

# MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From *Punch*.)

With ganial foire  
Thranefuse me loyre,  
Ye sacred nymphs of P'ndus,  
The whole I sing  
The wondthrou thing,  
The Palace made o' windows!

Say, Paxton, truth,  
Thou wondthrou youtb,  
What sthroke of art cellatial,  
What power was lint  
You to invint  
This combineetion cristial.

O would before  
That Thomas Moore,  
Likewise the late Lord Boyron,  
Thim aigles sthrong  
Of godlike song,  
Cast oi on that cast oiron!

And saw thim walls,  
And glittering halls,  
Thim rising slendther columns,  
Which I poor pote,  
Could not denote,  
No, not in twinty vollums.

My Muse's words  
Is like the birds  
That roosts beneath the panes  
there;  
Her wings she spoils  
'Gainst them bright tiles,  
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,  
This Cristal Hall,  
Which Imperors might covet,  
Stands in High Park  
Like Noah's Ark,  
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,  
In other scaynes,  
The fame of this will undo,  
Saint Paul's big doom,  
Saint Payther's Room,  
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,  
As well becomes  
Her dignitee and stations,  
Victoria Great,  
And houlds in state  
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subject: pours  
From distant shores,  
Her Injians and Canajians;  
And also we,  
Her kingdoms three,  
Attlad with our allagiance.

Here come likewise  
Her bould allies,  
Both Asian and European;  
From East and West  
They send their best  
To fill her Ooornucopean.

I seen (thank Grace!)  
This wondthrou place  
(His Noble Honour Mистер  
H. Cole it was  
That gave the pass,  
And let me see what is there).

With consolous pride  
I stud insolde  
And looked the World's Great  
Fair in,  
Untill me sight  
Was dazzled quite,  
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints,  
And window paints,  
By Maydayval Pugin;  
Alhamborough Jones  
Did paint the tones  
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there  
And crosses fair;  
There's water-gods with urns;  
There's organs three,  
To play, d'ye see,  
"God save the Queen," by turras.

There's statues bright  
Of marble white  
Of silver and of copper;  
And some in zinc,  
And some, I think,  
That isn't over proper.

There's staym Ingynes,  
That stands in lines,  
Enormous and amazing,  
That squeal and snort  
Like whales in sport,  
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,  
And pins for pigs;  
There's dibblers and there's har-  
rows,  
And ploughs like toys  
For little boys,  
And elegant wheel-barrows.

For them genteels  
Who ride on wheels,  
There's plenty to indulge'em;  
There's Droskys saug  
From Payterabug,  
And vayhycles from Bulgium.

There's Cabs on Stands  
And Shandthry dapps;  
There's Waggons from New York  
here;  
There's Lapland Sleighs  
Have crossed the seas,  
And Jaunting Ojars from Cork  
here.

Amazed I pass  
From glass to glass,  
Deloighted I survey'em;  
Fresh wondthers grows  
Before me nose  
In this sublime Musayum!

Look here's a fan  
From far Japan,  
A sabre from Damasco;  
There's shawls ye get  
From far Thibet,  
And cotton prints from Glasgow!

There's German flutes,  
Marocky boots,  
And Naples Macaronies;  
Bohaymia  
Has sent Bohay;  
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints  
That's quite firmine,  
There's sacks of con's and fuels,  
There's swords and guns,  
And soap in tuns,  
And Ginger-bread and Jewels.

There's taypots there,  
And cannons rare;  
There's coffins filled with roses;  
There's canvass tints,  
Teeth instrumints,  
And shuits of clothes by Moscs.

There's lashins more  
Of things in store,  
But thim I don't remaimber;  
Nor could disclose  
Did I compose  
From May time to Novimber!

Ah, Judy thru!  
With eyes so blue,  
That you were here to view it!  
And could I screw  
But tu pound tu,  
'Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise  
Victoria's praise,  
And Albert's proud condition,  
That takes his aye  
As he surveys  
This Cristal Exhibition.