

THE STRENGTH OF HOME.

The settler leaves his native home,
And strikes across the foaming wave;
His cradle may not be his grave;
To other skies coerced to roam.

He roots a footing in the land;
The Lord of Work rewards his toil;
And finding round him corn and oil,
His heart enlarges with his hand.

But vacant lies a corner yet;
He misses dear familiar things—
That over-grew him like the rings
Of trees—he never can forget.

A thousand daily sights and sounds;
The tufted primrose of the lane,
The violet, and the daisy rain
Of Spring, within her wizard bounds.

Ah me, ah me! the English hills;
The corpse of us big-hearted boys;
The magic scene of early joys,
With brooks that bubble from the rills.

The staggering-kneed old sheds so dear;
The clinking latch, the wicket gate;
The starlit orchard, haunted late,
The croft of Summer sunrise clear.

The gracious hawthorn in the hedge;
The skylark gushing in the sky;
The robin-redbreast hopping by;
The swallow darting from the hedge.

He pines for these; and o'er him steals
A sickness for the things of home;
He sends for them across the foam;
And half the ancient witchery feels.
—Chambers' Journal.

INFANT CRUSADERS IN MEDIEVAL TIMES.

A MARCH TO THE HOLY SEPULCHRE
—ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CHILDREN ATTEMPT TO REACH THE HOLY LAND.

The general story of the Crusaders is well known. History has faithfully preserved the memory of the millions who went on the perilous march to Jerusalem, and attested with their lives the sincerity of their faith. One feature, however, of that wonderful fanatical delusion the historian overlooked.

It is a simple story, into which is woven no thrilling deeds of warlike knights or mailed cavaliers, and it makes little record of battles fought and victories won; but in earnest devotion, implicit faith, grand enthusiasm, generous self-sacrifice and painful martyrdom, it has no parallel in all history. We refer to the "Children Crusaders," which comprised three armies of French and German youth, who perished in an effort to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidel.

FIVE CENTURIES AGO

the literature of Europe was full of accounts of this most wonderful crusade. But it gradually and unaccountably dropped out of the story of the knightly adventurers who bore the cross to glory on the plains of Syria, and it was reserved for an American to rescue the story from oblivion, and through the publishing house of Hurd & Houghton his researches have been given to the world. All honor to the Rev. George Zabreski Gray, of New Jersey, for this act of tardy justice to the memory of the little martyrs whose pious devotion the busy world had forgotten.

In the year 1187 the celebrated Saladin, after a long and bloody war, routed the Christian forces from Palestine and recaptured Jerusalem, which had passed under the dominion of the cross eighty-eight years before. Richard I of England, Frederick of Germany, and Henry VI. each sent forward vast armies to reconquer the Holy City, but their success was not great. Lodge-ments were made upon the sea-coast, but no progress was made inland. In 1198, a fifth army started for the same object, but effected nothing.

It was while the hearts of all devout believers were filled with grief and mortification over these repeated failures, that the singular fanaticism which led to the "Child's Crusade" broke out and spread like an epidemic, and in the end was not less fatal. Its first manifestation was at the tomb of one of the Saints to which pious pilgrims were wont to resort for prayer.

THE YOUNG APOSTLE.

A boy named Stephen, from a squalid village near Orleans, repaired to the spot and addressed the pilgrims there assembled, asserting that he had been visited by Jesus Christ Himself, and had received

from Him a letter to the King of France, with authority to go and recover the Holy Sepulchre. This child's appearance was peculiar, and he seemed more like a being from the other world than one belonging to this earth. His voice was almost angelic, his enthusiasm and faith unbounded and his eloquence marvelous and touching. It was the age of superstition, and the zealots of the day went mad with the fanaticism. The news spread with unwonted rapidity from town to town, from city to city and from province to province, until all France was aglow with the excitement. Other lads caught the fanatical infection and called upon their playmates to join in a last effort to rescue the tomb of Christ from the possession of the infidel Turk. Young Stephen taught, and his followers or lieutenants preached the same doctrine—that God would miraculously lead them on the way and give them an overwhelming victory without battle or bloodshed. If parents, friends, or guardians sought to prevent the little ones under their care from yielding to the prevailing madness, their remonstrances were drowned by the acclamations of the more superstitious, and effectually silenced by the familiar quotation, which then took a terrible meaning: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

THE GENERAL MADNESS.

