

The Real Truth about the Barque Ballahoo

Though "that old villain Capt. BATES"
Of "bloodstained pirates" boasts and prates,
And WILLIAM T. gives him the lie,
And lays the blame on potent "rye,"
And though the pirate takes his oath
That he quite coolly killed them both;
We don't believe the *Ballahoo*
Was ever launched upon "the blue."
There never was a Capt. B.
There never was a WILLIAM T.
There isn't any pirate GRAEME,
There never was a schooner *Flame*.
The yarns are concentrated "lye."
Of deep and dark Tartarian dye.
And let the man who wrote this stuff
Consider we have had enough.
In future *truth* will be a boon,
So take a warning, friend B-T-N-E!

ED. GRIP.

Notes from the Gaddy.

DEAR GRIP—I am altogether out of sorts. It's not that I've been out at night; it's not that I with duns am pressed; it's not that I am soft with love; it's that confounded jelly-cake I ate and can't digest. (I may as well observe that that is something after Ingoldsby's Legends, or you will be chirping around about it's not being strictly original.) Were you ever at a religious ten-fight, that is, a Tea Meeting in connection with a church or a chapel? But of course you have. You have been to everything and every place where pretty girls are to be found. Isn't it just awfully jolly while it lasts? But, oh my! the results are terrible. No man, troubled with the possession of a stomach, should attend them, unless fitted with a cast iron diaphragm, or diaphragm, or a diarr—something,—you know what I mean. Well, I dropped into one of these spider webs the other night. There were the usual long narrow tables, the big wash boilers of steaming Sou-chong, the hum and buzz of many voices, and the general excitement and hilarity which must naturally exist where ninety-five in every hundred are innocently glorying in the idea that they are getting thirty cents' worth of grub for their quarter, whilst the five waiters are sardonically revelling in the knowledge that by a bountiful generosity with other people's victuals they are causing the ninety-five to be hopelessly ill on the morrow. It is nice, though, to sit between two pretty girls sipping tea and nibbling snaps whilst every few moments some other darling creature drops over your shoulder with a plate of blamed deception, and smilingly entreats you to "Just once more, if only ever so little." And what can you do but take another little bit, utterly regardless of a future state, or the eternity of torment. Ah, me! the result! Pitching and tossing around all night. Dreams! such dreams! You dream that you have a boiler of hot tea under the small of your back, a gigantic slap-jack cake, having alternate stratas of india-rubber, whilst a juvenile Mont Blanc rests upon your legs; tragic gents with tin dippers on their heads, and jug bracelets around their wrists, spin you like a tee-totum, and pour cold water on your middle; and fair haired angels, in brown holland pinafores, make you open your mouth and shut your eyes, and fill you up with tarts, or rather dabs of asphaltic on the half shell. Oh, it is too terrible! I may perhaps feel better in a day or two, and will write you again. GADFLY.

We read in an exchange a paragraph that Mr. A. W. WRIGHT, who is at present stumping Maine in the interest of the Greenback party, is being styled "Hon. A. W. WRIGHT, of Toronto, Ont.," by his supporters. The same exchange sneers at the idea of Mr. WRIGHT's being dubbed "the Honorable," and suggests that he might as well be made a knight at once. This is "wrote sarkastik" by our contemporary, but GRIP only wishes that a few of our Canadian Knights were (intellectually) as worthy of the honor as Mr. WRIGHT most undeniably is.

My First Buffalo.

'Twas at the early age of six,
I read a story, "*Squatty Dick's*
Adventures" on the prairie wild,
(I was a cultivated child.)
This story influenced me so,
I longed to slay a "*red-skinned foe*,"
I yearned to raise an "*Injun's* *ha'*,"
And massacre a "*grizzly bear*."
I buried (oride on "*mustang steeds*,"
And dreamed all night of "*drawing beads*,"
Of "*Injun maids*" and "*prairie grass*,"
(I was a strange, infantile ass.)

II.

I think I may as well confess
I loved my spinster governess.
She then was turned of thirty-five,
(She's ninety now if she's alive.)
I longed to fly with her from home
To where the wolf and red-skins roam,
To where the "*fragrant prairie rose*
Is trampled down by buffaloes
Who thunder past in wild career,
Pursued by herds of spotted deer.
I vowed with her I'd westward go,
(I was a little ass, you know.)

III.

My madness rose to such a height
That I proposed to her that night.
I said, of course, the usual things,
I called her "*angel*" minus wings,
I painted light the happy life
She'd have as my beloved wife,
I said "*without you, welcome death,*
(As PETER the apostle saith),
Let us like lovers westward go
And slay the stately buffalo.
She boxed my ears, but—let it pass,
(I was an awful little ass.)

IV.

