

And the dashed hopes that drive us to despair.
His high ambition in a fatal hour,
Had wakened longings for the sweets of power,
Which, like the rainbow with its bag of gold,
Allured his vision, but elude his hold.

Now view Mackenzie, he with rusty coat,
With hair unkempt and features like a goat,
Born neath a lucky star, nor great nor rich,
But driven by a Scotch ambitious itch,
He overcame by persevering pains,
His lack of wealth and greater lack of brains.
Blush, Tilley ! blush, blush if you can, Sir John !
For ye had something small to build upon ;
But he proud Alec., Wizard of the North,
From nothing, managed to bring something forth,
And showed the world, despite of reasons laws,
Statesmen may grow from no efficient cause.

But whose is yonder form so tall and stout,
Of aspect dread, who frets and fumes about,
As if in soaring mightiness, his mind
Chafed in this narrow land to be confined ?
Ah ! 'tis the mighty Blake, his name revere,
Address him humbly, and approach with fear,
He nods, his minions all obey his will,
He frowns, and quaking senators are still,
He speaks, and listening courts are overawed,
He feels almighty, and at least a god.
Seek not to know the wonders of his brain,
Nor the vast schemes that haunt its wide domain,
Too great ! enough he hath vouchsafed to show
Such as it doth concern our state to know ;
These few he hath revealed to erring men,
The rest are kindly hid from mortal ken ;
He means that Parliament's adjusted force
Shall move and regulate the universe ;