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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 29, 1878.

THE VOLTAIRE CENTENARY.

We give among our illustrations, in the present issue, a portrait of Voltaire, with a list of his principal works. This is done in connection with the celebration of the centenary of his death, an event which has just created a notable sensation in France. One paper says that thanks to the precautions adopted by the Government, the celebration passed amidst the most perfect calmness. Everyone celebrated the VOLTAIRE centenary in his own way. The most discreet, those who do not like the noise of public demonstrations, confined themselves to reading a few of the finest pages of the *Sicel de Louis XIV.*, the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, the *Discours sur l'Homme*, or the *Poésies fugitives*. Those, on the other hand, who like to beat their admiration by contact with that of others, and whose pleasure is never complete unless it is shared, went to the Gaité Theatre to hear M. SPULLER'S address, M. DESCHANEL'S lecture, and M. VICTOR HUGO'S grand harangue. Finally, those who love external demonstrations, processions, and trumpets, went in a crowd to the Cirque Américain. The VOLTAIRE who was celebrated at the Gaité is the VOLTAIRE of toleration, the great philosophic and literary genius who marched at the head of his century and prepared the way for ours. Messrs. SPULLER, DESCHANEL and VICTOR HUGO in turn treated the same subject, but with a variety of talent which removed all semblance of repetition. There were many very true and fine observations in M. SPULLER'S address. He brought out in strong relief one side of VOLTAIRE—VOLTAIRE the polemicist or journalist, as he called him. M. DESCHANEL added fresh details and completed the portrait. As for M. VICTOR HUGO, a mind so different from that of VOLTAIRE, he confined himself to the loftiest aspects of his hero, to the summits, to use his own expression; and he sometimes ascended very high, too high, indeed, when he thought he could see VOLTAIRE smiling on the Amnesty in the midst of the stars. The eloquent passage which brought his speech to an end is also open to criticism. VOLTAIRE never was an Abbé de Saint-Pierre dreaming of perpetual peace, and perhaps this is not a well-chosen moment, in the present state of civilization and of Europe, to decry those warlike virtues which, as history proves, never disappear except in nations arrived at the last stage of decline and ready for death. But we will not dwell upon the questionable parts of M. VICTOR HUGO'S speech. What will remain of this warm harangue is the glorification of VOLTAIRE'S principal works: the triumph of toleration and of what M. DUCFAURE simply called the *abolissement des mœurs*. M. VICTOR HUGO found tones of deep emotion to depict the horrors of the fate of CALAS and the Chevalier DE LA BARRE, and when he repeated the cry of indignation uttered by VOLTAIRE at that double murder committed by iniquitous justice and odious fanaticism, everyone joined in the noblest of sentiments expressed in the most striking language. The demonstration at the Cirque Américain was of quite a different character from that at the Gaité. The speeches were mere accessories, the trumpets and banners

played the principal part in this popular fête. This became quite clear when Dr. THELIE'S somewhat long-winded lecture on VOLTAIRE was noisily interrupted. The six thousand persons assembled in the Cirque Américain had not come to listen in silence to a long disquisition on the genius of VOLTAIRE, but to hear various local musical societies perform cantatas and triumphal marches, while deputations defiled past the statue of VOLTAIRE crowned with flowers, lowering their flags and uttering cries of enthusiasm. No importance should be attached to what was said at this meeting, and no one has a right to complain of a demonstration which was objectionable only from the standpoint of musical art.

The *Temps* says that the Government prohibited a public fête, of an official character, from being celebrated on the occasion of VOLTAIRE'S centenary. There is no reason to regret this determination, for which indeed there were a number of excellent reasons, for Thursday's fête, due solely to private initiative, will leave all the more lasting memories because it derived none of its brilliancy from the intervention of the authorities. We are too much accustomed in France to expect from the Government a sort of official sanction to our ideas, sentiments, and words. We are too apt to think that any public demonstration depends for its value upon Government patronage and organization. We are constantly crying for liberty of action, and at the same time we implore the support of the Government on every occasion. This was so with the Voltaire Centenary. A fête was demanded, but the Ministry, more liberal in that than those who called for its intervention, having said, "This is not a Government affair," the Centenary has been celebrated at Paris and in a great number of towns with more sincere veneration for the memory of the great apostle of toleration, and also more calmly, than if there had been a demonstration in the public streets under the auspices and the restless surveillance of the authorities.

The *Patrie* says that two rival demonstrations took place on Thursday in honour of Voltaire. Each of them preserved its distinct character: at the Cirque, parade, carnival-like display, the spirit of hatred; at the Gaité, a theatrical demonstration with its bombast and its studied contrasts. . . . In Paris there was the most absolute calmness, a calmness amounting to indifference. All the appeals that have been made to the people for the last week to hang flags on their house-fronts and illuminate their windows were disregarded; and the few lamps that hung here and there in certain streets in the out-of-the-way quarters only served to throw light upon the complete and well-deserved failure of the attempt.

