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SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

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

NO. X.—(Continued.)

The writer of these Sketches endeavors to give *entire* in each number, some distinct portion of the history of the Barbary States; this however is in some cases impracticable, either from want of time on his part, or from want of place in the sheets of the Messenger. The present number will contain merely the conclusion of the portion, commenced in the last, so that the next, may embrace the whole of the war between France and Algiers.

In a country where the establishment of innocence or guilt depends much less on the weight and character of evidence, than on the interests or influence of those possessing power, and where punishment is entirely disproportioned to offence, no unfavorable inference could be fairly drawn from the flight of the accused. The D'Ghies family had been uniformly the friends of the Americans, and Hassuna although suspected of too much devotion to the interests of France, upon the whole bore a fair character, and was on terms of social intimacy with the family of Mr. Coxe. The charge against him was of a strange nature, and one not likely to be substantiated; he protested that he was innocent of all improper conduct with regard to the unfortunate traveller, that the British Consul was anxious to procure his destruction from motives of personal enmity, and that his only desire was to go to England where he could easily clear himself from all imputations. Nor could any feelings of peculiar delicacy towards the British Consul be expected to influence Mr. Coxe on this occasion. The efforts made by Warrington in 1818 to rescue Morat Rais, after the attack on the American Consul, have been already noticed; he had also in 1828 endeavored, though ineffectually, to protect Dr. Sherry an Englishman who had circulated a story that the frigate Philadelphia was burnt by Maltese hired for the purpose by the Americans; and he had on various other occasions advanced pretensions to superiority over the Consul of the United States, which were unfounded and insulting.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Coxe resolved to protect the fugitive minister, and he therefore immediately wrote a letter to the Pasha, in which he requested a *Teskera* or written assurance under the seal of the State, that no attempt would be made to molest Hassuna; stating at the same time, that he only required what was frequently granted to the other Consuls. No answer having been made to this request, it was repeated on the 7th of August. On the 9th the Pasha replied by letter that he could not grant the warrant for Hassuna's safety, as the affair was one of great importance between himself and the British Government, and in which the American Consul was in no wise concerned; he added that if Mr. Coxe could obtain Warrington's permission

in writing to interfere in the case and deposit it with him, he would make no farther objection, and that the American Consul "might however keep Hassuna in his house until the affair should be decided."

Mr. Coxe was naturally indignant at the terms of this letter, by which his exercise of a right allowed to other Consuls, was made to depend upon the will of the representative of Great Britain; and the more so as he had reason to suspect, that it had been dictated by Warrington himself. To keep Hassuna in his house until the affair was decided, would be merely to act as his jailer until the hour of his execution; for the Pasha it was well known would not scruple to declare him guilty of theft or murder if the British Consul should require it, and it would be scarcely reconcilable either with principle or usage, to continue to protect a man, after his conviction of such crimes according to the forms of law of the country.

Fortunately at this moment the American sloop of war Fairfield had just entered the harbor of Tripoli, and her commander Captain Parker, after examining the circumstances of the case as far as known, agreed to receive Hassuna on board his ship, and to conduct him to some place from which he could with safety proceed to England. Being anxious however to secure themselves from charges of improper conduct on the part of the Government, the plan was privately intimated to Yusuf, and they were not disappointed in their expectations, that he would rejoice at being thus delivered from the difficulty. The guards were indeed doubled on that night, and they patrolled the streets leading from the American Consulate to the harbor, but this was only intended to deceive Warrington; for Hassuna was safely conducted on board the Fairfield, in the dress of a Christian, without any interruption from the numerous parties of soldiers whom they met on the way.

When Hassuna's evasion was known in Tripoli, the utmost joy was manifested by the inhabitants, and he received on board the Fairfield the visits of Hadji Massen and of many other principal persons of the city, who congratulated him openly on his escape from the vengeance of the British Consul. The Fairfield remained in Tripoli until the 14th of August, during which period every attention was received by her officers from the Pasha and his Court; she then sailed for Tunis, and from that place to Port Mahon, where Hassuna left her; but instead of proceeding to England as he had declared to be his intention, he went by way of Spain to France in which country he has since resided.

