

of the establishment of Confederation. This forgetfulness or indifference appears remarkable, but however we may be disposed to qualify it, the necessity for removing it remains none the less palpable and pressing.

In the first place, we have only to reflect one moment on what Confederation has done for this country. It was a broad statesmanly idea which, when properly put before the people, seized upon their imagination and was carried out by them in a burst of enthusiasm that bore down the petty hostility of croakers and malcontents. From a number of isolated Provinces we became at once a consolidated, homogeneous people, a new nation. Our commerce increased as if by magic, manufactures—until then unknown—sprang up on every side, the exports of our forests and fisheries multiplied in a wonderful ratio, and in the first seven years of the new era Canada presented a spectacle of enterprise, prosperity and contentment which augured well for its ultimate greatness. It is true that in the past three years, there has been a reaction which we share with almost every nation of the earth, except France, but this depression will be only temporary and should not so influence our imagination and judgment as to make us overlook or appear to be ungrateful for the magnificent gift of Confederation.

We have another reason for celebrating this decennial anniversary with more than usual splendor. A school of radicals has, for years past, been doing its best to undermine the faith and confidence of Canadians in the stability of their country. What the object can be is inexplicable, inasmuch as these men are mostly Englishmen, and whatever love they have for American institutions as compared with those of their own country, must be morbid and mischievous. We have no space to detail the workings of this sect, but we cannot help calling attention to a paper in a leading British magazine, wherein a self-constituted master of the school has the impertinence to brand Canada as a failure, and to recommend her incorporation into the United States almost in the form of a supplicant. Canada a failure! Let those who think so join the band of GOLDWIN SMITH, and cross the frontier into the United States. But they who think not so—and they are the ninety-nine hundredths in the land—let them arise and proclaim to the country that they have unshaken faith in her destinies, and to Britain that they conserve their loyalty to the old red-cross flag, prepared to follow its fortunes, over land and sea, to the boundaries of the earth. These are not hollow words. This is not shallow sentiment. Loyalty is not a myth. Patriotism has still a meaning. Sir FRANCIS HICKES, on surveying the field after his return to Canada from the West Indies, said, with the insight of the statesman, that there are and can be only two parties in the Dominion—that in favor of British connection, and that opposed to it. Confederation was given us by the Mother Country; under her protection it has expanded; under her material guarantee many of its essential public works have been built, and under the confidence of her continued support alone can the scheme be consummated.

Let us, therefore, unite to celebrate the 1st July in a significant manner. The little city of Ottawa has already subscribed fifteen hundred dollars to this end. A noble rivalry should inspire us with the determination of leaving the capital far behind us. And besides the celebration of individuals, we suggest that there should be a public or official demonstration the memory of which may remain as a landmark for the generations that shall follow us.

COLONEL VOUTLER, the discoverer of the Venus of Milo, died recently at Hyeres. When a midshipman in the French navy, in 1821, he landed on the island of Milo to search for antiquities, and noticed a peasant digging for stones in the ruins of an old chapel. The peasant had unearthed part of a statue in a very bad state of preservation, and, as it was useless to him, was beginning to cover it up again; but M. Voutler at once saw the value of the discovery, and bribed the man to excavate the figure completely.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ARRIVAL OF THE DELEGATE APOSTOLIC IN MONTREAL.—On Saturday morning, the 2nd inst., a vast concourse of people assembled at the wharf of the Richelieu steamers to witness the arrival from Quebec of His Excellency the Right Rev. Dr. Conroy, Delegate Apostolic to this country. As soon as the steamer was moored, a number of clergymen and the Presidents of the different Irish and French-Canadian Societies went on the saloon deck, and soon His Excellency entered dressed in his official robes, when the President of St. Patrick's Society, the President of St. Jean Baptiste Society and several other gentlemen were very graciously received. The party immediately proceeded to the carriages in waiting, the societies reformed and the procession proceeded in a long line. During the progress of the procession, Monsignor was received with uncovered heads by the bystanders on each side of the streets, returning the salutation by raising his purple cap and smiling his gratification at the demonstration. His Excellency, on descending from the carriage, was received by the sextons of Notre Dame and walked under the canopy to the main entrance, where he was formally received, and blessed the portals of the sacred edifice. The procession then moved up the nave: only the officers of the different societies entered the church, the members remaining outside. Our sketch represents the Delegate's carriage entering Place D'Armes Square from St. James street, and going around the garden before reaching the Church of Notre Dame which appears on his right. Mgr. Conroy is bowing to the multitude. On his left is Mr. Devlin, M. P., President of St. Patrick's Society; directly opposite is Dr. Rottot, President of St. Jean Baptiste Society, and Mr. Devlin's vis-à-vis is the clerical secretary of His Excellency.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN TORONTO.—We give a few sketches of this celebration, comprising sport on the Don, in the Marsh, at the Island Ferry, and one of the numerous bonfires on the street devouring without discrimination the water butts of absent tax-payers and corporation property in the shape of planks from the sidewalks. The Oval is another form of sport on the Lake Shore. Then there is the inevitable lacrosse match of Indians in "native costume," or what, by elaborate word painting and extreme courtesy, we call "tights." The cricket match of the bankers and students of Trinity College and a view of Mayor Morrison presenting a fountain to the city in Market Square, complete our series of sketches.

