

**A visit to Garibaldi.**

A gentleman who has just returned from a tour in Switzerland, sends to *The Times* an account of a visit he paid to General Garibaldi at Como, in company with an Australian fellow-colonist and pastoral squatter, their wives, and a young lady friend.

"We drove through quiet streets crowded with armed men to the Albergo del Angelo, and were received and shown rooms just as we should have been a year ago, only there was a guard in the gateway, and we passed a room full of officers writing, for the general had here taken up his headquarters. We did not consider that it would be a serious breach of the neutrality of the nation if we paid our respects to the Garibaldi who defended Rome, and who amid all the blunders and disasters of '48 showed that only time and opportunity were wanting to develop in the Italians a single-minded heroism and constancy worthy of ancient Rome. After lunch we sent in our cards, and a message came from the aide-de-camp, saying that the general was asleep, but that as soon as he awoke he would present them, and had no doubt he would be happy to receive us. After an hour's saunter among the volunteers we were informed that the general would be happy to wait upon the ladies, and in a short time he was shown in. He proved as different from what we expected as was the state of the town from that reported. From his portraits and warlike exploits I had pictured to myself a very tall large man, of sallow complexion, with long black hair and beard, with something of the romantic air of those Spanish guerilla chiefs, who sang their own songs to the guitar or killed people with equal gusto. Just the reverse. I could scarcely believe that the quiet, unaffected, gentlemanly man who entered and sat down with us was Garibaldi. He is of middle height, not more than 5 feet 7 or 8 inches, I should think; a square-shouldered, deep chested, powerful man, without being at all heavy. He has a healthy English complexion, with brown hair and beard, rather light, both slightly touched with gray, and cut very short. His head shows a very fine development, mental as well as moral, and his face is good, though not remarkable to a casual observer—nothing to show the man who could form and carry out such plans as the retreat from Rome or the capture of Como; but when he spoke of the oppression and sufferings of his country, the lip and eye told the deep feeling long suppressed, and the steadfast daring character of the man. A child would stop him in the street to ask him what o'clock it was, but the man condemned to be shot in half-an-hour would never, after a look of that calm determined face, waste time in asking mercy upon earth. During our long interview he spoke much of passing events (excepting his own share), but without southern gesticulation. He has the calm manner and appearance of the English gentleman and officer; it was only when he spoke of the generous sympathy of the people of England with the sufferings of Italy that his Saxon-like calmness gave way; then, as he assured us again and again how thoroughly it was appreciated by Italians of every class, and how grateful they were for it, he showed that the warm blood of Italy burned in his veins. My impression had been that his operations were more the result of rash impulse than military calculation; but it was palpable that, strong as may be his impulses, they are thoroughly under control. Bold and enterprising even to apparent rashness he is, no doubt, but he is also cool and calculating; and as I watched him on the opposite side of the table, telling the ladies of his voyages to China and the antipodes, as pleasantly and calmly as if in a London drawing-room, while at any moment he might be interrupted by the fire of an overpowering Austrian force, brought by railway to his outpost, I felt no doubt that, in case of the very worst, he had arranged exactly what to do, and would do it. But what impressed me most was the mental calibre of the man; I met him with the idea that he was little more than a dashing popular military leader. I parted from him with the conviction that his warlike career is a mere episode in his history, and that his true greatness will be seen in the political regeneration and government of his country."

A young French soldier writes to his mother from Castiglione:—"Dear mother, I am yet living, and lively; but I am not quite complete. The surgeon of the regiment has cut off one of my legs. I have been used to having the leg by me, and the parting was cruel. Do not weep, dear mother, but rejoice rather, for I will rejoin you now, not to leave you again. I will always be, now, a part of your little card party, thanks to the wooden leg."

**Correspondence.**

For the Christian Messenger.

**Baptist Convention.**

To avoid the pressure and the crowd assembled at the Baptist Church in Canard on the Sabbath of the Convention, I went with a friend to hear the Rev. C. Tupper, D. D., in the new Presbyterian Church near by.

The text was chosen from 1 John iii. 14.—"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." The subject was presented with simplicity, and in such a manner as to enlighten the understanding and to touch the heart. The speaker dwelt upon a state of death and a state of life, and the change from the former to the latter. He next dwelt upon the inward witness of the Christian, that he has been translated out of darkness into marvellous light, and made a new creature in Christ Jesus. "We know that we have passed from death unto life." In the conversion of some a very marked change is observable. The vicious character is transformed suddenly into an exemplary one. In this case the witness is clear that the soul has been converted. But in other cases the change is less marked. The character was always exemplary in an outward sense, but a change of heart is no less needful than in the case of the outwardly immoral. It is true that some profess to have experienced a change of heart, who do not show it by a holy life; but it is also true that others show, by a holy life, that their hearts have been renewed by the grace of God, who, at the same time, do not in their own souls have so clear an evidence as others of their acceptance with God. Though they are under the influence of the Spirit, yet they cannot remember the circumstances of their conversion. These may be weak and trembling. They are not yet made "perfect in love," since they sometimes "fear" that they are not Christians. How then may such persons "know that they have passed from death unto life?" "Because they love the brethren." The speaker then proceeded to show the attachment which the truly converted person will have to the children of God, and how that attachment will be manifested, between members of the same church and christians of different denominations. The true Christian cannot compromise the truth, nor violate his conscience, but he will love the image of Christ wherever it is seen. This part of the sermon was well fitted to allay all bitterness of feeling between different denominations, and to drive away the spirit of discord from the bosom of the church.

