

THE FREE LANCE.

George Fawcett Rowe is the prince of alchemists. He has discovered the transmutation of metals. He makes gold out of Brass.

The Gazette of this city, is a centenarian. Although more vigorous than ever it was, it wisely props itself up in every possible way. Its last support is a musical column.

As the Spartan passed Lachine, the other day, the captain invited Dom Pedro up to the pilot house.

"We are going to shoot the rapids," said the captain.

"Shoot zee rapids?" asked the Dom.

"Yes, that is we are going through them."

The Emperor watched the operation with much interest. When it was over, he turned and said, holding out his hand:

"Very good shot, Captain."

A correspondent of an inquiring turn of mind writes to the papers to know whether the word "rendition" is good English when applied to the performance of a piece of music, vocal or instrumental. I don't know whether it is or not. But I know that newspaper critics use it, and very naturally so. We say rendition of fallow, land and soap. As newspaper dramatic or musical criticism is only so much soft soap, I don't wonder the writers employ the congenial word "rendition."

A gallant young friend of mine promised a couple of charming young ladies tickets for Daly's latest sensation, at the Academy. He failed to come to time, giving as an excuse that the ticket-office was closed when he called. The young ladies were naturally much disappointed. One of them said, shaking her little finger:

"I have a Pique against you, sir."

A gentleman had a very bad toothache. A friend referred him to a well-known dentist, near Beaver Hall. The two met again a few hours later.

"Well?" said the friend.

"Well?" exclaimed the other.

"Did you go to Doctor Blank?"

"Yes."

"And did he relieve you?"

"Oh, yes—of two dollars."

Mr. McDowell has retired from the management of the Academy, and his successor is Mr. Green.

"*Esse peripetuo*" is the motto now," said a friend to the latter gentleman.

"What does that signify?"

"Evergreen."

One morning, last week, I read this among the telegraphic dispatches of a contemporary:

"Paris, June 8.—George Sand, the well-known novelist, died here today. *He* was conscious to the last moment, but was unable to speak for some time before death."

Two gentlemen have been reading the morning papers. The news from the East occupies their thoughts.

"I fear we shall have war," said one.

"I hope we shall have war," said the other.

A mutual friend, a flour merchant, comes up, and the two, knowing how much he will be pleased, cry out simultaneously:

"War has been declared."

"Ah! that is too good to be true," was the philosophic reply.

The part of Mabel Renfrew in Augustin Daly's beautiful drama, *Pique*, as represented with uncommon ability in this city last week, was decidedly a Savory part, and every body in the large audiences relished it.

The shad fly shadowed the atmosphere all last week.

The Democrats who support Tilden, evidently believe in a name. They think that Uncle Sam ought to be President of the United States, after giving it his name so long.

One section of the Republican party is sorely affected with chill Blaine.

Another is jubilant and sings:

"See the Conkling hero comes."

There is a controversy about the death of the late Sultan. The strong probabilities are that he died of an overdose of Muradacid.

Dom Pedro found his match at Bonsecours market the other morning. He plagued an old fruit woman until she got mad and told him to move on. When informed that he was the Emperor of the Brazils, she replied breezily:

"I don't care who he is. Queen Victoria wouldn't have done that."

Two friends, who had nothing more intellectual to talk about, were entertaining each other with the details of their domestic arrangements.

"At home," said one, "there are different tastes. For instance I drink nothing but tea, while my wife, who is a Southerner, drinks nothing but coffee."

"That's strange," said the other who was known to have a fiery little spouse. "It is just the other way with us. I take only coffee and my wife imbibes tea in oceans."

"What is her favorite brand?"

"Gunpowder, of course."

Painters have actually been obliged to stop outside work owing to the shad flies. One painter dared them in doing the plinths and frames of the *Herald* corridor, and the result was a beautiful specimen of marble work. The painter, who is a Dutchman, is now a wiser and a shadder man.

A party sitting in front of the hotel. One of them remarked that the sudden solicitude of certain papers about the health of Sir John was truly edifying.

"They really wish he were dead," said his companion.

"But he isn't dead."

"No. Nor dying."

And the Tory, warming up to the boiling point of inspiration, let fly the following *improvisu* to his admiring friends:

They came from every wind that blows,
On lightning pinion sped,
To gaze upon their king of foes,
And feast upon the dead.

Prostrate he lay upon the plain,
His front was banded low,
Dishevelled was his royal mane,
His eyes had lost their glow.

