

## THE YOUNG MAN'S SUPPLICATION TO THE PULICAN.

When other coves and other, crowds  
Their rounds of liquor call  
In words so low you're left in doubt  
On whom the charge should fall.

There may perhaps at such a place  
Some trick be played on thee;  
If such there be, I but request  
You'll chalk it not to me.

When loafers or fast youths shall alight  
The cocktalls that you make,  
And term them wisby-washy stuff  
The thirst of pups to shake.

When hard up awells shall will my beer,  
And cash not hand to thee;  
In your despair I hope you'll not  
Then charge it up to me.

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

BY CAPTAIN MAIN BRID.

CHAPTER IX.—THE CAVE OF THE VIANDS.

One morning early, about a week after their arrival on the island, Sandy, as his custom was, was sweeping the horizon with his telescope, when happening to look along the shore he discovered at a long distance what appeared to be a gigantic cave with a log lying before the entrance; but what rivetted his attention was that he thought he could discern the figure of a man moving about near it. Mary said that it resembled the species pelicanus desert, (pelican of the wilderness,) but was silenced by being reminded that animals of that class did not smoke short clay pipes as the one in question was doing; so to save disputes, and having nothing else to do, their Kangaroos (they had caught four and trained them to go beautifully in single harness) were harnessed and driven over in the direction of the cave. By noon they were within a mile of it, and fastening their 'paltres' to a tree they moved cautiously forward, their amazement increasing at every step: what they had taken for a log was nothing less than the huge carcase of a Sea-serpent: passing this they entered a large cavern fitted up in the most gorgeous manner, and seemingly the dining room of the family of the deceased monster from a table in the centre of it, which was laid in a manner that excited their curiosity and admiration. The weapon of the sword fish acted as a substitute for a carving knife, and the forks and spoons were evidently fish bones, electro-plated with scales of the gold fish, by the agency of the galvanic-eel. In the middle of the table was a bread tray—a shell of some marine animal of the crustacea order, beautifully finished. One side of the room was occupied by the sideboard, on which stood an elegant service of clam shells and a large saddle of cold roasted whale. Of course there were no seats around the table, as the Sea-serpent does not belong to the seat-acea tribe. Sandy's thorough knowledge of natural history was triumphantly shown in this cave. Anthony happened to pick up a fragment of bone and wondered aloud what animal it had belonged to; Sandy, with half a glance at it said carelessly, "That is a slice out of the third rib on the left side of an extinct animal of the johanous asinus or common donkey kind." No wonder he was ad-

mired by all who knew him! Advancing through a small round hole in the wall, they emerged into a smaller cavern where a yet more extraordinary sight greeted them. Three large dry skins of rock bass were lying in a row along the side of the cave, on which were stretched as many young Serpents with strips of black crape around their tails, while in the middle of the room, by the dim light, they could discern a fourth being rocked in the cradle of the deep (i. e. a round shell) by a negro who had his back turned to them. Before they had advanced half a dozen steps the man turned round and saw them; the next moment he was on the ground kissing their feet and blubbering with joy.

"Great jingo!" shouted Anthony, "it's green Jake!"

CHAPTER X.—JONAH OUT JONAHED.

