

MR. SAMUEL KNOWLES.

Died, at Newport, on the 4th April, in the 59th year of his age, Mr Samuel Knowles, son of the late Mr. William Knowles, and son-in-law of the Rev. George Dimock, Baptist Minister of this place. Mr. Knowles was a valued member of the Baptist Church in Newport. He was much respected and beloved in the community where he had spent his life, and his loss will be severely felt, not only by his sorrowing family, but by all who had the pleasure of acquaintance and intercourse with him. His last illness was short, but extremely severe, and through Divine Grace he was enabled to maintain perfect resignation and composure through his sufferings, and to meet the last enemy without fear,—the sting of death having been taken away. He died universally and deeply regretted, and his remains were followed to the tomb by a large company of friends and neighbours, after which an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. William Burton.—Communicated.

MRS. SUSANNAH CALDWELL AND CHILDREN.

Wife of Mr. Daniel Caldwell, died January 30th, in the 24th year of her age. Her end was peace.

Her sudden and happy death, with the solemn warning she gave to all to prepare for a dying hour, we hope will long be remembered with profit. During her last sickness, God was pleased to take from her embrace, her little daughter Georgianna, who died in the 4th year of her age, on the 25th of January. Again, on the 5th of February, He saw fit to remove her infant daughter from earth to her embrace in heaven.

Thus in the space of ten days was the disconsolate husband and father bereft of his whole family. Mrs. Caldwell was the daughter of our beloved pastor, the Rev. Benjamin Vaughan.—Communicated by Mr. Joseph Masters. [Christian Visitor please copy.]

For the Christian Messenger.

English Correspondence.

From our own Correspondent.

Manchester, April 7th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR,

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS SCHEMES.

Our wily neighbour seems to have studied human nature to some purpose. He knows well how to frighten Europe and oblige the governments to become valuable aids to his ambitious projects. No sooner does he calm their fears and by extraordinary urbanity create for himself unbounded eulogy than out creeps from some stray letter or some mutilated telegram, some further design of this arch-dissembler. Official denials are a matter of course. The scheme is allowed to flutter about the world for a while, till its flagrancy is diminished by familiarity, then we are suddenly startled from our repose by a report that what we considered impossible, what we supposed would excite the opposition of the nations, what we fancied was too bad to be attempted, even by the Emperor of the French, is already accomplished.

Many times have we been duped by the reports from France, but we are beginning to awaken to the reality of our position. In Louis Napoleon we have an ally who holds nothing sacred but his own safety, and to accomplish his ends will stop at nothing that will not compromise his existence. Truth, he cannot pretend to, honour he has of a certain sort, so have thieves,—honesty has with him lost its old fashioned English meaning. But he is a wonderful man, decidedly clever. By a flourish of his pen can make the cabinets of Europe tremble, and start off a troop of couriers from every capital. A frown on his face or an ambiguous sentence from his lips, makes a difference of millions in the value of English property. Why are we thus sensitive, ah, why? What would we not give for the perfection of the national arbitration idea. Why should we be so taxed to support the present system of physical force. Disputes between nations will some day be settled by national deputies.

The present diplomatic manoeuvres, already create a general disgust, from their secrecy and irresponsibility, but I fancy we have in that system, bad as it is, the germ of the better way. Time will come when we shall be ashamed to spend 20 shillings a head for the whole population of the British Isles merely to keep up legions of men and material for the purpose of taking human life. Soldiers must eventually give place to a complete system of Volunteer Militia for defence; and police for civil purposes.

THE ENLARGEMENT OF FRANCE.

The cession of Savoy and Nice to France though *un fait accompli* is far from settled. Not that we may expect its return to Sardinia, Napoleon is too deep for that, but the remonstrance of Switzerland has met with such a sordid response from the other European Powers that some restrictions must be put on to secure in some measure an appearance of independent action on the part of the inhabitants;

and to put some clearly defined obstacle in the way of further aggression on the part of France in its eastern frontiers.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

The rumour that France will establish a large Camp at Chalons has produced a counter rumour that Russia would counterpoise it by a similar establishment on the eastern bank of the Rhine. Bavaria fearing some treachery from France against its territory is in excitement to oppose.

