

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



FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

ENIGMA.

It rose with the world—with the world it shall last:

Appear'd midst the flood, in ages long past,
Thence, after the storm while it had breast,
Arrived at Mount Arrarat, where the ark rested;
Found refuge with Noah, took wing with the Dove,

Return'd with the olive-branch, soar'd then above;
Whence, viewing the Dome, it sought for a home
With Romulus, founder and first king of Rome:
Where in such estimation 'twas held by the nation,
That, doubtless, it soon was decreed an oration.
With the heathens, of old, its name is enroll'd,
Except with old Plutus, that lover of gold,
And Dian, and Mars, with a few others more,
Who refused to adopt the badge which it wore.
Yet with thundering Jove 'twas oft known to rove,
And always was found amid the cool grove:
Where blust'ring Eolus, and mirth-loving Momus,
With tuneful Apollo, all joined in full chorus
Its presence to greet: whilst encircled by Flora,
And blushing Aurora, with witty Pandora,
Its bliss seemed complete; as sweet Echo

resounding
Around the gay wood-nymphs, who lightly came bounding,
And knelt at its throne, with the fondest devotion,
Whilst their leader exclaim'd, with tearful emotion,

Thou source of all order! thou centre of good!
—If rightly thou art by frail men understood—
Without thee our race had, long since, been extinct,

As our being with thine is inseparably link'd.
Exulting we greet thee, for thine we are ever,
No faction can part us, no force dis sever!

And now, gentle reader, I bid you adieu,
Since my problem thus clearly is brought to your view:

Yet should there a doubt in your bosom remain,
In the following lines I more fully explain:
'Tis seen mid the clouds, of orbicular form,
And ever appears in the midst of a storm.
The pride of a florist—that boasts no perfume,
An unfading amaranth—always in bloom!

MABELLA.

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... Concluded.]

The fifth crusade was promoted by the preaching of Fulk, of the town of Neuilly, in France, a worthy successor of St. Bernard, and by the patronage of Innocent III., who at the early age of 36 was seated in the papal chair.

The French croises joined the Italian crusaders under the marquis of Montferrat, and finally arrived at Venice. But instead of proceeding on their first conceived enterprise, they were induced to assist the Venetians, in the subjugation of Zara, off the Dalmatian coast, and afterwards, in company with the Genese, in that celebrated attack of Constantinople, which led to its subjection to the Latin empire.

A sixth crusade was set on foot by the same pope, Innocent, which was embraced with ardour by Hungary and the Lower Germany; and under the conduct of Frederick II. the city of Jerusalem was again taken, and the Holy Sepulchre recovered a second time from the Moslems. But nine years after the emperor had left Palestine, the sultan of Egypt made head against the Christian force there, drove the Latins out of Jerusalem, and overthrew the tower of David, which until that time had always been regarded as sacred by all classes of religionists. This was the signal for a new crusade. While the Asiatic Christians were busied in intrigues of negotiation, the English barons met at Northampton; and in the spring of the year 1240, Richard earl of Cornwall, William surnamed Longsword, Theodore, the prior of the Hospitalers, and many others of the nobility, embarked at Dover. The earl of Cornwall, on his arrival in the Holy Land, marched to Jaffa; but as the sultan of Egypt, then at war with Damascus, sent to offer him terms of peace, he prudently seized the benefits of negotiation, accepted a renunciation of Jerusalem, Bethsura, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and most of the Holy Land;

