

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS.—JEREMIAH VI. 16.

TORONTO, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1841.

[NUMBER 51.]

VOLUME IV.]

Poetry.

VALE CRUCIS ABBEY.

BY REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

Here, where wet winds autumnal rains may fling,
And pallid ash-trees in the transept lean,
The gentle-mannered monks were wont to sing
The Son of God, the Help of the unclean;
And, from Cistercian service books, to hymn
The blissful Mother, as the nights grew dim.

Here, not unmindful of the public good,
Dwelt some poor headsmen of the stainless Mary,
Bosomed, like monkish spots, in coves of wood,
That mourn and eve with mystic commentary
Might for meek hearts re-join the broken threads,
Hid in Church books, like ore in jealous beds.

And, at this hollow, and in vales like this,
The winds took in good lading, and a freight
Of precious boons, dispensing balm and bliss,
Lifting from England's Saxon fields the weight
Of sins that sprang in such prolific brood
From the perverseness of her Norman blood.

Still, within hearing, at pale matin-time
There comes a soul into these ruins lone,
Where the clean-wat'red Dee his woodland chime
Steers with sweet skill from rich Edeyrion,
Leaving on shady rock and mountain bending
Shreds of faint echo waked in his descending.

oft, when chill winds the compline hour have tolled,
The broken East is faintly lighted yet,
Ever when in yon Gothic turret
The harmless moon her full white orb hath set,
While, on the field beyond, her trembling fire
Streams mIdly through the triple-windowed choir.

Thou visitor of ruins! thou mayest come
To worn portulaks and green-headed walls,
Where some rude baron held his festal home
In moated fortalice or hunting-hall—
There thou mayest come, when placid nights are wearing,
To learn of earth her art of soft repairing.

But other thoughts and deeper must be thine,
When by poor abbays, rightly wived o'er,
Thou dream'st that England, leaving Christian shrine,
Hath turned herself to Druid rite once more,—
Fearing in wakeful thoughts lest, heaven grown,
She should not miss the Cross when it is gone.

THE POETRY AND MUSIC OF THE CHURCH.*

One of the means which the Church possesses of purifying the general tone of her members, and exalting it more and more towards her own high and heavenly standard, is found in her psalmody and hymns, her spiritual songs and melodies. And unquestionably these parts of her worship are very powerful instruments for producing that great end.

The effect of popular airs, not only in producing immediate impressions, but even in moulding and permanently affecting the sentiments and character, has long been proverbial. It is well known how important a place music was considered to hold among the Greeks, even for the purposes of education. The song and the ballad, and, much more hymns and sacred psalms, have the combined influence of both poetry and music, those two powerful principles for touching the secret springs of the human heart. And as we find on every matter that can engage the soul of man, that on referring to Holy Scripture the same is invested with a mysterious and sublime interest by being introduced in its relations to another world, and other unseen living agencies, so we find it especially the case in this instance. It would seem, indeed, as if music had some profound and secret connexion with the power which good and evil spirits are permitted to have over our hearts, which is darkly intimated in that remarkable passage respecting Saul: "When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, David took a harp and played with his hand, so Saul was refreshed, and the evil spirit departed from him." It is a very remarkable fact, that so much of the divine teaching is through the medium of sacred song and poetry. The eloquence of oratory it recommends not, but poetry, to which some in later days would assign a very low place amongst the instruments of good, has been especially the divine mode of communicating with man.

