

A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
He yet can call his own.

Aye! tear his body limb from limb,  
Bring cord, or axe, or flame,—  
He only knows that *not through him*  
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,  
Like dreams, to come and go,  
Bright leagues of cherry blossoms gleamed  
One sheet of living snow,—  
T' s smoke above his father's door,  
In grey soft eddyings hung,—  
Must he then watch it rise no more  
Doom'd by himself so young?

Yes Honor calls—with strength like steel  
He put the vision by!  
Let dusky Indians, whine and kneel,  
An English *lad must die!*  
And thus, with eye that woud not shrink—  
With knee to man unbent—  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his red grave he went!

Vain! mightiest fleets of iron framed—  
Vain! those all shattering guns,  
Unless proud England keep untam'd  
The strong hearts of her sons.  
So let his name through Europe ring,  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's King,  
Because his soul was great.

*Last night*, among his fellows rough  
He jested, quaffed and swore—  
A drunken private of the Buffs,  
Who never looked before,—  
*To day*, beneath the foeman's frown,  
He stands in Elgin's place,  
Ambassador from Britain's crown  
And type of all her race.

It is thus that the humblest individual can maintain the honor of his country, and spread among distant nations a respect for its character and people—nay, more,—leave behind him a name that stimulates thousands of his countrymen to acts of heroism and