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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

THE BLIND BOY.

Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair,
It breathes on my lip and it fans my warm cheek,
Yet gives me no answer, tho' often I speak;
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and kind,
Yet I cannot touch it—I'm blind! oh! I'm blind!

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell? [swell,
I sink and I mount with its cadence and
While touch'd to my heart with its deep thrilling strain;
'Till pleasure—till pleasure is turning to pain;
What brightness of blue is with music combined? [blind!
Will any one tell me?—I'm blind! oh! I'm

The perfumes and flowers that are hovering nigh,
What are they? on what kind of wings do they fly?
Are they not sweet angels who come to delight
A poor little boy that knows not of sight?
The sun, moon and stars, are to me undefined;—
Oh! tell me what light is—I'm blind! oh I'm blind!

LINES.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Oh, for the bright and gladsome hours,
When like a wandering stream,
My spirit caught from earth and sky
The light of every beam;
When, if into my laughing eyes
A tear-drop chanced to start,
'Twas banished in a moment by
The sunshine of the heart.

When musing on the happy past,
The first spring time of life,
When every tone of wind and wave
With melody was rife;
When all youth's hopes and promises,
Those rainbows of my sky,
Danced forth in fairy visions
Before my wandering eye.

My heart is with the leaping rills,
That murmur round the home,
Where first my lips were taught to speak—
My tiny feet to roam;
The sweet songs of the happy birds,
The whispering wild voiced breeze
That caught the faint breath of the rose,
And waved among the trees.

How many mournful memories
Steal gently through the mind,
Like spirit voices borne along
Upon the wandering wind;
And, as thought leads me back again,
I almost seem to trace
In each sweet flower, and shrub, and tree,
Some fond, familiar face.

'Tis thought, because I smile on all,
That I am vain and gay—
That, by the world's light flattery,
I might be lured astray;
They know not that my heart oft breathes
Its fragrance out in sighs,
That sad songs tremble on my lips,
And tears within my eyes.

My thoughts are all as pure and sweet,
As when I was a child,
And all my bright imaginings
Are just as free and wild;
And were it not for one bright link,
Within affection's chain,
I'd wish to wander to that spot,
And be a child again.

Miscellaneous.

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON.

IN IMITATION OF DR. FRANKLIN.

When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breath for a time, what some writer calls the 'bracing air of poverty.' My mother, light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman, for that quality which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which were they told, some would smile, and some to whom they would recall their own experiences, would sigh.—But let me not disturb that vale of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me upon an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves, and before whom it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect.—Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them, and by the way of throwing over my equipment a certain savor and sprinkling of gentillity, my red and toil hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our down-dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principles of ventilation; and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones on which Shem shuffled in the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare-devil swagger in his gate, and a sort of 'I'm as good as you' leer in his eye—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well dressed horseman, because he was well dressed; to tare a boy's ruffle, simply because it was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which had characterized my costume and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, '*A patch on both knees and gloves on.*'

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot throuh me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan—

That day I wore my gloves no more.

But the lesson thus rudely enforced, sunk deep into my mind, and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self sacrifice and self discipline and self control, but rather by our example instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of *the patch on both knees and gloves on*:

When I see a family living in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with a glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify to fill honourably the posts to which they aspire, I recall '*a patch on both knees and gloves on.*'

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity, when I see fine ladies be-sattined and bejewelled, cheapening the toil of dressmakers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence, when I see the poor turned away from proud houses where the crumbs of the table would be to them a feast, I think of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see men lynx eyed to the faults of others, and mole eyed to their own, when I see a savageness of virtue which forgives nothing, when a decent life and conversation are thought sufficient warrant and excuse for evil speaking and all manner of uncharitableness, I recall *the patch on both knees and gloves on.—Boston Courier.*

[From the Cincinnati Atlas.]

THE UNBIDDEN PREACHER.

The story which follows, we do not recollect to have seen in print, though there is no doubt of its truth. It is to good to be lost. The principal actor is now living and holds a high rank in the church to which he belongs; maugre the vagaries of his youth.