THE KING OF SARDINIA

has opened the parliament of his newly acquired dominion, and gives a gracious speech, the most remarkable point of which is his assertion that he will oppose the Pope in his assumption of civil or political power over the people of Italy. The Pope, poor man, has tried his hand at the old scheme of a Bull of Excommunication against those who have excited rebellion against the pontifical authority, but is too timid or too prudent to mention names. So the bull includes just all who choose to accept it. A famous compromise truly! But it is all he can do.

The King of Naples is a madcap. By persecution and oppression he is goading on his people to rebel. I should not wonder at hearing of his arrival in London as a refugee, and it would not astonish the world to find him accompanied by his Reverend Father of Rome. They seem to work cordially together and will probably stand or fall together.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

desires to exhibit her devotion to Rome by giving a little help in the way of a few of her troops. Peace having been made with Morocco it would be very convenient, now the Spanish troops have gained some little renown, to ship them from the African shore to Italy. It is doubtful however if the other European States would be so willing to let them indulge themselves in glory hunting, in a field so near as the sunny regions of Italy.

General Ortega, the governor of the Balearic Isles has taken advantage of the absence of 40,000 of Spain's best troops in Morocco, to raise again the old Don Carlist revolution in favor of Count de Montemolin, son of Don Carlos. Ortega is said to have landed the 3000 men under his command at Tortosa, a small town near Vallencia in the hope of raising the province of Catalonia first, but it is also reported that his own troops deserted him as soon as they discovered his intention. Ortega is now seeking refuge somewhere.

AT HOME

we are quiet. The approach of the Easter recess has taken away the great interest from parliamentary affairs. The Reform Bill is safe. The French Treaty is agreed to. Mr. Gladstone's budget has gone through its stages fairly. Take it altogether, the government has gained immense power during the session, and in a far greater proportion the Opposition has lost its influence. Time forbids writing at greater length for like other folks, I am off to enjoy my Easter recess.

The hard weather which has continued so long into the Spring has broken up at last and Russia-like, and perhaps like your own Nova Scotia, we have Summer coming on us suddenly.

HASTINGS.

For the Christian Messenger.

The New Zealand Voyagers.

LETTER FROM MRS. HOBBS, WIFE OF REV. W. HOBBS.

Ship George Henderson, Simon's Bay, South Africa, February 11th, 1860.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Hoping that a few extracts from my notebook may prove interesting to some of your readers, I send the following:

Weighed anchor at Pagan, on the 17th of Nov., and unfurled our sails to a propitious breeze which soon wafted us down the Straits of Northumberland, in the brig George Henderson, with a number of passengers,—some for the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, but the greater number for New Zealand. We arrived in Ship Harbour, Straits of Canso, the same afternoon, after a pleasant sail, and had preaching in the evening. We spent a few days on shore very pleasantly, at Mrs. Paint's; and on the 4th of December again set sail, and were quickly wafted seaward, threading our way through the numerous vessels which thronged the Straits.

There is something touching and impressive in the contemplation of a land which one is leaving, perhaps forever, as it slowly sinks beneath the horizon. This impression was increased to us in its grave import, for we were leaving the shores of America,—the scenes of our youth,—brothers and sisters, with the en-

dearments of home,—besides our numerous friends, whom we shall ever hold dear.

Turning from these remembrances, we earnestly fixed our gaze upon the blue line where sky and ocean meet, and beguiled our fancy with visions of the new scenes which were before us.

