

He stood ; fierce foemen throng'd around ;
 The hollow death-groan of despair,
 The clashing sword, the cleaving axe,
 The murd'rous dirk were there.
 Valor more stark, or hands more strong,
 Ne'er urged the brand nor launch'd the spear ;
 But what were these to that old man !
 God was his only fear.
 He stood where adverse thousands throng'd,
 And long that warrior fought and well ;—
 Bravely he fought, firmly he stood,
 Till where he stood he fell.
 He fell,—he breath'd one patriot prayer,
 Then to his God his soul resign'd ;
 Not leaving of earth's many sons
 A better man behind.
 His valor, his high scorn of death,
 To fame's proud meed no impulse ow'd ;
 His was a pure, unsullied zeal,
 For Britain and for God.
 He fell,—he died ;—the savage foe
 Trod careless o'er the noble clay ;
 Yet not in vain the champion fought,
 In that disastrous fray.
 On bigot creeds and felon swords
 Partial success may fondly smile,
 Till bleeds the patriot's honest heart,
 And flames the martyr's pile.
 Yet not in vain the patriot bleeds ;
 Yet not in vain the martyr dies !
 From ashes mute, and voiceless blood,
 What stirring memories rise !
 The scoffer owns the bigot's creed,
 Though keen the secret gibe may be ;
 The sceptic seeks the tyrant's dome.
 And bends the ready knee.
 But oh ! in dark oppression's day,
 When flares the torch, when flames the sword,
 Who are the brave in freedom's cause ?
 The men who fear the Lord.

“ Now, Ladies and Gentlemen,” continued the critic, “ this is very bad poetry. I defy any elocutionist to read it satisfactorily with the inflexes. And, besides, only see how full it is of tautology. Let us take but one of the verses :—‘ He fell,—he died !’ To fall in battle means, as we all know, to die in