

**The 'True' Yarn of the Ballahoo.**

Communicated by Capt. BATES, Commander and Part Owner.



HE story lately sent to you, relating to the *Ballahoo*, was just about the biggest lie that ever was inspired by "Rye." A nastier lie of nastier tint, I've never seen in guilty print. I don't know who the dickens wrote that yarn about my luckless boat, but this I know, my name is BATES, and WILLIAM THOMPSON was my mate's.

I had the very finest crew Upon my barque the *Ballahoo* That ever swarmed a backstay up, Or drank a painful or a cup. Who were the best of sailor men But HARRY, JOE and NED and BEN? It's true they all had little thirsts And often went on little bursts, But goodness gracious! all of us Are fifty times as bad, or wuss. Well, not a skull of us was slayed Though quite a close escape we made. The questions that the pirate took From his exasperating book Made me feel faintly sick and ill, I feel the after-symptoms still. Think of his asking *all* the facts Connected with the Book of Acts! And how on earth was I to say What was the most unhappy day When Capt. COOK, head, legs and feet Was served up stewed at Hotsheet? I don't believe that I'm a fool, But fancy asking me the rule For multiplying two and two, And all about Hibernian stew! Upon my word I'm not a goose But what, the mischief, was the use Of stamping me with all that rot About the creed that PLATO taught! Oh! agonizing was my state When, lashed securely to the mate, I begged forgiveness in my prayers For all my numerous little "airs." You should have seen poor THOMPSON shake And vainly try a prayer to make. But, pshaw! he couldn't fetch a word, (He was an irreligious bird.) Bold HARRY, JOE and NED and BEN Are none of them religious men, They scorn their forks and use their knives And all lead lax, immoral lives; They're not the kind of chaps you'd pass As teachers for a Bible class, But, find yourself in nasty places, You'd bless those honest fellows' faces. Well HARRY up and says, says he, "Take off them lashings off o' me," "I ain't the least prepared to die," "Nor don't I, nohow, mean to try," "But, Mr. Pirate, mention this," "Who is Queen VICTORIA's sis?" "Who was ZEUSDEG's children's father?" "Which would you like, or go fishing rather?" "What was the Maid of Orleans made of?" "What was NAPOLEON's hair the shade of?" "Which do you think explodes the louder "Whiskey or Bon Ton baking powder?" The pirate chief looked badly "stuck" And wept despondent o'er his luck. What could the pirate do, but try As soon as possible—to die? He tore his collar from his neck, He slammed it down upon the deck. From out his pouch a rope he drew, And said, "Good bye to all of you," "No more to me is living worth," "Good bye, farewell, to all on earth." Around his neck the rope he tied, And shortly after we desisted



That very bloodstained pirate swung Upon the mizzen backstay—hung. / don't the least regret his fate, No more does WILLIAM T. my mate. "The other place" I'd rather grace Than meet above, that pirate's face.

So we escaped, and smartly too, Rejoicings rose amongst my crew. We lay insensible for days, (For weeks my honest Bo'n'n says), But that is neither here nor there, None but the brave deserve the fair, None but the fair deserve the brave, None but true Britons rule the wave!

ANANIAS BATES.

**Those Professorships.**

MY DEAR GRIP:

I have endeavored to comply with your request to feel the public pulse on the subject of the Classical Professorship. Of course I have been careful to interview only those who might be supposed to take a deep interest in that question. It is a matter of stupendous moment, since the practical effects of a thorough classical course are not to be mistaken. Mr. AUGUSTUS SCRAGGS, A.M., has passed through a thorough classical course, and the effects upon him are not to be mistaken. He is a man of simple tastes, but of profound judgment in such matters. I found him on the sunny side of his cabin, engaged in the effort to balance himself on the third and only remaining support of a three-legged stool. He is the husband of a meek-faced, dove-eyed, sorrowful looking woman, somewhat thin in flesh and of pale complexion, and the father of an interesting family of ten, all within the school age.

"I suppose, Mr. SCRAGGS," said I, "that you are interested in the question of who is to determine the methods, &c., of teaching Latin and Greek, &c., in the University."

