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JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES—CONTINUED.

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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 overshadowed 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, sympathising 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

But the dawn of unknown ages, still ascending higher, higher!
Unto which the soul's free impulse doth unconsciously aspire,
Back unto the glorious fount from whence it drew its vital fire.

Therefore every gentle feeling, every pure and lofty thought,
Is a faint and far reflection from its Maker's image caught—
Guiding to those lofty aims by creeds and maxims vainly taught.

Not for me that worldly wisdom—scornful of its weak control,
Take I now my creed and standard from the impulse of my soul;
Meted not by worldly measure is my spirit's lofty goal.

Earnest of a brighter future, prophecy of things to be,
Are those yearning aspirations seeming but a phantasy;
Fades the rainbow, but its promise in the future still we see.

Richmond. SUSAN.

The Sabbath in its Poetical Aspects.

"Less fearful on this day the limping hare
Stops and looks back on man, his deadliest foe."
Grahame.

A spring morning had come. It ushered in the day of rest and Ringwood had never looked as quiet or as handsome before. The kirks round about were all closed, a thing which sometimes happens in the country when our pastors are away. As the hours into which day is divided were chasing each other off, the writer got to ruminating upon what the Sabbath had done for poetry and what poetry had done for the Sabbath. The Sabbath presents itself periodically to the poet, and invites his eye on a range among its tints, whilst some of the poets, grateful for the materials it gives, have sung its sweet repose.

The writer is aware that he here comes again into collision with the Utilitarians, to some of whose schemes he cannot be reconciled. The rail-car is just as swift on the Sabbath as on any other day in the week and so is the steam-boat. The canal is just as noisy on Sunday as on Monday, and the mail-boy carries as much lumber on that as on any other day. But in this connection it would be inappropriate to treat this matter in its gravest aspects. The science of Theology has lessons of its own, nor shall we attempt to supplant it in any one of its offices. It is our wish to speak simply of the lights in which the Sabbath sometimes affects the imagination.

We have been often impressed by the silence of the sacred day. This is one of the features in its face which Grahame, the Scotch poet, has clothed with special interest. The gates of cities are shut, the tumult of towns is hushed—the village is reduced to silence, and the hamlet becomes increasingly still. Even the encampments made by huge armies are affected by its repose, though we lament to think that the great battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday. That was a sanguinary day for the rose of England and the lily of Gaul. How much sweeter would harvest hymns have been, rising from the ravines of La Haye Sainte, than the fanfare of loud clarions and fierce trumpets? The color of a purple field is not so refreshing as that of a green one and Waterloo would have pleased us better on Sunday morning than on Sunday night. In the morning it stood in ranks of corn or waved in ripened wheat: but at night furrows and corn hills had been turned into sepulchres and mounds. We never liked noise but especially the noise of battle, and we return to our tranquil theme. Rural objects are generally still, but more so than usual on Sunday. There is something poetical in the lowing of herds and in the browsing of flocks, and in the milk-maid's song, and in the sound of the deer-bell. But on the sacred day the hum of rural labor seems to cease. A *vis inertiæ* appears to seize the plough, the mill, the hay cart and the bee house, and lay its spell on the picturesque hill and dale. Sounds there may be, for the ringdove will coo—the lark will sing—the bee will hum and the sheep ring its bell, but these are sounds in harmony with the day. Poets must, by necessity, possess some descriptive power, and many of them have employed that power on the objects to which we have just alluded.

The imagination is often aroused by the church-going bell. Its chimes inspire animation and delight. In Scotland dissenters are not allowed to ring people to kirk, and dissenters in England are debarred from the same privilege. But why not augment the melody and add as much as possible to that of the established peals? This intolerance is at war with the best feelings of our nature, and turns churches, founded on policy and law, into sectarian institutions. When Selkirk was on the island of Juan Fernandez he heard the beating of the surf: but, according to Cowper, he heard nothing that called him to church. He was a lonely offcast—the comrade of goats: but became a good Utilitarian before leaving his strip of land. We do not recollect that Burns has said much of the steeple: but we know that his Cotter's Saturday Night is a charming poem. How sweetly does he arrange the preliminaries to the Sabbath, and depict the home joys of the peasant. What pure Parnassian breath stole over that performance, and anointed the rustic temple which his imagination reared in an Ayrshire cottage. And sacred sounds

