

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.—STOTT.



FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

BY-PAST TIME.

The sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen,
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest,
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight's dim and pensive hour;
The joyous year arrives; but when
Shall by-past time come back again?

I think on childhood's glowing years—
How soft, how bright the scene appears,
How calm, how cloudless passed away
The long, long summer holiday!
I may not muse, I must not dream,
Too beautiful these visions seem
For earth and mortal man, but when
Shall by-past times come back again?

I think of sunny eyes so soft,
Too deeply felt, enjoy'd too oft,
When through the blooming fields I roved,
With her, the earliest, dearest loved;
Around whose form I yet survey
In thought a bright, celestial ray,
To present scenes denied; but when
Shall by-past times come back again?

Alas! the world, at distance seen,
Appeared all blissful and serene;
An Eden, formed to tempt the foot
With crystal streams and golden fruits;
That world, when tried and trod, is found
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!
We then revert to youth; but when
Shall by-past times come back again?

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

HISTORICAL.

THE CRUSADES.

Extracts from the History of the Crusades, for the recovery and possession of the Holy Land. By Charles Mills, London, 1820.

[From the Missionary.]

After the destruction of the second temple, paganism became the religion of Jerusalem: but in the fourth century the banner of the cross triumphed over polytheism. Then the star of Islamism rose in the ascendant; and for three ages the holy city was subject to the Arabian and Egyptian caliphs: from these it was wrested by the Seljuk Turks; but, after various vicissitudes, Palestine again reverted to the Egyptians, A. D. 1094. Jerusalem, whether in a state of glory or abasement, was esteemed sacred by the Christians. A religious curiosity prompted people to visit those places which the scriptures have sanctified, till it was imagined that there was some peculiar holiness in the very ground of Salem; and consequently the habit of visiting Palestine became strengthened. Restless guilt hoped that pardon might be procured by the pains of pilgrimage, and the sacrifice of prayer, in a land which seemed pre-eminently favoured by the Deity. During the fourth century, Christendom was duped into the belief, that the very cross upon which the Saviour suffered had been discovered; that a living virtue pervaded its substance, of power to heal all diseases, bodily as well as mental, and that it had the marvellous property of never diminishing, whatever portion was spared as relics to the faithful pilgrim. The purchase of these sacred relics was another inducement to the pious believer to make pilgrimages to the holy city. The ecclesiastics took every possible advantage of this credulity: from Italy, Germany, Normandy, and the imperial court of Charlemagne, throngs of pilgrims, laden with rich presents, were seen bending their course to the Holy Land, through difficulty and danger; nor could the insults they received from the Moslem and the Turk, when those powers obtained possession of that spot of their devotion, awe them to an abandonment of what they might consider an imperious duty. Long time with a patient endurance they bore, as they were compelled to bear, under the Fatimite caliphs, contumely, capricious tyranny, blows, spoliation and death. At the close of the tenth century, this oppression had mounted to such a height, that pope Silvester entreated the church universal to succour the church of Jerusalem. Pisa was the only city that obeyed the call, and her efforts were mere predatory incursions

on the Syrian coast. In the next century, about 1073, Manuel VII. supplicated the aid of pope Gregory VII. against the powers of Islamism. Letters were accordingly sent from Rome to the states and princes of the West, acquainting them with the melancholy fact, that the Pagans were overcoming the Christians, and exhorting them to rise in defence of the unhappy flock. Fifty thousand men prepared themselves, in consequence, to march into the East; but it was preparation only: for it was not till Peter the Hermit, recent from a pilgrimage, in which he had been an eye witness of the miseries of the Christians, began to preach the Crusade, and interested by his rude eloquence both temporal and spiritual principalities, that the enthusiasm of mankind was fully kindled in their behalf. In the council of Clermont, the voice of the supreme pontiff went forth amid a mighty multitude, who listened to the animated harangue of their pastor as to an oracle from heaven. Then burst from the lips of thousands the shout of "Deus vult!" which became the celebrated war cry of the crusaders. Then, as with the breath of an earthquake, the moral fabric of Europe was convulsed; the relationships of life were broken; and the bonds of society dissolved. Persons of every rank, age, and condition, assumed the cross. Monks, throwing aside the cowl, issued from the cloister; the warrior from his feudal castle, with his armed vassals; the scholar from his college; and not unfrequently the mother with her infant, disdaining the edict which forbade women from the journey, cast away all scrupulous delicacy, and fearlessly marched in the van of the military armament. Murderers, robbers, and pirates, quitted their iniquitous pursuits, and vowed to wash away their sins in the blood of the infidel: whole nations, indeed, rather than armies, thought they had received the Divine commission to unsheath the sword of the Almighty, and to redeem the sepulchre of Christ, under the guidance of the destroying angel of Sennacherib, who, it was confidently believed, went before them, "and breathed in the face of the foe as they passed."

