

outpost at Garges, opposite the great Fort of St. Denis, to the north of Paris. Von Moltke, accompanied by his aide-de-camp Major Von Claer, is on a tour of inspection, and is represented as giving some orders to the soldier standing before him. Stretching out far into the back-ground is a panorama of the country out-lying Paris to the north, the villages and forts of St. Denis, Montmartre, and Mont Valerien, and in the far distance, can be seen, on either side of the beacon surmounted by a cross, the Arc de Triomphe and the Dome of the Hotel des Invalides.

#### THE KING OF PRUSSIA AT THE OUTPOSTS.

We give on another page an illustration of the scene on the night of the 18th of August on the market-place, at Rezonville, in the neighbourhood of Metz. It was the evening of the day when Marshal Bazaine had made a supreme effort to break through the Prussian lines that encircled him, and to effect a junction with McMahon, but had been driven back with great slaughter. By the camp-fire in front of Rezonville church is seated the King on a bench extemporised out of two logs of wood and a saddle. On the left stands the Chancellor, Count von Bismarck, engaged in taking down, at the King's dictation, a despatch announcing the victory gained that day. On the other side of the King is a group of three of the greatest Prussian generals of the day, Von Moltke, Von Roon, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, the latter modestly standing behind the two veterans from whom he learnt the art of war.

#### THE NEEPIGON REGION.

##### No. 7.—VIEWS ON BLACK STURGEON RIVER.

Our Neepigon Views this week represent the Northern and Southern Views at the 12th Rapid on the Black Sturgeon River. In our next issue we shall close this interesting series with a general view of the Islands in Lake Neepigon near the Hudson's Bay Post on the North Shore. These views, with the descriptive matter with which we have been able to accompany them, have introduced to our readers an important part of the country as yet but very little known. Much progress has been made of late years, however, in the exploration of the North-West, especially in the neighbourhood of Lake Superior, and now that public attention is thoroughly awakened to the necessity of a railway through Canadian territory, at least to Fort Garry, the district of country which our series of Neepigon pictures illustrates, will certainly receive much more notice than it has done heretofore.

#### THE WAR A MYTH.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand believe that since July a war has been raging between France and Prussia. Verily, the English are a gullible people, with an unlimited faith in the newspapers. Yet there were a few facts which ought to have opened the eyes of the most credulous.

The Queen, as usual, has passed the autumn at Balmoral. Her Majesty would have returned to Windsor last week, only the Princess Louise unfortunately sprained her knee. Now, we ask, can one be so disloyal as to suppose the Sovereign would be in the Highlands of Scotland whilst the peace of all Europe was imperilled by a terrible war, and when the prompt action of the English Government might put an end to the ruthless slaughter and devastation? No; at such a crisis our good Queen would have been in the vicinity of the metropolis.

Then consider the conduct of the Ministry. The right hon. gentlemen have been here, there and everywhere—shooting, fishing, bicycle-riding, and making holiday as they are wont to do after the labours of the Session. Is it possible that political rancour can make persons believe that the Ministers would thus act if a deadly war was being waged in France? What! the Prime Minister put off a Cabinet Council to visit the Agricultural Hall, when Paris was besieged, and the bombardment of the fair city hourly expected? No; the Ministers are not so callous and inhuman. Under such circumstances, the Cabinet would have had almost daily meetings, and have spared no pains to bring the belligerents to terms. Even if their efforts were manifestly hopeless, they would still, for decency's sake, have evinced sympathy and anxiety. They would not have been at play whilst France was being devastated, and a bloody conflict was going on within a day's journey of London.

