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GLIMPSES AT EUROPE DURING 1848.

THE LOMBARDO-VENETO KINGDOM.

Among the ten thousand gorgeous rooms in the proud palace on the Vatican Hill, there is one so quiet and retired, that neither the busy hum of the plodding world, nor the swelling cadences of St. Peter's gigantic organ ever reach its silent walls. The solitary window gazes upon the mournful Campagna, alive with ruins and eloquent in its majestic silence. Slowly wanders the eye over the desolate plain along the broken colonnades of ancient aqueducts, amid huge, gray tombs and ivy-covered monuments, until the blue ocean greets it far in the distance. The only sound heard is that of the homeless wind which sweeps by in gusts and wildly wails amid the fearful desolation. What lessons has that solemn scene taught man?

Within are assembled thirty-six of the Great on earth,—the youngest already bearing the silvery crown of venerable age—all clad in the purple of royalty. For they are the Princes of the Church—of that Church which claims to be the only true Church of the Christian's God. But care is on each brow and fear in each heart, for the Vicar of the Lord on earth has been called to lay down his triple crown at the foot of the throne of the king of kings, and who is there worthy among them to hold the keys of St. Peter? Days had passed by and nights had been spent in fervent prayer: they were slow to see the finger of God pointing at His elect. At last the decision came.

Before them stood one of the youngest of their number, whom Fate herself seemed to have marked as hers. A fearful disease had lowered the curtain of the eyelid over his right eye and given a ghastly hue to that side of his face, whilst his head was gently inclined towards his shoulder. But on that broad, lofty brow sat throned an intellect that had loved to muse on man's destiny, and on his full, eloquent lips played a winning smile which had charmed the hearts of all that had known him. His broad chest and tall, muscular figure gave him an air of imposing grandeur, well supported by the prominent, finely cut nose, and the large, brilliant eye. A few gray hairs peeped forth from under his white silk cap; while rich, silvery locks over-

shadowed his temples and added to the almost irresistible charm of an expression happily blending the lofty character of a profound thinker with the mild benevolence of a warm, sympathizing heart.

There was a feverish flush on his face and a nervous trembling on his upper lip, as he took vote after vote from the urn, and with a faltering voice read the name it contained. Eighteen times had he opened the mysterious scroll and eighteen times had the name of Mastai been proclaimed by him who bore it. The excitement was too great for him; breathless he sank into a chair and stammered a request that another cardinal might take his place, unmindful that this would have invalidated the whole proceeding and lost for him the unexpected triumph. Some of the younger fathers crowded around him, encouraging him with kind words, all the while exchanging significant glances with each other,—and after a pause he rose once again, and eighteen times more did his name appear in the urn. The modest, unknown bishop of Imola was Pope of Rome! Meekly did the new Chief of all Christendom bow his head in submission to the will of God, and choosing his new name, Pius IX., was proclaimed to the world as the successor of St. Peter!

The news was received with astonishment and consternation. Who was this young bishop, the least known of all cardinals, but a few days ago living in the retirement of a distant, obscure province? Would he follow the example of his predecessor, the hated Gregory, and be, like him, maintained on his throne only by the force of Austrian bayonets? Would he share with him the deep abhorrence which of late Rome had felt for the Head of the Church, both in his temporal and his spiritual capacity, and which nothing but a slight remnant of old reverence and the hope of God's speedy interference had prevented from breaking out in open rebellion? Would he, like Gregory, bend the energies of his mind and the resources of his States only to ward off for a few years longer the impending storm, and say like him in whose chair he was now seated, "after me the deluge!" With gloom in their features, and doubt in their hearts, did the distrustful Romans receive their new sovereign, and chilling silence was the welcome offered to him, who was ready to sacrifice all for their sake. But how the fickle people changed when his first proclamation appeared! The shades of

sauces—they all tumble about. I gave him a glass jar of magnesia yesterday to put upon a shelf, under which stood a single China basin. In this shelf was a single hole. He put the jar into the hole, upon which it fell so exactly into the basin that he broke both. This morning I bade him get me some water, for there was none in the ewer; so he asked me whether I wanted to drink or wash, as he could get it accordingly either in the tumbler or the basin. He looked quite surprised at my ingenuity when I assured him that if he got it in the ewer I could do either. I am sure he is the very man who had the cat and kitten, and when he cut a large hole in the door for the cat to go through he cut a little one for the kitten!"

