

her neighbourhood, and she has settled considerable stipends on more than one worthy and pious clergyman, who visit the cottages for miles around, and while, with no sparing hand, they distribute the liberal bounty of their benefactress, inform the ignorance, reprove the vices, and encourage the virtues, they meet with. She reads a great deal, and mostly, perhaps now exclusively, books of devotion; but she enters into no controversial reading or deep discussion: she believes in the truths of the Gospel as firmly as she believes in her own existence, or in the presence of the sun when he gives her light and warmth; but she leaves nice points of doctrine to those who have had more opportunity to make them their study, and satisfies herself with endeavoring, as far as it is possible, to conform to the rules and practise the precept of her divine master. If you are so disposed, we will ride over some morning and call on her: the park is not more than a morning's drive from hence, and my brother, who lives within a mile of her will give us a dinner and a bed.

[We find our limits will not permit us to copy the writer's account of this interesting visit. For the gratification of the reader whose admiration has been excited by the preceding sketch, we will however mention that the personal interview confirmed the visitor in his belief of all that had been said respecting the excellent character of the kind and venerable widow Shirley.]

ORIGIN OF THE CRUSADES.

These evils had been sufficiently felt by all who had visited the East, but at length they made so strong an impression on one single man, that, like fire alighting among materials highly combustible, the flame spread throughout Europe. The person who effected so strong a sensation by so slight means was Peter, called the Hermit. He was, we are informed, of a slight and indifferent figure, which some times exposed him to be neglected; but he was a powerful orator. He had himself been a pilgrim in Palestine, and possessed the impressive requisite, that he could bear testimony, as an eye-witness to the atrocities of the Turks, and to the sufferings of the Christians. He repaired from court to court, from castle to castle, from city to city, setting forth at each the shame done to Christendom, in leaving the holiest places connected with her religion in possession of a heathen and barbarous foe. He appealed to the religion of one sovereign, to the fears of another, to the spirit of chivalry professed by them all. Urban II. then Pope, saw the importance of uniting the European nations, soldiers by habit and inclination, in a task so honorable to religion, and so likely to give importance to the Roman See. At the council of Clermont, ambassadors from the Grecian Emperor were introduced to the assembly, who, with humble difference, stated to the prelates, and the lay chivalry of Europe, the dangers to their Christian sovereignty arising from the increasing strength of the Moslem empire, by which he was surrounded, and forgetting the worldly and assuming language which they were accustomed to use, supplicated, with humiliating earnestness, the advantage of some assistance from Europe. The pontiff himself set forth the advantage, or rather, the necessity of laying all meaner or worldly tasks aside, until the holy sepulchre should be freed from the heathen usurpers, who were its tyrants. To all, however criminal, who should lend aid to this holy warfare, Urban promised a full remission of their sins here, and an incalculable portion of the joys of heaven hereafter. He then appealed to the temporal princes with the enthusiastic quotation of such texts of Scripture as were most likely to inflame their natural valour. "Gird on your swords," he said, "ye men of valour: it is our part to pray, it is yours to fight. It is ours, with Moses, to hold up our hands unremittingly to God: it is yours to stretch out the sword against the children of Amalek.—So be it." The assembly answered, as to a summons, blown by an archangel, "It is the will of God—it is the will of God!" Thousands devoted themselves to the service of God, as they imagined, and to the recovery of Palestine, with its shrines, from the hands of the Turks. Each devoted himself to the prosecution of this holy undertaking, by cutting the form of a cross upon the shoulder of his cloak, being of a different colour from that of the garment itself, which was the especial term by which these soldiers of heaven announced their being enlisted in the holy war. The undertaking was thence called a crusade, and those who joined its ranks were termed crusaders. The eagerness with which all men assumed this holy

symbol was such, that some of the princes cut their robes to pieces to furnish crosses to the multitudes around. The extraordinary proceedings at the council of Clermont were circulated with such amazing celerity as made those believed who affirmed, that the report of this general movement was heard and known among distant nations even on the very evening of the day of council. But, without listening to what is incredible, it is certain the news of the crusade were every where spread through the Christian world with unexampled speed, and everywhere received with utmost interest and applause. The number who assumed the cross, or, in other words, pledged themselves to the holy war, amounted probably to half a million of individuals, at least. A very great proportion of this multitude were ignorant men, unaccustomed to warfare, and unacquainted with the slightest precautions either in the field of battle, or on the far more complicated subjects of marches and halts, which were to be agreed on, and provisions, which were to be begot in readiness.—*Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.*

CHIVALRIC LOVER.