The war between France and Prussia is a fiction, invented by the newspapers to fill the columns during the dull season. That the story has been so generally accepted as true is not complimentary to the Queen or the Ministry.—*The Period.*

#### THE CHICAGO LAKE TUNNEL.

The Michigan Lake Tunnel, for supplying the city of Chicago with water, has been completed scarcely three years, and already a second and larger tunnel is not only contemplated, but the scheme has been put in shape, and the contracts have been laid open to competition. This new undertaking is for the West Side Water Works of Chicago, and will be upon a larger scale than Mr. Chesbrough's late work. The east or lake end of the tunnel will start from a point about 50 ft. to the south of the existing crib, and will reach to the shore, terminating in a land shaft to the rear of the present pumping works. The tunnel will be 7 ft. in diameter, lined with brickwork, and the land shaft will be 10 ft. in diameter, lined with 12 in. of brickwork, built upon a cast-iron curb. Thirty-five feet of this lining will be erected upon the base-plate, after which the ground beneath will be excavated, and the structure will be lowered into its place, additional brickwork being added as the curb descends. The bottom of this shaft will form a sump, which will be 5 ft. below the invert of the tunnel. The lake shaft which will be placed within the present crib, will be formed of a cast-iron cylinder, 8 ft. 6 in. in diameter, with a brick-lined sump at the bottom. Connexion between this shaft and the main tunnel is effected by means of a circular gallery, 7 ft. in diameter, running from the bottom of the lake shaft to the main tunnel, which it will intersect at right angles. Beyond this point of intersection the main tunnel will be extended eastwards for a distance of 65 ft. for convenience in carrying out any future extensions, but this prolongation will be closed 10 ft. beyond the intersection of the gallery by means of a bulkhead.

Water will be admitted into the tunnel by means of three sluices placed in the lake shaft. They will be rectangular,

42 in. wide, and 59 in. high; the bearing faces of the gates will be of brass, and they will be hung upon 2 in. screw rods, by means of which they can be opened or closed from the top of the shaft.

On the 20th of October the contracts for the whole of the work were laid open for competition: there were fifteen different offers, which ranged in amount from \$42 to \$20 per foot run for the tunnel, from \$200 to \$20.50 per foot for the land shaft, and from \$373.20 to \$75.22 per foot for the lake shaft.

#### POKER PICTURES.

The curious productions known as poker-pictures or poker-drawings, have neither paint nor inlay, neither pressing nor cutting. They are nothing but panels of wood in which dark shadings have been produced by the application of red-hot tools. Many school-rooms, many country mansions, and some churches, are in possession of specimens of this kind of art. "A Study of a Female Head," "A Tiger Killing Deer," "The Temptation of Christ," "Cornelius sending for St. Peter," "The Saviour Bearing the Cross," "The Good Samaritan," "The Head of a Rabbi," "Oliver Cromwell,"—these are among the subjects of such pictures known to have been produced in this eccentric department of art. Connoisseurs of poker-pictures talk about Smith, of Skinton; Cranch, of Axminster; Thompson, of Wilts, and Collis, of Ireland, as artists of some note. About the beginning of the present century, there was an exhibition of poker-pictures in London, comprising fifty-three specimens by a Mrs. Nelson, and thirteen by Miss Nelson. The pictures were, without any high-flown words, described as having been "done on wood with hot pokers," and they were to be seen "at the farrier's adjoining the Lyceum, in the Strand." Cranch is said to have first tried his hand in this humble department while standing before an oaken chimney-piece: he took a red-hot poker out of the fire, and scorched a rather bold and effective design on the oaken panels. A good Smith, we are told, will fetch a tolerable price among the poker-admirers, in imitation of collectors' prices in other and higher walks of art. The scorching is effected by any heated bar of iron; but in the best specimens tools of various shapes are used, to make some of the scorched lines narrower and finer than others; the artists having, literally, many irons in the fire at once. The actual lines of the device are first pencilled or drawn; the scorching is to produce the shadows, the lighter tints being the result of holding the red-hot iron very close to the wood, but not quite touching it. If the panel have any strongly-marked lines, fibres, knots, eyes, curls, or other diversities of grain, the artist sometimes avails himself of these to produce pictorial effect, scorching around or near them according to circumstances. In one instance a knot in the wood was made to represent the eye in a portrait, by a few judicious touches of the scorching-iron; while in another case curled lines or grain-marks were made available to represent the furrows in an old man's cheek. The artist, in fact, studies his panel, or should do so.—*All the Year Round.*

#### CARRIER PIGEONS.

The following from the pages of an English contemporary will be read with interest at the present time:—

