

THE YOUNG DRAGGED AWAY; OR THE SOLITARY SEA-SERPENT ISLANDERS.

BY CAPTAIN MAIN DEID.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED)—AS I GO ROLLING HOME.

Transfixed and pale the youthful Slogesses stood for one moment, and one moment only, and then, grasping their hats, rushed to the door. As they did so the forest near the house rang with a myriad of guttural shouts. It was as if all VanAmburgh's animals had broken loose and come to picnic upon one another, and the tigers hadn't been left behind. Across the open space between the forest and the hut Green Jake was seen rolling at a 2.40 rate a huge mountain of flesh over which his head just appeared; only a few paces behind him in hot pursuit (at about 2.38) were an immense troupe of infuriated blacks braad-ishing their instruments of warfare, and making the rosy morn hideous (not to say disgusting) with their shouts. The young Naturalists were just in time, and the Wisly Washies, taken aback by the energy with which the cannon (which fortunately happened to be loaded and pointed the right way,) retreated to the cover of the woods. As soon as they began to do so, Jake lifted his burden to its legs and revealed to the astonished prodigies the familiar, but alas now flabby features of their father! * * * * * Yes, it was indeed Capt. Slog! but how changed! The once slender symmetry of his manly form had given place to a hoxposity, beside which Daniel Lambert himself would have appeared but a whipping post. While he was recovering himself a little from the fatigues of the previous night, he gave them a sketch of the extraordinary time he had had since their parting, and of the manner in which he had acquired his present Great Eastern proportions. It appeared that he had been compelled to continue his cocoa oil diet until he was judged to be in tip-top condition, even by the fastidious Jimero, who, on the strength of his prize-ox dimensions, had invited a large party of the neighbouring tribes to take dinner with him on that very day. The evening before, however, the Capt. found means to escape and dragged himself in the woods all night. Toward morning he heard the cries of his hungry pursuers close behind him, and had just put his back against a tree and determined to sell his life as dearly as he could with a bough of ironwood and a pocketful of stones, when Green Jake fortunately fell in with him, and finding he could run no farther, had hit upon the happy expedient of rolling him to the hut, like a barrel which he accomplished with out *bung*-ling in the least as the reader has seen.

CHAPTER XII.—THE HISTORY OF A FREE FIGHT.

Just as the Capt. had finished his story, Green Jake, who had been on the lookout, put his head in at the door to announce that the whole army of the Wisly Washies was advancing in battle array, looking as if they had determined to win or loose, or die in the attempt. With calm resignation to their fate, this estimable family prepared for the worst, and, girding on all their available weapons, advanced to the unequal conflict with undaunted hearts, though each expecting every moment to be his next. On they came, that lean and hungry band of famished blacks, singing their war song of "what's de matter Susy?" and led by a giant who Capt. Slogs at once recognized as Jimero, from the determined and carving-

knife-and-forkish expression of his expressive phiz. Is it necessary to describe the prodigies of valor performed by every member of the Slog family? How they hurled themselves at the foe, and how the foe didn't seem to mind it, and hurled them back again; how Green Jake, after the custom of his race fought anon with the crown of his woolly head, and anon with the toe of his spread eagle foot. The Wisly Washies, too, fought as only men can fight, who, having been asked to a dinner party, have waited twenty-four hours for their victuals and got nothing at that! But hark! What are those sounds like the explosion of sixty-four pounders, which rise above the din of the battle? And why does the head of that great chief, Jimero, fall from his quivering shoulders as if a cannon ball had struck it? The reason is sufficiently obvious: those sounds, like the explosions of sixty-four pounders, are the explosions of sixty-four pounders, which fact being established the other is easily comprehended. Immediately both parties drew back to see what was up, and the next moment a crew of American Seamen rushed past with a gleaming mass of gold lace upon their caps and the light of rumpus upon their faces, delivering a truly Yankee cheer, with thrilling effect through their nostrils. In a few moments more the conflict was over and another great victory was added to the long list of those won by Columbia's gallant sons: and the chances of the Wisly Washies of getting any dinner were, to borrow the soul stirring words of the poet, "Gone up Salt Creek."

CHAPTER XIII.—THE YOUNG DRAGGED AWAY AND THEIR FRIENDS MAKE THEIR PARTING BOW.

Everything was soon explained, the American frigate "Benicia Boy," (Capt. Hezekiah K. Bliggs) happened to be cruising in that part of the world, and just turned a corner of the island as the fight began and seeing some negroes making a noise, very properly opened fire upon them.

But little more remains to be told. Capt. Bliggs kindly offered to take Capt. Slogs and his family back to Clamville, and before evening they were ready to embark. As they were leaving the island, however, an unforeseen delay occurred; Capt. Slog's weight was found to add so much to the draught of the "Benicia Boy," that she (or rather he) could not get over the coral reefs which surrounded the island, and they were obliged to put back to it and endeavor to reduce him. For a long time they were puzzled how to accomplish this desirable object, and various means were tried without success. The surgeon attempted to bleed him but could get nothing but oil, and that in very small quantities. At last the desperate expedient of boiling him was tried and happily with perfect success. He was allowed to simmer in a boiler of water for a whole day, and the quantity of oil skimmed from its surface was immense—being of a superior quality it was used to burn in the ship's lamps for months. When he was taken out he remarked that he felt a good deal like "going on the loose," but the only inconvenience he ever experienced from it was from a quantity of *b-oils* which made their appearance all over him. The delay caused by this process was not regretted by Capt. Bliggs, as it enabled him to capture a number of Wisly Washies, who were sold at New Orleans afterwards for a sum sufficient to enrich him and his whole ship's company.

Capt. Slogs and our young friends, his prodigies,

are, we are happy to learn, quite well, though, at last advices, suffering slightly from chillblains. With regard to the Capt. himself it is a singular fact, that, to this day, the sight of a drop of cocoa nut oil adds considerably to his weight.

Green Jake of course came home with his master and Dinrico, who happened to be one of the prisoners in the vessel. They met this swartly son of Africa and this wild and untamable though corpulent Wisly Washy maiden, and they loved each other as only too such natures as theirs can love: they were married and have several children, for whom Jake's constant prayer is, that they may never have to do dry nurse for a Sea-serpent.

Such is life!

A DRINKING SONG OF THE ANCIENT BUMONS.

If a body meet a body
Going in to drink;
If a body ask a body
In—why need he shriek?
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And, tho' the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

If a body meet a body
Coming up the street;
If a body ask a body
In—must he not treat?
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And, though the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

If a body treat a body
When they two, first meet;
Shouldn't he, tho' the treated body,
"Medately re-treat"
Some take beer and some take brandy
None of such will I;
And, tho' the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

(SECOND VERSES.)

If a body see a body
Going round at night;
Need a body tell somebody
That he saw him tight?
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And tho' the crowd may smile at me
I'll take some neat "old rye."

If a body meet a body
Courtin' 'round the town
If a body wink at a body
Need that body frown.
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And, tho' the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

Everybody has his weakness,
So they may have I;
A real love, I do confess,
For a glass of good "old rye."
Some take beer and some take brandy,
None of such will I;
And, tho' the crowd may smile at me,
I'll take some neat "old rye."

P. E. —The best paying business, just now, seems to be the *millin* business, vide, Heonan vs. Sayers, reported in all the newspapers.

Doubtful. —Whether it can be said with propriety, that one who drowns himself in a *river*, is a *felo-de-se.*