pass over the volumes of Christopher North, and Irving employs them in his Newstead Abbey—his Sketch Book and his Bracebridge Hall. Addison used to obey the signal and walk to church with Sir Roger like Iulus by the side of Æneas, *sed non paribus passibus*, for the moralist would stop and look around him with an eye as bright as that of the celestial bird of China. He read more than his comrade in the gloss of woods—the primrose and the hyacinth, for he stripped the veil from Nature and turned it into a parti-colored shroud in which his imagination delighted to bury itself, whilst its requiem was sung by pensive birds among willows and sepulchral violets. We speak of his prose, for his Cato is no great affair, and several of the best hymns ascribed to him were the hymns of Marvell. If the reader would not deem us too serious, we would here allude to the way in which Leigh Richmond has written of the Sabbath bell in the Isle of Wight. He wrote in prose, but there is more than one dash of poetry in his productions. Cut off from the mainland—much of its exterior bristled with rocks—with marine water-marks on its coast—its interior is singularly fertile, producing eight times more than its home consumption. Its prose poet does justice to its luxuriance—its seats of opulence, its flocks and mountain ridges, and tells in felicitous terms how Sabbath sounds steal through its vales or rise among its uplands and call the peasant from his dale and the nobleman from his rural entrenchment into the Lord's house. And Grahame has done the same even in that land—

> Where feathery clouds condensed and furled
> In columns sweep the quaking glen.

The imagination is sometimes employed upon the influence which the sacred day exercises over objects at a distance. For example, when we leave the English cities and go out into the country, we cannot help calling on this faculty to aid our reflections. England is studded with towns and hamlets, some on the hill and some in the dale. Her churches are pleasing objects in the landscape, and often chain the vision of the tourist. They are planted on the downs, or the plains, or the slopes, or embowered in the woods, and in them the nobility mix with the shepherd and the hedger. There is a world of history connected with the Anglo-Saxon abbeys and cathedrals, whose ruins are like grey clouds fallen down on the green earth. But we will not enlarge. It is a pleasant thing, however, to indulge the imagination upon the little nooks of England that are like so many dots or periods where attention pauses over the complex book of her history. But our desire is just to glance at one or two poetical facts connected with the English Sabbath. Old Izaak Walton was a sort of poet. He lived at a time when the history of his country had got into a storm: but on Saturday night the old angler used to decamp from the quiet brooks and lay by his rod and line and net. His skiff was moored in the miniature bays of the lea, where it rocked to and fro till Monday dawned. Some of the English poets have been the sons of rectors. Addison was son to Launcelot and his boyhood was spent at home, and we cannot help figuring out the urchin at the parsonage learning to write, or strolling down the lane, or at church gazing on the villagers, from an eye, that served him as a small tower of observation, on the peculiarities of the people. Or he paced the grounds of the rectory as he afterwards beat a path at Magdalen, and then that pencil commenced its operations which, in the future, was destined to sketch Italy—to pourtray London—to trace Eastern visions and introduce moral allegories and Saturday papers like clouds of purity into the intellectual horizon of England. Dr. Young was rector of Welwyn, a town of a thousand inhabitants in Herts, and Dyer had a good living, and Dean Swift—but we cannot tolerate the Dean. We would say to him *procul—procul*. When Dr. Johnson left Bolt Court and visited Staffordshire he used to attend on Sunday at the Cathedral of Litchfield, and who has not thought of him uttering his responses like a child? Was there any object in Dovedale so beautiful as that old giant on his knees? And who has not thought of Goldsmith and the rectory, of his brother at Pallas, and the gown of that good man, or of Crabbe at Trowbridge, or of Cowper in his Sunday boudoir, or of Salisbury Plain and its contented shepherd? Coleridge, too, was brought up at a rectory on the Otter that winds by the town as if it flowed by volition. Among the elms and myrtles of Devonshire that mind began its being which conceived the plot of dramas—the plan of the Ancient Mariner and the Aids to Reflection which unravelled the web of politics and dealt out colloquial volumes to the refined circles in which he moved. Nether Stowey, Allfoxden, Keswick and Highgate were his favorite haunts. It gives us pleasure here to acknowledge that Irving in several of his pieces has been true to the repose and the chastened sounds of the hallowed day. He, indeed, always calls it Sunday, and we will not break a lance with him for a word, but Sunday is a designation which suits a gentleman, whilst Sabbath suits the poet. Enough, however of England, for incidents and associations of this kind would extend our remarks to an unwarrantable length.