On the 10th of August Mr. Warrington addressed a most angry epistle to the American Consul, in which after asserting that D'Ghies had been "proved guilty of fraud and theft and suspected of murder," and taking it "for granted that the Commander of the Fairfield must be perfectly well acquainted with the delinquency of the fugitive," he requested that his letter should be shown to Captain Parker; declaring in conclusion that should the criminal escape from justice the whole responsibility would rest upon Mr. Coxe, and the case

to the topics on which I had before heard him dwell with pleasure. A question about his friend and comrade, the famous Philip Nolan, effected my object. His dim eye for a moment flashed up like the last flickering of an expiring lamp, and he became eloquent in praise of the companion of his youth, his fellow in arms, and partner in innumerable dangers. The excitement soon died away, but it subsided into calmness and self-possession. He rose, and took his leave with recovered dignity of manner. He tottered to the door, and to his horse, a half-broken colt, which he mounted with difficulty. As he touched the saddle, he became a new creature. His infirmities had disappeared, and he was now a part of the vigorous and fiery animal he bestrode. There he sat, swaying with every motion of the prancing horse, restraining his impatience with a skill and grace too habitual to forsake him, and with an air which betokened a momentary flush of pride. He was like Conrad restored to the deck of his own ship. I could not see his face, but I had pleasure in thinking that the excitation of the moment might operate as a cordial to his drooping spirit. I looked after him as he passed up the street in a curvetting gallop, with his head-gear streaming on the wind, and bethought me that I might never see him again.

I was not mistaken. The blow that brought him to his knees before any but his God, or "the king his master," had crushed his heart. He never held up his head again, and was soon at rest. The prevalence of the Catholic religion among the French has preserved one spot sacred to the men and customs of other days, and there he lies.

LINNÆUS AND WILSON.

Fisher Ames has remarked, that it is as difficult to compare great men, as great rivers. He might have found a happier illustration; but the meaning is obvious, that whilst distinguished men bear to each other some points of resemblance, they are remarkable for points of discrepancy. Johnson traced lines of analogy and contrast between Dryden and Pope, whilst Playfair did the same between Newton and Leibnitz. Plutarch led the way in this kind of writing, but his parallels were occasionally more fanciful than true.

In many things antiquity has excelled; but in natural science and in works of fiction, the palm is due to modern times. Cuvier and Pliny, could not be impartially measured, without giving to the former a decided advantage. The light which fell on the latter was dim, in comparison with that by which the philosopher of France was guided in his researches. Persian monarchs might formerly have been amused by the tales which adulation told in their presence; but Sir Walter Scott has redeemed fiction from many of the purposes to which it has been applied.

Among the scores of men who have devoted their talents to natural science, Linnæus and Wilson are not the least conspicuous, and they bore a likeness to each other in the obscurity of their origin. The first was the son of a Pastor, who lived in a village of Sweden, and partly sustained his family by cultivating a few beds of earth. The manse (to use a word familiar in Scotland,) has more than once been the birth place of genius, as Thomson, Armstrong, and the translator of

the *Lusind* could have testified. The latter was descended of a line of peasantry—but they both evinced that science has palms to bestow, on all by whom they shall be nobly attempted and fairly won, whilst she leaves it to kings to adorn the undeserving with hereditary titles.

They both appear to have lived for a time out of their element, for the one had well nigh been sent to the awl, whilst the other was a weaver in Paisley. But the taste of Linnæus was early formed, whilst that of the ornithologist was not developed, until comparatively late in life. The biography of the Swede is full of incidents to show that his passion for plants took its rise in infancy, and grew with his years. The circumstances of his father being unexpectedly improved, the new residence of the Pastor was embellished by a garden, and though gardening had been his business, it now became an amusement. When the parent was employed among his plants, the son was seen by his side, drawing from paternal instruction, the elements of that science in which he was destined to excel. But the Ornithologist betrayed no early predilection for the branch of knowledge to which he subsequently became devoted. It was not until he had expatriated himself, and killed for his own sustenance, one of our forest birds—that the high resolve was formed of consecrating himself to the investigation of the feathered tribes. There is something striking in this event. An exile from Scotland, driven by poverty to seek an asylum on our shores, not knowing to what destiny his steps were tending, is reminded by an incident of the claims of science on his personal services. He had seen the birds of his own country, which Grahame had celebrated in one of his poems; but it is probable that the dishevelled plumage of the one alluded to deeply affected his mind. To an accident we owe a series of galvanic experiments, and the discovery of the law of gravitation; and if this be so, it is not to be wondered at, that to an event seemingly unimportant we should owe the enlargement of Ornithology.

