

JOHN LEWIS TREMAIN.

Died at Port Hood, Inverness County, on the 26th of December, 1870, aged 73 years, John Lewis Tremain, Esq., second son of the late Jonathan Tremain, Esq. Mr. Tremain was one of the oldest, most influential, and useful members of the community, where he had lived for upwards of 46 years, and filled offices of trust and responsibility during the whole of that time, given to him by the Government of Nova Scotia, and others by the County sessions. At the time of his death he held the office of Judge of Probate, Register of Deeds, and Clerk of the Peace, and was also practicing his profession as Attorney at Law. Deceased was born of Episcopal parents, and brought up in accordance with the usages of that branch of the Christian church, but was not led to seek a personal interest in Christ until the year 1848, during an extensive revival at Mabou, at which time he, in company with another gentleman, now residing in Halifax, were induced from curiosity, in order to satisfy themselves as to the correctness of the reports which had previously reached them respecting the work then in progress, and while listening to earnest appeals made to sinners by the Rev. Mr. DeLong, he was convinced of his lost state, and sought and found the Saviour; he then united with the Baptist Church, and has since, up to the time of death, been an attached and consistent member. His piety was deep and uniform, which was seen in the constant desire he felt and exhibited in the moral and religious state of the community in which he lived. Opportunity of attending the public means of grace being comparatively seldom; at his request, the writer with another friend occasionally met at his own house on the Sabbath when an hour of social Christian intercourse would be spent most profitably in the reading of a sermon, singing, reading a portion of the word of God, and prayer. In the social prayer meeting, and in the Sabbath School, Brother Tremain took a deep interest, and so far as declining health and advanced years did admit, was always present to give his countenance and support, and to express the satisfaction he derived in seeking to promote the various interests in connection with the Church of Christ.

"The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf Scarce whispers from the tree; So gently flows the parting breath When good men cease to be."

The value of religion was beautifully exemplified in the closing scene of his life, he frequently sought to comfort his grief-stricken partner and affectionate son, who watched with anxious solicitude at his bedside, with the assurance that he was going home to be for ever with the Lord; with regard to his acceptance with God through Christ every doubt had vanished. "I trust alone in the blood of Jesus," was one of his last utterances, and as friends gathered around his bed side thinking life was fast ebbing out, he exclaimed "I am so comfortable and so happy, can this be death?" All who stood by the dying man must have been constrained to acknowledge the truth that "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

"Brother thou art gone to rest! And this shall be our prayer— That when we reach our journey's end, Thy glory we may share."

J. H. B. Port Hood, Jan. 3rd, 1871.

MRS. ISABELLA ROSS,

Mother of the Rev. Hugh Ross of South Bar, Sydney, and Rev. Malcolm Ross of P. E. Island. In early life professed faith in Christ in her native land, the Isle of Skeye, North Britain, where she united with a Baptist church. She emigrated to this country with her departed husband and family in the year 1828. Her general conduct was regular and consistent, a peace maker. To speak ill of nobody was part of her creed. Rejoicing always in the conversion of sinners, particularly in her own family, and when symptoms of declension was manifested it gave her much pain and sorrow of heart. For 27 years before her demise she was an invalid, enduring much pain and suffering, the most of the time confined to her bed or room. I had many opportunities of interviews with her during her illness. Her mind at times seemed to be much bewildered with many weary nights of pain and months of sorrow. At other times, although wading through deep waters, her hope and faith were strong with an ardent desire to depart to the place where the weary are at rest. Strange to say while thus for many years afflicted with complicated diseases she composed many pieces of poetry concerning her blessed Redeemer, and departed friend, in which there is a good deal of natural wit

and genius manifested. It can be evidently seen how God can keep grace alive in the hottest furnace. She departed this life on the 7th day of November last, one year and twenty days after her beloved husband, Mr. Ross who patiently watched her bed side for many weary days and nights. She lived to advanced age, as far as I can ascertain, eighty six years.

L. McD.

Religious Intelligence.

