

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

STANCHEZZA.

Lo Zephyr floats, on pinions delicate,
Past the dark belfry, where the deep-toned bell
Sways back and forth, girlie tolling out the knell
For thee, my friend, so young and yet so great.
Dead—thou art dead. The destiny of men
Is ever thus, like waves upon the main
To rise, grow great, fall with a crash and wane,
While still another grows to wane again.
Dead—thou art dead. Would that I too were gone
And that the grass which rustles on thy grave
Might also cover mine forever wave.
Made living by the death it grew upon.
I lack not Plato, Orpheus-like, to give
Thy soul to earth. I would not have thee live.
W. D. L.

BELOIL MOUNTAIN.

It was a pleasant party of between eighty and ninety persons that left Bonaventure Station on Saturday morning, bound on an excursion to Beloil Mountain. Learned Professors and laughing children, staid matrons and smiling maidens all determined to enjoy themselves to the utmost. Strange to say, the inevitable "we" was not there to its fullest extent, for had it been so, the present writer would probably have remained unknown to fame.

After a ride of about thirty miles, we reached St. Hilaire Station at the foot of Beloil mountain, where we were met by a collection of structures on four wheels each, that would have made the heart of an antiquarian leap for joy.

A learned geologist of the party was conveyed in one that belonged to the palaeozoic age, as well as I could gather. That in which I trusted my precious self I at once placed in a remote prehistoric period, until correctly informed by the owner, who assured me that it belonged to a much later date. Our horse was a very sober one, in fact all the horses were very sober animals, so I asked our driver if they were in the habit of attending funerals; but he told me that it was a very healthy country, after which I am at a loss to explain the cause of the horse's melancholy. At last we got under weigh, and as we passed a group of simple rustics who stood with heads reverently uncovered, one of them said to another: "Ah! I have seen many funerals in my time much longer, but never a sadder one than this." After this I lit a cigar, to give the procession some appearance of levity, because I hate to see such an amount of sympathy wasted, when it is so much needed elsewhere.

I smoked in silence until a scraping sound attracted my attention, when I found that our front wheels were not turning round. Keeping my eyes on them, I noticed this peculiarity several times until the plea struck me that it was an ingenious invention of the natives to keep the mud from being splattered on the occupants of the vehicle. I was just turning to the driver to make some enquiries about it, as I thought of introducing the invention into use on Sherbrooke Street, when suddenly the wheels whizzed round in a pool of mud and put a stop to the conversation. As I wiped the soil from my mustache, I changed my mind with regard to the genius of those natives, and came to the conclusion that what I had thought a wonderful invention, was nothing but a criminal ignorance on the part of the people in that part of the country of the use of wagon grease.

After a drive of about three miles, we landed at the Iroquois House, on the top of which stands a figure of the noble Redman, cut out of pine plank. I may say that he looks every inch a painted brave. The Iroquois House is finely situated on a high ground looking over a beautiful expanse of country away to the South West, while at the back, the three hills, that form the Beloil group, shut out all save the blue sky and clouds.

The Natural History party at once moved off in the direction of Beloil Lake which is a glassy sheet of water scarce rippled by a breeze, lying in a valley, between the Three Hills, and far above the level of the surrounding country. Forgive the following:

Of the Lakes of Killarney its people may blarney,
And Saxons fair roving for Cumberland sigh,
And Scotia may mock at all else but a Loch,
But give me the beautiful Lake of Beloil.

'Tis a beautiful fountain that springs from the mountain,
A fable of Nature, a mystery to man,
That wise heads have thought of, but could never make
And cried in despair, "come and solve it who can."

'Tis a diamond bright by the sun's brilliant light,
The finest of jewels in emerald set,
'Tis a pearl by the beaming of moonlight soft streaming,
While round it the hills are a circle of jet.

The birds on its breast seem like sea-birds at rest,
When seen from the shrine at the top of the hill,
And the clouds, as they fly through the soft azure sky,
Are mirrored beneath by a mystical will.

