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And waft your commerce o’er the seas ;
 The finny tribes that gaily wriggle
 Their forked tails in Neptune’s pickle,
 Shall shun the tempting bait no more,
 But rise, and whiten all the shore,
 And every stream and creek shall flow
 With salmon, shad, and gaspereau.

The plaster rocks, blown high in air,
 Shall, by a chymic process there,
 Become, like water, clear and thin,
 And fall in showers of Yankee gin,
 Which every earthly good enhances,
 And drowns our troubles with our senses.

I’ll patronize a grand machine,
 The like of which was never seen,
 That takes from nature, coarse or fine stone,
 And, in a twinkling, makes a grindstone,
 True as the frame work of a riddle,
 With hole for axle, in the middle,
 Round which ’twill turn by magic power,
 And—changed to leather, or to flour;
 To Indian meal, or Cavendish,
 Or wholesome Congo, as you wish—
 Will prove a beneficial thing
 Both to the people and the king—
 By giving, of good things, a few,
 ‘To them—to him a *revenue* !!!

The lofty pines shall learn to bend,
 And from the mountain tops descend;
 And changed to articles of fancy,
 Without the aid of necromancy,
 Shall gratify the love of show,