It was in the year 1096, that the first body of European rabble, styling themselves Champions of the Cross, swept along from France to Hungary. They amounted to 20,000 foot, and only eight horse; and were led by Walter of Burgundy, surnamed the Pennyless. Ardent and impetuous, they calculated not the difficulties of the way. Except a few refugees, they perished miserably in conflicts in Bulgaria. Walter, with the scanty relics of his force, escaped through the woods, found his way to Constantinople, and was promised protection by the emperor Alexius till the arrival of Peter. The second undisciplined division, accompanied by the Hermit himself, pursued the same route. Their atrocities aroused the indignation of the people through whose territories they marched; and, after the most dreadful deeds and sanguinary excesses, they were ultimately exterminated by the Sultan of Nice, in Bithynia, with the exception of three or four thousand. A lofty hill was made of their bones, which remained for many years a warning monument to invading crusaders. The third division, consisting of 15,000 fiery enthusiasts, from Lorraine, the east of France, and Bavaria, were collected by Godeschal, a German; and pursued the usual route through Hungary. Horrible were the outrages they committed; but the king, dreading the fury of desperation to which hostility might further impel them, by stratagem accomplished their ruin. With alternate threats and friendly professions, he induced them to surrender their arms; where they expected pardon, they found retaliation; the Hungarians rushed upon the naked and unarmed multitude, and a few only of Godeschal's people escaped, to spread over the north the tale of woe. The fourth and last of these hordes of desperate savages issued from England, France, Flanders, and Lorraine. Their desperation and resentment threatened the ruin of the whole Hungarian state; but some strange panic, in the moment when success seemed ready to favor their arms, scattered them in precipitate flight: they were pursued by the king and his nobles; and but few of that immense rabble survived to join the forces of the feudal princes of Europe.

To the horrible barbarities of these fanatics succeeded the more regular crusades which, though more orderly, were not less sanguinary. The prin-

cipal commanders were the celebrated Godfrey, lord of Bouillon; his brother Baldwin; the counts of Vermandois, Blois, and Flanders; Robert, duke of Normandy; Bohemond, prince of Tarentum; Tancred; and Raymond, count of Toulouse. Godfrey united the gentlest manners with the firmest spirit, the amiableness of virtue with commanding gravity; alike distinguished for political courage and for personal bravery, his mind was capable of the grandest enterprizes: his deportment was moral, and his piety fervent: Baldwin was valorous, but selfish, and inordinately ambitious: Stephen of Blois, was an accomplished and brave cavalier; proud, but sagacious: Robert possessed eloquence and skill, but was destitute of prudence, ungenerous, and voluptuous; a more crafty and turbulent spirit distinguished the prince of Tarentum; avarice, the vice of age, was the master passion of the prudent and aged Raymond; but our fancy dwells with romantic delight on the character of Tancred. His ambition was rendered virtue by a generous spirit, by a love of martial achievements, and detestation of stratagem; he was bold and enterprising, averse to treachery and dissimulation. Modesty softened his high-mindedness; and he would have been courteous and humane to all mankind, if the superstition of his age had not taught him that the Saracens were the enemies of God, and that the Christians were the ministers of heavenly wrath. Alexius, the crafty Alexius, though by bribing their avarice, by flattery, or the most consummate art, he succeeded in inducing the other barons to swear fealty to him, never could corrupt the high-souled self-respect of Tancred to the deed of homage; he singly stood aloof, and either silently declined, or disdainfully refused, to avow himself the vassal of this perfidious ally. Courage in various forms; wisdom, prudence, and skill in endless combinations, appear in the characters and conduct of these renowned leaders of the crusade. The siege and capture of Nice, made nugatory by the treachery of the Greek emperor, who, as the head of the league, claimed and obtained the city, was their first great exploit. The battle and victory of Dorylaeum followed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUAKERS.

FROM A LONDON MAGAZINE.

I love Quaker ways and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day, when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers, (as Desdemona would say,) "to live with them." I am all over sophisticated—with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jakes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the salads which (according to Evelyn) Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited.

