

been thus added by the end of 1874 will be worth 3,427,920,000 thalers, granting the same rate of interest, five per cent. At the end of next year the twelve hogsheds thus replenished will have cost 4,218,500,000 thalers, giving an average of 244,132 thalers per bottle. The hogsheds are not, however, all of the same value. They are filled up on a system by which the wine added must, in the course of time, pass through all the eleven hogsheds before reaching the last, which contains the oldest and most precious liquid, each drop of which, reckoning a bottle at 1,000 drops, is now worth 56,000 thalers.

High Life in Yellow Covers.

It is remarkable that the principal characters in cheap literature invariably belong to the very highest ranks of society. Sometimes the hero is a poor man; but, in that case, he always turns out to be a nobleman eventually. Even Mr. Disraeli's novels pale their ineffectual fires before the glow of more than ducal magnificence which pervades the pages of these serials. Social rank is recognized as being a very serious matter, too—a thing not to be trifled with. It is all very well for an ex-Premier of England to speak of baronets by their surnames only, and of lords with similar familiarity; but no such flippancy can be permitted here. The name and title should be given in full. If it is a large sounding name, with plenty of syllables in it—such as "Sir de Montmorency Plantagenet"—so much the better, and the whole should be repeated every time the person in question is referred to—thus: "Lord Reginald Fitzalan gazed fixedly on Lady Mabel de Vavassour for some minutes before either spoke." Everything that can keep up the sense of an aristocratic atmosphere is carefully dwelt upon. Chocolate is handed "in a cup worth a matter of forty guineas or so." The faithless lover leans his heated brow upon "the elegant marble mantel-piece," and the damsel whom he has betrayed buries her sobbing face in "the soft cushions of crimson velvet." Everybody is in a chronic state of evening dress. According to some of the engravings, the ladies wear it in the day-time, and even make rowing excursions in low bodices. But the engravings are not always to be depended on; in fact, there is a slight suspicion of the occasional use of old blocks, which have already done duty in another capacity; for a ship's cabin sometimes presents astonishing dimensions, and appears to have its roof supported by large marble pillars. Perhaps, however, this merely arises from a vague desire to impress the importance of the hero's social position upon the mind of the reader.

Our Illustrations.

VIOLA.

Viola is certainly one of the most lovable of Shakespeare's heroines; and, according to Mr. Herrick, the artist whose picture we engrave from the Academy exhibition, she is also one of the most paintable. She is beautiful, yet full of sweet, graceful humility; wit and intelligence beam in her bright eyes, yet her mien is engaging and harmless; and we know that her love for the Duke, into whose service she entered disguised as a page named Cesario, was tender, constant, and true, even before the momentary danger of death. The artist helps us, we think, to realise such a character as she stands before the Duke uttering the lines quoted in the catalogue from the fourth scene of the second act—"Twelfth Night"—

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

How prettily the boy's suit becomes her maiden figure! How lovingly appealing is the expression of her fair face! With what modest embarrassment does she handle her cap! Was so handsome a page ever seen? Yet, withal, sadness and hopelessness bow her head and blanch her cheek. Inevitably we must recall her own description of the maiden (meaning herself) who

Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on monument,
Smiling at grief.

PORT NIAGARA.

Fort Niagara stands at the mouth of the Niagara River, on the American shore in the State of New York, and is a place of considerable historic interest. It is one of a chain of forts originally constructed by the French, extending from Quebec on the St. Lawrence to Fort Chartiers on the Mississippi. It was built soon after the peace of Utrecht (1713) by De Vaudreuil, French Governor of Canada, and was at the time of its capture by Sir W. Johnson considered a very strong fortress. Part of the original structure is still standing, the central building shown in the centre of the sketch and the square tower like building to the left are said to be parts of the old French fort. On the first of July 1759, the British General Prideaux with an army consisting of 350 regular and Provincial troops, and 1,500 Indians, under Sir William Johnson, having embarked at Oswego, landed a short distance below the Fort at a place called Little Swamp, (now known as Bear Creek, N.Y.) and immediately laid siege to it. The regular troops engaged in this expedition consisted of the 44th and 46th regiment of the Line. The Grenadiers and light infantry of the 4th Battalion Royal Americans, and a detachment of the Royal Artillery. On the 9th July General Prideaux was killed by the accidental discharge of a mortar, and the command devolved upon Sir W. Johnson. On the night of the 12th July, M. Dumas with 1,500 men attacked the British siege works, but owing to the darkness of the night his troops got into confusion and fired upon each other and were easily driven off by the British. On the 23rd July, General Johnson hearing that the garrisons of Detroit, Venango, Presque Isle and Le Boef had concentrated at the foot of Lake Erie for the purpose of relieving Fort Niagara, marched out with the main body of his troops and attacked them near the Falls on the morning of the 24th and after a sharp engagement routed them with heavy loss, taking their commanding officer prisoner. On the 25th July M. Ponchot, commanding officer of Fort Niagara, seeing no hope of relief surrendered the Fort with its garrison, consisting of 600 men. They were allowed to march out with the honours of war, and were afterwards sent back to France by the British Government. The next we hear in history of Fort Niagara, is