Lewis was quite famous for epigrams and impromptus. On one occasion being in company with Lord Erskine, this noble personage indulged in severe raillery at the ladies: he was thus answered by the "Monk," who though like his brotherhood, a patron of celibacy, was at the same time a gallant:

"Lord Erskine at women presuming to rail
Says "wives are tin canisters tied to one's tail,"
While fair Lady Anne as the subject he carries on,
Feels hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison,
Yet wherefore degrading? considered aright
A canister 's useful, and polished, and bright,
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

In reviewing the whole career of so extraordinary a person as "Monk" Lewis, it is difficult to write impartially and correctly: it would be wrong to employ with some the language of unbounded praise; unjust to use with others the language of unlimited censure. His life was a chess-board, on whose chequered paths the pieces of fate took strange and devious ways. Early sent into the world with competent fortune and energetic genius, with a high ambition and headstrong perseverance, his parents separating before his years of discretion had arrived; his mother weak in heart and his father haughty and imperious; what wonder that his morals became loose and his way of life unsettled? It should rather be a wonder that amid flattery and vituperation, the visitor of the green room and the floor of parliament, he preserved his affectionate habits and generous impulses!

If he injured society in one way he benefitted it in another. He was one of those men who are sent into the world for some great and unseen purpose. The moralist may deduce one, and the man of the world another. But be that what it may, none who knew him, who had frequent and various opportunities of studying his virtues and his vices, will say that Matthew Gregory Lewis lived in vain!

THE OLD DOMINION.

A BALLAD.

BY M. J.

Ho! gallant Old Dominion! I hail thee as the state,
Of all our thirty commonwealths, most proudly consecrate;
My pulse beats quicker as I feel my feet upon the sod
Which nurtured men of giant mind, which true-born heroes
trod;

Where 'mid primeval forests, rich in hues of varied green,
The noble Raleigh planted first the standard of his Queen!*

When over all the "Old Thirteen" extended Britain's sway,
Thou ever wert the loyalist,—the readiest to obey:
The high romantic chivalry that marked thy gentler blood,
Made thy forbearance virtue seem, and kept allegiance
good;
But when thy nature once was roused, thy most heroic soul
Spurned, in its consciousness of might, oppression's stern
control.

With generous heart thou did'st obey thy country's rallying
call,
And pledge thyself for her dear sake, to sacrifice thine all;
Tho' others laid with zeal as true, their offerings on the
shrine,
No gift was found of such a pure and priceless worth as
thine:
With Spartan matron's hope and pride, thou brought'st thy
noblest son,
And gav'st to freedom and the world, thy glorious Wash-
ington!

Virginia! brave Virginia!—a happy Mother thou,
Whose children's fame will ever shed a splendor round thy
brow;
The thrilling words of eloquence that Henry's fervor flung;
The simple majesty of thought that flowed from Marshall's
tongue,—
The force and skill political which Jefferson could show,
The statesmanship of Madison,—the wisdom of Munroe;
The biting sting of Randolph's wit,—the matchless grace
of Wirt,—
An Alexander's zeal that leaves no energy inert;
The saint-like piety of Rice,—McDowell's wealth of
thought,—
The pure and classic mind of Rives with lore so varied
fraught;—
Oh! where from Maine to Florida, from east to western
bound,
Can such a shining galaxy, of brilliant names be found!

And Nature too has dowered thee, the favorite of the band,
And scattered beauties everywhere, with most unsparing
hand.
The azure mountain-tops are seen, where'er I turn my eye,
And stretched between in loveliness the shadowy vallies
lie;
In Alpine grandeur Otter's Peaks uprear their lofty forms,
And stand serenely looking down on summer's passing
storms.

* The first settlement of Virginia was made under Sir Walter's auspices, though he himself did not accompany the colonists in person.

