

Seeming as almost taught to think and feel
 With that complex anatomy of steel!
 To this let others fitting homage pay,
 'Tis the result alone inspires my lay.

Darer of danger in a thousand forms,
 Thou canst not brave, but thou canst scorn the storms;
 Where zig-zag slowly toils the sail-urged bark
 As if she'd never reach her destined mark,
 How grand to see upon her ocean way
 Some stately ship beneath thy potent sway
 Cleaving the waters in her swift career,
 Resistless, as a thunderbolt the air!
 Nought recketh she of adverse winds or tides,
 No canvass needs she as the wave she rides;
 Straight as an arrow on her way she goes,
 Uncaring though Leviathan oppose,
 Till, as wide wilderness of waters past,
 Her anchor in her wished-for port is cast.

Lo!—dashing on through forest, glen and glade—
 O'er rushing rivers—gorges deep and dread—
 Now lost, now seen, far o'er the landscape's face—
 Yon fiery steed so peerless in his pace,
 A steed whose speed annihilateth space!
 Each passing minute over miles he sweeps;
 Matched with his flight the hurricane but creeps:
 You'd think him and his chariot, madly hurl'd,
 Just off to make the circuit of the world,
 Resolved to verify how may be done
 What Fiction feigned of Coursers of the Sun!
 But see!—his goal emerging into view,
 His speed he slackens with a shrill halloo,
 And, as if conscious of a welcome wide,
 Into the city's heart doth proudly glide.
 Murmur'd applauses through the crowd prevail,
 Long-parted friends once more each other hail,—
 Friends who but for the feats thus frequent wrought
 Had ne'er again, perchance, each other seen or sought.

All-conquering Steam! where'er thy aid is found,
 Progress at once is stamped on all around;
 The forests vanish, deserts change amain,
 To busy marts and fields of golden grain;
 Adventure flourishes; inventions rare
 Are brought to birth; art spreads her treasures fair;
 Abounds each social element designed
 To sweeten life and elevate mankind.
 Of modes barbaric the reformer bold—
 No grace giv'st thou the plea of "customs old";
 Thy stoutest rivals to thy prowess yield,
 Content to leave thee master of the field.

Power surpassing fancy's wildest flight,
 No less for thy docility than might:
 Unlike old Scotia's Brownie, wayward loon,
 Who wrought such marvels at night's silent noon;
 Once at thy work by day and night the same,
 No respite from thy labours dost thou claim.
 I see thee toiling in the busy mill,
 The faithful doer of thy master's will: