THE WAR.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF SEDAN.

The following is taken from the letter of the Special Correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman*:—

About four or five miles from Sedan, and four beyond the Belgian frontier, was the commencement of the great battle fields of Sedan. They were easily recoghized by the extinguished camp fires, extemporised huts, the latter consisting of branches placed on an angle against the side whence the wind came; haversacks and pannikins strewn over the fields. By and by I passed fields on each side of the road where severe fighting had been. They were divested of every green thing, and had been so trodden that nothing was left but the bare earth, whilst all over were scattered letters, baggage, helmets, caps, shoes, boots, &c. By the raised soil, there was no mistaking the spots where thousands of the dead soldiers had been buried, and by the numerous crosses made of straw, or of one rod nailed over another, where were the last resting places of the officers who had so nobly led them. The common soldiers were uncoffined, buried in tens and twenties, with no record over them to guide their friends to where they lay. But with the officers the arrangement was different. These were each put up in a rude coffin, with their name and rank upon a plate on the lid, and either buried singly or in threes or sixes. Above the grave was a cross as just described; and upon that part of the holy emblem thrust below the surface, were engraven the names of the dead. This arrangement has already enabled relatives to find the graves, and in many instances, to transport the beloved remains to Fatherland. Indeed, last week, as many as half a dozen coffins, containing the bodies of deceased officers, were daily passed on the road between Sedan and Libramont. On such occasions, there is always a guard of honor to the Belgian frontier, and another from the German frontier to the home of the deceased. The expenses incurred are borne in the first instance by the relatives, who are afterwards reimbursed by the Government. I am here reminded of a very touching story with which I will conclude this letter. Two days ago, whilst in a farmhouse about four in the morning, to give our horses a couple of hours' rest, I and the rest of the company were startled by a fine old gentleman stepping into the room and sitting down without speaking a word. French soldiers who were present whispered he was a Prussian, and English and Belgians who had smuggled arms across the frontier into Belgium, became uneasy. The question was asked with bated breath whence had he come, and whither was he going. By and by one slipped out and returned with the intelligence that there was a coffin outside upon the cart which had brought the strange gentleman. The latter soon stepped out and walked backwards and forwards in front of the house, as if impatient to resume his journey. At length he spoke to me, and in a little time he told me that he was an Englishman, and was taking to Germany the body of an officer killed on the 1st September. At the outbreak of the war the officer was going to be married to his daughter. The ceremony had therefore to be delayed, and he had to hurry off to join his regiment. The friends were informed in due course, of his death on the battle-field, and desired that the body should be buried beside that of his fathers. The gentleman got a letter from the Prussian Ambassador in London to the Prussian Commandant at Sedan, requesting the latter to afford the bearer every facility in his attempt to find out the grave of the dead officer. After a search, so prolonged that he was about to delegate the duty to others, the gentleman came upon a cross, which, upon being pulled out, showed that the deceased slept below, and the grave was accordingly opened, the plate on the coffin lid read and the body taken out. It was, indeed, that of the affianced of his daughter, and it was to her and to the relatives at Hanover that he was transporting the mortal remains.

No one can doubt the ardent sympathy of the *Minerve* for France, and its brave soldiers. But the *Minerve*, as must every honest Frenchman, feels degraded and insulted by the presence of a Garibaldi at the head of a French army, who, in his usual *buncombe* or bombastic style, declaims against the political and social system of Europe. If France can be saved only on such terms—then, says the *Minerve*, let France perish!

"If Garibaldi," says our respected contemporary, "continue to parade at the head of the French armies, his mouth full of impieties and insolent threatenings against the social order of Europe, we can but invoke fresh humiliation for French arms, because they are doomed to malediction. France cannot, at one and the same moment, conquer, by means of Garibaldi, and remain untouched in her honor.—Rather may she perish than disgrace herself to all eternity. If it is by such sad means she clings to life, she has ceased to be Catholic, and we are no longer French."

This too, we expect, will be the feeling of all good Frenchmen. The "sons of the crusaders" will surely never submit to the infamy of being led by a Garibaldi; better for them, less dishonoring would it be for them to allow their country to become a province of Prussia. —Better things are, we hope, we believe, in store for France; and victory, if again it revisit her stanard, will be the reward of her fidelity to the ancient faith. Of this we may be sure: no Catholic, no man of honor, will serve under Garibaldi. —*True Witness.*

A New York *Herald* correspondent at Bolougne sends word from Tours that during the actions before Orleans, which have resulted in the abandonment by the Germans of their attempt to advance on Tours, the new Irish legion in the service of the Republic distinguished itself particularly. It is commanded by Colonel Lawler, who served during the American civil war with Lee. Stuart and Johnstone, and it is composed of young men of good blood and of the best character, mainly from the vicinity of Dublin. Colonel Lawler made a speech to his men before leading them into battle. The charges of the Irish Legion carried all before them.