It seemed as though the whole population had gone stark mad. The University of Paris took the initiative in an attempt to check the woeful fanaticism; but science and reason were powerless. The King was prevailed upon to issue an order forbidding the preaching of the childish apostles, who were organizing crusades; but it is evident that he, too, had been somewhat infected with the superstition, for he took no measures to enforce obedience to his mandate, which he knew was daily violated. In June 1212, the young crusader, Stephen, called his followers together from all the provinces and districts of France, and thirty thousand gathered at Vendome. The enthusiasm had not been confined to the lower classes, and the sons of the nobles as well as the children of the poor joined the banner of the cross. Girls left their homes by thousands to accompany the crusade, and history also records that men and women of the worst character likewise united themselves to the expedition for the vilest of purposes.

ON THE MARCH.

Led by the child-prophet, who rode in a chariot drawn by white steeds, the unfortunate children set out for Marseilles. It was a journey of cruel privation. No commissary had been provided, and the poor deluded youths were compelled to sleep in the open air, on the highways and in the fields, and to subsist by plunder or beggary. At first they were received with acclamation wherever they appeared, but it was soon found that famine and pestilence followed in their wake, and the poor misguided pilgrims came to be regarded with awe and dread. The season was excessively hot and unhealthy, disease broke out in the camps, and, without doctors, without medicines, and without care, the hapless children perished by thousands, and the roads leading to Marseilles were thickly strewn with the dying and the dead. But their youthful spirits were not depressed, and, with chant, hymn, exhortation and prayer, they kept on

THEIR TOLLISOME MARCH

to the sea. In their infatuation they had believed that the sea would be parted for their passage, as had been done for the people of God so many centuries before. But upon their arrival at Marseilles they were undeceived. They saw before them the blue Mediterranean, a ragged sheet of billow and breaker, effectually barring their further progress. This was a sad disappointment. In vain they waited, and in vain were the saints invoked. After weeks of suspense the faith of the faint, weary, homesick wanderers began to waver, and they were on the point of turning back to their homes. But at this juncture two merchants of Marseilles came forward, and tendered ten vessels to transport the expedition to Palestine, asking in return only the prayers of the young adventurers. But by this time thousands had perished of disease and

privation, and thousands more had become disheartened, so only

FIVE THOUSAND OF THE LITTLE ONES.

were left to attempt the final voyage. The embarkation took place amid imposing religious ceremonies, and with the prayers and blessings of all France, the little fleet spread its canvas, and sailed away, and for eighteen years there came no tidings concerning its fate.

Simultaneously with the movement in France, a similar excitement arose in Germany. A boy named Nicholas began preaching at Cologne, much after the manner of Stephen in France, promising a miraculous victory for the children of God. Rich and poor, high and low, caught the enthusiasm, and not less than 20,000 deluded children rendezvoused at Cologne to set out for the Holy Sepulchre. They were, like the French crusaders, accompanied by thousands of young girls, and likewise by infamous men and women, seeking to prey upon their enthusiasm and innocence. Tedious and wearisome was the journey of 700 miles from Cologne to Genoa, the port from which they were to embark. They slept in the open field and fed on alms, as the older sharks who accompanied them had so early stripped them of the little they had saved to bear them on their toilsome journey. The barons of Germany, Burgundy and Switzerland hovered around them during the march, kidnapping such of the little ones as chanced to stray from the ranks, and retained them as thralls in their castles.