There's a streamlet that gushes hard by through her
rushes,
And draws from its bosom a life without pain,
Then tumbles and dashes, with ripples and flashes,
Down the steep, rugged mountain to water the plain.

There's a cave whose dark centre, breeds thoughts, as I
enter,
Of black scowling goblin, or mischievous sprite,
'Tis a darkness eternal; there none that is mortal
May bloom in its gloomy perpetual night.

'Tis, oh, for a life away from the strife
And toil of the city, its sorrows and gloom,
A home on that mountain, a draught from that fountain,
And when all is over, that cave for a tomb.

After about an hour had been spent on and about the Lake, the Natural History party began the ascent of the highest of the three peaks, on the summit of which is the ruin of a shrine, placed there by the Bishop of Nancy in 1841, in commemoration of a visit paid by him to the spot. There on the borders of the lake he preached to multitudes of eager listeners who came from

far and near, attracted by the fame of his eloquence.

Before beginning the ascent several gentlemen were told off as leaders of the different parties. The distance from the hotel to the summit of the mountain is about a mile and a half, of which a great portion of the pathway seems to be the forsaken course of some old stream. How some of the ladies of the party managed to scramble to the top, still remains a mystery to me. For myself, I did not wish for any more, and was glad to throw myself down upon the soft side of a boulder and let the delightful mountain breeze fan my illuminated features whilst I listened to the enlivening music of the shad fly. I had long wished to know a thing or two about the manners and customs of the shad fly, and here I learned the lesson I had sought for with a rapidity that only practical experience can give. As I lay thus, I chanted a dirge in time to the insect worm's melody, of which the following is the last verse of seventy-five:

You may talk as you please of musquitoes and fleas,
And the terrible tortures thus suffered by boarders;
But the fly called the shad would drive even a saint mad
And produce a whole hospital-full of disorders.

I may say the shad fly finished me. I don't like his manners which are too familiar. But I have kept you all too long already, so I can only say that, in spite of shad flies and mountain tumblers, I am ready to go and do likewise next year.

THE LATE ABDUL AZIZ.

The Sultan whose reign has just been so summarily closed ascended the Ottoman throne on the death of his brother, Sultan Abdul Medjid, June 25, 1861, according to the Mohammedan Law of seniority. He was born Feb. 9, 1830. He began his reign with the declared intention to reform the many abuses in the public affairs of the Empire. He dismissed the corrupt Minister of Finance, Riza Pasha, cut down the civil expenditures, abolished the scraggly, promised to refrain from polygamy, and seemed quite desirous of bettering the condition of his people. He visited England, France, Austria, and other European countries, with the design of introducing into the Empire the civilization that made European nations contrast so strongly with his own. He met with strong opposition from the fanaticism of the Mohammedans, who gradually became disaffected toward him, but he succeeded in securing to Europeans for the first time the privilege of holding real estate in Turkey. He founded a public high school on the French system at Constantinople, and established several scientific institutions in that city. He endeavored to reform the administration of justice by establishing a civil code, which he ordered the Supreme Court to prepare, but his efforts in this direction were by degrees overborne by the rigidity of custom and the jealousy of any intrusion upon the privileges of the religious orders. Among the leading acts of his reign in relation to other nations were the recognition of the independence and unity of Italy, the negotiation of commercial treaties with France and England, the treaty of London neutralizing the Black Sea. During his reign the Montenegrins rebelled (1862), and were reduced to subjection after stubborn resistance. The Cretan insurrection of 1866 also disturbed the internal affairs of the Empire during his reign. His relations with Egypt gave him great annoyance, but in consideration of a large indemnity he granted the Viceroy, Ismail Pasha, the right of succession to the throne of that dependency in a direct line from father to son, with the title of Khedive. He also recognized, as a matter of policy, the accession of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern to the Roumanian throne. The question of the succession to the Ottoman throne, however, occupied the mind of the late Sultan most fully. Ambition for his immediate family and the permanence of its rule probably prompted this, but the belief that the succession of the oldest male descendant of Ottoman is sanctioned by the Koran aroused the opposition of the fanatical and strongest element in the Turkish character.