during the last war between Great Britain and the United States, 1812-1813. It was surprised and captured by a small detachment of British and Canadian troops under Col. Murry, at 3 a.m., on the 19th December, 1813. It was garrisoned by about 400 American regulars, both infantry and artillery, under the command of a Capt. Leonard, who, on the morning of the attack was sleeping at his home about three miles from the Fort.

THE SPOT WHERE THE LATE BISHOP WILBERFORCE WAS KILLED,

by a fall from a stumbling horse is a place called Evershed's Rough, from the name of the neighbouring farmer, which is on the bridle-path along the valley beneath the southern slope of the chalk hills, Rammoor-common, White Downs, and Hockhurst or Aekhurst Downs, extending from east to west between Dorking and Guildford. The illustration for which we are indebted to the *Illustrated London News*, is from a view taken by the Surrey Photographic Company, Guildford. It shows the cross which was cut in the turf, immediately after the removal of the Bishop's dead body, to mark the precise spot of his fall. A few yards behind is the slight hollow in the ground where the horse stumbled and cast its rider head foremost out of the saddle.

THE SWOOPING TERROR OF THE OF THE DESERT.

The large drawing we have is one of an extensive series of Oriental illustrations which Mr. Carl Haag has given to the art-world from his personal observation in the East, particularly from experience gained in a journey made about twelve years back, when he penetrated as far as Palmyra, the "Queen of the Desert." Many of the series have represented incidents of Arab life in the desert—incidents often graceful and tender, sometimes pathetic and terrible, but always picturesque and romantic. Several of such representations have, like the present work, worthily occupied places of honour in the Old Water-Colour Society's exhibition.

We have heard much of the dangers of traversing the Asiatic and African deserts; and just now the subject is rendered prominent by the narratives of the sufferings of the Russian troops in crossing the steppes of Central Asia. But the particular danger indicated in this picture is probably less familiar, though it appears to be of not very unfrequent occurrence. In winging its flight over the arid waste of the desert, an eagle, pressed with hunger, will, without waiting for its rations from death, like the vulture or the carrion crow, sometimes attack living animals, and even man. Spying out its prey from an incredible distance, it will, like lightning, swoop down in ever-lessening circles, seize in its talons and carry far out of sight, a good-sized sheep or goat; or failing these, it will snatch away an infant or small child, if left for a moment unguarded. The appearance towards nightfall of such an enemy may well alarm these lonely travellers, unprovided, as the are, with any protection overhead. A single Bedawee usually travels without a tent, such shelter being generally provided by the Arabs only when they journey in company or encamp for a season. This poor Bedawee family are preparing to pass the night in mid desert, near a circle of oases. The sun's last ray is vanishing athwart the group; the moon has risen above the Eastern horizon. The man was about to draw from the saddle-bags the scanty provisions for their frugal meal; the wife had gone to some near pool or fountain for water, and is now returning with her antique-shaped jar balanced on her head after the fashion of her ancestresses of thousands of years ago; she has her children about her; a babe is on her arm, and elder boy toddles at her side. All around is silence and solitude—when suddenly is heard in the still air the clanging wings of the rightly-named "Swooping Terror of the Desert." Instantly, however, the father, ever ready as the champion of his wife and children against all comers, is on his knee by the side of his camel, so as to take steadier aim with his long gun at this aerial robber. Instinctively the mother pauses not to disturb his aim, and her babe clings closer to her neck; but the brave boy, confident in his father's prowess, is already elated in anticipation of seeing their dire enemy fall dead to the ground.

