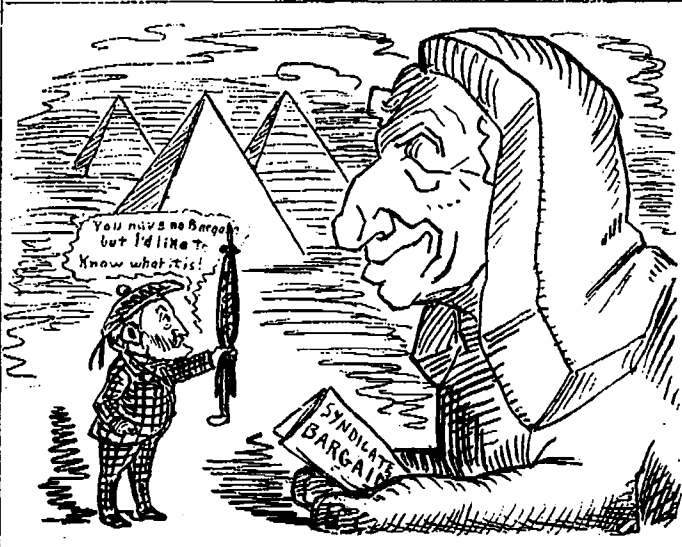


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Up to five minutes before, they had been lovers, but now there was like to be a coldness between them. At last he arose, took his hat, and said:—  
"Maudie, I am going to see—"  
"Oh, Augustus, forgive me. I was wrong. Stay by my side. Do not leave me."  
"No, I cannot stay. I am going to see —"  
"Hear me, I pray! Do not leave me. Think of the dangers of the ocean deep, and do not venture on its treacherous waters."  
"Nonsense! What has water got to do with this? I was simply remarking that I was going to see you again to-morrow evening."  
He saw her.—*Marathon Independent.*

Another Version of the "Ballahoo" Business.

By William Thompson, 1st officer.  
Last week while visiting the States, I read the yarn by Captain BATES, which tells about a pirate, who attacked the barque the "Ballahoo." Well, lies is lies and truth is truth, and I'm an honest-speaking youth. Double-dealing ain't my game. Though WILLIAM THOMPSON is my name. A nasty berth was that of mate's, with such a chap as Captain BATES, No lobster salad on the earth Could make you dream of such a berth.

We had a tolerable crew Upon that barque the "Ballahoo." They all could "turn a dead-eye in, Or drink a glass of Hollands gin. They all could grease or scrape a mast And squeeze a bottle to the last. Oh they were good and no mistake, And I've got no complaints to make. But that great lie of Captain BATES In which the hoary villain states, "A pirate grabbed the Ballahoo, I ain't a-going to listen to.

We sailed away from Table Bay Upon the twenty-third of May, (I should have mentioned this before That we were bound for Singapore.) The heathen people at the "Straits" Had interested Captain BATES, And he had shipped a load of mules and Testaments for Sunday Schools. We'd modern novels, poems, plays, Briar root pipes, and Irish "clays," Scottish whisky, (various blends) sent by various Scottish friends. To melt the hardened pagan mind And help it purer light to find. (I heard that he got L. A. A ton, from there to Singapore, He was a cute old hand at "freights," Was that old villain Captain BATES.) We had a week of heavy gales, We lost a boat, and split some sails; But, bless you, trifles such as these Are often met with on the seas. I've got no memory for dates (No more has that old villain BATES.) But 'twas October, not before, When we arrived at Singapore, Where we disposed of all the rot Which that old villain BATES had brought, And loaded up for New Orleans With Cinnamon and Tonquin beans; And coffee too, at awful "rates" Secured by that old villain BATES.

When we set sail the crew got drunk And each man got him to his bunk, The Captain quickly followed suit, (I knew he would, the ancient brute.) For months he sat in his saloon Singing love songs, out of tune. "Wait for me at Heaven's gates" A favorite was of Captain BATES. I worked the ship as best I could, (I said before the crew was good), And, notwithstanding BATES's gin, I brought the vessel safely in To New Orleans, Louisianner.

In quite a creditable manner. But what upon my nature grates Is that great lie of Captain BATES Aneut the "blood-stained pirate, who, Attacked the barque the Ballahoo."

An awful reckoning awaits All those who lie like Captain Bates. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

Canadian Men of Letters.

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, BY HIS HONOR LIEUT.-GOVERNOR BEVERLY ROBINSON AND W. F. MACLENN, ESQ.

Moved by a common feeling of the most intense admiration of Mr. ROSS ROBERTSON, we have undertaken to show, in brief, how wonderful a man he is, how unbounded his capabilities as a journalist are, how eminently good and humble a Christian he is, and how exemplary in his courtesy to those who are in his employ as well as to those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance and friendship. Mr. ROBERTSON began from very little—we observe all truly great men do—and has risen to—but any one who reads his able journal can tell to what he has risen. He has a circulation that would make the immortal HARVEY stare, especially if he took into account the accelerations of the journalistic pulsations that tax even the registering powers of the GOLDWIN SMITH press. He has ever been noted for his fearless defence of truth, orthodoxy, morality and all the virtues; but he has nevertheless not been without his enemies. He has been sneered at by purists and accused of having published filthy French translations. He has been even charged with writing scurrilous slanders in his paper regarding gentlemen of standing in society, and on one notable occasion had to endure personal chastisement at the hand of the low-minded individual who fancied himself aggrieved. Mr. R., however, with a spirit worthy of any of the martyrs of old (take your choice!) has always returned good for evil, and when smitten on the one cheek has turned—to the law for redress. We hear that he contemplates, in the near future, gaining possession of the *Mail*, over-coming the *World*, and over-turning the *Globe*. And he will do it if he makes up his mind to it. Let us hope that ere he accomplishes his dread purpose, a merciful Providence may intervene and lay him with the ashes of his fathers—that is—if anyone knows where they are. No man is worth anything that has not some mystery about him.

We are sorry that space prevents our saying a great deal more concerning this truly great and good man.

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