

THE TRAVELLER.

WITTEMBERG,

THE PRINCIPAL SCENE OF LUTHER'S LABOURS.

We extract the following, relating to Wittemberg, the principal seat of the labours of Luther, from a letter of a correspondent of the *Presbyterian*, now in Europe.

We first arrived at Wittemberg, which is one of the stopping-places on the railroad from Berlin to Leipzig. We could not pass so near the city of Luther, without paying it a visit. Beside there is in this city a servant of the Lord, with whom I particularly desired to be acquainted, namely, old Huebner. I call him old because he is about sixty years of age, and known for a long time as a man of learning and piety; but he is still full of life and activity. He has been placed at the head of a seminary, found some time ago at Wittemberg. There, the young theological students, who learn scarcely anything in the university beyond the scientific outline of their future ministry, are exercised under the direction of this venerable professor, in the practical part of the functions to which they are destined. I had the happiness to reach the Seminary while Huebner was delivering an exegetical lecture; it was exceedingly interesting to me; it was both practical and solid, mingled with views that were new and profound.

Huebner was so kind as to conduct us himself to the City Church, (Stadt Kirche,) one of the two churches of Wittemberg, which the name of Luther has rendered illustrious. He preached in this house for several years, assisting his friend Huzehagen, the pastor. The baptismal font is the same which existed in the days of Luther, and is a very handsome piece of work. The church is ornamented with several paintings of the famous artist, Lucas de Cranach. In one of these pictures our attention was directed to an attempt at perspective, extraordinary for that age, although very inferior, if compared with specimens in this department of the art, in our day. But among these paintings, that which attracted our attention the most, was an allegorical piece, in which Cranach has represented the first struggles and progress of the Reformation. The greatest part of the picture is occupied with two vines. One, belonging to the Reformers, is cultivated with the most scrupulous care. Luther, in the centre, armed with an enormous rake, cleans the intervening space between the vines, while Melancthon and other friends of the Reformation are busily engaged in similar labors. The other vine is the Pope's. It is miserably neglected, trampled under foot, burned by those who ought to nurse it. In a corner of the picture, the pope, followed by some of his cardinals and bishops, is expelled through a gate; but although they expel him, they put into his hands St. Peter's penny—they leave him the money, on condition that he will leave the Church.

We were led to the ancient Convent of the Augustines; in which Luther long resided at Wittemberg, and of which the Elector of Saxony latterly made him a grant. On our way we saw the house of Melancthon, which has this inscription:—"Here lived, taught, and died, Philip Melancthon." A little further on, we passed near the site of the university, rendered so famous by Luther; but we learned, not without painful surprise, that this old building, having fallen into ruins, it was determined to demolish it, and in its place erect a barrack. We detect in this fact the military spirit of Prussia, and could almost be tempted to employ a severer epithet. At last we reached the convent, and there we found the most curious and impressive memorials of the great Reformer.

After passing a portal, on which the good Catharine de Borá caused to be cut in the stone the lineaments of her husband, we ascended by a small stair, leading to an antechamber, where the numerous visitors of Luther waited till he was at leisure to receive them. A bench is preserved, on which they were accustomed to sit, and in a corner of the chamber, there are a press and a panty, which were used by Catharine. The next room—that in which Luther usually staid—has been preserved in the same condition in which it was when he occupied it; except some props for the support of the ceiling, and three large full-length portraits, hung against the partition, being those of Luther, Melancthon, and the Elector of Saxony. One experiences a feel-

ing which it is difficult to express, in seeing himself surrounded by objects replete with the memory of Luther; he is carried back, in imagination, three centuries, and the desire, of which he is sensible, to bear away with him some little fragment of the furniture once belonging to the Reformer, explains how the preservation of the relics of the saints took its origin. Here, you have before your eyes the table at which he daily sat to take his meals; there, near the window, his wooden elbow-chair; attached to the wall, and facing it, a smaller armed chair for Catharine further on, a large stove, planned by himself, and ornamented by figures which remind you of his favorite meditations; having below, the four Evangelists, and above, music. Over a door, you read the name, Peter; it is that of Peter the Great, who wrote it with his own hand; and in order to preserve it untouched, a frame has been made for it. He had requested that a glass, (un verre a pied,) used by Luther at table, should be sold to him, and being denied this favor, the autocrat seized the glass and broke it to pieces; after which, on going out, he left his name written on the wall, as a memorial of his visit and his passion. It was with difficulty that we tore ourselves from this chamber, where every thing breathed the presence of Luther. We afterwards looked into a small passage, where, in a kind of niche, lay a copy of the Psalms in folio, with the music: then, into Luther's bed-chamber, if the name may be applied to a nook which excludes the light of the sun; and finally, we came to an apartment where several articles are collected that remind one vividly of him: the pulpit in which he preached, is very large, and curiously ornamented; a portrait of Luther by Cranach, the best extant: a cast of Luther's face, taken in plaster, after his death; the fragments of the glass broken by the Emperor of Russia; a wooden goblet, and some works in embroidery, done by Catharine, in which she has produced the features of her husband.