The noble flank was drenched with gore,
Pierced by a hundred spears,
The glory of his prime was o'er,
The strength of former years.

Fly on, O harpies great and small,
Fly forward, birds of prey,
This is your day of carnival,
The crowning of the fray.

But lo! he rises from the shock,
He lifts his lordly head—
Back to your cries on the rock—
THE LION IS NOT DEAD!

At the conclusion of which there arose such a cheer as shook the peristyle of the hotel.

LACLEDÉ.

KINGSTON AND PEMBROKE RAILWAY.

This line running from Kingston northward to the town of Pembroke, on the Ottawa, a distance of 138 miles, is one of the most important of the many railway enterprises which have been entered upon in the Province of Ontario, during the last five years. The object had in view by its promoters was to develop the great mineral resources of the country lying north of Kingston, and to furnish a cheaper and more expeditious outlet for the vast lumber trade of the districts drained by the upper Ottawa, Bonnechere, Madawaska and Mississippi rivers. It is essentially a colonization road, as the larger portion of the country it will traverse is comparatively unsettled. But it is a country possessing great natural resources, and it will only require cheap and rapid communication with the front to convert them into sources of immense wealth. It is also a country abounding in beautiful and picturesque natural scenery. The road has been built and equipped, and is now running from Kingston to Sharbot Lake, a distance of about 40 miles, while the work of construction is being continued northward from this point as fast as the resources of the company will permit.

The stimulus given to progress, and the development of resources by a railway running through a new country, is very strikingly exemplified in the case of those townships north of Kingston now served by this road. Mills are being built along the line, and great quantities of the products of the forest which heretofore were of little value on account of the distance from market, now find a ready sale at remunerative prices, thus furnishing employment to large numbers of men during the winter months, at the same time rapidly increasing the area of cleared land. But the most striking feature in this development of resources has been the opening and working of the Glendower Iron Mines, which are situated in the township of Bedford, about 32 miles from Kingston. These mines were first opened in 1869, by Messrs. Hancock, Creveling & Co. About one hundred tons of ore were mined and drawn by teams to Westport and Kingston, thence shipped to Elmira, N. Y., where it was smelted along with other ores from Wayne and Jefferson Counties, in that State. The result was eminently satisfactory. The working of the furnaces was greatly improved. The percentage of metallic iron produced was much larger and the quality of the iron was far superior to that which was produced before the admixture of the Bedford ore.

Owing to the want of facilities for transportation nothing more was done until the summer of 1875, when the Kingston and Pembroke Railway was built to within two or three miles of the principal mines. The work of raising the ore was then vigorously resumed. About 4000 tons were carried over the road, last Fall, and notwithstanding the present depression in the iron trade, a large number of men have been employed during the winter, and several thousand tons of ore are now piled along the track, awaiting shipment. The analysis of these ores indicates remarkable purity and freedom from the substances which would deteriorate the quality of the iron manufactured from them. The percentage of metallic iron is about 65 per cent. The ore has been thoroughly tested in several furnaces and has given great satisfaction. It is said to be peculiarly well adapted to the manufacture of Bessemer Steel. Several openings have been made in different places on the property of the Glendower Company, and the deposits proved to be very extensive, and it is confidently expected that a very large export trade in iron will be developed. It is also hoped that, ere long, smelting works will be erected in Kingston for

the working up of part of these valuable ores in the manufacture of iron for the Canadian market.

The present Glendower Company is composed of the enterprising furnace proprietors of Elmira, N. Y., of whom H. W. Rathbone, Esq., is President, and Dr. E. Eldridge, Vice-President. They are willing to join an association for engaging in iron manufacture at Kingston should sufficient interest be taken in the matter by the citizens themselves. The Glendower Mines are charmingly situated in close proximity to Thirty Island Lake, which is one of a great many beautiful sheets of water that abound in this part of the Province. Perhaps in few parts of the world can there be found a greater variety of beautiful lake scenery. Foremost among the interesting lakes of Frontenac must be mentioned Sharbot Lake, situated in the townships of Olden and Oso, 46 miles from Kingston. It is a magnificent sheet of clear water, studded with islands of all dimensions, with deep bays indenting its shores and with jutting points and headlands extending far out into its crystal waters. When its wooded promontories and islands are dressed in their summer verdure, this lake presents a scene of quiet beauty surpassing that of the far-famed Thousand Islands. It is from 12 to 14 miles in length and contains about 100 islands. A large hotel is being erected, and it is expected that this beautiful lake and others in the vicinity will be a favorite resort for tourists and sportsmen in search of health and recreation.

