on the brink of their Arcadia, soon to be initiated into scenes and deeds splendid only when compared to their own. They watched the cup of pleasure slowly rising to their lips. The expression that filled their faces was like that of hungry men receiving bread. And then the music rolled out, not richly or harmoniously, but with brassiness and vehemence that fired the small souls of the *gamins*, and sent streams of fitful fire out of their sunken eyes. The overture ended, they resumed their demonstrations of impatience until the tinkling of a bell was heard, and the curtain rose to quick music.

The play was such as "popular" audiences have delighted in for generations—a five-act emotional, farcical, realistic, localized, melodramatic composition, illustrating the rebuke of wickedness and the triumph of virtue. Villainy was personified in a beetle-browed gentleman in a linen duster and straw hat, who ingenuously explained to the audience that he had defrauded a beautiful young heiress out of her estates, worth never so many millions, at the mention of which the eyes of the audience glittered furiously. And virtue found a champion in a young woman, wearing trousers, a sort of moral Jack Sheppard, who was invariably looking up at the right upper entrance, and overhearing all the villain's plans. But Virtue, opportune as she always was, also had a slouchy manner, and used slangy language, which ineffectually carried the lesson home. After stating her intention to defeat the heavy man, she added, with humor not usually found in virtue, "That's the kind of hair-pin I am!" which avowal brought down the gallery in cheers, laughter, and applause. The promising and self-confessed hair-pin waddled through about fifteen scenes, foiling the unsuspecting villain in all his actions, until we began to sympathize with the poor fellow, and pity his simplicity. But our emotions of compassion were not shared by the gallery, who cursed the villain and cheered the hero and heroine through all the vicissitudes of their little parts. Never was there a better-tempered and better-disposed audience. They applauded every action and line enthusiastically, by screaming, stamping, and whistling. But the tumult reached its climax in the "great sensation scene" in the mad-house, where the heroine was confined by her persecutors. The hair-pin hero stole in here, and released his future bride. Single-handed, he put all the nurses into strait-jackets, the wardens into irons, and struck a brave, appealing attitude, which brought the curtain down amid roars of gratified delight. "H'ist the rag, h'ist the rag!" That was the call for the *encore*, "the rag" being the act-drop, and, in obedience to the mandate, "the rag" went up, round after round of riotous applause following. The time had now come for refreshments, and the ragged pleasure-seekers resorted to those famous revivifiers, peanuts and apples. So, through nearly six hours, the entertainment went on with laughter, excitement, and some genuine tears over the woes of the characters. Bad as the actors were, they touched some hearts. "Ah, ye devil," I overheard a small boy exclaim, shaking his little fist at the "heavy," "don't I wish I had yer 'ere!" And more than once, when the hero or heroine was in difficulties, I heard a sob, and saw a sympathetic tear trickling down a dusty Arab face.

As the company dispersed, pouring down the well-worn stairs, with terrible cat-calls and whoops, many lingered near the lights still burning outside the theatre. The night had grown colder, and, coming out of the hot building, they shivered in the winter blast. Not all had houses to shelter them, nor bread to appease their hunger, but they had tasted the pleasure that to them was feverish and brilliant. They were satisfied, and, when the awful policeman came to drive them away, they bantered him, and then sought the softest door-steps, the deepest ash-barrels, and the warmest corners, in which to pass the night.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN the Indian summer came,
The prodigals of Nature gathered in
The slender autumn grain that grew within
Their little fields along the rivers—late
Their harvest and the hoar-frost drawing near
With all his lances; what would be their fate
If that last sunshine came not? Yet no fear
Felt they—the Indian summer always came.

Old Nature loved her prodigals,
The idle sons who roamed her golden West,
Scouring her prairie miles, with lance at rest,
For the mere joy of feeling the swift wind
Keen on their tawny cheeks; her thrifty ways
Of spring-time seed they laughed to scorn, and sinned
And rioted through all her harvest-days;
And yet—the Indian summer always came.

When the Indian summer comes
In lives, then prodigals do gather in
Their small, late-planted harvest, sadly thin
The sheaves; yet with glad hands they hoard their store,
And deem it golden plenty—they forget
What sheaves they might have had; and, though the hoar
Of coming winter on their locks is set,
Though late—their Indian summer always comes.

For Nature loves her prodigals—
After our wasted months she grants the days
Of Indian summer's golden purple haze,
After our wasted lives she gives a time
For late repentance when we gather in
A slender store of virtues; all our prime
Was wasted, soon the snows of age begin,
And yet—our Indian summer always comes.

O well-remembered prodigal
Whom we all know, was it at this fair time—
The Indian summer of our Western clime—
That thou didst hasten to thy father? Come,
Arise, let us go forth; our Father waits—
Not here among the empty husks, our home—
Far in the purple skies, the golden gates
Of Indian summer open—prodigals, come!

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

A MARRIAGE ON SPECULATION.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THE French entered Amsterdam the 20th of January, 1815. The soldiers stacked their arms on the pavement, and waited anxiously for their billets for quarters.

Despite the severity of the weather, the citizens turned out in large numbers to welcome and admire the veterans in their rags. There was general rejoicing throughout the city, which for the most part was illuminated. At the extreme end of the town there was a single house, whose dark, forbidding aspect was in strong contrast to the brilliant appearance of the neighboring buildings. It was the residence of the rich merchant Meister Woerden. He was completely absorbed in his commercial operations, and neither knew nor cared to know what was going on in the political world; and, then, he was too familiar with the rules of economy to think of squandering candles on an illumination.

At this moment, when all was joy and enthusiasm throughout Amsterdam, Meister Woerden sat quietly in his big arm-chair beside the fire. On the table there was a little brass lamp, a mug of beer, and a big clay pipe. On the other side of the fire sat an old maid-servant, whose rotundity betrayed her Flemish origin. She was occupied in shoving back the coals that had fallen out on the hearth, when there came a loud knock at the street-door.

"Who can that be? Go and see," said the old merchant to the maid, who had risen to her feet.

A few moments later a stalwart young man entered the room. He threw off his mantle and approached the fire.

"Good-evening, father," said he.