

## NOT FOR THE LADIES TO READ.

BY AN ECSTATIC LOVER.

The morning's past—the hour is four  
I wander forth to take an airing,  
And see those bright, angelic souls,  
On King street promenading.

What pretty feet! how light their trip  
Along the glist'ning paving;  
They set my heart a pit-a-pat,—  
My very brain a-raving.

Those smiling, roguish, deep blue eyes!  
With lore-ill fire are beaming,  
Though silent orbs, they speak to me;  
With words of love they're teeming.

[Here our amorous friend commenced to soar so high into the regions of the ridiculous, that we were compelled to put a stop to his poetic effusion.]

## THE YOUNG DRAGGED-AWAYS; OR THE SOLITARY SEA-SERPENT ISLANDERS.

BY CAPTAIN MAIN REID.

CHAPTER IV.—A STRONG SMALL OF GUNPOWDER IS UPRAD.

[At the close of the last chapter the serpent was licking Anthony's Wellington boots.]

But just at this dreadful moment, when an unbiased spectator would have surely said, in the brutal but expressive phrase of the day, that Anthony's goose was cooked, one of those rare accidents which occur but once in a lifetime saved him. A "fly" (*birota vehiculum*) lit on the end of Sandy's nose and awoke him! In a moment his active mind comprehended the danger of his beloved brother, and he took his measures accordingly. Seeing that the serpent was too much absorbed in absorbing Anthony to pay much attention to anything else, he dragged the cannon, which the wise foresight of Captain Slogs had placed in the scow, to a position where it commanded the monsters head, and filled it to the muzzle with the strongest FFF and a cannon ball of the largest size: with the concentrated coolness of Ossawatimie Brown and General Jackson, he took a final squint along the deadly tube, and then discharged it. As soon as the dense cloud of blue smoke cleared away, the tremendous effects of this well-timed cannonade became apparent: the ball appeared to have passed through the whole length of the monster's spinal marrow, and to have lodged in the vertebre in the extreme end of his tail. His crested head, lately so proudly erect, was seen floating on a wave some distance off, literally blown into a cocked hat. When the sleepers aroused by the report, sprang to their feet and asked "what that noise was?" they beheld Sandy quietly swabbing out the gun and looking as if nothing had happened. Upon being pressed for an account of the affair he gave it, but with the modesty of true greatness, suppressed as much as possible his own share in the matter, giving all the merit of his success to the cannon. His companions, however, were not deceived by his modest and characteristic tale, and were about to enquire how it was possible for the cannon, by its own unaided efforts to load itself and fire with so true an aim, when a new direction was given to their ideas which prevented their embarrassing him with their compliments: so occupied had they been by the serpent's freaks, that they had not noticed the fact of his having brought them close to a large and beautifully wooded island, until at the junction above

mentioned, the scow grounded upon a sloping gravelly beach, formed of coral rocks, worn by the action of the water to the size of those usually worn in necklaces. With exclamations of wonder and delight at reaching this haven, when they had expected no better fate than being made a meal of by the Serpentine, or finding a watery grave in the cold depths of the ocean, they drew the scow high upon the shore, and sitting down upon the emerald turf beside it, gave vent to their feelings of thankfulness in another of those interesting little sketches of animal life of the kind before mentioned, and beginning—

"Little Do peep  
Has lost her sheep."

CHAPTER V.—RURAL FELICITY ON SEA-SERPENT ISLAND.

Having in some degree composed themselves by the pleasing reflections this simple but instructive melody induced, they hastened to unload the scow, and having chosen a clear spot on a hill, they touched the hidden spring of the hut, and its various portions immediately collected themselves together with such marvellous celerity, that, in less than ten minutes from the time they landed, a smiling home awaited them; even their camp bedsteads were in their places—to such perfection has modern science attained. As the day had been on the whole rather an exciting one, they determined to retire early, and after carefully locking the front door and loading all their weapons they adjourned to the land of Nod.

