

The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
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ON THE STRIKE.

The present may most emphatically be designated the age of strikes; of all the epidemics raging in the world the most contagious seems to be the mania for striking. Day after day the telegraph brings us information of some tradesmen, mechanics, laborers or others having struck, either for shorter hours or for higher wages, and in almost every instance the strikers gain the day; they combine against the employer, threaten to abandon work unless "such and such" terms are agreed to, and, if the employers refuse, they carry out their threat and then get up a procession to show everybody they are right and the employers are wrong. The employers make a show of opposing the demands of the employees, they hold out for a few days—taking care not to hold out long enough to exhaust the funds of the "Union" which has struck—and then they yield to "the force of circumstances," and add the additional wages to the cost of the goods they are manufacturing, so that the rise of wages actually falls on the consumer. Now, "who are the consumers?" some one will ask, "are they not the mechanics, the artisans, the laborers who receive increased wages?" True they are; but the consumers include a wider and larger class than these; every person who "consumes," i.e. uses any article of food, or wears any article of clothing, or needs any manufactured work for use is a "consumer." Now as long as the increase of the cost of living is counterbalanced by an increase of wages the workman is not injured. It is doubtful whether he is materially benefited, for it makes very little difference to a man if he receives ten per cent. more wages if his cost of living also increases ten per cent.; but he certainly does not suffer if his wages increase in proportion to his increased expenditure; but, there is a very large class—more than one half of the entire working population—whose wages do not increase, but who find that it makes a wonderful difference to them, with eight or ten hungry mouths to fill, and eight or ten pairs of naked feet to cover, whether a loaf of bread costs ten or

eleven cents, or a pair of shoes one dollar or one dollar and ten cents.

We refer, of course, to the men who work upon fixed salaries—poor enough, and near enough to actual starvation price in most instances to please his Satanic Majesty himself,—but who are expected, and required by the laws of society to "keep up an appearance of gentility" which, very frequently, is almost impossible for them to do. Look at the Dry Goods clerks, Grocers' clerks, Lawyer's clerks, Government clerks, and hundreds of others who receive so much a year; they do not strike, and it is on them that the burthen of these numerous strikes fall. We have no objection to labor receiving an increase of ten, fifteen or even fifty per cent. remuneration, provided it is made universal, and that a few classes are not advanced and a larger class left at its old standard to bear the brunt of the increased cost of living. We do not favor strikes; and we would advise no class to resort to coercion; but we would earnestly desire to impress on the employers of all classes of clerks, or help of any kind receiving a fixed salary, that it is time they realised the fact that the "striking mania" has already greatly enhanced the cost of living, and will undoubtedly continue to do so; and that it is also time they, of their own free will, increased the remuneration of the "fixed salary men," without compelling them to resort to the disagreeable necessity of a strike.

THE TREATY DIFFICULTY.

It unfortunately looks very much, at present, as if the withdrawal of England from the arbitration of the Alabama and other claims, was inevitable; and unless some happy expedient is found, and found quickly, the Treaty of Washington may be regarded as waste paper, and the vexed questions pending between England and America will remain as vexed as ever, with perhaps a little more bitterness on both sides. The case is simply stated; when the English Government gave its ultimatum that it would retire absolutely from the arbitration unless the claims for indirect damages by the United States were withdrawn, Minister Schenck proposed the drafting of a supplementary treaty providing that neither nation should have any claim on the other for indirect damages, arising from any act of the other during a period of war. This was agreed to by the English Government, and submitted to the President, who—fearing to take the responsibility of accepting or refusing on himself—called in the aid of the Senate, and they finally agreed to the supplementary treaty; but, unfortunately, only after having made amendments which in the opinion of the English Government, changes the meaning and intent of the treaty entirely; and, therefore, the English Government refuses to ratify the Senate's amendments. The American Government on their part refuse to enter into further negotiations and so matters remain at a dead lock. It is possible, but not probable, that a way out of the difficulty may yet be found, as the two Governments are actively corresponding with each other by means of the telegraph; but there seems to be very little hope that the Board of Arbitration will be able to continue the case on 15th inst. as, unless the question of indirect damages is definitely settled before then, England will undoubtedly withdraw from the Treaty. It is really to be regretted that the most advanced plan for the settlement of national differences which has ever been attempted, should have been spoiled by the natural spirit of "innocence" in the Americans, and the desire of President Grant to make personal political capital out of a question involving the peace and friendship of the two first nations of the earth; and the happiness and prosperity of over eighty millions of English speaking people.

