

**THE  
LAUREAT'S LAY.**  
Respectfully Presented to the  
PATRONS OF  
SCIENCE & MANNERS.  
**CHRONICLE.**

Saint John / since last the News Boy came  
To wish A Good New Year,  
The fountain in King's Square has been  
A wonder full and near.

The fountain bubbled for a day,  
The "Noyse" is bubbling still,  
And Ritchie's bubble burst last poll,  
Upon the Court House hill.

Peace to Saint John's triumphant!  
The Opposition Three—  
Are like the fountain in the Square:  
Thus shall the mighty be!

Now where the fountain stood, there stands  
A pyramid of snow—  
Called to life by the sun, the Pyramid  
Of Poverty and Co.

And if you don't believe me, go  
And see it in the Square—  
"Black clouds in empty space" rest on't;  
The pyramid is there!

Science and Art a Palace built,  
A mirror for their skill—  
A nice Glass Palace, that was seen  
Some time near Jeffrey's Hill.

The farmer and mechanic there  
In competition stood;  
And the result at length decided  
This British Province's fate.

More wages to the farmer fall,  
Whose shoulders bear our trade—  
Give fame to whom that fame is due—  
But glory to the spade!

Brew to those, whose handiwork  
Adorn our little sky—  
Giving to needful things the form  
Of beauty to the eye!

Cryed on! Yankees! fight strong,  
Protect our Artists' toll—  
Nor cast out in diabolom song,  
To grace Columbia's soil!

Saint John / no more in Lower Core  
Shall Sunday lie dead;  
A good new church has risen there,  
A good old man at head.

But a dark shade is on thy streets,  
You green hills may deplore—  
Laws! Justice! art thou set?  
Good Chapman is no more!

Now to thy Honorable House  
The hurrying News boy turns—  
And as he paints the working hands,  
The drabish number mounts.

Oh! would you take a boy's advice,  
And work as Boys do'st,  
For greater would you find your power,  
Nor even abuse your trust?

And yo' whose tongues on Railroads run,  
If yet ye caution rock,  
Give us no Yankee trick—but give  
A Railroad to Quebec!

Turning I look to Englands' plains,  
Bent by the waves of Rouen—  
England! triumphant as her cliffs  
Against the feather'd fowl!

Guy Fawkes' plot and Nero's boll  
Against her are the same—  
How foolish, Wiseamant! didst thou think  
The Lion's need to tame?

The Fair of Nations now is o'er  
The Palace fair is past—  
The Gospel pathway to the world,  
Has bound the nations fast.

Prince of all fair! since mighty times  
First linked it on the sod;  
What to the park was Leipzig show,  
Or even Novgorod?

Ne'er since ploughs on courts began,  
Was such a loud shout—  
There then the Yankees walked behind,  
And Britons walked before!

From France in Russia's golden cage,  
Mute as some heartless birds—  
From Spain still napping on her bults—  
Who can desire a word?

To Turkey, refuge of mankind  
From the grim Russian Bear,  
Rise a proud heart, all Christian lands!  
Her name is every where!

While flows the Bosphorus afar,  
The Sultan's name shall glide  
To every ear in music sweet,  
On Memory's mouthful tide!

Italia! cast thy chains from thee—  
Galvazzi pleads thy case;  
Cast from thy hills the Triple Crown,  
And turn the mighty race!

Italia! France's barons,  
And Nero's bold are gone;  
Mazzini from his exile bursts,  
Old Roman hearts move on

Dark Yellow Tyber from thy shores,  
And wash those hills of crime—  
Sooth, givest thou of Tyber? in the dawn  
Of that prophetic time?

Rome's! Spunk from you hill  
Weksnes' Mazani's hand—  
At break the royal night which hung  
Upon his forehead!

The hill of Cardinals is waste,  
The Empress' Gothic falls  
Thus left upon its head—  
As last upon its head.

From the dust, Old Roman Walls!  
Eternal City, rise!  
Saint Peter now may visit Rome—  
Since Po Nero's rise!

They! more upon thy banks  
The brindled beast has gone—  
Not thy channel bears the tide  
Of Nero's bold is't?

The bloody book by hand is closed,  
Mysterious as the tomb—  
A voice is crying "To your tents,  
Ye valiant Sons of Rome!"

To you, United States, I pass,  
And Hungary's Koschuski bind  
Welcomed to be the nation's great—  
Have you no shame, which bind?

Oglio! where freedom weeps o'er men,  
Too generous, sh. too brave!  
When shall thus see thy Freedom rise  
To gild thy might's dark wave?

To other claims o'er Valor flies,  
Or else California's mines,  
Or else, fair Australia's where  
The Golden Goddess shines.

But while I sing, my Customers  
Are asking, Where's the date?  
Your enterprising gentle folks, would like  
Me make as you can spare!

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