

## BILLS YET TO BE INTRODUCED.

1. To encourage the growth of moustaches, imperials, goatees and whiskers!  
Mr. McLeod.
2. To make the wearing of peg-top trousers a breach of the peace.  
Atty. Gen. Macdonald.
3. To place bank-clerks on the civil list.  
Mr. A. T. Galt.
4. To incorporate the Ancient and Honourable Society of Loafers.  
Mr. W. F. Powell.
5. To amend the law, at present in force, relating to weights and measures.  
Mr. Benjamin.
6. To ascertain the different kinds of seeds best suited to the atmosphere of Toronto.  
Mr. Vankoughnet.

These are all in course of preparation.

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

BY CAPTAIN MAIN REID.

### CHAPTER I—THE HAPPY HOME.

On the secluded summit of one of those calcareous cliffs, which form the eastern boundary of the State of New York, and which are washed by the blue waves of the Atlantic, stood the elegant residence of Captain Ouvier Slogs—a wealthy and retired cheesemonger of the city of Jersey, and one of the most finished naturalists his own or perhaps any other age ever saw. His amiable and accomplished spouse, Mary Ann Slogs, had borne him four lovely children: Paul aged twelve, Anthony aged ten, Mary aged eight, and Alexander aged four, at the time of the events about to be narrated; the amiability of whose dispositions was only equalled by the retentiveness of their memories, for despite their tender age, they each could tell you the name of every animal and plant, both before and since the Flood, in any language you could think of from Sanscrit to Sioux. Alexander (or Sandy), the youngest, was however, distinguished, even above his gifted brothers and sister, for his early application to the study of animal life, as the following example will show:—When only three weeks old he was discovered by his fond father, at two o'clock, A. M., sitting up in his cradle with the night taper in his hand peering intently at some small black animals on his pillow. "What are you doing my dear boy?" said the affectionate parent kindly. "I am only watching the proceedings of these fine specimens of the 'cimetæriæ,' answered the baby ontologist;" there they have gone into their crack, and here comes my mother, whom I may style a biped mammalia, to put me to sleep. Was Captain Slogs wrong in prophesying a brilliant future for such a child as this? He would not have deserved the name of a father had he not done so!

Captain Slogs was accustomed, at least once a year, to make an excursion by water along the neighbouring Atlantic coast, as well to enjoy some of the finest duck-shooting in the world as to obtain new specimens of the animal and vegetable life, so abundant in the trackless forests of those parts; and it was on the eve of one of these that our tale com-

mences. On this occasion, however, he had determined, contrary to his usual custom, to take his children with him, and in order to add to their comfort in the wild and rank Florida lagoon, to which he proposed going, he had procured, from the carpenter of the neighbouring city of Clamville, a wooden hut, which could be taken to pieces and put together again in an incredibly short space of time, by merely touching a concealed spring. This was packed into his beautiful little clipper built, fast sailing scow, the "Centipede," together with a year's provisions, some books and a small cannon, (for, with a praiseworthy caution, Captain Slogs would never go half a mile from land without thinking precaviously of the possibility of his being driven upon one of those desert islands, which he had remarked were very abundant, and providing against such a calamity as much as lay in his power.)