THE LAUNCH OF THE INFLEXIBLE

Our readers will be pleased with this sketch of a most notable event. The Princess Louise who presided over the ceremony arrived at Portsmouth escorted by Mr. Ward Hunt, and followed by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Marquis of Lorne, and some members of the Board of Admiralty. Her Royal Highness took her seat upon the platform, and listened with evident interest to the explanation of the connection between the buttons of the electrical machine on the table before her and the iron weights, which upon their being touched would fall upon and knock away the "dog shores," and so leave the vessel free to glide into the water. The religious service was read by the Rev. J. Cawston, chaplain of the yard, and on the Princess touching one electric button, the bottle of wine was heard to fall upon the prow of the vessel; when another button had been pressed, the Inflexible, after a brief hesitating quiver, gradually took the water. A deafening shout then rose upon the air, and told those who were out of sight of the vessel knew that the launch had been successfully accomplished. The Princess subsequently visited the Dock and Tidal Basins, which she formally opened, and she afterwards lunched with Mr. Ward Hunt and the Port-Admiral at the Admiralty House. On leaving the town, a farewell salute of twenty-one guns was fired in her honor.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

DOMESTIC PETS.—Matrimonial sulks.

A truism: An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

PLACARDS on the New York street-cars declare that "this car can't wait for ladies to kiss good-bye."

Many persons are in advance of their age, but an old maid generally manages to be about ten years behind hers.

"Is your mistress in?"—"She is, sir."—"Is she engaged?"—"Faith, she's more than that. She's married."

THE entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

"Are your eyes new ones?" was the unconscious compliment a little four-year-old girl paid to a lady, whose beautiful eyes shone like stars.

"Lunatic fringe" is the name given in New York to the fashion of cropping the hair and letting the ends hang down over the forehead.

WOMAN has many advantages over man; one of them is that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

A gentleman named More proposed to a lady by letter, and she asked time to consider his proposition, closing her letter with the words, "No more at present."

The president of a cremation club in Iowa has named his last baby "Cinderella." His next boy he intends to name after the great lawyer Coke, and the next daughter Charlotte.

A young lady of more beauty than sense—more accomplished than learned—more charms of person than grace of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants—is a coquette.

A New York lady who lately returned from Europe was recently waited upon by a friend, who has also been abroad, and who preferred this request:—"Can you give me a marquis's card? I can give you two viscounts in exchange."

A ladies' debating club has been started in New York, "to give women practice in public speaking and debating." As a wise precaution, the promoters have decreed that meetings must not be held oftener than once in three weeks.

"JOHN," said a fond little wife, enthusiastically, pointing out to her husband a little shop in a fashionable street, "when you die, I'm going to take the life insurance money and buy that little place and set up as a milliner."

"Go away; you're too heavy to hold on my knee," said a cross young man to his sweetheart's little brother.—"Me too heavy?" exclaimed the child: "why I ain't near so heavy as Eliza, and you hold her on your knee easy enough!" Eliza also then told him to go away.

The following appeared in the London *Guardian*: A widow, a great invalid, wishes to place two of her daughters, aged 12 and 13 years, under the charge of a lady who would, when necessary, administer the birch rod, as they are extremely troublesome. Terms liberal. Address—

A fussy little wife, who habitually annoyed her husband by giving trifling and unnecessary orders to him when she was about to go visiting, was somewhat impressed by the same treatment from himself. He had just passed out of the house, and halting at the garden gate, he shouted, "Polly, come here!" Thinking he was about to communicate something of importance, she hastened out, and presently stood at his side. "Well, what is it?" she asked. With a grave face, he said, "Polly, should it rain while I am absent, you may—well, don't try to stop it. Let it rain!" He then hurried off, followed by her slipper.

