

'Well, well,' said the young man, 'accept my hand, and never unmask to any but the eyes of your husband.'

'I can not,' replied she, 'but remember, that I shall not survive the appearance of daylight, and I disgust, and perhaps contempt, you may feel after marriage.'

'I will not shrink from the proof, it is your heart, and not your figure, I love.'

'Eight days,' said the lady, 'you shall be satisfied.'

They prepared for the marriage, and, notwithstanding the refusal of the generous young man to accept a million in bank bills, she settled all her property upon him.

'If you have not courage enough to suffer,' said she, 'for your companion, I shall at least, be consoled by the reflection, that I have enriched him whom I love, and he will perhaps drop a tear to my memory.'

Returning from the altar, she threw herself on her knees before her spouse, and placed her hand upon her mask—What a situation for the husband!—His heart palpitated!—his face turned pale—the mask fell—he beheld an angel of beauty!—she then exclaimed affectionately—

'You have not deserved deformity—you merit the love of beauty.'

The happy couple left Paris the next day for Livonia, where the great property of the lady was situated.

**Misnomer of the Queen in Chess.**—Chess players are not generally aware that the piece called the Queen originally bore another title, and that, by a corruption of terms, its sex has been changed from male to female. The game of chess is of Eastern origin, and it will readily be supposed, that to permit the representation of a woman to move about in uninterrupted freedom, even on a chess-board, would be repugnant to Oriental notions of propriety. In the Persian language, the word *Ferz* or *Ferzin*, signifies an officer of state—a vizier. This word was, by the French, converted into *Fierge* and *Vierge*, and the piece so named was subsequently called lady or queen.

## POETRY.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

### A TWICE TOLD TALE.

Nay, that's a pretty lip—too pretty far  
Thus to be spoiled with pouting;—there—tho'ts well!

That sportive little smile hath gained the day  
And wears its triumph like a conqueror.  
Come sit beside me if thou'rt;—now thy hand—  
What, must I take it then by stratagem  
As my first kiss was won?—thou'rt lovest to hear  
The story—ah, indeed I know thou do'st!  
And, my love, I'll tell it to thee now,  
Though 'twere the hundredth time, I'll tell thee

When 'tis all over.

'Twas in a night in June—  
And just at that enchanting moment, when  
The sun sinks to his slumbers—but not yet  
Hath gathered round him all his robes of light—  
And the fair moon, half veiled, as though she fear-

ed  
To meet his parting gaze—came slowly up,  
Just like yon moon, and we were sitting, love,

Together—in this room—ay even here  
Upon this very couch;—my arm was twined  
Around thee—thus;—and *thine* around my neck  
There—thus;—I had been whispering to thee  
Of the rich songs of old—the golden days  
When angels walked on earth;—and of the climes  
Of the Hesperides, and far off isles  
And the broad Pacific, where the Heavens  
Aye mingled with the earth;—and how, two souls  
Beating in unison might wander there  
Through a long summer life, and never dream  
Of change, when hand in hand together they  
Might pass from earth to heaven;—thine eyes grew

moist  
In gazing upon mine—and then thy head  
Sook gently on my bosom—ay, even so—  
And then thy lips half opened—and then—

True—  
*That was next—tho't thou canst remember it?*  
Ay, 'twas not a charming story—and well told,  
And very near the truth too?—near I mean  
The truth, as could be wished—in poetry?

*Ladies' Magazine*—The third number of this deservedly popular periodical has come from the press, with the same good traits to commend it, which characterized the preceding numbers. It gives us pleasure to learn from a note to readers, that the Magazine has received the best word of approbation from the public, a rapidly increasing patronage, nearly two hundred names having been added since the publication of the second number. We select from its poetic department the following effusion from the pen of Mrs. Hale.

(Boston Patriot)

### THE TWO MAIDENS.

One came—with light and laughing air,  
And chock like opening blossom,  
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,  
And glittered in her bosom,  
And pearls and costly bracelets deck  
Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars be light,  
The jewell'd robe around her,  
And dazzled as the moonlight  
The radiant zone that bound her;  
And pride and joy were in her eye,  
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came—o'er her mild face  
A pensive shade was stealing,  
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,  
But that deep holy feeling,  
Which mourns the heart should ever stray  
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snow drop fair,  
The glossy tresses cluster,  
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,  
Save the meek spirit's lustre—  
And faith and hope beamed from her eye,  
And angels bowed as she passed by.

CORNELIA.

### IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, LOVE.

The following charming lines, addressed to his wife, were written by the late Bishop Heber, during his absence from her, on his long and arduous visitation of the Upper Provinces in India, not long before his death.

If thou wert by my side love!  
How fast would evening fall,  
In green Bengal's palmy grove  
Listening the nightgale.

If thou, my love! wert by my side  
My babies at my knee,  
How gayly would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
When, on our deck reclin'd,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
And woo the cooler wind!

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My willing steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer,  
But miss thy kind approving eye,  
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,  
My course be onward still;  
O'er broad Hindustan's sultry meads,  
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates  
Nor wild Malwah detain,  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say,  
Across the dark blue sea,  
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
As then shall meet in thee!

### LAMENT OF PERICLES.

[Pericles, who felt proud to boast of having lost his nearest relations without betraying any outward signs of grief, yielded at length to its impulse, when custom required him to crown his dead son (the last of his race) with a wreath of flowers.]

My son, my son, and must I twine  
These flowers around thy brow?  
Oh, fate, thou dost a task assign,  
Of mournful import now;  
He, who was proud a tearless eye  
In every ill to keep,  
Had rarely given to grief a sigh—  
Is doom'd at length to weep.

I've seen the friends of early years,  
Through fell disease, grow pale;  
I've mark'd around me others' tears  
Till death's unwelcome tale;  
These have I steel'd my warrior heart  
To meet unbent, unbroke,  
And deem'd it mark'd a Grecian's part  
To bear affliction's yoke.

Alas! my son, of by-gone bliss  
Each flower tells far too much;  
That once allur'd thy infant kiss,  
And *this* thy fairy touch;  
Ah, then I hop'd my boy would weave  
The funeral wreath for me,  
And little deem'd a day like this  
I e'er should live to see.

Oh, thou the last of a lov'd race,  
Which awoke a father's fears,  
In giving thee this sad embrace,  
I feel the griefs of years;  
Ah, where is now the boasted pride  
My heart was wont to shine?  
It fled, when thou, my best hope died,  
And shall no more be mine.

### BEAUTY.

What is the blooming tincture of a skin  
To peace of mind, to harmony within?  
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,  
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?  
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,  
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?  
No, these at first the unwary heart may gain,  
But these they only can that heart retain.

[Rowe's Art of Charming]

### COQUETRY.

O how she rolls her charming eyes in spite,  
And looks delightfully with all her might!  
But like our heroes, much more brave than wise,  
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.