It would be pleasing here to note how Sunday has been kept in many corners of France, or

among the Tyrolese peasants, and in the Swiss vallies. We do not know what the reality might be, but the Swiss are a very interesting people viewed through the imagination. But of all people the Scotch, perhaps, are the most remarkable in keeping the Sabbath, from the Highlands to the Tweed. The only regular poem ever written about the sacred day, was by James Grahame, who was born near Glasgow in 1765, and who was first a lawyer and then a minister. He sketched out and filled up in his poem a Scottish Sunday, weaving round about it the scenery which Burns has depicted with a bolder, but not with so soft a pencil. The scenery of Scotland differs from that of England in many obvious points. Its wildness is certainly one of those points, unless the lake country be an exception, and we admit the latter to be highly romantic. Nor do we know where more justice has been done to it, than by Dr. Arnold, who was master of the Rugby School in Warwickshire, and who cultivated a little spot in Westmoreland, called Fox How. Fox How became to him a kind of studio, from the interior of which he took a more exact likeness of the country than Southey or Wordsworth. But when we cross the Tweed, we come in contact with stone kirks and manses—with friths and locks—with a profusion of hawthorn glens and harebell dales—with mountains, braes and burns over which the breath of the Muses has been richly blown. In connection with such objects Grahame has treated his subject. It is a poem far before his "Birds of Scotland," and superior to Byron's Hebrew Melodies, or Tom Moore's sacred pieces. We cannot forgive Byron for his attack on the author of the "Sabbath," in his celebrated satire. It was well for him to wrestle down Lord Brougham and draw a few drops from Lord Jeffrey's blood and break Southey's neck: but to assault one of *our* favorite poets was a mortal sin. Here was a lowly pastor who lived in a country parish, of kind feelings to the hedger and the herb woman, who went out of the tread-mill of his profession to fling the sound of his lute over the Sabbath, and yet Lord George attacks him with relentless mercy. He might just as well have bruised a violet because it was meek, or shot at a harebell and thus wasted his fire when hunting after ravenous wolves.

But to leave this episode, and get back to our theme. Our imagination has quite as often been occupied with the Scottish manses, as with the rectories of England. We have wished to send as on magnetic wires our Sabbath feelings to old Caledonia, and to receive in return cards on which Scottish objects are pictured. To a person of simple tastes it is entertaining to look at the Ednam manse, where the author of the Seasons was brought up on the Liddel, or the manses where Armstrong, Robertson, Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad, and Witherspoon, were reared, and the kirks where Logan, Horne and Blair, the author of the Grave, officiated.

The imagination often takes delight in the morning scenes of this world, when objects wore their first gloss. What mind can be so destitute of taste as never to have thought of the first seventh after the six days in which Creation had been finished up to its last embellishments? The pencil of the imagination is here powerless and falls away from the grasp even of the most skilful delineator.

How sweet was the dawn of that day when the Creator's eye beheld the wonder he had reared—an orb which had just started on its eventful race. Were there mountains near Eden, then the hues of light which painted them on the seventh day must have been enchanting to the eye of the first man beneath the flowering almond tree on the lawn of Eden. All was still in that garden. Still when the sun arose—still at his meridian—and still at twilight, save when the lion romped in his crown of flowers, or the play of the tiger drew smiles from his keeper, or when the lama darted aside to browse, or when the rivers dashed together in melodious concert, or when the wings of celestial visitants rustled at the gates and those visitants left their purple stoles and their unclasped sandals before the forbidden tree, and their diadems sparkling among the amaranths around the tree of Life. There is poetry in the beginning of the world: but where are the poets? Shall we speak of Byron's Cain, or Moore's Loves of the Angels, one the bard of skepticism and the other of wine? No, we will speak of Gesner, because, though not great he was good, and of Montgomery's "World before the Flood," because in all the charming productions of its author, he is on the side of virtue, of philanthropy and good will to his race. He is not so flashy as Moore, for Moore looks at things through a sensual prism, while Montgomery has always employed a chastened kaleidoscope.* And in this connection we would speak of Milton, did not the builder of Paradise Lost demand a chapter instead of a sentence. His mind was like some vast cathedral wherein his strains could rise to celestial devotion, or fall away to the lowlier homage of earth, intermingling with the storm of melody the brief sonnet and the inspiring hymn.

