

The bannered hosts, the sword, and spear,
All tell war's triumphs of the year.

Hail Italy! thou, too, art free,—
The land of Art, Romance, and Song,—
Thy people shout of Liberty,
And dare to banish every wrong;
Even Superstition starts to flee
To other climes beyond the sea!

O could the soul of DANTE rise,
And gaze upon his country now,—
What joy would gladden in his eyes,
And light his stern, reflective brow,
Who long foretold lov'd Freedom's reign
Over every fair Italian plain.

Turn we once more the scroll of Time,
And look upon this Western shore,
So favored over every clime
In all that aids to fill man's store.
By industry, he wealth can gain,
While Freedom everywhere doth reign.

But here doth Faction raise its head,
Beneath the banner of the free,
While slumber on the valiant dead,
Who fought for truth and liberty.
What, shall it e'er in time be said
That blood, alas, in vain was shed!

But sweet tranquility now dwells
Where e'er the dark St. Lawrence rolls

Its tides of water,—thro' its dells,
The home of brave and valiant souls,
Who nobly fought, and bled, and died,
When Fenian hordes our flag defied.

United soon, we all shall stand
Beneath the flag we nobly prize;
The red cross floats through our fair land,
Tho' braggart traitors may despise!
We shout for Union as before,—
From East to West, from shore to shore.

Despite commotion, strife, and war,
Art, science, still achieve their aim—
The continents united are,
And speak good will to each again;
Oh, may the globe soon girdled be,
By electric chains from sea to sea!

Hail! Britain in thy proud domain,
We pay thee homage now in song!
Long may thy loved Victoria reign,
And statesmen wise around her throng,—
To build the nation high in power,
And guard her in the evil hour.

Kind patrons, now, we bid adieu,
And ask once more your willing aid
That we, the *Stamp* world, may review,
The *issues* that will yet be made.
In every clime beneath the sun,
Stamps mark the progress man has won!

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE."

GOLD and TINSEL.

BY ARTHUR ARCHER.

CHAPTER I.

"And so Cousin, you have made up your mind to break your engagement with Charles Rivers," said Ellen Foster to her Cousin Alice Alton, as they sat together in the recess of the window, one fine summer evening.

"I have," replied Alice.

"Your resolution is a foolish one, and made without proper consideration."

"By no means." I have thought over the matter enough. Heaven knows the struggle has been a hard one! but how can I ever take a man for a husband who has so little self-respect as to embark in a career of dissipation and folly? One who does not respect himself cannot be expected to regard his wife."

"You certainly put the matter in a strong light Cousin Alice, but I would like to ask you do you ever expect to marry a perfect husband?"

"You shall be answered; I do not expect perfection, but I do expect my husband to possess good principles, and a proper self-respect. If he possesses these qualities he will be the more likely to love and appreciate his wife."

"Well you may argue with me and silence me with your fine logic, but you cannot convince me that Charles Rivers is quite so black as he has been painted, and I think in the end you will find that in breaking your engagement with him you have done a very foolish thing."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because Charles Rivers whatever may be his faults, possesses a kind and generous heart and a noble nature, and if you begin your search for perfection by slighting him, you will end it in sorrow and disappointment. It is easy for a woman to set up an ideal standard of perfection for the man she expects to marry, but she need not hope that by doing so she will make men better, or more discreet in their younger days. You say that Charles Rivers has been dissipated formerly, that you have been deceived in him, and that the echo of his wild college career is just now reaching your ears.—Of course you are shocked to know that he was considered one of the wildest young men at Harvard University, but let me tell you that if you take all the men out of the world who have been wild in their youth, there will not be many left who will make much figure in it."

"Really cousin Ellen, you plead the cause of the wild young men well. If I did not know better I would think you were interested in some one of them yourself."