

Concessions from tyrants are preludes to war.

On Italy's mountains, her valleys, her plains,
Where Nature in beauty surpassingly reigns,
The war-cry was heard, and her children's
life-blood

Streamed over the land like a crimsoning
flood;

Oppression had striven, with merciless hand,
To rivet the fetters that selfishness planned,
But chafed with the pressure, for freedom
athirst,

Oppressed ones determined those fetters to
burst,

And led by a hero, whose virtuous mind,
Sought only the good of his country and kind,
They rushed to the battle, to combat for
right,

Nor long was the conflict, for first in the fight
The "red-shirted" hero undauntedly shone
With effort too pure for reward or a throne.
And now that success has been sent where
the aim

Was saving a people from thralldom and
shame.

May Prudence continue what boldness attain-
ed

And Wisdom establish what victory gained.

On a page of the past, there is mentioned a
day

When a Prince on his journey, came rambling
this way;

He a *real* Prince was, not a "count" nor a
"lord."

But the son of a Queen, by her subjects adored,
Amidst booming of cannon, whose roar, al-
though loud,
Scarcely equalled the cheers of a jubilant
crowd,—

The waving of banners, and an anthem's sweet
strain,

Prancing steeds, clashing sabres, and drench-
ings of rain,

Umbrellas extended, from which drippings
ran on

Bonnets, dresses, and shawls, till their glory
was gone,

And foul mud that bespattered high over the
knees,—

His young Highness was landed,—in horrors
like these.

When our Mayor, with elegant bow, and
sweet smile,

Read over the address, in his very best style.
Then onward the sinuous procession was
marched

Through crowds that were staring, and
through streets that were arched,

To worry the train, had a fee been presented.
Even doctors left sick rooms, the concourse
to swell,

Thus giving their patients a chance to get
well.

And the judges, good men, ever ready to
please,

In the cortege rode on, seeming quite at their
ease.

For a wonder, the clergy were found to unite,
And turned out in neck-ties of immaculate
white.

There also appeared our city Recorder,
With laced hat and toga in finest of order,
Mayor Rodier shone bright, as the city's up-
holder,

With civic gold chain on his bosom and
shoulder.

The Societies mustered, as all are aware,
For St. Patrick's, St. George's, St. Andrew's
were there;

But the "Friends of poor Paddy" above all
the rest

Were considered, for splendid arrangement,
the best,

For their President, Collis, wore circling his
neck,

A pure massive gold badge, free from tarnish
or speck;

So that he and the Mayor were all that we find,
Were so dazzlingly splendid, as almost to
blind,—

And attracted such notice, that both on that
day

Were considered fine men—but each one in
his way;

So the pageant rolled on with its medley of
forms,

Like a restless big wave that was cradled by
storms;

Or it looked, speaking plain, as it swayed up
and down,

Like a monster menagerie just come to town.

But His Highness, God bless him, while mov-
ing along

In the midst of that motley and glittering
throng,

With his modest demeanor, and juvenile
face,—

Striking contrast to hairy-faced Newcastle's
Grace,—

Was the object on which the fair ladies' bright
eyes

Kept lingering with looks that description
defies;

And their raptures broke out in praises so
zealous,

That lovers that day, of the Prince were
quite jealous.

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