Linnæus and Wilson made but small attainments in any other branch than the department in which each of them became eminent. The first was conspicuous in his medical profession, but this was the result of adventitious circumstances. He gained some acquaintance with Mineralogy, and even explored the province of Dalecarlia as a kind of Peripatetic Lecturer—but this branch belongs to Natural Science. He was sent in youth to an academy, with a view to prepare for the sacred office; but his habits, though marked by innocence, unfitted him for its duties. He appears to have been deficient in what Phrenologists call the organ of language, and especially in the acquisition of the modern tongues; but whilst others were becoming familiar with words, he was ruminating by Lake Helga, and stripping Lake Wetter of its plants, that the tribes of the North might learn to speak in flowers, and thereby resemble in traits of sentiment and imagination the caravans of the East. The attainments of the Ornithologist were from his circumstances necessarily limited. Confusion is generally consequent on education which has not discipline for its basis. Before Wilson left Scotland he attempted poetry, and some of his productions were attributed to Burns; but this kind of mistake is frequently made by the partiality of friends.

The poetical productions of the Ornithologist are not entitled to much consideration; at least his temperament in this respect was more vividly displayed in action than in verbal expression. Both possessed remarkable powers of analysis, and in each the elements of taste were mingled in such a way as to turn the scale in favor of science rather than of imagination. The genius of both moved in a limited but perfect circle. That filled by the Botanist was stocked with herbs and the foliage of the Zones, surmounted by the golden flowers of the Line—and all held together by a diamond chain, whilst the choice assemblage was enlivened by the hum of the insect tribes. The other filled by the Ornithologist, was supplied from the air, and he crowded within its circumference birds of emerald and ruby grain, in the centre of which the Eagle was poised, whilst his ear was regaled by the song chanted at intervals from the curling vines of the Tropics, or the volume of melody from the woodlands of his adopted country. Each of them eventually insulated his mind to his vocation, and this is better than dispersing mental power over various pursuits. They thus reduced their genius to something of an integral kind, without the appendage of fractional parts.

Linnæus was not without decided advantages in those opportunities which foster intellect, promote emulation, and give impulse to genius. Hannah More has remarked that the best kind of education is drawn from the conversation of well-informed parents. It has been stated that the Botanist enjoyed this privilege in an eminent degree. His father took unusual pains to mature his mind, and though subjected to occasional disappointments, he met with friends even in Professors, who had sagacity to discern the sphere which he was one day to occupy. He found his way to the University of Lund, and subsequently to the one at Upsal, where lectures were delivered on his favorite science, and botanical gardens were open to his inspection. We are at a loss to imagine in what circumstances more delightful a scholar could have been placed, than those in which Linnæus was placed when he took up his abode at Hartecamp, the villa of his friend Clifford, near Haerlem. Here he found books of science, and works of taste, exotic shrubs mingled with indigenous plants, museums filled with gems from the mines of Golconda, and cabinets full of shells culled from the grottos of the sea, and from the beaches of distant oceans. But truth constrains us to place the Ornithologist in the back ground of this picture. We find him struggling with penury from the beginning, and even traversing the moors of Scotland in search of a precarious subsistence. No university opened to him its ancient gates and cloistered cells. No man of wealth placed aviaries under his superintendence, and decoyed for his use speckled birds into the captivity of some sylvan Paradise. After his removal to this country he met with friends, but like himself, they were for the most part penniless. Among them, Joseph Dennie is worthy of mention—a man prompt to encourage every good design. He was at that time editor of the *Port Folio*, and through the medium of that work he served the cause of Ornithology. Dennie was the pioneer of literature in this country, and he is to be measured by the quality rather than the quantity of his works. He wrote no brilliant poems or ingenious tales,

no dissertations in which philosophy led the way, and no historical works in which imposing events were arranged for the eye of posterity; but his *Lay Preacher* will always bear witness to the graceful structure of his mind.