The first thing the next morning Mary went to Sandy's bedside to enquire what she was to get for breakfast: with that decision, for which the young naturalist was so remarkable, he replied "buckwheat pancakes and molasses, and strong coffee." "But you forget Sandy that we have neither milk nor molasses in the house," she mildly rejoined. With a look of pity for her ignorance, he told her to get a jug and a pail and meet him at the back door. Having by this modest excuse rid himself of the restraint of her presence he took a "header" into the tub of "cold without," which lay beside his virtuous couch, and, as he emerged, swallowed an eye-opener of the same with a gusto, and smacking of the lip sunthought of by rouses of the greatest known velocity. This, followed by a second course of rough towels, completed the expulsion of his fatigues, and, in the fervent words of the Dutchman,

"Richard wasn't himself again."

But when he calmly eyed the last rig-out, of which he had done those eminent builders, Messrs. Moses and Aaron, and gradually enveloped his rosy limbs in the choicest of coats and the loosest of peg-tops, an inexpressible feeling of good clothes stole gradually over him, and his philosophic mind was placed just and firm in his resolve to be a swell in spite of all the Sea-serpents in existence, the seats of his pants might be torn to shreds, but he could gaze unflatteringly on the ruins,—he could get new ones—his face was good. Filled with pleasing reflections of this kind he joined Mary at the back door. Having awakened, with great difficulty, Paul and Anthony and told them to light the kitchen fire and set the breakfast table, they walked quickly down the hill towards the forest. Sandy, in his eagerness, had got about thirty yards in advance of his sister, and was hidden from her by a clump of underwood, when suddenly she heard him utter a short, quick exclamation of surprise: a heavy dull blow was

struck, followed by a loud gurgling noise, and a shout of anger and despair from her beloved Sandy, and then all was still!!!

(To be Continued.)

## GEORDIE, SPARE THESE THREE.

'Geordie, spare these three!  
Sandfield, Foley, Conner;  
Long, they've aided thee  
To thy post of honor.  
And thou, with pen in hand,  
Did'st laud them to the skies;  
There, Geordie, let them stand—  
Don't tangle party-ties.

These old Reformers, three,  
Who now laugh at thy frown,  
Will join, most willingly,  
To pull those Frenchmen down.  
They'll only be too glad  
To get thee in the ranks;  
To see thy glittering blade  
'Gain tickling Cartier's flanks.

Now don't, because they've got  
A little out of line,  
Imagine its a plot;  
Nor make these martyrs white;  
By killing them that they  
Have left their Chiefest's side  
To join with sly John A.,  
And into office slide.

These three thy anger braved,  
But, Geordie, strike them not;  
Don't drive them to the grave—  
Don't aggravate their lot.  
Oh, pray, forbear thy stroke  
Don't thy steel pen down—  
Don't cause these three to croak—  
Don't make them curse thee, Brown.

## ARRIVAL OF THE POLYANTHUS JANE.

EXTRAORDINARY INTELLIGENCE.

VERY IMPORTANT.

N. Y., April 27, 1860.

The Polyanthus Jane arrived this morning. She brings dates from Liverpool reduced in price, as people there don't care a fig for them, and British merchants wish to palm them off on the American public.

Canadian politics are attracting much attention in London since Sidney Smith's presentation to the Queen.

The Prince of Wales wishes to be remembered to Mr. GRAYLEN, and says he will write to him shortly.

John A. Macdonald is to be made Dancing Master to the Prince on account of the extraordinary agility displayed by him in the recent "double shuffle."

Napoleon has protested against the great "international set-to" as he is opposed to fighting, having been converted by Cobden.

Austria is being sued in the Division Courts of Europe.

Turkey, is flooding the European world with rhu-barb.

STILL LATER.

Ald. Carr and the Toronto City Council are to be invited to Windsor, and their passage home is to be at the State's expence.

Bob Moodie is to be made an Admiral of the Blues.

Too much of a good thing.

—The Colonial classing itself among the friends of the Hon. George Brown.