READING DESPATCHES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Turks who are fully alive to the value and influence of public opinion in Europe, do not, as a rule, put many obstacles in the way of foreign correspondents. But in war time they are obliged to exercise a certain circumspection, and hence they have established at Constantinople a Bureau of Examination where all the despatches and letters of newspaper correspondents are read before being sent to their destination. Our sketch represents a very handsome fellow sitting behind his desk, with cigar in mouth, intent upon his work. He looks intelligent, and like most educated Turks, doubtless understands several modern languages, English, French, German and Italian.

SALUTING THE WOUNDED.—This is one of Detaille's famous war pictures. It is simple in conception and in treatment, but the effect is charmingly sad. Slowly, and leaning on their comrades, the wounded heroes come down the rough wagon road, till they reach a place where an officer and his staff are making observations. Immediately these straighten in their attitudes and make the military salute with more than the usual formality.

THE ILLUMINATION AT MONTREAL.—The illumination on Sunday evening, the 3rd inst., was intended, we understand, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopate of Pope Pius IX. As the illumination was not continuous, but necessarily scattered, our artist selected a few of the most prominent points, chief among which, and best known throughout the country, being the Church of Notre Dame. This church was decorated with rows of lights hanging from a central point downward to the points of the spires of each tower, while in the centre of the arch thus formed were gigantic globes of light of different colors. St. James on St. Denis street, had its spire festooned with colored lights, while at St. Patrick's Church the display was particularly good, the spire and the walls of the church being lighted by hundreds of jets, and the trees hung with Chinese lanterns. At the residences of many of our Irish Catholic fellow-citizens the illumination was very tasteful and artistic. The City Hall was illuminated in all the windows with wax candle lights, and many of the river crafts also ran up lights among the rigging, giving the whole of the market wharf and vicinity a unique and pleasing appearance.

THE ARCHES OF THE GREAT PROCESSION.—Our artist has chosen a few of the principal arches through which passed the Corpus Christi procession on last Sunday week. There were fifteen of these arches in all, and some of them were very tastefully wrought.

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.—On Monday evening, the 4th inst., there was a grand torchlight procession in honor of the Delegate Apostolic. The rallying ground of the Irish and French Societies was the Champ de Mars. The