Second only to Sharbot Lake is Eagle Lake situated about 5 miles nearer Kingston in the township of Hinchbrook. Both these Lakes abound in valuable fish, and offer rare sport to the lover of the piscatorial art.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

MANY indications are occurring of the earnestness with which many of the clergy and members of the Church of England are prosecuting the temperance movement. Both the Archbishops are much interested in it, and it is said that the Archbishop of York has become a total abstainer. The Archbishop of Canterbury, at a recent meeting, was very happy in placing the movement on its Christian basis. It was not enough, he said, to regard temperance as a question of social or political importance. It was not enough to dwell on its evils. It was necessary, over and above this, that its sinfulness in God's sight should be clearly and strongly shown. This, we repeat, is the true keynote for any Christian movement against intemperance. Many persons might suppose that by dwelling on all the loss, suffering, and misery which it breeds, a profound impression would be made. The truth is, these aspects of intemperance have been dwelt on perpetually, and not with much effect. But let Christian ministers especially strive to awaken a sense of its sin, show how offensive it is in the sight of God, what contempt it shows for the Divine authority, the Divine love, all the Divine provisions for the welfare of man,—and there is more hope, through God's blessing, of the desired results. The two things that it is most essential to enforce are, the greatness of the sin and the greatness of the snare. In the East of London a series of conferences have been held with various classes of persons, on the subject of intemperance, in order to compare opinions and quicken exertion in the cause. In these conferences there has been no test of views, save only agreement in the desire to discountenance intemperance. One of these conferences was with brewers, distillers, and keepers of public houses. The gentlemen naturally expressed great pleasure at being appealed to in this matter, and some of the licensed victuallers wished that the clergy would visit their houses. Mr. Robert Hanbury, of Truman, Hanbury & Buxton, eulogised the licensed victuallers, who were, he believed, "as respectable a body of men as any in the city of London." The brewers, he said, had a great interest in them, and in the way in which their houses were conducted. He believed that every one in the trade would do everything to encourage temperance. A drunkard was the greatest enemy a publican could have. The natural inference would be that the more there were of such an excellent class as the publicans the better would it be for the country. Can Mr. Hanbury think so? Another of the conferences was with the medical profession. It was presided over by Sir George Burrows, president of the Royal College of Physicians. Sir George said that he could not recommend total abstinence in this climate; he thought alcoholic excitement useful for working men in London; and he himself found support from the use of the stimulant. But medical men, at the same time, could attest how the constant use of alcoholic drinks damaged, and, indeed, completely changed the organs and blood, producing no end of evil. Dr. Maudsley showed that, among the poor, insanity was produced by drink, and that where wages were low there was less drinking and less insanity. Dr. Blandford stated that drinking was not confined to the lower classes; but while the evidence of drinking there came from the clergy, the evidence of drinking among the upper classes came from the doctor. In Ireland we observe that a Church Temperance Society has been formed for the diocese of Down, Connor, and Dromore, on the basis of union and co-operation between abstainers and non-abstainers, not binding the members to teetotalism, but recognising it as "the more excellent way." The subject of dipsomania has also been the topic discussed at a meeting of the Social Science Association. Dr. Carpenter read a careful paper. He thought that more legislative provision should be made for the confinement

and treatment of dipsomaniacs. Dr. Lyon Playfair referred to the experience of America, where only 30 per cent. of those treated as dipsomaniacs were cured, and half of those taken in at the early stages of the disease. "Public-houses without drink" is another of the topics engaging much attention. We are glad to find that in various places these seem now to be thriving. In Liverpool the introduction of cocoa as a beverage has been eminently successful.

HUMOROUS.

NATURALLY enough "Truth is stranger than fiction," because it is not so common.

It is rumored that only one man in sixty knows how to gracefully shut himself against a lamp-post and blow up a street-car for not being in time.

Offentimes a man ransacks the whole house for a pin, and not being able to find one, drops into a chair with disgust, and is immediately rewarded for the search.

"I specs, my beluvved hearers," said a colored parson, "I specs to-day to take a broad field in my 'scourse. It takes me a good while to git away from the dock, but when I once strikes de deep water, den look out fur de big fish."

SOME people were talking with Douglas Jerrold about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendship. "Yes," said Jerrold; "his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

A LITTLE boy from New York went into the country visiting. He had a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips, "Yes, n-a; I was only wishing our milkman would keep a cow."