On leaving the convent, we were conducted across a public square, in the middle of which a monument in bronze is erected to Luther. It is a sort of Gothic chapel, in which the Reformer is represented as holding in his hand a Bible. Our hasty visit terminating at the Castle Church, which stands near one of the gates of the city; it has lost a tower, which was destroyed by the French, but the body of the building remains entire. The door of this church is memorable in the history of the Reformation; they affirm that it is the same which existed three centuries ago, but I can hardly think it so ancient. However this may be, it was here that Luther posted up his famous theses against the indulgences of Tetzel, on the 31st October, 1517. In this church are the tombs of Luther and Melancthon. Facing the spot where the mortal remains of these two eminent servants of God are deposited, there are stone statues which exhibit their features. More distant, are the statues of Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, and John the Constant his brother, the protectors of the Reformation in its infancy and growth. At the further end of the church there is a bas-relief, which has been preserved when the edifice was repaired, or rather entirely rebuilt, since the period of the Reformation. This bas-relief well deserved such distinction; for besides its being remarkable as a monument of the arts in that age, it is still more so, as a religious monument. It remarks the transition from the doctrines of Rome to those of the Reformation; for it may be said to be half Popish, half Protestant. It is Popish, for the Holy Trinity is represented in the village of Freywalden, in Austria, under the visible images of an old man, the Son crucified, and a dove; it is Protestant, for in the corner of the picture is an angel motioning to an ecclesiastic, that he must not pray to the virgin, but to the Trinity, represented as I have said.

A CHINESE ADVERTISEMENT.—The following is the advertisement of a Chinese sculptor, which appeared in a Chinese publication issued at Canton some years ago:—"I, Achen Teu Chinchén, a lineal descendant of Coap Boi Roche Chinchén, the celebrated sculptor and carver in wood, who, through his unremitting studies to promote rational religious worship, by the classical touches of his knife and chisel, have been honoured by the emperors, kings, and rajahs of the East, and supplied them with superior idols for public and domestic worship, now humbly offer my services

in the same theological line; having travelled at a considerable expense, to perfect myself in anatomy, and in copying the most graceful attitudes of the human figure, and those able masters, Nollkens and Bacon. Achen Teu Chinchén is now in possession of casts of the most approved models and Elgin marbles; he is ready to execute to order idols from twelve feet high, well proportioned, down to the size of a marmozet monkey, or the most hideous monster that can be conceived to inspire awe or reverence for religion. My charges are moderate: for an ourang outang, three feet high, 700 dollars; ditto, rampant, 800; a sphinx, 400; a bull, with hump and horn, 650; a buffalo, 800; a dog, 200; couchant, 150; an ass, in a braying attitude, 850. The most durable materials will be used. Of statuary granite, brass, and copper, I have provided sufficient to complete orders to any extent. Perishable wood shall never disgrace a deity made by my hands. Posterity may see the objects of the fathers' devotions unsullied by the inclemencies of the seasons, the embrace of joyous pilgrims, or the tears of the solemn prostrated before them. Small idols for domestic worship, or made into portable compass for pilgrims; the price will be proportionate to the size and weight. Any order, post-paid, accompanied by a drawing and description of the idol, will be promptly attended to, provided that one-half of the expense be first paid, and the remainder secured by any respectable house in Canton.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE ROSE THAT BLOOMED ON THE SABBATH.

THE following fact was penned by the late Mrs. Catharine Winslow, (second wife of the Rev. Myron Winslow,) when on a visit to this station shortly after her arrival in this country. I have frequently perused it with much pleasure, and wished I could read it to some of my little friends in America, but as that is out of my power, I feel inclined to impose the task on you, so far as to read it to Charles and Elisha. It is as follows:

"I know a little boy, (son of a Missionary in India,) who had been carefully trained to regard the Christian Sabbath as God's own day, in which he was not even to think worldly thoughts. He was born in the midst of the heathen, who acknowledged no obligation to keep the Sabbath, but were as much occupied with worldly business during its hallowed hours as at other times. And notwithstanding some few were gathered from among them to hear the words of life from time to time, they seemed to have little perception of the command, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.'

"Perhaps the mother of this little boy had been more than usually earnest to impress on her son the importance of this command, seeing that he was exposed to such sad examples. Her efforts were crowned with a good degree of success. There was a tenderness of conscience about the child in regard to keeping the day, according to the spirit as well as the letter. His mother had seldom, I may say almost never, occasion to reprove him for a breach of the Sabbath. He appeared to feel the necessity of being watchful over himself in little as well as great things, of which I am now about to relate an instance, as it was mentioned to me by one of his missionary friends.

"The house in which he lived was situated in the midst of a large garden (or compound) where were many fine trees and flowers, of which he was very fond. The stately acacia, towering cocoanut, with its rich coronal of leaves, and its clusters of ripe fruit; the spreading foliage of the pomelomere, and mango, and the lime—all were dear to his little heart; as the production of the soil on which he first drew breath. But there was one unpretending tree, which he loved above all others, as being associated in his mind with the birth-place of his beloved parents: this was a rose-tree. His mother had often pointed to it when walking with him, and compared it to the bright roses of America. What then to him, in comparison, were the rich colors of the Indian acacia, the bright red of the China rose, or the vermilion hue of the pomegranate buds, or even the more delicately tinted cups of the tulip-tree! 'The rose is a flower which grows in America,' he would say, and for that he loved it. Well, the flourishing rose-tree gave promise of a flower