

# THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

## SELECT POETRY.

### THE COQUETTE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Ah, can it be this jetty hair  
Is getting threads of white?  
I do declare I scarce believe  
My mirror tells me right.  
I'm thirty-eight, but what of that?  
My skin is clear and fair,  
My broad white forehead only shows  
A wrinkle here and there;  
My cheeks are rosy even now,  
And yet I dare not waltz,  
For fear the jealous company  
Will know my color false.

My form is full, almost too full,  
My step is not so gay  
As when in childhood's hours I ran  
Along the hills at play.  
O how I've flirted! really now,  
I do suppose 'tis wrong,  
But then 'tis sweet to be the star  
Of an admiring throng!  
Why half this City's married men  
Have to my beauty knelt,  
While I, in scorn, stood looking on  
And laughed at what they felt!

Ah, that was glorious, but 'tis past—  
Admirers one by one  
Have taken wives—are fathers now,  
And I am yet alone!  
There's the old widower, Stinky Jenks,  
(The ugly, long-nosed man!)  
Takes every opportunity  
To see me when he can;  
He wants a mother for his girl—  
That homely saucy jade!  
I heard she said that my white teeth  
By Dr. Dents were made.

Then there's Tim Dale, the bachelor,  
Thinks I am near his age—  
That I would be a gentle bird  
To prison in his cage;  
But then he smokes, and snuffs, and chews  
And laces long and gaunt,  
I dare not have him lest I change  
To a tobacco plant!  
Then there is Harper, hateful cur!  
As if I'd marry him,  
With all his blue-green spectacles,  
And yellow 'lookers' dim!

But yet 'tis plain, 'tis very plain  
That something must be done—  
I really must begin to flirt  
In earnest, not in fun,  
An old maid's life I cannot live  
To hear the children scoff,  
And say, 'she flirted all her life,  
But couldn't marry off!  
I scarcely know the surest way  
To win the wished for prize,  
Ah, here a thought has struck me now,  
I guess I'll advertise.

Farmington, N. H.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### PUTNAM AS A SPY.

Among the officers of the revolutionary army, none probable possessed more originality than Gen. Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, the daring soldier, without the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the North, probably from the fact of his lisp, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery he might have in view.

At this time a strong hold called Horseneck, some miles from New York, was in the hands of the British. Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in the vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of laying in ambush, the men became impatient, and importuned the General with the question as to when they were to have a bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them something was in the wind:

'Fellows, you have been idle too long, and so have I. I'm going to Bush's at Horseneck, in an hour, with an ox-team

and a load of corn. If I come back I'll let you know the particulars; if I should not, let them have it by hoky.'

He shortly afterwards mounted his ox-cart, dressed in the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and was at Bush's tavern, which was in the possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers spy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton, as they thought, they began to quiz him and threatened to seize his corn and fodder.

'How much do you ask for your whole concern?' asked they.

'For mercy's sake, gentlemen,' replied the mock clod-hopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, 'only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothin'; and if that won't dew, I'll give you my word I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension.'

'Well,' said they, 'we'll take you at your word. Leave the team and provender with us and we won't require bail for your appearance.'

Putnam gave up the team and sauntered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished. He then returned to his men and told them of the foe, and his plan of attack.

The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands; and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clod-hopper, he sarcastically remarked:

'Gentlemen, I have kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension.'

## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

What a miserable world would this be without the warm, gentle influence of friendship; the kindly interchange of feeling between man and man—the words of comfort and consolation to the poor—the kind words of condolence to the bereaved—the soft and gentle whisperings of affection to the sick—the farewells of the dear loved ones to the dying;—these, and many other and dearest ties of true friendship, which now gladden the hearts, and throw around us their gentle influence. Where they but taken from us—were we to live on, regardless of our fellow-men, of their joys and woes, oh! what a truly miserable and selfish world this would be. And were it thus, who, I ask, would wish to live, to breathe, and be a man? Rather than live thus, I would wish to be laid to rest in the quiet of the cold grave, over which the long grass would wave, and unmarked by any stone, it would soon be forgotten,—for AFFECTION, that angel of love who now visits the graves of the departed, drops a tear in memoriam, heaves a sigh of regret, and plants the weeping willow, that over the sleeper's head it may spread its shady branches, waving them slowly and mournfully, fanning his marble brow; that plants the little rose bush, that emblem of love and purity, beside the grave, that it may shed its fragrance around the spot; that shortens the would-be long grass, that type of forgetfulness and decay. Yes, AFFECTION, that doth all these things, would not visit our graves then, and they would be forgotten, and man would not heed our lone resting-place.

