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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

I love the Sea.

I love the sea, the deep blue sea,
The ceaseless notes of its minstrelsy;
I love to list to its deaf'ning roar,
As its surges dash on the rock-bound shore.

I love to stand on the sea-laved strand,
As decked with shells is the snow-white sand,
And look afar o'er the crested waves,
Neath their glittering forms are the seamen's graves.

In its peaceful hours how calm its rest,
Not a wavelet ruffles its placid breast;
And the sun's last kiss of his parting ray
Illumes its brim as he sinks away.

Oh like to sail on the trackless seas,
Where the billows dance to the rustling breeze,
And the sea-birds roam o'er the lonely way,
With their white wings laved in the ocean spray.

I'd like to look at its sunny bed,
Where diamonds shine with the rubies red,
And the pearly shells in their brightness glow,
Untarnished white as the glittering snow.

I love to think of its caverns deep,
Where sea-nymphs dwell and naiads sleep,
Where mermaids gamble afar neath the foam,
And sea-snakes dwell in their watery home.

Some find on the land a stronger charm,
Where all is change, with nought to alarm,
But I love the waves of the ocean more
Than the proudest sights on the vapid shore.

There's music sweet in the warbling bird,
And the rustling leaves by the zephyrs stirred,
But sweeter far is the sound of the sea,
Its dashing waves in wild harmony.

H. W.

History and Topography.

For the Christian Messenger.

Recollections of Rome.

[No. 3.]

THE MODERN ROMAN.

SINCE the times of the later emperors there have been comparatively few exhibitions of that invincible courage and fortitude, that unstudied but sublime dignity, that stern and unbending virtue, which, blending, constituted the peculiar character of the ancient Roman, made him the ruler of the ancient world, and won for him from modern times an admiration, which the more refined and intellectual Greek had never been able to obtain. The energy, fortitude and courage of the Roman, seems now to be the birth-right of the Anglo-Saxon. Those exhibitions of dignity in speech and action, which are so frequently presented in the history of the ancient city, are now no where to be seen. Of course the simplicity of manners and the incorruptible virtue of pagan Rome have vanished to return, in their ancient form, no more.

When we review the modern history of this people we are not surprised that they no longer exhibit the peculiar qualities of their ancestors. The Roman has been a slave for many centuries,—a slave to a master who not only ruled over the outer life, but also over the thought, the holy feelings of the heart, the sacred dictates of the conscience. Vain, thus far, has been every attempt at freedom. The despot has always been able to call in aid from beyond the Alps, and from the days of Charlemagne to those of Louis Napoleon, the most potent rulers of Europe have vied with each other in their efforts to preserve to the pope of Rome his patrimony, unimpaired. We should not be surprised if the modern Roman had lost that irresistible energy and force of character, which distinguished his ancestors. Nor have the influences to which he has been exposed tended to call forth the manners or the morals of antiquity. A horde of Barbarians mingling with degenerate Romans, formed a people which were only partially regenerated through the influence of Christianity, Christianity itself soon became corrupted, and exerted little elevating influence. The vicegerents

of Christ were often the worst of mankind, the court of the Head of the Church was often the most corrupt and impure in Europe. We should not be surprised to find the Roman as extravagant, as corrupt, and licentious as his political enemies represent him. We are only surprised to find that he has not fallen into deeper degradation. Let Englishmen suffer as many centuries of such slavery, let them have presented at the head of an infallible church such examples, and we feel assured that after they had suffered as the Roman has, they would be viler than the Roman is.

He possesses many qualities which, under a more liberal government and a purer religion, may yet develop themselves into a character more truly admirable than that which his ancestors exhibited.

One will not meet in Rome the crowds of gay, laughing, shouting buffoons who throng the promenades of Naples, nor the thoughtless and careless multitudes who traverse the Long Arno of Florence. The Roman cannot forget the city to which he belongs. There is a solemnity in his appearance, and a dignity in his movements; there is a glow on his brow, but there is a hope yet in his breast, glowing after so many centuries of degradation. He does not seem to be gross in his pleasures. Though excluded from the business and pursuits of the modern world by the desolate marshes which surround his city, as also by the narrow-minded policy of the popes, he still exhibits a wonderful degree of refinement in his tastes, as also in his manners. The dungeon and the gibbet have banished those free thoughts which have fed the minds and guided the lives of the inhabitants of happier lands; yet, strange to say, the Roman has not fallen into the vices which usually characterize the hopeless slave. He delights in music, poetry and the fine arts. One is surprised to find how much more refined he is than a Londoner of the same apparent education and position in society.