Reason and experience, therefore, and the Divine Scriptures themselves, teach us the great power which these kindred and associate instruments—poetry and music—have upon the moral principles and affections. But this is not all. There is, in fact, no stronger indication of the state of religious feeling and prevailing impulses amongst a people than the popular music and poetry. The kind of hymns and psalms which from time to time become attractive, are not only powerful to produce certain tendencies, but serve at the same time as proofs what those tendencies are, as such strains take their hue and complexion from the heart. Thus the music of a nation assumes its colour and character from the workings of the mind, and reflects, as in a glass, the spiritual world within; as the sea takes every hue from the sky, though to the beholder at a distance the colours may appear as distinct and dissimilar. In profane and immoral songs, or in such as are connected with warlike enthusiasm, or disloyalty, it is of course evident how they indicate the temper of those who are under the dominion of those passions. And so, also, in the case of music and hymns professedly religious, to those who are capable of judging what is really heartfelt in sentiment, it will be evident, at least, on a little consideration, that in them, as in a mirror, we shall be able to see the face of religion itself, coming forth from its hidden abode in the heart. The tendencies of an age are most seen as it departs; the last age appears now to have been distinguished by a want of reverential awe in religion, and no where is this more displayed than in its hymns. For instance, the well-known hymn of Pope, "The dying Christian to his soul," however beautiful the language and the music, is little compatible with a serious sense of what may be hereafter. We shrink from the words, "Oh, the pain—the bliss of dying!" And in our own day the tone of religion which has prevailed can be discerned in nothing more strongly than in those hymns and tunes, which, rising and spreading from those without the Church, have at length found admission into some of our own temples. We do not wish to quote any of them to show their character and tendencies, which would be an easy, but painful task; but, to say no worse, let the egotistical expressions which pervade them be only compared with the Catholic temper of "The Christian Year,"—the subdued and self-forgetting temper of the Churchman in that work,

* From the British Critic.

with the passionate fervour, and self-confidence, with which so many of these hymns are deeply imbued. One thing is very evident, that they are of a nature most inconsistent with the temper and spirit of our own ancient Liturgies.

Another striking proof of the spirit of the age, as developing itself in its peculiar tastes for poetry and music, may be seen in the little value now set by so many on our cathedrals, in which the ancient and Catholic form of worship is sustained, a system of devotion wherein the Psalms themselves, the words of the Holy Ghost, are more particularly the objects of sacred melody and song. The desertion and neglect with which the cathedrals are treated, and the irreverence of too many who from different motives and causes are found within their sacred walls, has been for some time the frequent subject of remark and deep regret.

It is really wonderful that persons, and religious persons too, should have come to undervalue, as some have done, so inestimable a gift of God as the inspired poetry of Scripture. What would heathen philosophy and unenlightened reason have said beforehand of such a boon, of such a living instrument for hallowing the affections? The heathen philosopher Plato did, indeed, propose to banish poetry from the state which he planned as the best for the good man; but why? It was because, whilst he acknowledged the great power it had over man's mind, in his unenlightened condition, he felt the difficulty, nay, apparent impossibility, of regulating it for good; he did so, in despair of finding such poets, and such subjects and sentiments which they might adopt, as would elevate and purify rather than corrupt the heart. But how would that heathen moralist have prized, first of all, such a system as that of the Church, which realizes beyond the thought of man every imaginary polity for promoting virtue, and in this Church no less a gift imparted than that of divine poetry,—the poetry not of man, but of the Holy Spirit himself; endowed with more than the power of human poetry, and the tone and character, and sentiments of which cannot be other than hallowing and purifying, as being no less than living streams emanating from the very fountain of holiness? Let us add to this the combination of music also, to which the same writer attributes so great an efficacy in education, as a means of instilling virtuous principles, of moulding from childhood a virtuous disposition. So great does he consider its effect in morals, that to be accustomed to music of evil tone and tendency he describes to be like "feeding on some noxious herb, which by little and little, from day to day, is unperceived, until it secretly affects the whole character."

On the contrary, good music, he says, is "like a gale bearing health from salubrious spots, which from early years insinuates itself into the soul, until it has become assimilated to principles of good from a sort of congeniality and accordance with them." What a pregnant form and high meaning do those expressions breathe when applied to inspired psalmody! Here we have the influence of that poetry, which cannot be evil, and of music capable of being adapted to the highest ends; so as to form, as it were, gates from a celestial paradise, from heavenly places bearing health.

It is highly interesting to compare these expressions of the heathen moralist, with the words of one who had known, and felt, and valued, in God's sacred house, that which the other could only have contemplated in imagination, of one who had himself drunk of those "fresh springs" of holy affection which flow from the mountain of God; we mean, our admirable Hooker.