"Narratives are plentiful concerning particular flights of pigeons. In the last century, a gentleman in London sent a pigeon by stage-coach to a friend at Bury St. Edmund's, with a note directing the friend to let the pigeon loose at nine in the morning on the second day afterwards. This was done, and the pigeon arrived at Bishopsgate street at half-past eleven, having done the distance of seventy-two miles in two hours and a half. In 1819, thirty-two pigeons, which had been reared at Antwerp and brought to London, were set loose on a particular day, each pigeon bore the words 'Antwerp' and 'London,' marked on the wings for identification. They started at seven in the morning; one arrived at Antwerp at noon, another a quarter of an hour afterwards, twelve others on the following day; but what became of the remaining eighteen was not known. In 1829, forty-two pigeons, reared at Maestricht, were conveyed to London. After being properly marked, they were let loose about half past eight on a particular morning; the first arrived at Maestricht at a quarter to three, having maintained an average speed of forty five miles an hour (greater if the route had been at all circuitous); the second and third arrived about half-past three; seventeen more came in on the three following days; the rest were not heard of. It is impossible even to guess at the route followed and the rate of speed kept up by those which occupied fully three days in finding their way home. In 1830, one hundred and ten pigeons were brought from Brussels to London. Being let fly at a preconcerted time, nineteen of them reached Brussels within eight hours, one doing the distance of one hundred and eighty six miles in five hours and a half. What became of the larger number is not recorded. In 1831, two Liskeard pigeons were brought to London and let fly. They reached Liskeard—two hundred and twenty miles distant—in about six hours. One gained upon the other a quarter of an hour, equivalent to about nine miles, during the flight. Some of the reported instances of speed seem hardly credible. On one occasion, we are told, a gentleman of Cologne, having business to transact at Paris, laid a wager that he would let his friend know of his arrival within three hours after his reaching Paris. The bet was eagerly taken. He went to Paris, carrying with him two pigeons which had a young brood at Cologne. He arrived at Paris at ten o'clock one morning, started off the birds at eleven, and they arrived at Cologne about ten minutes past one. This is very much like one hundred and fifty miles an hour—a marvel that seems to require corroboration. Audubon says that wild pigeons have appeared at New-York with their crops full of rice, which they could only have gathered in Georgia or Carolina; and he calculated from the time in which pigeons digest food that the speed of flight must have been a mile a minute."

Here's another "obituary gem" in a Western paper, the publication of which is requested:

Grim death has taken darling little Jerry,  
The son of Joseph and Syrena Howlis,  
Seven days he wrestled with the dysentery,  
He then perished with his little bowels.

Most likely it was weaning injured little Jerry.  
His bottle seemed to injure his stomach's tone;  
But with the angels he'll get plump and merry,  
For there's no nursing bottles where he's gone.

#### VARIETIES.

Paper clothing is made in China and Japan. A coat costs ten cents, and a whole suit a quarter of a dollar.

The Florence *Official Gazette* informs all Garibaldian volunteers that they lose their right of citizenship in Italy by taking military service abroad.

Since the opening of the present century, eighty-six English patent and twenty-three French ones for perpetual motion have been granted or applied for.

The Queen has contributed £100, the Prince of Wales 50 guineas, Princess Louise and Prince Arthur £20 each, and Prince Leopold £15, to the *Captain Relief Fund*.

Fully one-third of the whole population of Massachusetts is now composed of Irish children. The baptisms of infants in the Catholic Church in that State amount to 20,000 per annum.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* believes an extensive scheme of army organization is at present under the consideration of the Government, and has reason to think that the special direction in which the proposed scheme will tend is towards the militia, and that we shall have a fully organized and really efficient militia force.

It is reported that Mr. Herbert, R.A., will be the first Slade Professor of Fine Arts to the new school of art now being built from the fund of the Slade bequest in connection with the London University College. It is understood that the artist will accept the post for the first year or so, if not permanently.

