

'Twould be a crime in me so base,  
Much penitence could scarce efface ;  
First then, I'd have you understand,  
The mode of travel in our land ;  
We seldom walk as mortals do,  
But glide celestial spaces through,  
Nor have we wings fixed to our back  
To steer along our airy track,  
As oft we're represented fine  
In pictures, in some sacred shrine ;  
Our motive power o'er vale and hill,  
Is but the influence of the will  
By which we on our errands hie,  
As swift as lightning through the sky ;  
We sometimes take spirit coaches,  
Then we use magnetic forces,  
And rush along, as it would seem,  
You here do by the power of steam.

We have our cities great and small,  
With laws divine that govern all ;  
Professions too of many a kind  
That exercise the spirit mind.  
Soldiers and lawyers there are none,  
For we've no fighting to be done ;  
Nor doctors have with drop and pill  
Because there is naught to make us ill ;  
These and some others of that grade  
Are forced to learn an honest trade.

There arts and science stand supreme,  
Are held by us in high esteem ;  
For nothing better we can find  
To elevate the soul and mind ;