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T. W. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

TO MY WIFE.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.*

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of Husband and of Wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That Love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee,
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home;
I'll lull me there to rest:
And is there ought disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own,
All hers and mine are roll'd in one—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis Death to be disjoin'd.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

AND PRESENT CONDITION OF TRIPOLI, WITH SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE OTHER BARBARY STATES.

NO. XII.

BY ROBERT GREENHOW.

At the conclusion of the last number it was stated that on the 12th of August 1832, Yusuf the old Pasha of Tripoli abdicated the throne in favor of his son Ali, thereby disappointing the expectations of his grandson Emhammed.

* These verses, printed from an original MS. of Lindley Murray, and, as we believe, never before published, present that celebrated grammarian in an entirely new point of view, and give him strong claims to the character of a poet. A sister of Mr. Murray married, we think, one of the Hoffmans of New York, and it is possible some of that highly respected family may have in their possession some other metrical pieces from his pen. It is somewhat remarkable that the present lines involve an odd grammatical error of construction in the concluding stanza.

The Consuls being nearly all unprepared for this conjuncture, were uncertain how to act. The majority were disposed to adopt the proposition made by M. Schwabels, that they should proceed without delay in a body, and offer to Ali the congratulations customary in Barbary on the accession of a new Sovereign; the others however refused. Under ordinary circumstances the visit would have been a mere ceremony, but in the actual state of things it was likely to be interpreted by the people, both within and without the town, as an evidence of the dispositions of the Governments represented by the Consuls; in that way it might have an important influence in determining the issue of the struggle in favor of Ali, which was by no means desired by all the Consuls, several of them being inclined from personal as well as political motives, to prefer the establishment of Emhammed as Pasha of Tripoli. The young Prince was considered superior to his uncle in intelligence and personal character; he appeared to be sustained by the great mass of the population, and it was probable that if no other Power interfered in the contest, he would ultimately prove successful; moreover he was the legitimate heir to the throne according to rules of succession, which the European Governments in general were interested in maintaining. These considerations occasioned much discussion among the Consuls; at length it was agreed that no public demonstration should be made by them in behalf of either Prince, until instructions had been received from their several governments. This arrangement does not seem however to have been considered by the Consuls as precluding them from any private exertions which their inclinations or the interests of those whom they represented might prompt them to make in favor of one or the other party; accordingly the agents of France, Spain, Naples and the Netherlands, engaged actively in support of the *Town Pasha* as Ali was designated; while the pretensions of Emhammed the *Country* candidate, were as zealously upheld by those of Great Britain, the United States, Tuscany and Portugal.

The news of Yusuf's abdication only rendered the people of the country more strongly determined to persevere in the cause of Emhammed, and M. Schwabels who had been empowered by Ali to act as mediator, was unable to procure their submission on any terms which he could offer to them or their chief. After some days of fruitless negotiations, on the 24th of August the French Consul received their *ultimatum*, in the form of a letter or manifesto addressed to Yusuf, which is worthy of notice as a specimen of Arab state-paper writing. It commences by a long rhapsody in praise of God, his angels and his prophet Mohammed, and the remainder is a mass of unconnected assertions and declarations from which there is occasionally an attempt to draw deductions, interspersed with scraps from the Koran and other sacred writings, having no discoverable bearing on the main subject. The amount of the whole is, that Yusuf having become incapable from the

"—— the tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock,—her cock a bouy
Almost too small for sight!"

and where the many steamers that smoke their daily course along the Hudson, seemed like some tiny utensil discharging its culinary office. There would we gaze upon the lifting fog-banks at morning, watching the sunbeams as they gradually struggled forth to irradiate, first the distant valley, and so diffusing thin yellow glory upward and upward, until, at length, we stood in the midst of their effulgence, and saw their vapory veil floating away over our heads, like gossamer web of the dew spider.

Nor were our household attractions few or powerless. Many visitors were at the Orchard, but there was a coterie of young ladies with their brothers and husbands from the neighboring village of the Catskill, from whose good offices and gentle hospitality we derived a great deal of additional enjoyment. Music, books, and conversation drove away ennui during those hours, when the inclemency of the weather or fatigue compelled us to suspend our out-of-door amusements, and we were thus enabled to enjoy the everlasting scenery of the Catskill, under auspices the most favorable.

New Lebanon Springs next attracted us. They lie about twenty-seven miles from Hudson, which is ten miles up the river on the opposite side, whither we went by the same steamer that had landed us at Catskill, and thence by stages to New Lebanon.

