

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

BY A. B. BEAL.

'The age of chivalry is gone, and one of calculators and economists has succeeded.'—BURKE.

The age of chivalry has gone,
With all its feudal sheen;
No knightly banner flout the sky,
No men at arms are seen.

The tourney's lists are broken up;
The wand'ring minstrel's lay,
No more resounds in castle halls,
Or bower of lady gay.

The warder looks not from the keep,
The drawbridge guards no more;
Nor grim portcullis frowns above
The iron plated door.

We read of them in storied page,
Or poet's charming song—
We read of them as things of yore,
That not to us belong.

But who will mourn that iron age—
That fierce and lawless time
When power could rule with wrong and blood,
Or gold conceal a crime?

Who mourns that now no vassal hordes
Need tremble at a frown,
Or, when they dare to speak of rights,
No sword may hew them down?

Who mourns that England's million sons
Are free from lordly sway—
Asway, that from their hearths and homes,
Could tear the poor away?

The few may mourn, who wish to wield
A tyrant's scourging rod,
And bow the knees which freedom bids
Now only bow to God:

The few may mourn, who wish to turn
The wheels of Progress back,
And keep the soul, with ban and curse,
In Superstition's track:

But who that feels the living fire
Of liberty and thought,
Would wish to let the blessings go
For which his fathers fought?

The chains have fallen from the serf,
He calls his home his own;
His dungeon doors are open flung,
His tyrants are o'erthrown.

He labours not with drooping head—
A hearty worker, he;
For every stroke of brawny arm
Brings wages fair and free.

His voice is heard;—but not in groans
For mercy from his chief;
It speaks, in manly accents high,
Of charters and belief.

His claims are heard, his wrongs redressed;
Erect, he treats the sod
That made his birthright—liberty,
His only owner—God.

The age of chivalry has gone,
Its bondage passed away;
And never may its age return,
All English freemen say.

From Godey's Lady's Magazine for March.
MARRYING THROUGH PRU-
DENTIAL MOTIVES.

BY MARY YALE.

AND this was the end of my fairy dream!
Gone, gone, and forever I rang in my ears as I
sank upon a seat in the piazza and bowed my
head upon my hands. I did not weep; I was
too wretched. A cold autumnal rain was fall-
ing, the drizzling mist lay heavily upon my
hair and dress; I did not regard it; I even
bared my brow to the damp air to cool its fe-
verish throbbing, and as the night wind moan-
ed through the fading vines, I thought of the
churchyard, and wished that that breeze
rustled the grass over my unconscious head.
The sound of voices aroused me; they
were those of my parents at a little dis-
tance. I hastily sought my chamber, but not
to sleep.

The morning found me calmer. One thing
was uppermost in my mind: none should
know my disappointment. I will not weary
you with the details of the long wished for
festival, the very thought of which was now
sickening to me. I forced myself to go through
with it; arrayed in my gala attire, played the
smiling hostess and light-hearted girl; even
listened unflinchingly to Miss Noyes's lamen-
tations over what she called 'our mutual and
irreparable loss.' One circumstance relieved
me in a measure, since it showed that no one
suspected my real sentiments. Lawton was
known to have honored me with a parting call,
and rumour said that one cause of his sudden
departure was my rejection of his suit. My
indifference, on being rallied on the subject,
confirmed the impression. Necessity and
pride taught me dissimulation. I brooded over
my griefs in silence; in the presence of others
was extravagantly gay. My health began to

suffer from this unnatural state of mind, and
with secret delight I saw each morning the
change that a day had made in my appear-
ance; my cheek grew paler, and my eye more
dim. It would be a beautiful piece of con-
stancy to die for his sake! I pictured him
when, at his return, he should learn that I
was no more; his surprise, grief, and remorse.
In a secret drawer of my cabinet, lay a parcel
directed to him, 'not to be opened until after
my death.' It contained sundry notes, unim-
portant in themselves, but sacred in my eyes,
together with dried flowers, and one or two
trifles presented by him. A farewell letter was
to be added, and this was to be written in due
time.

One day I felt more languid than usual
and considered that I had better begin this
precious document while I had strength. Ac-
cordingly, I had seated myself at my desk,
and dipped my pen in the ink, when a rap
at the door made me drop it upon the
paper, thereby causing a frightful blot. In no
amiable mood, I obeyed a summons from my
father, who, the servant said, awaited me in
the parlor.

'My friend, Mr Elmer, my dear,' he said, as
I entered; and a young man bowed whom I
had never seen before.