I wept upon my brother's breast,
For I was very much depressed.
He was a funny little chap,
Said he "*You shouldn't care a rap*;
Cheer up my boy, be gay and jolly,
Begone dull care and melancholy.
With aphorisms such as these
He sought my aching heart to ease.
His maxims touched me all the more
Considering he was only four.
Said he, "*Forget that heartless jade.*
You've been an ass, I am afraid.

V.

He said, "*To-morrow let us go*
To seek the "*bounding buffalo*,"
That maiden would be out of place
Where "*red-skin foes*" your footsteps trace.
She cannot use a "*shooting iron*,"
She's only fit for reading BYRON.
What would you think were JULIA's tresses,
To ornament the "*sarments*" dresses.
Let us alone to-morrow go
To slay the "*stately buffalo*,"
Forget your slightly ancient lass,
Be sensible and not an ass.

VI.

Next morn we took my father's gun,
A handsome double-barrelled one,
And sallied forth to vacant lots,
And other unfrequented spots,
Where elephantine, horny cows
Delighted on the grass to browse.
Said I, "*Pray mark that awful cow,*
Observe the horns upon her brow;
Observe her most ferocious tail
That slashes like a farmer's flail.
Look at the way she gnaws the grass,"
(I was observant, though an ass.)

VII.

Close hid behind a maple tree
I fired at her with savage glee.
What with the flash, the smoke and roar,
I don't remember any more,
Save, taking straightway to our heels,
And hearing some unchristian squeals.
Oh, how we ran! I left the gun,
That handsome double-barrelled one.
Oh, how I hated home to go!
I spoke, and told my brother so.
He said "*As I've remarked before,*
"*You are an ass.*" I said no more.

VIII.

A kindly neighbor told the tale.
My mother's kindly face grew pale.
She firmly doffed a high-heeled slipper.
Remarking, "*Please extend your slipper.*
The air, of course, grew thick with squeals,
And real able-bodied shrieks.
My brother, too, received his share,
And told his *ma* he "*didn't care*."
He said "*When next I hunting go*
I'll carry home the buffalo.
But as to brother John, alas,
I sometimes fear he is an ass."

Another Bulwark Going.

The campaign against the venerable Grand Jury is quiet, but the *Globe* has founded the war-note against the County Courts, claiming that their usefulness is gone. GRIP does not propose to argue the question, but simply desires to show caws why an order of abolition should not be issued without previous most serious consideration. This appeal is made in behalf of the younger members of the legal profession. If the *Globe's* arguments prevail, what is to become of the legal talent of this young Canada of ours? Deprived of those splendid opportunities which the precincts of the County Court afford—shut out from the exercise of his forensic talent in the august presence of the Division Court Judges (that Court being conducted in the interest of the "poor man," and, therefore, in direct opposition to that of the lawyers),—and—but we dread to venture on the unexplored ocean of dreadful results to follow if this course is adopted. Chaos wouldn't be a circumstance to what would follow. In the name of our budding Q. C.'s we protest against the innovation.

It is a Pity

That a brilliant orator and a sincerely good and devoted man, as we take the Rev. Mr. KNOX-LITTLE to be, should be surrounded with such a cloud of form and ceremony that his power is greatly diminished.

That the Government will not have SIR CHARLES TUPPER investigated, pronounced guilty, and transported to Patagonia, so that the readers of the *Globe* may be saved from further suffering on the subject of Section B.

That the Hon. OLIVER MOWAT is not able to reconcile his appointment of CAPT. PRINCE and JERRY MERRICK to good billets in outside counties with his reputation for doing justice to local municipalities.

That the *Telegram* cannot give its patrons as much original matter in each issue as the *World* contains.

That Mr. McMASTER should have come out for the Mayoralty and destroyed Mr. CLOSE's chances for election.

That HARRY PIPER's museum is threatened with prosecution as a nuisance, when the public-spirited Alderman really intended it as a great moral institution.

That every person who goes in for the true and the right, don't subscribe for GRIP.

HOME NEWS FROM ABROAD.—A woman who kept a boarding-house in Ottawa, Canada, has recently attempted to commit suicide. In the States, it is generally the boarders who feel like putting an end to their existence.—*Puck*. In Toronto the boarders are different. They want to immolate the boarding missus; to lay her with the ashes of her house in fact.—*Grip*. Let's see, the incident scarcely seems familiar, yet it must be true, as *Puck* is reliable. Ah! we have it now—it was the boarding-house missus who invested three dollars and a half in boarding-house butter, which in three days became so strong that it threw every boarder out of the house, and, on the fourth day, flung the woman herself out of the second story window. As the woman declined to give any explanations, the people generally put it down that it was an attempted case of suicide, hence the report abroad.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

"Old age," says the Phrenological Magazine, "is almost invariably accompanied by a prominent chin." The lady who does not put up her hand to her chin upon reading this paragraph may safely conclude that she is still a daisy, if not a dumpling.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

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