From the *Daily Graphic* we copy an illustration showing the construction of the boat to be attached to Prof. Wise's balloon.

ANOTHER SKETCH TAKEN ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND

shows the view of Montreal obtainable from the northwest side of the island above the officer's quarters.

THE ROTUNDA OF THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

The illustration on page 124 gives us a most striking coup-d'œil. From the goodly company assembled under the great rotunda one may form a very fair idea of the motley crowds that have been thronging to Vienna during the last two months. We have them all here, Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and Judea, and Cappadocia, mingling with stout John Bull, spry Yankees, lively Frenchmen and stolid Germans, representatives of Spain and Italy, far o! Australians, and peasants from Styria and Carinthia; Russians, Sandwich Islanders and Arabs, strangers from the uttermost ends of the earth in fact.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

The homely Old English style of the proverb, as well as the costume of the figures in the artist's design for the illustration, reminds us of certain scenes and dialogues in the comedies of Shakespeare, where a lady of rank, condescending to invite the free talk of a favourite jester or "clown," hears from him, under guise of a quaint and whimsical fancy, the suggestions of wholesome practical truth. Countess Olivia, for example, finds it worth her while to tolerate the impertinence of her privileged fool, though Malvolio says, "I marvel, your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal." The merry fellow himself does not own the customary name of his profession. "No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia will keep no fool till she be married, and fools are as like husbands as pilchards be to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, no her fool, but her corrupter of words;" that is to say her punster. Such another humorous rogue is found in the domestic service of the grave Countess of Roussillon, in "All's Well that Ends Well," and his mistress calls him a foul-mouthed calumnious knave. The conversation of Rosalind and Celia with Touchstone, in "As You Like It," run in the same key. They make the fool welcome as "the whetstone of their wits," but he proves far more sharp than they supposed, and afterwards helps them to escape to the Forest of Arden. It is a cast of parts which Shakespeare much likes to exhibit; and he would have put into the mouth of this jester, upon the occa-

sion represented by the artist, some amusing comparisons of the peacock's finery with that of the sumptuously-attired dame who is admiring this splendid bird. The mere moral lesson of the proverb is trite enough.

Fun.

"What's the date of your bustle?" was what an anxious papa of Cobleskill asked his well-dressed daughter, after searching for the latest copy of his paper.

Susan R. Anthony wants the name of the Pullman cars altered either to Pull-man-and-woman or Pull-respective-of-sex cars. At the depot, on Monday evening, an eager-looking man jumped from the train and clasped a waiting woman to his arms. "Heavens, my wife!" said he. "Mercy! my ruffles," said she. Which showed what both were thinking of.

The Girl of the Period does not condescend to notice trifles. One of this variety recently had occasion to write to her mother. She added in a postscript: "Please direct your letters to Mrs. John Smith. I am married." Short, if not sweet.

A Georgia paper recently contained the following item in its society gossip: "The amiable and delicious Miss Pilkington, whose charms of mind and person have turned the heads of our gallants, now does her hair in braids, and patronizes this paper exclusively in her personal make up."

Mr. John Owens, who lately died at Jackson, aged 114, was in some respects a remarkable man. He blushing admitted that he had used whi-key since he was ten years o'd, and had chewed tobacco and smoked, more or less, for one hundred and three years, but he never claimed that he had seen Washington.

His name was Baumgardner. He was going down to Cape May on the steamboat, and on the way his tooth began to ache in the most frightful manner. Unable to endure the pain any longer, he determined to have the tooth removed summarily. So Baumgardner got a bit of copper wire from the engineer and twisted one end around his tooth, and when the boat stopped at Newcastle he fastened the other end of the wire to the walking-beam of the engine, and waited for the jerk that would remove the tooth. The end of the beam, however, was on the down stroke, and the first thing Mr. Baumgardner knew he was proceeding toward the boiler-room with frightful rapidity. The next instant he was hauled aloft suddenly and flung feet upward into the air. Then he dived down again, then up, then down, bumping against the wood-work, rasping his legs on the rails, scalping himself against the machinery, and plunging about in the most appalling manner, until on a final up-stroke the tooth gave way, and Baumgardner was flung to the summit of the smoke-stack, whence he was rescued by the captain, who was going to thrash him for stopping off the draft. He is said to have remarked to the landlord upon his arrival at Cape May that while the low pressure steam engine is undoubtedly a useful invention, its application in the practice of the science of dentistry would be calculated to prejudice the public mind against it.

