

effort and remained some time in that state of semi-lucidity which precedes one's waking. Finally his ideas cleared up; the sight of the parchment and the phial reminded him of what had happened on the eve, but as he perceived no change in himself, nor about him, he thought that the recipe of the Moorish Doctor had been ineffectual.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "it is another illusion!" As he spoke his eyes wandered to the ceiling where he had hung his clothes. He there saw his leather purse bursting with golden coin.

He advanced to seize the purse. He emptied it on his bed. There was no mistake. Those were really golden half crowns. The philter had produced its effect. At once he decided upon a second experiment. He desired that his garret should be transformed into a sumptuous chamber and his seedy clothes into a new costume of black velvet lined with satin. His wish was immediately fulfilled. He then demanded a grand breakfast, served by little negroes clad in scarlet. A royal table was suddenly spread before him and the little darkies came in with wines and chocolate. He continued thus testing his new power in a variety of forms. At length, sure that his wish had really become *Sovereign Law*, he rushed out of the inn in a paroxysm of delight.

On recovering his wits, he resolved to go forthwith and purchase the domain of Alonzo Mendos. He soon arrived in sight of the castle and entered upon an avenue which led directly to the park. Suddenly a sharp, imperious voice demanded of him why he was thus trespassing on private property. José saw before him a young man mounted on a beautiful Andalusian horse, and answered:

"There can be no trespass on a domain which has no master."

"How do you know it has none?" asked the cavalier.

"I was informed that the notary is instructed to sell it this very day."

"Then you come as a purchaser?"

"I do."

"And do you know how much is asked for it?"

"I intend to inquire presently."

"It is valued at four hundred thousand golden half-crowns."

"It is worth more."

The young man burst out laughing.

"An opulent buyer," he exclaimed, "who travels very modestly for his fortune."

"I am in the habit of going on foot," answered José.

"Your Lordship would however be better on my alczan."

"Do you think so?"

"So much so that I am tempted to dismount and offer you my seat."

"It is easy to satisfy you," said the doctor. "I desire that you be on the ground."

At that moment the horse reared and threw his rider on the grass.

"You have frightened my horse," cried the cavalier, in a rage.

"I only helped to the accomplishment of your intentions," replied Don José, taking the bridle and preparing to mount.

The young man advanced with uplifted whip.

"Back! or I will lash your face," he cried in a rage.

The blood rose to Don José's forehead.

"The Señor forgets that he is speaking to an Hidalgo," said he. "Let him remember that I wear a sword."

"Then use it," said the cavalier, unsheathing his.

No combat took place, but José desired that his adversary should feel a wound and fall to the ground. This happened. José who was sure that the wound was slight, as he had so wished it, saluted his prostrate foe, vaulted into the saddle and started off, in a trot, for the village. He presented himself before the notary, less as a purchaser than as a master about to take possession of his property. Unfortunately the notary informed him that the Castle of Mendos was no longer for sale.

"Why so?" asked Don José profoundly disappointed.

"Because Don Henriquez, the nephew of the Count, has just inherited two fortunes and has therefore decided to retain Mendos."

"What? No matter what is offered for it?"

"No matter."

"You are certain?"

"He told me as much this morning."

"Where is he?"

"He has just gone to the Castle on horseback."

Don José understood that this was his unknown cavalier and said to himself.

"I ought to have wished his wound more grievous."

Then turning to the notary he inquired again about the property.

"The land pleases him," said the notary, "and it certainly has many advantages. First an admirable position."

"I know that."

"Woods, fields and gardens."

"I have seen them."

"Yes, but the interior. You should visit the apartments."

There is first a gallery of pictures from our best masters."

"Pictures? I always adored them—though I prefer statues."

"The Castle is peopled with them."

"Is it possible?"

"To say nothing of the library."

"What? A library?"

"Of thirty thousand volumes."

Don José made a gesture of despair.

"And all these treasures will be lost!" he exclaimed.

The notary shrugged his shoulders.

Suddenly a loud tread was heard on the stair and a servant

rushed into the room.

