

My dear Lord,  
Any tribute, however slight, to honor Him  
Whom his Country honors, will, I well know,  
For that reason, not be unacceptable to you—  
Ever, My dear Lord,  
most truly  
Yrs. Wm. Fitzby —

ON  
The death of Francis Horner

No not thy Friends alone, whose hearts will bleed,  
When the slow sail, long looked for, now on way,  
Shall, to the realm that waits thy coming, say,  
"Thou never shalt return": so Heaven decreed:—  
Nor those whose blessing had their first-born, hail:  
Nor yet the Brother who watched over thy bed,  
And tears, in unavailing <sup>rendance,</sup> ~~tearance,~~ shed:  
Not these alone:—his Britain I bewail.  
Patriot! thy arm was stretched her realm to save:  
Death rushed between: his hand that smote thee  
On Britain's reeling column struck the blow,  
Its pillar strength <sup>burst down</sup> ~~burst down~~ <sup>on</sup> Horner's <sup>side</sup> ~~side~~.  
bows down o'er <sup>probic</sup> ~~probic~~ W.S.

Rome Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> 1817.

21/-