New Lebanon is a pleasant village, near the eastern line of the state of New York, lying in a most fertile and valuable tract of country, with alternations of gently sloping hills and smiling valleys, all of which seem arable and productive. The most popular public house is that to which the Spring that gives a name to the place, belongs. It is very well kept, but was far too crowded for comfort,—the day of our arrival being Saturday, and great numbers having come from Albany, Troy, Saratoga, Ballston Spa, &c. to witness the worship (?) of the Shakers on the Sabbath.

The waters of these Springs have no very decided mineral or medicinal qualities,—but as they are very profuse in their flow, and as their temperature is always rising of seventy degrees, Fahrenheit, they are delightful for bathing in the summer season. The proprietors have, accordingly, fitted up commodious bathing houses, which are very well attended, and afford, by no means, the weakest attraction to be found at New Lebanon. But even in this respect they cannot be compared with the Warm and Hot Springs of Bath county in Virginia.

The truth is, New Lebanon invites the visitor more by the salubrity of its climate, the rural beauty of its scenery, the quiet seclusion which it offers to the town-weary traveller, and more than all, by its accessibility from so many populous parts of the country, than by any magic virtues possessed or imparted by its "springs," and all these inducements combine to keep the pretty little village full to overflowing from spring to autumn. I saw many visitors from the southern states there among the rest, and was gratified to learn that there is an annual increase of business at "Columbian Hall." In my next I shall describe a scene at the Shaker's Church.

VIA TOR.

SACRED SONG.

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,"
When the heart's best affections are yielded to God,
And the spirit that wandered, returns to the fold
Of the Saviour who bought it by shedding of blood!
One moment of rapture so holy, is worth
Far more than whole ages of wandering bliss;
And oh! if a joy ever gild this dark earth,
It is this, it is this!

The pleasures of time are all fleeting and vain—
The bubbles that sparkle o'er life's turbid stream,
E'en the ties of affection are sundered in twain,
When the dark clouds of sorrow portentously gleam.
But the rapture that thrills through the soul at its birth
Into favor with God, is ineffable bliss;
And oh! if a joy ever gild this dark earth,
It is this, it is this!

T. J. S.

MARTIN LUTHER, INCOGNITO.

Mr. Editor,—Public attention has recently been attracted, with great justice, to the *Memoirs of Luther*, by Professor Michelet of Paris; a work remarkable, first, as composed almost entirely of the Reformer's own words, and, secondly, as proceeding from a Roman Catholic. You will not, I trust, deem it unseasonable to accept the translation of a very rare and entertaining document, relating some scenes eminently illustrative of this great man's private manners. Allow me to premise, by way of refreshing the reader's memory, that after the celebrated appearance of Luther at the Diet of Worms, he was secretly snatched away by his friend the Elector, and kept for some months in the castle of Wartburg. The paper which follows gives some account of his return. It is from the pen of an honest Swiss, and is written in the Swiss-German dialect, but is so full of racy diction and inimitable naïveté, that it cannot fail to gratify every lover of ancient story. I have availed myself, here and there, of an antique idiom or phrase, as remarkably comporting with the rude original.* Respectfully, &c.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

I cannot forbear to relate, though it may chance to seem trifling and even childish, how I, John Kessler, and my comrade John Reutiner, fell into company with Martin Luther, at the time when he was enlarged from his captivity, and was on his way back to Wittenberg. For as we were journeying thither, for the sake of studying the holy scriptures, we came to Jena, in the Thuringian territory, (and God knows in a dismal storm,) and after much inquiry in the city for an inn where we might lodge for the night, we were utterly unable to find any. The taverns were shut against us on every side, for it was carnival-time, at which season there is little care for wayfaring people. So we had come to the outskirts of the town, thinking to go on further, to find if possible some hamlet where we might be entertained. Under the very gate of the town, as

* The document may be seen in Marheineke's *History of the German Reformation*, vol. i, p. 319. Berlin, 1831.

we went out, there met us a reverend man, who greeted us kindly, and asked whither we were bound at so late an hour. For he said there was neither house nor court-yard offering us lodging, which we could reach before the dead of night, and that the way was intricate; therefore he counselled us to abide where we were. We answered, "Good sir, we have been to every hostelry which has been shown to us, but every where we have been denied entrance; we must needs go further." Then he asked whether we had inquired at the Black Bear. To which we replied, "No such inn have we seen, pray tell us where we may find it." He then pointed out the place, a little without the town. And though all the innkeepers had dismissed us, yet no sooner had we reached the Black Bear, than the host came to the door, helped us in, and gave us the kindest welcome, taking us into the common room. There we found a man sitting alone at a table, with a little book lying before him, who saluted us in a friendly manner, and invited us to come forward and seat ourselves by him at the table. Now (under favor be it spoken) our shoes were so clogged with the filth of the roads, that we dared not to enter with freedom, but crept in softly, and sat upon a bench by the door. But he invited us to drink with him, which indeed we could not refuse.