"What is the matter?" asked the notary.

"A misfortune! a great misfortune. Don Henriquez has been fighting."

"Well?"

"And he has been wounded."

"Dangerously?"

"No. But in pursuing his adversary who was escaping on his horse, he fell and hurt himself so that he swooned."

"And where is he now?"

"He was brought home, but as he passed through the courtyard a stone from a scaffolding fell on him, wounding him mortally."

Don José could not bear to hear more. A violent revolution took place in him. Everything around him disappeared, and he found himself on his mattress in the garret of the inn, in

face of the little window through which the faint sunlight gleamed.

He then understood all. All that he had taken for reality was only a dream. He then remembered the final words of the Moorish Doctor's parchment:

"Our weakness is a barrier opposed by Deity to our folly!"

## Miscellaneous.

### No More Hazing.

The students of Brown University have done a good thing. They have uttered a protest against hazing as a barbarity, and voted that the students may wear such hats and coats and carry such canes as they please. No more uniforms.

### We are Passing Away

Genius loses a part of itself, as it were, by the death of a brilliant man in any profession or walk in life. This is well illustrated in the case of a Troy "supe," whose brain-wearing task it was to remove the chairs from the theatre stage. When Edwin Forrest's death was announced, he, with dramatic gesture and feeling, exclaimed, "Great God, another one of us gone!"

### Milton's Tomb.

It is not generally known that John Milton's tomb is still intact in London, and that at the parish church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, the remains of the great poet, interred in 1674, lie with those of his father, buried in 1646. At the south-east end of the church an elaborate shrine, designated by Mr. E. Woodthorpe, has been erected over the original marble bust by Bacon, and the poet lies a short distance from it. The church is well worth a visit, and is the oldest but one in London, being built by Alfræd in 1090. It is of grand proportions.

### Clay's Joke on Adams.

Henry Clay had a standing joke, which he never failed to perpetrate at John Quincy Adams's expense, when he caught his Massachusetts colleague in a congenial crowd. Adams was afflicted during his whole life with a disease of the lachrymal duct, which caused his eyes to be constantly watery. The two occupied the same apartment, and a rosy and buxom Swiss damsel attended the room. Clay's story was that, upon his attempting to snatch a kiss from his handsome chambermaid, he was bluffed off with, "Oh, Mr. Clay, you must not, for Mr. Adams a few minutes ago begged me with tears in his eyes, for a similar favour, and I refused him!"

### In Proportion.

The whole human figure should be six times the length of the feet. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. Height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

### Follow the Example.

A certain mechanic found, at the age of twenty-one, that he possessed a fancy for books, cigars and liquor—extravagant tastes all. Well, he thought the matter over, and, knowing that he must be dependent on his skill for a home and education, he decided to lay out in books every year the sum which he estimated it would cost a moderate drinker for liquor. He also calculated what it would cost him for tobacco and cigars, for theatres and Sunday riding, and set apart that money in the same way. The result was, that in a few years he owned a library of several hundred volumes. In this library he has a row of shelves labelled Liquor, Tobacco, Theatres, Livery Stables, which are now filled with books bought with the money he would otherwise have appropriated for those purposes. Young men, this little story needs no comment—but think of it.

### Signs of Winter.

The beavers and muskrats have begun their usual attempts to mislead us about the winter. Those mendacious animals still manage to retain the confidence of rural editors, and, whenever they begin early in the season to fix up their residences for winter, the editors at once decide that we are to have severely cold weather. Time and again have these wicked beavers and unprincipled muskrats prophesied cold weather, and been proved to be wilful falsifiers by the mildness of the following winter. With like frequency have they deluded people into the belief that a mild winter was at hand, when, in point of fact, the winter proved exceptionally cold. This fall they have begun unusually early to convince us that we are to have an Arctic winter; but we know them too well, and decline in any circumstances to put the slightest confidence in them.

