

CLEMENCE.

(From *Théophile Gautier*.)

On thy lov'd ashes no recording tomb
Of marble weighs,
Clemence, sweet flower gathered in the bloom
Of girlhood's days.

Beneath the shadow of a hill we trace
Thy simple grave—
Pale, drooping willow-boughs with mournful grace
Above it wave.

Thy name already hath been worn away
By rain and snow
From the black wooden cross which guards the clay
That sleeps below.

By Love and Friendship thou art ne'er forgot—
With many a flower
They come to weep above the lonely spot
At twilight's hour!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S ADVENTURES
AT THESSALONICA.

FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Sad events which are fresh in our memory, as having occurred in the town which was anciently called Thessalonica, now named by us Salonica, by the French Salonique, and by the Turks Siloniki, induce me to condense a few notes which were made during a short stay in a man-of-war, 45 years since. The town, situated at the head of a gulf of the same name, has a gradual but considerable rise from the water. Above is perched an old castle; this, with the white walls, flanked with towers, the graceful minarets, interspersed with solemn cypresses, form a pleasing variety as seen from ship board. On landing, the visitor is much disappointed, as when going on shore at Smyrna or into Constantinople. The streets are crooked, ill-paved and bad smelling. We find the walls to be the work of various races, and styles, the foundations in some places being Cyclopean, whilst the repairs and alterations are by Greeks, Romans, Venetians, and Turks. The slim minarets rise from what were once Byzantine churches, which will bear a fair comparison with those of Constantinople, especially that of St. Georges. Verd antique pillars, various coloured mantles, mosaics of delicate workmanship, and much tarnished gilding, attest their former magnificence. Though the Turks mutilate all statues and reliefs which are easily within reach, it is strange that any symbols of Christianity should be left, when the churches were turned into mosques. I doubt if our reformers would but have been more iconoclastic. Perhaps it was inertness on the part of the Moslem, for we noticed in one mosque crosses still decorating the capitals of the pillars and in a large mosaic representing Christ's ascension, the figure of the Saviour is partly whitewashed over, whilst those of the Virgin and Apostles are untouched. We had some trouble in gaining admission to the interior of the mosques, more so than is experienced at present, since "tipping," known as "backsheesh," is now a Turkish institution. Of course we had to take the "shoes from off our feet," ere we were allowed to enter; this is a custom which did not incommode the worshippers as they went slipshod. In the mosque of St. Sophia, we saw a beautifully carved chair, in verd antique; tradition reports that St. Paul preached from it, but then the legends of the Eastern church have generally as little foundation as those of Rome. Outside the mosque we also noticed a large rostrum of white marble in one immense block, and we marvelled how it was ever brought there; not more than half of what it was is now visible; a large portion of it has been broken off, and it has sunk more than a foot into the ground; it is ornamented with figures cut in relief, but these are too much defaced to allow us to discover what they represented. In the town are three triumphal arches with reliefs and inscriptions. What interested us most were four caryatides in alto relievo, resting on a highly wrought architrave, supported by Corinthian pillars, which are built into the mud walls of a house. Resting on the figures is a beautifully proportioned cornice. Dr. Clark describes these figures as "amongst the finest Grecian sculptures which have escaped the ravages of time." They have been supposed to represent "History," "Helen" and "Ganymede." As we see them they are much mutilated, but it strikes me that they will bear no comparison, either for grace or proportion, with those of the Erechtheum at Athens. Some time after I saw them they were sent to France. Salonica has a mixed and picturesque population of Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians, Franks and Jews, the latter being very numerous; not descendants of those to whom the apostle preached, but Israelites speaking Spanish, whose forefathers were originally drawn from Spain. Their women are famed for their beauty, and justly so, if those we saw in a house where we were admitted to copy an inscription were typical of their race. There is also a sect here, renegades from the Jewish faith to that of Islam; they dress like Turks, but it is rumoured that, in secret, they retain the worship of their fathers; they intermarry and live quite isolated. Popular opinion is not in their favour. The Turks of the Negroponte, the Greeks of Athens, and the Jews of Salonica are proverbially bad. Our visit to St. Sophia might have been attended with serious consequences; we were allowed to enter without an attendant, and after seeing St. Paul's chair, I, having a headache, remained near the entrance, whilst my companion, a crack-brained North of Ireland man, visited the interior, which was rather dark. He was absent some little time, and on his return chuckled a