One Sunday morning as the congregation of——church, Charleston, had nearly all assembled for worship, and the worthy Pastor was about to commence the services—a fine looking young man, dressed in a full suit of sables, walked up the aisle—passed the doors that was flung open for him—entered the pulpit, and nodding familiarly to the minister said—"I will preach for you this morning sir."—Then turning to the congregation, raised his hands and said, "let us pray."

The Pastor was astonished at this unceremonious procedure, as the young man was an entire stranger to him, but he bore evident marks of being a clergyman, and was opening with a fervent and impassioned prayer clothed in the most elegant language, he thought he would let him proceed.

The prayer ended, the stranger went on to the other parts of the services as if he was perfectly at home.

The service being ended he opened the bible and preached a most eloquent and moving discourse from the text—"I was a stranger and ye took me in." He painted in glorious language the duty of christians—especially towards strangers, for in that guise angels had been entertained aforetime. But above all he tried to impress upon his hearers the duty of christian charity. There was scarcely a dry eye in the house, and every body was on tiptoe to know who and what the stranger was. When he had finished his discourse, he looked slowly round him for a moment, as if to note the effect he had produced. Then leaning forward in an earnest manner, he exclaimed in a deep measured tone:

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater,
Had a wife and could'nt keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Turning to the clergyman, he bowed politely—bade him good morning, and left the church before the congregration had time to recover from their amazement.

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

The Prairies.

Not the least remarkable features of the great western valley are the prairies which are found in every direction over the face of its vast territory. They are of two kinds, the swelling or rolling, and the level or flat. The former consist of undulating fields, broken into swells or reaches of various lengths and breadths, extending sometimes to an altitude of 60 or 70 feet. Between times these swells are sloughs, or "sloes," which are generally marshy, and in many instances contain small lakes or pools; and some, which are dry, exhibit the appearance of funnels, and answer a similar purpose in carrying off water into the caverns beneath, the existence of which is indicated by the soil above. The flat prairies are plains of rich alluvion, grown with long, lank grass, and occasionally presenting a lake, and often studded here and there with groves of the wild crab-apple, and clusters of forest trees, that look like emerald isles in a sea of waving green.

The prairies are of various extent, from one mile to hundreds of miles. The largest are in the far off West, the home of the buffalo and the red hunter. Wherever they are partly cultivatad, as most of them are, in the "States," and where the annual fires are discontinued, they soon grow up with timber. The soil is, with very few exceptions, entirely alluvial, and yields immense crops of Indian corn and other coarse grain. When they exist in the neighborhood of settlements, they afford excellent pasturage for horses and cattle, and fine ranges for swine, and are traversed by herds of deer, the number of which increases near the plantations, when not in too close proximity, as their greatest enemies, the black and prairie wolves, decrease as cultivation advances. Wild turkeys, ducks, prairie fowls or grouse, and quails, and rabbits, also abound on the prairies, and afford great amusement to sportsmen. Numerous other animals, as the gopher, the opossum, the racoon, etc., etc., are found in them, or on their borders.

The wayfarer over these wide savannahs will sometimes be startled by a sound as of hounds on the hunt, and anon a noble buck of ten times will leap past him, followed by a pack of hungry wolves, yelping as they run in hot pursuit; but he will look in vain for the sportsmen of the field; he can but fancy that invisible hunters, "horsed on the viewless couriers of the air," are tracking their game, and on the wild chase. Some theorists believe the prairies to have been very anciently the beds of lakes or of the sea. This opinion finds arguments in the alluvious character of their soil, and in the marine shells, which are invariably found embedded in the limestone of the adjacent bluffs.

When the grass is thoroughly ripe, in the autumn, toward the close of November, most of the prairies are burned. The fires sometimes originate by accident, but more often from the design of the hunters, to facilitate them in the destruction of game. The dry grass, which then is often as high as the head of a man on horseback, burns with a fierce and terrible rapidity, and extends the flames for miles in a few minutes, impressing the beholder with the idea of a general conflagration. If the wind chances to be high, tufts of the burning material dart like flaming meteors through the air, and, far as the eye can reach, a pall of black smoke stretches to the horizon and overhangs the scene, while all below is lighted up, and blazing with furious intensity; and ever and anon, flaming wisps of grass flash up, revolving and circling in the glowing atmosphere, and lending to the imagination a semblance of convicts spirits tossing in a lake of fire. The birds, startled and bewildered, scream wildly, and tumble and roll about above the flames; the affrighted deer leaps from his covert and courses madly away, and the terrified wolf, forgetful of the chase, runs howling in an adverse direction.

