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A handful of black grains of wood and stone, Mixed and proportioned, as to science known. The fruit of years of toil has overthrown, And beaten tyrant and his ramparts down.

Again, observe the power and use of steam, That to our wondering grandsires seemed a dream. By most regarded with suspicious eye Foreboding to the lieges danger nigh. Then upwards, towards the clouds we onward mount, To watch the siege, or all the foe to count; And farther still, exactly by this plan, 'Tis now proposed Old Boreas' realms to span. Next, on the Sun we make a requisition, To paint the fair or homely with precision Of truth, not equalled yet by mortal hand, Ev'n at a pontiff's or a king's command. And last, our plan of gaining news outvies All former instances, though truth's oft lost in lies.

Surely the skill that planned these wondrous things Could manage or contrive a pair of wings.

While nature's provinces in every part To man are generous, 'tis left to art To lend its useful aid, to gain the full Fruition of her work, and crown the whole.

Every day of the week in diurnals amusing-Though sometimes the print has a knack of abusing-Where you read, in **bold** type, of the wonderful cures Of the ills that mankind with small patience endures; 'Mongst the thousand inventions of these modern times. Set forth in plain prose or extolled in small rhymes, There is one that deserves scientific attention By all who put faith in the theory Darwinian. I take it for granted by habit you're trustful, Don't like to regard what you read of as doubtful, But what is set forth in due form in plain print, Are inclined to believe without limit or still, The invention I speak of above then is this, I forget now its name the results will suffice; They are stated in brief, to be no less or more, Than to start a rich crop on old heads hind and fore; And doubtless the man who discovered the secret Is ready on oath both to prove and confirm it. Since the truth of the system its author declares, Where's the difference I wonder, 'twixt feathers and hairs. It may not be so, great as appears at first look, Har a.