BROOKFIELD, COLCHESTER CO.—James W. Stevens, Esq., writes Jan. 2nd, 1871:—Dear Brother,—God has done great things for us where we are glad. God directed the steps of Brother Kennedy a Licentiate, this way and he has been the instrument in God's hands of doing good.

There have been symptoms of a work of grace in progress here for the last twelve months. It is now developed in a gracious outpouring of God's Spirit. Sinners have been made to bow to the mild sceptre of Immanuel. Upwards of twenty converts are waiting for Baptism. Seven are out of one family, all capable of believing. These movements have provoked hostility, and the good work is evil spoken of, opposition is manifesting itself in various ways, more than it would be prudent to write. But God can over-rule all this.

Hawkesbury, C. B., on the 11th ult., Rev. J. B. McQuilian administered the ordinance of Christian Baptism to three believers in the Lord Jesus. It is hoped that others will shortly come forward.

THE JEWS IN ROME SET FREE.—We see by the Observer that by a recent decree of Victor Emanuel, all citizens of the annexed Roman provinces are placed on the same footing as regards civil rights. Four thousand eight hundred Jews huddled together in the Ghetto, and who, until a very few years ago, were forcibly penned up there by huge iron gates being closed at nightfall, and neither ingress nor egress permitted by the guard until the following morning, are thus emancipated. Up to the present time, though many disabilities were removed, their testimony was not considered as valid in any court of law, so that a Christian who killed a Jew in the presence of twenty Jewish witnesses remained unpunished for want of proof. They could not possess real estates property, a disqualification which unhappily existed too long in countries more enlightened. They were debarred from all the liberal professions, from attendance on the public schools and academies.—The only exception in their favor being the permission to attend the medical lectures at the University. They now are treated to all the rights of other citizens of Rome. To put the Pope back would be to nullify this decree and revive the persecutions of the Jews.

UNITED STATES.

New York, Jan. 8.

The "Evening Post" says that private despatches this afternoon from the Schuylkill and Lackawanna mining regions inform us that a grand council of the workingmen's benevolent associations and well known trades union of coal miners has decided to order a general strike. All the miners and laborers are to stop work on Tuesday, January 10, in order to limit the supply of coal, and produce such a scarcity as well advance the prices.

The Delaware and Hudson and Delaware and Lackawanna companies have offered to their miners \$3.45, common laborers \$2, per day. These rates have been refused. Gold 110½. Exchange 110. Money easy.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

Paris still holds out, and if it were not that the inhabitants must be fed they might remain shut in from communication with the outer world by a wall of Prussian bayonets for a good while to come, except as their balloons or pigeons serve to let them know what is going on.

A telegram to the Chronicle says—The French Government informs telegraph companies that messages will be accepted for Paris, to be forwarded by pigeons at the senders' risk. The charge will be 10 cents per word, and a message must not exceed twenty words.

The Prussians on the morning of the 4th inst., surprised and dispersed a French force on the left bank of the Seine, near Rouen, capturing three stands of colors, two cannon, and 450 prisoners.

A special despatch to the "Times" dated Berlin, Jan. 5, says that, by request of Bismarck, Austria will send an accredited representative to Versailles.

After peace is restored, France will re-

main occupied for some time, and the French prisoners will be sent to Metz, which is regarded as a German fort.

A despatch received from Havre dated January 5th, confirms the despatch already published relative to a great battle on the left bank of the Seine.

The battle was of a very fierce and very sanguinary character. Desperate fighting continued several hours, but as far as can be ascertained no decided advantage was gained.

The loss on the part of the Prussians was very heavy, and the French troops showed remarkable spirit and daring.

Trochu accuses the Garrison of Avron with contemptible cowardice.

Paris advices of the 27th report much suffering from the cold weather. The distribution of wood for fires has been given over to the administration.

Several cases of frost-bite have occurred, and in consequence General Trochu has ordered all soldiers not employed at the fortifications to be kept within shelter.

