

XXIII.

Some say 'twas folly—Those are few,
More say you'd interest in view,
But this or that you best know ;
For my part I must needs declare,
I think that folly had no share,
And here I'll let it rest so.

XXIV.

The mob still goes with wind and tide,
They ne'er examine either side,
Which is not quite so well, Sir ;
For now it happens that your scheme,
Goes both against the wind and stream,
And that's the devil in hell, Sir.

XXV.

'Twou'd wrong you, not to give you praise,
Each bard to you his verse shall raise,
Fame hold your trumpet higher ;
Who dare deny that you are great,
A very Machiavel of state ;
A plague confound the liar.

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XXVI.