

These virtues constitute thy LOVELINESS—Adorned with but those of nature and simplicity, they will shine like the refulgent sun, and display to man that the loveliness of thy person is not to be found in the tinsel ornaments of the body, but in the reflection of the rectitude and serenity of a well-spent life, that soars above the transient vanities of this world. And when thy days are ended here upon earth, thy happy spirit shall wait it to the regions of eternal bliss.

VARIETY.

FROM MILLS' HISTORY OF CHIVALRY.
CHIVALRY.

The true knight, he whose mind was formed in the best mould of chivalric principles, was a more perfect personification of love than poets and romances ever dreamed. The fair object of his passion was truly and emphatically the mistress of his heart. She reigned there with absolute dominion. His love was—

"All adoration, duty, and observance."

The knight, whose heart was warmed with the true light of chivalry, never wished that the dominion of his mistress should be less than absolute, and the confession of her perfect virtue which this feeling inspired, made him preserve his own faith pure and without a stain. Love was as marked a feature in the chivalric character as valor, and, in the phrase of the time, he who understood how to break a lance, and did not understand how to win a lady, was but half a knight. He fought to win her smiles, for love in brave and gentle knights kindled aspirations for high desert and honor.

"Oh! that my lady saw me," was the exclamation of a knight in the pride of successful valor as he mounted a city's wall, and with his good sword was proving the worth of his chivalry. He wore her colours, and the favor of his lady bright was the chief ornament of his harness. She judged the prize at the tournament, assisted him to arm, and was the first and the most joyous to hail his return from the perils of war.

A soldier of chivalry would go to battle, proud of the title of a pursuivant of love, and in the contests of chivalric skill, which, like the battles of Homer's heroes, gave brilliancy and splendor to war, a knight challenged another to joust with a lance for love of the ladies; and he commended himself to the mistress of his heart for protection and assistance. In his mind, woman was a being of mystic power; in the forests of Germany, her voice had been listened to like that of the spirit of the woods; melodious, solemn, and oracular; and when chivalry was formed into a system, the same idea of something supernatural in her character threw a shadowy and serious interest over softer feelings, and she was revered as well as loved. While this devotedness of soul to woman's charms appeared in his general intercourse with the sex, in a demeanor of homage, in a grave and stately politeness, his lady-love he regarded

with religious constancy. Fickleness would have been a species of impiety, for she was not a toy that he played with, but a divinity whom he worshipped. His adoration of her sustained him through all the perils that lay before his reaching his heart's desire, and loyalty (a word that has lost its pristine and noble meaning) was the choicest quality in the character of the preux chevalier.

No wonder that in those ages of violence, bravery was the manly quality; dear, above all others, in woman's eyes. Its possession atoned for the want of every personal grace; and the damsel who, on being reproached for loving an ugly man, replied, "he is so valiant I have never looked in his face," apologised for her passion in a manner that every woman of her time could sympathise with. A proficiency in chivalric exercises was the only distinction of the age; it would have been contrary to its spirit and laws for a gentle maiden to have loved any other than a knight who had achieved high deeds of arms. The advancement of his fame was, therefore, among the dearest wishes of her heart, and she fanned his love of noble enterprise, in order to speed the hour of their union. The poets and romance writers of the days of chivalry, bear ample testimony to the existence of this state of feeling, and to the perils which brave men underwent to gain fair ladies' smiles; but all their tales must yield in pathos to the following simple historical fact: When the Scots were endeavoring to throw off the yoke which Edward I. had imposed on them, the recovery of the castle of Douglas was the unceasing effort of its good lord James. It was often lost and won, for if the vigilance of the English garrison relaxed for a moment, the Scots who lived in the neighborhood, and were ever on the watch, aided their feudal lord in regaining the fortress, which, however, he could not retain long against the numerous chivalry of England. The possession of this castle seemed to be held by so perilous a tenure, that it excited the noblest aspirations for fame in the breast of the English; and a fair maiden, perplexed by the number of knights who were in suit of her, vowed she would bestow her hand upon him who preserved the adventurous or hazardous castle of Douglas for a year and a day. Sir John Walton boldly and gladly undertook the enterprise, and right gallantly he held possession of the fortress for some months. At length he was slain in a sally which Douglas provoked him to make. On his person was found a letter, which he lately received from his lady-love, commending his noble chivalry, declaring that her heart was now his; and praying him to return forthwith, without exposing himself to further peril. The good lord James of Douglas grieved when he read this letter, and it was generous and gallant of him to lament that a brother knight should be slain, when his fairest hopes of happiness seemed on the point of being realized.

Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, or whither it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed;—and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.

The hardest grapple on earth is that which obtains between *pride* and *poverty*; and the man who has become the disputed province of these two *bel-ligents*, is a stranger to repose and happiness.

Flatter not yourself of your faith to God, if you want charity for your neighbor.

Difficulty of pleasing all.—Those who have most to give, are most likely to complain of man's ingratitude. For this reason, a king observed, "that his power of dispensing favours was the most difficult task of royalty—since he never gave a place away but he made ninety-nine *discontented* and *ungrateful* subjects." Nearly to the same purpose was lord B's answer, on being asked why he discontinued annual balls? He said "his rooms were not large enough to contain more than two hundred persons, and he feared making all above that number, who were his friends, his enemies; for he had observed, that those ladies who were invited, forgot it before the next year; but those who were not invited, *never* forgot it during their lives."

MISERIES.

To see a young gentleman lolling ungracefully on a chair, with his feet over one arm of it, and his head and elbow leaning on the other—it makes me think he is unused to polite company.

At a ball to be teased to dance with a person we dislike, and propriety and politeness make us accede to his request, although our feelings say *no*.

To be accompanied home by a witless beau from a party, and for politeness sake ask him in—"thank you, Miss," and the *beau* stalks into the room, although the family have retired, and the watchmen are crying past ten o'clock.

To be tormented with the visits of a spiritless lover, because he pleases Pa and Ma, and who has not sense enough to see that he is ridiculed for being an egregious fool, or manly feeling sufficient to stay away, when he has had hints *plain* and *palpable*.—[*Parthenon*.]

Hook being told of the marriage of a political opponent, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." Then suddenly added, with a feeling of compassionate forgiveness, "and yet I don't see why I should be, poor fellow, for he never did me much harm."

PUZZLE.

Over all the world my empire I extend;
And while that lasts, my reign can never end.
I flatter all, and almost all deceive;
Yet when I promise next, they still believe.
To heav'n I lead, but must not enter there;
In hell I cannot bear, earth is my sphere.
It still in vain you puzzle for my name,
Search your own breast, for there I surely am.

[*Hubert K. Smith*.]