procession, after marching with bands playing and colors flying, through the principal streets, drew up at Dominion Square, where rousing cheers were given and, where the leaders were received by Mgr. Conroy in the parlors of the Bishop's Palace. The Bishop-Delegate was heard to say that the spectacle took him by surprise, and much as he was prepared for a demonstration, the one he had witnessed far exceeded his most sanguine anticipation. After this part of the exercises was over, line was reformed, and the processionists paraded the streets for a considerable time amid an immense concourse of people.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE PROTESTANT INSTITUTE FOR DEAF MUTES.—This interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday afternoon, the 6th inst., amid a vast concourse. The building will stand on Cote St. Luc Road, commanding a fine view of Montreal Island and the St. Lawrence. It is the gift of Mr. Joseph Mackay, of this city, and the house and ground will cost him about \$40,000. This is an act of munificence which deserves to be publicly recorded. In his speech on the occasion, Mr. Mackay himself informed us that among the founders and friends of the institution may be numbered leading citizens of Montreal, both ladies and gentlemen, and special mention should be made of Mr. Charles Alexander, Mr. Frederick Mackenzie, Mr. Thomas Cramp, Mr. Andrew Allan, Mr. John Dougall, senr., Mr. Widd, the Principal of the School, as well as the Board of Governors and Managers who have done good work. The work of the school was commenced in 1870 with sixteen pupils, the largest number yet in attendance was twenty-five, during the session of 1874 and 1875. The total number connected with the school from its formation is forty-one; some of these have continued through several sessions, and others have remained for only a few months. Of the twenty-two in attendance last session, seven paid full fees, five partial fees, and ten were free pupils. Of the education given, it may be sufficient to say that it is under the able and judicious direction of the Principal and his assistants, and embraces intellectual and spiritual culture, as well as instruction in several of the useful arts of life. The pupils are prepared, when they remain a sufficient time in the institution, to make their way in this world, and have their minds and hearts turned to the higher realities of the world to come. The Government of our Province has given a small annual grant in aid of the institution; but its support has been chiefly drawn from private benevolence. Feeling deeply the importance and value of the work done, and wishing to promote its success and extension, Mr. Mackay resolved some time ago to erect this building, and to place it and the grounds attached to it in the hands of trustees, to be used by them and their successors, for the education of the Protestant deaf and dumb of this Province. Several conversations with Mr. Widd, who spoke of the necessity of larger buildings, and the difficulties in obtaining funds, led to this decision. In our next number we hope to be able to present our readers with the portrait of Mr. Mackay, together with a view of the front elevation of this new building.

SOUKHOUM KALEH.—Soukhoum Kaleh, with its bay, is a place of great beauty, enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, with a gorge and snow-capped mountain behind. Being so near the frontier, as a military post it was important, and the barracks were large; a Government steamer was always in the bay. It is the station where the large Russian steamers stop, the service between Poti, which has a bad shallow harbour, and Batoum, being performed by a smaller craft drawing less water. There being no tide in the Euxine, boats can approach the shore easily and the place was invaded with facility. The town of Soukhoum Kaleh is very straggling; its buildings mostly of wood with verandahs. There are a few villas of stone in the rear. Vegetation is most luxuriant, and the botanic garden a sort of Eden, with its orange, lemon, and box trees flourishing in the open air. During the summer the district is not healthy, though it has of late years been much improved by clearing the woods. In the winter it is mild and salubrious. Soukhoum Kaleh was founded in 1578 by the Turks, at a time when the Sultan, as Suzerain of Georgia, Mingrelia, Abkhasia, and Amuria, arrogated the right to fortify and occupy two points on the coast—one in Abkhasia, which was named Soukhoum Kaleh; the other called Poti, at the frontier of Georgia and Mingrelia, and at the mouth of the river Rion. The insignificant population of the town of Soukhoum Kaleh is chiefly Armenian and Greek; the former are traders and shopkeepers; the latter, boatmen and fishermen; most of the officials are Russians; but the natives proper—the Abkhassians—are seen from time to time only, when they bring cattle, hides and timber, which they barter for cotton stuffs, tobacco, and gunpowder. The Abkhassians, a branch of the Tcherkess (Circassians), number 60,000 or 70,000. They were at one time noted pirates in the Euxine; and are now, after the Swanny, certainly the wildest and most unmanageable mountaineers in the Caucasus, being lawless and greatly addicted to thieving and highway robbery. In 1771 they rebelled, and for a time threw off the Turkish yoke, but they most readily fraternised with the troops under Omar Pasha in 1855, and had the temerity, so lately as in 1866, to invest Soukhoum Kaleh during three days. The garrison, a very small one in time of peace, was made up chiefly of soldiers, who, becoming

physically unfit for service, required a mild climate.

BULGARIAN FAMILIES FLEEING FROM THE WAR.—These are the scenes of desolation which show the true character of war, offering a terrible contrast to the battle pictures full of color and movement which are so profusely laid before the public. Our sketch represents Bulgarians taking shelter in the Danubian line of packets and transporting their household goods to the nearest neutral port in Austro-Hungary. There they are huddled together by thousands, but through all discomforts they may at least rejoice in the safety of life and limb.

