

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



FROM THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

STANZAS.

Life hath its sunshine—but the ray
Which flashes on its stormy wave,
Is but the beacon of decay—
A meteor gleaming o'er the grave.
And though its dawning hour is bright
With fancy's gayest coloring,
Yet o'er its cloud enumber'd night
Dark ruin flaps his raven wing.

Life hath its flowers—and what are they?
The buds of early love and truth,
Which spring and wither in a day,
The germs of warm, confiding youth:
Alas! those buds decay and die,
Ere ripened and matured in bloom—
Even in an hour, behold them lie
Upon the still and lonely tomb.

Life hath its pang—of deepest thrill—
Thy sting, relentless memory!
Which wakes not, pierces not, until
The hour of joy hath ceased to be.
Then, when the heart is in its pail,
And cold afflictions gather o'er,
Thy mournful anthem doth recall
Bliss which hath died to bloom no more.

Life hath its blessings—but the storm
Sweeps like the desert-wind in wrath,
To sear and blight the loveliest form
Which sports on earth's deceitful path.
Oh! soon the wild heart-broken wail,
So changed from youth's delightful tone,
Floats mournfully upon the gale
When all is desolate and lone.

Life hath its hope—a matin dream—
A cankered flower—a setting sun
Which cast a transitory gleam
Upon the even's cloud of dun.
Pass but an hour, the dream hath fled,
The flowers on earth forsaken lie—
The sun hath set, whose lustre shed
A light upon the shaded sky.

FLORIO.

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.... Continued.]

Shortly after this battle the main army recommenced its march, and entered the mountains and deserts of Phrygia. Innumerable were the hardships they endured. The soil was dry and sterile, and Europeans could ill endure the heat of a Phrygian summer. In one day 500 people died. Their march to Antioch was effected without addition to their loss. When they had refreshed themselves there, Godfrey sent Baldwin and Tancred to explore the surrounding country. Among the rugged mountains of Cilicia, Tancred was separated from his companion; and coming before Tarsus, took possession of that city, of which, however, he was soon unjustly deprived, by the intrigues of the jealous brother of Godfrey. All Cilicia was overrun with fire and sword; whilst Baldwin stretched forward beyond the Euphrates, all the towns opening their gates to him as he passed along; and founded a Christian government at Edessa, in Mesopotamia, the remains of which exist at the present day. Passing through Lycaonia, the general force of the crusaders mean-while advanced to the capital of Syria. The city of Antioch was four miles in circumference, surrounded by a wall of sixty feet in height; where there was no natural defence, a deep ditch encompassed the city; the Orontes washed a part of the western walls; and opposite to the spots on the north and east, where the crusaders encamped, was a marsh, which had been formed by the waters from the adjacent hills. On the prospect of an attack, the emir made every preparation for defence. The fortifications were repaired, and furnished with hostile engines, and the magazines of provisions were replenished. The auxiliary and native troops amounted to 6 or 7000 horse, and from 15 to 20,000 foot. The events of the siege of Antioch are given by Mr. Mills, in his most interesting manner, and we regret that it is not in our power to follow him through all his lucid details. The city was invested, the plan of attack agreed upon: but the