good deal, making a great mystery of what he pretended to have seen. Had I known how he had been employed, I should have considered my life in danger, whilst wending my way to the boat, among so many armed Turks, their yataghans sharp, and the idea of slicing up a Giaour would have added zest to the operation. After we had been some time on board, my quondam companion informed me that he had lately been reading Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada," and that, when inside the mosque, he thought himself of the exploit of Fernando Perez, who (with his dagger) nailed a tablet to the door of a mosque, on which "Ave Maria" was inscribed, and that, noticing a tempting slab of white marble, he had drawn on it a cross rising out of a crescent. My slumbers were sadly disturbed that night, and during a still middle watch I expected every moment to hear the fearful sound of a Christian massacre; all was so calm and still, and so close were we to the shore that the Mu-zzin's cry, as it passed from minaret to minaret, was distinctly heard, and as my relief came on deck shortly after daylight, the "Allah il Allah, Allah keria," sonorously, but sweetly chanted, was wafted from the shore by the land breeze. These few sublime words impressed me more than would the sound of a fine peal of church bells. On visiting Salonica some months afterwards, the consul, Mr. Abbott, informed me that the act of desecration had made no stir. I deserved to get into trouble for keeping such company, as my Milesian friend had previously got me into a scrape when at Naples, where having met the "host," instead of lifting his hat, as is customary, he crammed it on his head, grinning at the procession, and spitting at it; the consequence was that we were glad to escape with torn garments, and crownless hats. During our stay at Salonica an incident occurred, showing how much may be effected by bold measures. I belonged to a small man-of-war, mounting a few carronades, and two long twelve pounders. It happened that our Captain invited a few of the principal Europeans on board; he had served with Sir John Gore blockading the French ports, when dashing service was of everyday occurrence. When we landed our party at night the gates were closed, and vain were our entreaties to have them opened. It was a sad business, some of the ladies had babies at home that ought to be nursed, and there were other domestic arrangements to be attended to. To add to the discomfort of the situation it rained, and our accommodation for ladies was small. Doubtless it was purely through some misunderstanding that we were not allowed to enter the town, as permission to have the gates opened had been previously given. However, that might have been, our Captain was much incensed at the supposed affront, and that day warped the ship with her insignificant broadside bearing on the sea wall, and within a few yards of it. He then landed his small detachment of marines, and accompanied by the Consul, boarded the Pasha in his divan, telling him that he had to complain of a great lack of courtesy, and that he would visit the shore with some of his officers in the evening, and should expect to have the gates opened when he wished to return to his ship. Notwithstanding our Captain's refusal of cliques and coffee, his demand (for it could scarcely be termed a request) was complied with. Though a digression, I may relate how our bellicose commander showed his teeth with more reason. A short time afterwards we were at anchor in Port St. Nicholas of Tea, at the time Capo d'Istria was President of Greece, when a great amount of political persecution prevailed, and when people were not certain whether, after all the sacrifices made by them, they had changed for the better; as one of the Islanders rhymed it in *lingue France*, there was:

Tariffe de quessa, Tariffe de quale.
Tariffe de sucre, Tariffe de sale!

There was a tax on everything. One of our boats lay alongside the jetty, when a Teate took refuge in her. A large Greek corvette lay in the harbor at the time, and one of her boats being close to ours, the officer in charge ordered his men to pull the refugee out with a boat-hook; this peremptory proceeding was reported to our captain, who sent a lieutenant with a message to the effect that unless the captive was returned by sunset he would be released by force. The corvette could have blown us out of the water, and carried the flag of brave old Canaris, who had greatly distinguished himself against the Turks. It was he who, after the terrible massacre of 30,000 Greeks by the Turks on the rich island of Scio, destroyed the Capuden Pasha's ship, that monster himself and all his crew, together with an immense amount of plunder. Canaris performed this daring feat of burning a large three-decker in open daylight—his vessel being a merchantman fitted as a fire-ship. Considering what we had to contend with, it may be imagined with how much anxiety we awaited the result. The affair ended peacefully, the prisoner was returned to us, and the honour of our flag being vindicated, he was given up to the authorities.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 198 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only. J. H. LERLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

EPIHEMERIDES.

