



LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL.

POINTS IN HISTORY.

The Crusades.

GREGORY VII. among his vast ideas of grandeur, first formed the project of uniting the nations of Christian Europe against the Mahometans, and of recovering Palestine from the hands of the Infidels; intending himself to lead the Christian Army, and desiring Henry IV. Emperor of Germany, to serve as a volunteer. A project so wild and extravagant, that nothing but the spirit of the Times, Religion and Valour, can save the memory of its author from the charge of madness. Yet there is little doubt but Gregory would have put his schemes into practice had he not quarrelled with the Emperor Henry. This extraordinary enterprise was urged into effect by a far meaner Instrument, Peter the Hermit, a man, whose head was as weak as his imagination was warm. A prevailing opinion that the Millennium was at hand, also tended greatly to increase the excitement, which at that time induced so many persons to undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Many relinquished their wealth and families to hasten to the Holy Land, where they imagined the Lord Jesus would suddenly appear to judge the Quick and the Dead.— These Pilgrims, although disappointed in their expectation of the Day of Judgment, beheld with grief the Holy Sepulchre, and other places which had been blessed by the presence of the Saviour in the hands of the Infidels, and this coinciding with their still half believed advent of the Lord, filled Europe with alarm, and indignation. All who returned from Palestine, exaggerated the dangers they had run, and the cruelty of the Turks; who, said these Pilgrims of the Cross, not only profaned the sepulchre of the Lord by their presence, but derided the sacred mysteries in the very place of their completion. Whilst the minds of men were thus inflamed, a fanatical Monk, Peter the Hermit, a Picardian, revived the project of Gregory, for uniting the Christian arms against the Infidel, and of driving them out of the Holy Land. Returning from a Pilgrimage to the East, Peter brought with him letters from the Patriarch to the Pope; and the Ambassadors of the Greek Emperor, Alexis Comnenus, represented to the Council at Placentia, the imminent dangers which might be apprehended from the Infidel Tyrants. The Pope afterwards, in the CHURCH at Clermont: held forward this fanatic scheme. Peter the Hermit, with sandals on his feet, and a rope round his waist, and with an immense concourse of idle, and undisciplined vagabonds, and Banditti, following his footsteps, set forth for Palestine. The great leaders of the day conceiving that such a concourse of undisciplined and lawless followers must bring on defeat, had urged the early departure of these misguided people; who after a long, tedious, and disorderly march, reached the city of Nice, where they were destroyed by the Souldan, having committed great devastations as they passed through Hungary, Bohemia, &c. (a) Shortly after the departure from Europe of that unfortunate host of victims, to devoted zeal, the regular army, under the command of Godfrey de Bouillon; the Count de Vermandois; Robert, Duke of Normandy; Stephen Count de Blois; Raymond Count de Thoulouse; and Tancred, the accomplished Norman Prince, embarked. The whole of this army, when mustered upon the Plains of Bithynia, were compared by the Greek Princess Anna, to leaves of the Trees, or the sands of the Sea, for multitude. The Knights and their martial attendants amounted to 100,000 fighting men, armed with the Helmet, and the Coat of Mail. They took Nice—twice defeated the Sultan Solyman, besieged and took Antioch; and, after many dangers, at length laid siege to Jerusalem, which, at the end of forty days, they took by storm, putting the garrison and inhabitants to the sword, without distinction or mercy.— "Arms" says an elegant Historian, "protected not the Brave, nor submission the Timid; no age or sex received mercy; Infants perished by the same sword that pierced their mothers. The streets of Jerusalem were covered with heaps of slain, and the shrieks of agony resounded from every house." (b) Will it be believed, that these triumphant warriors, when armed with slaughter, threw aside their arms, yet streaming with blood, and advanced with naked feet, and bended knees to the