### A Lesson.

A New York cabman recently received a wholesome lesson. An English gentleman arrived at Jersey City, and drove with his baggage to a fashionable up-town hotel. "What have I to pay?" he inquired of the Jehu. "Just thirteen dollars," promptly replied that politician. Now, a custom prevails in London, pursuant to an act of Parliament, that in case of any dispute with a fare the cabman must drive to the nearest police court. The Englishman, reasoning by analogy, and, luckily in this case, told the man to drive to a police office. Arriving there, the gentleman stated his case, explaining that he was a stranger, and simply wished to pay what was right, according to the recognized tariff. The justice said to this moderate-minded cabman, "You will drive this gentleman to his hotel. Your fare will be altogether three dollars, but before you go you will have to pay one dollar and fifty cents for the expenses attending this most proper application." Let others follow this stranger's lead.

### Education in Europe.

One of our German contemporaries gives the following statistics concerning the state of education in the principal European countries. Russia heads the list of illiterate persons with only 98 per cent. Poland then follows with 91 per cent., she being run very closely by Roumania, Spain, Portugal, and the late Papal States. Italy, Greece, and Hungarian-Austria come next. The South of Italy has but twenty-six in a hundred able to read and write. In Hungary, only a year ago, many a teacher might be found who could read but not write. England's uneducated are computed by our author at 50 per cent., and Belgium stands on a level with us (if not, indeed lower; vide last week's *Chronicle*). In the various departments of France the number of those who are unable to read and write fluctuates between 30 and 75 per cent. Among the better educated states are reckoned Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. In the latter countries only one in a thousand is reported as totally uneducated.

### Profanity.

A wise proverb says: "Birds of a feather flock together."

Now profane persons almost invariably consort with their kind

and that kind is generally to be seen in grog-shops and other places where the idle and dissolute like to congregate. Every sentence is interlarded with oaths and imprecations, horrible and degrading. The constant utterance of blasphemies hardens the heart and sears the conscience, rendering them fit for the reception of other depravities, until vice after vice, and sin after sin—each more vile than its predecessor—have been committed, and the way finally paved for a consummation in the lowest depths of wickedness. What would you think of a boy who, having the kindest of fathers, took pleasure in cursing and abusing that father, and in always provoking his anger instead of his love? Yet that is precisely the manner in which the profane swearer treats the most merciful God! Abstain, I pray you, from the slightest approach to profanity; for it is but the usher to a host of iniquities, while it destroys the grace of your conversation and the charm of your society.

### Bird-Flowers.

In the middle of the space occupied by Brazil in the Vienna Exposition is a large standing case filled with stuffed birds of the brightest plumage, and flowers made of feathers in bouquets and wreaths of the richest colour conceivable. Here is a flower of seven petals, a bud or two, and leaves along a hanging stem. Alas! every petal, every bud and leaf is made of the breast of a gold-throated humming-bird. So brilliant, and yet so cruel, who could wear them with pleasure? One could as soon relish nightingales' tongues. There are many of the flowers made out of a variety of humming birds' nests. No material half so rich or so wonderful in colour could be found for this purpose. The gold, or green, or blue upon the breast of one of these tiny creatures is only a spot surrounded with a very dark colour; these are so shaped that each petal and leaf takes the bright spot and a border upon the edge of dark making a flower very rich, but not so very beautiful; indeed, not at all so when one thinks of the twelve or fifteen bright fairy birds that once glanced in the sunshine, and now represent a very unnatural flower.

### From Bad to Worse.

Of Anna Deslons, a lady lately deceased, the French papers tell the following story. One day at the Hôtel des Ventes, she took a fancy to a landscape by Carat, which, as she happened to be in funds, she bought for 22,000 francs. Her friends told her the picture was not worth the money, and though not exactly of that opinion herself, she was frightened into selling it for 18,000 francs, with which she bought a diamond bracelet. Thereupon her acquaintances said she had been robbed, and that many of the supposed gems were but paste. That evening the bracelet was exchanged for a pair of earrings, at a loss of 3,000 francs. When returning from the jewellers she saw a miniature *chalet* in the window of a toyshop, and was forthwith overcome by a violent desire to take a trip to Switzerland. Eight days later, the earrings followed the bracelet, and with the 11,500 francs resulting from their sale, she purchased a *chalet* at Interlaken. A clock played the quadrille from *Orphée*. "Vive Paris!" the lady cried, "there is no place like Paris!" The *chalet* was sold for 5,000 francs, with which she purchased some bronzes, supposed to be antique, but worth some 300 francs, a price they fetched when sold at the Hôtel des Ventes fifteen months after.