DEFENCE OF PARIS.

Since the fall of Metz, the interest in the war centres around Paris. The news which arrives from there comes by balloons or carrier pigeons, or by the underground Telegraph. The Prussians naturally enough try to keep their plans as much a secret as possible. Intelligence must, therefore, for these reasons, be very meagre.

The second balloon, which arrived from Paris, brought the following news from the capital:—"The defence of Paris continues to be carried on in splendid style. The inhabitants display admirable patriotism, and the National Guard make every day fresh progress in discipline and soldierly spirit. The Prussians are obliged to remain on the defensive, and have been compelled to fall back behind the plateaux of St. Cloud and Meudon. Before taking the offensive, Paris awaits the support of the departments."

The Government of the National Defence orders holders of spirits in Paris to bury them beneath sand. Court-yards and upper floors of houses are to be cleared of combustible materials, unnecessary curtain hangings, books and paper hangings to be removed, easy means of access to roofs of houses to be provided, and sacks of earth kept in readiness to close openings in basement stories; ample reservoirs of water are to be provided and buckets kept on every story to extinguish fire from shells. Colonel Lloyd Lindsay was permitted to enter Paris on Wednesday. General Burnside has had several interviews with Count Bismarck since his return from Paris. The *Patrie* says that the Prussians around Versailles have no camps but sleep in the woods. The Parisians are now curtailed in their food. The latest letters state that the daily supply of meat is fixed at 2¼ ounces for every person in the city, and that the butchers' shops are open only two or three days a week. The slaughtering of horses for food has begun on an extensive scale; more than two hundred a day having been killed in the last week in September. It is foresight and prudence rather than the actual failure of supplies that has limited the amount allowed for daily consumption. Mont Valerien commands all the surrounding positions, and is commanded by none. It has swept the country within a perimetre of six kilometres of all the German works, and has destroyed the batteries which the Prussians had endeavored to construct. The castle of Meudon is completely destroyed, and Prussian engineers have been dislodged from Clamart, Bas Meudon and Montrelont. Besides Villejuif, Cahan has now also been retaken. The Prussians have been driven back as far as Kuil and Bonqeval. Ginevillers has been freed from the presence of the enemy by a cavalry reconnaisance, and will henceforth be protected from their return. On the eastern side a very vigorous cannonade has been made to clear the neighborhood as far as Bondy. The enemy has also been obliged to evacuate Champagny. The circle formed by the Prussians around Paris, therefore, far from narrowing, is becoming every day more enlarged, to our advantage. As regards the manifestations alleged to have been of an anarchical character, with which the names of Gustave, Flourens and Blanqui have been erroneously associated, they have been of an insignificant character. The *Standard* says if telegrams from Tours of the state of Paris be true, the position of the city has certainly changed for the better to an enormous extent. The Prussians evidently cannot erect batteries, which are necessary preliminaries to a fire from their siege guns, so close as they expected.

The correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman* gives the following account of the ENGAGEMENT AT CHEVILLY:

The battle of Chevilly, on the morning of the 30th of September, was by all odds, the most serious engagement since the commencement of the siege. Neither party could claim a victory when the firing ceased, for if the French failed in carrying out the original plan, they yet inflicted great loss upon the enemy, and showed the Prussians that the young Mobiles are no mean antagonists to encounter. The charge across the plateau of Villejuif, once the rising ground of L'Hay and up to the entrenchment of Chevilly, where the Prussians were in force, recalled the best days of the army of France, and gave an instance of valour worthy of the days of chivalry. The place of attack seems to have arisen from the public gossip after the battle of the 23rd ult., it being rumored for some time after that the Orleans Railway was opened and communication established with Tours. After the attack upon Villejuif the French held possession of the redoubt of Haute Buyres and Moulin-Jaquet, both being within range of the heavy guns of the forts, while the enemy held the rest of the plateau of Longboyou, the pickets being posted in advance of the village of L'Hay. They still held complete possession of Choisy-le-Roi, upon the Seine, and of the main road from there to Versailles. Strong entrenchments were thrown up at Choisy to protect the passage of the Seine, and at Chevilly to protect the road along the valley of the Bievre. Considering the large concentration of troops at Versailles, it was supposed that only a moderate force remained upon this plateau, and it was thought possible to drive the enemy from Choisy-le-Roi, across the Seine, by cutting the line in the middle and driving the force at Chevilly back upon the main body scattered from the Wood of Mendon to Versailles. If General Vinoy could force the enemy from Chevilly in this direction it would prevent a concentration of the force upon the plateau, and leave Gen. Exea to chase the Prussians from Choisy-le-Roi and the line of Railway. Thursday night a force of above 65,000 men were massed under the guns of the forts, ready to move forward at break of day. Taking a lesson from former experience, the troops were put in motion without the sound of a trumpet or drum. But in this instance, again the enemy were warned of the attack, for the forts opened fire before the army was fairly moving, sending a shower of shells to rouse every German sleeper from Choisy-le-Roi to Chattillon and Chevilly. The consequences were, that the French had barely reached their own advanced pickets before they were greeted by a sharp fire from the Prussian outposts, which continued a running fire until the village of L'Hay was reached. There a still hotter fire was encountered from a body of infantry, but it was also driven back, and beyond the village the Prussian artillery began to work. The first batteries limbered to the rear in haste before the advancing French, and in a few moments came the fire of the redoubts at Chevilly. At this moment the French made a charge upon the village which was superb. The Prussian batteries were admirably served, as usual, and above the roar of the artillery and infantry fire, could be heard the rattle of the mitrailleuse. Yet under this murderous storm of projectiles the French advanced, pushing up to the very mouth of the guns, and crossing bayonets with the enemy. For some moments a well mounted redoubt was in the hands of the French, but no horses could be found to take the guns away. An attempt to attach the horses of the staff was made, but at the moment the Prussians rallied, and with a very heavy fire, drove back the French and regained the guns. Every moment the enemy was growing stronger, and as a fresh force came up, the French were forced to retire, not being able to drive the Prusssians from their entrenchments. Under a terrible fire, Gen. Vinoy was forced to retreat, but, although men were falling at every step, the troops fell backward in good order and with the most perfect *sang froid*. The enemy advanced feebly, but did not try to push beyond to a point reached by the shells of Fort Bicetre. The foremost in this gallant charge were the 35th and 44th Regiments of the line and the Gardes Mobiles of La Vendee. A large majority of the dead bore the number "35" upon their caps, and three-fifths of the loss was borne by the troops mentioned. The young Vendeans behaved like old soldiers, vied with the regulars in daring, and showed greater coolness and better order under the fire than even the troops of the line. Even the Prussians say that the conduct of these young men—mere lads as yet—was very remarkable. The Vendeans have shown the enemy that the Garde Mobile is not to be despised in even a hand-to-hand encounter. The leader of these gallant men was Gen. Guilhem, who, at the head of the 35th, fell dead upon the field, the first general officer killed in the siege. He was a man universally respected and beloved both as a citizen and a soldier. Entering the army as a volunteer, when only 19 years of age—he won each of his grades in battle upon the fields of Algeria, of the Crimea, of Italy, and of Mexico. Gen. Guilhem was 55 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children. His brother went out yesterday to get the body, and found it covered with flowers, the enemy intending to bury it, with the honors due to the rank of the dead, and with the respect which a brave enemy always gives to a brave man who falls upon the field of honor. At the same time, and as a part of the general plan, an attack was made upon Choisy-le-Roi, by the forces under the command of Gen. Exea. From the first moment that the enemy was encountered, a terrible fire was opened by the infantry, artillery and mitrailleuse, which must have inflicted severe loss. On this side, also, the French charged up to the very earthworks, but the fire directed against them was not so accurate as that at Chevilly. The enemy was less confident, and a force of men, 30,000 it is supposed, believing that the works had been carried, fled across the Seine. Seeing this force in confusion, at the forks of the road by the Carrefour Pompadour, Gen. Exea turned his fire upon it, inflicting a preceptible loss. Subsequent reports show that the enemy lost heavily at this point. But meantime the men in the redoubts rallied and as the force began to press back across the bridge, Gen. Exea found himself obliged to retire, feeling that the batteries were too strong for an assault. At the same time, also, a force advanced upon Creteil, but, for some reason or other, returned without doing anything of consequence, and with the loss of 5 men. The losses in this engagement is killed and wounded will reach 3,000, I venture to say. If I am correctly informed—and I got the news from a neutral general officer who crossed the lines yesterday—the Prussians confess to a larger loss. An armistice for the burial of the dead was agreed upon. Yesterday morning the chief of the general staff went to L'Hay with a flag of truce, to make overtures for an armistice, but he failed to get an interview with any of the generals. Several times he was told that by order of the King, there could be no interview except a Cretiel, across the Seine. This leaves the inference that the Prussians desired to gain time to take the most of their own dead from the field, in order to conceal the full extent of their loss. The moral strength given to the Mobiles by this engagement is very great, and a strong feeling of emulation has arisen.

The Herald.

Wednesday, November 16, 1870.