and after taking active measures which led to the ratification of the treaty, having accomplished the great object of this crusade, he returned to Europe, and was hailed in every town as the deliverer of the Sepulchre. For two years Christianity was the only religion established in Jerusalem, when a new enemy arose, more dreadful than the Moslems. The great Tartarian king, Jenghis Khan, and his successors, had obliterated the vast empire of Khorasm; and the storm now rolled onward to Egypt and Palestine. The walls of Jerusalem were in too ruinous a state to protect the inhabitants; many of them, with the cavaliers, abandoned the city; and when the Khorasmians entered it, they spared neither sex nor age. The successes of these barbarians gave birth to the eighth crusade. Pope Innocent IV. convoked a council at Lyons, 1245; and Louis IX. of France, influenced by its determinations, set sail three years after for Egypt, and captured Damietta. They were there joined by 200 English knights, under William Longsword, and took the road to Cairo. On their way they endeavored to storm Massaura; in the fury of the engagement, the count of Artois and the English leader were both slain. Famine and disease thinned the number of the survivors; the king himself was made prisoner, and for his freedom he surrendered the city of Damietta; frequent disappointments exhausted the spring of hope, and in 1254 he returned to France. In 1268 Antioch was taken by the Mamelukes; and Louis again spread his sails for the Holy Land, 60,000 soldiers accompanying him. On his voyage he made a diversion on the African coast, and took Carthage; but in August he was smit, and cut off by a pestilential disease.—Before the news of this calamitous event reached England, Edward Plantagenet, with only a thousand men, had embarked for Palestine. All the Latin barons crowded around his banner, and at the head of 7000 troops he assaulted and took Nazareth. From Jaffa he marched to Acre. After he had been fourteen months in Acre, the sultan of Egypt offered peace. Edward seized this occasion of leaving the Holy Land; for his force was too small for the achievement of any great action, and his father had implored his return. Gregory IX. made a last attempt for a new crusade, but with his death terminated every preparation.—In 1291 the Mameluke Tartars of Egypt took Acre, the last strong hold of the Christians. Such as survived the carnage fled to Cyprus—and Palestine was forever lost to the Europeans.

We have thus given a brief account of the most important events of the nine crusades. We feel no sorrow at the final doom of the crusades, because in its origin the war was iniquitous and unjust. "The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our kind. The rest is vanity, the rest is crime."

[Abridged from the London "Investigator."

FROM THE LONDON EXAMINER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

We learn, from a memoir of Mr. Campbell in the magazines, that he was born at Glasgow, in the year 1777, and christened by the hand of the venerable Dr. Reid. He received the rudiments of education at the grammar-school of his native city, under the tuition of Dr. David Alison, a man equally celebrated for the skill and kindness of his mode of imparting knowledge; and at twelve, was removed to the University in the same place. Here he became so diligent and successful, that he gained prizes every year. He particularly distinguished himself by translations from the Greek drama; some of which, perhaps, are those which he has preserved at the end of his *Pleasures of Hope*. The fondness is natural; but they are hardly worthy of their place. At Glasgow he also attended the philosophical lectures of Dr. Millar, by whom he is said to have been habituated to that liberality of opinion, which pervades all his writings. In these, we presume, are included some anonymous ones of a political nature, which he is supposed to have written more from a sense of duty than choice, but which are distinguished, we believe, for the freedom of their politics.—Mr. Campbell being a Whig of the old school.—On quitting Glasgow, our author lived for a short time in Argyshire, and then removed to Edinburgh, where he surprised his new and eminent friends,

Stewart, Playfair, and others, with the production of his *Pleasures of Hope*, a poem written at twenty, and published at twenty-one. In 1800, he made a tour in Germany, where he had the pleasure of passing a day with Klopstock. We have had the pleasure of falling into Mr. Campbell's company several times, and think we have heard him relate, that he had the singular fortune of witnessing, from the top of a convent, the great battle of Hohenlinden, upon which he has written some stately verses. We think we remember also, that he spoke of hearing the French army singing one of their national hymns before the engagement, and of seeing their cavalry enter the town, wiping their bloody swords on their horses' manes. But whether he related this of himself, or indeed whether others told it us of him, we must leave among those doubtful recollections, which are apt, at a distance of time, to put one's veracity upon its candour. On his return from Germany, Mr. Campbell visited London for the first time; and in 1803, upon marrying, retired to Sydenham in Kent, where he has resided ever since. His second and latest volumes of poems, containing *Gertrude of Wyoming*, was published in 1809. Not long afterwards, he accepted the appointment of Professor of Poetry to the Royal Institution; and he has delivered lectures in that character, which appear from time to time at the head of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

In his person, Mr. Campbell is perhaps under the middle height, with a handsome face, inclining to too much delicacy of features, and a somewhat prim expression about the mouth. His eyes are keen and expressive; his voice apt to ascend into sharpness, with a considerable Scotch tone. He has experienced the usual sickness of the sedentary and industrious.