Sepulchre of the PRINCE OF PEACE! and that they there, sang anthems to that Redeemer, who had purchased their salvation by his Death; and that while dead to the calamities of their Fellow Creatures, they shed tears for the sufferings of the Messiah. (c) So inconsistent is Human Nature with itself; and so easily, as is remarked by Hume, does the most effeminate superstition associate both with the most heroic courage, and with the fiercest Barbarity. The consequence of the fall of Jerusalem, was the crowning of Godfrey, King of Jerusalem: and thus, in the year 1099, ended the first Crusade. Having so fully detailed the circumstances of the first Crusade; it will not be necessary to give more than a cursory glance at those, which succeeded it; after which, it will be our duty to make some few reflections upon the whole, and to dismiss the subject. The second Crusade was undertaken forty eight years after the fall of Jerusalem, at the instigation of St. Bernard, in the year 1147, by Conrad III. Emperor of Germany; and Louis VII. of France, with an army of 400,000 men, of whom 140,000 were Mailed Knights. After a series of misfortunes, the second Crusade ended with a fruitless siege of Damascus, in 1148. The third Crusade conducted by Richard the Lion-hearted King of England, against the no less illustrious Saladin, is a narrative so replete with romantic interest, that the wildest and most glowing fiction has less to arouse the attention of the Young Briton than has the History of the renowned and cherished Hero of Ascalon. His History after leaving Palestine—if any reliance may be placed upon the History of the Troubadours—was even more exciting, and interesting, than the narrative of his great, glorious, and magnanimous career in the East. Who has not heard the tale of the gentle Blondel? which if, as it is supposed, is fictitious, must have had some foundation in reality and truth, even though it were but in Richard's devotion to the gentle craft of Minstrelsy, (a circumstance so credible to Humanity, might almost be taken as fact with even less to support its veracity.) And here again, as it will be our duty presently, we must remark with exultation, that the noblest, bravest, and most successful warriors of the Cross, were Richard and Edward of England. About this time, the various orders of Knighthood attained the Zenith of their power, pride, and criminality. The Chief were the Templars, the Teutonic, and the Knights Hospitalars. The fourth Crusade was undertaken by Baldwin, Count of Flanders in 1202. The fifth Crusade was undertaken by Simon de Montfort, at the instigation of Innocent III. against the Albigenses; and by the King of Hungary against Egypt; which latter ended in the defeat and disgrace of the Christians. The sixth and seventh, the last, were both undertaken by St. Louis; but without the slightest success. The Emperor Frederic, of Germany, in 1229, undertook an expedition against the Saracens, which was eminently successful. But it is with honest pride we exult in the glories of Edward the 1st. and that too, at a time, when the armies of France encountered defeat and disgrace. After the Battle of Evesham, where the Earl of Leicester was killed, and Henry III. preserved from death, by the valour of Prince Edward, the affairs of England were peacefully settled, but the valiant young Prince, urged on by a thirst for military renown, undertook an expedition to Palestine, where he signalled himself by many acts of valour, and struck the Saracens with such terror, that they hired an Assassin to murder him. The Russian stabbed the young Warrior in the arm, but paid for his temerity with his Life. The great and glorious Deeds of this heroic young Prince in the Holy Land revived the awe, and veneration the Infidels had formerly felt for the British Sword, when wielded by the conquering arm of Cœur de Lion; and here again, Britain has cause to be proud of her offspring. That the Crusades should have proved disastrous and unfortunate, cannot cause us much surprise: the leaders never profiting by the errors of their predecessors.— Nor should the remoteness of Palestine from Europe, and the baneful nature of its climate, be disregarded. These wars display in the strongest light the influence of the Church, an influence which the Student must not fail to trace out. The great privileges granted by the Popes to the Crusaders, may, in a great measure, account for the long continuance a See Maimbourg Histoire des Croisades Anno Domini 1095. c Vortot, Hist des Chev de Malte, tome 1.

