

The Yarn of the "Ballahoo."

It was the good ship *Ballahoo*
Whose history I shall tell to you.
Her skipper's name was Capt. BATES,
And WILLIAM THOMPSON was her mate's.
Bold PETER, HARRY, JOE and BEN
Were good, old-fashioned sailor men,
All thoroughgoing salt sea dogs,
And with a thirst for countless "grogs,"
With boundless tastes for boundless "nips,"
In bucketfuls or little sips.
The others, PATRICK, NED and MIKE
Were not the kind of men you'd like;
They'd scruple not to tell you lies,
Or say rude things about your eyes,
And all possessed in various ways
Some other mean and nasty traits.



One day the captain as he walked
His quarterdeck, and sang and talked,
Observed, about his weather beam,
A bloodstained pirate's trousers gleam.
The pirate was a lanky craft,
With tapering spars well raking aft;
The black flag flying from her gall
Would make you weep instead of laugh,
And o'er her rail grim faces peered
As up the bloodstained pirate steered.
The agony of Capt. BATES
Was only equalled by his mate's
At hearing his old orders grim
Which shortly were addressed to him:
"Ahoy! Aboard the *Ballahoo*,
Back yer main-yard! quickly too,
Up with yer helm and I leave her to."

The captain did as he was bid;
Close up the bloodstained pirate slid,
And, shortly after, thirty-four
Of rascals such as we've before
Upon the *Ballahoo* had stopped,
Upon the luckless vessel leaped,
The rage and horror of the crew
Upon the ill-starred *Ballahoo*
Was only equalled by the mate's,
And by the skipper's, Capt. BATES.

The pirates tied the luckless crew
In cramped positions, two by two,
And bound the legs of Capt. BATES
Securely to his frightened mate's.
Cold trembling fits attacked their knees,
Which shook like boughs from aspen trees;
Cold perspiration from their necks
Quite literally washed the decks.



The pirate chieftain gravely took
From out his vest a little book
(Like one in which you write receipts
For making pies and cooking meats).
He said: "Oh listen, all of you,
Belonging to the *Ballahoo*;
I'm not so bloodstained as I look,
I've got some questions in this book,
And on my honor now I say
If you but answer one, to-day,
I'll let you go scot free away;
But if you can't, you'll walk this plank,
And have none but yourselves to thank.

If you had seen the pallid look
Spread o'er the face of MIKE, the cook,
And o'er the mugs of PAT and NED,
You'd just have laughed till you were dead.
The pirate in a solemn tone
Resembling much a bagpipe's drone
Propounded from his little book,
"Pray who was Mr. PICKWICK's cook?"
"Tell me who was Invention's mother?"
"And who was SIMON PETER's brother?"
"Enumerate the lending facts
Connected with the Book of Acts?"

"Tell me that most unhappy date
On which poor Captain COOK was ate?"
"How many, pray, are two times two?"
"And who invented Irish stew?"
"Try to recall the best receipt
For curing corns on gouty feet."
"How do you make a Gordian knot?"
"What was the creed that PRATO taught?"
"Who was it BODICEA cursed?"
"How do you cure a drunkard's thirst?"

The pirate stopped, quite out of breath,
And so, before him, still in death,
Lay all the erstwhile happy crew
That worked the good ship *Ballahoo*.
And cold and still lay Capt. BATES
His legs still lashed unto the mate's,
Bold PETER, HARRY, JOE and BEN,
Those good and thirsty sailor men,
Lay one and all so pale and dead,
And so did MIKE and PAT and NED.
These awful questions chased away
The breath from their unhappy day.

Bemoan with me the ill-used crew
That sailed the good ship *Ballahoo*.



The "Ladies' Journal" Man.

MR. GRIP has had a number of letters of remonstrance addressed to him over the "Enterprising Publisher" last week. He has, in consequence, a fine collection of autographs of the leading journalists of Toronto in his waste-paper basket. Every individual publisher in the city thought that he was meant. Mr. GRIP therefore, this week, sets the matter at rest by giving the portrait of the particular man obscurely referred to in said poem, and takes this opportunity of explaining why it could not have been GORDON BROWN, because (1. B. isn't nice looking, and his "nose and chin they threaten ether." (See GRIP's sketches of Gordon, and consult the works of the late R. BURNS, Esq.). Nor BUNTING, because, at the Exhibition time, he spread himself over all the flagstaves in the neighborhood, and every one was thus familiar with his *tout ensemble*, and couldn't make any mistake about his identity. Nor ROSS ROBERTSON because R. R. doesn't know enough. Nor HORTON, of the *World*, because ALBERT is too good looking. Nor WOOLTON of the *Dominion Churchman*, because he's too goody-goody. Nor CLARK of the *Sentinel*, because he's too fiery. Nor the *Tribune* man because he's too green. Nor BOYLE of the *Irish Canadian*, because he's too hot. We forget what is the particular point, Fahrenheit, where he affects water—but it's pretty high. The "Boyne water," however, affects him right away.

