

[Written for the SECRET.]

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

BY TABBY.

A young man who spent a couple of months in this city, representing himself to be a life insurance agent, suddenly left town about a week ago. He is "wanted" by several persons, a livery stable keeper being particularly anxious to see him—*Daily Telegraph*.

One more unfortunate
Deeply in debt.
Leaving his creditors
To flare, fume and fret.

Handle him tenderly—
Let of the fair—
All that is left of him,
Bad Bartlett pear.

Of a "first family"
From the great "Hub";
That's why he stuck his
Poor missis for "grub."

Was he *bong tong*, eh?
Certainly so.
His *air distingue*—
Quite *comme il faut*.

Puffed up by vanity,
With sweet urbanity
And mild inanity,
Marking him "flash."
Oh! it was pitiful
To see a whole city full
Of girls, with this pretty fool
Anxious to "mash."

Have you not seen him
Out on the road,
With his duleina,
Dressed *a la mode*?

Nothing would suit him
Less than a "pair";
How the St. John boys
With envy would stare.

Ladies said, "isn't he
Awfully nice?
Handsome and gentlemanly,
Free from all vice."

"So lively and witty
And clevah! you know!"
He lived in the city,
On Elliott Row.

Said, "an insurance
Office he owned."
That's why the ladies
Thought him high-toned.

More like *Ass-urance*
Judged by his bray'n—
Looked like a peacock
Pompous and vain.

Handle him tenderly,
Touch him with care,
Fashioned so slenderly—
Sweet Bartlett pear.

Came like a spirit,
So did depart;
Ruthlessly breaking
One faithful heart.

One jealous rival—
Awfully pert,
Said, "right it served her,
Why did she flirt?"

Youthful Adonis,
Great on the "mash,"
Finds himself suddenly,
Hard up for cash.

Creditors clamoring,
Gives him a fright!
Sequel: clandestinely
Slipp-s off at night.

MORAL.

Tradesmen, when strangers
Cut a big dash,
And ask you for credit,
Ask *them* for cash.
Or you will rue it,
When in quest
Of money, to find the
"Dead Beats" have "gone West."

A word to young ladies
I also would say,
Don't fall in love quickly
With strangers too gay.
For, though they at first may
Swear to be true
They'll turn out deceivers
And leave you to rue.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if Henry C. McMonagle, Esq., has turned shaver. We don't know why he asks this question, unless it is because Tom Tierney's barber poles are in such close proximity to his windows.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Where the mischief did Harry P— get the side lights? Did Martha give them to you, Harry.

Jake, formerly of the Milledgeville ferry, is going to run two Ferries this season.

A correspondent wishes to know if J. K. and J. L. still pick up the daisies, F. and M.

If J—Mc M—, better known as Brokey Jack, does not conceal his movements about City Road, we will give him away in our next issue.

Bartt let his livery bill run up to \$75.00, and sat with "somebody" for cabinets, and then skipped the gutter.

Who was the man who was seen standing near the Baptist Church, Carleton, when the fire started the other morning, and who appeared so confused when confronted by the police?

Persons about to raise "side whiskers or lights" would do well to take pattern by some of the "Post office" Clerks,—but be sure you take "Telescope" with you or you may miss the style.

The St. John girls have brought in a verdict of "guilty" against L—B—, as being the biggest flirt in town, with a strong recommendation for *Mercy*. George is defending their interests on Elliott Row.

Some of the worst old Ram-Rods in the city, John R—, Judge N—, George O—, Ned R—, and J. K—, we have spotted them all and if they run any more *Risks* we will tell on them just as quick as we would say Jack *Robertson* or even *Ned*.

A Correspondent writes from Portland Methodist Church, saying that Wesley B—, late reporter of the *Sun*, has turned sexton. Last Sunday, he assisted the worthy sexton with his work, and as a reward got nearly covered with that gentleman's boots. What next Wesley?

STRANGE BUT TRUE—A certain lawyer, so called, from our sister city, has ensconced himself into the good graces of Miss R—. Developments of a strange but interesting character, concerning those two worthies, which, when explained to a moral mind like ours, creates a suspicion that the sprig of the one part and Miss R— of the other are guilty of a very serious indulgence, for true it is that the two in question left this city together for a little *tete-a-tete* to St Stephen. We could say more, aye much more, on the subject but we prefer to let them off easy, for ignorance is bliss in this case. Let this be a warning. Let not your future actions be so public and of such an unbecoming character. *Moral*—be it ever remembered that the eye of the SECRET is on all evil-doers.

CARLETON NOTES.—Slim Jim Q— says he will vote for Earle, if S. Z. gets him the job of lighting the street lamps. Chapman, with his lamp-lighter will be in the dark alongside of Jim.—Jim McC., the man of leather, thinks the road to the Bay Shore House is too rough for waggons. Not at all, Jim. Why don't you come over in the ferry-boat? You need not think to escape our eyes by driving around the Suspension Bridge. Full particulars next week if you don't stop.—Billy, the Bugler, is going to settle down on a farm near Fort Dufferin this summer. What are you going to do now, Billy? "Hold the Fort" from sliding away, or else raise chickens.—The Freewill Baptist church was burned to the ground on Thursday morning. Poor old church! it is a good thing you were burned down; there will *Hart(d)ley* be any more buzzing in your sacred walls, after choir practice.

Attention pay to what I say;
Policemen, one and all,
Arrest that band, that nightly stand,
Around the Dockrill Hall.

There's John McC—, the crazy man,
And Ned M—y the fool;
And Bobby C—, give him the grab,
For he's a regular tool.

When M—y sneers he wets his ears,
He can't be beat in town;
For mouth and gums of all the bums,
He has the most renown.

These chaws should be dispersed, you see,
And do it if you can;
Be sure and beat from off the street,
Bob C—, the married man. —A. B.

CUR VERSUS KERR.

Abell had a little dog,
A dirty cur I trow,
And everywhere that Abell went
This purp was sure to go.

He followed him to Court one day,
His tail all on the wag,
And then amused himself while there
By chawing Davy's bag.

This bag contained some old charred books,
That from the fire were taken,
And of them all the one prized most,
Was Abridgement of one Bacon.

This Bacon was some pettifogy,
That lived in days of yore,
Three hundred years ago, forsooth,
Perhaps a hundred more.

He told how men their wives could beat,
And knock them round at will,
And Davy quotes this senseless trash,
And says it is law still.

Now Abell leave your dog at home,
Or he may get well shaken,
For if he meddles Davy's bag,
He may not save his Bacon.

A CONTRADICTION.—The mean Portland correspondent, who, in our temporary absence, furnished the printers with information concerning the actions of two respectable young ladies of the Town, had better be more correct in his statements hereafter, as we have been informed by parties who were present and sat in close proximity to the two young ladies alluded to, that their conduct was anything but that related by him, and we would advise him in future, when communicating with this paper, to subscribe *his* name to his articles, and not allow the odium to rest on others, as it has in this case, circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding.

DIED—poor "Gossip" died very suddenly last week. *Manson, Scott & Binning* and *Storey* have resumed business again. Big reductions in gossip since our last article on the above; the career of the man mentioned is gone up forever, all on account of High Tariff.

DATES ! DATES !

JUST RECEIVED

25 MATTS DATES,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

ALSO—50 Boxes Chocolate Drops and 25 Boxes Cocomnut Cream.

H. F. LUNAN,
122 GERMAIN STREET & 30 DOCK ST.

ST. JOHN, N. B.