'I had, a few days previous, heard my father
speak of a certain Rupert Elmer, son of an old
crony of his, who had written to inquire if the
station Lawton had acquired were yet vacant.
'And he thinks to fill his place!' was my first
thought. 'What presumption! You need
no description of my new acquaintance; the
few years that have elapsed since the time of
which I speak have produced little change in
him. In person he differed widely from his
predecessor, and in character not less. Some-
what to my vexation, he, at my father's ear-
nest solicitation, became an inmate of our
house, and I was thus thrown into daily in-
tercourse with him. I treated him with frigid
politeness, which he met with unvarying
courtesy, not strained, but proceeding from the
innate kindness of his heart.

'My manner altered by degrees; I no longer
availed myself of every opportunity to
escape from the room, and seek the compan-
ionship of my own sad thoughts. My heart
was still too full of the memory of the absent
to think of another, and I could not join in the
encumbers passed every day in my hearing
upon the amability and intelligence of the
new comer; but I began to look upon him as
a pleasant, good young man, whose conversa-
tion might be agreeable when one had nothing
better to engage the attention. He took less
notice of me than of any other member of the
household, held mamma's silks and sketched
patterns for her embroidery, and read aloud to
papa. He read well, and his manner, more
than the beauty of the style, caused me to
listen with pleasure. He was popular; why,
I could not tell; he was too straightforward
and candid to be a ladies' man, and detested
sycophancy too heartily to seek patron-
age. Yet his coming was always hailed with
pleasure, and he soon obtained a thriving
practice.

'My selfish sorrows were interrupted by
real affliction. My father was taken ill with
a lingering fever, that slowly dried the blood
in his veins and wasted his strength. My
mother, always delicate, was soon too feeble to
render much assistance, and I became his con-
stant attendant. Absorbed in the cares and
anxieties of the sick room, I scarcely noticed
who were my companions, and paid no regard
to one who hung over the patient sufferer with
the devotion of a son and tenderness of a wo-
man. One night, I took my place by the bed-
side, with a spirit worn down with depression.
There was no signs of a favourable change,
and hope forsook my bosom. I gazed upon
the pallid face, and thought how soon the re-
maining spark of animation would forsake
it; the blow, I felt, would be too heavy for the
devoted wife. The anticipation was too har-
rowing; my fortitude gave way, and I burst
into tears. My sobs did not break the stupor
like sleep of the invalid; but some one en-
tered hastily through the open door of an ad-
joining apartment. It was Elmer, who, with an
alarmed look, passed to the side of the bed, and
pressed his fingers lightly upon the thin wrist
that lay upon the coverlet.

'His pulse is feeble, but regular,' he whis-
pered, 'and his fever is off. I hope—I think he
is better. Let me intreat you not to distress
yourself.'

'I could not answer. With the gentle force
of a brother, he led me to the open window,
made me drink a glass of water, and, as I grew
composed, playfully threatened to give me into
the hands of the physician, if I did not keep
my feelings under better control.

'I know it is difficult, especially as you
have been tasked beyond your strength. I
have watched you with great uneasiness.
Will you not be persuaded to rest during the
remainder of the night? As I told you be-
fore, I think him better; at least, there is no
immediate danger. I promise to summon
you upon the slightest change. Will you
trust me?'

'Mrs Ainslie is to watch part of the
night,' said I; 'but I shall not retire; I could
not sleep. What is my health compared with
his?'

'But for his sake you must preserve it.'

'And you?' said I, remarking his jaded
look for the first time.

'Oh, that is nothing; I am accustomed
to it.'

'You have been up much lately?' I asked,
recollecting that the door through which
he had come had been open for several nights
and that in the apartment, the library, I had
seen a light.

'I sit up late studying,' he rejoined, evad-
ing the remark. 'But I remember a time

when for fourteen nights I did not close my
eyes; a time that makes all that I am now
able to do seem as nothing.'

'You are then an experienced nurse.'

'I learned in a bitter school: at the death-
bed of my own mother.' He spoke in a sad-
dened tone.

'I should die, too,' said I, glancing at the
bed, while tears again filled my eyes. 'How
could you bear it?'

'I bear it that I may be better fitted to
meet her hereafter. She taught me the sub-
mission to the will of Him who doeth all
things right.'

'Here the conversation ended for the time.