Herr J. Lauterbach was the last professional solo-violinist who ever played at the Tuileries. He appeared at the Court Concert given there last April, and, after his performance, received, as a mark of the Emperor's satisfaction, a gold snuff-box, and an invitation "to come again next spring." The artists of the Grand Opera then sang a "Miserere," and thus ended the last concert at the Tuileries.

A Brussels letter says:—Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay's suggestion that the men serving under the Red Cross should be provided with certificates, to place their employ beyond doubt, is creating quite a sensation here, and it is hoped that it will be followed up. It is simply disgusting to notice how largely the Red Cross is represented on the promenades, in the taverns, cafés, singing-rooms, and theatres of Brussels.

"Here is rather a good story; I can vouch for its truth," writes the "Besieged Resident" in Paris. "The Government recently visited one of the mairies. They were received by the mayor, whom they found established in a suite of apartments. He showed them over the palace, and then offered them luncheon. They then incidentally asked him who had nominated him to the post he so ably filled. 'Myself,' he replied, 'just by the same authority as you nominated yourselves, and no less.'"

We have the *carte* of a supper which an officer gave at the Hotel de l'Europe, Metz, last week, on the occasion of his receiving a decoration. For a fortress on the eve of surrendering by reason of famine, it must be owned that both the eating and drinking were far from despicable. Here it is—Soup à la Julienne, pille, roast beef, roast chicken and salad, horse-brains and cauliflower, hare; dessert, preserves, bon-bons, Rhine wine, château de Pape, champagne, cognac, tea, coffee, Maraschino, cigars.

An American paper gives the following instructive "Rules for Playin Onto a Organ into Meetin."—"When the preacher cums in and neels down in the poolpit pull out all the stoppers. That's wot the stoppers is for. When a him is gave out to be sung play over the whoal toon before singin' but be sure to play it so that they can't tell whether its the toon or some other toon. It will amoose the people to guess. When you play the interloods sumtimes pull all the stoppers out, and sumtimes pull them all in. The stoppers is made to pull out and in. Play the interloods about twice as long as the toon."

The Chinese division of human life is interesting. The age is called the opening degree; 20, youth expired; 30, strength and marriage; 40, officially apt; 50, error knowing; 60, eyes closing; 70, rare bird of age; 80, rusty visage; 90, delayed; 100, life's extremity. Flourens's division is more scientific: 1-10 years, infancy; 10-20, adolescence; 20-30, first youth; 30-40, second youth; 40-55, first manhood; 55-70, second manhood; 70-85, first old age; 85-100, second and last old age.

The Germans have their post-cards as well as we, and abuse the new institution in about the same manner. At Dresden a gentleman received a card conveying the following message:—"I have lost my purse yesterday at the Elbe Baths, with three napoleons in it. I dropped it close to the water-mark, where it must lie still. As you are a good diver, pray go a-bathing with me this evening at six." The gentleman kept the appointment, and was surprised to see two or three post-men go into the baths just before him. On the platform his astonishment increased, for in spite of the unusual hour there were numbers of Post Office clerks there. They took uncommonly long dives. The writer of the card was sitting at a little distance enjoying the sight.—*Court Journal.*

Near Doylestown there is a boarding-house, which is always filled in summer time with parties from Philadelphia. Last August two young men who were staying there, went out one afternoon to take a swim in the mill-dam. They placed their clothes upon the bank and were paddling about, when they saw two ladies coming towards them over the hill. They shouted and gesticulated, but the fair beings came straight forward to the dam, apparently without hearing them. And they came, too, right to the very spot where the garments of the bathers lay. The young men got frightened and swam swiftly up the stream. The infatuated women came right on, and, getting into a boat, they rowed up stream also. At last the swimmers, closely pursued, got into shallow water, and were forced in sheer despair to emerge and to hide in the woods upon the other shore from that on which their clothes were. The women pulled leisurely about for an hour and a half, at the end of which time the swimmers came out of the woods, bitten from head to foot by mosquitoes, straddlebugs, ticks, spiders, and all kinds of insects, so that they were swollen to nearly twice their usual size. They dressed themselves, and went home discouraged. When they reached the boarding-house, they found that the authors of their misery were two of the male boarders who had dressed themselves in female apparel.