We have heard with satisifaction, that some steps have lately been taken by our City Council, in order to furnish the inhabitants of Charlottetown with wholesome water. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of such a measure; and the sole wonder is, that it should to this time remain unaccomplished. Any one who looks at the surroundings of the public pumps of the city, must be perfectly satisfied in his own mind, that the water which is taken from them greatly lacks purity. They are stationed in places into which must percolate much that is pernicious. As a rule, the natural wells and fountains which have supplied the rising village with water, are found to be dispensers of poison to the large and populous city. City magistrates are careful, therefore, to order all city wells to be filled up the moment the inhabitants have been supplied with water from some rural district. We know not what report the Engineer employed by our civic authorities has made; but we would say from casual observation, that there can be found in the immediate neighborhood of Charlottetown, abundance of wholesome water, sufficient to supply it for many years. The cost of the works necessary for its introduction may be an obstacle. Yet this, when compared with what must be expended by cities elsewhere, will be trifling. Our soft soil will offer few obstructions which the pick and the spade will not remove. The civic taxes are light, and no one would grudge an annual assessment in order to secure for his household the inestimable boon of good water. We believe that many householders pay now in the course of the year, more money for fresh water than they would be called on to pay under a water assessment; and even though the sum were higher, the health, comfort and convenience secured, would be cheaply bought.

The introduction of water into every house necessitates waste-pipes, and waste-pipes entail the adoption of some system of sewerage. This would indeed be a great boon to the city. At the present time, even the rudest attempt at drainage is discernible nowhere. The removal of whatever is offensive seems to be left in a great measure to private enterprise, or to an individual sense of propriety. This, in a few rare instances, may be well and effectively done. But the instances wherein it will be badly and inefficiently done, will be greatly more numerous. Noisome and poisonous vapors will be exhaled. The currents effected by a fall of rain will carry along the surface of our streets, matter which should have had a way made for it some feet below the surface, and in event of the force which bears it along ceasing, it will rest, and roused perhaps into action by the rays of a burning sun, breathe forth disease and pestilence. We have ourselves known every house in an aristocratic street of a large city infected with disease from a disarrangement of the sewerage. In London, the poisonous vapors exhaled from the gratings over the sewers, killed in one day five persons. If Charlottetown escapes such startling effects, it is because its population is less closely packed and less numerous, than the population of Edinburgh or London—not from a greater respect paid to the observance of sanitary laws. Even as it is, we are sure that every medical practitioner will bear us out, when we say that we are, by our inattention to the proper drainage of the city, securing a welcome and an additional virulence to every epidemic that may appear amongst us.

We, moreover, congratulate our civic authorities in having begun at the right end of their sanitary measures. They are looking around them first of all for an efficient supply of wholesome water. They are seeking to find an expellant power before they enter upon a system of expelling. They are going to introduce what is eminently healthy, in order to drive away what is decidedly noxious. This is consistent with reason. A current of fresh air introduced into a room under the requisite conditions will purify, and that too by expelling the foul air. In good drainage the same result must be brought about by the adoption of a kindred process. A strong and constant, and living stream of water should be made to pass into the drains. This would dilute the impurities and carry them forward, without suffering them to stagnate and putrify. We trust, therefore, that when the water is brought into the city, it will be in no stinted supply, but in plentiful abundance. The rain-fall, also, is a most valuable auxiliary to sewerage. Were it properly turned to account, another very important result would be secured. Our streets would be made passable, and would not, as they now do, wear for several months in the year the appearance of mud-lagoons. The rain-water at present is allowed to run as it lists, and find its level anywhere at all; provided it be not in our cellars. In a good system of draining this would not be the case; it would be taught to find its way into sewers, and aid in driving away the refuse and impurities. The disinfecting agents, flushing of sewers and other operations resorted to in large cities to keep the drains clean and healthy, are all rendered necessary by the scanty supply of water sent through them. This need not be our plight, except perhaps in an exceptional year of drought. We have made no remark upon the engineering difficulties to be overcome in the operations here alluded to. We have taken it for granted that they can be overcome, and that an attempt will be made to overcome them. That the attempt may be crowned with ultimate success, the first requisite is to secure a plentiful supply of wholesome water. Our civic rulers have done well, therefore, to turn their attention in this direction first.

A correspondent of the *Halifax Citizen*, writing from Sydney, C. B., informs that paper that on the 1st inst., a plank fell from the western bell tower of the Roman Catholic Cathedral in St. John's, Nfld., striking two women on the head who were passing, mangling their heads in a fearful manner, and killing them instantly. One of the women leaves two children, the other was unmarried.

FRANCE.

It seems well nigh impossible to arrive at anything like certainty of the condition of France generally, or of Paris in particular. The minister Gambetta declares Paris to be impregnable to an enemy. Prussia, he continues, relies upon sedition and famine; but sedition, he says, will not arise, nor famine either. We hope he is right.