The speaker is remarkable for his catholicity of spirit, and his tenacious adherence to what he conscientiously holds to be the truth—two qualities well worthy of imitation—for Paul says that "charity rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth." The Doctor is also a good example of the colloquial and familiar style of preaching, in which the speaker hides himself behind the Saviour, and, instead of speaking in his own light, exhibits the glory of the gospel. But in none of these things is he more remarkable than for his clear apprehension and correct application of scripture. Now and then a flood of light is thrown upon an obscure passage of scripture, and the hearer wonders that he never understood it before.

Elder Tupper is now among the fathers in the ministry. He has been one of the ablest defenders of Baptist principles in these Provinces, and will be known by his works when his presence shall no more be with us. Would it not be gratifying to future generations to see his likeness hanging on the walls of our College library, in company with those of Messrs. Manning, Harding, and Dimock?

Canard, August 21st, 1859.

For the Christian Messenger.

**Halifax City Improvements.**

DEAR SIR,

Having been absent from the Province for some years, without losing my interest in the prosperity and advancement of this my native place, (and I should be ashamed to acknowledge it if I had, for I love my country as a faithful devoted husband does his wife, or a miser his gold,) I have often, as opportunity arose, enquired—How does Halifax prosper?—What is the state of things in that quarter? and have been almost invariably met with the reply, that "Halifax was fifty years behind the age,"—that there was no business, no trade, etc., and that the people seemed to be all asleep, having no energy, no enterprise, no public spirit, and, in short, that the country was on the very eve of ruin." Now, these reports seem to have been entirely without foundation, and I am glad to

see that the city, instead of retrograding, has been steadily increasing and advancing in prosperity; and that many of its citizens who, a few years ago, were in humble circumstances, are growing rich, and, altogether, the city of Halifax bids fair to become one of the first cities in North America, even though she may now be "fifty years behind the age." In proof of its advancement, I need only refer to one fact: ten years ago, if my memory serves me, the Province Building, Dalhousie College, the Poor's Asylum and the Jail were the only public buildings: and two of these were, to say the least, very unsightly and of a mean order—such as would make our citizens blush to introduce a stranger to them. But, what do we see now? Let us, if you please, take a walk as far as the south end of the Common, and what do we behold, there stands the City Hospital, just finished, a building which would do credit to any city. Advancing a little farther eastward, and passing by a great many private improvements, especially those of Mr. Letson, who, for one, at least, has certainly not been asleep or in a dormant state, during the period referred to, we come to the new Court House, situated in the Governor's pasture, adjoining the old English burial ground. The site is well chosen, and reflects much credit upon the Commissioners having that matter in charge. The building is of fine material; and, judging from the style of architecture and general workmanship, as far as it has progressed, will be second to none in the city. Proceeding a little farther in Pleasant Street, stands, majestically and gracefully, the new St. Matthew's Church, with its spire reaching to the clouds, and promising an air of comfort and convenience to the good people of that denomination, as a reward for the efforts they have made to erect a superior church edifice. It will be an ornament to that part of the city. Proceeding northward, we see that improvements have been made there. On our way, we will tarry for a few minutes, and take a peep into your own much-beloved place of worship—the Baptist Chapel, in Granville Street. Here we find a great internal commotion has taken place. The old pulpit has been removed, and a platform and desk has been raised at the south end—a very good arrangement. The galleries on the west and south sides have also been removed, giving a fine view of the handsome ceiling, the north gallery only being reserved. The pews, venerated for their antiquity and the pleasing associations which cluster around them, have also been converted into much more convenient and comfortable seats. A large gasolier, comprising about twenty-five or thirty burners with globes, suspended from the ceiling, which, with others around the sides, furnish ample light, and make a very pretty appearance. May the clear Light of Truth in that place eclipse them all in brilliancy and effect. But, I had almost forgotten that we were on our way to witness other improvements at the north.—The new Wellington Barracks are a stupendous undertaking, capable of accommodating two regiments. These are nearly completed and ready for the reception of troops. Farther north, we have the City Prison—a building long needed, well arranged, and of fine appearance and construction, and, altogether, worthy of a nobler purpose than that for which it is designed.