### Gesticulation in the Italian Assembly.

One characteristic Right and Left have in common; a copious use of gesticulation, namely, to enforce and illustrate their speech. No two deputies can chat together for five minutes without our seeing hands raised in the air with rapidly-moving fingers. Indeed, this play of eloquent hands is so universal all over the Chamber, that if you stopped your ears you might imagine yourself assisting at a séance of deaf mutes. The hands flutter and open, and shake themselves, and double themselves up, leaving only an upturned thumb sticking out argumentatively, and are clasped together, and separated, and raised, with open palm and widely-stretched-out fingers, or are flung out disdainfully with the back of the hand to the spectator, in wonderful variety and expressiveness of movement. I have heard this flexible pantomime admired by foreigners, and our insular comparative immobility objected to. Certainly one can hardly conceive the spectacle of the British House of Commons dappled all over with fluttering hands, like a flock of grotesque birds. But perhaps we may be reconciled to such loss of the picturesque and dramatic as is involved in this fact by remembering that one may express a great many emotions in pantomime, but very few thoughts.

### The Influence of the Times.

Dr. William Howard Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, and of the New York Times at the Vienna Exposition, takes it upon himself, when occasion requires, to play the part of a ruler, acting, indeed, with as much power as a Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. At the surrender of Paris it became necessary that the Times should have a special train to carry the news to London in time for the morning paper. After trying the usual sources without success, Dr. Russell went to Baron Rothschild, who owns a large part of the stock of the Northern Railway, and demanded of him a train in the name of the London Times. He got it. Mr. Smalley, writing to the *Tribune*, says: "Its (The Times) correspondents hold a position apart. Doors fly open to them at which the representatives of other journals knock in vain. Dr. Russell's personal position is, from a variety of causes, such as no other correspondent is likely to attain, or to attain for a long time. He knows all the kings and princes and prime ministers in Europe who are worth knowing, and his acquaintance with them is old enough and familiar enough to give him a sure footing in the highest society. I need scarcely remind you that when the war of 1870 broke out, the privilege of accompanying the Prussian headquarters was granted to Dr. Russell, and refused to every other European correspondent. His acquaintance with the Crown Prince of Prussia and other magnates of that court may partly explain that signal favour, but there was something behind it." That something was the Times.

### Pampered Puppies.

"Here in Paris," writes a correspondent, "it is quite common to see a mother dragging her almost infant child by the hand, weary and fretful, and carrying a dog in her arms, which she will occasionally stop to kiss, or dispose of so as to make it more comfortable. This trait is peculiar to no one class, but all seem to have a strong affection for the dog. To see a lady at her door or window without a lap-dog is almost a novelty, whilst many of them carry in their arms or lead them by a ribbon in the streets. The corners are posted with handbills of hospitals for dogs, where the best medical attendance can be had, and deg-medicines and dog soaps are placarded in all directions. On the boulevards, at night, the dealers in dogs are constantly perambulating with two or three pups in their arms, and ladies will stop and bargain for them on the public thoroughfare. They teach them all manner of tricks, and they are valued according to the education they have received and the intelligence they display. When they travel they take a nurse with them to attend to the wants and comfort of the dog, and these nurses can be seen in the public square airing and exercising the dogs, and leading them by ribbons. Some idea of the extent of this dog mania may be judged from the fact that the dog tax paid into the city treasury last year was 420,000 francs, or nearly \$100,000. The men, also, have their dogs, but not to such a great extent as females. They are mostly beautiful little animals, as white as snow, and are kept scrupulously clean, more