For the *Hearthstone*.

STROLLING AROUND.

SKETCHES HERE AND THERE.

BY A QUIET STROLLER.

STROLL II.—BEFORE THE CURTAIN.
When a quiet stroller gets tired of strolling around, there are few better places for him to observe human nature than from the auditorium of a theatre; there the stern man unbends his usual gravity; the philosopher is content to be only a man for a little while; the witty man says his smartest things in whispers to his friend, just loud enough to be overheard by the pretty girl behind; and the sentimental young lady sheds floods of sympathetic tears over the misfortunes of the ill-used and much abused heroine.

To one who is content to sit quietly and play the spectator, the scene before the curtain, previous to its rising, is often more interesting than the play. Should the performance be belated, time we see impatience depicted in every place and manner. Let us begin with the parquette, and looking through the house together, see how the audience comport themselves during the ten minutes they have to wait. See that pretty, showy girl in the private box to the left! She seems to sigh of impatience, and scarcely seems to care whether the play begins or not; she has only come to the theatre to enjoy a good flirtation with young Fitz Spoon, who sits next to her whispering soft things in her ear, and occasionally giving her hand a gentle squeeze when mamma is looking away. Mamma, good old soul, is thoroughly engaged in looking around the box. In search of acquaintances; and papa is so much engaged in the evening paper, that Fitz Spoon has it all his own way, and heartily wishes the play may not begin for an hour.

Very different, however, is the demeanour of most of the audience; impatience in every form is exhibited; watches are consulted again and again; one foot is thrown petulantly over the other, then reversed; the programme is read over and over; some a wriggle about in their seats, and some go to sleep; some gaze about the house in an idle, listless manner, and a few—very few—who have been thoughtful enough to bring newspapers sit and read quietly.

The ladies—bless their hearts—fare better than the men; indeed I think they rather like a little delay, it gives them time to settle their flounces to their entire satisfaction, get their Dolly Vardens into the least crushable position, to arrange their bonnets, pull at their gloves, get out their handkerchiefs and perfume the hot, dusty air with delicious odors, and in a dozen ways "fix" themselves. Then they enjoy that delay as it enables them to look about the house and see if any of their acquaintances are present.

In the gallery impatience is more loudly shown; stout gentlemen fix themselves with play-bills or hats, and declare they "can't stand it much longer"; thin gentlemen elevate their lower extremities on the backs of seats and gaze lazily; "gray and festive youths," with their coats off on account of the weather, munch themselves by chewing tobacco, munching apples, or tearing the programme into small pieces and putting them into the parquette; excitable small boys are making hideous noises by putting their fingers in their mouths and giving vent to sounds resembling an Indian war whoop, and stamping on the floor with all their might; impatient new boys are yelling out "hold the rag!" belated stragglers—some people always are late—are tramping heavily towards their seats, and altogether a babel of sounds is kept up, which almost spoils the overture of the orchestra.

At last "the long" goes the bell, and the curtain slowly rises; the boys in the gallery cry "hush!" "hush!" "sit down in front!" "take your foot out of my back!" &c., &c., which makes quite a little noise, when some pugilistic-looking gentleman generally suggests that if "somebody 'don't shut up!" somebody will "get his nose speeded all over his face"; this generally has the desired effect and quiet reigns for a little while. On the rising of the curtain it is generally easy to divide the audience into classes. I shall call them the "old stager," or habitue of the theatre; the "entire," the "young lady," or "the man who applauds," and the "inquisitive man."

The old stager is generally a stout, hearty old gentleman with the snows of many winters resting lightly on his head, and the rosy glow of autumn still blooming in his cheeks; in the spring time of his boyhood he acquired a fondness for the theatre, through the summer of his life he has been a regular attendant, and now, in the winter of his days, he finds delight in taking his grandson to see the same plays which raised his laugh or caused his tears to flow in the long, long ago of his youth. The old stager is no partial to new plays or new actors, he treats both with consideration, and if he does not like a play or an actor he does not violently denounce either, but quietly makes up his mind not to see the piece or the actor again, and he don't.