Linnæus and Wilson both encountered hardships in the attainment of their purpose. Scotland treated the one, and Sweden the other, with unfeeling neglect; but the Botanist seems to have suffered most from the jealousy of rival Professors. It is singular that envy should so often disturb the quiet of men devoted to liberal pursuits; but Newton permitted some of his works to lie by him unpublished for years, because he dreaded critical attacks; and the quarrels of Addison and Pope were the subject of merriment to the people of their day. The toils of the Botanist introduced him to the perils of the Lulean desert. This rugged district was faithfully explored by the Swede; and in performing this journey, he drew subsistence from the milk of the reindeer, reconnoitered the hills and dells of Lapland, adventurously gathered moss from the brow of the precipice, and filled his herbarium with plants that rose among the rocks of the waterfall. He descended dangerous rivers in his boat; but this was the only journey in which Linnæus appears to have suffered much personal inconvenience. His subsequent tours through France, Germany and England, were excursions of pleasure, on which he went to enjoy the triumphs awarded to genius. But rugged as was the Lapland desert, the Ornithologist traversed deserts more extensive. Though poverty forbade the attempt to explore our forests, he disregarded its monitions, and we find him passing through the vale of Wyoming, and encircling the Lakes that indent the interior of New York, and then standing by those inland seas that roll on our northern borders. He descended the Ohio in his lonely skiff—he searched the islands which picture its waves—he paused in sight of smoke curling from the wigwam—he drew the chain of science around the copse, and slept in the green saloons of our wilderness. He was a Stoic of the woods as to personal suffering, but a Platonist at the same time in the mellow sensibilities of his nature.

They were both instructors of youth, but under circumstances widely different. The one was a preceptor of youth in the sequestered nooks of Pennsylvania; the other became the dignified lecturer from beneath a canopy spread over him by regal munificence. The one taught the elements of Education—the other enlarged on the lore of Science. As an instructor, Linnæus was the more successful. He resembled in some measure the Greek philosophers who taught in the suburbs of Athens, and he made Hammarby a kind of Swedish Lyceum. He possessed a remarkable talent for waking into action the latent enthusiasm of his pupils. What custom could have been more inspiring than the one he introduced at Upsal, of dividing his pupils into bands, and enjoining it on the leader of each to sound a horn when a plant should be discovered, never before seen by the fervid eye of science. This enthusiasm accounts for the fact, that his pupils subsequently explored so many countries, and investigated their floral kingdoms, whilst one of them accompanied Sir Joseph Banks round the world, and sounded his bugle among the islands of the Pacific.

They both enlarged the limits of Science. Before the time of the Swedish philosopher, Botanists had arisen in different countries; and from the earliest periods, studies based on the objects of nature must have drawn attention both for ornament and use. Lord Bacon, from the elevation which he occupied above the rest of his species, looked far into the wonders of Natural History; but Linnæus took entire possession of the green and flowery land, and led in the tribes of men to enjoy its fragrance and pluck its fruit. The poetical affections have from the infancy of time been associated with vernal buds and flowers. Poetry, when it assumes the form of language, is the melody which the mind makes when the imagination is excited by objects in the frame-work of nature, or by events susceptible of picturesque representation. In the floral games men were acting from ideal impulses, and they were doing the same through the ages of chivalry. They thus furnished materials out of which Tasso reared his immortal work. But it is one thing to look at objects as they sparkle through the medium of the imagination, and another to open on the same objects the eye of science. Many have celebrated the loves of the Shells who have not understood Conchology, and Darwin understood Plants scientifically without comprehending them poetically. But Linnæus possessed astonishing invention, and he easily detected the errors of ancient systems, and convinced mankind of the superiority of that system which bore the seal of his own imperishable mind. In like manner the Ornithologist did not strike out into ways entirely novel, but he extended paths on which men had hitherto gone for the acquisition of knowledge. He has greatly enlarged our views of the history and habits of the feathered race. From the mountain's height, as well as in the deepest recesses of the wilderness, he stretched out his hand and clasped the blue and purple bird, that our intellectual pleasures might be augmented.