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves.—They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth—the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth, bound upon the conscience by an oath, can be but truth, so, in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place, a latitude is expected and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, "You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath."—Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency short of falsehood,

creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic-truth, is tolerated, where clergy-truth—oath-truth, by the nature of the circumstances, is not required. A Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred occasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows that his syllables are weighed—and how far a consciousness of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper, perhaps, to be more than hinted at upon this occasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness—if it did not seem rather an humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy, which never bent or faltered in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trial and racking examinations. "You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of those upright Justices to Penn who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling subtlety.—"Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the Quaker. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances. I was travelling in a stage coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straightest non-conformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice.—"The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrentable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very distinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbor, "Hast thee heard how indigo go at the India House?" and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.

SLAVE TRADE.

A useful little work called "The World in Miniature," published in England, contains some highly interesting, though heart-rending facts, in the volume devoted to Africa, respecting the abominable Slave Trade, which, to the shame of the Christian World, is yet carried on to a great extent. The following curious facts are taken from the volume alluded to:—"Frempong, king of the Akemists, and at the same time an intrepid warrior, had heard so many wonderful things respecting the White Sea-Monsters, (the European Slave Traders,) that though he resided very far inland, he requested the Danes to send him one of their people to gratify his curiosity. Kamp a clerk, accordingly travelled to his court. When first ushered into the Royal presence, he made a low obeisance, at the same time moving back his foot; on which his

Sable Majesty conceived, that like the wild monkeys, he was couching for the purpose of making a spring at his head. He therefore fell flat on the ground, under the idea that he should thus escape, and that the strange animal would leap over him. At the same time he called out to his wives for protection! and they immediately formed a circle round him. His Majesty was told that this was only the salutation of the Whites; but he begged that it might be dispensed with in future. He soon began to examine his visitor with somewhat less timidity. At first he took his clothes to be part of his body; and the queen of the Dane had led him to suppose that he was a large ape, of a species unknown to him, with a tail growing out of his neck. The white was then required to eat in his presence. In order thoroughly to satisfy himself respecting his real shape, he desired that he might be requested to strip off his clothes. To his utter astonishment he learned that Kamp positively refused to comply in the presence of more than a hundred women, but that he had no objection to show himself undressed to the King alone. On receiving this answer, his Majesty previously submitted to the discussion of his Council of State, (the elders) whether it would be prudent to trust himself alone with a white man. They decided in the affirmative, and the women were ordered to retire. The Dane then stripped. Frempong cautiously approached nearer and nearer; he touched his limbs with fear and astonishment, and at length burst out into the exclamation: "Yes; thou art indeed a man, but as white as the Devil!"—N. Z. Com. Adv.

FAME.

There are few speculations more amusing, and at the same time, in some degree, mortifying, than the different notions of the celebrity of individuals, entertained in different ages and countries. Biographical records are full of local and temporary fame, which are lost in utter obscurity, as soon as the place or period is changed; an illustriousness on one side of a mountain or river, is frequently nobody on the other.

"I held," said the gallant and witty Menage, "the beautiful hand of Madame G. for a long time, within both of mine, and on letting it go, the abbe P. observed, that it was by far the finest work that ever came out of my hands."

PRESENTS.

To refuse presents which our friends are desirous of making us, bespeaks a foolish and ridiculous pride; we sometimes do this through an apprehension that we may be obliged to acknowledge the kindness, and to make them a suitable return; or perhaps we think they set but little value upon the favors they wish to do us; in either case, the refusal is but an awkward acknowledgment of their good intentions, and is almost a sure means to deprive us of their friendship.

FROM BISHOP WATSON.

When I was young, I learned my catechism as other boys do; but I never thought either of the truth of the christian religion or of the nature of the doctrine it contained. Afterwards I thought freely on religious subjects, and I found nothing in revealed religion which in any degree lessened the natural notion I had formed respecting the divine goodness, but many things to confirm and enlarge it. I found in truth, and lamented to find in christian churches a tendency to become wise above what was written, to require certain assent to doubtful propositions, to explain modes of being which cannot be explained to beings with our faculties, and to mould the ineffable attributes of God according to the model of human imperfections. As to the mysteries of the christian religion, it is neither your concern nor mine to explain them; for if they are mysteries they cannot be explained. But our time may be properly employed in inquiring whether there are so many mysteries in christianity as the Deists say there are.—Many doctrines have been imposed on the christian world as doctrines of the gospel, which have no foundation whatever in scripture. Instead of defending these doctrines, it is the duty of a real disciple of Jesus Christ to reprobate them as gangrenous excrescences, corrupting the fair form of genuine christianity.