Quite the reverse of the old stager is the entire; he is always young, sharp, fast and contented; he fancies himself the Chief Justice of the drama, and dispenses his stringent remarks with no sparing hand. He is Autocrat of the home circle, deals out sharp criticisms over his muffled in the morning, and utters theatrical small-talk with his brand and butter at tea. The critic is self-appointed, in fact an amateur, and has no connection with any newspaper; but he generally brings himself into "a great part" in the literature of the country. The critic is generally accompanied by a friend, to whom he imparts his opinions as the play progresses. As the curtain goes up he places his elbows on the back of the seat before him and gazes steadily at the stage; from that moment until the curtain descends on the first act, nothing divers his attention from the play. He is always on the qui vive for "points," knows what will happen next, just a little before it occurs; whispers his friend confidentially that such an actor is drunk, or such an actress has forgotten her part; he is quick in forming an opinion, and expressing it pretty freely, and many a good actor has been hissed without cause through the efforts of the self-appointed critic. He is no partial to the drama, and has no idea of becoming a playwright himself; he tolerates Shakespeare, but thinks him "slow." He makes it a point of honor to attend the first performance of a new piece, and generally criticises it pretty severely; he is always sure he has discovered the "plot," at the end of the first act, and makes it a matter of conscience never to applaud anything but a "good point," or a young and pretty actress.

The sport does not express any very decided opinion about the legitimate drama; he merely "drops in" at a theatre for an hour or so, because it is fashionable. He looks over the back of some fair acquaintance's seat, and talks in audible accents until the music rises, then he stands in some conspicuous place until the end of the first act, when he goes to take a drink. A sport always requires a drink at the end of each act to sustain him. The sport is partial to comedy, drolls on burlesque, and fairly revels in the horse drama, in which well proportioned females in very scant attire play the male parts. He is addicted to such expressions as "dem fine girl," "stunning leg," and so forth. He delights in spectacular pieces, and thinks the "Black Crook" the finest play ever put on the stage, and believes the more legs a piece has in it the longer it will run.

The ladies man is so called because he seldom visits the theatre unless accompanied by a lady. He always occupies seats in the orchestra stalls, and sometimes indulges in private box, because he can see or "hear any one," but because, as he says, "A fellow can't take a girl anywhere else, you know." He is portly, oiled, and polished up to the last degree of brightness; dresses well, and as he generally selects a pretty, fashionably attired girl to accompany him, tends greatly to make up the brilliant appearance of an audience. The ladies' man is fond of "show" pieces, of the emotional order; he delights in a profusion of "gorgeous scenery," "new and beautiful costumes," and "wonderful stage effects." As must-be-pieces of composition, he quotes "The Euclyptus," "Tosadale," "Ours," "Arrah ne Yogue," &c. He contributes much towards successful "runs," as when a play pleases him very much he feels in duty bound to take all his young lady friends to see it.

The sentimental young lady is of doubtful age; she has passed the glowing freshness of girlhood, but still affects its possession. She is always romantic, and leaves gentle sympathies along the way over the sorrows of that "love of a brigand," who looks so "sweetly melancholy" in his false moustaches; and is highly indignant if any one hints the possibility of said brigand having guzzled too much beer in his dressing-room. The sentimental young lady totally ignores comedy; she thinks it "low and vulgar," only intended to make "common people laugh," and quite unsuited for people of "soul." Her chief delight is in the emotional drama; she weeps copiously over the sorrows of "Camille" or "Mrs. Hatter"; she enjoys the griefs of "Lady Isabel" in "East Lynne," and the sobs and gasps of "Leah" meet a responsive echo in the heart of the sentimental young lady.

The debutantes do not form a large or important part of the audience; but here and there, scattered throughout the vast assemblage, you will sometimes catch a glimpse of a bright, earnest, youthful face, beaming with pleasure, mixed with a slight amount of awe and a good deal of wonder, as it gazes for the first time on the glories and marvels of the mimic stage. I remember yet my own first experience, when I thought the kings were all real kings; when the actors and actresses were not mere men and women, but gods and goddesses who graciously condescended to appear before man for his special improvement and edification; and I always take pleasure in watching the face of a youthful debutante while the emotions of wonder, delight and pleasure fill her soul for the first time. Ah! youthful debutante, enjoy your dream while you may; all too soon your bright visions will be dispelled, the illusion vanish, and you will learn to think the glitter and glare of a theatre naught but a hollow empty show; and the actors and actresses who now walk before you as gods and goddesses will sink in your estimation to mere men and women, and not very good men and women, perhaps, at that.