"In harmony," he writes, "the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived; the mind is delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilential than some kinds of harmony, than some nothing more strong and potent unto good." "So that although we lay altogether aside the consideration of the ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds, being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager, sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections. The prophet David having therefore singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God."

If music, therefore, itself is to be thus spoken of for its marvellous force and pleasing efficacy in moving affection, and its power in that very part of man which is most divine, what shall we say of it when aptly framed and moulded as the vehicle of divine poetry; as the instrumental means of conveying into the soul, and the very seat of the affections, divine philosophy altogether with itself? Such considerations may lead us to see the inestimable value of the heavenly gift which the Psalms are to man.—Human productions will generally partake more or less of human imperfection; but to inspired poetry we may ever turn as to the standard of what is truly beneficial. What has been said applies indeed more particularly to the Psalms, as they are used according to ancient Catholic custom in their literal translations, and especially in chanting; yet it may lead us also to value in its degree that which the Church of these realms has permitted, the use of the Psalms of David, adapted to rhyme and metre, a custom in our Church, not only prevailing since the Reformation, but of great antiquity. Moreover, as the Psalms when chanted in public worship derive a new power of access into the heart from the harmonious charm of sweet sounds, in like manner may they derive at least something of the same by the addition of poetic phrase, and the well-fitted garb of varied metrical arrangement, aided by the influence of suitable musical combinations. "For," as St. Basil has most beautifully remarked in ancient times of the Church, "whereas the Holy Spirit saw that mankind is unto virtue hardly drawn, and that righteousness is the least accounted of, by reason of the proneness of our affections to that which delighteth; it pleased the wisdom of the same Spirit to borrow from melody that pleasure which, mingled with heavenly mysteries, causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear, to convey, as it were, by stealth, the treasure of good things into man's mind." To this purpose were those harmonious tunes of Psalms devised for us, that they which are either in years but young, or touching perfection of virtue as not yet grown to ripeness, might, when they think they sing, have their souls instructed in the truth. O the wise design of that heavenly Teacher which hath by his skill discovered a

way, that, doing those things wherein we delight, we may learn that whereby we profit!"

THE DAWN OF MAY.

BY MISS M. A. S. BARBER.

It hath pleased God, to whom the weakness and ignorance of our mortal nature are fully known, to present to us the wonders and beauties of the visible world, which we see every where surrounding us, as types of that spiritual kingdom, which is not less real, and with which we are more strongly and more lastingly connected; that the eyes of our understanding may be enlightened by our bodily sight, and the skies, the waters, the earth, and all that it contains, may read us daily lessons of wisdom, faith, and love.

Light was the first work of the visible creation; and the same eternal Spirit which moved upon the face of the waters, when morning shone over the huge chaos, moves upon the heart of every man who is created anew in Christ Jesus; as says St. Paul: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus" (2 Cor. iv. 6); and the change which takes place in the human spirit, when it is turned from sin to holiness, from the power of Satan unto God, is often compared in the Scriptures to the passing from darkness to light, to the day-dawn, to the day-spring from on high.

Beneath our northern sky, in a country where civilization and refinement long established have induced habits of luxury and indolence, there are, perhaps, many who are not familiar with the beauties of the dawn; yet, but few, probably, who have not at some time seen the darkness gradually melting away before the rising sun—gradually, for not at once does it burst in full splendour upon the earth—he twilight momentarily brightening precedes its approach. And thus it commonly is with the work of the Spirit upon the heart—it is gradual: almost every type, in addition to that under consideration, which is used to express it in Scripture, bespeaks the same fact; such as the growth of seed—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear (Mark iv. 28); birth—growing from a helpless infant "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ" (Eph. iv. 13). How often is the heart filled with mourning, and the eyes with tears, who the awakened spirit looks doubtfully, hopelessly, despondingly distrustful alike of God's power and his grace, upon the bright character of a Christian, as drawn in his word, or the likeness as reflected by his faithful children upon earth, and says, "I am not of them!" Is it not as though the young plant, only just putting forth its first green leaves, should look at those of its own species flourishing near it, and exclaim, "I do not belong to them; I have none of those beautiful flowers;" or as if the twilight should say, "It will never be day?"