The land flows with wine, yet one will barely meet with a drunken man. Even during the Carnival, when the Roman lays aside his reserve, nothing coarse or vulgar is to be seen. We may imagine the drunkenness, the quarrelling, the crime which would attend a Carnival in London or Glasgow. In Rome the sports of the season, silly though they appear to us, are carried out with harmless mirth, and very rarely lead to indecency or brutality.

The Roman is intelligent, and possesses a cultivated taste. Though ignorant of much of what we deem essential to education, his mental powers are trained in a school in which we have never studied, and directed towards subjects on which we perhaps rarely think. He has a book ever open before him which cultivates one of our noblest powers,—the imagination. His city is a vast museum. He can wander amidst ruins which are the relics of the ancient mistress of the world. He can take an interest and a pride in every broken slab, in every fragment of antiquity over which he travels. He can view not only the mutilated remnants of the past, but many of the choicest works of olden and modern times. He can learn by heart the exquisite conceptions of the greatest artists who have ever lived. Here is the dying Gladiator, and there the Laocoon, and the Appollo Belviders. Then he turns to view these triumphs of ancient art rivalled by the productions of Raphael, Michael Angelo and Canova. Here he looks with admiration on the noble simplicity of the Pantheon, the most perfect relic of antiquity in the world, and there he sees towering far on high the majestic dome of St. Peter's. The Roman has before him every object that can stimulate the imagination, and perfect its powers.

He is a patriot, a patriot notwithstanding his long bondage, notwithstanding his religion. He feels that his fetters gall. He cannot love his master, though he be called the vicegerent of God. We do not wonder much at this. The Roman is surrounded by objects that must awaken patriotic pride. He cannot contrast the glorious past with the ignoble present, without

longing for redemption. He cannot live in Rome without feeling towards her an attachment which even his religion cannot digress. Above him is the clear Italian sky, around him Rome. He sees fields always green, vineyards and orange orchards ever in blossom or fruit. The very weeds which cover the ruined temples or luxuriate on the desolation of the Campagna, perfume the atmosphere. The seasons roll on, and each in its turn possesses some new charm, and gives some new enjoyment. No wonder that the young Roman could dare defend his city against the French invader, for "where's the coward that would not dare to fight for such a land?"

The Roman thus possesses many qualities which entitle him to our esteem. He is enthusiastic and passionate, but he possesses a generous heart. He is ignorant of many subjects in literature and philosophy, but he is not rude or uncultivated. His tastes often lead him to pursuits which to us seem trivial and unmanly, but it is a question whether even this be not better than the mammon-worship of the Anglo-Saxon. The Roman is turbulent, but who would severely name turbulence under the papal government. He is, when injured, fierce and vindictive, but when has he seen the Christian character exemplified in the boasted heads of the Christian faith.

For the vices of the modern Roman we can find a cause in the history of his government and religion; for his better qualities he is indebted to the associations which cluster around his home, to the world of beauty in which he dwells, and to the original nature which God has given him.

THE following excellent article is from the pen of Dr. Duff, than whom no one is more capable of instituting a comparison such as it contains. He has been, for many years, a most successful missionary in connection with the Presbyterian body. Whilst reading it, we cannot but feel a thrill of pleasure that our own immortal Carey was the one who went into the thick darkness which pervaded "India as it was," or went "down into the well," as he termed it, and probably did more in his life-time than any other one man to bring about the happy and glorious change which is here described, and which may yet be expected for that vast and populous part of the British dominions.

India as it was and as it is.

To one who knew India a generation or two ago—as it lay in the almost hopeless stagnation of twenty or thirty centuries, and with an hereditary reputation of being unchangeable—its present aspect appears not a little surprising. Change—change—change, has begun to lay its innovating hand on many of its most venerated institutions, as well as on the habits and usages connected with the outer and inner life of myriads of its inhabitants. Of course the manifestations of such change are by no means universal. In a country of such vast territorial extent, there are regions that still lie in the lap of stagnation, unconscious of surrounding movements and undistracted by the breath of progress. But at the great central foci of influence, and along the great thoroughfares of travel and commerce, the evidences of change in progress or in prospect obtrude themselves on the eye of the most casual observer.