Of the state of France, the following is the gloomy picture drawn by a French journalist:—

"During the five days that I have travelled to obtain an accurate idea of the condition of our unfortunate and beloved France, I have been able only to collect one single impression—a feeling which is bitter and cruelly true—that impotence exists everywhere. Impotence—the child of disorder, of ignorance, of frivolity, of want of experience, and of pride—is our evil; it is this which is bringing us to loss, fatal and terrible coming loss, if we do not halt on that descent upon which the faults of the Empire and our two months increasing reverses have cast us. Where is our brave army? On the walls of towns and villages are posted the successes of the Francs-tireurs, glorious bulletins stating that the enemy has been conquered, and has left two Uhlans on the battle-field. Let the truth be told; our gangrene is impotence, and must be amputated. When a man seizes forcibly upon the power which has been wielded by men whom he considers incapable, he has but one excuse, which must be to do better than his predecessors. If he do not better, he must be dismissed; and let us speak the word. Nearly all the men of the Government of Tours are unfit for their task; they must be dismissed. . . . I have seen the army of the Loire, and I have conversed with its generals. The antagonism of civil and military power paralyzes everything, engenders irritation, and will lead us to defeat. There is no order, and the Government is incapable of supplying it. At Nevers they have guns, but no carriages for them. Nothing is being done, while the provisions of Paris are being used, political feelings are opposing each other, and the Government goes from one fault to a second. And during this time the general disorganization of France terrifies those who desire to assist us, who anxiously inquire which is the true Government of France—that of Tours, of Lyons, of Marseilles. We are lost if we do not speedily put an end to this impotence."

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

Whatever value, says the *Daily News*, may be attributed to peace negotiations which reach us from Brussels, it is obvious at least that they step in at a very peculiar crisis in the history of the war. The state of affairs in France has now got beyond the sphere of military calculation. With the dispersal of the army of the Loire, the Germans may be said to have encountered and beaten all the opposition forces about which any definite statistics could be had. Generals Von Moltke and Von Roon have successfully carried out their programme, and probably wait at this moment for the capture of Paris, as the climax of their planned campaign. Outside and beyond these calculations, nevertheless, the Germans are confronted by an unknown quantity. No man can tell what strength or will of resistance rests with the French people. That is a problem which it is impossible to solve; and yet on the practical solution of it, should these rumored peace negotiations be broken off, depend the fortunes of the war, and the terrible contingencies which hang about a prolongation of the struggle. There is no general on the Prussian staff, or on any other staff, who can say whether the France of 1870 is about to show herself the France of 1792, or the France of 1814.

A peace party begins, the *Echo* states, to arise. The Landwehr men will long to return to their families. Their families will yearn for them, and complain that husbands and sons are detained away from home, needlessly humiliating France. Count Bismarck, too, has suffered it to be very apparent that he desires the advent of peace; and we may be pretty confident he will waive a point or two in his demands in order to accelerate peace. And when ham in Paris rises to 6s. a pound, and men are living chiefly on *filet de chevel*, when some of the forts commanding that city have been captured, or when the futility of armed crowds contending with the Prussian legions is demonstrated to the French, may we not hope that they, too, will moderate their terms? Under the influence of these two sets of causes, may we not hope that the programmes of the two combatants will constantly approach each other, and that our good offices may at length serve as the connecting bridge?

GARIBALDI REDIVIVUS.

We could scarcely have anticipated, when we sketched the "Dramatis Personæ" of the then opening tragedy, that the now almost obsolete figure of Garibaldi would enter upon the stage to take its part in the catastrophe. But so it is, and we have in the event another proof of the trite remark how much stranger is fact than fiction, even the wildest fiction of the imagination. France has had many disasters to undergo, but who could have predicted her coming to that of placing her demoralized forces under the command of Garibaldi? He has been her open antagonist in the field; he has headed movements in Italy in 1848 and 1867, in which combatants under his orders spilled French blood; and he has for years past been chiefly known to the world as the enemy, or rather as the scurrilous insulter, of her religion, her policy, and her dynasty. It may, indeed, be, that France has need of Garibaldi: he certainly possesses a reputation of a certain kind; and now that her Emperor, with his Palikaos, his De Faillys, and his Le Bœufs—the generals who trained her armies for the field and commanded them there in their first defeats—now that these personages have disappeared in disgrace, now that the brave McMahon is disabled, and the loyal Trochu shut up in Paris, France does not possess a single commander in the field whose name is even known to the general public. It may then be a gain to France to have enlisted Garibaldi in her cause. But what a gain! And what a humiliation to her that it should be a gain!

