

# THE WASHINGTON

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# LITERARY MAGAZINE



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Contents.

Erotic Odes, -	No. III. Petrarch, -	Page 1.
	No. IV. Dante -	2.
The Poets of America No. III. L. G. Davidson. -		3.
The War of the Investitures. -		6.
The Ship. - - - - -		9.
Miscellaneous. - - - - -		11.

Number, IV.

Contents.

Erotic Odes, No. VI.

Character of Louis XI, King of France

Genius, - a Poetical Fragment.

Miscellaneous.

Page

1.

3.

6.

7.

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Erotic Odes.

No. VI.

Why is it Death must batten on the fair,  
Whose forms are beautiful and bright? -  
- Alas! his thirsting pang pines not to spare,  
His step is dark and treach'rous at the night.  
While the infirm, scarce till'ring'neath the weight  
Of years, unnoticed linger still,  
And struggle on, the favorites of fate,  
In this dark dreary world of ill.  
She was a lovely flower, the loveliest  
Among her fellows, and her mild blue eye  
Gleamed with intelligence, - her puring breast  
Was filled with tenderness and purity.  
And lo! her countenance, 't was sad,  
Soft and serene, and yet the line it drew  
Seemed not of earth, but of the home above,  
And thitherward her thoughts mult' times flew.  
Her voice, in all its gentleness, had power,  
Which echo of glad music never had,  
And its clear silvery tones at twilight hours  
Reached the deep fountains of soul to glad,

For he, who loved her saw the spirit gush  
 And quiver on her harp strings as she played,  
 And marked with sorrow the bright crimson flush  
 Upon her cheeks - the passing shade  
 Of the Destroyer's shadowy flashing wing -  
 And oh! the anguish of that youth <sup>practiced</sup>  
 He looked on <sup>but</sup> a statue - <sup>mountain</sup> the green <sup>mountain</sup> <sup>spring</sup> <sup>spring</sup>  
 Brought to his heart no joy - Days flew  
 And years, but still the gathering gloom  
 Around him hung - all shrouded his atmosphere.  
 Time was a loathsome burden; and the tomb  
 Seemed the lone refuge. Off the silent tear  
 Dropped from the reddened eyelid, until scars,  
 And the rude buffeting of heartless men  
 Deadened the feelings of life's early morn,  
 Tho' oft with mighty force they storm again  
 Rushing to break their icy barriers and then  
 The contest was thine fearful; his stout frame  
 Shook like a trembling aspen, but those tides  
 Soon sought their channels, and the flame  
 Lapsed to its wonted seat, the fiery sides  
 Of the volcano of the mind - and all  
 Without was cold and cheerless as he moved,  
 And envious tongues, that spoke of that black pall  
 Of utter darkness, said he never loved.  
 For she, the angel of his dreams, had gone,  
 Faded into eternity as gray clouds  
 At set of sun - and he was left alone  
 To brave the mockings of a cruel <sup>the</sup> <sup>unhappy</sup> <sup>thing</sup> <sup>which</sup> <sup>was</sup>  
 O may her grave be ever bright with flowers,  
 And the green moss ~~and~~ <sup>in</sup> <sup>shroud</sup> that caused red,  
 While she, who <sup>last</sup> sleeps <sup>there</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>peace</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>grieving</sup> <sup>prayers</sup>,  
~~And~~ <sup>the</sup> <sup>high</sup> <sup>an</sup> <sup>themselves</sup> <sup>round</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>throne</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>God</sup>.  
 & <sup>Hymning</sup>

Theo centig. 6.

Character of Louis XI. King of France.

Perhaps, since the first rise of the French monarchy,  
 no King of France has been so remarkable for the peculiarities  
 of his temper as Louis, the eleventh. He possessed  
 a curious and singular combination of the qualities of his  
 predecessors and successors. The principal part of his  
 character seems to have been dissimulation, and so much  
 was he addicted to this vice, that he never entered into  
 a compact or concluded a treaty, which he intended  
 to keep in good faith and according to the spirit  
 thereof. The chief support of his power appears to have  
 been machineries cunning; indeed, his skill became  
 so great that he never made a negotiation, or came under  
 the most disadvantageous circumstances, in which  
 he did not some way greatly benefit himself. His spirit  
 was as vindictive as can well be imagined. This royal  
 scion of the house of St Louis, - this king of one of the  
 first nations in Europe, when in any way, or under  
 any circumstances, reminded of a piece of folly, which  
 cost him dear, and which was likely to cause unpleasant  
 thoughts, let loose his vengeance without control; and  
 a sign to his provost Crivellan, who was accustomed  
 to such work caused the aspect of his resentment to  
 hang from the nearest tree. Of trifling circumstances  
 will be an excellent illustration of this feature of his  
 character. He had committed a great error in submitting  
 himself to Charles of Burgundy at Peronne, and  
 so galled was he by the thoughts of being outwitted by  
 such a headstrong and impetuous young man <sup>as</sup>  
 Charles, that he could not bear to reflect upon it.