It has been decided also to distribute food and establish soup houses under the direction of the Government.

The French General Blaize has died of his wounds.

A Havre despatch says that General Faidherbe is at Arras, preparing for a movement on Mantueffel, probably with the intention of joining Bourbaki, who is on the road to Germany to form a junction with the army of the north.

There are now in Havre 16,000 troops, and outside the neighborhood of Balbec 20,000, exclusive of regulars, Franc Tireurs and cavalry.

The Reporter's special says:—A despatch from Bordeaux says that the French troops have captured every Prussian position which had been, during the contest, taken and retaken several times. The Prussians have been, in the late encounter, foiled in their attempts by the splendid canonnading made by the French artillery upon the depleted columns. The Prussians loss is estimated at three thousand killed and wounded.

One story is afloat that General Bourbaki is marching across France to enter Germany and carry the war into the enemy's country. Another story is that nothing can prevent Bourbaki effecting a junction with General Faidherbe.

The city of Havre is well protected from all assaults, having thirty thousand defenders within its walls, and two hundred cannon planted, besides plenty of ammunition.

It is reported that a hundred thousand French troops are marching to the relief of Paris by the way of Chartres, fifty miles to the South West of Paris.

Garibaldi is at Dijon doing very little. Reports from Paris say that serious quarrels exist between the members of Government, and also that deep resentment is expressed against some of the delegates at Bordeaux.

It is reported that Austria is very much dissatisfied with the Protocol to be submitted by England at the Conference.

Letters from Paris indicate that there is danger of a riot.

The French approximate the losses at Bapaume as follows—Germans, 9,000, French, 4,000. The Germans evacuated Bapaume on Friday.

The German forces beyond Vendome met two French corps on Friday; both sides claim the victory. The Prussian losses were heavy.

The active bombardment of the forts on the southern side of Paris continues, and it is said that shells have reached the city and burned several houses.

The redoubt at Notre Dame de Chamart is occupied by the Prussians, and its fire turned against the French.

The advantage in the recent heavy fighting along the Loire and in the forest of Vendome is claimed by both sides. The French, however, are reported retreating westward, followed by the Germans.

Many Bonapartist agents have been arrested in France.

(By Balloon Mail.)

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THINGS.

"Keynote" in his third letter continues to give the Examiner his racy sketches from the besieged city:—

Paris, November, 1870.—Joseph, our indefatigable forager, burst pale and breathless into the dining-room where we were resting after one of the bankers' starvation dinners of delicious chicken, to inform us that an awful fire had broken out, and the blaze was covering the entire city. We

seized our hats, bounded down the steps, and out into the street through the court, overturning the concierge's children in our headlong haste for the Place de l'Opera, where we joined a big crowd to see the northern and east m and western sky perfectly suffused with the deep rich red of an Aurora Borealis! It was entirely different from any phenomenon of the sort I ever saw, and it was in some respects the most extraordinary one I ever saw. I have seen more variegated and more beautiful ones, but I never saw one so awfully red. It rose up out of half the horizon, hesitated, rose, recoiled, expanded, contracted, faded, deepened, broke into lakes of red intenser than any I ever saw on canvas, or on the clouds at sunset. It shimmered out over almost the whole heavens. The darkness imbued it with a heavy tinge of gloom. It assumed the form of darting fingers. Upon my word—a Red Hand!

"Mon Dieu, it is Bismarck's bloody hand," muttered the young officer to his companion, "Or Fate's!"—replied the companion, and laughed! But I saw the restless twitch of superstition in his nerves. A Latin is superstitious when he laughs at superstition. A Frenchman believes in ghosts while he repudiates God. The skeptical believe more improbable things than the believer. I said to the old woman at the kiosque. You are not superstitious? "Not at all, Monsieur." If your were, what would all that mean? "Blood, Monsieur, blood. The Blessed Mother is vexed with poor France, perhaps." And the old news-woman told the story of her superstition in the act of denying it. A genteelly dressed man, with a thoughtful face, gazed up long and abstractedly, and then said, "That is the blood which is to be shed in Paris." So I knew well enough that the news-woman and the officer and the man with the thoughtful face went home with the belief that they had seen the bloody hand of Bismarck in the Red Hand on the sky.