A notable event in the history of education in the Province of Quebec has just taken place. It is the establishment of a branch of Laval University in this city; or, rather, to use the official designation, it is the University of Laval at Montreal. All the Faculties are to be fully represented, and, indeed, the Professors have already been appointed. The Faculty of Theology is intrusted to the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The Faculties of Science and the Arts—the latter, according to the ancient, but now inapt designation, including Literature—is in the hands of the Jesuit Fathers. The Faculty of Medicine comprises the staff formerly attached to the Victoria College, Cobourg. The Faculty of Law is entirely new, and consists of seven of the leading French jurists of Montreal. The new system was inaugurated with unusual pomp, in the presence of all the Roman Catholic Prelates of the Province, and of the Apostolic Delegate.

A FURTHER change in the same direction is in contemplation, and will soon be carried out. This is the affiliation of all the minor French colleges—St. Hyacinthe, Joliette, L'Assomption, Nicolet, Rimouski, and others, with Laval. These colleges doubtless did much good in their day, and we are assured that they stimulated emulation, which tended to elevate the standard of instruction, but, in proportion to the population, they were too numerous, and it was not to be supposed that each one could have a first-class staff of Professors. Hereafter, while the individual colleges will continue their usual curricula, the degrees will be given only in the name of Laval University, and we presume that the examinations thereof will be conducted after the Laval requirements. This is the plan so successfully carried out in the London University, and imitated after a measure by the University of New York.

In the interests of a higher education, I can, of course, do no less than offer my compliments to those who have brought about this change. But there is one point upon which I may be allowed to express a doubt. It is concerning the expediency of conducting this *ratio studiorum* purely in French. Excepting philosophy and theology, which are to be taught exclusively in Latin, I deem it a mistake to pursue the others only in the French language. Let me not be misunderstood, however, in this delicate matter. I am a devoted admirer of the French language and literature. I have on more occasions than one borne the testimony of respectful wonder to the patriotic tenacity with which French-Canadians have adhered to their mother tongue and the customs of their ancestors. The efforts made, and successfully made, to establish a little world of letters in French Canada, have always appeared to me little less than heroic. But all this does not prevent me from holding that it is unwise to exclude English as the medium of instruction in our French institutions. The reason is obvious enough. This is not a French, but an English country. The more it grows, the more it will be English. English is the language of three-fourths of the inhabitants of the Dominion. It is the prevailing language on this continent. It is essentially the commercial language, even in Canada. The French must always be at a disadvantage if they do not master it, and they cannot master it if they are not taught it. And teaching does not consist in taking lessons in it, but in making it one of the principal vehicles of instruction. The case is very plain when applied to Law and Medicine. The young man who has pursued his course in these only in French, has little or no chance of obtaining practice in Ontario, the Maritime Provinces, or the United States. Even in Quebec he feels his deficiency. If, on the contrary, he has been taught in English, he may go anywhere to try his fortune, and his knowledge of French will be an additional point in his favour.

A GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY has been established in Quebec. The founder of it may be said to be the learned and indefatigable Dr. Fortin, M.P.P. for Gaspé. There can be no doubt of two things—of the importance of geographical study in the Province of Quebec, to begin with, and of the general ignorance of the subject, even among those who account themselves scholars. Apart altogether from the satisfaction of enlarging our sphere of information in this respect, we are to remember that geographical inquiry, in its broadest sense, embracing, as it does, geodesic, geological, topographical, mineralogical, metallurgical and agricultural topics, must lead in time to important commercial results, and the development of our national wealth. Hence a good wish for the new society.

I WOULD like to say as much for the Historical Society. That of Quebec is "all right," but that of Montreal leaves a great deal to be desired. Indeed, its very existence is a mystery. We never hear of its monthly or annual meetings; we never read of its proceedings. And yet, as it receives a subsidy from Government, the law requires that its deliberations should be made periodically public. The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal is doing its best to supply the void of the Historical Society, but that is not enough. Either that institution should give proper signs of life, or else be amalgamated with the Quebec Society, whose Government allowance would then be doubled with fruitful result.