Nor does the morning always dawn with equal brilliancy. Sometimes the sun, unobscured by clouds or mists, fills the blue air with its golden beams. Beautiful is the sunset—how beautiful!—when the departing light lingers in many a faint and purple line over the hills; but what is it compared to the glories of the early morning, when the grass is clothed with dewdrops sparkling in the sun; when the freshness and fragrance of the air quicken the delight of existence; and a thousand new blossoms are opening round every path? Is there any pleasure for the soul upon earth like its first awakening to God? Perhaps it is alone with him—in the kingdom of his grace it has yet seen none but him—it knows nothing of his people, little of his ordinances, and only dimly reads his word; yet it has heard the call "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. v. 14); it awakes, and behold God has said, "Let there be light!" True, it is but the dawn—true, there are many shadows of ignorance and darkness not yet dispelled; but it feels itself endowed with a new life; and were it not that even in rising from the dead it bears the burden of its sins, it would feel, perhaps, as Adam felt when he first awoke to consciousness in the garden of Eden. The change within produces a change without. Its eyes are opened to behold that which has been long hidden from its sight, and God is seen in every thing. The daily walks, the common occupations, the usual scenes of life, are as much altered as was the appearance of the mountain, when the Lord opened the eyes of the prophet's servant; and "behold it was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about Elisha" (2 Kings, vi. 17): sensible of God's presence, confiding in his protection, henceforth it says unto him, "Abba, Father!"

But the sun does not always rise in a gemmer sky; the gathering mist, the heavy rain, the wintry fog, may darken the dawn of its early beams. But "who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust on the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God" (Is. l. 10). So surely as the covenant of day and night shall never fail; so surely as, whilst this earth remains, seed-time and harvest-time, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, shall not cease, so surely will the Lord be gracious to the soul that waiteth for him—so surely when he hath caused the day to dawn will he cause the day-star to arise. The conviction of sin, the fear of punishment, often fill the soul with dreadful apprehensions when it first beholds its guilt. As surely as the shadow falls from the tree, however brightly the sun may shine upon it (the brighter its beams the more clearly the shade is discerned), so surely is every Christian sensible that, however he may be blest with the light of the Spirit, the evil of his own corrupt and human nature casts a shadow upon his heart. It was the experience of this which caused even some of God's greatest saints, when upon earth, to exclaim, "I labor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job, xlii. 6). "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 24). But this sense of sin, against which the children of God bear a remedy in their faith in Christ, their trust in God's pardon, and their knowledge of his love, is very different from that terrifying impression of guilt, which, like the gigantic spectre of the Broken,† seen only at the

† From the Church of England Magazine.

† [For the information of some of our readers, it may be well to add the following account of the phenomenon here referred to.—Ed.] Near to the mountain of Hartz, in Germany, a gigantic figure has occasionally appeared in the heavens, indistinct, but always bearing a resemblance to the human form. It is called the Spectre of the Broken, the name of the hill where it is seen. It is thus described by Mr. Jordan:—"In the course of my repeated tours through the Hartz mountains, I often, but in vain, ascended the Broken, that I might see the spectre. At length, on a serene morning, as the sun was just appearing above the horizon, it stood before me, at a great distance, towards the opposite mountain. It seemed to be the gigantic figure of a man; it vanished in a moment. In September 1796, the celebrated Abbé Hally visited this country. He says, "After having ascended the mountain thirty times, I at last saw the spectre: it was just at sunrise, in the middle of the month of May, about four o'clock in the morning. I saw distinctly a human figure of a monstrous size. The atmosphere was quite serene towards the east: in the south-west a high wind carried before it some light vapours, which were scarcely condensed into clouds, and hung round the mountains upon which the figure stood. I bowed: the colossal figure repeated it. I paid my respects a second time, which was returned with the same civility. I then called the landlord of the inn, and, having taken the same position which I had occupied before, we looked towards the mountain, when we clearly saw two such colossal figures, which, after having repeated our compliment, by bending their bodies, vanished."