The man who applauds is a fraud; he is generally either the husband of some mediocre actress or a personal friend of one of the performers, who gets him a "pass" and he feels in duty bound to return the compliment by indulging in applause. We are indebted to the French, I believe, for introducing clapping into the audience, and we have not much to be thankful for. To be a good *claqueur* requires a man to have large hands and feet, and a loud laugh which will "go off easy." If he has not large feet he can carry a stick. The man who applauds is principally noticeable for his tendency to applaud at the wrong time; just in the middle of a fine speech or a powerfully worked up scene, if the actor or actress happens to pause for a moment to give effect to the next speech, the *claqueur* will clap his hands violently in the immediate vicinity of your ear, giving you the idea that a small discharge of artillery has taken place, and entirely distracting your attention from the scene. The man who applauds is inquisitive, and I never see him without feeling a desire to take him by the ear and lead him out of the theatre.

The inquisitive man is a bore; he generally comes late and annoys the audience by the creaking of his boots as he hurries in in the middle of the first act. He elbows you for room, and distracts your attention by asking innumerable questions; he seldom knows what the play is, and never secures a bill; he laughs loud, and applauds with much vehemence.

As I have already spun out my article longer than I intended I will close with a description of a scene I had with a Yankee bore in the Winter Garden theatre, New York, some years ago. The play was "The Lady of Lyons," a favorite of mine—and I was enjoying the first act when my attention was distracted by a request to "shove up a little, an' give a fellow a chance," accompanied by a sharp poke in the ribs, and a long specimen of a "Down Easter" crowded past me and squeezed himself into a seat. He was scarcely seated when he commenced:

"Say, stranger, how long hez this har thing been gwino on?"

"Only a few minutes," I replied, not at all disposed to continue the conversation.

"Kind o' guess this is the first act, ain't it?" A complimentary nod from me.

"How many acts is thar in this piece, anyhow?"

"Five."

"And how many more pieces is thar?"

"There is no other piece."

"Do tell! well it's a pretty mean show then, anyway. Say! what's the name of this play?"

"An' whose that ole woman thar?"

"Madame Deschappelles," I said taking up a paper and pretending to read.

"An' that gal's her darter, I reckon?"

Affirmative nod from me.

"Kind o' stuck up, an' alrigh, ain't she? An' who on earth is that queer-looking ole man in the comical striped hat?"

"A Kemel, is he? Well, I guess he ain't in our army. Oh, say! what's the news in the paper? Just see if thar's anything about my cousin Joe; he gined the 15th Connecticut volunteers as a privet, but I guess he's riz by this time; he comed of a risin' family."

For once sake I gave him the paper, and he was quiet until the curtain fell on the first act when I began to survey the house through my opera glass.

"Say, Mister! I'll swap with you; you take my paper, an' I'll me yer spy-glass," I complied, and was greatly amused to see him try to use it; first he tried to pull it out spy-glass fashion, then he put it up to his right eye, and that failing applied it to the left with no better success; then he took a good look over the top of the glass and suddenly put it up to both eyes, but shook his head in dissatisfaction. He next examined it carefully all over, and observing the regulating screw, a smile of triumph stole over his face as he said:

"I kind o' guess that thar skrew has summat to do with the workin of this consarn?"

I showed him how to regulate the focus and he was quiet some minutes.

"Thar'nation!" he suddenly exclaimed, "jist look at that chap blowin' in the brass biler; sunsh his pumpkins if he ain't nased in the face as a billed lobster, an' of he don't blow off steam pretty soon he'll bust up as sure as eggs is eggs."

He continued pointing with his finger at a lady opposite us "thar's a purty gal, most as good lookin' as my Sal, only my Sal ain't so bawdy like her. Talkin' ov bodies thar, my Sal can't be bent on that; we've only been married three years, an' we've got a boy an' a gal, an' Sal says thar'll be another one afore a great while. Ain't she the gal tho' my Sal jist only see how she stuffed my pockets with doughnuts an' apples; har, have an apple, and he politely offered me a fine pipkin.