GRIP hopes the discussion will now cease and the persecution close.

Canadian Men of Letters.

REV. C. PELHAM MULVANT, BY G. MERCER ADAM, ESQ.

The subject of this sketch was born in Ireland, and he has ever retained feelings of fervent patriotism towards the land of his birth. So much is this the case that he always displays a map of it immediately beneath the anterior rim of his hat. He is entitled to the highest praise for his literary talents which are exhibited in his various contributions to leading magazines in the shape, both of prose and poetry. In the latter he has been charged with being of "the fleshy school" and a follower of SWINBURNE, but the charge is unfounded, for Mr M. himself informs us that his favorite models and the ob-

jects of his profoundest admiration are, and have always been, the works of the late Dr. ISAAC WATTS, and the selection known by the name of MOODY and SANKEY'S. His writings are remarkable for their clearness (except when he writes in Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Farsi or Bengalee), and are pervaded by a wonderfully strong religious feeling. He is a rigid ascetic, and it is darkly hinted that he wears a hair-shirt. He is a strong High-Churchman, and has a great partiality for stoles and candles and gargoyles and chasubles, and the various other paraphernalia of ritualism. He also strongly advocates the confessional, at least, for ladies, and scouts the idea of its having any but the most beneficial effects. He has finally taken up his residence in Toronto, and bids fair to eclipse even GOLDWIN SMITH by the brilliancy of his contributions to Canadian literature.

A Journalistic Blunder.

"Three daughters of W. H. Gibbs, Esq., of Oshawa, have married gentlemen residing in Cincinnati. Mr. Gibbs calls himself a strong advocate of the N.P., but this isn't the way to encourage home industry."—*Markham Economist*.

Dear brother scribe, 'tis sad to see you make
So very grave and glaring a mistake:
Economist domestic you may be,
But not domestic, or you'd surely see
How GRIBS is patriotically wise,
And to dispose of surplus produce tries.

"Home industries," my friend, could never meet
Encouragement more suitable and sweet;
When costly stock accumulates, be sure
That exportation is the common cure:
SMITH, MILL, and BASTIAN must be telling fibs
If a good move has not been made by GRIBS.

Three foreign swains three well-bred damsels choose,
And, when they own them, how can they refuse
To lead them, feed them, homeward book them through,
Pay cost of carriage, and the duty too?
Transport and export are at once achieved,
The nymphs are happy, and papa relieved.

Newspaper Morality.

This week there seems to be a regular *emueu* among our brethren of the pen. There must be a strong religious revival spreading among editors, and we are glad to see it. We only hope it is both infectious and contagious. A few of the good men are shocked at the unacknowledged scissoring of some of the other Saints of the sanctum. We don't want to give our *confreres* away, but, if they don't mend their ways, we will state plainly that the Napanee *Beaver* and the Belleville *Intelligencer* are in doubt which is the culprit. The *Beaver* man is charged by the *Intelligencer* man with,—well,—theft, with malice prepense, and the funny thing about it is that the latter says in plain terms, that if the former does not repent and mend his ways, he himself will, in virtue of the *lex talionis*, steal wholesale from the *Beaver*. There is a similar racket among the scribes of the Maritime provinces, but we can't somehow remember which exactly was the felon—they got so mixed, and there were so many of them. Anyhow "Ancient Henry" seems to be "to pay." At the same time, in spite of the proverb, there seems to be no lack of hot pitching into each other. And, to cap the whole, the Guelph *Mercury* calls the London *Tiser* the biggest liar in America. Evidently the millennium isn't quite here yet.

When you see a young man sitting beside a much banged or frizzed young lady in a railroad car, or a theatre, and his arm sort of instinctively crawls around the seat in close proximity to her dollar store necklace and back hair, you may feel assured that he is not her brother. And the chances are less than one in a hundred they are married.—*Meriden Recorder*.