operations of the Croises were so unskillful, that at the end of three months Antioch stood firm and uninjured. They had rioted, at the commencement, in unrestrained enjoyment of the corn and grapes in the delicious valleys that surround the capital: to their other distresses famine was now added, and made swifter havoc than the sword of the enemy. The camp exhibited the most dreadful appearance; and to such extremities were they driven, that it is recorded of the haughty Bohemond, that "flaying some Turkish prisoners, he roasted them alive. He then exclaimed to the astonished bystanders, that his appetite would submit to necessity, and that during the famine he would greedily devour what at other times would be loathsome and disgusting." Under this terrible visitation, it is not to be wondered at that desertion multiplied. The Greek Taticius, Stephen of Blois, was of the number; wary and politic, as his lord Alexius, under pretence of inducing his imperial master to open his granaries for their relief, he departed with all his soldiers, never to return; the like did William of Melun; but he was intercepted by Tancred, and, after a humiliating confession, pardoned, together with the holy Peter, whose zeal was in this instance tamed by the basest of worldly-mindedness. Meanwhile the caliph Mosthadi of Egypt sent an embassy to the Christians, which, disguising their wretched condition they received with boundless magnificence; but they resolutely refused to forego their project of rescuing the holy Sepulchre. To their peaceful proposals more hostile measures succeeded. All the Mussulmen princes and emirs of Syria, and those of Cæsarea, Aleppo, and Ems, endeavoured, with 20,000 men, to enter Antioch, assisted by a sortie from the city; but they were defeated: 2000 of the Turks fell in battle; their heads were cut off by their ferocious foes; some were sent with savage exultation to the Egyptian legates, and others were fixed on stakes around the camp, or shot into the town, in return for the perpetual insults and mockery of the people of Antioch. The storehouses of the Christians were now replenished by succours from Italy. Pisa and Genoa, besides provisions, generously sent a large body of men to their assistance. The vessels arrived at the mouth of the Orontes, Raymond and Bohemond, with some regular bands of troops, went to escort them to the camp; but, on their return, they were intercepted by an ambuscade of the ever vigilant foe. Desperate was the struggle that succeeded, and eminent the deeds achieved; but the Latins were rendered savage by hope and hunger: a son of Baghasian, the emir of Antioch, 12 dependent emirs, and 2000 men of common rank, attested by their fall the furious prowess of their opponents. Their brutality on this occasion surpassed all former exhibitions; they dragged the corpses from the sepulchres in which they had been piously inhumed by their brethren, and 1500 of them were exposed on pikes to the weeping Turks. Humanity shudders at these horrid outrages; and we gladly escape from them to relate the final event: but wherever we turn our eyes over the pages before us, similar scenes of cruelty stare us in the face. Antioch was taken by stratagem.

The victors were in their turn besieged. The emperor of Persia alarmed at their success, summoned all his hosts to scourge the enemies of the prophet: they pitched their tents around the fallen capital; and a famine, more terrible even than the former, again drove them to the extreme of wretchedness. Their courage was kept alive by the certainty that Alexius himself was on his march to relieve them, at the head of fresh parties of European crusaders; but of this last hope they were soon deprived. Despondency now unnerved some of the bravest minds; and if Godfrey, Raymond and the Bishop of Puy, had not displayed heroic firmness, the soldiers would have been abandoned, and several of the chiefs would have escaped by sea to Europe. Their magnanimity checked the first burst of popular despair; superstition came to their assistance, causing their courage to overcome all obstacles, and the mighty armaments of the Persian, which threatened them with the heaviest calamity, to redound to their security and reputation.

On the 28th of June, 1098, the celebrated battle of Antioch was fought, which dissipated the myriads of the Persians and left the Croises free to

conclude the war, by investing the holy city itself.

Of the millions of fanatics who had vowed to rescue the sepulchre from the hands of the infidels, forty thousand only encamped before Jerusalem; of these reliques 21,500 were soldiers, 20,000 foot and 1,500 cavalry. The destruction of more than 850,000 Europeans had purchased the possession of Nice, Antioch, and Edessa.

Jerusalem at the time of the crusade, comprised the hills of Golgotha, Bezetha, Moriah and Acra. The garrison consisted of four thousand regular Egyptian troops, commanded by Istakar, a favorite general of the caliph. At the first alarm, the peasants crowded to the city with their arms and provisions, and the aggregate number inclosed within the walls could not then be less than 20,000. The valleys and rocks on the south and the east gave the city an impregnable appearance, and the Christians resolved to attack the more accessible sides of the north and west. The northern line was occupied by the two Roberts, Tancred, Godfrey, and his brother Eustace; and the line on the west was concluded by the Provencals; but their chief, the politic Raymond, wishing to redeem his character and gain the reputation of great sanctity, advanced in the course of the siege to Mount Sion, and encamped opposite that part of the mount where it was supposed the Saviour of the world had eaten his last supper with his disciples. Such was the impetuous valor of their first attack, that they traversed the barbacan, reached the city walls; and had they been in possession of military engines, would certainly have taken the city. They were at length driven back. Some Genoese vessels landing at Jaffa, furnished them with mechanics, and the wood of Sichon with materials; and they soon presented to the besieged those terrible towers and rams, which were destined to scale, or to shake the sacred city to its deep foundations. After a penitential procession round the walls with hymns, psalms, and cries of "Deus id vult," they resolved upon one more vigorous and simultaneous attack. This is Mr. Mill's animated account of the final success of the crusaders in the storming of Jerusalem:

