

XXVI.

No more of Utrecht treaty tell,
Nor that so fam'd of Aix Chappelle,
They now must fall behind, Sir ;
'Tis plain to every eye and ear,
That neither can with this compare,
Unless we're deaf and blind, Sir.

XXVII.

But why our *Conquests* be restor'd ?
Mere charity :—upon my word,
Your virtues are exceeding ;
Let *France* no more politeness boast,
Their manners!—Pshaw ! you rule the roast !
Rare Caledonian breeding !

XXVIII.

And now, my Lord, I'll take my leave,
This humble tribute you'll receive,
Nor think I mean to flatter ;
But hang excuses—'tis the best
That I could pay—and for the rest
Yourself may judge the matter.

XXIX.