The wind, which had been blowing hard, increased to a gale about midnight, accompanied with sleet and snow. The ship plowed fearfully through the waves. Rising to the top of the billow, she would appear quiet for a moment, then make another plunge and struggle for the top again; while now and then one would strike with tremendous force and dash over the decks, which almost made us fear for the safety of our Ocean home. But onward she sped at a fearful rate, like a thing of life.

We thought of David's description in the 107th Psalm, and of the Saviour and his disciples on the lake,—“Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness.” During Monday the storm somewhat abated, and shortly we found ourselves in the Gulf-stream, the weather much improved, and, with it, the health of the passengers,—some of whom had realized seasickness to its full extent.

Our days and evenings were spent on deck, sitting or reclining under an awning,—the ladies with their work, the gentlemen their books, and the children with lessons and amusements. The bell ringing for prayers, we all assembled on the quarter-deck, the service being uninterrupted for a number of weeks by either wind or rain,—the sails during that time never once being reefed, although sometimes during the day we were visited by slight squalls and showers, which were always hailed with pleasure, for each ran with tub and bucket, then next day, of course, came washing-day, when rather an amusing scene was presented.

So thus far our voyage has not proved monotonous, new objects of interest occurring almost daily. We were sometimes followed by troops of tumbling porpoises, and would see the spouting whale in the distance. The beautiful Nautilus, with his purple sail, and scores of flying fish, darting from wave to wave, with birds of various kinds, one of which was caught by the Captain, measuring 6 feet 9 inches across the wings. Now we passed a ship homeward bound, to whom we reported ourselves; again one and another were passed, with which we conversed by signal.

In latitude 35° 36 min. we caught the Trade winds; these bore us on speedily to the Equator, which we crossed on the 30th of December,—at which time the pretended Neptune came on board on rather a necessary errand, for the bearded chaps were not a few.

On the 3rd of January, 1860, we passed the City of Pernambuco, on the coast of Brazil, and another large City a few miles south, we supposed likewise given to idolatry. We thought of the martyred *Croise*, and prayed that his mantle might fall on some others. The weather continued very warm, but the evenings in January were magnificent. The moonlight was so clear, that we could sometimes read by it, and to us looks rather singular, being vice versa, besides other phenomena of nature; then the Magellan cloud, the Southern Cross, and then the beautiful sunsets, when the sky is completely illuminated. We could scarcely realize that you in Nova Scotia were surrounded by frost and snow, while we were enjoying the genial breezes of a tropical clime.

Whenever the weather permitted we had preaching on deck, and often then would our thoughts revert to the many happy sabbaths spent in our native land.

On Sunday, 5th of February, the captain informed us that on Monday, at 9 o'clock, we should see land. At that hour the mountains of Africa were visible, which caused quite an excitement among us, with the pleasing hope of again getting on Terra Firma. The same evening we arrived in Simon's Bay, which indeed looked beautiful in the clear moonlight. The harbour is dotted with ships and steam frigates, and a large Man-of-War is stationed here for the prevention of the slave trade. While I am writing, another steamer arrives, laden with British troops. At Table Bay there are 6,000 French Troops bound for China. The town is situated at the foot of a mountain, the peaks of which are 700 and 1,000 feet in height. The houses are built of stone, very white, and principally flat roofed, with great neatness and uniformity. The gardens are beautiful, overhanging with grape vines, and abounding in fruit; they are enclosed with stone walls and hedges composed of cactus, which grow to an immense size, with other beautiful shrubs. Many of the plants which we nurture with so much care in Nova Scotia, here grow wild. We have

spent some time on shore, and enjoyed the rich fruits and novel scenes, visited the Cemetery, Churches, and Admiral's grounds. There are four churches, but none of the Baptist denomination. In reference to the religious element, we are as yet unacquainted, but I am sorry to relate that drunkenness prevails. Their liquors are very cheap,—wine 4d. per bottle. On the street you meet with the Malay, Caffre, and the Hottentot, who appear very affable in their manners. We think them rather behind the age with their modes of conveyance, for you will see a fruit cart drawn by eight yoke of oxen.