It is all very well for small boys to munch apples in the gallery, but to attempt to select a bunch of the properties in the parquette was more than I could stand, so hastily declining his offer, I rose to find a quieter seat elsewhere.

"You ain't gwino yet, be you? Well, I don't much wonder for it's a mighty poor show. If you want to see a real good play, an' plenty ov dancin', you must come to old Connecticut

an' see my cousin Josiah act "Hamlet" in Forrest's play of "The Prince of Denmark," in former Hornblower's barn; thar's actin' for you, an' no mistake."

Thanking him for his kind offer I hurried away, my only fear being that he might follow me. But no! then he sat with legs uncrossed, crossed, eyes fixed steadily on the stage, an apple in one hand and a doughnut in the other, quietly munching away as unconcerned as if he sat beside his blooming Sal, and perfectly unconscious of the hundreds of eyes which were gazing at him with wonder and amusement.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

SPAIN.—Marshal Serrano grants full pardon to all insurgents who voluntarily surrender to the authorities. Advice of the 3rd April from the Philippine Islands report that three Spanish gunboats and several coasters were driven ashore on Cuba Island during a hurricane. The new Spanish Ministry, of which Admiral Topete is the head, has been constituted. It is to be hoped that under its auspices there may be more repose in Spain than there has been for some time recently. A *Herald's* special from Madrid says the cause of the fall of the Spanish Ministry is as follows:—On presentation of the budget it was found that \$2,000,000 had been diverted from the Colonial to the Interior Department. On being called upon to explain Sagasta said the money was used in secret service. The reply was unsatisfactory, and particulars were demanded. Sagasta finally declared that the money was used by the Police Spy Department, and produced records, to procure which the money was spent. These records consist of letters of politicians and of deputies general, and of reports of their movements. Whether these records are true or false, it is the most wonderful exhibit ever made by any government. Every prominent Spaniard is represented as being involved in the movement in favor of Alfonso. The recent Minister of War is said to be compromised with Carlists, and Zarate, who is Minister of the Interior, is reported as proposing to plunder the Bank of Spain, Castela only wishing to seize the coin, and Maragal urging the seizure of the bullion. Also the King is represented as having no confidence in the capacity of his Ministers, and the Spaniards, and as having asked the advice of his father on the propriety of employing a Prussian General. This remarkable glimpse of parties in their intrigues has had the effect of a political earthquake.

CANADA.—Fearful disasters are reported of the sailing fleet off Labrador and Newfoundland. Lord Lisgar sails on the 22nd of June, and Lord Dufferin will arrive immediately after. Mr. James Young has been awarded £10,000 by the Government for France and Belgium. The Archbishop of Quebec has issued a circular against the nine hour movement. A Garrison of twenty men of the Dominion Military have arrived from Quebec for the four St. Helen's Island. The first lumber raft of the season is on its way from Toronto to Quebec. The Y. M. C. A. of Toronto will present a free library of books to the volunteers at the June of the Canadian Young men, who were drowned on the 14th ult. at Terrebonne, was found at Sorel on Sunday. Four young men of the Pacific Survey were drowned at the mouth of the Montreal River in twelve hours, on rising on 24th ult. The names are E. C. Abbott, nephew of Hon. Mr. Abbott, Arthur Hamilton, Ottawa; George Knout, Nova Scotia; and George Rochette. Mayor Coussol's invitation to Lord Dufferin, on behalf of the Corporation of Montreal, to dinner, has been accepted. The dinner will take place on the 20th inst. The foundation stone of the new Roman Catholic Church on Wolfe Island was laid on 24th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese with the usual ceremonies. Orders, it is said, have been issued for the Government schooners to proceed to the fishing grounds, with a view to the protection of the fisheries, pending the necessary legislation in the United States for the carrying out of the Washington Treaty. The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon Rev. W. M. Pughson, M.A., at the recent Convention of Ontario University.