THE LATE WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

After a career of over four-score years, crowded beyond the average with busy scenes, the venerable poet-journalist passed away in the quietness of sleep, on Wednesday morning June 12th, at his residence in New York City. Few persons have ever filled to so large a degree the character of a man of the times. As day unfolding on day developed a new page in the volume of human and political progress, his pen and speech gave prompt alarm when danger was imminent, and in hopeful, cheerful, robust measures toyed with the fancy, educated the aesthetic taste, and strewed the glamour of supreme goodness to the uttermost of his vast influence. A poet, true, conscientious, progressive, loving to loiter through the labyrinths of the muses, his well-stored mind had that earnest, practical phase which guarantees equal shelter to fancy and to fact. As a journalist he was ever apt with the questions, the necessities, the troubles, the encouragements of the day. He was bold and aggressive in the enunciation of his positive convictions; he was tender-hearted and sympathetic in the reprehensions his convictions dictated.

He loved the world and the people in it. He had spoken so sweetly and kindly to all people, that the reading universe, regarding him in the purest spirit of fraternity, paused in its round of labor at his death to recall the brightness and happiness he had produced.

He died in his favorite month, for he had sung—

"I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round."

And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When the brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton's hand my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break."

The immediate cause of his decease was a fall he sustained on May 30th, shortly after he had delivered the oration on the occasion of his unveiling of the bust of Mazzini in Central Park. He was affected by the sun, and, while disclaiming all fatigue, he accepted the invitation of General Wilson to accompany him to his residence, No. 15 East Seventy-fourth Street, for rest and refreshments. Going up the steps of the house, Mr. Bryant held General Wilson's arm. The outer door, which is a double one, stood half open. Stepping into the vestibule with his daughter to open the inner door with his latch-key, General Wilson left his guest leaning against the outer door post. Scarcely a second had elapsed before a sound attracted the General's attention, and, turning, he just caught sight of Mr. Bryant as his head struck the platform step. He had fallen directly backward, and the lower part of his body lay inside the vestibule. He was taken into the house, and after recovering consciousness, he begged to be escorted to his own residence. Before he reached the house his mind began wandering, and with few and short intervals he remained unconscious to the time of his death.

Mr. Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3rd, 1794, his father being Dr. Bryant, an eminent physician of his day. At the age of nine William Cullen began writing poetical effusions, at ten, one of his compositions was published, and at fourteen his satirical sketch, "The Embargo," was given to the world. He was intended by his parents for the law, and, after passing through William's College, he read in the office of Judge Howe, and was admitted to the Bar in 1815.

In the following year "Thanatopsis" was published, although written four years previously. This poem has been justly and universally admired, and Mr. Bryant himself cherished it as one of the best emanations from his pen, even amid the beauties of recent works. He continued the practice of law at Plainfield and Great Barrington until 1821, when, after delivering a poem entitled "Agnes" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, he determined to enter upon the literary career. Coming to New York City, he first performed editorial service on the *New York Review*, a publication which remained under his charge long after it was merged in *United States Review and Literary Gazette*.

In 1826 he became attached to the *Evening Post*, under the editorship of William Coleman, and upon the death of that gentleman, Mr. Bryant was placed in control of the paper. He thereupon changed the policy of the paper, and marked out an entirely new course, especially on the question of free trade. Seven years later he took rest from editorial labor in order to devote himself to more distinctively literary pursuits, and entered upon that long list of travels which so distinguished the latter half of his career. His last appearance, of a public character, were in February, 1875, when Governor Tilden and the Legislature of New York gave him very formal receptions in Albany. In June, 1876 when his friends celebrated the eightieth anniversary of his birthday, by presenting him with a magnificent vase; and on May 29th last.

He had been a voluminous author in the lines of prose and poetry, and had done much service as an orator. What he regarded as the greatest works of his later years was the formidable task he set himself in 1865 of adding another to the English translations of Homer. Mr. Bryant was then in his seventy-first year. "The Iliad" was finished in December, 1871. His entire labor on Homer, therefore, covered about six years. Few men have had the courage or were to achieve at such an age so great a work.

The funeral services were held on Friday morning, June 14th, in All Soul's Church, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Bellows, officiating. The assemblage, which overtaxed the capacity of the church, was remarkable for the number of prominent citizens among it, and also for the great number of aged or elderly men present. Large delegations were present from the Century Club, the Union League Club, the New York Historical Society, the Public Schools Aid Society, the New York Press Club, the Associated Press, the Mazzini Monument Committee, the Italian Mutual Benevolent Society, the Italian Brotherly Society, the Circolo Italiano, and other organizations. Dr. Bellows delivered a touching address, and among the musical exercises the Choir sang a hymn written by the deceased. At the conclusion of the ostentatious ceremonies, the remains were taken by the relatives to Roslyn, L. I., where Mr. Bryant had an elegant country seat named Cedarnere, and interred beside those of his wife.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