† This appearance is thus explained: "When the rising sun throws his rays over the Broken upon the body of a man standing

hour of dawn, often stretches over the conscience of the newly awakened soul; but like that spectre, which melts away as the sun arises, it will disappear when the heart is fully enlightened by the presence of Christ.

"Be not afraid—only believe."

Our faith is feeble, we confess;

We faintly trust thy word:

But wilt thou pity us the less?

Be that far from thee, Lord!

However dark the morning may be, it ushers in the day.— "The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." (Lam. iii. 25, 26).

"Wait thou only upon God" (Ps. lxxii. 5). All the knowledge, all the teaching, all the experience of others (however useful it may in some cases prove), yet, without the light of the Spirit, will no more enable us to discern our own path, than the most correct map which human skill ever delineated could enable a person to distinguish the features of a country spread out around him whilst it was covered with total darkness. Wait, then, upon God: remember his love; compared to it, what is the affection of any friend, however deep and sincere—of any Christian, even could he be in fervent zeal for the salvation of others surpass the blessed apostles of our faith? Can it be thought there is any limit to the love of God, to his infinite compassion? Is it not written, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance?" and again, "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them" (Ps. lxxviii. 18). Throughout the word of God, the promises of his love, of his pity, of his aid, are multiplied; and amidst the most discouraging and perplexing thoughts of the desponding soul, there may be surely some one of them all which it fears not to claim as its own.— Among the green hills of a beautiful country in the south of England winds a little stream, which, from its situation, generally catches the first beams of the rising sun; and often, when the mists are spread over the valley, and the landscape lies dim and indistinct around, it is seen sparkling and winding like a thread of silver on its course; and often thus, through the dim grey dawn of religious knowledge, is some one promise revealed by the light of the Spirit to the heart. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "But, Lord," says the doubting soul, "what is it to come unto thee?" Well, then, "Ask, and ye shall receive," and "whoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

Oh! dark indeed must be the cloud of ignorance and unbelief which can conceal such promises as these from the soul; but even if they should be hid, so that it derives no comfort from them, there may be still some one which it can discern—some one which shines forth like the little sparkling stream, and on which it fastens an undoubting look.

But there is another point in which the dawn resembles the conversion of the soul,—it increases. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv. 18); and "we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. iii. 18). When it hath pleased God to take away the mist which by our evil nature is drawn between us and the light of salvation, we see in the Gospel, as it were in a mirror, the glory of God.—As in Adam all died, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—As sin, and a fellowship with the works of darkness, are the consequences of Adam's fall, the pardon and renewing of the soul to the image of God are the purchase of Christ. The Spirit teaches the Christian to look into the word of God, and to behold depicted there that holiness, that perfection, conformity to which is to be the daily object of his earnest striving. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his" (Rom. viii. 9). If we hear no likeness to Christ, how can we be Christians? and, moreover, we must grow daily more and more like—changed into the same image—yet still by the Spirit of the Lord. "Without me," says Christ, "ye can do nothing;" and as soon could it be dawn without the light of the sun, as the heart enjoy one single reflection of the light of grace, except through Christ. He is the Sun of Righteousness, whose rising creates the dawn, whose presence alone can bring us the day-spring. He is that great Light which shines forth upon the human race sitting in the shadow of death. He is "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" (John i. 9). He is the Lamb, the Light of the holy city, the new Jerusalem—"a Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel."

THE SLAVE TRADE.

From Dr. Croly's Personal History of George IV.