CONFLAGRATION OF THE CATHEDRAL OF METZ.—On Sunday, 6th May, at 9 p.m., fire works were sent off from the Cathedral of Metz, on the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor to Lorraine. The City Council opposed all such demonstrations several years ago, on account of the danger, but on this, as on former holidays, their will was disregarded. At four o'clock on the morning of the 7th, the cry resounded "fire at the portal of the Cathedral." This cry was uttered by the watchman who, at the same time, rang the alarm bell which soon brought together the firemen, the troops of the garrison, as well as the Emperor and the Prince Imperial. The fire, which had begun near the iron cross, over the portal, covered the whole roof in less than three-quarters of an hour, threatening the towers, and the frame work of *Mulle*, an enormous bell weighing over 12,000 kilograms. The watchman Roger, who lodges above this bell, on the platform of the tower of which he has been guardian since 1832, seeing the danger, cried out through his trumpet, "Fetch up water; the tower can be saved." Help not forthcoming, he went down to the Square below and repeated his demand. "But, my good man," said the Prince Imperial, "the engines cannot reach that far."—"Then make a chain in the stair of the tower." Saying which, the watchman returned to his post in the midst of the smoke. His efforts were not vain. The chain was made, water was sent up, the tower of the *Mulle* was saved, and Roger, the watchman, deserves the credit.

SHIPPING ARTILLERY FROM PERA.—There is an immense arsenal in Pera, the European quarter of Constantinople, and thence, as our sketch represents, the monster cannon for siege operations are shipped to the famous quadrilateral on the Danube, or to exposed points on the Asian coast of the Black Sea.

LITERARY.

WILKIE COLLINS is laid up with the gout.

MR. JOHN G. SAXE, the poet, is said to be seriously ill.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK has arranged to contribute a story to *Good Words*, beginning in January of next year.

PROF. DELIUS intends to enter the field against the English critics, who hold "The Two Noble Kinsmen" to be by Shakespeare and Fletcher.

THE Marquis of Lorne is engaged upon a new metrical version of the psalms of David, set to popular hymn tunes, in various metres.

MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS, the authoress of "Leith" and "Ought we to Visit Her?" will commence a new serial story in the August number of *Temple Bar*, entitled "A Blue Stocking."

A new work, bearing the title of *The Sea of Mountains*, by Mr. Molyneux St. John, will be shortly issued by Hurst and Blackett. It will comprise an account of Lord Dufferin's tour through British Columbia in 1876.

The Printing Times says that the Council of the Holbein Society propose to issue to subscribers the "Golden Legend," printed by Caxton in 1483, with a selection of the illustrations from the Antwerp edition of 1505.

DR. JOYCE, the author of "Deirdre," has another poem ready for publication. He is a practising physician in Boston, and composes his poems in the street as he goes from patient to patient, correcting and revising whole stanzas in his head before touching pen to paper.

PETOFI SANDOR, the great Hungarian poet, supposed to have perished in the battle of Segesway, is said to be still living, a prisoner in Siberia. A man just returned from the mines states having seen him, and affirms his identity. The illustrious poet is now, it is said, fifty-six years of age.

BAYTON HEATH, who was Lord Byron's school-fellow at Harrow, and who, being his junior, acted as his "rag," lately said that Lord Byron wore a boot at that time on his withered foot in which a plate of tin was inserted, in the hope that it would remedy the deformity, but that the foot ceased to grow at an early period of his life, and simply shrunk up. It was not a "club-foot," as is commonly supposed. The boot was laced up in the middle.

The Natural History of Shakespeare, by Bessie Mayou, will shortly be published. It consists in quotations from that author relating to garden and wild flowers, weeds, trees, shrubs, fruits, vegetables, spices, and medicines; grain, birds, animals, fish, reptiles, and insect.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, having written books about Australia, the West Indies, and America, is now going to write one about South Africa. He is to visit that country, and to tell us about the vast empire which we are building up there, and about which most of us know so very little.

MR. HENRY WOOD's story of "East Lynne" has reached a sale in England of 65,000 copies. Counting the various editions that have been published and the number of times the dramatized versions of the story have been performed in this country, its popularity here may be considered nearly as great as in England.

GEORGE ELIOT is thus described as seen at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery:—"Quiet and gentle, dressed in black, with a white cushioner shawl thrown square over her shoulders. The face is powerful. Wordsworth resembled a horse, the noblest of beasts, and George Eliot has similar characteristics. Beside her stood her husband, R. H. Lewis, who wears the worst of soft hats on the cleverest of heads. His conversation is simply delightful."