WILD BEASTS CONSTANTLY SHADOWED THEM,

and the sick and the weary who lay down to rest their weary frames were instantly devoured. Numerous bands of outlaws infested the country through which they passed, and all were plundered and hundreds were carried captive to the robbers' haunts, where they were heard of no more. They had no appliances for crossing the numerous streams which obstructed their line of march, and hundreds perished in making the effort, so when they came in sight of the Alps only one half their number remained, 10,000 having perished from the causes above described. Still they marched on full of faith and hope, and beguiled the weary hours with song and prayer. As they approached the Alps large bands of Saracen refugees collected upon their flanks, and made daily attacks upon the half-famished pilgrims. But it was not until they reached Mont Cenis and commenced the ascent that

THE LITTLE ENTHUSIASTS

began to lose hope and heart. The jagged rocks cut their unshod feet; the air of the chasms, never softened by the sun's rays, chilled them to the bone; the dreary wastes around them promised no hope of food, nor could rest be expected until the awful passage was made. Amid these discouragements, group after group of the children abandoned the crusade, and turned their faces homeward. A godly number, however, kept on, but it was a fearful journey. They rested wherever night overtook them, lying down in rain and storm on the heather or on the rock. Few could obtain fuel to protect themselves from the extreme cold, and hundreds perished where they lay down to sleep.

In Piedmont, where they expected succor, they were met with coldness and even cruelty. Want and privation had raised a pestilence in their thinned ranks, and they were generally refused admittance into the cities and towns of Italy, and many of their numbers were kidnapped for slaves. On the 25th of August, however, they were permitted to enter Genoa, when it was found that only

SEVEN THOUSAND WERE LEFT

of the original 20,000 who marched from Cologne. On entering they stipulated for but one night's lodging, fully expecting that the Mediterranean would divide, and enable them to pass on. They entered the city led by young Nicholas, with banners and red crosses, and singing sacred songs, and all Genoa turned out to welcome them. From the authorities, however, they met with no kindly reception, and the Senate ordered them to leave the city forthwith or find employment. Some obtained work and remained, and ultimately became the heads

of princely families; large numbers turned their faces toward home, which, however, few ever reached. The remnant resumed their weary march, following the seashore toward Rome, to obtain the Pope's aid and benediction. But from him they obtained little sympathy. He ridiculed their insane project, but refused to absolve them from their vows, and proclaimed that even those who had left the expedition should be held to the performance of their vows when they became men. He then promptly commanded them to abandon the mad scheme. This was the final blow, and the expedition dissolved, though few ever saw the green fields of Germany again.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION.

In the haste which marked the departure of the first band from Cologne, thousands who were anxious to accompany it were left behind. The numbers of such that flocked into the city continued to increase, until fully 20,000 were there gathered. These also started for the Holy Land, though they pursued a different route from the army which had immediately preceded them. But they suffered the same privations and hardships as their predecessors, and disease, kidnappers, robbers and wild beasts made sad havoc in their ranks. Through Switzerland, over the mountains, by the pass of St. Gothard, they made the entry in Lombardy. But they met with no kindly welcome there, and passed on by Ravenna, Ancona and Apulia. Hundreds perished with famine on the route, and when the melancholy procession reached Brindisi the 20,000 had dwindled to less than 3,000. At Brindisi the little pilgrims were treated with extreme cruelty, and scores of the boys and girls were forcibly captured and made to serve as slaves to their captors. The Bishop of Brindisi labored with the unhappy youths, and succeeded in freeing many of them from their delusion, and in inducing them to turn back.

A few, however, would not yield to reason, privation, or entreaty, and embarked on a small vessel for Palestine. They were never heard of more. Whether they perished by shipwreck, disease, or massacre, or were kidnapped and enslaved, can never be known.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

Happy were those young creatures who died while faith and hope were yet strong. Those who survived suffered more on the return than on their outward journey, for their privations were just as great and they were not buoyed up by the same enthusiasm. Of the girls, few were equal to the task, and hundreds and thousands stopped in the different towns along the route, and eventually formed a large element of the depraved population. The boys straggled home, marching by day and sleeping in the open fields by night weary, emaciated, dejected, dying. They had gone out in troops, with banners, music and song. They returned singly and in silence, for men to scoff at or to pity, as they might feel inclined. Day after day the groups came straggling into Cologne, or the other cities from which they had gone forth, their heads bowed with shame, their eyes red with weeping, and their clothing in rags. They were asked where they had been, and they replied they did not know. They only knew of days of varied and intense suffering, and were ignorant of their route; knew not what lands they had traversed, or what cities they had visited. They only knew they had journeyed until they could go no further, and had then sought the fresides of their pleasant German homes. A year passed before the last of the melancholy survivors of the youthful band returned.