After we had accepted his friendly and courteous advances, we placed ourselves, as he desired, at the table near him, and ordered some wine that we might drink to his honor; having no other thought than that he was a trooper, for he sat, after the manner of the country, in a red cloak, with doublet and hose, a sword by his side, with his right hand upon the pommel and his left grasping the hilt. He soon began to ask the place of our birth, and then, answering his own question, added, "You are Switzers. From what part of Switzerland come you?" We answered, "From St. Gallen." "You will find," said he, "at Wittenberg, whither I understand you are going, some excellent people, such as Doctor Jerome Schurf, and his brother Doctor Augustin." We replied, that we had letters to them; and then proceeded to ask in turn, "Sir, can you certainly inform us whether Martin Luther is now at Wittenberg, or in what place he is?" "I have sure information," said he, "that Luther is not in Wittenberg at this time; but he is to be there shortly. Philip Melancthon however is there; he teaches the Greek tongue, as there are others who teach the Hebrew, both which languages I earnestly exhort you to study; for they are necessary preparations to the understanding of the scriptures." We answered, "God be praised, if our lives are spared, we shall not rest until we see and hear that man; on his account it is that we have undertaken this journey; for we understood that he was minded to set aside the priesthood, with the mass, as an unauthorized service. Now, inasmuch as we have, from our youth up, been trained and set apart, by our parents, to become priests, we desire to hear what reason he can show for such a design."

After some conversation of this kind, he asked, where we had already studied. We answered, "At Basle." "How fares it," said he, "at Basle? Is Erasmus Rotterodamus there at present? What is he doing?" "Sir," replied we, "so far as we know all things go on well. But what Erasmus is doing there is no one can tell, for he keeps himself quiet and aloof." Now it struck us

with great surprise that the trooper should talk thus, and that he was able to discourse about Schurf, and Philip, and Erasmus, and about the importance of both Greek and Hebrew. Moreover, he would now and then let slip a Latin word, which made us suspect that he was something different from an ordinary cavalier. "Prithee," said he, "what is thought of Luther in Switzerland?" "Sir," said I, "there, as elsewhere, there are diversities of opinion. Some there are who cannot enough extol him, and thank God that by his means he has revealed his truth and discovered error; but others denounce him as an intolerable heretic; and such are chiefly the clergy." "Ah," said he, "I could warrant it was the parsons." In such talk he continued to be very sociable, so that my comrade made free to take up the little book which lay before him and open it. It was a Hebrew Psalter. He then laid it down, and the trooper took it up. Hereupon we fell into still greater doubt as to who he might be. Then said my comrade, "I would give a finger off my hand, if I could thereby understand this language." The man replied, "You may attain it, if you will only bestow labor; I also desire this attainment greatly, and am exercising myself every day to make greater proficiency."

By this time the day was declining and it had become quite dark, and the host entered to look to the table. As he saw our eager curiosity about Martin Luther, he said, "My good fellows, had you been here two days sooner, you might have been gratified, for he was then sitting at this very table. And with this he pointed out the place. We were now chagrined and vexed at our own delay, and provoked at the bad roads which had been our hinderance; but we said, "It rejoices us to be in the house, and at the very table where he has lately sat." At this the host could not but laugh, and went immediately out. After a little while, he called me to the outside of the door. I was alarmed, and began to think with myself in what I had been unseemly, or of what I could be suspected. The host then said to me, "Since I perceive in very truth that you long to see and hear Luther—the man who sits by you is he." This I took in jest, and said, "Ay, sir host, you would fain mock me, and stay my curiosity with Luther's lodging." He replied, "It is assuredly he; nevertheless, do nothing to show that you recognize him." I straightway left the host, still being incredulous, and returning to the room seated myself at the table, and was very desirous to let my companion know what the host had disclosed. I therefore turned myself towards the door and at the same time towards him, saying softly, "The host says that this is Luther." Like myself he could not believe it, and said, "Perhaps he said it was *Hutten*,* and you have misunderstood him." Now, as the horseman's dress suited better with Hutten, than with Luther, who was a monk, I persuaded myself that the host had said, "It is Hutten;" for the beginning of both names sounds alike. All that I said, therefore, was under the supposition that I was conversing with Ulrich ab Hutten.

In the midst of these things there came in two merchants, who wished to pass the night, and when they

* Ulrich von Hutten; a celebrated knight and statesman, and a friend of Luther, who died two years after these events, in 1522.

had laid aside their habits and spurs, one of them placed beside him a small unbound book. Martin asked what book it was. "It is Doctor Luther's exposition of sundry gospels and epistles, just printed and published; have you never seen it?" At this time the host appeared and said, "Draw near to the table, for we are about to eat." We however spoke to him and begged that he would bear with us so far as to give us something by ourselves. But the host said, "Dear fellows, seat yourselves by the gentleman at the table, I will give you good cheer." And when Martin heard this, he said, "Come along, I will pay the reckoning."