We have said that Garibaldi has a reputation of a certain kind. Some how or other the general public has, ever since 1847, accepted him as the type of an accomplished and successful captain. But is the judgment of the general public infallible upon the point? To judge of the merits of a military commander is a point of military science, and on such points it is needless to say that military men alone are competent to pass an opinion. Has any military verdict ever pronounced Garibaldi to be an able commander? If so, the fact is unknown to us. On a review of his career, we find that his chief admirers have all along been seditious mobs, foreign conspirators, hysterical women, and eccentric dukes. It was the desperate cause of revolution which he desperately espoused, and not any real service which he has rendered to that cause, which has given him notoriety. When we remember the burst of enthusiasm with which "Cicerouacchio" and his partizans received him at Rome, we also remember that he had not then done anything ostensibly to merit such enthusiasm. Of course, in the secret working of revolutionary sects there may be dark exploits done of which the world never knows the authors, but which may give a sort of subterranean renown to certain individuals; but, as regards public reputation, Garibaldi was certainly almost a nobody, when he became, in 1848, the soldier of the short-lived Roman Republic. Whence then the enthusiasm that greeted his *debut* on that stage, unless from the source we have hinted at? What, however, was that enthusiasm when compared to the *furore* with which he was received in this country, where, in fact, he enjoyed the greatest of his triumphs? Who does not remember the excitement of London and the provinces at his arrival, the dinners, the receptions, the ovations at the Mansion House and the Crystal Palace, the homage of the noblest and the fairest, when even Royalty itself honored him with notice more distinguished than has often been bestowed upon illustrious distress, and when in the House of Lords, a high Tory and High Church Prelate stretched out both his hands to the sworn foe of priests and kings.

But all that was merely the fervour of the hour, and the contagion of popular excitement. It was soon over, and after a hint from across the Channel had cut the illustrious foreigner's career mysteriously short, England awoke out of her delirium, henceforward safe from catching the disorder again. In fact, it was both thought and said at the time that much of that British gratitude was meant in payment for services, not rendered, but to come, and which never have been rendered. Garibaldi has not done Rome the damage Protestant England expected of him. His blows, though struck with good-will, somehow failed of their effect, and the Pope has seemed none the worse, but rather, if anything, the better of them.

Unless it was supposed that Garibaldi would prove the soldier of the Revolution and most effective adversary of the Catholic Church that has appeared in our time, we own ourselves unable to account for the public interest manifested in him in 1848, 1864, and subsequently. *Expende Hannibalum.* Let us briefly review, without malice, but also without partiality, the career of the man to whom France (or at least a considerable part of the nation) is now looking in the hour of peril, and we shall find it to consist of a succession of defeats, with hardly a single gleam of success to chequer the gloomy history. In 1832, his first enterprise as an abettor of Mazzini, in compassing the death of Charles Albert, was a failure, and caused his banishment; so was a renewal of the attempt two years later, when he was condemned to death. Escaping from prison and reaching Tunis, he was taken into the service of the Bey of that free and enlightened country, but failing in piratical enterprise, or whatever other duties his Moorish patron may have imposed on him, he became a privateer in one of the innumerable and unintelligible South American wars of that period. In this he evidently failed, for he was taken prisoner and tortured; and we next find him heading a band of Italian free-lances against the Dictator Rosas, whom he did not defeat in battle. In 1847, he had the impudence to offer his services to Charles Albert, who of course rejected them; and the rejected of Sardinia became the champion of Roman republicanism. His defeat and flight before the French under General Oudinot are well known. When next we hear of him he is at Staten Island, in North America, pursuing for once an honest and peaceful occupation. He is in fact engaged in the unheroic but highly useful trade of soap-boiling and candle-making. But he was either unsuccessful in that pursuit, or else the charms of fighting and bloodshed overpowered his devotion to tallow. In 1859-60, he is again in Italy, where he obtains a command during the French intervention on behalf of Victor Emmanuel. It is stated that he had under his orders a body of troops called (if we remember rightly) "Alpine chasseurs." Their name matters but little, for in point of fact they effected nothing, though we hear of their presence at Varese, Camerlata, Como, Brescia, and elsewhere.

Now comes what we must own as the one military success (as his admirers would claim it to be) of Garibaldi's career—the descent on Naples with 1000 followers, an enterprise which resulted in the expulsion of the reigning Sovereign and in the Free-booter obtaining the honor of being the first at Gaeta, to salute Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. But it has to be noted that there are here two conditions which seriously detract, when the facts are known, from the military credit of Garibaldi. They are, the British co-operation, and the treason at Naples. Had English men-of-war and their crews stood aloof and refrained from aiding the assailant of a kingdom that was at peace and in amity with England, and had there existed anything like an ordinary amount of loyalty and honor amongst the ministers, officers and soldiers of the King, Garibaldi's enterprise would most certainly have been crowned with a very different issue. Fighting was no doubt wanted for the completion of his enterprise, but Garibaldi did very little of that fighting; Gaeta was, no doubt, beseiged and taken, but not by Garibaldi or his thousand. However, let the success stand for what it is worth; anyhow it is a solitary success. The subsequent history of our hero is too fresh in the memory to need even recapitulation here. It is a history of defeats and disasters; not military ones only. Aspromonte and Mentana tell their own tale; but the attempted insurrection, on behalf of the Hungarian rebels, so coolly extinguished by General Klapka, and the utter failure in the Chamber, where the "testa di legno" had to be kept muzzled by his own friends—these things afford but slender proof of the intelligence needed to save France, or even to command a French army.