UNITED STATES.—Two mines of the Delaware and Hudson Company have commenced operations in order to reduce the production of coal. The two mines throw out of employment about 700 men and boys, and decrease the production of the Company 3,000 tons per week. The mines are situated near the strike in New York. Congress has reduced the tax on tobacco to 24 cents a pound. Charles H. Wheeler, the California boy, attempted to ride two hundred miles on horseback in twelve hours at Dexter Park, Chicago, on 28th ult. 173 miles were completed in 9 hours and 2 seconds, when the horse jumped a fence, throwing the rider with such force that slight hopes are entertained of his recovery. He was undoubtedly have succumbed had he not been for the accident. John O. Heenan and Chris O'Connor have arrived at Fortress Monroe. It is understood they came to select the ground for the fight between Jim Mace and John O'Donoghue. A boiler at Froth Gordon & Co's bleaching works, Philadelphia, exploded on 28th ult., causing death to one man and fatally wounding a girl. Five other persons were also injured. The boiler was new, and being experimented on at the time. The engine house was utterly demolished, and the boiler was thrown a great distance. Twenty thousand immigrants landed at Castle Garden last week, a larger number than any week on record. The resignation of Secretary Fish is again rumored. The great vicarage to receive the Philadelphia Convention, on 24th June, has been commenced.

ENGLAND.—The Derby was won by Cremorne, brother to Flurry, who was 2nd, and the Queen's Messenger was third. The crowd was enormous; there was great excitement. The Atlanta and London crews have agreed upon the 10th of June as the day for the race and 4.30 p.m. as the time for the start. A new boat, ordered by the Atlanta, is being made by Biffin. General Greaves, who was present at the battle of New Orleans in 1815, is dead. The Government has determined to order the Fenians now remaining in prison, and they will shortly be released from custody. Baron Dalziel and Bulwer, better known as Sir Henry L. Bulwer, brother of Lord Lytton, died on 24th ult. aged 88 years. Sir Henry was Minister to Washington from 1849 to 1852. Mr. Nohm, M.P. for Galloway, has been unseated on the ground of ecclesiastical interference. An influential meeting was held lately at the Mansion House to express sympathy for the persecuted Jews in Roumania.

CUBA.—The Spanish Casino, the Captain General Talamanca and the Intendente have telegraphed to Spain, asking the Cortes to take into consideration the financial situation in Cuba at the earliest opportunity. General Valmaseda has issued the following proclamation at Canton del Embarradero. Insurgents.—Your chiefs showed you my proclamation in which I offer you pardon, I grant until the 30th of May a full pardon to black and white soldiers surrendering with arms, also to heads of families and to chiefs of parties surrendering with their commands, excepting Ceperdes, Agramont and other insurgent generals named.

FRANCE.—General Uhrlich, the hero of Strasbourg, has been superannuated. The trial of Chateaufort, for setting fire to the Tuileries, terminated with the verdict of guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to be shot. The French Derby was won by Revigny. The Generals who received Napoleon's Waterloo assuming the responsibility of the surrender of Sedan, transmitted it to M. Thiers. The *Figaro* announces on what it claims to be the best authority that the Emperor Napoleon will shortly be married to M. Roussard.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—A *Herald* special from Havana says:—Venezuela advices received via St. Thomas state that President Blanco has captured Valencia, and that Salazar, an ex-rebel who had been in Valencia, court martialled, and shot.

MEXICO.—Congress has approved of the extension of ample facilities to Juarez. The revolution in Yucatan is ended. News of the capture of Maximilian by Gen. Rodia is fully confirmed.

ARMY.—The Arch-Duchess Sophia, mother of Emperor Francis Joseph, died on 24th ult. from typhoid fever.

A MINUTEMAN Dead Sea has been discovered in Nevada. It lies in an oval basin, 150 feet below the surface of the plain, the banks, which are high and steep, are so much symmetrical as if fashioned by art. The water of this lake is impregnated with soluble substances, mostly borax, soda and salt, to a degree that renders it almost unfit for drinking, and so dense that a person can float on it without effort. This lake has no visible outlet or inlet, but being of great depth, it is thought to be fed by springs far down in the earth.

The city editor of Jacksonville, Illinois, *Journal*, in writing an obituary of a "highly respectable citizen," says: "He has gone to that undiscovered country, the sorrowful relations of the highly respectable are looking for that man."