

Wherever cesspool with its slanderous slime,
Or greet their scent or gratify their view,
They sport thro' having nothing else to do,
Splashed in the filth their loathsome forms they drench,
Till every air is putrid with the stench.

From slough of scandals as Pacific deep,
Where he had sunk, all hoped for aye to sleep.
See John A: rise, all oozing o'er with slime,
Wriggle his frame and rear his head-sublime.
Reposed in filth, a season dark he lay,
Absorbing vigour from congenial clay,
He wakens now, his form appears once more,
He spurns the envious mire and mounts the shore.
From his foul frame the dripping ordures run,
Form into pools and quicken in the sun.
New forms arise the creatures of his power,
Share with their chief, the fortune of the hour.
By dubious ways they wander, till elate,
Like maggots swarm the carcase of the state,
With ill got gains reward precarious toil,
Feed while they may, and fatten on the spoil.

And now the great Sir Leonard Tilley see !
The knightly champion of the great N.P.,
He mounts his barb, hurls at his foes disdain,
Poises his lance and scours along the plain,
But stay, my muse !—from levity forbear.
Respectful be, for honesty is there;
Besides, he roused him at his country's need,
And tho' he failed his wish was to succeed,
And surely justice will, to mercy bent,
Tho' weak the effort, laud the good intent,

With sleepless eyelids, and with features wan,
See sad McDougall rise at early dawn,
Mourning the vanity of earthly care,