OUR PICTURES.

We have a very large number of illustrations, and almost the totality of them are separately described. There remains only to call attention to the scenes of the late Salonica riots, at Salonica, near the Mosque Saati-Ijani; the portrait of M. Moulin, the French Consul, murdered on that occasion, and a view of the interior of the study of the late German poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath.

THE LATE M. RICARD.

This statesman, whose sudden death we recorded two weeks ago, deserves a place in our portrait gallery. He was a consistent Moderate Republican throughout his life, and a very trustworthy and useful man. M. Ricard was forty-eight years of age. The new Minister of the Interior is his friend, M. de Marcere, who has been Under-Secretary of State. We subjoin the names of his predecessors since 1870, and the dates of their appointment:—Gambetta, Sept. 1870, and till February, 1871; Minister of War also; Emanuel Arago, Sept. 18, 1870, in Paris; Ernest Picard, Feb. 19, 1871; Lambrecht, July 5, 1871; Casimir-Perier, Oct. 11, 1871, and provisionally from May 19 to 24, 1873; Victor Lefranc, Feb. 6, 1872; De Goulard, Dec. 7, 1872; Beule, May 24, 1873; De Broglie, Nov. 26, 1873; De Fourtoul, May 22, 1874; General de Chabaud-Latour, July 20, 1874; Buffet, March 10, 1875; Richard, March 9, 1876. It will be seen that the longest holder of this Ministry was M. Buffet.

DOMESTIC.

FRIED EGGS.—Melt some butter in a frying-pan, and when it hisses, drop in the eggs carefully. Fry three minutes; dust with pepper and salt, and transfer to a hot dish.

CHEESE OMELETTE.—Grate some rich old cheese, and having mixed the omelette as usual, stir in the cheese with a swift turn or two of the whisk, and at the same time some chopped parsley and thyme. If you beat long the cheese will separate the milk from the eggs. Cook at once.

BREAKFAST BAKED OMELET.—One heaping teaspoonful of corn starch, one-fourth cup of milk, a lump of butter, a small onion chopped fine; boil all together until the corn starch gets thick—not lumpy—seven eggs, beat the yolks and whites separately—the whites to a stiff froth; put the corn starch in a dish with the yolks and a half a cup of milk, add a little salt and pepper, some chopped parsley, lastly the whites of the eggs. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

COMPOTE OF RHUBARB.—Take and cut a pound of the stalks, after they are pared into short lengths, have ready a quart of a pint of water boiled for ten minutes with six ounces of sugar; put your fruit in, and let it simmer from ten to fifteen minutes. This served with boiled rice is much more wholesome for children than puddings. If for sick people, to be eaten alone, the compote should be made with the very best lump-sugar; and the same for dessert. But common sugar for children's use will do.

WINDOW ORNAMENTATION.—Glass may be made extremely ornamental in several ways, a few of which are given as perhaps some of our readers may not have heard of them: First, cut out various figures from thin white muslin, Swiss tulle, or even tissue paper; stars, circles, rings, diamonds and squares of different sizes are among the best. Make some nice mullage of gum arabic and paste them on the panes, making narrow lines, connecting them with strips of the material. Arrange all in tasteful designs, and over this give a coat of clear demar varnish.

COLD BOILED HAM.—To use up the bits of cold boiled ham, reject most of the fat, and to a cupful, or even less, chopped very fine, add the yolks of eight eggs, a cupful of milk, with two tablespoonfuls of flour stirred smoothly in it, salt and pepper to taste, and the last thing the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Drop in the frying pan in half lard and half butter sufficient to fry. When cooked enough to turn, do so, being careful not to brown them too much. An onion may be chopped with the meat, if the flavor is liked; these proportions may be varied in many ways, using all small pieces of lean ham, boiled or broiled, and if eggs are scarce, less of them and more milk and flour.