On Thursday last, Robertson's comedy "Society" was played at the Academy of Music by a mixed company of amateurs and professionals. Miss Rose Goodall, of New York, gave her services on this occasion, but we are unable to say anything about this charming actress, who could not appear at her best, as she was, not to be severe, but indifferently supported. Two of the amateurs, who are already favourably known to Montreal audiences, acquitted themselves better than many a professional we have seen on the boards of this city. Captain Devine

made an excellent *Tom Stylus*, and Mr. Chas. Doucet very creditably performed the part of *Sidney Daryl*. The less said about the other performers the better. We do not wish to discourage amateurs, but would merely suggest that on a future occasion they select a play more adapted to their capabilities and take a little more time in rehearsing, for we doubt if professionals would have had the temerity to play "Society" after three days' preparation.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MÉTIS, QUE., PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND MANSE.—With the exception of Rivière du Loup, Métis is the only Protestant station between Quebec and Gaspé, a distance of about 500 miles. It is about 100 miles from Rivière du Loup, and between 200 and 300 from Gaspé. The nearest Protestant station in New Brunswick is Campbellton, about 100 miles distant. The first Protestant church in Métis, and for many years the only one there, was the Presbyterian. The Manse—as Scotch Presbyterians call a Parsonage—which appears to the right of our picture, was built about fifty years ago. With the exception of the lime, all the materials of which it is built were brought by schooner from Montreal, a distance of about 400 miles. In days gone by, it was a church and a school-house, as well as a manse. Below, surrounded by a fence of posts, is the burying-ground, the property of the Presbyterian Church—where "the forefathers of the land sleep." Through the fence, to the left corner, appears a headstone which marks the grave of one of the first settlers, named Brand, a British soldier in "the war of '12." In the opposite corner, to the same hand—not seen in the picture—is the last resting-place of nearly 60 sailors and immigrants who perished in two wrecks in the neighbourhood, the one in the year 1846, the other about 6 or 8 years before. A suitable stone is to be set up on the spot this summer. The end of the manse next the spectator, faces a bay called "Anse des Morts" (Dead Men's Bay), so called because, according to tradition, while Canada belonged to France, a French frigate was lost there; only 29 got to land, but all, except two, were killed by the savages. So recent the story. On a point, not seen in the picture, to the right of the burying-ground, there used to be two wooden crosses, one of rude workmanship. The last fell down from old age about 22 years ago. The other did so from the same cause a few years before. Why they were set up is not known. On the beach is an enormous mass of trees, logs, stumps, chips, and the like cast up by the waters. The river is represented as at "neap" or low tide. The black line in the beach shows that the tide is falling or ebbing. The building to the left, near the centre, is the Presbyterian Church, capable of seating about 200 persons. The older part was built about 40 years ago. The newer was added a few years after. It has no architectural beauty, but it has one beauty, which many most gorgeous churches have not—it is entirely free of debt. The house in the distance, to the left, is "Woodlands," where the former minister of the Presbyterian Church spent his last days. His widow still lives in it. From the grounds around, several very pretty views can be had. A few can get very excellent board here. A short distance east is a cape, on the top of which, he who takes the trouble to climb up is well rewarded by the views which he obtains.

LITTLE MÉTIS, QUE.—In this number we give a view of Little Métis, a watering place on the south shore of the Lower St. Lawrence, about 220 miles below Quebec. It is taken from the balcony of the summer-house of Mrs. Rodpath, of Montreal, looking east. The large building to the left is a Temperance Hotel, kept by Mt. W. Astle. Behind it is what is commonly called "The Bull Rock." In the centre is a house belonging to Mr. A. Savage, of Montreal. To the right, the dwelling and outbuildings belonging to Mr. F. Astle, one of the old settlers. In a future number we intend giving a view of Little Métis, taken from the same point, looking west, which will show the houses where several Montrealers spend the summer.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AIMEE is going home for good.
BIJOU HERON will be sent to a dramatic school in Paris.
MILE ALBANI will marry Mr. Ernest Gye in London on August 5th.
ADELINA PATTI is received with greater enthusiasm than ever in London.
LAWRENCE BARRETT is lying seriously ill of nervous prostration at his residence in Cohasset, Mass.
SIMS REEVES, the tenor, it is said, got £160 for singing at the Crystal Palace on Good Friday afternoon, and £100 for warbling at the Albert Hall in the evening.

AN old Roman play, written two thousand and fifty years ago by Marcus Accio Plautus, was recently performed five times to large audiences in Rome. Notwithstanding its age it has all the attractions of novelty.

MR. NIGGLE, bookkeeper for the Adams-Pappenheim company, has been showing a reporter a cash book containing various items aggregating \$445 in one month, charged as "press expenses." Mr. Niggle says these sums were spent in bribing critics.

A NEW YORK correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, writing of the social position of actresses here, says: "I have seen Mr. Frothingham promenading at a reception with Sarah Jewett; Dr. Bellows eating cream at a church fair with Linda Dietz, and Mr. Beecher walking home from church with Jefferys Lewis on his arm."