of this spirit of Adventure which must have actuated all classes. The offer and promise of complete indulgence and full pardon of all crimes, held out an opportunity to the profligate, which was eagerly embraced, of following a profession which placed war, conquest, and plunder, in the list of active Duties, and Virtues. The Warriors of the Cross were called Crusaders or Croises, from the Cross which they wore on their shoulder, in gold, silk, or cloth. In the first Crusade all were red; in the third, the French alone preserved that colour; the Flemings adopted green and the English, white. From the era of the Crusades may be traced the diffusion of various kinds of knowledge, and hence arose a succession of causes which contributed to introduce order and improvement into Society. Judea, or the Holy Land, was the highest object of veneration to the Christians of those ages. There had lived the Son of God. His Holy Sepulchre was preserved at Jerusalem, and as a degree of veneration, approaching to Idolatry, was annexed to this consecrated place, a visit to it was considered as the most meritorious service which could be paid to Heaven. These zealous Pilgrims were long exposed to the insulting extortions and cruelty of the Infidels, when performing their pious task: but at length their complaints roused the Europeans to attempt the redemption of Palestine from the despotic sway of the Crescent. The Crusades, according to Hume, are the most durable monuments of Human Folly. Perhaps it may be so. Still those armed multitudes, corrupt and extravagant as they appear to have been, could never have obtained the object of their destination, had they not exercised the greatest Courage and Devotion. Courage and Devotion were the greatest virtues of a former age; Piety and Magnanimity may be the greatest virtues of our own. But to place ourselves in the situation of these men: they saw the land which had been blessed by the footsteps of a merciful Saviour, polluted by the tread of the Infidel; his unassuming followers trampled upon, and outraged. In witnessing such scenes and acting, as they were induced to do, the Crusaders only submitted to the same associations of feeling, which exist in our common nature; and it is as impossible for us now, as it was for them formerly, to behold without veneration, and love, such Scenes and such Monuments. To us Runne-mede has Features of attraction beyond its hills and woods. Palestine is not a common Land; nor is Jerusalem a common City; far indeed is nature from teaching us, to think so! Could we be sure that the objects which we saw and touched, were indeed the real Crown of Thorns, and the real Cross; the instruments of our Saviour's Passion, we should sink down in veneration before them, and extend the voluntary sacrifice of our Hearts! It would not be the idolatry of reason, but it would be a natural effusion of admiration and awe. It is only the excess to which these feelings were permitted to reach, and the extravagant direction which they followed, that we can justly condemn—not Virtue and Religion, qualities so respected, that we are willing to allow them, what our cold reason would be inclined to withhold. Who can easily escape from the infatuation which is thrown round all these scenes and subjects? The Holy Pilgrims and the Red Cross Knights, claim attention and respect; and it is not without pain we turn to the deaths and misery which attended the histories of such times. It is from an attentive perusal, and close research into the history of the times alluded to, in these three preliminary essays, that we shall find the mode of turning to use the study of history. By this, we shall learn the causes that have occasioned the present superiority of Europe over the rest of the world; and by this, we learn above all the deplorable nature and effects of feudal ignorance; and learn to appreciate the merit of every man, and of every set of men, who endeavoured to contribute something to the dispersion of it, and to the improvement of the human race in knowledge, happiness, and virtue. The books to which the Student is referred for this subject are Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. 8. c. 59. &c. Robertson's Charles the V. vol. 1, and Hume's England, vol. 1 and 2. The authorities used in constructing this paper in addition to the above, are Vie de Greg VII. Matthew Paris, Hist. maj. M. Westm. Henricus Humingud lib VI. Maimbourg. Hist des Croisades, tome 1. Virtot, Hist des Chevaliers de Malte tome 1, & Brisgelin's Knights of Malta. The Student will derive an increase of knowledge from an attentive perusal of Ivanhoe, and when on the subject of the holy land, an hour should be devoted to the perusal of Palestine, a Poem by Reginald Heber Bishop of Calcutta.

SELECTED.