Mr. SCRAGGS tucked the flags which he carried on either elbow into the holes where they belonged, switched a long flaxen lock of hair from off his lofty forehead and exclaimed emphatically: "I am. The welfare of the rising generation depends on it; and on behalf of these ten pledges of love *in esse*, which you see about you, and an indefinite number *in posse*, I am deeply concerned. If you want to bring up a family the several members of which will be a credit to themselves individually as well as to their country, teach 'em Latin and a little Greek. My father was a Latin and Greek scholar—in fact we are a classical family; and my children, from Pompey the eldest, down to Cleopatra, who is running around over there *in puris naturalibus*, that is to say, naked, shall study Latin. Give 'em plenty of it, and they will respect themselves and be respected for their learning. They will be certain to get through life without engaging in any degrading occupation. I am *in rebus angustis domi*, that is to say, I'm somewhat cramped financially, but I'm happy in contemplation of the fact that my Latin has saved me from all degrading pursuits. Had it not been for my *Alma Mater*, I might now have been following the plow or pounding away on a shoemaker's bench, or setting type, or been tied to some one of the thousand ignoble callings. Yes, sir, I am interested, and I take the attempt of the Minister of Education to import Oxford Professors as a personal insult. It's an insult to *Alma Mater* and all her children. It's equivalent to saying there are none of us of any account whatever, and that our benign mother is a failure."

At this point Mr. SCRAGGS was interrupted by a misunderstanding between Nos. 5, 6 and 8 of the junior SCRAGGSSES, in which ANTONY maintained, with some show of reason, that XENOPHON had poked him in the eye, while XENOPHON affirmed with equal plausibility, that HOMER did it, and that therefore ANTONY had struck him on the nose for no offense whatever, a view of the matter which was endorsed by JULIUS CÆSAR.

I left thoroughly impressed with the correctness of Mr. SCRAGGS' conviction, that the classics exert a potent influence upon the rising-generation, and that it is a matter of momentous concern who should fill the professor's chair, and that if, by some unforeseen casualty, it happens not to be filled at all, a great many

noble names would be lost to the world, and a legion of geniuses be doomed to laborious pursuits which would eventually bring run upon the country.

Respectfully Yours,  
SOLOMON S.

**Plucked.**

BY A NON-GRADUATE.

"And it came to pass." Now, I don't know any more irritating phrase in the English language than that same one I have just quoted. Pass-time is very far removed from the idea of recreation or diversion, or *divertissement*, as the French phrase it. It was a doleful time with me.

I am a medical student. I have studied medicine till my head is grey, and—on the higher parts thereof—actually bald. What is medicine? The science of *healing*. So say the dictionaries; but I maintain it is rather the science of becoming "well healed." All the successful surgeons that I know got uncommonly well "healed."—(pardon the slang). This was how it was. I read for a doctor. In order to get ready for being a doctor, you know. And I read hard. Between times (very much so) I studied the arts of drinking, swinging a (very) knobby stick, and studying the fashions as exemplified in Toronto's fair daughters on Yonge street. Somehow it was pleasant, (the study, I mean), while it lasted. But, the fatal hour arrived. The examinations were on. I fortified myself—with forty-rod—and calmly awaited the result of the operations of the body of inquisitors who were (literally and metaphorically) to *air* on me. My name was called. I entered the room. There was a mist round the whole place about that time. A voice from the gloom broke on my ear. It spoke thus:

"Why are the maxillaries of the spinal carotid complicated on the axis of the articular organism?"

My answer to this was: "Blamed if I can fathom!"

Again that voice was heard: "Where does the deglutition of the emergency occur in a case of collapse (after a row) *matris-in-tegic*?"

Answer—"Don't know the disease."

Question—(Illustrated with the thigh-bone of a fossil Heliogabalus Giganteus Antediluvianus). "Is the inside cavity of this bone hollow or the reverse?"

Answer—"Never been there, but it seems to me, on mature consideration, that it is convex-concave, according to your own stand-point."

The examiners said I might go.

Now, with a view to the pertinence and perspicacity of the above answers, I want to know *where* they wanted me to go to?

Help me to a solution of the above query, for I am at present in a quandary. Don't you think I'd do to go to Biddulph and study the theory of inquests, or should I sit on the Honorable ADAM CROOKS, meantime, and await developments?

CHARLIE ROSS, who swallowed a cartridge shell in Hamilton a few days ago, has coughed it up, and hopes are now entertained of his recovery. He is not the long-lost Charlie Ross, then, or no such hopes could be entertained.

"I don't wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a very polite gentleman, "but would merely remark, in the language of the poet, that to him truth is stranger than fiction."—*Lowell Sun*.

It is too bad that a man's creditors will all arrange themselves on the shady side of the street when he goes from dinner and make him walk down in the sun. It's mean to use God's sunlight to help collect a bill.—*McGrawyer News*.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to  
**FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.**  
First Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

For a GOOD SMOKE  
**USE MYRTLE NAVY**  
See T. & B. on each plug