Since Mr. O'Clarence's Fourth of July celebration, says the Danbury man, North street has been comparatively quiet. But last night it was again aroused. It appears that one of our Main street clerks is keeping company with a young lady living in North street. And her father is opposed to his society, or at least that has been the impression since a fortnight ago, when he poured a tea-kettle of hot water on him. But having healed the burns, the young man determined to capture the girl in spite of the parent, and laid plans for an elopement, which was to have come off last night. The stern father received intelligence of the plan through the perfidy of the servant who had been taken into the confidence of the young people, and he concealed himself in the shade of a lilac bush, just under the window of the depraved daughter. At 12 o'clock the young man approached the spot, standing so close to our friend in the lilac bush that he could almost touch him, and could quite smell the sweet oil. A moment later a head appeared at the window, a brief whispered conversation followed, and a comforting bundle of things was dropped down, and the head retired. The young man, whose skin was off in places, and who was undoubtedly thinking of angels chasing pond-lilies across rainbows, held his hands up to catch the bundle, when he became suddenly aware that he was gripped by the legs, and in the next instant he was hurled through the air, and went nose first into an onion bed. When he got on his feet he did not pause to look up the cause of the trouble, but threw himself over the first fence and struck out for home, content to wait until the paper came out for the particulars. The first intimation the young lady had of the modification of the programme was the appearance of her father at her door, who politely extended the bundle, and kindly observed: "You dropped something out of your window, Miss." She had.

Croquet is not designed for the development of muscle, but merely for the enjoyment of recreation. When a man puts the preponderance of his strength in the blow he fails to progress in the game, and not only that, but he loses so much of the enjoyment, and merely expends strength that may be required to take him off the premises. An accurate eye for measuring distances and defining directions is about all the capital required in a safe and nourishing game of croquet. Considering what an excellent citizen he is in all respects we are led to regret that Mr. Hennessy did not possess these facts previous to last Monday evening. On that occasion he played his first game. There was a nice party of them on Mr. Warford's lawn, and several elderly ladies, members of the Khidgluy Mission Society, were seated on the stoop, having had a very enjoyable tea. Mr. Hennessy waited very expectantly for his turn at the game, at the same time swinging his right arm and slapping his chest to warm up his muscle. When his turn did come he determined he would surprise the congregation. And he did. He looked at the other players patronisingly and at the elderly ladies affectionately, then he raised the mallet and carefully measured the distance, and took in all the bearings between him and the ball. Then he swung it around his head once or twice, and the next minute it cut through the air like a flash of lightning, and descending square and accurately to the aim, lifted that ball into the air and drove it full against the shin of the amiable president of the Khidgluy Mission, who immediately rolled off the stoop, and went kicking and screaming into a Michigan rose bush. The awful concussion of the blow broke the head short off from the handle of the mallet, and that distressing article contributed some new and startling phases to the disaster. After making several unsuccessful lunges at players whose timbleness alone saved them, it skipped across Mr. Warford's nose, taking off some two dollars worth of skin, and flying upward came down with unexpected force upon the crown of the Vice-President of the Khidgluy, who was making herself hoarse in behalf of her unfortunate superior, and brought her jaws together with such force as to nearly deprive her of one-third of her tongue. The unfortunate Mr. Hennessy appeared to be the only one to retain his presence of mind. He buttoned the mallet-handle under his coat, and threw his hat into the street, and then watching his opportunity, dashed in and caught one of the president's struggling legs, and immediately pulled her out of the rose bush and on to the walk. Then he put three of the balls in his pocket, hung his watch on the pear tree, and went home, smiling in the most imbecile manner indescribable.—*Danbury News.*

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid for Colds.