When an experienced hunter finds himself upon a prairie, to which fire has been applied, he immediately kindles a fire near him, (as did the old trapper in Cooper's novel of "The Prairie,") and the wind bears the flames onward, burning a path before him, which he follows to a place of safety, and thus escapes a horrid fate that, but for his sagacity, would have been inevitable. A prairie on fire can sometimes be seen at a distance of fifty miles. The fire continues until the grass is all consumed, and not unfrequently it is carried by the wind into the adjacant forest, which it blasts and devastates, until checked by a water-course. Early in the spring, the prairies renew their verdant clothing, and long before their next autumnal burning, all vestiges of the preceding conflagrations are gone, unless perhaps some worm-eaten and sapless tree, in one of the island-like clusters, may show by its blackened trunk and leafless branches that the flames have been there.

In no possible condition can the prairies be seen, without exciting feelings of a peculiar and most lively interest. They are gloriously beautiful or awfully terrible, according to the times and seasons in which they are beheld. When viewed in the broad glare of day, they seem like large lakes, gently undulating in the breeze, and their variegated flowers flash in the sun like phosphorescent sparkles on the surface of the water. Seen by moonlight, they appear calm and placid as the lagunes of Venice; and the beholder almost wonders why they do not reflect back the starry glories of the sky above them. In storms, the clouds that hang over them seem to come more near the earth than is their wont in other places, and the lightning sweeps closely to their surface, as if to mow them with a fiery scythe; while, as the blast blows thro' them, the tall grass bends and surges before it, and gives forth a shrill whistling sound, as if every fibre were a harp string of Æolus. In the spring they put forth their rich verdure, embossed with the early wild flowers of many hues, spreading a gorgeous carpeting, which no Turkish fabric can equal. At this season, in the early dawn, while the mists hang upon their borders, curling in folds like curtains, through which the morning sheds a softened light, "half revealed, half concealed" by the vapory shadows that float fitfully over the scene, they appear now light, now shaded, and present a panoram a ever varying, brightening, and darkening, until the mists roll up and the uncurtained sun reveals himself in the full brightness of his rising. In the summer, the long grass stoops and swells with every breath of the breeze, like the waves of the heaving ocean, and the bright blossoms seem to dance and laugh in the sunshine, as they toss their gaudy heads to the rustling music of the passing wind. The prairies, however, are most beautiful when the first tints of autumn are upon them; when their lovely flowers, in ten thousand varieties, are decked in their gorgeous foliage—when the gold and purple blossoms are contrasted with the emerald green surface and silver linings of their rich leaves, and all the hues of iris, in every modification, show themselves on all sides, to dazzle, bewilder, and amaze. Bleak, desolate, and lonely as a Siberian waste, the prairie exhibits itself in winter pathless and trackless; one vast expanse of snow, seemingly spread out to infinity, like the winding sheet of a world.

The traveller to the Rocky mountain may rise with the early morning, from the centre of one of the great prairies, and pursue his solitary journey until the setting of the sun, and yet not reach its confines, which recede into the dim, distant horizon, that seems its only boundary. He will hear, however, the busy hum of the bee, and mark the myriads of parti-colored butterflies and other insects, that flit around him; he will behold tens of thousands of buffaloes grazing in the distance, and the savage but now peaceful Indian intent upon the hunt; and he will see troops of wild horses speeding over the plain, shaking the earth with their unshod hoofs, to sing their free manes like streamers in the wind, and snorting fiercely with distended nostrils; the fleet deer will now and then dart by him; the wolf will rise from his lair, and look askance and growl at him; and the little prairie dog will run to the top of its tiny mound and bark at him before it retreats to its den without it. No human being may be the companion of the traveller in the immense solitude, yet will he feel that he is not alone; the wide expanse is populous with myriads of creatures; and, in the emphatic language of the red man, "The Great Spirit is upon the prairie."—*Knickerbocker.*

[COMMUNICATED.]