After a vain endeavor again to induce me to
rest, he retired, leaving the door slightly
ajar. I computed my violent grief with the
chastened sorrow of this pious son. His be-
reavement was recent, I knew; for when he
first came to B— he was dressed in deep
mourning, I had never inquired for whom.
The invalid stirred in his sleep, I stood by
him; and, as I pressed my lip to his brow
inwardly resolved, 'I too will bear it, that I
may meet you in a happier world.'

'The much-dreaded blow did not fall;
symptoms of an amendment appeared, gradu-
ally strength and health returned. I was
again free to follow my former habits of
thought and action, but had little inclination
to do so. My feelings had undergone a change;
they flowed now in a different channel. I
felt the folly of the dreaming, useless life I had
led, and set to work in good earnest to effect
a reformation, not by my own strength, but
with the aid of Him who is ever ready to re-
ceive the penitent. Elmer's companionship
and council were of great benefit to me. By
degrees, I learned to look upon him as a dear
friend; but the thought of his being anything
nearer never occurred to me. Judging from
my experience on the subject, I thought love
a mental hallucination. Some writer has re-
marked, 'There is no anguish like that of an
error of which we are ashamed,' and I felt this
truth deeply. I regarded Rupert as a brother,
and therefore great was my surprise when in-
formed by my father that he had asked his
consent to address me. The old gentleman
had assured him of his warmest wishes for
his success; and, although he forbore to urge
me, I saw that his heart yearned to embrace
him as a son. Firmly resolved, as I believed
myself, not to accept him, I could not bring
myself suddenly to disappoint a parent whom
I loved so fondly, and avoided giving a direct
answer.

'Perplexed and sorrowful, I left him, and
sought relief in the open air. Stepping out of
the door, I found myself on the very spot
where I had parted with Lawton just eight
months before. It was a lovely night in June;
but I was too perturbed to notice its beauty.
Restlessly I paced the piazza, unable to define
my own feelings to form any settled determi-
nation, the more I thought, the more my first
resolve wavered. I considered the character of
my lover; in every position of life firm as a
rock when duty required, yet, on every other
occasion, ready to sacrifice his own pleasures to
promote the happiness of others. I dwelt upon
his strict integrity, his manly honor and deli-
cacy, his warm friendship.

'A voice pronounced my name, and he was
by my side. I did not tremble; my heart felt
warmer, but its motion was not quickened. I
did not withdraw my hand as he drew it with-
in his arm—in short, my love, there was no-
thing romantic in the whole affair. We walked
beneath the bright moon, and conversed calm-
ly and seriously upon the proposed change in
our prospects. All my agitation, the effect of
irresolution, was gone. I refused to give a defi-
nite reply; but he was not very unhappy when
we re-entered the house.

'At the end of the time I had asked for
deliberation, during which I had reflected
much and solemnly, I yielded my consent;
and, a few months after, took the name of him
whom I now loved and honored more than
any other human being. With a full sense of
our own frailties, and an humble dependence
upon One who could alone make our life one
of peace and happiness, we entered upon our
new state, and I can say that my lot has
been happy, far more delightful than I de-
serve.'

'But Lawton,' said I drawing a long
breath; 'did you ever meet him again? Per-
haps you would have been equally blest with
him.'

She shook her head with a half sad
smile—
'I have seen him; but my cup was none the
less sweeter after our meeting. About two years
ago, we were returning from a visit to Rup-
ert's relations, who reside in the State of
New York. The fashionable summer season
was just over, and the steamboat, as it plough-
ed its way through the noble Hudson, carried
a crowd of living beings within its bosom.
We were seated on the upper deck, enjoying
the cool breeze that sprung up at sunset, and
admiring the splendid view spread on both
sides of us, when I discovered that I had left
my reticule in the ladies' saloon. Rupert
instantly offered to look for it, and went below
accordingly. Just as he disappeared, I became
conscious that a pair of eyes were surveying
me, from the other side of the boat, with a
gaze more eager than polite or agreeable. At
length, annoyed by the pertinacious and con-
tinued stare, I raised my head and looked the
owner of the orbs steadily in the face. There
was something strangely familiar about his
countenance. Where had I met him before?
That he was an acquaintance I could not
doubt. My glance perhaps expressed this
conviction, for he arose, and approached with a
smile. I knew him well enough now; that
smile brought back a throng of recollections.

'Forgive me; but can I be mistaken in sup-
posing that I address Miss Halland?'

'Mr Lawton, I believe,' I said, as he offered
his hand.

