

Decree them nothing and declare them fools,
Strip them of everything; till ten years hence,
Nought may be left of them—save their expense ;
While should your consciences require you screens,
Be sure the end will sanctify the means.

Arouse the Blake ! equip the for thee fight !
Let airy visions vanish from thy sight;
Herculean labours all thy strength demand,
Purge the Augean Stables of the land.
Mackenzie struggled, but Mackenzie failed,
Vice still is rampant and to be assailed ;
Slay foul Corruption and let Folly quake,
Quell bold Extravagance, Frauds meshes break.
Use local houses as the French do kings,
Still hunt down Senators as useless things,
These tasks performed, these noble labours done,
Then Brutus-like, destroy thy favorite son.
Reforms like these, the crying people need,
These be thine aim, all honor be thy meed.
If not, then for thy country's sake withdraw,
Abandon politics and stick to law.

Our hope is yet in Nature, not in men,
(And Nature sure is mightier than the pen.)
Tho' bold th' attempt of paltry, puny man,
To legislate away the eternal plan,
Unheeding yet, she wends her endless way,
Subduing all things to her boundless sway,
Breaks every barrier; covers every flaw,
Moves unresisted and proclaims her law.

And now with reverence meet, behold the great,
The noble Senators, the new Estate,
Who add their pageant to the public show,
But what their use the Lord may, I don't, know.
Composed of men for everything unfit,