THE SCOTTISH EXILE'S SONG. Air—"The Banks o' Cayle." BY THOMAS PRINGLE. BY THE LONE MANCZANA'S MARGIN GREY. A heart-sick maiden sung; And mournfully pour'd her melting lay In Scotland's Border tongue— O, bonny grows the broom on Blaikla knoves, And the birch in Lerdan vale; And green are the hills o' the milk-white eaves, By the Briery banks o' Cayle, Here bright are the skies—and these valleys of bloom May enchant the traveler's eye; But all seems drest in death-like gloom To the exile—who comes to die! O, bonny grows the broom, &c. Far round and round spreads the howling waste, Where the wild beast roams at will; And yawning clefts, by woods embraced, Where the savage lurks to kill! O, bonny grows the broom, &c. Full oft o'er Teviot's uplands green, My fond dreaming fancy strays; But I soon wake to weep 'mid the desolate scene That scowls on my aching gaze! O, bonny grows the broom, &c. I wake with a withering heart—nor find A hand to bring relief; For the proud cold eye of Power unkind, But mocks our mortal grief. O, bonny grows the broom, &c. Oh, light, light is poverty's lowliest state, On Scotland's peaceful strand, Compared with the heart-broken exile's fate, In this wild and weary land! O, bonny grows the broom, &c.

From the Sailors Magazine.

THE REFUGEE FROM THE MASSACRE IN SCIO, 1823. Emerson's Tour.—H.B.M. Frigate the— The following day a strong head-wind detained us till evening, beating through the Straits of Scio, and alternately tacking from the wooded shore to the opposite coast of Chesme and Asi Minor. The view on either shore is splendidly beautiful, but on both the association of memory cast a feeling of disgust over every object; we could not look on the verdant hills of Scio without a shuddering recollection of the slaughter which had so lately stained them, whilst the opposite and equally beautiful coast was alike detestable as the home of its perpetrators. But whilst the scene was any thing but a pleasing one, there was one individual on board our vessel to whom the signs of this devoted island seemed to summon up the most heart-rendering reflections. This was a young Greek lady, of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, a native of Scio, a witness to its massacre, and a destitute exile, in consequence of the murder of her family. She was now on her way with us to Smyrna, in order to place herself under the protection of a distant relative, whom she hoped, though faintly to find still surviving. She sat all day upon the deck, watching with wistful eyes the shores of her native island. At every approach which our vessel made towards it, she seemed straining to recognise some scene that had once been familiar, or perhaps some now deserted house that had once been the shelter of her friends. And when on the opposite tack, we again neared the Turkish coast, she turned her back on its hated hills to watch the retreating shore of her desolated home. I had not been aware of her being on board, as her national retiring habits had prevented her approaching upon deck during the early part of the voyage; but as she drew near Scio, feelings seemed to overcome education and prejudice, and she sat all day beneath the awning, to satiate herself with gazing and with recollection.— Towards evening we drew near the ruined town, built on the sea shore, at the foot of a wooded hill, which had been the site of the ancient city of Scio. Its houses seemed all roofless and deserted, while the numerous groups of tall and graceful cypresses which rose amidst them, contrasted sadly with the surrounding desolation. All was solitude and silence—we could not discern a single living creature on the beach whilst from the shattered fortress on the shore, the blood-red flag of Mahomet waved in crimson pride over the scene of its late barbarous triumph. At sunset the wind changed. We passed the Spalmadores and Ipsara, and rounding the promontory of Erythea, entered the bay of Smyrna. As we caught the last glimpse of Scio, the unfortunate lady pointed out the remains of a house towards the north of the town, which had been her father's. It was now in ruins, and as clearly as we could discern, appeared to be of large dimensions, and situated on one of the most picturesque points of the island. Her name, she said, was Kalerdji, and her father had been one of the commissioners for collecting the revenue of the Sultan from the gummatists of the island. On the breaking out of the revolution in the Morea, strong apprehensions of a similar revolt in Scio were entertained in the Divan, and a number of the most distinguished Greeks of the island were selected to be sent to Constantinople as hostages for the loyalty of the remainder. Amongst these were her father and her only brother; herself, her mother, and two elder sisters being left alone in Scio. Tranquillity continued undisturbed in the island for more

