

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

BY CAPTAIN MAIN RESID.

CHAPTER VI.—A LAND FLOWING WITH MILK AND MOLASSES.

(At the conclusion of the last chapter it will be remembered that everything was still.)

With a heart beating with apprehension, Mary rushed up to the spot from whence these appalling sounds had come, and found her first fears realized: At the foot of a large straight tree, which she at once knew to be the cow tree, (arbor vacca-rinus,) with his stony gaze fixed upon his peg-top trousers, sat Sandy weltering in fresh milk, which was still pouring from a fearful gash in the tree. "What, is the matter, Sandy?" she cried in an highly agonized voice. "The milk has ruined my pants! my only pair of well built pants! Oh, where shall I ever find a Messrs. Moses and Aaron in this howling wilderness," and as the despairing reflection that they could never be replaced forced itself upon his mind, that fortitude, which had carried him through Sea-serpents, separation and sorrow, deserted him, and his tears welled forth. Knowing that in a case like the present, sympathy would be worse than useless, Mary left him to recover his calmness, while she filled her jug with milk, which was still running in a bountiful stream from the ghastly wound. This done she turned round to see whether he was all serene, when her eye fell upon a smaller tree of a kind of Canadian grey color, towards which she sprang with a yell of the wildest sort of delight, and with a few blows of the hatchet, brought down a fork of the tree in the shape of a big Y of which the bark stripped easily without tearing in the least. This was the rarely found Bags-elm, (ulmus unmontionabilis) so much prized by travellers who have the misfortune to be shipwrecked upon desert islands where it grows, before completing their toilette. Sandy jumped into the sit-upon, inexpressibly delighted indeed, and declared that Mary had hewn them in the most artistic style. Buttonwood trees were no rarities on Sea-serpent island, so the necessary fastenings were soon tacked on and the job neatly finished. By this time the thought of breakfast was extremely welcome, and Sandy lost no time looking after the stimulant for his pancakes, which soon showed itself in the Great Golden Syrup Bamboo (arbor molasses) which, when tapped, yielded a quantity of the finest treacle, and this done the youthful Slogsses jogged back to their hut on the hill. It may be needless to state that there was not much of that jug of molasses left when the breakfast table was cleared.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CAPTAIN GOES FOR AN AIRING, AND GETS 'ALICK' BUT NOT 'SANDY.'

It will perhaps be remembered that we left Capt. Slogs lying on the beach upon a clean pocket handkerchief, amusing himself by cursing his natal day; but the Captain being a man of strong religious impressions, soon began to see the folly of this employment, and went up the cliff to inform the household of what had happened, and to consult his own Mary Ann as to the best means of recovering their lost prodigies. Upon the news being told Mrs. Slogs, her hair gradually turned three shades greyer, otherwise, to all outward appearances, she was quite calm; a close observer might however have remarked that in the mighty effort to control herself, she bit the end

of her tongue off and swallowed it—such is the force of maternal affection!

The result of their conference was that Capt. Slogs packed his carpet bag, and ordered his balloon to be filled and brought to the front door; he had intended taking his faithful old negro servant Green Jake with him, but was told at the last moment that the poor man had been snapped up by another Sea-Serpent, supposed to be the mate of the first one, so he was obliged to set out upon his journey alone. All through the long day, the Captain sailed along at the rate of about 100 miles an hour, eagerly scanning the sea beneath him for some trace of the centipede, but none appearing, he steered directly for Sea-serpent Island, (the latitude and longitude of which he happened to know,) and had the satisfaction of dropping his balloon upon it, about ten o'clock the same night, though unfortunately upon that part of it which was farthest from the landing place of his children. His impatience would not allow him to await the dawn, and tying his vehicle to a stump, he began to make the best of his way out of the wood. After walking about a couple of miles, he came upon a collection of huts grouped together upon the bank of a river, and feeling rather exhausted, he made his way up to the principal of them, from which lights were streaming, and sounds of the barbarous instruments, and ballads of the Ethiopians issuing, and knocked at the door; in a moment the melody was hushed, and a voice demanded "Who's that knocking at de door?" Capt. Slogs remarked that it was "a friend," whereupon a gigantic negro, of a fierce and forbidding aspect, pushed aside the door, and knocked him senseless with the but end of a banjo!!!

CHAPTER VIII.—EL KISSMET—IT IS FAT(VEH).