SWEET OMELETTE.—Six eggs, four tablespoonful sugar (powdered), one teaspoonful of vanilla, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat the whites and yolks separately. Add the sugar to the yolks, a little at a time, beating very thoroughly, until they are smooth and thick. The whites should stand alone. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan, heat to boiling, and when you have added the vanilla to the omelette, pour it in and cook very quickly as you would a plain one. Slip the knife frequently under it, to loosen from the sides and bottom. It is more apt to scorch than an omelette without sugar. Turn out upon a very hot dish, sift powdered sugar over the top and serve instantly, or it will pull and become heavy.

OMELETTE (PLAIN).—Beat six eggs very light, the whites to a stiff froth that will stand alone, the yolks to a smooth thick batter. Add to the yolks a small cupful of milk, pepper and salt; lastly stir in the whites lightly. Have ready in a hot frying pan a good lump of butter. When it hisses, pour in your mixture gently and set over a clear fire. It should cook in ten minutes at most. Do not stir, but contrive, as the eggs "set," to slip a broad-bladed knife under the omelette to guard against burning at the bottom. The instant "hiss" of the butter as it flows to the hottest part of the pan will prove the wisdom and efficacy of the precaution. If your oven is hot, you may put the frying-pan in it as soon as the middle of the omelette is set. When done, lay a hot dish bottom upward on the top of the pan, and dexterously upset the latter to bring the browned side of the omelette uppermost. Eat soon, or it will fall.

PERSONAL.

QUEBEC is to give Lord Dufferin a dinner on the 22nd of June.

THE Emperor of Brazil visited Niagara, Toronto and Montreal last week.

THE Governor-General is expected to go to Philadelphia about the close of this month.

THE Bishop of Algoma has appointed nine Lay Readers in the Muskoka and Parry Sound districts.

Mr. Colin Scatcherd was elected M. P. for North Middlesex, by a majority of 182 over Mr. Levi, the Conservative candidate.

Charles Blanc, brother of Louis Blanc, and Professor Gaston Boissier, have been elected members of the French Academy.

Hon. R. W. Scott will perform the duties of Minister of Militia as well as those of Secretary of State during the absence of the Hon. Mr. Vail.

Hon. E. Blake has signified his intention of donating \$200 a year for scholarships during his term of office as Chancellor of Toronto University, to which position he was recently elected.

MR. KIRK, of Westminster, London, has just received from Scotland and planted over 5,000 evergreens for shelter. Mr. Kirk is determined to test Scottish trees on our Canadian soil.

IN recognition of the generous contributions of A. T. Stewart to the relief of Paris after the siege, it is proposed to call one of the newly opened streets in the upper part of the city by his name.

THE Count of Paris went to England last week to bring to France the remains of Louis Philippe and Queen Amelia, the Duchess of Orleans, the Duchess of Anjou, and the Prince of Condé. The remains were landed at Honfleur on Thursday, and taken to Dreux on Friday, where they were reinterred in the chapel built by Louis Philippe for the burial of his family. The transfer of the bodies and their re-interment was strictly private.

ARTISTIC.

MILLAIS, the English artist, is building a house, to cost \$150,000.

MR. MILLAIS has completed a striking study of the head of a "Be. Center" of the Tower.

No clue has been obtained regarding the robbery of the Gainsborough portrait. Messrs. Agnew have offered a reward of £1,000 for its recovery.

A CURIOUS paper has been sold at the Hôtel Drouet, viz. the patent by which Louis XVI. accorded to the painter Jean Baptiste Greuze a life pension of 437 francs 10 sous.

M. MERCIER, the celebrated sculptor of "Gloria Victis," has just received a commission for a bas-relief to fill in the facade of the Tuilleries formerly occupied by the bas-relief by Barye, representing Napoleon III. on horseback.