'I was perfectly self-possessed, and must
have appeared far less delighted at the recog-
nition than he did. He probably had not al-
tered much; but he was so unlike Lawton the
ideal, that I did not wonder I had not observed
him before. To my no longer blinded eyes he
was less stately and graceful; his eyes were
keen, but not so beautiful as of old; his voice
had little of the melody that had once thrilled
my heart; his smile and teeth alone seemed
the same. With an air of easy assurance he
dropped into the vacant seat beside me.

'You have not changed. I have been watch-
ing you for the last half hour in the vain hope
of attracting your attention, and had become
almost savage in my intentions towards the
happy fellow who seemed to interest you so
completely. His air of devotion fairly made
me jealous. Pray, who is he? Here he comes
again.'

'With a sensation of proud satisfaction, I
introduced 'My husband, Mr Elmer.'

'Both gentlemen bowed; one with an air of
surprise—the other, I thought, rather distantly.
Before I could form any conjecture as to the
cause of this coldness, he turned to me—

'I met with an old friend just now, to whom
I wish to introduce you—Miss Lawton. Your
lady, I presume, sir?'

'Lawton nodded.

'I promised to conduct you to her,' pursued
Rupert. 'I tried to induce her to come
upon deck; but she feared you would not
think it prudent,' again addressing her liege
lord. 'She looks delicate; is she an inva-
lid?'

'Not particularly. Like most ladies, she
imagines herself nervous and ill. I do not
oppose her coming into the air. For my
part, I would not be confined to that hot sa-
loon.'

'In that case, we will invite her to join us,'
said my husband, with an expression of more
contempt than I had ever before seen in his
look; and, offering me his arm, we sought the
neglected wife together.

'She was a pretty creature, refined look-
ing and ladylike. Her voice was sweet; but,
to my ear, it had a plaintive tone. She re-
ceived me cordially, as the wife of her old
friend.

'I have not seen Mr Elmer for several years;
but I heard that he was married, and wished
much to meet you.'

'And to see me play the dignified husband,
I suppose? rejoined he, laughing.

No; you used to be too good natured to be
dignified; and I doubt whether even marriage
could change you.'

'I saw Mr Lawton a moment ago,' said
Elmer, 'and he expressed his willingness, nay,
his wish, that you should breathe the fresh
air for a while.'

'Her face brightened. 'Did he? Certainly I
will go, if it will afford him any pleasure.
And she accompanied us.'

'Lawton was standing where we left him.
The glow of delight still illumined his wife's
face, and her eye anxiously sought his; but he
did not give her a look. He resumed his con-
versation with me.

'How long have you been married—may I
ask?'

'Four years.'

'You have worn the yoke just twice as long
as I have. I became a benedict only two years
since.' His scrutinizing gaze again sought my
face. 'You look well and happy. In days of
'lang syne,' you were subject to occasional
attacks of *ennui* or low spirits are you never
thus afflicted now?'

'Never. I have grown wiser.'

'And yet I should have supposed that in-
crease of care, perhaps of sorrow—and he
lowered his voice—'would have augmented
the malady.'

'But if additional cares bring also new sour-
ces of happiness? I responded, indignant at
his insinuation.

'And such has been your experience? with
another searching glance.

'Unquestionably,' was my proud re-
ply.

'I wish I could say the same. To speak
truly, I am weary of life, sick of the world,
and everything in it.'

'Not of everybody, I hope,' said I, with a
stolen look at Mrs Lawton, who was talking
with Rupert.

'Yes, of everybody. I have learned to regard
a hermit's life as the *ne plus ultra* of feli-
city.'

'I saw the pale cheek grow whiter still, and
the muscles of the mouth quiver convulsively,
and hastened to change the subject.

'Have you visited B— since your return
to this country?'

'Once only; that is, I passed through with-
out stopping. I saw the house in which you
used to live, and heaved a sigh to the memory
of the pleasant times we had there together. I
often think of those days; they were the
happiest of my life. I love to recall each
incident. Do you remember the last song
you sang for me? That was a sad parting to
me.'

'I remember it all; but the retrospection
gave me no pleasure. On the contrary, it fil-
led me with disgust and shame. I was dis-
pleased at his familiarity; but a moment's
reflection showed me that I had no right to be
so. Our former intimacy authorized it. The
only wonder was that I should ever have been
intimate with him. In the hope of making the
conversation general, I turned to his lady. I
instantly perceived that the quick ear of af-
fection had caught at least a part of our in-
terchange of histories. The sadness had deep-
ened; but her manner was yet gentle. We spoke