It is still inexplicable and extraordinary, that Pitt should have left this great duty to be done by another. Some of his ablest speeches had been in condemnation of the slave trade. He had pronounced it a national disgrace and calamity. And what man, not turned into a wild beast by avarice,—that passion alternately the meanest and the most daring, the basest and the bloodiest; that passion which, of all others, assimilates and combines the most thoroughly with the evil of perverted human nature,—but must have looked upon that trade with horror? "This a traffic!" exclaimed Burke; "this is not a traffic in the labour of man, but in the man himself!" It was ascertained that from 70,000 to 80,000 slaves had been carried from Africa to the West Indies in a single year; and with what misery beyond all calculation! What agonies of heart, at the utter and eternal parting from friends, kindred, and home! What indescribable torture in the slave ships, where they burned under the tropical day, packed in dens, without room to move, to stand, or even to lie down,—chained, scourged, famished, withering with fever and thirst; human layers festering on each other; the dead, the dying, the frantic, and the tormented, compressed together like bales of merclandize; hundreds seized the first moment of seeing the light and air to fling themselves overboard; hundreds dying of grief; thousands dying of pestilence; and the rest surviving only for a hopeless captivity in a strange land, to labour for life, often under the whips of tyrants, immeasurably more brutal and debased than their unfortunate victims!

With what eyes must Providence have looked down upon this tremendous accumulation of guilt, this hideous abuse of the power of European knowledge, this savage oppression of the miserable African; and with what solemn justice may it not have answered the cry of the blood out of the ground! The vengeance of heaven on individuals is wisely, in most instances, put beyond human discovery. But, for nations there is no judgment to come; no great after-reckoning makes all straight and vindicates the ways of God to man. They must be punished here; and it might be neither difficult nor unproductive of the best knowledge—the Christian's faith in the ever-waking and resistless control of Providence—to trace the punishment of this enormous crime even in Europe. It was perhaps the slave trade that lost America to England, and the crime was thus punished at its height, and within view of the spot where it was committed. But our crime was done in ignorance; the people of this kingdom had known opposite to fleecy clouds, let the beholder fix his eye steadily upon them, and in all probability he will see his own shadow, extending the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles from him."

little of its nature; and they required only to know it to wash their hands of the stain. It may have been, too, for this reason, that, of all unsuccessful wars, the American was the least marked with national loss; and that, of all abominations of empire, the independence of the United States was the most rapidly converted into national advantage. But it is upon the kingdoms which, in the face of perfect knowledge—in scorn of remonstrances that might make the very stones cry out; in treacherous evasion of treaties, in defiance of even the base bargains in which they exacted the money of this country to buy off the blood of the African, have still carried on the trade—that undisciplined and unregarded vengeance has fallen, and is still falling.

The three great slave-traders, whom it has been found impossible to persuade, or to restrain, are France, Spain, and Portugal. And in what circumstances are the colonies now placed for whose peculiar support this dreadful traffic was carried on? France has totally lost St. Domingo, the finest colony in the world, and her colonial trade is a cipher. Spain has lost all. Spanish America and the Brazils are severed from their old masters for ever. And what have been the especial calamities of the sovereigns of those countries? They have been all three expropriated, and the only three. Other sovereigns have suffered temporary evil under the chances of war; but France, Spain, and Portugal, have exhibited the peculiar shame of three dynasties at once in exile—the Portuguese flying across the sea, to escape from an enemy in its capital, and hide its head in a barbarian land—the Spanish deposed, and sent to display its spectacle of mendicant and deceitful royalty throughout Europe—and the French doubly exiled!

The first effort of Louis XVIII. on his restoration was to re-establish the slave trade. Before 12 months were past he was flying for his life to the protection of strangers! On the second restoration the trade was again revived. All representations of its horrors, aggravated as they now are by the lawless rapacity of the foreign traders, were received with mock acquiescence and real scorn. And where are the Bourbons now?

And what is the peace or the prosperity of the countries which have thus dipped their guilty gains in human miseries? The three are still centres of revolutionary terror—Portugal, still covered with the wrecks of a civil war, with a trembling throne, a Jacobin constitution, and a broken people—Spain, torn by faction, and watching every gathering on her hills, as the signs of a tempest that may sweep the land, from the Pyrenees to the ocean—and France, in the first heavings of a mighty change, which man can no more define than he can set limits to the heaving of an earthquake or the swell of a deluge. Other great objects and causes may have their share in those things; but the facts are before mankind.