The writer of a sketch of Mr. Campbell's life in the *Magazines*, is inclined to attribute the best part of his poetry to his assiduous study at college; and to doubt, whether he would have made so great an impression on the public, "had he not received precisely that education which he did." We are inclined to suspect, on the other hand, that Mr. Campbell's "precise" education was far from being the best in the world for a man of imagination and feeling. We cannot but think we see in it the main cause why he has not impressed the public still more, and ventured to entertain it oftener. Doubtless, it must have found in him something liable to be thus controlled. He had not the oily richness in him, which enabled Thomson to slip through the cold hands of critics and professors, and tumble into the sunnier waters. But we will venture to say, that if he had gained fewer prizes at college, or been less studious of Latin and lectures, he would have given way more effectually to his poetical impulses, and not have reminded us so often of the critic and rhetorician. There was an inauspicious look in the title of his first production, the *Pleasures of Hope*. It seemed written, not only because Mr. Roger's *Pleasures of Memory* had been welcomed into the critical circles, but because it was the next thing to writing a prose theme upon the *Utility of Expectation*. A youth might have been seduced into this by the force of imitation; but on reading the poem, it is impossible not to be struck with the willing union of the author's genius and rhetoric. The rhetoric keeps a perverse pace with the poetry. The writer is eternally balancing his sentences, rounding his periods, epigrammatizing his paragraphs; and yet all the while he exhibits so much imagination and sensibility, that one longs to have rescued his too delicate wings from the clippings and stintings of the school, and set him free to wander about the universe. Rhyme, with him, becomes a real chain. He gives the finest glances about him, and afar off, like a bird; spreads his pinions, as if to sweep to his object; and is pulled back by his string, into a chirp and a flutter. He always seems daunted and anxious. His versification is of the most received fashion; his boldest imaginings recoil into the coldest and most customary personifications. If he could have given up his pretty finishing common-places, his sensibility would sometimes have wanted nothing of vigour as well as tenderness:—

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child:
Oh! Mercy shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died.

The following passage contains most of his beauties and defects:

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude,
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Caesar might be great!
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Duicper's swampy shore;

First, in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last!
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
Yet ere he sunk in nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Here is an event of so deep and natural an interest, that the author might surely have had faith enough in it to leave out his turns, his hyphens, and his Latinities. The dying man thinking of his home, which is well borrowed from Virgil,—the awful circumstance of the drum's hushing, and those three common words, "the bitter pang," are in the finest taste; but the horse and horseman must confess this pang, because confess is Latin and critical. *Horrent brow* is another unseasonably classicality, which cannot possibly affect the reader like common words; and the antithesis, instead of the sentiment, is visibly put before us in the pause of the last line.—In the concluding paragraph of the poem Mr. Campbell has ventured upon giving one solitary pause in the middle of his couplet. It has a fine effect, and the whole passage is deservedly admired; yet the last couplet, in our opinion, spoils the awful generalization of the rest, by introducing Hope again in her own allegorical person, which turns it into a sort of vignette.

We should not have said so much of this early poem, had the line been more strongly marked between the powers that produced it, and those of his later ones.

The *Gertrude of Wyoming*, however, is a higher thing, and has stuff in it that should have made it still better. The author here takes heart, and seems resolved to return to Spenser, and the unritual side of poetry; but his heart fails him. He only hampers himself with Spenser's stanza, and is worried the more with classical inversions and gentilities. He does not like that his hero should wear a common hat and boots; so he spoils a beautiful situation after the following critical fashion:—

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted, ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features.—she her lovely face
Uplift on one whose lineament and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

This is surely arrant trifling, and makes us think of the very things it would have us forget. Yet how pretty is his worshipping a space "those downcast features!" We are in love, and always have been, with his *Gertrude*,—being very faithful in our varieties of attachment. We have admired, ever since the year 1809, her lady-like inhabitation of the American forests; albeit she is not quite robust enough for a wood-nymph. She is still, and will for ever be found there, in spite of the author's report of her death, and as long as gentle creatures, who cannot help being ladies, long to realize such dreams with their lovers. We like her laughing and crying over Shakespeare in her favourite valley,—the "early fox" who "appeared in momentary view," "the stock-dove plaining through its gloom profound," the aloes with "their everlasting arms," and last, not least, the nuptial hour "ineffable."

While, here and there, a solitary star
Push'd in the darkening firmament of June.