CHIVALRY.

"Chivalry prepared the way for law, and civilization had its source in gallantry."—*M. Martin.*

During that long period in which Europe was sunk in ignorance and barbarism appeared the institution of chivalry, which many have regarded as foolish in the extreme, but which nevertheless exerted a wonderful influence upon the destiny of that country. Its early history is involved in obscurity; yet it is evident it was not the offspring of an enlightened age. During the brilliant career of Charlemagne, we find some of his warriors represented with the qualities and attributes of knights. But little of the *true spirit* of chivalry is to be seen, until, from the ruins of his great empire, sprung the *Feudal system.* Then it began to assume the form of a regular organized institution. Every thing seemed to contribute to its encouragement. Many of the Nobles bound themselves by a solemn oath to defend it. Religion lent her aid to the noble enterprise; and the steel clad knight who went forth as a champion in defence of honor and virtue received as his reward the jewel, the bracelet, and sometimes a kiss from the lips of beauty.

Various have been the opinions of writers with respect to this singular institution.—Some have thought that its evils are still felt among us. Others have regarded it as the most glorious institution which mankind ever devised. We shall not follow either of those opinions; but whilst we view it as an institution in itself wild and fantastic, yet best adapted to an age when governments were unsettled and laws disregarded.

That it introduced false notions of honor, and led men to uphold a custom which future ages have regarded as barbarous in the extreme, is a truth which we do not pretend to deny. But where is there an institution which has had for its object the good of mankind that has not at some period of its existence been corrupted from its original simplicity? Even the mild and peaceable doctrines of christianity, which were at first received by Pagan nations with complacency, were afterwards corrupted with a degrading superstition, and lit up the fires of martyrdom.

In judging the history of this period we must not forget that a dark cloud of ignorance hung over the people;—that the remnants of ancient literature were confined to the convent and the cloister; and that although many foolish and barbarous customs, such as *dueling* and others, were warmly patronised by this institution; yet they had not their origin in a *chivalrous age.* In the days of chivalry dueling was resorted to as a method of discovering truth from perjury, from a superstitious belief of the interference of Providence for the punishment of the guilty and the protection of the innocent. But how different are the motives which actuate men at this enlightened age of the world to engage in a practice so revolting to all the feelings of humanity! Prompted by a spirit of revenge, and urged on by a cowardly fear of public opinion, men will now challenge each other to mortal combat, regardless of the laws of God and man!

The primary object of chivalry was the restoration of order. From the latter part of the fourth to the middle of the fifth century Europe seemed to be a theatre of discord, confusion and terror. Wars, massacres and cruelties are the distinguishing features of this portion of her history. It might be very appropriately termed the *iron age.*

——"fugere pudor, verumque, fidesque,
In quorum subire locum, fraudesque, dolique,
Insidiaeque, et vis, et amor scelestus habendi."

Such being the state of the nation, something was necessary to check the progress of barbarism, and reform the manners and customs of society. That the institution of chivalry was well calculated to produce this reformation can hardly be doubted. The order of knighthood was instituted for this very purpose, and one of its greatest virtues was an inviolable attachment to *truth*; and it was not until its laws were abused, and men began to corrupt its natural excellence, that it ceased to exert a healthful influence. "Even in those days," says an eloquent writer, "when chivalrous religion was no longer the spring of the noblest morality, the spirit of the days of old lingered amid the ruins of the falling institution. An Edward, a Du-Guesclin, a Bayard, would rise up in the midst of corrupt times, and show the vices of the day by still showing one more true knight, and even *now* when the order has altogether passed away, we feel and benefit by its good effects."

Chivalry was destined to become the master power of Europe. It had been the practice of christians in various parts of Europe, from a very early period, to visit the land which had been rendered momorable on account of the sufferings and death of their master. These pilgrimages were attended with difficulties and dangers which it is not often the lot of mortals to encounter. The poor pilgrim who had traveled day and night—exposing himself to the scorching rays of an eastern sun, and the chilling dews of night;—enduring the privations of hunger and thirst that he might once more kneel at the shrine of his faith, was not unfrequently assaulted by a band of lawless robbers and plundered of that which alone would admit him within the walls of the Holy city. It is impossible to imagine the sufferings which they endured. Scorned and insulted by a wicked and ferocious people who had sympathy with none but the deluded followers of Mahomet and his successors,—these humble pilgrims were not permitted to visit those spots ever dear to their recollection, except by paying immense sums of money to an infidel people.