When Capt. Slogs came to his senses, he was lying on a heap of skins on the floor of the hut in which he had been knocked down; the only other occupant of the room was a young girl about eighteen years of age, and, as he thought, one of the most perfectly beautiful specimens of the pure negro race he had ever seen; he thought he would never have been tired of gazing at the dark masses of her raven wool, which were becomingly twisted into small horns, and tied up with strips of red bark. Her nose and mouth were large, and would by many have been considered beautiful, though the Capt. thought they were a little too much spread over her face. But the effect of all this loveliness, and of a complexion which seemed to have borrowed its delicate coloring from the rarest anthracite, was rather marred by two large bone rings which passed respectively through her nose and lower lip. Capt. Slogs was just beginning to lament the barbarous custom of ringing such a belle as this, when the damsel perceived that he was awake, and looking scornfully at him, addressed him in the musical language of the Wisly-Washies:—"The head of the pale face is soft as a ripe banana, and his eye-lids are very heavy; two suns have gone down since the banjo of Jimero fell on him, and he has slept ever since. Jimero is a great chief, and Diniero is his sister." Capt. Slogs had read a good deal in the Wisly-Washly tongue, and understood it perfectly, so desiring to conciliate the charming Diniero, he replied, adopting the figurative idiom of the language: "The head of Slogs is like a bruised pumpkin, and his eyes are bunged up, his throat is dry and dusty as the desert, let Diniero, the maiden of the bounding heel, bring him a drink." Pleased

with the delicate compliment to her attractions, she filled a large gourd with delicious drink, made from cocoa-nut oil and molasses, again and again, until he lay back satisfied, and remarked "Slogs is a great chief of the pale faces: did Jimero think that Slogs was a dog when he banjoed him?" "Jimero was not such a fool! his eyes are not shut, and he is one of our greatest chiefs." "Then why did Jimero punch Slogs' head?" "The flesh of the pale face is sweet, and Jimero's net had made many dry hauls; Jimero has a big appetite, his banjo is heavy, and he is very strong; let the pale face dry up, Diniero's jaw is weary with talking." Capt. Slogs thought that Jimero's sister was very strong too, that hot weather, but he did not say so; she had fallen into a sullen silence, and all his prayers to her to explain herself produced no answer except that "Jimero was a greatchief." Suddenly his eye fell upon the gourd containing the dregs of the last cocoa-nut juice, and he recollected that that unguent was very nut-ritive. He put his hand to his side, he could not feel his ribs for rolls of fat! he sprang to his feet, he could not see his knees! the horrible truth flashed upon him that the Wisly-Washies were cannibals, and he was being fed for Jimero's larder!—

(To be Continued.)

### AFFECTING SCENE.

Dramatis Personæ:

LOVING FATHER OF 50 AND DUTIFUL SON OF 14 YEARS.

Affectionate parental relative meeteth his little responsibility after an absence of several years, during which said responsibility hath cut his eye teeth.

PATIENT, LOQUITUR:

Come here my son, my darling boy,  
Haste to thy father's arms  
And fill an old man's heart with joy,  
Here rest from all alarms.

UNROMANTIC RESPONSIBILITY:

Governor! well I like you—I do,  
You're got such a darned sweet lingo,  
Come shell out, and I'll give you a chew  
And then let us liquor, by Jingo!

Patient beginneth to doubt the sanity of his responsibility and we can imagine his answer.

### CORPORATION BLOWERS AGAIN.

They have fitted up a smoking room.—Leader.

Well, who can say that we have not a model Corporation? We seriously advise all city Corporations to follow the example set by our illustrious Blowers and make themselves comfortable. If so—why not? Why should they not make everything comfortable! Why should they not have a saloon fitted up in the City Hall for their especial benefit and accommodation? We see no reason why they should be prevented from doing all this and much more, except that they are doing it with the citizens' money. The citizens have to pay for it—well, why shouldn't they? They are well able, therefore go on Messieurs Blowers—go on; never mind expense—hang expensio!! Spend as much as you can. Make the city pay for your beer and cigars, crackers and biscuits. The smoking-room is an excellent thing. The idea is worthy of our Blowers. They should make the City provide the tobacco also—no one will object. Go in Blowers—make yourselves comfortable. Never mind expense. We say again go on in this way, we shall all be delighted and future Corporations will follow example.