During the meal Martin gave us much friendly and godly discourse, so that both we and the tradespeople paid more attention to his words than to all our food. Among other things he lamented with a sigh, that while the princes and nobles were now assembled at the Diet at Nuremberg, on account of God's word, and the impending affairs and grievances of the German nation; yet they undertake nothing but to spend their time in expensive jousts, cavalcades, frolics and debauchery. "But such," said he, "are our Christian princes!"

He further said that it was his hope that gospel truth would bring forth fruit among our children and descendants, who are not poisoned by popish error, but are now grounded in the pure truth of God's word, more than among their parents, in whom error is so rooted that it cannot be easily eradicated. Upon this the tradespeople united in expressing their opinion, and the elder of them said, "I am a plain, simple layman; I have no particular knowledge of this business. But this I say, as the matter seems to me, Luther must be either an angel from heaven or a devil out of hell. I have here ten gulden that I would gladly give that I might confess to him; for I believe he is the man that can and would direct my conscience."

Meanwhile the host came to us and said privately, "Do not trouble yourselves about the reckoning; Martin has settled for your supper." This gave us great joy, not for the sake of the money or the cheer; but that we had been entertained by such a man. After supper the merchants arose, and went into the stable to see to their horses; while Martin was left alone with us in the room. We then thanked him for his favor, and at the same time let him understand that we took him for Ulrich ab Hutten. But he answered, "I am not he." Here the host came near, to whom Martin said, "I have to-night been made a nobleman, for these Switzers take me to be Ulrich ab Hutten." "And you are no such person," said the host, "but Martin Luther." At which he laughed, and said with great glee, "These take me for Hutten, and you for Martin Luther; I shall soon be called Martinus Marcolfus." And after some such discourse, he took a high beer-glass, and said, after the custom of the country, "Switzers, join me in a friendly glass to your health." And as I was about to take the glass, he changed it, and ordered instead of it a flask of wine, saying, "The beer is to you an unaccustomed beverage; drink wine."

With that he arose, threw his knight's cloak over his shoulder, and bid us good night, giving us his hand as he said, "When you arrive at Wittenberg commend me to Dr. Jerome Schurf." We said, "We will cheerfully do so, but how shall we name you, that he may understand your greeting?" "Only say," said he, "that

he who is on his way greets you; he will soon understand you." And so saying he went to bed. After this the tradespeople returned, ordered the host to bring them something to drink, and had much conversation concerning the unknown guest who had been sitting by them. The host made known that he took him to be Luther, which the merchants believing, lamented very much that they had behaved themselves so rudely in his presence; saying that they would on this account rise so much earlier the next morning before he departed, in order to beg that he would not take it in ill part, nor be offended, as they had not known his person. This they accordingly did, finding him next morning in the stable. Martin answered them: "You said last night at supper, that you would willingly give ten florins that you might confess to Luther. When therefore you confess to him you will discover whether I am he." And without betraying himself any further he mounted and rode on his way towards Wittenberg. On the same day we set out on the same road, and arrived at a village lying at the foot of a mountain; I think the mountain is called Orlamund, and the village Nasshausen. The stream which flows through this was swollen by the rains, and the bridge being in part carried away so that horses could not pass, we turned aside into the village, where we chanced to fall in with the same merchants, who entertained us there free of cost for Luther's sake. On the Saturday after, being one day after Luther's arrival, we called upon Doctor Jerome Schurf, in order to present our letters. When we were ushered into the room, whom should we see but Martin Luther, the same as at Jena, together with Philip Melancthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, Nicholas Amsdorf, and Doctor Augustin Schurf, relating what had befallen him in his absence from Wittenberg. He greeted us and said, laughing as he pointed with his finger, "This is the Philip Melancthon of whom I told you." Upon which Philip turned to us, and asked us many questions, which we answered according to our knowledge. And thus we passed the day on our part with great joy and satisfaction.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

It is a lovely spot they chose,
This green and grassy dell!
And here in death's long, last repose,
Eudora now sleeps well:
Escaped from all her mortal pain,
She sleeps—and will not wake again.

Oh! who that knew her can forget
That highly polished mind?
Those charms that Love must cherish yet,
In that fair form enshrined?
And that warm heart that felt the flame
Of friendship—worthy of the name?

Yes, she was one of those—the few—
That decorate the earth;
A diamond of the purest dew;
Nor knew I half its worth

