

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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T. W. WHITE, PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The *Publisher* has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and patrons that he has made an arrangement with a gentleman of approved literary taste and attainments, to whose especial management the editorial department of the "*Messenger*" has been confided.—This arrangement, he confidently believes will increase the attractions of his pages,—for besides the acknowledged capacity of the gentleman referred to, his abstraction from other pursuits will enable him to devote his exclusive attention to the work.

With this ample assurance therefore, that the public patronage will be met by renewed efforts to give general satisfaction, the publisher earnestly hopes that his friends will aid him in extending the circulation of the *Messenger*. A reasonable enlargement of the subscription list will afford the means of occasionally embellishing its pages with handsome drawings and engravings—and especially sketches of some of those remarkable natural curiosities and picturesque scenes, with which Virginia, and the Southern country generally, abounds. In this way the publisher hopes to make his periodical a repository of not only every thing elegant in literature, but tasteful in the arts; and his generous and intelligent supporters may rest assured, that whilst a moderate reward for his own labors is indispensable—his principal aim is to multiply the sources of intellectual pleasure, and increase the facilities for improvement.

It is due to the gentleman who has acted as editor up to the present period, that the publisher should, in parting with him, express that deep feeling of gratitude which his disinterested friendship could not fail to inspire. At the commencement of the *Messenger*, when the prospect of its success was doubtful, and when many judicious friends augured unfavorably of the enterprise, the late editor volunteered his aid to pilot the frail bark if possible into safe anchorage—nor did he desert it until all doubt of success had ceased. The efforts of that gentleman are the more prized, because they were made at a considerable sacrifice of ease and leisure, in the midst too of avocations sufficiently arduous to occupy the entire attention of most men,—and because they were rendered without hope or expectation of reward. And the publisher embraces this occasion, to declare that the success of the *Messenger* has been greatly owing to the judicious management of the editorial department by that gentleman. For services of so much value, rendered with no other object than a desire to promote the establishment of a literary periodical in Virginia, the publisher is deeply indebted to him—and the readers of the work will, we doubt not, long remember his efforts in their behalf. To him belongs the merit of having given his disinterested aid in the season of its early feebleness. His successor has but to follow in the path which has thus been marked out by a hardy and skilful literary pioneer.

T. W. WHITE, *Publisher and Proprietor*.

VOL. I.—59

For the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY

And Present Condition of Tripoli, with some accounts of the other Barbary States.

No. VI.

In the last number of these sketches, it was stated that Hamet "went to Derne in 1809, where he passed the remainder of his life in quiet, as Bey of the two Eastern Provinces." This has been since discovered to be incorrect; within two years afterwards, he was again expelled by the Pasha, for some cause or pretence, and obliged to fly with his family to Egypt, where he died. In October, 1832, a man appeared at the American Consulate in Alexandria, who declared himself to be Mahommed Bey, eldest son of Hamet Caramalli; he stated that his father's family were living in great indigence at Cairo, and his object was to ascertain whether any relief could be expected for them from the United States.

The conduct of the Bey of Tunis during the early part of the war between Tripoli and the United States, has been already exposed. He continued to observe the subsequent occurrences with great attention,—manifesting the utmost anxiety with regard to the result. He saw with dismay the increase of the American forces in the Mediterranean, and the distressed condition to which Yusuf was reduced by the determined manner in which they had been employed; and he rightly conceived that by thus unveiling the weakness of one of the Barbary States, the system which they were all interested in preserving, was placed in jeopardy. With a view to avert the apprehended danger, he made frequent offers of mediation, which having been declined, he determined if possible to force a conclusion favorable to his interests, by a display of hostile intentions against the United States.

For this he soon found an excuse in the blockade of Tripoli. We have seen that he at first refused to acknowledge this blockade, on the just grounds that it was not maintained by a competent force; when that force was increased so as effectually to close the port, he insisted, that being at peace with the United States, his vessels had the right of proceeding to any place without interruption by them, and that the passport granted by the American Consul ought always to afford them protection from the armed forces of his nation. The passports granted by the Consuls of Christian powers in the Barbary states, are merely certificates that the vessel is owned in the country where the Consul resides, with a statement of her class, her name and that of her captain, and other particulars requisite to identify her; it protects the vessel from detention or capture by the armed ships of the nation in whose name it is issued, for one year after its date. The Consul in vain represented this to the Bey, and endeavored to explain the principles of blockade; shewing that an attempt to enter Tripoli would be a hostile act on the part of the vessel making it, but on her part only, and

these moments of joy now repayed? Well might he say, in reference to his own life,

"One moment may, with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain."

Yet he did not esteem his work yet ended—his purpose yet realized. Innumerable difficulties, calling for energy to brave the prospect of years of application, presented themselves. He resolved to banish from his heart every image of despair, and if the attainment of glory and usefulness required it,

"To drink even to the very dregs

The bitterest cup that time could measure out,
And having done, look up and ask for more."

He received no joy but in the action of mind—in converse with the proudest philosophers of the world. If he was but allowed to walk with Plato and Aristotle, in the grove of Academus, and listen to their discourses he was content. And yet, philosopher as he was, he did not wish to die unlamented, with no epitaph to his memory. How could he remain in the world, and leave it, without having made one discovery in science—established one truth which might benefit mankind—done aught that could endear his name to posterity—caused one heart's gratitude to follow him to the tomb? Such a thought was sad—unutterable! It was thus he was hurried on in his mental application, till at last it became far too incessant for the safety of his life. He saw the consequence, yet could not stay the impetuous workings of his own mind—now beyond his control. His last letter to me, thus concluded, "since I cannot expect a long residence on this earth, my only wish is, that I may have at least one kind friend who will candidly inscribe upon my tomb, this simple epitaph,

"Here lies a heart, that beat for fame."

Soon after the reception of this letter, we were informed by the president of C—College, that Walter Dunlap had died suddenly, from an inflammation of the lungs occasioned by an exposure to the air for several hours, while observing the corruscations of the *Aurora borealis*.

Thus died Walter Dunlap—a child of sorrow—a being of the strongest aspirations—possessing a genius which would have elevated him to a rank with the profoundest philosophers—and wept by his companions whose tears form his only funeral eulogy.

His life may show the danger of exposing a child too early to the contagion of a college—the folly of dealing too harshly with youthful errors—the force of sympathy on the heart, and the elevation at which a mind may instantly arrive. Farewell."

I will only add that the "student's grave yard" now contains a monument over the tomb of the Forgotten Genius, and that in compliance with my promise, I caused to be inscribed to the memory of Walter Dunlap, the eloquent epitaph contained in his last letter to his brother, so justly due to the actions of his short life.

West Point, 18th April, 1835.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE HOUSE MOUNTAIN IN VIRGINIA.

This double mountain forms a conspicuous object in the romantic county of Rockbridge. It stands seven miles west of Lexington, from whose inhabitants it hides the setting sun, and not unfrequent-

ly turns the summer showers. Being separated from the neighboring ridge of the North mountain, and more lofty, it presents its huge body and sharp angles full to the western winds. Clouds are often driven against it, cloven asunder, and carried streaming on to the right and left with a space of clear sky between, similar in form to the evening shadow of the mountain.

Sometimes however, a division of the cloud after passing the town, will come bounding back in a current of air, reflected from another mountain. It is not uncommon to see a cloud move across the great valley in Rockbridge, shedding its contents by the way—strike the Blue Ridge on the south eastern side, wheel about and pursue a different course until it is exhausted. The traveller, after the shower is over, and the clear sunshine has induced him to put off his cloak and umbrella, is surprised by the sudden return of the rain from the same quarter towards which he had just seen it pass away.

What is called the House Mountain, consists in fact, of two oblong parallel mountains, connected at the base, and rising about 1500 feet above the common level of the valley. The summits which are about a mile and a half long, resemble the roof of a house; the ends terminate in abrupt precipices; and round the base, huge buttresses taper up against the sides, as if designed to prop the mighty structure. The students of Washington College make a party every summer to visit this mountain for the sake of the prospect. They set out in clear weather and spend the night on the mountain in order to enjoy the morning beauties of the scene, which are by far the most interesting. Having twice been of such a party, the writer gives the following description, from a memory so deeply impressed by what he saw, that years have scarcely abated the vividness of its ideas.

The first time, we were disappointed by the cloudiness of the atmosphere, and should have made an unprofitable trip, had not an unexpected scene afforded us a partial reward for the toils of the ascent. We lodged like Indian hunters not far from the summit, where a little spring trickles from the foot of the precipice. After we had slept awhile, one of the company startled us with the cry of *fire!* He saw with astonishment in the direction of the Blue Ridge, a conflagration that cast a lurid glare through the hazy atmosphere. The flame rose and spread, every moment tapering upwards to a point, and bending before the night breeze. We first imagined that a large barn was on fire, and then as the flame grew, that the beautiful village of Lexington was a prey to the devouring element. While we gazed with fearful anxiety, the fiery object in rising yet higher, seemed to grow less at the lower extremity, until it stood forth to our joyful surprise, the moon half full, reddened and magnified by the misty air, beyond what we

had ever seen. Its light afforded an obscure perception of the most prominent objects of the landscape. Shadowy masses of mountains darkened the sight in various directions, and spots less dark in the country below, gave indications of fields and houses. We perceived just enough to make us eager for a more distinct and general view of the scene. In the morning, every thing was hidden by the cloudy confusion of the atmosphere.

The next time, our party lodged on the aerial summit of the mountain, by a fire of logs, which might have served the country for a beacon. The weather proved favorable, and we rose before the dawn to enjoy the opening scene. The sky was perfectly serene, but all the world below was enveloped in darkness and fog. Our fire had sunk to embers. The gloom, the desolation, the death-like stillness of our situation, filled every mind with silent awe, and prepared us for solemn contemplation. We spoke little, and felt disposed to solitary musing. I retired alone to a naked rock which raised its head over a precipice, turned my face to the east, and waited for the rising sun, if not with the idolatrous devotion, yet with the deep solemnity of the Persian Magii. Presently the dawn began to show the dim outline of the Blue Ridge along the eastern horizon, at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles. When the morning light opened the prospect more distinctly, the level surface of the mist which covered the valley became apparent; and the mountain tops in almost every direction, looked like islands in a white, placid, and silent ocean. I gazed with delighted imagination over this novel and fairy scene; so full of sublimity in itself, and from the sober twilight in which it appeared, so much like the work of fancy in visions of a dream. The trees and rocks of the nearest islands soon became visible; more distant islands were disclosed to view, but all were wild and desolate. I felt as if placed in a vast solitude, with lands and seas around me hitherto undiscovered by man.

Whilst I gazed with increasing admiration over the twilight scene, and endeavored to stretch my vision into the dusky regions far away, my attention was suddenly arrested by sparks of dazzling brilliancy which shot through the pines on the Blue Ridge. In the olden time, when Jupiter's thunderbolts were manufactured in the caverns of *Ætna*, never did such glittering scintillations fly from under the forge hammers of Cyclops. It was the sun darting his topmost rays over the mountain, and dispersing their sparkling threads in the bright and cloudless atmosphere. Very soon the fancied islands around me caught the splendid hue of the luminary, and shone like burnished gold on their eastern sides. In the west, where they were most thickly strown over the white sea of mist, and where their sides alone appeared, I could imagine them to be the islands of

the blessed (so famous in ancient poetry,) where light and peace reigned perpetually. But the pleasing illusion was soon dissipated. The surface of the mist hitherto lying still, became agitated like a boiling caldron. Every where light clouds arose from it and melted away. Presently the lower hills of the country began to show their tops as if they were emerging from this troubled sea. When the sun displayed his full orb of living fire, the vapory commotion increased, the features of the low country began to be unveiled, and the first audible sound of the morning, the barking of a farmer's dog, rose from a deep vale beneath, and completely broke the enchantment of the twilight scene. When the sun was an hour high, the fog only marked the deep and curvilinear beds of the waters. Nor was I less delighted with the realities of the prospect before me.

The country lay beneath and around me to the utmost extent of vision. Along the uneven surface of the great valley, a thousand farms in every variety of situation were distinctly visible, some in low vales, some on the upland slopes, and here and there a few on the elevated sides of the mountains.

On the northeast, the less hilly county of Augusta was seen in dim perspective, like a large level of blueish green. Stretching along the eastern horizon for many a league, the Blue Ridge shewed a hundred of its lofty pinnacles among which the Peaks of Otter toward the south, rose pre-eminently conspicuous. The valley in a southwestern direction was partly concealed by the isolated line of the Short Hill: but beyond that appeared at intervals the vales of James river, from the gap where the stream has burst through the Blue Ridge, up to the place where it has cloven the North mountain, and thence round by the west, to the remarkable rent which it has made in the solid rock of the Jackson mountain, a distance altogether of some forty miles.

On the western side, the view is of a different character. Here it seemed as if all the mountains of Virginia had assembled to display their magnificence and to exhibit with proud emulation, their loftiness and their length. Line upon line, ridge behind ridge, perched over one another, crossed the landscape in various directions, here swelling into round knobs, and there stretching off in long masses far and wide; until they faded away in the blue of the atmosphere, and distinction of form and color was lost in the distance.