than a year, though the accounts of the reiterated successes of the Moreots were daily stirring up the energies of the inhabitants, whose turbulence was suppressed only by the immediate dread of the Turkish garrison, in the Genoese fortress on the beach, the only strong hold in Scio. One evening, however, a squadron of three vessels, manned with Samians, entered the harbour, attacked the unsuspecting garrison, and aided by the lowest rabble of the town, succeeded in despatching the guard, and taking possession of the fortress. But the deed was done without calculation, and could be productive of no beneficial result, the fort was untenable, and on the almost immediate arrival of the Ottoman fleet, a capitulation without a blow, ensued. The news brought by the hostile armament, was the instant execution of the ill-fated hostages, the moment the accounts of the revolt had reached the Porte. Overwhelmed with grief for the loss of their only and dearly-loved protectors, the family of the Kalerdji spent the few intervening days in poignant but vain regret, and in the seclusion of their bereft mansion, knew nothing of what was passing in the town; where, whilst the Greeks were occupied in supplications and submission to the Captain Pacha and the Turks, in false protestations of forgiveness and amity, the troops of the Sultan disembarked at the fortress. At length the preparations for slaughter were completed, and the work of death commenced. It was on the evening of the third day from the arrival of the Turkish admiral, that the family of the wretched being who lives to tell the tale, descried the flames that rose from the burning mansions of their friends; and heard, in the calm silence of twilight, the distant death-scream of their wretched townsmen, while a few flying wretches, closely pursued by their infuriate murderers, took them, but too truly of their impending fate. As one of the most important in the valley, their family was among the first marked out for murder, and ere they had a moment to think of precaution, a party of Turkish soldiers beset the house, which afforded but few resources for refuge or concealment. From a place of imperfect security the distracted Phrosine was an involuntary witness to the death of her wretched sisters, aggravated by every insult and indignity suggested by brutality and crime, whilst her frantic mother was stabbed upon the lifeless corpses of her violated offspring. Satiated with plunder, the monsters left the house in search of farther victims, whilst she crept from her hiding-place to take a last farewell of her butchered parent, and fly for refuge to the mountains. She had scarcely dropped a tear over the immolated remains of all that was dear to her, and made a step towards the door, when she perceived a fresh party of demons already at the threshold. Too late to regain her place of refuge, death, with all its aggravated horrors, seemed now inevitable, till on the moment, she adopted a plan. She flew towards the heap of slaughter, smeared herself with the still oozing blood of her mother, and falling on her face beside her, she lay motionless as death. The Turks entered the apartment, but finding their errand anticipated, were again departing, when one of them perceiving a brilliant sparkling ring on the finger of Phrosine, returned to secure it. He lifted the apparently lifeless hand, and attempted to draw it off; it had however, been too dearly worn, it was the gift of her affianced husband, and had tarried till it was now only to be withdrawn from the finger by an effort. The Turk, however, made but quick work. After in vain twisting her delicate hand in every direction to accomplish his purpose, he drew a knife from the girdle and commenced slicing off the flesh from the finger. This was the last scene she could remember. It was midnight when she awoke from the swoon into which her agony and her effort to conceal it had thrown her; when she lay cold and benumbed, surrounded by the clotted streams of her last loved friends. Necessity now armed her with energy; no time was left for consideration, and day would soon be breaking. She rose, and still faint with terror and the loss of blood, flew to a spot where the valuables of the house had been secured; disposing of the most portable about her person, she took her way to the mountains. She pointed out to us the cliff where she had long lain concealed, and the distant track, by which she had gained it, through a path, at every step impeded by the dead or dying remains of her fellow-countrymen. By the time she imagined the tide of terror had flowed past, when she no longer observed from her lofty refuge the daily pursuits and murder of the immolated Sciois, and when she saw the Ottoman fleet sail from the harbour beneath its crimson pennon, now doubly tinged with blood, she descended with her fugitive companions, to the opposite shore of the island. Here, after waiting many a tedious day, she succeeded in getting on board an Austrian vessel, the master of which engaged to land her at Hydra, in return for the quantity of jewels and gold which she had been able to reserve. She reached the island in safety, where she had now remained for nearly two years; but finding, or fancying, her various benefactors to be weary of their charge, she was now going to seek, even in the land of her enemies, a relation who had been living at Smyrna, but whom she knew not if she should still find surviving or fallen by the sabre of the common enemy. Her tale was told with the calm composure of oft-repeated and long-contemplated grief; she shed no tear in its relation; she scarcely heaved a sigh over her sorrows;

