

have no better record at hand from which to give a summary of the day's proceedings, we give a poetical description, in which we believe all the prominent occurrences of the day are faithfully recorded :

“ Triumphant banners waved on high, festoons and arches gay
Decked the fair City of our Land on its first Centennial day!
The voice of cannon ushered in the glad auspicious morn,
While gaily on the wakening air, the bell's loud peals were borne.

Music resounded thro' the streets, its glorious breath was heard—
While the free, proud folds of England's Flag, the gentle south wind stirred;
And loudly broke the martial drums in triumph on the ear—
As the gallant Troops in war's array were proudly marshaled there.

Then came the “ Grand Procession ” with its flags of every hue,
And its many colored badges in beauty gleaming through,
As the various orders marched along—of every creed and name—
The LION FLAG of England by the fold of soldier's fame.

Acadia's Mayflower banner seemed proudest still to glow
With its brief appropriate motto—“ We bloom amidst the snow ! ”
While the loyal words traced on its folds, were only equalled by
The loyal hearts that beat beneath those folds triumphantly.

Proud England and old Scotland's sons, with Erin's children passed—
Their banners gleaming in the light—by Acadia's sunshine cast ;
The “ Sons of Temperance ” came next, and the heart throbb'd high to see
Such a noble army witnessing our land's morality.

But the picture had a darker side, as slowly passed along
The first free owners of the soil, a small and wasted throng,—
'Twas sad to see the tatter'd garb, to meet the sunken eye
And hollow cheek, that marked each form as the Micmac train passed by.

The Engines gaily festooned with flowers and evergreen,
Lent beauty and security to the swiftly changing scene ;
The merry Africans marched on with their flags of quaint design,
While the proud and ancient order of Free Masons closed the line.

When eve ruled o'er the City, what a glorious blaze of light
Streamed out from many a window, on the shadow of the night,
While a green and tasteful archway illuminated high—
Surmounted with revolving lights—flashed strong and brilliantly ;

Casting a rich and rainbow glow on the fountains playing near,
Which gave glad freshness to the eye, and music to the ear ;
Transparencies gleamed brightly forth, hung round with wreaths of flowers,
All telling by some loyal types, that BRITAIN'S Queen was ours.

Illuminated crowns were seen, letters of coloured light,
While Starry rockets sought the sky, and danced athwart the night ;
And the FLAG STAFF lit from mast to deck, gleamed out upon the sea,
While loudly broke in haughty strength her bold artillery.

No words of discord met the ear, amidst the countless band,
Who met on that Centennial day of Nova Scotia's land,
Peace, quietude and order, reigned throughout the busy scene,
Marking a loyal race, who love their Country and their Queen!

These forms will all be low in dust, forgotten long before
Another Centenary breaks on Nova Scotia's shore.—
But may a proud and happy home, a prosperous land and free,
Be left to their descendants, throughout all futurity.

As the Patron Saints of their respective countries each have a day celebrated in their honour among us, we do not see why our brave ancestors are not entitled to as much consideration as the mythical beings under the cognomens of George, Andrew and Patrick ; and we think their descendants should honor in especial manner the anniversary of their landing on our shores, and prove to their adopted fellow-countrymen that Nova Scotians are as willing and ready to appreciate real benefits, as they are to commemorate imaginary ones.