

**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 declared
This British Province had.

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! stiff 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!—what 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;
For greater would you find your power,
Nor even abuse your trust!

And yo' whose tongues on Railroads run,
If yet yo' 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, Wiseam! 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?

No! since phœnixes courts began,
Was not a loud mourn—
Then where 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—
Soothsayers of Tyber! in the dawn
Of that prophetic time!

Rome's! Spunk from you hill
Wicks! Mazini'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.

From the dust, Old Roman Walls!
Eternal City, rise!

Saint Peter now may visit Rome—
Since Po Nero is dead!

They! more upon thy banks—
The brindled beast has gone—
Not thy channel beat the Code
Of Nero's bold is it?

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 guest—
Have you no shame, which bind?

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

To other climes o'er Valor flies,
Or else, far Australasia'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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