"About noon the cause of the western world seemed to totter on the brink of destruction; and the most courageous thought that Heaven had deserted its people. At the moment when all appeared lost, a knight was seen on mount Olivet, waving his glittering shield as a sign to the soldiers that they should rally and return to the charge. Godfrey and Eustace cried to the army that St. George was come to their succour. The languishing spirit of enthusiasm was revived, and the crusaders returned to the battle with pristine animation. Fatigue and disability vanished; the weary and the wounded were no longer distinguishable from the vigorous and active; the princes, the columns of the army, led the way, and their example awoke the most timid to gallant and noble daring. Nor were the women to be restrained from mingling in the fight: they were every where to be seen, in these moments of peril and anxiety, supporting and relieving their fainting friends. In the space of an hour the barbacan was broken down, and Godfrey's tower rested against the inner wall. Changing the duties of a general for those of a soldier, the duke of Lorraine fought with his bow. "The Lord guided his hand, and all his arrows pierced the enemy through and through." Near him were Eustace and Baldwin, "like two lions beside another lion." At the hour, when the Saviour of the world had been crucified, a soldier named Letoldus of Tournay, leaped upon the fortifications; his brother Engelbert followed, and Godfrey was the third Christian who stood as a conqueror on the ramparts of Jerusalem. The glorious ensign of the cross streamed from the walls. Tancred and the two Roberts burst open the gate of St Stephen, and the north and north-west parts of the city presented many openings. The news of the success soon reached the ears of Raymond, but instead of entering any of the breaches, he animated his troops to emulate the valor of the French. Raymond's tower had only been partially repaired, the Provencals mounted the walls by ladders, and in a short time all Jerusalem was in possession of the champions of the cross. The Mussulmans fought for a while, then fled to their temples, and submitted their necks to slaughter. Such was the carnage in the mosque of

Omar, that the mutilated carcasses were hurried by the torrents of blood into the court; dis severed arms and hands floated into the current that carried them into contact with bodies to which they had not belonged. Ten thousand people were murdered in this sanctuary. It was not only the lacerated and headless trunks which shocked the sight, but the figures of the victors themselves, reeking with the blood of their slaughtered enemies. No place of refuge remained to the vanquished, so indiscriminately did the insatiable fanaticism of the conquerors disregard alike supplication and resistance. Some were slain, others were thrown from the tops of the churches and of the citadel. On entering the city, the duke of Lorraine drew his sword and murdered the helpless Saracens, in revenge for the christian blood which had been spilt by the Moslems, and as a punishment to the raiilleries and outrages to which they had subjected the pilgrims. But after having avenged the cause of Heaven, Godfrey did not neglect other religious duties. He threw aside his armour, clothed himself in a linen mantle, and, with bare head and naked feet went to the church of the sepulchre. His piety (unchristian as it may appear to enlightened days) was the piety of all the soldiers: they laid down their arms, washed their hands, and put on habiliments of repentance. In the spirit of humility, with contrite hearts, with tears and groans, they walked over all those places which the Saviour had consecrated by his presence. The whole city was influenced by one spirit; and "the clamour of thanksgiving was loud enough to have reached the stars."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

"Who breathes, must suffer, and who thinks,
must mourn,
And he alone is blest who ne'er was born."

These melancholy lines of Prior come in unison, at one time or another, with the real sentiment of all human nature; of such a portion of it, that is, as has sensibility to suffer, and is exposed to the manifold injuries of communion with the world. Pain is infinitely more intense than pleasure. One bitter moment curdles for an immeasurable distance the current of insipid joy: happiness dazzles the vision, but misery seizes the heart. It is the privilege of man to weep, and therein are we superior to a prize ox or a mule. It is the business of a child to cry, and, therefore, we presume, its birth is welcomed by drinking its health in Frontignac, and eating it in plumb cake, as if affliction was not its mantle, and ushered it to the cradle—as if affliction was not to be its shroud, and to deposit it in the tomb.