As we have already stated, the French children, to the number of 5,000 or more, sailed from Genoa, and for eighteen years nothing was heard concerning them, and they were well nigh forgotten. Jerusalem had been reconquered by the Christians, but no one interested themselves to learn the fate of the little pilgrims who braved death and misfortune to recover the Holy Sepulchre. But in 1230 there arrived in Marseilles an old priest, who reported that he had accompanied the expedition of the child-crusaders, and was the only one of the whole number to return to Europe. The story he gave of the disasters which beset the youthful adventurers was a terrible one, but met with universal credence.

THE TERRIBLE STORY.

He stated that when a few days out from Marseilles two of the ships were lost and 1,000 children perished. Two other vessels, having some 3,000 of the children on board, were carried into Bujeiah, a little town about one hundred miles east of Algiers. The wretched children had been betrayed. The two merchants who had gratuitously furnished the ships for the voyage, the old priest declared, were slave-traders, and had taken advantage of their artless helplessness to sell them to the Saracens of Barbary. None of the unhappy youths ever regained their freedom. The remaining vessels were captured and carried into Alexandria, where the unhappy captives, numbering some thousand or more, were placed in the market and sold. The priest affirmed that in 1230 several hundred of these children yet survived, every one of whom maintained fidelity to the Christian faith.

HONORS TO THE DEAD.

The tale so affected the Pope, Gregory IX, who had succeeded to the Papal chair, that he resolved to commemorate their fate by a suitable monument, and caused a church to be erected on the island where they perished by shipwreck, which he suitably endowed and named the Church of the New Innocents. Search was made for the bones of the unfortunate, and many of them were enshrined in the church. For four hundred years the place was a frequent resort for pilgrims, but in the sixteenth century the island was abandoned by the Christians, and the church went to ruin.

In 1737 a party of Christian captives escaped from Barbary and established themselves on the island. They found the ruins of the church for which they could not account. The story of the unhappy children who perished in the storm had been forgotten.

Sixty thousand families were bereaved by the singular delusion, and more than one hundred thousand children, ranging from ten to twenty years of age, joined in the fatal folly. A few returned, but for years there were many Rachels mourning beside the Moselle and the Rhine, the Meuse and the Lippe, for children dead or forever lost to their love.—Ex.

NEWS NOTES.

Garibaldi is planting the *Eucalyptus globulus* (Australian gum tree) around Rome, with a view to prevent malaria.

For two of the last months, emigrants have poured into California at the rate of 6,000 a month, and as high as twenty-five carloads in a day.

Mrs. Mary Le Fevre said, in her lecture in Washington, that man's inhumanity to man cannot compare in severity to woman's "inhumanity" to woman.

A well-boring company has been formed at San Diego, Cal., and they are determined to find artesian water if they have to go 4,000 feet for it.

The towns along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad are full of emees, whose sole business it is to "beat" the emigrants who pass through.—S. F. Chronicle

At Pioche, April 16th, the pumping machinery at the Raymond & Ely mine was put in motion. It was only in motion twenty minutes, but in that time drained the shaft.

Miss Rye has brought a libel suit against Mr. Doyle for the following statement: "Miss Rye and her co-adjutors made a clear gain of \$5 per head upon every pauper child taken to Canada."

Alexander H. Stephens has recently said that "from the foundation of the government of the United States up to the present time, there has always been a struggle between centralism and constitutionalism."

Messrs. Moody and Sankey do not meet with entire approval in their revival labors. The London *Athenaeum* says there is more curiosity than religion in the crowds they attract, and compares Mr. Sankey's singing to a costermonger's cries.

The Oregon *Mountaineer* says: We have tried the word "Wallamet," but got tired of it, and so we come back to the word "Willamet" again. We like it best, and don't care whether it is proper or not.