

the famous star from old Spain. That gentleman is on the point of breaking a blood-vessel in his effort to impersonate the convulsive thief; but he is saved by the doctor in the private box, who is suddenly summoned to the actor's dressing-room. This interesting incident makes a deep impression upon the sympathizing public, and greatly increases the interest of the drama. Then the curtain is lowered amid rapturous applause, and calls for the infirm player, who is presently led on the stage, supported by one of the company and by the doctor. In the following act, the star astonishes his audience by a vivid representation of a detected thief gone mad, and, his private convulsions being still fresh in their memories, many are seen to direct their gaze toward the doctor's box, in doubt whether that gentleman will not be required to administer also to a mind diseased. But all conjecture on this point is presently set at rest by the acting madman himself, who is duly restored to his senses at the conclusion of the play.

An interval of from twenty to thirty minutes elapses between each act, during which the whole audience rise from their places, and promenade around and about the theatre. The ladies betake themselves to the lobbies to flirt, fan, and refresh themselves with ice *sorbetes*. The gentlemen from the pit are everywhere. Some are conferring with friends in the *grilles*, or mourning-boxes; some are smoking cigarettes in spacious saloons provided for smokers; others are in the street drinking *orchata*, or *bul*, a compound of English beer with iced water and syrup. The stage itself is, however, their favorite resort. Open doors give access to that mysterious ground from the front of the theatre, and the pit public is thus enabled to wander into every nook and corner, from the traps below to the flies above. The players do not shun their visitors, but rather court their society, for a friend in front is considered a desirable acquisition, and half-way toward a reputation as "favorite;" to say nothing of benefit nights at the end of a season. A small crowd of *pollos* waylay the "first lady" as she leaves her dressing-room. As many as conveniently can enter the leading actor's room, to congratulate him on his success and his speedy recovery from the sensational scene. Another party of *pollos* chokes the narrow passage leading to the *première danseuse's* boudoir; and great is their joy when they catch a glimpse of the gauze goddess as she flutters hurriedly past on her way to the green-room. The stage is thronged with these walking gentlemen, who require no rehearsal or prompter, and whose most attractive performance consists in unbounded cigarette-smoking, and in getting in everybody's way. It is a miracle how, in the midst of this dire confusion, carpenters, scene-shifters, and managers, contrive to set the stage for another act; and what a scene would be disclosed if the drop were to rise prematurely! Presently a voice is heard to cry, "Feura!" this being Spanish for "Clear the stage;" the big bell tolls, and the audience in due course return to their places in front. The curtain having been drawn up after the drama, a man comes round, like a ticket-collector on

a railway, to demand the cards of reserved seats from their holders, and to distribute programmes for to-morrow's performances. Everybody is in turn disturbed and annoyed, for at that moment the low-comedy man is singing a comic parody, in a farce called "The Sexton and the Widow."

But there is a graver interruption than that caused by the ticket-collector—an interruption which affects actors as well as audience, rendering everybody within the theatre walls motionless and speechless. Some ladies are seen to cross themselves devoutly, and are heard to utter ejaculations about "Misericordia" and "Maria Santissima." Every door in the theatre is thrown wide open, and the servants of the establishment stand before them with lighted candles. What is amiss? I look for El Marquesito del Queso, but he has disappeared. Fire? The black *bombero* firemen are in their accustomed places, and exhibit no sign that such a catastrophe has occurred. Rebellious outbreak of runaway niggers? I glance at the military box, and find the occupants peacefully inclined. Earthquake? I look toward the doctor's box, and observe that nervous gentleman perfectly tranquil and unmoved. Hark! a tinkling bell is ringing somewhere outside the theatre. From my position in the stalls I can see into the open street beyond, and anon I descry a procession of church dignitaries in full canonicals, the first of whom bears the tinkling bell, while the rest carry long wax-candles, the Host, and the sacred umbrella. Their mission at this hour of the evening is that of administering the holy sacrament to a dying man; and, as they pass along the streets, it behooves all occupants of houses within the route devoutly to acknowledge the procession as it passes. The audience and actors accordingly kneel and cross themselves while the holy functionaries and their sacrament are in view. One of the ecclesiastical party enters the theatre and glances hurriedly within, to see that all are in the approved attitude. I am thankful to find myself doing as the good Catholics are doing, for I know that our visitor has no respect of persons or creeds, and would call me to order without the least hesitation, were I inclined to rebel. When the religious "function" in the street (all public shows, from a bull-fight to high mass, are called "functions" in the Spanish language) is out of sight and hearing, and the candles at the door are extinguished, the spectators resume their seats, and the farce "function" on the stage proceeds.

## MEMORY.

IN the still warmth of Indian-summer days,  
When the tired Land lies sleeping,  
Hiding beneath a veil of purple haze  
Her fields, bare from the reaping,  
We pause, and listen, as we stray among the  
leafless trees:  
A voice comes back from out the past, borne  
on the western breeze:  
Years roll away; we drop our cares, and close  
our wearied eyes  
To present life, as, like a dream, old memories  
arise

Of hearts still here, though gone from us—of  
hearts in worlds above—  
Who gave to us life's greatest gift—our one  
real love.

Once we were loved—perhaps that love we  
spurned  
For one that proved unreal;  
Perhaps we took it, and it changed, and  
turned  
Away from love's ideal.  
It matters not—its memory comes back with  
tender pride:  
"She loved me once—me, only me, of all the  
world beside!"  
It matters not when in our hearts this written  
truth we see—  
"He loved me once with all his love; he loved  
me—only me!"  
Deep down, deep down, through care, through  
pain, through age, we prize, above  
All other gifts, this memory of our one real  
love.

The weary heart would soon lie down and  
die  
Of its own sin and sorrow,  
Could it not from this treasured memory  
Ever new courage borrow.  
"Once I was loved—with all my faults, was  
loved!" O silent sound!  
Hearest thou that, thou last red leaf, soft fall-  
ing to the ground?  
O purple haze, O gold-dust gleams, on hills  
afar and near,  
Once there was one to whose fond heart my  
every word was dear!  
O Indian summer's inner soul!—O spirit from  
above!—  
Blessed be thou, O memory of our one real  
love!

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE KOH-I-NOOR.

NONE of the noted precious stones now in existence can claim a more venerable antiquity than the Koh-i-noor diamond. Its history can be traced for over five and a half centuries; tradition extends the story to the time of the half-mythic Bikramajeet of India, about B. C. 37; and still wilder legends place its first discovery five thousand years ago.

This great diamond first appeared in history in 1304, when it came into the treasury of Delhi from the conquest of Malwa by Ala-ud-deen. From that time forth, it seems never to have been lost sight of. Now the property of one victorious sovereign, and then gracing the jewel-chamber of another, its fortunes were linked with the fate of empires. Borne by the conquering Persians to Khorassan, it was brought back in triumph by Ahmed Shah; and from his soon-failing hands it passed, in turn, to such princes of India as managed, from time to time, to get the better of their rivals. Its romantic wanderings ended in 1850. The Indian power having fallen before the arms of England, the diamond once more changed owners, and was presented by the victors to their queen.

Hindoo superstition assigns a most malevolent influence to this stone. Wrested from its rightful line of possessors hundreds of years ago, its continued changes from one conqueror to another beget and confirm the idea that it brings curses and ruin on each successive owner. Singularly enough, its advent into Europe occurred at such a time as to strengthen the Indian belief. "The Brah-