

CARRIERS'

TO THE P

OF THE

MONTREAL TR

JANUARY

Oh, swiftly flies Time!—how quickly comes
round
The season when greetings and treatings
abound,
Yet New Years, though welcome, indelibly
trace
The wrinkles of age, as they pass, on the
face;
Still, though their recurrence will certainly
shed
A silvery ripeness on many a head,
We hail with delight the approach of the
day
That casts those enjoyments of life in our
way,
Whose yearly returnings are sure to impregn
The soul with that kindness, that keeps the
heart green.

Well worthy of record, and startlingly clear,
Are scenes that are crowded within the past
year:

How Liberty struggled to remedy woes,
And Tyranny gasped in expiring throes;
How despots conceded, in hopes to avert,
The strife that impends, when their subjects
assert

A right to that freedom of action and mind
Inscribed on the charter that God gave man-
kind—

Away with their sinister promises,—for
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

There were valiant police, with pot stick and
white belt,
No sugar nor salt men, that a shower might
melt,
But a strong able-bodied, and hard-fisted
corps,
That could capture old vagrants, or drunkards
could floor.
There were bands of fine music, that strode
on together,
With Lecompte at their head, in gold lace
and red feather.
There were scarlet-clad soldiers, who often
had won
A stoutly fought battle, with the bayonet and
gun.
There were sturdy brigades of brave firemen
too,
In their jackets and trowsers of red, white
and blue.
There were squadrons of horsemen, to hinder
a crush,
When the crowd, ever eager, seemed likely to
rush—
Bold, strapping, mustachoeed dragoons, never
loath
To hurl at a crusher a trooper's round oath.
There were cocked-hat officials, long, short,
lean and fat,
And a bishop beside, in triangular hat;
With lawyers in plenty, who wouldn't have
lamented
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.

The swell
Imparting
The temple
With all A
Its ceiling
That taste
In circles
With clea
fines.
The tables
That heart
pare.
There wer
array,
And side
play :
There we
make,
Suggestive
take,—
And pastry
One's teeth
Confection
light
They mel
bite,—
Indigenou
With other
While vas
Diffused o
Nor must
Adopted fo
On butlers
For founta
The rich o
slow,
While spe