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Creswell

Italy under Pius IX.

"Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the earth, much turn to thee!"

At the mere mention of her name, we involuntarily wander ^{far} back into mysterious past, and return loaded with truths of mighty import; with the ardor of youthful fancy we listen to the low, hoarse murmurings as they rise from the profound abyss, and we believe them to be the admonitory cries of a departed nation. — She is of the past, we now receive her history as we would the story of an aged sage; and we approach her ruins as we would the grave of the great dead. We gaze upon the lifeless corpse, but the soul has fled.

So long has this feeling been entertained that we ~~never~~ regard with contempt the efforts, which have been made for her emancipation. Whether they have always been unsuccessful: but why?

The wars of Napoleon had revived the spirit of manliness, and the manifestations of a people's power had shaken kings upon their thrones. To check this spirit, the Holy Alliance, if it ^{be} not blasphemy to designate thus a combination of tyrants assembled; and the false-hearted hypocrites, whilst mumbling to their subjects "to strengthen themselves every day more and more in the principles and exercise of the duties, which the Divine Saviour has taught to mankind," were coolly to work to asport the entire continent of Europe, as so many robbers would divide their prey. In this most righteous division, Italy was placed under the protection of Austria; and it has been a protection with a vengeance. She has watched with a jealous eye every attempt that has been made to rear aloft the banner of freedom, and as often as it has been done the hand-full of patriots has been overwhelmed by an Austrian force.

The popes became the minions of power; and though nominally the rulers of a people, they were the creatures of a king. The vice-gerents of God, became the slaves of man. And he who dared to feel his misery, or raise his voice, or his sword in the defense of his rights, must by the command of his own sovereign spill his heart's blood ignominiously on the scaffold, or leave his native land forever.

But worse, the spirit of dissension was abroad throughout all Italy. The curse of Catiline had been at last fulfilled. There were present, in Rome,

"Man treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn
Suspicious poisoning his brother's cup!"

Not only were the different states opposed to each other, but often the inhabitants of the same province were divided by hostile societies and rival parties. With a blind inconsistency they adhered to this course of folly, forgetting that they were weakening their strength to oppose their common enemy; and whilst, brethren mingled their blood in conflicts for "trifles light as air" the chains gradually encircled them, which grew stronger and stronger as the poor captives languished in death.

These facts have been adduced to remove the contempt which some feel for Italian revolutions. What nation could have done more, in the same circumstances? We achieved our liberty, it is true; but we were three millions, united, with an enemy three thousand miles off, separated from us by the wide ocean, with no priestly power to amuse the ignorant into submission by appeals founded upon their superstitions. They enjoyed none of these advantages.— The Italian is no coward. He fought like a Roman under Bonaparte. He perished in the snows of Russia, and his bones whiten the plains of the peninsula.— Whisper in the ear of the lazy lazarone of his father's glory, point to the crumbling Pantheon; and as with sparkling eye he rises from his water and his crust, behold once more — a man.

Gregory XVI died; and on the 16th June 1846, after a session of six days, the shortest upon record, the new pope was announced as Pius IX, with was he chosen. He, who was born in the midst of a revolution, and who had spent the prime of his life as a missionary in South America, threw with the human heart.— As in the stillness of the night he gazed from a window of his palace he beheld Rome; but oh! how changed! Where was the glory of her name? sunk in loathsome pits by the way side of time. No longer the mistress of the world, her grass-

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grown streets told that as a nation she was rotting from very inactivity. — Then and there, alone, he formed the determination in his heart of hearts that Rome should yet be free. — When the voices of his people were wafted to his ears, calling for pity and for help, he stepped forth, and, whilst the stars of heaven twinkled for joy at the sight, he reached out his hands, and in the name of God he blessed them. — They loved him, they were his children.

Little a new ruler his first aim was to make his people worthy to be free, and for that purpose a system of education was devised, a new code of laws was established, the vast library of the Vatican was thrown open to students and men of science, and many other similar acts were performed. Next, the power of Austria was to be broken off, and hence his minister, whose traitorous heart delighted in the miseries of his fellow-countrymen, was expelled. Afterwards, when speaking of Austria he revealed his determined spirit, as he exclaimed, "I have already sixty thousand men to oppose them — I shall not be alone in the field. If things come to the trial, and we are forced to fight, let Austria beware; she will then bid us long farewell to Italy, and cross forever the Eternal Alps."

Throughout the whole of his administration thus far he has displayed those liberal principles, which mark the statesmen of the present day. There has been no covetous design of gaining the confidence of his people, merely to increase his own power, or for the sake of perpetuating his rule. His design has been liberty and reform. He possesses prudence and wisdom, for every measure, that he has adopted, shows their combination. He is good, for his life is a record of noble actions. He is brave, for he dared to defy the Austrian, nor could schemes of assassination intimidate him. With such a ruler we have much to hope, little to fear.

But the pope is not alone in these efforts. Let but the trumpet sound; and two hundred thousand swords will be drawn, ready to strike in the cause of God and man. The South and the North unite, but for his command. The train of a mighty revolution

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has been laid deep in the soil of the entire peninsula, and when the pope shall apply the match the earthquake shock shall hurl back the Austrian from her borders, and send the lash Chain of Slavery.

She has now the Sympathies of the world. The East and the South have met in the "Seven killed City" to do honor to the glorious preserver of Italy - England has acknowledged the glorious efforts of the strong man, who though naked, has been struggling against hosts clothed in steel - France can no longer smile at the wretchedness of her old conqueror - And but the other day in our own city these were patriots firm and true, who said, "Rise, the eyes of the world are upon you; go on, persevere, conquer, and you shall have the prayers of humanity, failure or death and you shall have its curses."

A few years ago there arose in our legislative halls a voice loud, and clear and strong eloquent in behalf of Greece, and tears flowed throughout the land. Are there no tears for Italy? Is there no sympathy for the land of action, as well as the land of song? Ye, that start with horror at the mention of a Turkish cimiter, is there nothing terrible in the iron heel of an Austrian tyrant?

A modern poet stood among her ruins, and bewailed her desolation, yet in the midst of his lament he spoke of her resurrection. There shall be a resurrection. The floods of a barbarian tide, which, rushing down from the frozen North, overwhelmed the fair plains of Italy shall now be driven back; and the burgens of the immortal Brutus shall arise from the depths of a "sunless sea" to the glorious light of liberty. The car of triumph shall again roll on to the capitol, ~~and~~ ^{and} there shall not be bound to its wheels Roman slaves, but it shall proclaim to all the world her lash, her glorious victory - Then the ghost of Rienzi, starting from its cold grave, shall exclaim in the hollow voice

of the dead "The Eternal city shall be free"

Italy under Pius IX

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The orphans of the heart must turn to thee;”

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