A STEELE PEN.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

If there is one man who has contributed more than another to popularize and spread the culture of the beautiful, it is Vick, of Rochester, N.Y. Not only has he brought the cultivation of flowers to perfection, and thereby created for himself both fame and fortune, but he has put forth publications which have instructed and stimulated thousands to the same tastes. Beginning with simple catalogues, he went on to illustrated ones, and has finally culminated in an illustrated monthly magazine, than which nothing more dainty or beautiful could be expected. We heartily recommend this periodical to our readers, and the more that, from several years' relations with Mr. Vick, we can testify that in all dealings one gets entire satisfaction from him. The new magazine will open an era in floral literature, and we wish it every success.

We have received the first number of the *Canadian Spectator*, a weekly journal, published in this city, under the editorial management of Rev. Alfred J. Bray. In appearance—with its toned paper, wide double columns and peculiar type—it is, as intended, a fac-simile of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Its aim and scope are also similar to those of that well-known organ of British public opinion. In collaboration with the editor are several of our leading writers and thinkers, and we are informed that the list of contributors will not be confined to Montreal. We are favourably impressed with the appearance of the first number, but we do not doubt that experience will suggest numerous improvements, and, at all events, we welcome with sincere pleasure this new accession to the ranks of our higher journalism.

We have no magazine in Canada specially and exclusively devoted to children. This is a want which ought to be supplied, and the only way to supply it is by taking the *St. Nicholas*, an illustrated monthly for boys and girls, published by Scribner's, of New York. It is by all odds the best publication of its kind in the world, and should be largely patronized in Canada. Each monthly number is bright with appropriate literature and art, the illustrations being simply magnificent. Among the attractions for this year is a serial story for girls by Louisa M. Alcott, entitled, "Under the Lilacs." The story is quiet and lovely in feeling, full of life, and of quaint, jolly bits of childhood. It is characteristic of Miss Alcott in her best vein; but it is not intended for young readers of vitiated taste who need, or think they need, sensational stories. The boy in the story is a character that will charm all boys fully as much as its girl readers. The new cover is by the English artist, Walter Crane, the famous designer of "The Baby's Opera" and other coloured picture books, and was engraved under his own eye.

We invite the attention of the Canadian public to *Scribner's Monthly*, the most distinctively American magazine published, which has a large circulation in England, and now, at the beginning of its eighth year, deservedly ranks among the best illustrated periodicals of the world. During the past year several papers have appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* devoted wholly or in part to Canadian subjects; among them a paper on "Canadian Sports," in the issue for August, 1877, by Dr. W. G. Beers, of Montreal, with twenty-five illustrations by Henry Sandham, of the same city. In the same number appeared an illustrated description of a trip through the Maine woods to Canada, entitled "The Babes in the Wood;" and in the October, 1877, number, a paper on "Salmon-Fishing" in the region lying near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. During the year 1878, there will appear beautifully illustrated articles on Cariboo-Hunting, Moose-Hunting, Seal-Fishing, The Thousand Islands, etc., besides a charming paper by John Burroughs, entitled, "Following the Halcyon to Canada."

The first two numbers of the new volume of *The Living Age*, bearing date of January 5th and 12th, respectively, have the following noteworthy contents: "Russian Aggression, as specially affecting Austrian-Hungary and Turkey," by Louis Kossuth, ex-Governor of Hungary, *Contemporary Review*; "Erica," a fine German serial, by Frau von Ingersleben, translated for *The Living Age*; "Humming Birds," by Alfred Russell Wallace, *Fortnightly Review*; "Doris Baraugh," a Yorkshire story, by Katharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty," etc.; "On the Hygienic Value of Plants in Rooms and the Open Air," by Prof. Max von Pettenkofer, *Contemporary*; "Within the Precincts," a new story by Mrs. Oliphant, from advance sheets; "Florence and the Medici," by J. A. Symonds, *Fortnightly*; "Charlotte Bronte," *Cornhill*; "Heligoland," *Macmillan*; "Rugby Football," *Tatler*; "Forgetfulness," *Spectator*, etc.; together with the usual choice poetry and miscellany. In the next weekly number a new serial by William Black will be begun, from advance sheets, which promises to be his best work.

FERNSPRECHER.—The Emperor of Germany is much delighted with the telephone, which has just been introduced in the postal service in that country. After examining its working, the emperor observed that he had only one fault to find with the instrument. "What is that, sire?" asked the Postmaster-General. "It has not yet received a German name." "Call it 'fernspreeher'!" (farspeaker), suggested the scientist. "Capital!" replied his Majesty, and in future the telephone will be known in Germany as the fernspreeher.