Long did they groan under such cruel oppression. They could no longer endure to see the Holy Land in possession of the Mahomedans and the sepulchre of the Saviour polluted by Muselmen. Their cries had long rankled in the hearts of the bold Knights of Christendom. There was one ready to urge their claims. A Hermit, issuing from obscurity, comes forward to be the leader of a mighty army. He is seen travelling from place to place, describing the sufferings of the pilgrims,—the desolation of the fair plains of Palestine, and calling upon all to rally around the standard of the cross. The eloquence of the Hermit proved successful. The council of Clearmont assembled in Nov. 1095, and we are told that in less than eight months after a vast army was seen moving towards the Holy Land. "Who shall tell," says the historian, "the children and infirm that, animated with the same spirit, hastened to the war? who shall count the old men and young maids who hurried forward to the fight?—not with the hope of aiding, but for the *crown martyrdom* to be worn amid the swords of the infidels."

When we contemplate the wonderful effect produced by the harangues of Peter—a man of whom it has been truly said that he left the world in doubt whether he was a prophet, a fool, or a madman,—we are led to believe that the people were fully prepared for any expedition however daring and dangerous it may have been. It has been said by a very learned and ingenious writer, and we believe it to be true, that "to head a sect, to infuse party spirit, to make men arrogant, uncharitable and malevolent, is the easiest task imaginable, and to which almost any blockhead is equal. But to produce the contrary effect,—to subdue the spirit of faction, and that monster, spiritual pride, with which it is invariably accompanied,—to inspire equity, moderation and charity into men's sentiments and conduct with regard to others, is the *genuine test of eloquence.*"*

But to return to our subject.

Various were the motives which actuated this immense group of persons to join the crusade. Some were induced by the hope of plunder;—others for the love of religion—its holy officers and pure sacrifices;—but too many were led on by a spirit of fanaticism, and the hope of distinction. In that vast army confusion and disorder triumphed over well regulated discipline; and crime and wickedness of every description were its distinguishing features. Their leader, whom they once hailed with enthusiasm, and whose mandate they were eager to obey, soon lost all command over them, and was obliged to retire with all his high hopes and bright anticipations crushed to the earth.

But the total overthrow of the first expedition was not without a happy effect. The time was approaching in which the chivalry of Europe was again to be collected for the same purpose, though not to be headed by a fanatic monk. Experience had now taught them that the leaders of so large an army should be men of well tried skill and undaunted bravery;—men who had wisdom to command and ability to execute;—men who possessed the *true spirit of chivalry.* And such *were* the distinguished chiefs who undertook the second crusade. Their bright and shining qualities reflected so much lustre upon their names that Tasso thought them not unworthy themes to occupy his sublime imagination. Inspired by high and generous principles, and urged on by a pure chivalrous spirit, they encounter every difficulty,—and after many a hard struggle arrive at the gates of the Holy City. Conceive but for a moment the joy which must have filled the heart of the Crusader when he first beheld the object of all his hopes!—The dangers and privations of a long and fatiguing journey were now all forgotten. Here was the City, to rescue which, he had left his home!—here was the birth place of the *son of man!*—the land which he had hallowed by his footsteps, and rendered memorable on account of his miracles. But all was not yet accomplished;—that sacred city was still in possession of the infidels,—the temple of their fore-fathers was desecrated by the followers of the false Prophet, and its altars were converted into shrines of idolatry. It is true they had arrived at the very walls of the city, but its gates were bolted and barred against them. The sun was now sinking behind the western hills of Palestine, and night seemed to fall with a melancholy darkness over the christian army. They began to reflect upon their homes which they had left,—the numbers which they had already lost, and the miserable condition to which they were reduced.—Whilst musing over their misfortunes and praying for assistance for the ensuing day, the sun arose in unclouded splendor,—shedding a radiance of holy light upon the battlements of the city. The conflict which was to decide the fate of the European expedition had now commenced:—many a brave Knight fought hand in hand with the Mahomedan. For a long time the contest seemed doubtful! now the Chistian! now the Mahomedan appears to be victorious! At length the siege has ended—the holy sepulchre is wrested from the hands of the infidel, and a religion, which was hostile to civilization, received for a while a powerful check.