### CHAPTER II—SCALY.

Having seen these precautionary measures attended to, Captain Slogs bid an affectionate adieu to his amiable spouse, and went down to the beach, whither, with the eagerness attending their tender years, his children had preceded him, and were already seated in the Centipede. Just as he was about to unfasten the iron chain which confined his gallant "flatbottom" to the shore, he remembered that he had left his pocket-handkerchief on the breakfast table, and announced his intention of going back for it. "Oh, never mind, papa, I will let you have mine," cried little Sandy, with noble self-denial, pulling out a diminutive red cotton one with a spirited lion in blue in the centre of it. The fond father's eye glistened with emotion at this fresh instance of affection from his noble boy, but he declined the offer. "Nay, Sandy! nay, my child, you have a cold yourself, and you forget that your handkerchief is full of choice specimens of the "piscarius vormes" which you selected yesterday for bait; be patient, my children, and I will return within five minutes," saying which he hurried towards the house. Alas! had the wretched father known what was coming he would have accepted his son's offer, or done without a pocket-handkerchief for once in his life, for scarce had he disappeared over the calcareous top of the hill, when a Sea-serpent of the largest size suddenly appeared from beneath the smooth bosom of the ocean, snapped up the boat chain in his teeth and dragged the infant prodigies to sea at the rate of about two hundred miles an hour!!! When Captain Slogs returned to the spot he had left so unsuspectingly only four minutes and fifty-nine seconds before, all he could see of his beloved children was the end of the Sea-serpent's tail glistening in the morning sun and already twelve miles distant. Captain Slogs dashed his clean pocket-handkerchief to the ground and cursed the day he was born.

### CHAPTER III—SCALIER STILL.

To say that the young naturalists were not rather uneasy at the unexpected phase their excursion had taken, would be untrue. But it was no selfish dread of the danger to themselves that made them so! Not their only anxiety was a fear that their parents would be alarmed at their rapid and mysterious dis- they had lost sight of this they began arguing appearance, and when, with the usual levity of youth, about the "genus" of the Serpent, their gentlemanly conductor, (who, they remarked, had not as yet asked them for their fare.) At length Sandy, who had taken

no part in the discussion, being indeed engaged in the discussion of a sweet specimen of the "bovis lumen" or common bull's eye, was asked for his opinion on the subject, which, having first wiped his mouth with a clean corner of his pinafore, he gave with a calm dignity, which carried conviction to all, in the following words. "This animal has, by some naturalists been thought to belong to the cetacea order, because, they say, 'it is so very like a whale,' but I would prefer to class it as one of the tribe of 'trabes anguiformis,' or Great American Sawlawg, to which it certainly bears a striking resemblance at a distance; it has 233 small black rings on its stomach and one round its tail, and is a native of the American Hemisphere, never having been met with in the waters of the old world: its mode of preparing its prey is pecuniary interesting, and in some respects resembles that of man. Having first fascinated its victim by the power of its eye, it leisurely lubricates it with its saliva, (in other words, spits it), and finally does it to a turn with its hot breath." As I have before stated this decision of Sandy's carried conviction with it, but at the same time rather frightened the others, for they could not help thinking that it was possible the Serpent might take it into his head to dish one of them in the manner Sandy has described, a fate which, however important and interesting it might be to naturalists in general, would be in the highest degree unpleasant to the individual victim. So in order to raise their spirits, Mary began to sing one of those descriptions of animal life which her father had taught her in happier days, beginning "let dogs delight to bark and bite," which she continued until overcome by the heat of the day, and the rapid rate at which they were travelling, they all sank into the sweet sleep of childhood.

Scarcely had their deep and regular breathing announced this interesting fact, than the bideous monster raised his crested head above the surface of the sea, gloated over their unconscious forms for a moment to see which was the fattest, and immediately began to lick Anthony's Wellington boots!

[To be continued]

### Discontented Workman.

—The man who was labouring in spirit has struck for higher wages.

### Information at last.

—Our London correspondent informs us that the Queen intended to have raised Speaker Smith to the Peerage by the title of Baron Smitherens of Penetentiary Park, Kingston, C.W., but on his objecting to the wording of the title the Duke of Newcastle advised her Majesty to let the uncourtous Canadian take his departure for his native wilds, untitled and unhonored. Mr. Smith at once withdrew his objections; but alas! it was too late. The Colonial office refused to have any further correspondence with him, and he set out for Canada disappointed and grieved in spirit. This accounts for his forlorn look and emaciated appearance.

### The Latest Invention.

—We have seen an advertisement in a Montreal paper drawing attention to a new kind of soles called "metallic soles." We have heard of "hearts of stone," "hearts of oak," "steel hearts," and "elastic consciences," but never till now have we heard of "metallic souls." Verily, this is an age of progress.