

THE GRAVE OF THE ALABAMA.

A BALLAD.

"Both vessels made seven complete circles, at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile."—*English Paper.*

And they circled each other in mazy rounds,
As the hawk swoops over head;
And the Alabama, her decks of snow,
Were plashed with a dabbled red.

And the scream of the shell and the whistle of shot,
Came over the waters blue;
'Till a hundred pound bolt from the Kearsago came,
And cut the bold rover through.

Then stout Semmes looked alow and aloft,
And he spake to his helmsman gray:
"Now, thou art a bull-dog of English breed,
Say, what of our chanco to day?"

The helmsman gray took a pull at the wheel,
And, "Well, Captain Semmes," says he;
"That last big shot, it has given us h—,
And then Yanks the victory.

"I hear the water a rushing fast,
Through the ports on the larboard bow;
And never back to North Caroline,
Shall the proud Alabama go.

"For in forty fathoms of water deep,
Full soon shall the good ship lie."

"Then head her about," says Captain Semmes,
"And a stretch for the shore we'll try."

So they headed her on for the Cherbourg shore,
But she scudded her down full fast;
And the green waves leaped through the lower ports,
With the breath of the summer blast.

And the good ship groaned as a thing of life,
And shivered as if in dread;
And at last, with a long and a rolling lurch,
Sank slowly by the head.

And now forty fathom beneath the waves,
Does the bold Alabama lie;
But both hull and mast, she fought to the last,
And *that* is her lullaby.

And never commander of Yankee barque,
But paled him when Semmes drew near;
For from Sandus Straits to the North Sea dark,
All knew the bold privateer.

'Till the *Kearsago* came with a double force,
And might it has conquered nigh;
Though Captain Semmes he swears hard and fast,
"There are more ALABAMA'S still."

Con.

— When is the helm of one of "England's Men of War," like one of the best generals the South has produced?—When it is a-Loo.

— An American hearing that there was a fire in his neighbourhood, and that it might possibly consume his house, took the precaution to *bolt* his own door, that he might be, so far at least, before-hand with the devouring element.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Toronto, June 30, 1864.

DEAR GRUMBLER.—As every one seems anxious to propound some constitutional change, and in the *Leader* of June 30th the programme of a Mr. Paul J. Tickle is set forth at length, will you be kind enough to insert in your witty periodical my scheme, which, I flatter myself, is worthy of consideration. First: I would have the seat of the legislature fixed permanently. Ottawa, Quebec, and Montreal are, from locality, unnatural and false positions; and I propose that suitable buildings be erected on our Island, and that the "Ripple" be specially chartered, during the summer months, for the conveyance of members of the two chambers to and from the Island, and that, in winter, skates be provided free of charge. Should the bay be only partially frozen, the members must wait. Secondly: The maritime provinces should be called shortly, "Cab" (after Cabot); Lower Canada, "Brougham" (after the celebrated statesman); and Upper Canada, "Barouche," three significant, and, I flatter myself, relative terms. Thirdly: That the Mayor of Toronto, duly elected, shall be Viceroy over these three provinces, or, that the gallant Tom King shall be summoned from England, always with the permission of the Imperial Government. Fourthly: That once a year a species of Convention be held at Toronto, each of these grand divisions sending four members to the united Convention. That the Mayor, or Viceroy, be entitled to the casting vote, and that he shall preside over the deliberations of such Convention. Fifthly: That during the Convention the members shall dine alternately at the Terrapin, Joe Gregor's, and Smith's, and that one shilling and three pence be allowed for each member's beer and dinner. Sixthly: That Parliaments shall last twenty-one years, at least; and that the franchise shall be extended to all *bona fide* owners of a pig, a bagatelle board, or a good dry skittle ground. Seventhly: That the Upper House shall be elected for life, and that all the members shall be at least seventy years of age, so as to command that reverence due to grey hairs. Eighthly: That there be only one newspaper allowed to report the debates; and that the respective editors of the *Globe*, *Leader*, *Mirror*, *Irish Canadian*, *Freeman* and *Christian Guardian*, do toss up for the first choice.

Yours, &c., another

PAUL J. TICKLE

Excursionists.

— Cheap travelling seems to be the order of the day just now, and amongst the many places which, we think, is likely to be popular, is up to Sault Ste. Marie, on the steamer "Algoma." Lake Simcoe is also as pleasant as ever; but the drawbacks on this route, in the shape of a vulgar and impertinent captain, is likely—unless a new boat is put upon the route—to be very injurious to the people at Orillia and other points, as excursionists will not go twice on a trip where they are forced to put up with a boorish and unfit captain. We hope the parties interested in the route will remedy this evil by next summer.

Scene from the unfinished Drama of "Dannebrowne."

[*Curtain rises and discovers a Legislative Hall—Members in attendance—An air of wonder seems to pervade the assembly—A man of gigantic stature rises and speaks.*]

"Sir, unto you, the Speaker of this House—So called from *lucus sed non a lucendo*—I do address myself, in accents Northern, Which, haply, not all heeded, meet the ear Of listening patriots. Rude am I in person, Some say ungrainly—*there* opinions differ; But 'tis no matter. Here I take my stand, And hence proclaim, in voice all guttural (With natural emotion, that this day I, With the Attorney-General, sage Macdonald, My cherished Craftier, and the noble Galt, (Whose generous spirit Montreal well knows) I say, with these a solemn league have I Signed, sealed, and now proclaim it. Is there one Of all my followers, of undoubted Grit, Will charge me with wrong doing? Never a one! I know my motives, pure as icicles That point, with fingers fair and crystalline, From humble homestead, or Niagara's falls. What unto me is place, or power, or pension? Rather, far rather, would I kick my heels On Scottish greensward, rolling 'neath the sun, Than stand the Premier of this House to-day. For power is but a pillory, where the heart Freezes, too far removed from out the spell, The magic spell of friendship and of love.

Pie on this weakness! (*weeps*) these are honest Not onion born, but unadulterate brine, [tears, That now adown my cheeks are gently stealing.

For, alas! I think—" (M. Dorion interrupts: "Jorge, vat you now tink?")

"Dorion! that mine old friends may shrink, and say, 'He has deserted us!' 'Tis hard to bear

That cold, calm, quiet sneer, worse, Ah! much worse By far, than jeering taunt, than mocking laugh,

For, from an enemy, these things are due, And we expect them, and so sternly brace Our minds and hearts to pitch of heroism;

But when our friends, Ah me! that I should say so, Say, with abated breath, 'Twig the deserter,"

'Tis hard, indeed, 'tis hard! But yet, my country, Thou art engaged in my heart's inmost core."

(M. Dorion again interrupts him: "And de lofes and fishes so ver moche more!"

[*Great confusion—the curtain falls.*]

Corporation Blowers.

— We are sorry to state that there is no improvement in the old ladies who look after our affairs at the City Hall. Night after night is wasted with useless discussion. Edwards moving senseless amendments; Strachan using elegant language; Baxter explaining, for the information of the Council, his share in contract for stone to the City; Canavan and Dickey about equal, and nearly as good as 23 per cent. James; and last, but not least, that classic old Mayor, who has about as much idea of what course the Mayor of Toronto should pursue in matters that may come up, as Councilman Dunn would with kid gloves. But when Medcalf is Mayor, who can object to Dunn as Councilman? More in our next.