With these thoughts, so sad, so mournful, before us, let us cherish true friendship—prize it as a dear gift from our ever kind and watchful Father in Heaven, and be cautious lest we, by word or deed, mar its joyousness. The world, even now, is not what it should be. It is too cold and unfeeling, too fickle and penurious, and does not heed, as it should, the dear ties of love and affection, or the finer feelings of the human heart. It throws around the heart of the young man, as he comes forth into the world as a man of business, a blighting influence; it dries up, one by one, the generous and sympathetic fountains of his youthful heart. This blighting influence is not, however, thrown over all hearts, for there are many whose

kind and sympathetic feelings are inexhaustible, and no blighting influence can affect them.

How sweet and endearing is the friendship of the 'loved ones at home,' for it is there that we can gather around us true hearts whose affections cling to us in all their purity and fondness. There the heart, the mind, and soul of man can find sweet peace, true friendship, and sympathetic hearts; and when he steps forth into the noisy world, he sees and feels how precious are true friendship and the endearments of home, and he treasures them the more securely; and, when they again assemble around the cheerful home-fire, their hearts come back and re-unite, uncontaminated by the cold touch of the world.

True friendship is the beacon star that guides the 'voyager o'er life's broad ocean' back to the fond hearts at the 'old house at home,' who blessed him, and spoke sweet words of affection to him when he left its 'grateful shelter,' and went forth into the world a man among men.—

## FIGHT WITH AN ALLIGATOR IN FLORIDA.

On Wednesday, of this week, Josiah Ferris, and Rufenia Fales, young gentlemen of this place, started for Long Island, situate about two miles distant, for the purpose of fishing. They were engaged in this sport when a large Alligator arose alongside the boat, and as quick as thought, dashed ahead, wheeled, turned on his side, and clasped the bow of the boat between his jaws. The teeth made considerable indentures on either side. Finding but little could be done in this way, the monster gave several vigorous shakes, tearing the bottom out of the boat and sinking it in four feet of water. As the boat was disappearing, Fales who was poling at the time, struck their antagonist over the head and, after securing a foothold on the bottom repeated his blows with such rapidity as to confuse the mode of attack; finally after manœuvring for some time, with mouth extended, the alligator made a bold charge upon the young man; as he advanced Fales succeeded in jamming the pole down his throat, and holding him thus until Ferris, with a small pocketknife, was enabled to wound him so severely as to decide the contest. After the victory was won, a cursory view of their position, (forced upon them,) apprised them of the extreme danger to which they were exposed. In close proximity were five or six of these hideous animals, staring at them as though determined to make them their prey. The captured one measured fifteen feet.

Apologue.—A poor laborer, in a certain village, died, after a long illness; and having escaped the turmoils of existence, presented himself at the gates of heaven, where he found he had been preceded by a rich man of the same locality, who had just died, and having previously knocked, had been admitted by the Apostle Peter. The laborer, who stood without, was enchanted by ravishing sounds of singing, rejoicing, and sweet music, which appeared to hail the entrance of the Dives; and having knocked in his turn, was also admitted. But what was his astonishment, at finding silence where seraphic sounds had so lately been joyously uttered! How is this? he demanded of Peter; when the rich man entered, I heard music and singing; is there then, the same distinction been rich and poor in Heaven as on Earth? Not at all, replied the Apostle, but the poor come to Heaven every day, whereas it is scarcely once in a hundred years that a rich man gains admission.

Three full-blooded dandified 'gents' applied at a stable before the railway era, for the hire of a horse and gig, to take them to Brighton and back in one day. 'What?' exclaimed the groom, 'you surely would not drive a beast a hundred miles in a day?' 'V'y not?' said one of them, 'we've all got vips!

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## THE CONCEPTION-BAY MAN.

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