4.  
Hearing one day a few says cry "Peronne", "Peronne" in  
derision, he ordered one of his sergeants to using their  
heads off. Lewis, as is generally the case with vindic-  
tive persons was cruel and tyrannical. He scrupled  
not to do anything however base or heinous, if he was  
sure it would further his interests. Did any person stand  
between him and the attainment of an object? - That man  
was doomed. His means was too foul - no methods too  
odious for the fulfilment of his purpose. In such cases,  
he was even destitute of natural affection. His own  
brother, the Duke of Berry, escaped not the fell effects  
of his fatal suspicion. The death of this relative devel-  
oped a new trait of Character, namely, his superstitious  
regard for the outward forms of religion. He  
compensated for this black fratricidal deed by can-  
douring the severest penance, and by inventing the  
angelus, or mid-day prayer to the Virgin. Whenever  
he found himself in a trying situation he hurried  
off to the shrine of some saint, or, pulling off his  
hat, selected one from among the many <sup>golden</sup> images  
that adorned it, and to it made the most extraor-  
dinary vows and promises. But his religion became man-  
ifest only in difficulty. At other times he could be  
more careless. Extremely jealous of the power of his  
nobles, he used the utmost endeavours to humble  
them. So suspicious was he, that no one was suffered  
to be his counsellor nor would he wear him in a  
populous place. When not engaged in public business  
his habitation was some remote castle, and his advisers  
nervous and attendants. His chief minister was

5  
Oliver, the Barber, better known as "Oliver, the Devil."  
This cat-like fellow was first his private whiskerando,  
but afterwards became a nobleman, and was at length  
promoted to premiership. Another of his creatures  
was La Balise, a tailor's son, whom he raised to  
the dignity of Cardinal. However, on the discovery  
of his treachery, he imprisoned his eminence in  
an iron cage in the castle of Loches, in which un-  
comfortable situation the unfortunate man was un-  
able to lie down at full length. Here he was compelled  
to remain until the day of his death, which took  
place some ten or twelve years after his incarceration.  
But, bad as he was, he had some redeeming qualities.  
His crimes were those of the age - he possessed all the  
pride, craft, tyranny, and cruelty of Henry VIII  
of England without that monarch's fiery courage,  
and impetuous and headstrong temper. Equally  
suspicious as James I. he had not his weakness  
and want of personal bravery. Perhaps no king,  
since the beginning of time ever sat upon a throne,  
who possessed so many of opposite qualities - virtues  
and vices blended together as did Lewis the  
the eleventh Louis. He was tyrannical and politic,  
cruel and superstitious, crafty and ambitious,  
and withal a monarch, who increased the  
power of his kingdom more by his cunning than  
arms could possibly have done.

Historical.

# Genius.

Spirits these are, whose secret hidden cells  
Are treasure-houses of most glorious thought,  
Within whose sacred precincts, purely wells  
Affliction's crystal fanning spring, where naught  
Defiles, pollutes, - but holy feeling dwells  
Partaking of the essence of the Deity,  
Radiant and glowing, - swifter than beams of light  
Flashing in bold and conscious energy  
Over the realms of Chaos and of night,  
And speeding upward in their eagle flight,  
To gather wisdom from infinity,  
Mating with orbs, whose music echoing rolls  
Into the void, and thence to earth again  
Striving to grasp and paint to other men  
Visions sublime still ling'ring in their souls.  
And these are children of the mighty type,  
Whose bosoms burn with true Prometheus fire.

II.

This' not alone in star-gemmed skies,  
But this green-mantled, mountain-girded earth  
With seas and valleys, Genius has its birth,  
And dwelling place. It never dies,  
Bright habitant of the wide universe,  
Varied as Nature is its high-wrought song;  
Springing from varying elements adverse,  
It spurns all galling shackles, pours along  
Thrust-thrilling notes and plaintive melodies,

Rich as the lonely wood-bird's tender lay. 7.  
O! Hast thou seen the stormy ocean rise,  
And shake his foamy mane in wrathful play,  
When waves leapt bounding to the blackened skies?  
Such, such is Genius in its wilder mood.  
'Tis then that craven hearts grow cold and cower,  
Checks pale - knees quiver and dark fears brood,  
When furth' that flood of <sup>strong</sup> irresistible power.

\* \* \* \* \* R.

## Miscellaneous

It was broad, high noon, and the glorious sun  
beamed forth in bright effulgence, when I stood  
upon the summit of a rock, which resembled a  
modern tower. Banners were floating over the hills  
and streamers waving in the breeze. I ob-  
served attentively the movements below, and  
methought I beheld a city of the middle ages  
just after some noted victory, for voices, and  
shoutings, mingled with clarion and instrumen-  
tal music were ringing in the air. I traced  
a procession, as I supposed it to be, by the sound,  
and had my eyes anxiously fixed upon one of  
the street squares, where I supposed they would  
emerge. My heart was wound to the highest  
pitch of excitement. They approach nearer - nearer  
nearer - and lo! what steps forth but the giant form  
of a <sup>milk-mantled</sup> boy three feet high. This Lilliputian leader  
was decked out with gorgeous jewelry and banners  
and behind him trooped a valiant band of fifty

8. little patriots, who reminded me of the days,  
when I used to boldly

"Charge the wash house,  
Seize the tubs,

And storm the garden gates."

The illusion vanished, when I caught a glimpse of  
this first young roysterer. "Hinks I to myself:—

"Mentes parturient, nascetur ridiculus."

Truly, this must <sup>either</sup> be the age of Potters, or of little men!

### Reviews. &c

The Washington Chronicle still continues to increase  
in usefulness, and bids fair to do yet more for  
the literature of our Society. Its columns are  
continually affording us something new and in-  
teresting. The editors possess a good share of the  
comic, and their wit is not like that of some, a  
regular succession of stale, cut-and-dry phrases,  
but ever sparkling and fresh. If an opinion  
may be passed on any of its contents, we deem  
the "extracts from the minutes of the Kalliphoonian  
Society" as peculiarly characteristic and original.  
They have added another to their corps in the person  
of Mr William Davis, who no doubt will be a val-  
uable accession. The Chronicle cannot but prosper  
in such hands as these. —

The Editors of the Magazine owe the Society an  
apology. One of them has been unwell and the other  
has been busily engaged, so that this number does not con-  
tain as much matter as generally, although it is for  
you to judge whether it is as good as usual.