Provisions are very high,—potatoes 3d. per pound, and other things accordingly, excepting fruit, which is abundant.

Mr. Hobbs has had an invitation from the Methodist Minister to preach, and if time permits, of course will comply.

Cape Town, the seat of Government, is 24 miles from here, and is a place of considerable importance, containing a population of 30,000 inhabitants.

The soil is of a very sandy nature; the shores and some parts of the mountains are covered with white sand. The mountains abound with streams, but now is their dry season, and very warm, or rather like our August weather.

On Tuesday we expect to sail, hoping in a few weeks to reach Sydney, Australia; but when we arrive at New Zealand, you will likely hear from us again. We tender to our friends our best wishes, and sincerely hope for the prosperity of Zion among you.

With kind regards for Mrs. Selden and family, I shall ever remain

Yours affectionately,
ANNA HOBBS.

P. S.—Our voyage thus far has exceeded our most sanguine expectations, by the kindness of Capt. James and passengers. We had the pleasure yesterday of listening to the Rev. Mr. Thomas, a Wesleyan Minister. Mr. Hobbs preached for him in the afternoon and evening, by his request, who very kindly entertained us at their house. The congregation was composed of Europeans, Malays, Caffres, Hottentots and Dutch. There is also a large number of Mahomedans, with several Mosques; and Pagans without number. There are a few Baptists here, and likewise at Cape Town, who worship with the Methodists, and we doubt not that a cause could be raised, were there a Missionary. We hope that some of our young men of Nova Scotia will be induced to choose Africa as the field of their labour, which is indeed a beautiful country. A. H.

In addition to the information given in the above, we find by a copy of the *Cape Argus* of Feb. 11th a few more items:

ARRIVAL OF EMIGRANTS FROM NOVA SCOTIA.—The brig *George Henderson*, John James, master, with emigrants from Halifax, Nova Scotia (British North America), to the Cape, Sydney, and New Zealand, arrived in Simon's Bay on Tuesday. Captain James has given us the following report: “Took departure from Cape Canso, Nova Scotia, on the 5th day of December, 1859, with the wind at north-east, which gradually came out southeast, making it anything but pleasant on the Nova Scotia shore. On the 6th, a m., the wind suddenly shifted to south-west, giving us a flowing sheet and pleasant weather. On the 17th December, a.m., the temperature of air 70 degrees; in Nova Scotia on the 4th December water 58 degrees below freezing point*. This was, indeed, a change for such a short distance. Top coats and woollen mittens were cast aside, and we bid Jack Frost with his wintry blasts, adieu. On the 30th December (at midnight) crossed the equator, twenty-six days out, in long 33 20 west. At eight a.m., off Pernambuco, and signalled to one of her Majesty's ships at anchor. In a little more than twenty-nine days out from Nova Scotia, we cleared the great bug-bear Cape St. Roque and the Brazilian coast, without making a tack. I think this will speak well for the western or new route. I would here notice, that it is fifty-six days since we have lowered a top-gallant yard from stress of weather. Passengers and crew all well.

A list of the ships spoken is then given. A highly complimentary address was presented by the cabin passengers to Captain James. We extract a brief passage or two:

Your amiability, uniform good humour, kindness, and attention to our health and comfort, together with the interest manifested by you in our future welfare, and your willingness to impart to us from your extensive stock of varied and useful knowledge, acquired by you during a life spent in connection with nautical affairs, and your evident desire to afford us every information respecting our daily progress across the trackless ocean, all has contributed to render it an epoch in our lives to which we shall ever recur with pleasurable emotions.

The anxious care and solicitude for our safety manifested by you has enabled us when night had spread its mantle over the deep, to retire to rest untroubled by any apprehensions for our safety; and at times when danger had hovered around us, the tempest raged and the mighty water threatened to engulf our gallant bark, our confidence in your practical seamanship, so

* Note.—We give this as corrected in the margin.