Would that we could see it otherwise! Bygones might well be bygones, could we see in the arrival of Garibaldi any real hope of safety for France, or even of real loyalty to her cause. But the manifesto of Gambetta this week, shows that what is uppermost in the thoughts of those who now bear rule is rather the establishment of Republicanism than the defeat of the Prussians; to *exploiter* the gigantic effort now making by France for her national existence, by forcing those who fight against the invaders to be really fighting in favor of the Revolution. It is a hard trial for the Catholic soldiers of France, the faithful men from Brittany and Normandy, and the 400 Pontifical Zouaves who are announced to have taken service in their country's cause. Garibaldi's command will tend but little to simplify their dilemma.

RELIEF FOR THE FRENCH WOUNDED.

Consul General Gautier, of Quebec, has remitted to France upwards of $6000, collected in Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in aid of the French wounded, and the widows and orphans of those killed in battle. Newfoundland has contributed very handsomely toward the fund, and we regret that Prince Edward Island (a portion of whose inhabitants, at least, have received substantial benefits from France in her prosperous days) has not thus far responded to the charitable call made upon her in this behalf. We trust, however, that the opportunity will not be allowed to pass away altogether without manifesting, in a practical way, our sense of sympathy for those who have been disabled for life and whose homes have been made desolate by this terrible war. A trifle given in this way will not be missed, and may be the means of assuaging the misery of more than one poor family, bereft of its bread-winner by wounds or death. Humanity, to speak of no other consideration, requires it at our hands, and we trust that whatever may be given, will be given speedily and ungrudgingly. Dr. Holmkirk, the Consular Agent of France, for this Island, will receive subscriptions to the fund. Whilst upon this subject, and with a view of stimulating the charity of our readers, we may copy the words of a New York paper, in reference to the sufferings of the French people. The *Herald* of that city, says:—

"The giant spectre of famine looms up in more gigantic and gastly proportions every hour over the once fair land of France. The nation but yesterday so mighty is 'hard bestead and hungry,' and neither rulers nor people know whither to look in this hour of their tribulation. The trials that have fallen upon them are almost apocalyptic in their suddenness, their completeness and their terror. With the threatened dearth comes the nameless horror of the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness,' which falls upon all famished regions, and of the still more frightful outburst of frantic passions among hot-blooded races driven to despair. The hour seems close at hand, indeed, for the beautiful, the imperial city of the late Napoleonic empire, when 'the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows shall be darkened,' and all the proud nation shall share in her sorrow.

"This is a terrible contingency for Christendom to contemplate—a momentous lesson for ambitious princes and statesmen to ponder. It cannot be underrated or fail to be comprehended. Let us hope that its instruction will not be thrown away. Yet again, mingling with the abstract idea thus presented to our minds in the agony of individual suffering, not among stalwart men alone, but among the innocent and defenceless victims of the war—the aged and infirm, the wounded and the sick, feeble women and helpless babes. At the thought of their dark, dire, irredeemable destitution, the very heart of humanity thrills with pity. But on this side of the Atlantic we have never yet confined our sympathies to mere commiseration. As for the Greeks in their hour of misfortune; as for Poland and Hungary, when they both starved and bled; as for Ireland, when her homeless children were dying by thousands on the highways or in the pest-houses of their native land, which should have been the Island Canaan of the north, the hand of American bounty was instantly and repeatedly extended, so let it be held out now over the stormy sea and thro' the wintry gloom, to stricken France. And there is no time to lose. Every day of delay may be fatal to many a poor brother, whom timely aid would have saved. Noble societies of foreign nationality have already been organized among us to aid the sick and wounded in both Germany and France, and native subscriptions have not been wanting; but the imminent pressing need at this moment is for help in kind to whole masses of the French population. Let, then, the concerts, the discourses, the lectures, the exhibitions that are wont to be offered for minor charities be turned toward the response to this one terrible cry for help from those who are ready to perish in an allied land, the early friend of our own republic and so long the intellectual guide of Christendom. Our Legislatures, national and State; our municipal bodies, our boards of trade, our moneyed corporations, our orders, clubs and societies of all kinds; our agricultural, railroad, mining, and moneyed princes; our religious congregations, and the whole people, collectively and individually, could perform no holier or higher act worthy of our civilization and our progressive age—more full of solacing remembrance to each heart, more in beautiful accordance with our Christian profession, more fraught with glorious auspices to us and our children, now and hereafter, than to succor our fainting brethren of France and exorcise, with the white hand and the gentle word of Charity, this grim spectre of famine from their doors."

Comment upon our part on the graphic picture thus presented to us, is unnecessary. We leave the subject in the hands of a humane public.