On the way back to the hut, (they were obliged to leave the cavern hastily, for fear of the elder branches of the family returning,) Jake gave them a short account of his adventures, and how he got there. It will be remembered that he was swallowed by the second Sea-serpent, a few hours after the abduction of the scow by the first one; being a devout negro, his first impression was that he was Jonah, but his good sense soon told him that this idea was, to say the least of it, improbable. His next impulse was to endeavor to get out of the Serpent's mouth, but on his attempting this, the brute began to hiccup so violently that he was glad to get back to his old (hind) quarters in the tail. He then began to back away at the sides of his prison, with a tobacco knife, which the Serpent at length put a stop to, by swallowing such a quantity of sea-water, that Jake was rendered insensible, and gave himself up for nearly dead. When he came to himself he was lying on the floor of the cavern in the centre of the family of Sea-serpents, who were seemingly debating as to his fate. The old one looked very stern, and anything but well, and would every now and then pat that part of his body, the inside of which Jake had been whittling, with his tail and would hiss in a ferocious manner: the young ones would then go down upon that part of their bodies which one might call their knees, and folding their tails before them in an attitude of supplication, would hiss in an extremely winning and deprecatory way. At length the old one, overcome by their entreaties, seemed to give a grumbling pardon, whereupon the youngsters bounced about the cavern in a most tomboyish way, and led by the eldest girl (who seemed from his description to be a most accomplished and amiable serpent) kissed Jake, an embrace which, taking into consideration the natural heat of their breath, he seemed to consider himself justified in calling a warm one. As they had now reached the hut and Jack looked sentimental whenever Miss Sea-serpent's name was mentioned, they did not press him farther upon this occasion, but left him to his reflections and some cold venison.

CHAPTER XI.—AS I GO ROLLING HOME.

One morning, about ten days after Jake's providential deliverance, he had gone out into the forest early to gather olives, the young Slogsses had just pushed away their final plates of molasses, and were sucking some taffy which Mary had made; while Paul was giving them the good and bad points of a new species of parasite, which he had discovered on one of the hairs on the calf of a bee's leg. Suddenly

the subject was dropped, and the taffy was allowed to drop from their nerveless mouths, as a collection of singularly frightful yells of the most appalling kind, rang through the room.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## INCENDIARISM AND THE POLICE.

As usual, *Old Double* is lashing herself into fury against persons who are almost as innocent as the immaculate Dame herself of the charges which she lays at their door. Under pretence of evincing a just indignation at the perpetrators of the incendiarism that is just now so rife, this excitable journal indulges in a violent outburst of pointed attack upon the whole police force of the city. We find the well-assumed dignity of the matron laid for once aside, when she screams in shrill interrogations—"Where could the police be?" "What possible use are they?" and sternly adds, with an emphasis that undoubtedly will make the peccant peelers tremble in their boots, "these questions must be satisfactorily answered!"

Guardians of our lives and property! Protectors of our hearths and homes! Knights of the baton—tall and strong! advance! come forth! there is no choice for you now: humble yourselves to the earth, and come every one of you with your hands upon your hearts to answer the terrible summons of the offended one.

Mark the questions—you have in the first place *satisfactorily* to tell the exact localities in which you might have been found on the night of the fifth inst. Alas! the disclosure that will appear!—those sly and emulently private drinks at the tavern, kept open beyond the legal hour, and the consequent quiet snooze, while you innocently dreamed that you were doing your duty. But, peelers, we wrong you; we for a moment forgot that it is required of you to answer *satisfactorily*, and we must candidly admit that we do not believe you to be so very wanting in proper respect for the feelings of the citizens as to disclose these awful facts; your own inventive brains, therefore, must suggest to you an answer that will be able to give satisfaction; of course we might do so, but it is not our desire to take away from you any of the credit to be derived from the invention of a skilful string of fabulous exploits.

Then comes the next enquiry—"What possible use are you?" At this most studied insult we see the fiery glow of honest indignation mantling the plump cheeks of the "charleys," their manly chests heave with emotion, and they scarcely deign to reply; at last, after solemn consultation they send forward the most eloquent of their number, who triumphantly recounts, in expressive language, as an instance of their use and prowess, the glorious capture of a disorderly news-boy, of full ten summers, by two of them from the midst of a dozen of his unlucky and seditious companions.

After this who could for an instant doubt the extraordinary usefulness of such a body? We are certain that even *Old Double* will deem so over-whomlingly convincing an explanation quite satisfactory.

## Nothing Like Leather.

—No person can have walked along King and Yonge Streets, without noticing the large number of boot and shoe stores that are springing into existence. Query—are they all on a good foot-ing.