About a quarter of a century ago we felt almost isolated from Europe, and at an awful distance, by sea, of fifteen thousand miles from home; while the passage by the Red Sea, when then projected, was scouted as the vision of an idle dreamer:—now, that passage, regularly accomplished every month, has shortened the distance from home to a fourth of what it was before—has removed the feeling and the fact of former isolation—and has, in a manner, brought long stagnant India into immediate contact with the stirring activities of Europe. Then, if we had an answer to letters within the twelve months, we could not complain; while the irregularities of correspondence were endless, depending on the fluctuations

of seasons and the varying powers of sailing vessels:—now, we are independent of seasons and sailing vessels—Western India and through the telegraph even Eastern India, being within a month of Southampton; while twice every month we can usually calculate almost on the very day when home will pour in upon us its masses of written correspondence and published intelligence. Then the trade of India was greatly restricted, being but very partially opened to the west; while no one could even touch its guarded shores without a special license from the court of directors:—now the commerce of India is thrown freely open to the whole world, and has accordingly undergone an unprecedented increase; while the interior is thrown open, from end to end, to the capital, the enterprise, and the exhaustless energies of the Anglo-Saxon race. Then, there were no properly made roads in India—only rough tracks, difficult at all times, and utterly impassable during the rains:—now, in different directions, as between this and North India, there are thousands of miles of excellent roads, with hundreds of substantial bridges, equal to any in the British Isles; while, in consequence of such facilities, internal traffic and communication have greatly increased, to the great advantage of the inhabitants. Then, travelling was limited to three or four miles an hour of the palkee, the camel, or the elephant; now, from the improvements in the roads, one may travel in different quarters hundreds of miles in horse vehicles, at double or even treble that of the Asiatic rate. Then, the first railway laid between Manchester and Liverpool was heard of as an all incredible wonder:—now, at Bombay and elsewhere, considerable portions of railway have been opened; at Calcutta we have already one hundred and twenty-five miles of it in actual operation, and the natives avail themselves of it (contrary to all expectation) to such an extent that the daily ordinary trains look like the extraordinary monster-excursion trains at home—while in addition to its purely locomotive benefits, it has helped to shake the faith of many in the long-cherished traditions of their fathers—some, at Bombay, remarking that the great tunnel dug through the hill in its neighborhood by the skill of 'mlechos,' or unclean engineers, is really a more marvellous achievement than that of the excavation of the Salsette and Elephanta caves out of 'the sides' of the hill—a work to which only gods and demi-gods are ordinarily reputed to be equal; while some of the old incredulous brahmins in Bengal, when persuaded to be eye-witnesses and judge for themselves, have been seen knocking their foreheads in a sort of agony, and exclaiming, at the sight of the mighty train as it rolled along like one interminable vehicle, that Indra himself (their Jupiter or god of the firmament) had no such carriage as that!

Then, all letters and papers were slowly carried, at exorbitant rates of postage, in boxes swung by a bamboo across men's shoulders, over paddy fields, and marshes and jungles; and often in the rainy season literally dragged through mud and water, and bringing us in the end a consolidated mass of pulp:—now, along the great trunk roads they are swiftly and safely conveyed in horse vehicles; while at last we have obtained a penny stamp for letters in India, and sixpence for home—the postage on home papers being removed altogether. The effect on native as well as European correspondence is unspeakable. Then, the quickest mode of communicating heard of by sea or by land, was that of steam:—now, we too have got thousands of miles of that most wondrous of all scientific inventions, the electric telegraph, conveying its messages mysteriously on lightning wings, so as practically to annihilate time and space; and strange indeed was it for me to see this crowning symbol of our highest modern civilization, traversing forests which hitherto have been the exclusive domain of the hyæna and the tiger; or peering out over the peepuls and the palms of our consecrated groves; or skirting the sides of India's idolatrous temples, the deaf, and dumb, and sightless occupants within all