Thibault, Count of Champagne, a prince of great possessions, was renowned alike as a good knight and an excellent troubadour, or poet, in which capacity he had even during the life of her husband, Louis VIII., selected as the theme of his praise and the sovereign mistress of his affections, no other than Blanche herself. The adoration of a poet, in these times, had in it nothing that was necessarily hurtful to a lady's reputation; nevertheless, it was said the queen had expressed resentment at the liberty which the Count of Champagne had taken in fixing his affections so high, and making his admiration so public. It is even surmised, that the severity with which the queen treated the enamoured poet was so highly resented by him, that his mortification was the cause of his joining the confederates. But a woman of address and beauty knows how to recover the affections of an offended lover; and, if her admirer should be of a romantic and poetical temperament, he is still more easily recalled to his allegiance. It cost the queen but artfully throwing out a hint that she would be pleased to see Thibault at court, and the faithful lover was at her feet, and at her command. On two important occasions the enamoured troubadour disconcerted the plans of his political confederates like a faithful knight, in obedience to the commands of the lady of his affections. Upon one of these occasions, Count Thibault gave private information of a project of the malecontents to seize the person of the queen, on a journey from Orleans to Paris. Their purpose being once known, was easily defeated, by the queen-mother throwing herself and her son into a strong fortress, till a suitable escort was collected to ensure their passage in safety to the capital. On another occasion, the King having called an assembly of his nobles to oppose Peter of Bretagne who had appeared in open arms, the conspiring nobles agreed to bring each to the rendezvous a party of followers, in apparent obedience to the royal command, which, though it should seem but moderate in regard to each individual prince's retinue, should, when united, form a preponderating force. But this stratagem was also disconcerted by the troubadour Earl of Champagne, who to please his royal mistress, brought a stronger attendance than all others put together; so that, as none of the other great vassals dared to take the part of Peter of Bretagne, he was obliged to submit to the royal authority. The Count of Champagne had like to have dearly bought his compliance with the pleasure of his lady-love, instead of pursuing the line of politics of the confederates. He was attacked by the whole confederacy, who, enraged at his tergiversation, agreed to expel him from his country, and confer Champagne upon the Queen of Cyprus, who had some claim to it, as heiress of Thibault's elder brother. Blanche was so far grateful to her devoted lover, that she caused her son to march to his succour, and repel the attack on his territories. Yet she sought to gain something for the crown by this act of kindness, and, therefore, intimated to the count, that, to defray the expenses of the war, and compensate the claims of his niece, it would be expedient to sell to the young king his territories of Blois, Chartres, Chateaudun, and Sancerre. The count murmured forth some remonstrances, in being required to part with so valuable a portion of his estates; but so soon as Blanche, with a displeased look, reproached him for his disobedience and ingratitude, he fetched a deep sigh, as he replied, "By my faith, madam, my heart, my body, my life, my land are all at your absolute disposal!" The crown of France ac-

quired the territory accordingly. It does not appear that the devotions of this infatuated lover were offensive to Queen Blanche herself, who, as a woman, might be proud of her absolute influence over a man of talents, and, as a politician, might judge it desirable to preserve that influence over a powerful nobleman, when it was maintained at the cheap price of an obliging word or glance. But some of the French courtiers grew impatient of the absurd pretensions of Thibault to the queen's favour. They instigated Robert of Artois, one of the sons of Louis VIII., who was little beyond childhood, to put an affront upon the Count of Champagne, by throwing a soft cream-cheese in his face. Enthusiasm, of every kind, is peculiarly sensible to ridicule. Thibault became aware that he was laughed at; and, as the rank and youth of the culprit prevented the prince being the subject of revenge, the Count of Champagne retired from the court forever, and in his feudal dominions endeavoured to find consolation in the favour of the muses, for the rigour, and, perhaps the duplicity, of his royal mistress. This troubadour monarch afterwards became King of Navarre; and his extravagant devotion to beauty and poetry did not prevent his being held, in those days, a sagacious as well as accomplished sovereign.—*IBID.*

WHO OR WHAT AM I? Do you not hear a soft and gentle murmur? 'Tis like the gentle, drowsy song, with which the infant lulls itself to sleep upon the mother's lap. This is my voice—Do you not hear a noise—a hoarse, turbulent, rushing, roaring noise? This, too, is my voice! Have you not admired the gliding motion of some gentle fair, with 'grace in her steps, and heaven in her eye?' This is the way I often come to salute you. And when I go, 'tis murmuring leth to part." Have you not marked a hurried, uplifted motion, like rampant horses, with snowy manes? This, too, is the manner of my approach. In fact, I am made up of contradictions. Were I to enumerate my deeds, you would not only accuse me of vanity, but of hyperbole and falsehood. I have the means of conquering nations, and my dominion is greater than that of an Alexander or a Cæsar. Like a mighty conqueror, I have overwhelmed whole territories, and left no trace behind. I sometimes bring peace to the wretched, and wretchedness to the peaceful. I often bring smiles to the brow of an anxious friend, and "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole." I have been the ruin of thousands, and made the fortune of tens of thousands. In the main, I am generous and noble; spurning oppression, and much averse to concealment. I make a powerful resistance to the slightest coercion. Xerxes and his ten thousand could not imprison me. Canute the Great, though he could conquer the Anglo-Saxons, could not resist my advances on his territory, although I came unattended and unarmed. My complexion is varied as the camelion's; and one calls me black, another white, and a third red; yet I do affirm, I am neither black, white, nor red! Yesterday I was blue, to-day I am green! It is said, that the surface of the camelion has the peculiar power of reflecting surrounding colours, which accounts for its various hues at different periods. This is precisely my own case. Some people call me superficial, and with some show of reason: I have so much on my surface that few look further.

"He who would search for pearls must dive below." and those who sound me will find how profound I am. I despise low cunning, but I am deep—very deep—"full fathom five;" and, without being witty, I have a great deal of Attic salt in my composition. Inconstant as the winds, yet I am ever punctual in my appointments;—"true as the needle to the pole." Being thus strict in my assignments, I never wait for any one; indeed, my regularity in this respect, has become proverbial, and if you reflect on the nature of my attributes you will discover perpetual motion. Of all countries I prefer Great-Britain, though myself a cosmopolite. We love those whom we have obliged, and her pre-eminent power amongst nations is due to me. What would commerce be without me? A mere traffic of pedlars. My wealth is so great, and I have so many untouched hoards, that the Bank of England would weigh as nothing in the balance. My pearls are of the choicest kind, richer far than any jewel in Ethiop's ear; indeed, my possessions are as incalculable as the sands upon the shore! Moonlight is my favourite