she seemed, young as she was, to have already made her alliance with misery. She had now, she said, but one hope left, and if that should fail, she had only death to look to. It is a melancholy reflection, that this is but one instance from thousands of woes, perhaps doubly aggravated, arising from the fate of Scio. The inhabitants were the most delicate, refined, and luxurious of the East; and it is calculated that from thirty to fifty thousand fell during the three days' massacre. From the New York Enquirer. WEST INDIA TRADE. We give below the President's proclamation, opening the ports of this country to British vessels trading to British Colonies. The following remark accompanies its publication by the U. S. Telegraph. "We have the gratification of laying before our readers the President's proclamation, made in pursuance of the arrangement entered into with the British Government relative to this important branch of our commerce. Those who are familiar with the subject will see, and when the official correspondence is published, it will appear, that the terms upon which this important negotiation has been concluded were twice unsuccessfully proposed by the late administration." By the President of the United States of America. A PROCLAMATION. WHEREAS by an act of the Congress of the United States, passed on the twenty-ninth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, it is provided, that, whenever the President of the United States shall receive satisfactory evidence that the Government of Great Britain will open the ports in its Colonial possessions in the West Indies, on the Continent of South America, the Bahama Islands, the Caicos, and the Bermuda or Somer Islands, to the vessels of the United States, for an indefinite or a limited term; that the vessels of the United States, and their cargoes, on entering the Colonial ports aforesaid, shall not be subject to other or higher duties of tonnage or impost, or charges of any other description, than would be imposed on British vessels, or their cargoes arriving in the said Colonial possessions from the United States; that the vessels of the United States may import in the said Colonial possessions, from the United States, any article or articles which could be imported in a British vessel into the said possessions, from the United States; and that the vessels of the United States may export from the British Colonies aforesaid, to any country whatever, other than the dominions or possessions of Great Britain, any articles that can be exported therefrom in a British vessel, to any country other than the British dominions or possessions aforesaid; leaving all commercial intercourse of the United States with all other parts of the British dominions or possessions on a footing not less favourable to the United States than it now is; that then, and in such case, the President of the United States shall be authorized, at any time before the next session of Congress, to issue his Proclamation, declaring that he has received such evidence; and that thereupon, and from the date of such Proclamation, the ports of the United States shall be opened indefinitely, or for a term fixed, as the case may be, to British vessels coming from the said British Colonial possessions, and their cargoes, subject to no other or higher duty of tonnage or impost, or charge of any description whatever, than would be levied on vessels of the United, or their cargoes, arriving from the said British possessions; and that it shall be lawful for the said British vessels to import into the United States, to export therefrom, any article or articles which may be imported or exported in vessels of the United States; and that the act, entitled, "An Act concerning Navigation," passed on the eighteenth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, an act supplementary thereto, passed the fifteenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty, and an act entitled, "An act to regulate the commercial intercourse between the United States and certain British ports," passed on the first day of March one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three, shall, in such case, be suspended or absolutely repealed, as the case may require: AND WHEREAS, by the said act, it is further provided, that, whenever the ports of the United States shall have been opened under the authority thereby given, British vessels and their cargoes shall be admitted to an entry in the ports of the United States, from the Islands, Provinces, or Colonies of Great Britain, on or near the North American continent, and North or East of the United States: AND WHEREAS satisfactory evidence has been received by the President of the United States, that, whenever he shall give effect to the provisions of the act aforesaid, the Government of Great Britain will open for an indefinite period, the ports in its Colonial possessions in the West Indies, on the continent of South America, the Bahama Islands, the Caicos, and the Bermuda or Somer Islands, to the vessels of the United States, and their cargoes, upon the terms, and according to the requisitions, of the aforesaid act of Congress: Now, therefore, I, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States of America, do hereby declare and proclaim that such evidence has been received by me; and that, by the operation of the act of Congress, passed on the twenty-ninth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, the ports of the United States are, from the date of this Proclamation, open to British vessels coming from the said British