ONE of the saddest and most touching sights in life is that of a young man who spent six months in coaxing and winking a moustache into respectable size and shape, and then, in the act of lighting a cigar with a slip of paper, burns and scorches the whole institution into an unrecognisable mass of singleness.

A MERCHANT having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to anybody. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage would attend it. "If you divulge the loss," said the father, "we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our own grief and the joy of our neighbours."

A tramp called at an Osborne street house for a breakfast. He was told he would be accommodated if he sawed six sticks of wood. But he refused. He said sawing wood was not in his line of business, and drawing his toga more tightly about his attenuated form he moved away. This teaches us that we should be careful how we speak to the unfortunate and helpless.

A well-known member of the Established Kirk in a small Scotch village lately put a shilling into the plate, and coolly helped himself to elevenpence halfpenny, remarking to the attending elder, "I forgot to get change ye 'green, Minister Brown; see I'll just put in a shillin' an' tak' out the elevenpence-halfpenny. Ye'll be gayer gied tae get rid o' the coppers, nae doubt."

It is related of Foote, the humorist, who was a man of great coolness and courage, that as he was once strolling along in London at night, he was met by a stout fellow, who pulled out a poniard, and demanded his purse. "Capital!" exclaimed Foote, "I was just about to make the same demand. But come, as I find I have fallen in with one of ourselves, I'll give you a share of a prime job I have in hand. Come along!" Deceived by his confidence, the real rogue joined the counterfeiter, and they stole along together till they met a patrol, into whose hands the cunning humorist delivered his associate.

LORD ALBEMARLE, among other good stories, in his *Fifty Years of my Life*, tells this of the late Lord Dudley, whose habit of thinking aloud was well known. "The King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of Clarence, once dined with Lord Dudley, who handed her Royal Highness in to dinner. Scarcely seated, he began to soliloquise aloud. 'What bores these Royalties are! Ought I to drink wine with her as I would with any other woman?' and in the same tone continued, 'May I have the honour of a glass of wine with your Royal Highness?' Towards the end of dinner he asked her again, 'With great pleasure, Lord Dudley,' she replied, smiling; 'but I have had one glass with you already.' The brute, and so she has!" was the rejoinder.

JOHN SHORT, "the Emperor of Bootmakers," as he was called, was once one of the best-known characters in Yarmouth, and his fame among sporting men had spread throughout the Eastern Counties. From the Thames to the Humber his boots might be seen in every hunting-field, and men going to foreign lands in pursuit of sport commonly took with them a reserve supply from the "Imperial" shop-board. Short was proud of his calling, of his customers, and of his town; and, as he was a humorous person, overflowing with anecdote and good-humoured sarcasm, his shop was commonly full of company. Mr. Frederick Burton once entered his shop and asked Short whether his friend Mr. Day had been there. "Which of the Days?" said the bootmaker. "I call him the lords' Day," said the inquirer, "because he is always talking of great people." "Nay," replied Short, "I know whom you mean; but, for the same reason, I call him the week Day."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

DR. VOX BULOW sailed for Havre last Saturday week.

MME. RISTORI is studying *Lady Macbeth* in English.

THE death is announced of Lesueur, the actor of the Gymnase. He was fifty-seven years of age.

BARRY SULLIVAN, it is said, has added \$149,000 to his fortune by his performances in America.

MR. SANDLEY contradicts a rumour of his intention to retire from the musical profession.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA has been presented with a magnificent ivory and gold conductor's baton by the Glasgow Choral Union.

PATTI has been engaged by M. Eschneider, of Italy, at £200 per night. She will sing during the autumn in twenty-two representations of opera.

MME. PAULINE LUGCA has just been appointed one of the Court singers at Vienna. It is thought that her great successes in the Austrian capital will induce her to settle in Vienna.

WHILE a burlesque opera troupe were playing at Cheyenne last week, one of Gen. Crook's wild Indian scouts crowded past the doorkeeper and took a seat, but when the curtain rose and the prima donna began to sing, the savage gave a terrible war whoop and bounded into the street.

M. OFFENBACH, in a private letter from New York, which was made public in the *Paris Figaro*, tells of his enthusiastic reception in America. The great opera bouffon is less at home on the sea than in the conductor's chair. He had a very rough passage coming over, and more than once he thought his time had come and "quietly commended his soul to God."