It does well enough for society, which is only a great scheme of imposition, to multiply its victims, by painting in false colors the allurements of life. When the feelings of youth are fresh, and the heart is original, and the imagination burns and pants for distinction, tell him then of the reward of talents—of the controlling influence of virtue—of the triumph of disinterestedness—of the honors of patriotism. But send him straitway from the haunts of men, if you would not dissipate the illusion, nor listen to the imprecations of his ingenuous scorn. For what is society, after it is known, but a collection of insects, climbing up a pyramid, all striving to get at the top, to one of whom it seems to be gold—and to another pleasure—and to a third fame. It seems, indeed, whatever is desired, and they call it happiness; and, in pursuing happiness, which they all say they are entitled to, they jostle and undermine and overreach and supplant and betray each other—travelling never in a strait path, but winding circuitously, according to the bent of their interest; and as virtue and intelligence and piety are the sterling gold of the earth, so men find it convenient to profess that they have a quantity of each, there being a word called 'Credit,' which, if a man can acquire, he needs nothing else in this world; and having once got it, he may do any thing with impunity, provided he be rich. It is enough to be thought religious—but to act with impunity, one must be rich. So much for the rewards and punishments of society—so much for

.....Glory's wreaths
Around unhallow'd brows profanely twin'd.

But the wrongs of society, its train of evil passions and propensities...its errors...

its calumnies....its ingratitude....its neglect of merit....its fawning adulation of wealth....these are enough to make a misanthropist of any man, who is fit to make any thing.

Religious.

CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

[FROM MASSILLON.]

The surprise which you have to fear is not one of those rare, singular events, which happen to but a few unhappy persons, and which it is more prudent to disregard than to provide for. It is not that an instantaneous sudden death may seize you,—that the thunder of heaven may fall upon you,—that you may be buried under the ruins of your houses,—that a shipwreck may overwhelm you in the deep; nor do I speak of those misfortunes whose singularity renders them more terrible, but at the same time less to be apprehended. It is a familiar event; there is not a day but furnishes you with examples of it; almost all men are surprised by death; all see it approach when they think it most distant: all say to themselves like the fool in the gospel: "Soul, take thine ease, thou hast much goods laid up for many years." Thus have died your neighbours, your friends, almost all those of whose death you have been informed; all have left you in astonishment at the suddenness of their departure.—You have sought reasons for it, in the imprudence of the person while sick, in the ignorance of physicians, in the choice of remedies; but the best and indeed the only reason is, that the day of the Lord always cometh by surprise.

The earth is like a large field of battle where you are every day engaged with the enemy; you have happily escaped to day, but you have seen many lose their lives who promised themselves to escape as you have done.—To-morrow you must again enter the lists; who has assured you that fortune, so fatal to others, will always be favorable to you alone? And since you must perish there at last, are you reasonable in building a firm and permanent habitation, upon the very spot which is destined to be your grave?—Place yourselves in whatever situation you please, there is not a moment of time in which death may not come, as it has to many others in similar situations. There is no action of renown which may not be terminated by the eternal darkness of the grave; Herod was cut off in the midst of the foolish applauses of his people: No public day which may not finish your funeral pomp; Jezebel was thrown headlong from the window of her palace, the very day that she had chosen to show herself with unusual ostentation: No delicious feast that may not bring death to you; Belshazzar lost his life when seated at a sumptuous banquet: No sleep which may not be to you the sleep of death; Holofernes, in the midst of his army, a conqueror of kingdoms and provinces, lost his life by an Israelitish woman when asleep in his tent: No crime which may not finish your crimes—Zimri found an infamous death in the tents of the daughters of Midian: No sickness which may not terminate your days; you very often see the slightest infirmities resist all applications of the healing art, deceive the expectations of the sick, and suddenly turn to death. In a word, imagine yourselves in any circumstances of life, wherein you may ever be placed, and you will hardly be able to reckon the number of those who have been surprised by death when in like circumstances; and you have no warrant that you shall not meet the same fate.—You acknowledge this; you own it to be true; but this avowal, so terrible in itself, is only an acknowledgment which custom demands of you, but which never leads you to a single precaution to guard against the danger.

PRIVATE HAPPINESS.

The great end of prudence, is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all the effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home, is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprize and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate, either of his virtue or his felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.