Of these distinguished men, the success of Linnæus in life was by far the more conspicuous. He eventually reached every desire which he could at any time have cherished. His Professorship at Upsal yielded him a revenue equivalent to his wants. He thrust forth from thence pupils in successive companies; but distance did not diminish the veneration in which they held his person. Foreign countries sent him the symbols of admiration—literary associations vied with each other in doing him honor—and kings bestowed on him the title of nobility. But it is probable that the rural life of Tully and Pliny strongly impressed his imagination, for his highest ambition was to possess a villa. He purchased Hammarby, which, under his direction, became stocked with the productions of every clime. Here he held a kind of rural court, and, to use his own language, was happier than any Eastern Sultan. Kings and nobles sent presents to his villa, whilst pilgrim students detached for his use twigs from the Sabine farm, and leaves from the tomb of Pausilippo. The Celtic flower and the Turkish vine met in his green-house, and the bird marked by the hues of the Tropics, found a home on his lawn. But there is a contrast to this in the circumstances of the Ornithologist too painful to be distinctly traced; and he was one of the few who have lived for that gratitude which reaches its object only in the grave.

In that piety due from a creature to his Maker, Linnæus appears to have surpassed the Ornithologist. The Swedish naturalist was remarkable for his gratitude, and he often mentioned in glowing words the way in which he had been led to results and discoveries so important. He felt his dependence when buried in the solitude of the desert—nor did he forget to rear an altar at Hammarby. But the Ornithologist probably excelled him in some moral qualities, and among them was disinterestedness. The love of money was a passion too strong with Linnæus, and too feeble for his own comfort with Wilson—and neither of them, in this particular, struck the *golden medium*. The sensibility of the Ornithologist was likewise more refined than that of the Botanist. Linnæus was buried in the Cathedral of Upsal, with a pomp which kings alone could bestow; but Wilson was not indifferent to the spot in which he should repose. In going into battle an Admiral once thought of a tomb in Westminster Abbey—and Napoleon wished to lie on the Seine, among the French people whom he had loved so well; but the Ornithologist desired to be buried where the birds could find access to his grave.

Each of these distinguished men created an æra in Natural History. Some philosophers have associated their names with the heavenly bodies, and we are reminded of them whenever we lift our thoughts to the milky way, or to the planets as they turn in on their bright pilgrimage to share the evening repose of our world. Of some we are reminded by the balmy air, or by the insects which make it vocal; and we call others to remembrance when we look on the Peruvian Lama, or the stately Lion: but so long as the earth shall evolve its Plants, the Swedish sage cannot be forgotten—and so long as the birds can chant a note, the Druid of Ornithology shall not want a requiem.

LOVE AND POETRY.

They bid me Poetry resign—the mandate I obey:
Farewell, forever then farewell, to the inspiring lay.
I go to other happiness—in a bright and sunny clime
I'll rove amid the orange groves, the olive, and the vine.

I'll sing and dance to merry strains of some Italian
band—

I'll dream no more of Poetry, nor of "my native land;"
And as the gondolier doth guide me home from mirth
and song,

My thoughts shall with the gondola glide undisturbed
along.

I'll live for fêtes and operas—I'll haunt the masquerade,
And all sweet visions of the Lyre shall from my memory
fade;

And Love—(for that were Poetry)—I must resign:
apart

The Lyre and Love can ne'er exist within the human
heart.

And now once more I bid adieu to all thy tender joys
Sweet Muse, and fly to festive scenes—to folly, mirth
and noise;

But ne'er amid these labyrinths, do I expect to find
A solace for the loss of Love and Poetry combined.