Afar among the sloping hills clear springs are bubbling bright,—

Egeria's fountain leaped not up as freshly to the sight.
Here health, the rosy lipp'd and free, with blue and laughing eye,

Is often wooed and won beside the rills that murmur by;
She hath a loving for the woods and for the rambles wild,
That give to her the buoyancy of a delighted child.

And wonders too are here,—an arch, proportionate, sublime!

Unworn by wearing centuries,—commensurate with time;
A structure most significant,—a vast stupendous span,
That rears itself as if to mock the aims of puny man:
One only such in all the world,—and that upon *thy* sod,
Thou favor'd land,—one only bridge whose architect was God!

It is not strange that those who first drew breath within a state,

So rich in by-gone memories,—so grandly, nobly great,
Should sometimes boast, and manifest an overweening pride,
As if their birth-right lifted them o'er every State beside;
A pardonable weakness,—yet, we judge of men alone,
Not by their sires' immortal deeds and words, but by *their own*.

But now from all these glowing scenes my thoughts return again,

With filial reverence to thee, dear sylvan land of Penn!
Thou, too, canst boast a thousand charms that make thy vallies bright,—

O'er which affection sweetly pours a flood of golden light;
Thy shaded homes lie lovingly by many a sparkling stream,
Thy rivers, mountains, fields and groves,—how beautiful they seem!

Beside Virginia's would I place thy justly honored name,
And claim equality for thee upon the scroll of fame;
But while with admiration deep, I humbly dedicate,
A heart of zealous loyalty to my adopted state,—
Yet true to all my earliest love, I still will turn again
With fondlier feelings far to you, oh! sylvan shades of Penn.

Lexington, Virginia.

THE INAUGURATION.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

After more than a week's disappearance, the sun broke forth on the 4th of March, 1849. It was the Sabbath and the ceremonies that usher in a new president had been deferred until the following morning. By many the cheering alteration in the weather was hailed as a felicitous augury; and not a few hearts responded to the chapter of the day, among the crowded audience that engaged in the religious services at St. John's: "*For thou shalt prevent him with the blessings of goodness; and shalt set a crown of*

pure gold upon his head. And why? because the king putteth his trust in the Lord; and in the mercy of the Most Highest he shall not miscarry.

Some poet has declared that "change is the life of nature;" one would imagine it was also essential to the vitality of republics. If there be, as the advocates of free institutions maintain, no position more enviable than that of the elected head of a great nation, there is none which less justifies elation of feeling. The tenure is limited and its enduring distinction only results from personal fidelity. To be "clear in this great office" is the test of its glory. The constitution prohibits a long sway; the contests of party give rise to inevitable difficulties, and the responsibility of the station when sincerely felt, checks the exultation of success. The momentous principles at issue throughout the world and involved in the grand experiment of popular rule, of which this country is the arena, render the administration of its government more widely influential than that of any dynasty on earth; and this consideration, added to the intrinsic bearing of the course pursued on the honor and welfare of her people, is enough to solemnize the advent of a new executive and cabinet.

Washington cannot be termed a "Mecca of the mind," as Halleck calls the grave of Burns; but at every transition epoch in our annals, it is the goal of innumerable pilgrims. They come from all quarters of the continent, inspired by varied motives,—those of selfish aggrandizement, liberal curiosity, patriotic sentiment, the magnetism of fashion and the hope of enjoyment. A kind of serious carnival ensues; speculation is rife; ambition plumes her wings; policy sharpens its wits; beauty opens her caskets of jewels; and the honest pride of citizenship revives. Expectancy vague yet ardent, is quickened. Opinion finds a response in events; the past is decently buried; and over the future hangs the iris of hope evoked from the subsiding tide of faction. The occasion, when justly appreciated, eloquently explains these signs of the times; and the disproportion of the scene and the symbols, to an imaginative and thoughtful observer, heightens their moral significance.

It is a singular fact, that the only city in the United States planned with reference to extensive growth, is the only one which has never reached its anticipated bounds. The broad avenues, scattered and inadequate dwellings and lonely thoroughfares of Washington, though cheerless to the eye, are suggestive to the imagination. An aspect so incongruous as is here presented,—the blending of village and metropolis, of splendid equipages and comfortless streets, of vast capabilities and inelegant utility—the noble Capitol and the straggling houses, plain