Then it is curious to observe how all the newspapers begin their report of the Aurora, with the remark, that the time was when the superstitious say in the phenomenon a portent of extraordinary events, and end by unconsciously betraying the feeling which they regard as dead.

A National Guard said to me just now: "O, as for that, you know our common people are all superstitious." "And they are very uncomon people who enter a superstitious," said the Doctor. "I know if I had more of it, I would have more peace of mind. Better that than nothing. It is inseparable from religion. Without it there can be no religion."

EXODUS OF FOREIGNERS.

Mr. Washburne deserves commendation for the resolution and pertinacity he exerted, and which were required, to secure the exodus of the Americans who were sick of the siege. Bismarck was willing, but Trochu hesitated, and gave as his reason the demoralizing effect upon the army and people of Paris of the exit of 60 Americans. The first passes were rescinded. After an earnest expostulation and a firm stand by our Minister, the second passes were granted, and all wed to be used.

The English Embassy have not been so obliging toward their fellow-countrymen; and although they, in common with all foreigners, have been allowed by Bismarck to leave, several have been left behind. King William's Premier announced that all who held a pass from the U. S. Minister should come into the Prussian lines.

This scrap goes by balloon to-morrow, if it goes at all; and even if it starts, there is a probability of its falling into the Prussian camp, as several balloons have done already. I have sent off a large amount of fragmentary epistles, but it is not at all encouraging to reflect upon the few-and-far-between chances of these waifs ever reaching America. You can imagine the effectiveness of our blockade, when not a man on foot or horse is able to evade the vigilance of the Prussian pickets. Two millions of people, and 600,000 of them soldiers—cooked up.

TREASON.

Poor Bazaine! The moment a man in this country ceases to ride the top-wave of popularity, the morning Tray and the evening Blanche and the weekly Sweet-heart bark, Treason, treason, treason! If we had no other reason for believing these people to be treacherous and deceitful, their alert and swift suspicion of one another would be proof sufficient on this point.

The theatres are open and packed. Sunday is crowded with entertainments of every description, from the highest species of music to the lowest kind of dancing. The Boulevards have long since lost their old appearance of order and decorum, and now swarm with all manner of performers on instruments, and vendors of gimcracks. Booths are gradually covering the ample sweep of pavement. Paris, in short, is rapidly assuming the appearance of Naples in picturesque disorder and persistent, systematic hordes of beggars.

The number of persons detected in giving aid and comfort to the enemy is, I am sure, much larger than the number given by the newspapers. A little boy, of about 10 years of age, carried on a traffic in newspapers and tobacco for two months before he was detected. A quarryman, aged 52, has been sentenced by court martial to 25 years' hard labor in the penitentiary, for having given the Prussians the route to the catacombs at Paris. As he was a well-known inhabitant of the vicinity of Chatillois, he went back and forth through the Prussian lines unsuspected. In the course of the trial two respectable citizens, one of them the Mayor of Chamart, were implicated. "Poor France! What would we not give

to be back where we were on the first of last July?"

The Republicans do not wish to be back there, do they?"

"Republicans. O, ah, I see! There again, my dear fellow, you show your ignorance of France. Republicanism in France is the something that turns up when everything else fails. It's a dream of visionaries and fanatics—wild, loose, disjointed, wandering-witted fellows, who thrive upon the nitrogen of Republicanism, and perish in the oxygen of Imperialism. All this that you see now is the racket of lunatics. Think of their keeping the command permanently—why, we should all go straight to the devil! Frenchmen need to be governed and humored—yes, these two, that's all—governed and humored—plenty of power, plenty of pleasure—a constant dance and an occasional war. What a people we are!"

But where is your monarch?"