When I was able to withdraw my eyes from the collective whole of this sublime prospect, and to examine the particular objects that appeared around me, I was struck with the long narrow vales on the western side. The cultivated low grounds and streams of water, all converging towards the wider stream and valley of the James river, presented a beautiful contrast with the rude

grandeur of the mountains among which they lay. When I looked down upon the country in the immediate vicinity of the House Mountain, I admired the beauties of the scene. The woody hillocks and shady dells had lost every rough and disagreeable feature: the surface of the woods was uniformly smooth and green, like a meadow, and wound before the elevated eye with the most graceful curves imaginable. The little homesteads about the foot of the mountain, the large farms and country seats further away in the valley, and the bright group of buildings in the village of Lexington, formed a gentle scene of beauty, which relieved the mind from the almost painful sublimity of the distant prospect, and prepared us, after hours of delightful contemplation, to descend from our aerial height, and to return with gratified feelings to our college and studies again.

Lexington, Virginia.

For the Southern Literary Messenger.

VISIT TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS,

During the Summer of 1834.

NO. I.

On the morning of a bright and beautiful day early in July, I resumed my seat in the mail coach at Lexington, with the prospect of soon reaching the Virginia Springs. The line having been recently established was as yet little known, and on this occasion I was the only passenger. Ample opportunity was afforded for viewing the charming scenery which surrounds this village; and, certainly, the world can scarcely present a more lovely landscape than that which lay before us as we entered upon the turnpike which leads to the Springs.

At the foot of the hill which we were descending, "Woods's Creek" was stealing along through the shaded retreats and the velvet green which lines its banks; the adjoining hills were crowned with waving fields, now ripening for the harvest; the chimnies of the "Mulberry Hill" residence could just be seen, peering above the groves and the foliage which throw their charms around its retirement; the ruins of the "Old Academy"—where Alexander, Baxter, Matthews, Rice, and others of the first men in the Presbyterian Church were educated,—with its mouldering, ivy-covered walls, stood in melancholy solitude on the borders of the neighboring forest. Beyond, was the rolling country in its variety of scenery; and in the background, the House, Jump and North Mountains marking their clear outline, against the deep azure of a cloudless sky.

After winding among the hills for a few hours, we came in view of the long, unbroken range of mountains, over which we were to pass; and though still some miles from the base, the road could be distinctly traced, running in straight, and then in

zigzag directions along the precipitous ascent. Soon after, we commenced our slow progress up the mountain, which might have been tedious had it not been that every successive moment which increased our elevation, revealed new beauties. The road itself is one of the curiosities of this region; it would scarcely seem possible for the ingenuity and energy of man to construct so safe and so delightful a passage over these rough and almost perpendicular ridges. At one point you may look from your carriage window upon the traveller some fifty feet below, parallel with yourself, and, paradoxical as it may appear, proceeding in the same direction, although he is bound for the opposite end of the road. So great are the angles necessary to be made in order to overcome the obstacles which nature had interposed. The declivity of the turnpike, however, is now so slight as to admit of travelling at almost any speed.

On reaching the summit, the view was inexpressibly grand. One of the loveliest sections of the Valley of Virginia spread its beauties before us. On one hand the "House Mountain" rose in solitary grandeur above the surrounding hills, and on the other the dark spurs of the Alleghany projected out into the more cultivated country. On the southwest, as far as the eye could reach, mountain after mountain could be seen. Immediately below and before us, were laid out as a map, the fertile fields, comfortable farm-houses and county roads of Rockbridge; the numerous streams reflected in silvery sheets, as they wound through the broken country and hurried along to pour their waters into the bosom of the James. Across the "Valley" at the distance of perhaps twenty miles, the great "Blue Ridge" stretched away towards the north and south, until it was lost in the deeper azure of the evening sky, or hid by the dark and heavy clouds which bear the summer's storm.

We were now upon the boundary which separates the "Valley" from Western Virginia. After gazing in admiration on the beauties of the country through which we had just travelled, I turned to enjoy similar scenes on the opposite side. But nothing except successive piles of mountains met the view. The deep vales and sun-tinged peaks, seemed to be still slumbering in their original wildness, and had it not been for the traces of art exhibited by our turnpike, and the sight of an iron foundry in the valley below, I should have been almost forced to the conclusion, that we were disturbing the silence of those forests which had never before echoed but to the cry of the panther, or the war-whoop of the wandering Indian.

Having halted a few minutes, the driver "shod" our coach, and rolling away with the sound of thunder down the mountain, we reached the inn where the stage stopped for the night, just as