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The impudence of Captain BATES is only equalled by his mate's. Their statements don't the least agree And this is now what's vexing me, I'll go to court and take my oath That I—in fact, I killed them both, Old BATES, (although his hair is white) Has the audacity to write That certain questions, from his side, Incited me to suicide. His mate, who was a trembling critter, Tells a falsehood still more bitter; He says he never saw a pirate, And now I'm hot, and vexed, and irate.

Darn my deadeyes! split my jib! Fracture my eleventh rib! I'm GUSTAVUS PETER GRAEME Captain of the schooner "FLAME" I'm the bloodstained pirate who Grabbed that wretched "Ballahoo." I'm the man who hanged the skipper On the foreyard of his clipper. I'm the chap who stabbed the mate And dished his heart up, on a plate, I'm the man that drowned the crew And burned their beastly vessel too. I feel like punching some one's eyes When thinking of the fearful lies Printed recently by you, Relating to the Ballahoo.

I'm GUSTAVUS PETER GRAEME Captain of the schooner "FLAME" Mounting three and thirty guns, Register, three hundred tons. I have ninety-one or two Jolly pirates for her crew. Deeds of flames and blood and fire Are all these honest chaps require. For Satan finds some mischief still A pirate's idle hands to fill.

Upon the twenty-third of June, A blowy, squally afternoon, I spied, away upon my lee, A vessel sailing two points free. She was a horrid ugly craft And all my pirates roared and laughed To see that nightmare of a barque, That truly hideous Noah's Ark, Which bore the name, in letters blue, Upon her stern "The Ballahoo." We then were off of Singapore; We chased her nearly to the "Nore," (You will not find it on the maps, It isn't known to many chaps.) For forty days we raked that craft With grape and roundshot, fore and aft, But never hit her sails or spars, Or killed her Captain or her tars. Well—I was getting rather tired Some bloody work my men required, We whittled knives, we loaded guns Refreshed ourselves with beer and buns And other soul-inspiring cakes, (Like those which Webb, on Yonge street, makes.) Then, with an effort great, we threw Our boards on the Ballahoo. The skipper lay upon the deck, I placed my foot upon his neck, My heart was sore for his position, (I'm of a tender disposition.)

The mate was scared and almost dead, I banged him on the face and head, And then, to show my heart was soft, I stabbed him many a time and oft. My merry fellows quickly threw Into the sea, her trembling crew, And searched the ship with pious care For chaps who might be hidden there. They found some bibles, empty jars, Prints of Wagner's sleeping cars, Frenchy novels, strongly bound, But not a living soul they found. My honest men with hated breath, Demanded Captain BATES's death. As that was only just and fair, We went and hanged him then and there: And as he swung 'twixt sea and sky A teardrop dimmed my bright red eye. I pitied his exposed position (I'm of a kindly disposition.)

We subsequently burned the ship. She'll never go another trip. She'll "never, not again, no more" Take Testaments to Singapore. Her skipper never more will booze And never more his mate abuse; Her crew have had their final "bust" They've gone the cruise which all men must.

Light Business.

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A BOY'S ESSAY ON STATESMEN.—Thar waz a statesman. His collar was 16 and hat was 5. He went to a meetin to orate. He said "ax me a question if you want to no." So when he was a sweten under his shirt a man hollered and said "Wot is tariff, anyway?" And the statesman he larked kinder short, and he sed, "I want no foolin around me. I am a bad man, and carry a kane." So he gave his kane a whirl and laid it on the table. Then this awful man down among the spitons said again. "How much is tariff a peck, anyway?" And the statesman said, red hot, "I'm a free man, and I won't be adjourned, so I demand the law." And then the law, dressed as a polishman, got the orful man by the back-hold and took him to the kaboze. And when in the kaboze he did not ax any more tariff questions, but fot the cokroches all night. And the statesman went home with his kane—Stratford Beacon. (Stolen!)

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