

THE CHASE OF THE ALABAMA.

A BALLAD.

Now hearken, all true mariners

Who plough the stormy main,
To a tale of famous Captain Semmes,
Who is hoive in sight again.

'Tis only in December last,
'63, *anno mundi*,
The *Vanderbilt* his vessel chased
Right through the Straits of Sunda.

All day the *Alabama* ran,
But scarcely held her own;
Wherefore up spoke bold Captain Semmes,
When that the sun went down:

"I've a plan my lads," says he,
"So we'll try a Yankee cram,
And make an honest merchantman
Of the saucy *Alabama*."

"Put out the fires, shut off the steam,
Unship the tall-tale funnel,
A merchantman of Uncle Sam's,
We'll be from spars to gunnel!"

The crew they nimbly went to work
To make the lion a lamb,
By dawn she was a trading barque,
Was the saucy *Alabama*.

On came the roaring *Vanderbilt*,
And "Barque, ahoy!" says she,
"Have you seen ever a steamer lay
Upon the midnight sea?"

"Ho, ship ahoy!" says Captain Semmes,
"A steamer we did see,
Three points upon our larboard bow,
And she was going free."

"She was a long, low, ugly craft,
"But God bless Uncle Sam,
I hearn he's driving from the seas
That cursed *Alabama*."

Away then went the *Vanderbilt*,
After the chase so plain;
Says Captain Semmes, "When his hull's down
We'll rig up taut again."

"And drink success to that Captain's cruise,
He's a credit to Uncle Sam,
Though he'll be rifed when he gets the news,
That our story was *All a bam a*."

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

RUMPUS AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

PROF. WEIR SACKED.

JOHN RAILROAD DICKSON, M.D. RESIGNED.

MONSTER MEETING OF STUDENTS, PROFESSORS AND ROWDIES AT THE CITY HALL.

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT.

At an early hour the streets of Kingston were placarded with inflammatory posters, announcing that a monster meeting of the Students of Queen's College would be held at the City Hall in the evening, with reference to the recent row at the

College, and to denounce "the unfair, cowardly and un-British act of the Trustees in giving Prof. Weir the sack in Midwinter, without a cause." At the hour appointed for the meeting, the Hall was jammed with excited students, professors and rowdies vociferating in a boisterous manner. With great difficulty order was obtained and John Railroad Dickson, M.D., called to the chair. The Chairman in an excited and vehement manner harangued the crowd on what he had done for the College, and how little he received for it; that the meeting had been called at his instance to show the Principal and Trustees that he didn't care a tinker's curse for either and that he had more friends among the Students than the Principal against whose devoted head the Chairman's lingual thunders were chiefly launched—he considered Leach unfit by education, parts, or a knowledge of physic, to fill the Principal's chair. A knowledge of physic he held to be a *sine qua non*. The chief burden of his complaint was not by any means the wrong done to Weir, whose merit, or the right or wrong of whose dismissal he discussed not, but that the Government gave annually \$1,000 to the Medical Faculty, and he got none of it—that he was inadequately paid—that he knew more than any other professor in the Institution—was 30 years practising physic and ought to be President instead of Leach. The Chairman then read his own resignation in a most emphatic style, pausing betimes to explain its hidden meaning to the crowd who would otherwise have remained in ignorance of the signification of the misty document, and concluded a most violent egotistical and ungrammatical sputter by apostrophizing the City Branch Railroad—what benefits it had conferred upon the place, and what still greater good results would have accrued from it, had the City had the gumption to have voted the \$10,000 to purchase the right of way for him when he had the contract.

The Rev. Bible Burnet then entered the ring, pitched off his coat and went at Leach and the Trustees in slashing style. Dr. McQuesten must have had a hard nut to crack when he encountered Bible Burnet in Hamilton—his Reverence is of the genuine Church Militant here on earth—a master of posture and grimace—replete with anecdote—and endowed with a glib speech, he possesses all the elements of a bunkum speaker, on a stump top at a political mass meeting he'd be master of the occasion. He dissected the College Charter—exploded the Statutes of the Senate—beslobbered Weir—whittled Leach and the Trustees to shavings and cut up Cain and consternation generally in twinkling. His speech was received with tremendous applause by the Students whose proverbial tendency to excitability was in no measure allayed by copious libations to the God of Liquids, before entering the hall. So soon as the Rev. gentleman finished his speech to the graduates and under-graduates of Queen's College at Kingston, one of the Students chizzed at the expelled Professor, pulled a paper from his breeches pocket, fumbled it in a phrenzied manner and in a tone between the grating of a huck-saw on a shell-bark hickory, and the

squeaking of Prof. Mowat, read an address of condolence to the Students, to which the Professor in touching terms replied, deploring his ejection from his College Chair in mid-winter, with the present exorbitant price of fuel and his family so ill provided for. He concluded by thanking the students for their sympathy, and expressed a hope that it would take a practical form in the shape of a subscription for him and his family—as good precept without example, is like good counsel without effect. The Professor's reply was most impressive and moved several of the maudlin freshmen to tears. At this juncture a general rush was made by the Students for the rostrum and a fight ensued between them as to who should have the floor. The Chairman, unable to quell the tumult declared the meeting dissolved when a scene of clamour and confusion ensued which baffles description, amid which our reporter left. This ended the monster indignation meeting—a grand fizzle. If the meeting had taken place at the instance of any other person than John Railroad Dickson, M.D., the movement would have been cordially endorsed by the citizens, for unquestionably a very great wrong has been done to Professor Weir. But the Doctor's reputation for selfishness is so thoroughly established that people declined to countenance the movement when initiated by him, suspecting that he had some selfish motive for so doing—and the sequel proved that his conduct in this case, was no exception to the rule with him. He did naught at the meeting but relate the sad story of his own wrongs—what an eminent fellow he was, how much he had done for the College—and then tried to win a name for independence by reading his resignation of his chair in the College. A fig for his independence, but applause for his prudence in leaving the Institution like a well-bred cur, when he saw preparations making to kick him out.

The blackguard manner in which the Government of Queen's College is conducted is a scandal to the Province, and calls loudly for a suspension of its charter. The Institution has become a one man power in the hands of Leach, the unscrupulous Principal. Professors are dismissed without a trial or even a charge being preferred against them, in gross violation of the Charter, and without even the courtesy of notice commonly extended to a groom. Brats of boys, graduates of the College and minions of Leach—to use the simile of Bible Burnet—embellish the hall of Queen's College, and are appointed to chairs. Broils of the most unseemly nature take place continually between the different faculties. Students meeting together in the College after hours, are forcibly dismissed by the Police by order of the Principal and Johnny Paton. The Classes are deserted for the neighbouring places of amusement—confidence exists nowhere—and general anarchy reigns supreme.

The Credit Bridge accident.

—The sad accident at the Credit Bridge is a heavy *debit* against the efficiency of the safety arrangements of the Company.