In that Sabbath reverie, which the writer is

* One of the most interesting hours the writer has ever spent, was in conversation with Joseph Gales, senior, who was well acquainted with Montgomery.

trying to recall, he could not help indulging a few reflections on subjects a little serious. Abel's crook and the rod of the Hebrew legislator, and the manna which pattered all night on tents once planted in Arabia's deserts, and the wand of Joshua, came up as well as Jubal's lyre. Greece is covered all over with a classic mantle; but over the face of Palestine Heaven has thrown a mantle on which many moral pictures have been wrought out in threads of all beautiful colors. There is Tabor's cone—and there are the heights of Carmel—and the bulky cedars of Lebanon—and the purple rocks of Calvary, celebrated by Pope and Bishop Heber and a hundred travellers, and of which Tasso sung in noble verse. And there are the blue waters of Gennesareth and the reeds of the Jordan. And there are olive trees under which a great pilgrim used once to pause, and fig trees from which he pulled the fruit. There too lived some Sabbath poets, to whom we need not refer.

In our reverie we could not help casting out a thought to those good men who, in their different corners, are telling of the Sabbath to many who never heard that word before; but let us not become theological here. It may be poetical to think of the Persian's robe, and of the scimitar of the Turk, and of the Arab's sandals, but it is not so to think of the half-closed eyelids of the New Hollanders,

> And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

After ruminating in this way, about twilight, my Ringwood grounds looked very sweet, dressed out in the bloom of apple and peach tree orchards. The sight recalled to mind the descriptive poetry of Mrs. Hemans and the fact that this noble woman always liked the Sabbath. Among the bold mountains of Wales she sung the sacred day; and when dying among the shamrocks of the Emerald Isle, she indited to her amanuensis the lines with which we shall conclude—

How many groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way
Tow'rds spire and tower, midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.

I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound—yet O my God I bless
Thy mercy that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart.

Ringwood Cottage, Va.

THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

BY REV. JOHN C. M'CABE.

I met thee first, my gentle one, amid a heartless crowd,
When my soul was darkened over with sorrow's shadowy cloud;
And thy soft and lute-like breathings came so sweetly on my ear,
They calmed the spirit's anguish deep, and checked th rising tear.

We met again, my gentle one, where music's power was felt,
And songs of touching melody made sternest natures melt;
But one sweet voice above the rest,—its calm and silvery tone,
I knew,—my loved, my gentle one—could only be thine own.

We stood beneath the calm blue sky—the stars were marching on,
In quest of some sweet sister star, which from its sphere had gone;
I wooed thee in that hour, love, while all that far off sky,
So blue, so bright, so beautiful, was mirrored in thine eye.

I wooed, I won thee, gentle one, I 'shrine thee as a gem,
More pure and precious far than that in India's diadem;
And though a shadow sometimes falls upon this heart of mine,
I know, in sunshine, or in shade—my weal and woe are thine.

We are passing on together, 'mid comforts, and 'mid cares,
And smiles have played around our path, and very often tears;
Yet grief hath proved, though for awhile 'twas dark, a just alloy,
For when 'twas past, there came, sweet one, the luxury of joy!

We are passing on together, a gray hair here and there,
Upon my brow, grows eloquent,—and sounds the note, "prepare;"
And that calm thoughtful eye of thine, as in its depths I gaze,
Reveals the matron, in the glance which back my worship pays.

We're passing on—but not alone, my boy climbs up my knee,
A fearless, careless, joyous child, for fun and frolic free;
A little bright-eyed daughter's laugh rings merrily and clear,—
Her mother's miniature,—I trace thy early beauty there.

We're passing on,—we might have laughed at fools and follies 'round,
But rather gave our tears, God knows, for woes wherever found;