REVIEW.—We have received a copy of a report on the Sherbrooke Gold District, together with a paper on the Gneisses of Nova Scotia. The report is of the most careful description. It enters into minute details, and furnishes tabulated statistics of the returns from the mines for each year, from 1863 till 1869. Lithographed geological maps, neatly executed, are bound in along with the report. The paper on the Gneisses, is also illustrated with carefully prepared maps. At the end of the work there is an abstract of a paper on Gold-mining and its prospects in Nova Scotia, by Henry Youle Hind, M. A. It was, we are told, read this year before the London Geological Society, and the Society of Arts. The publication will be most valuable for those who take an interest in the studies of which it treats, as also in furnishing reliable statistics of the success of our neighbors in Gold-mining.

THE United States' steamers *Neipsic*, *Frolic* and *Guard* have returned home from the Dominion fishing grounds. They report that, at one time, eleven British ships of war were on the grounds, but no misunderstanding occurred. Five American vessels were properly seized for fishing within the prohibited limits. The catch was not so good as in former seasons.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

There appeared in the *Progress* of the 24th ult., over the signature of "Norwegian," a communication which was, throughout, characterized by absurdity, stupidity and falsehood. "Norwegian," in the first place, with a degree of unpardonable effrontery, deliberately states a notorious and palpable falsehood, in asserting that Mr. A. Callaghan addressed meetings in this part of the district—meaning Tignish—where he indited his self epistle. The truth is, sir, and the people of Tignish well know it, that Mr. A. Callaghan never did, at any period of his life, address a public meeting in Tignish, convened for political purposes; consequently, the assertion that Mr. A. Callaghan maligned Mr. Bell's political character at public meetings held in Tignish, Kildare or Alberton, is as void of truth as its contemptible author is of manly principle and common sense.

Again, that pitiable and stolid object, designating himself "Norwegian," evinces a lamentable and utter disregard for every principle of truth and honor, when he asserts that Mr. A. Callaghan publicly condemned the present system of education, and advocated Denominational Schools. On no occasion did Mr. Callaghan speak disapprovingly of the present system of education; nor did he ever designate it a Godless system. But Mr. Callaghan is of opinion that, besides the common schools, we should have superior educational institutions, wherein the youth of the Island, after acquiring a preliminary education, might, if wishing to qualify themselves to engage in any of the learned professions, avail themselves of the advantages of a superior education.

That such institutions should be endowed by the Government of the Colony, becomes obvious to every rational man, when he reflects on the advantages that would accrue to the young men of the Island—many of whom possess ability, but who, from limited means, are unable to expend the large amount necessary to enable them to pursue a Collegiate course of studies. But should the Colleges of the Island be endowed from the public revenue, it would, undoubtedly, have the happy effect of rendering the board and tuition cheaper to the student in these institutions, thereby placing the poor, as well as the rich, in a position to avail themselves of the benefits of a superior education. Now, sir, Mr. Bell has publicly avowed himself opposed to the subsidizing of any superior educational institutions, and in promoting that intolerant policy, he is to a great extent impeding the progress of the youth of this Island. But Mr. Bell being of a temporizing disposition, may find it as convenient, at some future crisis, to renounce his present policy and advocate endowments, as he did to join the present Government, and cecede from that portion of the Liberal party who, throughout, opposed the grant question, thereby sustaining him in the views he professed to entertain. But Mr. Bell's inconsistency in this matter, is too glaring not to attract public attention, and ultimately bring on him the just reprehension of a discerning public.

Had the electors of the First District selected Mr. Kelly for their representative in the Legislative Council, they would, judging from his antecedents, have a more progressive legislator than they at present possess, in the unprogressive Herbert Bell. But I presume the time is not far distant when Mr. Bell's constituents will deeply regret the great error they have committed in elevating him to a seat in the Legislative Council.

Before concluding, sir, permit me to confute one more unfounded assertion made by "Norwegian." He states that disappointed office hunters labored to malign Mr. Bell's political character at the various public meetings held in this part of the district a few days previous to the election, and that the most conspicuous of those were Messrs. A. Callaghan and Joseph Murphy, of Lot 11. As I before stated, Mr. A. Callaghan did not speak at any public meeting held in this part of the district. Mr. Joseph Murphy did accompany Mr. Kelly whilst canvassing in this part of the district, which he had a perfect right to do; but it was not for the purpose of seeking an office, as is meanly and falsely stated by "Norwegian." If Mr. Murphy recommended Mr. Kelly to the electors of Tignish and vicinity, as a gentlemen of comprehension, consistency and integrity, he did what he may feel justly proud of. He told an honest truth, and for so doing, he does not now stand before the public in the unenviable position of an unscrupulous liar, as you do, Mr. "Norwegian."

I am, sir,

Yours very respectfully,

STONEWALL JACKSON.

November 1, 1870.