Lines like these we repeat in our summer loiterings, as we would remember an air of Sacchini or Paesello. We like too what every body likes too, the high-hearted Indian savage, "the stoic of the woods—the man without a tear;"—not omitting the picture of his bringing the little white boy with him, which the critics objected to, "like Morning brought by Night." As to the passage which precedes the wild descent into which he bursts out, when the prostrate Waldegrave, after the death of his bride, is observed convulsively shivering with anguish under the cloak that has been thrown over him, our eyes dazzle whenever we read it, and we are glad to pick a quarrel with the author for ever producing any thing inferior. He certainly has the faculties of a real poet; and it is not the fault of the poets of his country that he has not become a greater.

ANECDOTES FROM LADY MORGAN'S "ITALY."

This relic (in the Church of Saint Dominick, at Bologna) is the body of St. Dominick, who died in his own adjoining convent in 1221; at least, it was universally believed that the body had kept its ground, until the revolution, when, among other efforts made to disturb social order, suspicions were expressed that the body of Saint Dominick never had inhabited his shrine: and it was further declared that the body was then in Spain, though the head was buried under the great altar of the church at Bologna. The pious took the alarm; the tributary votarists, who had hung the shrines with silver hearts and golden crosses, trembled lest they had misplaced their treasures, and, on the restoration, the Pope, to silence surmises again renewed, deputed a Cardinal to visit the shrine of Saint Dominick, to descend into his tomb, and to report accordingly. The Cardinal, with his search-warrant from St. Peter's, was received most pontifically at the gates of the Church, by the choir, conducted with solemnity to the mouth of the tomb, and permitted to descend alone. The resurrection of the body of St. Dominick could scarcely have excited a more intense curiosity than was exhibited by the populace, who awaited for the re-ascension of the Cardinal. His Eminence at last arose; but, whatever were the "Secrets of the prisonhouse" he had penetrated, they remain to this day unknown, nor "Pass'd those lips, in holy silence seal'd."

En-attendant, the Bolognese were ordered to do homage to the body of the Saint till further orders.

The well known Abbate Mezzofante, Librarian to the Institute of Bologna, was of our party. Conversing with this very learned person on the subject of his "Forty Languages," he smiled at the exaggeration; and said, though he had gone over the outline of forty languages, he was not master of them; as he had dropped such as had not books worth reading. His Greek Master, being a Spaniard, taught him Spanish. The German, Polish, Bohemian, and Hungarian tongues, he originally acquired during the occupation of Bologna by the Austrian power; and afterwards he had learned French, from the French, and English by reading and by conversing with English travellers. With all this superfluity of languages, he spoke nothing but Bolognese in his own family. With us he always spoke English, and with scarcely any accent, though, I believe, he has never been out of Bologna; his turn of phrase, and peculiar selection of words, were those of the Spectator, and it is probable he was most conversant with the English works of that day. The Abbate Mezzofante was Professor of Greek and Oriental languages under the French; when Bonaparte abolished the Greek Professorship, Mezzofante was pensioned; he was again made Greek Professor by the Austrians, again set aside by the French, and again restored by the Pope.

Bologna, subdued by force as she now is, has enjoyed all the distinction which might have made the glory of a greater state, and more extended dominion. Renowned for her ancient love of independence, and struggles to maintain it; for the comparative liberality of her government, whatever name or form it assumed; for the immortal school which produced her Caracci, her Guido, and her Domenichino; for the learning of her University, and the amenity and taste of her elegant Literati; and last, and not least, for her lovely women—she has, in all periods of Italian story, formed a prominent figure; and as she has been the last to suffer the degradation which eventually must fall upon the enslaved, so she will rise amongst the foremost to rally when those destructive despotisms shall fall, whose continuance would amount to a violation of the laws of Nature. When the epoch of Italian deliverance shall arrive, the central position of this city, and the awakened character of its inhabitants, will render it a nucleus of public opinion, and will give to it a decided influence upon the destinies of the Peninsula.

THE SMALL ACTOR.

When any sentence in a play happens to hit on an author's peculiarity, the effect is sometimes very ridiculous. In a part which Mr. Garrick used to perform, and in which he had to pronounce a long speech to the fair and cruel object of his affections, which ends with—

"I fear I may seem LITTLE in your eyes."
"D—d odd, if you don't," bawled a fellow from the upper gallery. Garrick never repeated the lines afterwards.