To palliate or excuse the enormous cruelties of the crusaders towards the vanquished Musselman is very far from our design;—nor do we intend to justify the policy upon which the expedition was founded. But as we before remarked we shall notice the influence of that *chivalrous spirit* which produced such a great reformation upon the manners and customs of a barbarous nation,—which exalted the female character to that dignity and refinement which it so justly merited, and which, perhaps, next to the christian religion, did more than any thing else to promote the good order of society.

Let us pause for a moment and enquire into the consequences which would have ensued if the Mahomedans had proved victorious. Islamism would have been the established religion of the East—a religion encouraging the most vicious passions of human nature, and founded by a bold and artful imposter. Then indeed would the human mind have been debased;—the last remnants of ancient civilization would have been swept away. The fertile regions of Asia had already been added to the dominion of the conquerors;—Persia, Syria and Arabia had submitted to the yoke; and, but for the check upon the power of the Caliphs, Europe might have been bowed down for centuries under a system of idolatry. The fate of the seven-hill'd city before the arms of the Goths would have been as nothing compared with the establishment of an idolatrous religion. Rome, with all her learning and wisdom, was corrupt, and needed something to check the progress of vice.—Her boasted philosophy, which at one time exerted such a mighty influence over the mass of mankind, taught that virtue was to be prized only so far as it contributed to man's enjoyment. Her orators, endowed as they were with such extraordinary powers of mind, exhausted their intellects in fruitless speculation, and, in too many instances, prostrated their talents to the worst of purposes. Her heroes sacrificed every principle of justice and humanity to an insatiate thirst for power and dominion.

It must be recollected that the Crusaders, wild and extravagant as they may appear to us, commenced in an age of the grossest ignorance; and although it was not the intention of the crusaders to bring about that change in the manners and customs of society which was afterwards found so favorable to virtue and morality, yet it was imperceptibly opening the way for a new era in which knowledge, religion and freedom should triumph over ignorance, barbarism, and superstition.

The crusaders on their march were compelled to pass through cities and countries in which the arts and sciences had long been cultivated. They passed through the splendid city of Constantinople, and beheld the magnificent buildings;—they saw the glory to which civilization had raised her citizens. Here they became acquainted with her literature and imbibed those sentiments of virtue which tended in a great measure to soften and refine their manners.

There were many other benefits resulting from these expeditions which it is unnecessary to mention. We have seen the condition of Europe during the middle ages;—we have the influence of the spirit of chivalry upon the habits, manners and customs of the people. We have seen it conducted with the feudal system, and afterwards brought to maturity by the crusades. We have briefly noticed some of the consequences which would have ensued had not the power of Mahometanism received a check. However much we may lament the calamities of war, these expeditions, wild as they may appear to us, were perhaps necessary for the future government of the human race. "Little does the genius of war imagine when impelling its mad votaries to new contests that christianity is following at a distance, in the rear of victorious armies, to plant her stations on the fields of their encampment,—to bear away the best of her spoils, and assume the dominion which other potentates have lost."

Easton, April 1, 1845. C. B. W.

*George Campbell D. D.

FALLING IN LOVE.

Believing, as I do, that falling in love goes by destiny, and that, of all affairs, those of the heart are those for which there is the least accounting, I have always thought, that to give reasons for its happening, is throwing the said reasons away—a waste much to be deprecated in an age where reasons are in such great request.—It is not beauty that inspires love—still less is it mind. It is not situation—people who were indifferent in a moonlight walk, have taken a fit of sentiment in Piccadilly. It is not early association—indeed, the chances are rather against the Paul and Virginia style. It is not dress—conquests have been made in curl papers. In short—to be mythological in my conclusion—the quiver of Cupid hangs at the girdle of Fate, together with her spindle and scissors.

Sleep is death's youngest brother, and so much like him that I never trust him without my prayers.—*Sir T. Brown.*

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