

## FRED BURNABY.

“Dead? What! Burnaby dead”? The agonized cry  
Ran over all England. And o'er the wide ocean  
The sad tidings flashed, that 'mid battle's commotion,  
And clashing of steel, 'neath Egypt's dark sky,  
Fred had yielded with brave and true soldier's devotion  
His life for his country!

“What! Burnaby dead?  
“The pride of the clubs? Our jovial Fred?  
“The hero of Khiva”? With tremulous breath  
Men told to each other how Fred met his death.  
Not at home, with the sweet smile of wife or of mother  
To sooth the last hours of life, but another  
Face, glaring at his, blaek with passion;  
And while scores of wild Arabs around him were yelling,  
His broadsword was doing its duty, and felling  
Foe after foe, in battle's fierce fashion.

Yes! Burnaby's dead! “And how did he die”?  
“*Died with his hand on the throat of the foe;*  
No craven heart *his*, no fear in *his* eye!  
And they found him on top of a heap; while below  
Him, twenty dead Arabs lay, pierced by his steel;  
And twenty more still might have joined them, for he  
Was just getting used to it, scorning to see  
Those skulking behind him! A blow, and a reel,  
A stab in the neck and 'twas all up with Fred;  
He fell on the heap his own hand had made,—*dead!*”!

And these words to Old England his comrades wrote:  
“*He died with his grip on the enemy's throat!*”

Oh England! What boots it these vict'ries to thee,  
When the blood of thy noblest sons stain the sand  
Of the battle-field? And all over the land  
Mothers weep for their sons, whom they no more shall see?

When Time's muffled roll-call shall summon the dead,  
Who in life made grim war their adopted profession;  
As you scan these old worthies march by in procession,  
In the front rank of all, if you look, you'll see Fred.

Petitcodiac, N. B.,  
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