And now, Mr. Editor, having witnessed the principal public improvements of the city, we will proceed across the water, in order to take a view of the extensive and finely-proportioned Asylum for the Insane. This is the offspring of the good citizens of Halifax, and ought to be classed among the city improvements; but I must not enlarge, or shall intrude on your space and readers.

I will now leave you to resume your duties, as I am aware they are too arduous and pressing to allow of much time being spent in rambling about with idle visitors. I have seen and now have written enough to show that the half of the slanders and misrepresentations which I had heard of my native city were not true, and remain,

Your obedient servant,  
A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

Halifax, August 19th, 1859.

For the Christian Messenger.

In his report of the Eastern N. B. Association, held at Hopewell, "A Pilgrim," in alluding to the business with reference to the *Christian Visitor*, wishes to guard against making an unfavorable impression with respect to that useful paper, by here stating that no reflection was cast upon the foreign correspondence now appearing in its pages, but only the desirableness of securing such correspondence from other parts of the world, and that there was no depreciation of the periodical alluded to: but only the desire expressed that it might continue to keep up in all its departments with the progressive spirit of the age.

August, 1859.

"PILGRIM."

For the Christian Messenger.

BLACK POINT, ST. MARGARET'S BAY,  
August 19th, 1859.

MR. EDITOR,

I wish, through the columns of the *Messenger*, to correct a slight mistake in Bro. Bell's report, which reads as follows:—"I proceeded to Black Point, on the west side of the Bay. Here I preached almost every evening during the week. On Lord's-day, besides preaching twice to large congregations, I aided in starting a large Sabbath School, which, previously, had been allowed to go down."—C. M., Aug. 10th, 5th page.

In justice to myself and friends here, I think it my duty to state that, since I came here, which is more than a year, there has been nothing like a going down of our Sabbath School, either summer or winter, but rather a raising up. We have, in connexion, a Bible Class of adults, chiefly parents. I imagine that Bro. Bell refers to his labors over the Bay. We have men here who strive for the advancement of truth and soberness. This you may learn from the following significant fact:—On the last evening previous to the general election we held a Temperance meeting, which was largely attended, though there is no Temperance organization here. Three church members were to keep open house, and, of course, liquor. Now came the tug of conscience.—One allowed no rum to enter his house, another sent most of his away, while the third caused mother earth to drink his.

We feel, sir, that not only is there a woe pronounced on those who give it to their neighbor, but also a fearful responsibility on our law-makers.

G. J. R.

[It is just possible that the error referred to above may have arisen from our having had to condense Bro. Bell's communication.—Ed. C. M.]

**Religious Intelligence.**

For the Christian Messenger.

GUYSBOROUGH COUNTY.—Mr. Editor.—In accordance with an appointment of the Missionary Board, I have spent five weeks at Guysborough, where I labored nine weeks in the spring, under very discouraging circumstances. The state of religion here has been very low for a long time. Many almost began to think that the Lord had forsaken them, yet there were some that were looking, with anxious hearts, for the time when God would again appear to their relief. Family circumstances called me home for a few weeks. Shortly after I left, God appeared in much mercy to bless the people. When I returned I met with Brethren Whidden and Bixelow, engaged in the good work of God. Brother Bigelow is still laboring with the people at Manchester to good acceptance. His labors there have been highly useful among the people. My labors have been more particularly on this side.

Bro. Bentley's visit to this place was a timely one, and although weak in body, yet strong in the faith. During the two Sabbaths he remained here, five were buried in the likeness of their Lord and Master, which makes twenty baptized here since the revival commenced. There are many more enquiring the way to Zion. May they speedily be led to embrace the Saviour in all his fullness.

This is a large field for Missionary labor, and if some faithful servant of God could devote his labors here for a time, no doubt but much good might be done. There is much need of ministerial labor here. May the Lord send whom he will. Dear Brother Cunningham is much missed here since he went to Halifax. While I am laboring here, my mind is often called to think of the destitute state of Cape Breton, where I have been long laboring. May the great Head of the Church send them help. The good which has been effected since I came here will be better known another day.

I received, in aid of the Mission,—at the Strait, 6s. 3d.; a deaf and dumb man, 5s.; R. Horton, 5s.; collections, 10s. 8d.—Total, £1 6s. 11d.

Yours, in Christian love,

BENJAMIN SPENCER.

Guysborough, August 22nd, 1859.

**Religious Revivals in Ireland.**

BELFAST August 1, 1852.

In reply to your request to give you some account of the great religious movement going on in the North of Ireland, I send you a short statement which may furnish some of the information you desire on this subject.

The leading papers are favourable to the movement, with the exception of the Roman Catholic and Unitarian organs. Some articles have appeared in *The Northern Whig*, ridiculing unguarded expressions of recent converts, and some of the extravagances which are almost inseparable from a time of great popular excite-