The probable ground of Pitt's reluctance to extinguish the slave trade at the instant was, his fear of disturbing the financial system, in the midst of a period which made all minds tremble at the name of experiment. While the whole fabric of empire was tottering, there might be rashness even in the attempt to repair the building; and it required higher feelings than are to be learned in the subterranean of politics,—the magnanimity of religious faith,—to do good without fear, and leave the rest to the great Disposer. The war had been altogether a war of finance. Pitt was pre-eminently a financier; and, like all men with one object perpetually before them, he perhaps involuntarily suffered the consideration of revenue to distend on his sight until it shut out every other. The abolition was a novelty; and he had seen a more aspiring novelty, a free constitution, overthrow the most powerful kingdom of Europe. England was at that hour covered with the embers of France,—prince, priest, and noble, flying from the brilliant evil.

The nature of its advocates, too, justified some jealousy; for, mingled with the virtuous and patriotic, there were to be found individuals who would have scandalised the pure cause. None are more tolerant than they who scoff at all creeds alike; none more humane than they who have nothing to give; none more rigorous in demanding public sacrifices than they who feel themselves exempt from all sacrifice. In 1792, the date of Mr. Wilberforce's first efforts against the slave trade, England was overrun with those cheap spies and heroes; the whole land was thick with a crop of spurious tolerance and worthless generosity. The slave trade came forth a new topic. It acted as the live coal on the lips of the rebel serf, long weary of denouncing unperformed wrath against the Throne. It supplied the whole bustling tribe of the Platos and Phocians of the streets with new illustration, and it supplied them with it safe. The acknowledged horrors of the trade threw an allegorical veil over the picture, while the artist was insensibly limning the guilt and punishment of supposed Royal and aristocratic offences at home; the King of Dahomy prefigured a monarch, whom it was yet hazardous to denounce by name; the smiting of West Indian planters by the popular hand led the mind's eye to lofty execution on more hated possessors of wealth and power; and the havoc of negro insurrection lent its colourings to that promised tornado of vengeance which, "in an hour that we knew not of," was to sweep from the earth the nobility, Church, and Crown of the British empire.

ENGLISH ELOQUENCE.

The Essay of Hume is, in my opinion, a very indifferent Performance. In examining all the causes of our inferiority in eloquence, the writer passes over in silence that which seems to me to be the most material—I mean the different application which the ancients gave to that science from which we get it. Our great men are every thing; geometricians, historians, poets, orators, and I know not what. Demosthenes was an orator alone. Till we have seen men of genius shut themselves up for whole months, to study only the force and beauty of their language, transferring with their own hands eight several times the works of an eloquent writer, and struggling with unremitting efforts to overcome every imperfection in their nature, we cannot wonder that we have not a modern Demosthenes. Hume is the more surprised that we have had no orators (though he must or might have heard Lord Chatham, Mr. Pulteney, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Camden), when we have had such a writer as Lord Bolingbroke. You know Lord Bolingbroke's history: during the greater part of his life he was debared a seat in Parliament, or, in his own words, he was "stripped of the right of a British Subject, of all except the meanest of them, that of inheriting;" but, if his delivery was equal to his style (and according to Lord Chesterfield it was so), he was at least, capable of rivaling Cicero. You are unacquainted, I believe, with his writings; let me, therefore, give you a specimen of some of his figures. I have a multitude of them present to my memory. Speaking of the criminal indifference and gaiety of some of his contemporaries, he says; that "they were men ready to drown the dying groans of their country in peals of unseasonable mirth and laughter;" of Catherine de Medicis, that "she first blew up the flames of religious faction, and then endeavoured in vain to extinguish them in a deluge of blood;" of Philip the IV of Spain, that "he languished rather than lived from the cradle to the grave." To Sir Robert Walpole he speaks of the many crimes which might be proved against him, of the many more which were ready to start into light the moment the power by which he concealed them should determine.—Memoirs of Sir Samuel Romilly by himself.