

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.”