

XI.

Is there no Recompence for those,
 Who bravely ventur'd 'gainst their foes, •
 Where wounds and death beset 'em;
 Methinks I hear you say, my Lord,
 “ Why is not *Glory* their reward?
 “ And if they chuse it, let 'em.

XII.

“ *War's* not my sphere—but while they roam
 “ To gain new worlds!—my schemes at home
 “ Are to *my country* useful;
 “ See *Scotchmen* fill each post and place,
 “ While *English* grumble in disgrace,
 “ And treat me most abusive.

XIII.

“ But let the mastiffs bark and grin,
 “ The proverb's good—*Those laugh who win*,
 “ I neither feel nor mind 'em;
 “ For while I have the R—l ear,
 “ My cause is good :—I need not fear,
 “ If force or law can bind 'em.”