"O, ah! I know what you mean—that's our difficulty, exactly. We have no monarch, such as France needs and should have. But failing in the grand man who can take the throne and keep it—who can rule alone—we must have a figurehead ruler like the Queen of England—a constitutional government, and the rest of it. But you'll be surprised, I know, to hear me say that the French people want a personal monarch; they detest self-government; they like to leave government to governors and legislation to legislators; they hate the bother and vexation of such things; they like to be left alone, with their pleasures and their trade. And if they only had a wise and benevolent ruler, they would be the happiest people in the world—but he would have to be a Ruler, and no mistake. Why, do you know that if a thousand Frenchmen were to die to-night in their beds, the present Republic would die to-morrow for want of breath? No, not breath. The French Republic is a galvanized spectre. Rollin and Favre and Gambetta and Blanc and the rest of them are galvanic batteries. They galvanize the spectre, and it stalks about. When a Napoleon approaches, the spectre disappears. This is France. And for that matter this is Spain and this is Italy: What a trio—Spain, Italy, France! Look, yonder are the towers of Notre Dame. Write on them Ichabod! Was ever there such a fall since Rome? and Rome fell gradually. We fall suddenly, and all the way from the top of prosperity to the bottom of adversity. Talk of Republics for these countries! Republics for your race, Monarchies for ours. You have the blood and bone and temperament for it. We are made to be ruled and humored, I tell you. So here is my advertisement: Wanted—Three personal monarchs, one for France, one for Spain, one for Italy. Let them be no mousheads and no tyrants, but strong firm, wide-minded men; always devising ameliorations for the people and advancements for the country."

Can Paris defend herself without the Provinces?"

"No! Ah, there is another thing you don't know—Paris. Few Frenchmen know Paris. Paris defend herself! My dear sir, Paris is rotten. We have some troops from the Provinces here who will fight, and fight well, but Paris' troops won't fight. Paris is too rotten to stand alone, and so rotten that whoever attempts to prop her up falls with her. Paris! She's worse than Sodom. Why, do you know that if Paris were cut off from the Provinces, she would run out of people in five generations. would reduce Paris to a mausoleum—empty, rotten, full of dead men's bones. Do you know the Parisians when you see them?—thin watery-eyed, soft-headed, bilious, craven, mercenary, lascivious. When you see a tall, muscular, earnest fellow, with solidity, in him and sturdy gait, you may know that he is from the Provinces—probably a Breton or an Alsatian. He has marrow in his bones, and iron in his blood, goes to mass, kneels and goes through his devotions without looking about him, sings strong and manly songs. He's the man who can be depended upon, but the Parisian element rules. It affects the atmosphere, it pulls down the Breton, instead of the Bretons rising above it. No; we must get out of it as best we can. If we get an armistice, and I think we shall, we shall wriggle out of it, and then—well, the Lord only knows what we will do. Truth is, if the Lord understands us, it is more than we do."

News of the Week.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Halifax 4th, Jan., 1871.

- Appointments.—Di. by Co.: To be Commissioners of Schools for the district of Clare—Rev. Dr. Walsh and Rev. Jas. F. Brennan. Yarmouth Co.: To be a Notary and Tabellion Public—Stephen B. Murray. To be a Justice of the Peace—Byron P. Ladd. Lunenburg Co.: To be Justices of the Peace—Gideon Langille, Henry Sehnare, and Joseph Worthylake. Shelburne Co.: To be Prothonotary and Clerk of the Crown, also Commissioner for giving relief to Insolvent Debtors, and for taking affidavits to hold to bail in the Supreme Court—Wm. J. Bell, in place of M. D. McKenna, resigned. To be Health Officer for the district of Lockport, Co., of Shelburne—Jas. K. Beckwith, M. D.—To be Issuer of Marriage Licences at N. E. Harbour—Alexander Greenwood. Inverness Co.: To be a Notary and Tabellion Public—Joseph McDonald, of Port Hood. To be Commissioner of Schools for North Inverness—Jas. McNeil, Esq., and Farquhar McKee, Esq. To be Justice