

THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

SELECT POETRY.

THE FALSE LOVER.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

Oh, I have long a dreamer been,
But now I wake, this truth to know,
That love at best is but a dream,
From which the waking is wo.

Wouldst know the story of my heart?
Then listen, I the tale will tell;
I'll tell thee how, for many years,
I 'loved not wisely, but too well!

He sought me in the dawn of youth,
When I was but a wayward girl,
As wild and happy as the breeze
That sported with each raven curl.

The rose of health was on my cheek,
The light of hope was in my eye;
And gaily raag my joyous laugh,
I had not leained to weep and sigh.

He sought me, and beneath his glance
A holy spell fell on my heart;
And feelings, hopes, till then unknown
Of my young life became a part.

While he I loved was by my side
How swiftly fled the hours away;
And if we parted for a time
In thoughts of him I passed the day.

Those eyes, those soft, dark loving eyes,
Oh, how I trembled 'neath their glance,
While feelings far too blest for earth
Enraptured me in a blissful trance.

Each thought he moulded to his will,
Each hope, each feeling were his own,
I gladly yielded all to him,
And lived and loved for him alone.

He said that years must pass away
Ere he could claim me for his wife;
He left me for a foreign land,
And sad and weary grew my life.

Year after year had passed away,
And I had grown to womanhood;
Again we met, but by his side
A fair and lovely creature stood!

And fondly on her face he gazed,
And in that glance I read my doom;
I knew that naught remained for me
But patient waiting for the tomb.

He spoke, his words were few and cold,
And calmly did my lips reply;
'Twas well the anguish of my heart
Could not be seen by mortal eye.

Now I have done with things of earth,
My hopes are fixed on things above;
The hope I yielded up to him
Can never know a second love.

BE OFF WITH YOU NOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be off with you now—don't I know
That its only cajoling you are;
With 'cheeks like the rose's soft glow,
And glances more bright than the star!
'Tis true that my waist is but small,
And my ringlets may curl like the vine;
But I'm not like an angel at all!
Nor am I the least bit divine!

So be off with you now—don't I see
You're deluding from eve until dawn?
My step may be bounding and free,
But I'm not in the least like a fawn!
But 'twas ever the method, we know,
Since Adam in Eden began—
That bosoms were sure to be snow,
And necks were of course like the swan!

Come, be off with you now, till you learn
To woo like a plain-hearted youth;
Let your mind, if you love me, discern,
To win, you must woo me with truth!
I would rather—instead of these flowers,
In which you are ever so rife—
That you promised to love me all hours,
As long as each other had life!

Man is a wonderful creature to sup,
He can sup-ply sup-plant sup-pute sup-
plicate sup-pose sup-press sup-port sup-
poup, and sup-or.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARGARET LAMBRUN.

Not long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lambrun, (who had been one of her attendants) became in some measure desperate, on account of the loss of a husband whom she dearly loved; a loss which had been occasioned by the melancholy fate of that unfortunate princess, to whose retinue he had also belonged, and formed a resolution to avenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth. To accomplish her purpose, she dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at court with a pair of pistols constantly about her, one to kill the Queen, when an opportunity should offer, and one to kill herself, if her crime should be discovered.

One day as she was pushing through the crowd, in order to get near her majesty, who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of her pistols. This circumstance being observed by the guards, she was immediately seized, in order to be sent to prison. The Queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality; and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, 'Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lambrun, and I was several years in the service of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjustly put to death, and thereby deprived me of one of the best of husbands, who could not survive the bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than that of my injured Queen; and, regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their death upon you. Many, but fruitless, were the efforts I made to divert me from the purpose. I found myself constrained to prove by experience the truth of the maxim, that neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled to it by love.'

Highly as the Queen had reason to resent his speech, she heard it with coolness, and answered it with moderation.

You are persuaded, 'then,' said her majesty, 'that in this step you have done nothing but what your duty required; what, think you, is my duty to do to you?'

'Is that question put in the character of a Queen or that of a judge?' replied Margaret, with the same intrepid firmness.

Elizabeth professed to her it was that of a Queen.

'Then,' continued Lambrun, 'it is your majesty's duty to grant me a pardon.'

'But what security,' demanded the Queen, 'can you give me that you will not make the like attempt on some future occasion?'

'A favor ceases to be one, madam,' replied Margaret, 'when it is yielded under such restraints; in doing so, your majesty would act against me as a judge.'

'I have been thirty years a Queen,' cried Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then present, 'and had never such a lecture read to me before.'

She immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been desired, in opposition to the opinion of the president of the council, who told her majesty that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence, in begging the Queen to extend her generosity one degree further, by grant-

ing her a safe conduct out of the kingdom, with which favor also Elizabeth cheerfully complied, and Margaret from that period lived a peaceable life in France.

A YANKEE TRICK!—A Yankee, traveling in one of the Southern States stopped at an inn for the night. He saw his horse well lodged in the barn, and then entered the house, where he found a party of southern gentlemen assembled on their return from a horse-race.

In the morning on preparing to mount his horse to pursue his journey, the Yankee found him too lame to proceed any further. In this dilemma, the southerners met him in the yard, where they were preparing to mount some of their fine racers. Says one of them to the Yankee—

'My friend, we have heard much of Yankee wit and tricks; do you show us a trick before you leave us.'

The Yankee attempted to assure them that he was not witty, nor had any tricks to exhibit, but in vain.

Whereupon he says: 'Well, gentleman, if you insist upon it, I will show you a trick. Let one of you start as he pleases, and I will bet you a five spot that I will run and jump up behind.'

'Done!' cried several voices at once.

One rider set forward at speed. He stooped to claim the bet, but then discovered that the Yankee had run after him on starting, for a few rods, and afterwards continued jumping up in the air. He was literally 'jumping up behind.' It was a notorious 'sell,' and every one agreed that the Yankee had won the bet.

'Who could not do that?' cried the mortified Southerner, as he paid up.

'You can't,' said the yankee.

'I'll bet you my horse on that, my lad; here, mount him—now start ahead.'

The yankee mounted the horse, and set forward at a steady pace. But just as the Southerner, after having run forward a few rods, was about to 'jump up behind,' to his infinite mortification he saw the yankee face about, riding with his face to the horse's tail!

The Southerner looked fire brands and daggers—but it was no go—and continued to look until the Yankee and his horse were out of sight, and has never seen either horse or rider since.

An English jockey, who was engaged to ride several horses at the races of St. Maixent, in France, resolved to lighten himself by abstaining three days from solid food; he felt unwell last Saturday and took some medicine, which, in his enfeebled state, had too strong an effect upon him, and on Sunday morning he was found dead in his bed.

'Why, Sam, how pale you look: what is the matter?'

'Oh! got no sleep last night.'

'How was that?'

'Why you see a fellow took my cellar door, and so I had to take another, and I never can sleep in a strange bed.'

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity is so urgent: to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

Pride and folly cost many persons more than their necessities.

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