

## IN MEMORIAM.

D. J. R.

[The following lines were written by Father Abram J. Ryan, in memory of a brother who fell fighting in the war for southern independence. Never has a fond mother's nobility of soul, when struggling with love and duty, shone forth more resplendent than hers of whom our "cypress-crowned poet" speaks in the fifth stanza. And never has fraternal affection been embalmed in language more beautifully sad than in the opening of this sublime poem. As we read the plaintive words we fancied they were addressed not so much to the ears of the living as to the spirit of the fallen one who sleeps in his "lonely battle grave." The man who can read this without emotion ought not to be envied.—M. WALL.]

Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping  
In thy lonely battle grave;  
Shadows o'er the past are creeping—  
Death, the reaper, still is reaping—  
Years have swept and years are sweeping,  
Many a memory from my keeping,  
But I'm waiting still and weeping  
For my beautiful and brave.

When the battle songs were chanted,  
And war's stirring tocsin pealed;  
By whose songs thy soul was haunted,  
Clamored wildly—wildly panted—  
"Mother, let my wish be granted!  
I will ne'er be mocked and taunted  
That I feared to meet our vaunted  
Foesmen on the bloody field.

"They are thronging, mother, thronging,  
To a thousand fields of fame!  
Let me go—'tis wrong—'tis wronging  
God and thee to crush this longing;  
On the muster-roll of glory,  
In my country's future story,  
On the field of battle glory,  
I must consecrate my name.

"Mother, gird my sword around me;  
Kiss thy soldier-boy 'good-by.'  
In her arms she wildly wound thee,  
To thy birth-land's cause she bound thee,  
With fond prayers and blessings crowned thee,  
And she sobbed—"When foes surround thee,  
If you fall, I'll know they found thee  
Where the bravest love to die."

At the altar of their nation  
Stood the mother and her son,  
He the victim of oblation,  
Panting for his immolation—  
She, in priestess' holy station,  
Weeping words of consecration,  
While God smiled his approbation,  
Blessed the boy's self-abnegation,  
Cheered the mother's desolation,  
When the sacrifice was done.

Form like many a noble other,  
Went, he whispering 'sift and low;  
"Good-by—pray for me, my mother;  
Sister, kiss me—farewell, brother!"  
And he strove his grief to smother,  
Forth, with spirit proud and peerless—  
Forth, with foot-steps firm and fearless,  
And his parting gaze was tearless,  
Though his heart was lone and cheerless,  
Thus from all he loved to go.

Lo! 'yon flag of freedom flashing  
In the sunny Southern sky!  
On—to death and glory dashing—  
On—where swords are clanging—clashing—  
On—where balls are crushing, crushing!  
On—'mid perils dread appalling!  
On—they're falling, falling, falling!  
On—they're growing fewer, fewer,  
On—their hearts beat all the truer!  
On—on—on—no fear—no falter!  
On—though 'round the battle altar  
There were wounded victims groaning—

There are dying victims moaning—  
On—right on—death—danger—braving—  
Warring where their flag was waving,  
And baptismal blood was laving  
With a tide of crimson water  
All that field of death and slaughter!  
On—still on—that bloody laver  
Made them brave and made them braver;  
On—with never a fault or waver—  
On—they're battling—bleeding—bounding—  
While the glorious shout is sounding  
"We will win the day or die!"

And they won it! Routed—riven—  
Reeled the foe's proud array,  
They had struggled long and striven,  
Blood in torrents they had given,  
But their ranks, dispersed and driven,  
Fled disgracefully away.

Many a heart was lonely lying  
There that would not thro' again:  
Some were dead and some were dying;  
Some were silent, some were sighing;  
Years to die—lone—unattended—  
Unbewept and unbefriended—  
On the bloody battle plain.

When the twilight, sadly, slowly  
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all—  
O'er those thousands lying lowly,  
Hushed in silence deep and holy—  
There was one—his blood was flowing,  
And his last of life was going—  
And his pulse faint—fainter beating,  
Told his hours were few and fleeting;  
And his brow grew white and whiter,  
And his eyes shone bright and brighter  
There he lay—like infant dreaming,  
With his sword beside him gleaming;  
For the hand in life that grasped it—  
True to death—still fondly clasped it,  
There his comrades found him lying,  
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying;  
And the sternest there bent weeping  
O'er that lonely sleeper sleeping,  
'Twas the midnight—stars shone round him—  
In a shroud of glory bound him;  
And they told us how they found him  
Where the bravest love to fall.

Where the woods, like banners bending,  
Drooped in glory and in gloom—  
There, when that sad night was ending,  
And the faint, far dawn was blending  
With the stars now fast descending—  
There they mute and mournful bore him—  
With the stars and shadows o'er him—  
Then they laid him down so tender,  
And the next day's sun and splendor  
Flashed upon my brother's tomb!

## SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

Now for a re-Lent-less onslaught upon hens' eggs.—*Whitehall Times*

A man who is intimate on short acquaintance is very apt to be "short" on more intimate acquaintance.—*Boston Advertiser*.

Kimball can raise a church debt, but can he raise a pile of poker chips? This is the question that staggers.—*Camden Post*.

Most anyone would rather be shot with a rifle than talked to death by a smooth bore. If you can't see the perfume of that "mild witicism," why jest musket.—*N. Y. News*.

A good place for a chiropodist—among the Corn-ish-men.—*Com. Advertiser*.

"The doctors ought to escape calumny. No man living has a right to speak ill of them."

The *Burlington Hawkeye* regrets that the dentists of this country are so much addicted to the little game of draw.

"An opposition editor offers to bet his ears on something to our discredit. He shouldn't carry gambling to such extreme lengths."

A Treasury clerk fell off a ladder and broke his leg the other day. These are dangerous times for officials in high places.—*New York Commercial*.

"What's your occupation, Bub?" asked a visitor at the Capitol of a bright boy whom he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be a page in the House. "I am running for Congress, sir," he replied.

A GOOD SIGNATURE.—Mr. Purdy complains of having to pay the "board and rum bills" of sundry repeaters at the last election, whose letters are produced. They are probably signed "Your rum-bill servant."—*Graphic*.

Bob Ingersoll practices on the violin during his leisure moments. Perhaps that's why he is an in fiddle.—*Worcester Press*.

Kate Sanborn inquires: "Why are men of genius so often bachelors?" We suspect it is because they are born so.—*Worcester Press*.

There is a man in Buffalo of such punctual habits that he carries his watch in his coat-tail pocket so as to always be "ahead of time."—*Ex.*

Never since the days of Jonah, has a man been taken in by a fish as badly as Uncle Sam will be if he pays that \$5,000,000 award.—*Whitehall Times*.

Utica *Observer*: "My dear!" she remarked through the telephone that ran to her husband's office, "you ought to be spanked for not changing your shirt this morning." But as her husband was out at the moment the young book-keeper who received the message didn't feel like keeping up the dialogue.

A young man in New York consulted a fortune teller, and asked what he should do to succeed. "Do right," was the answer. He did write, his employer's name on the back of a check, and is now in Europe, with twenty-five thousand dollars, weighing down his pants' pocket.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

In the cities of the dead, the houses are small and close together; and a thistle is as liable to grow from a rich man's grave as a daisy is from the mound that covers the dust of a beggar.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

A great many newspaper men lie awake night after night, mentally debating whether they will leave their property to some charitable institutions or spend it the next day for something with a little lemon squeezed in.—*St. Louis Journal*.

We read of a poor boy in New Bedford who was washed overboard recently, and killed. We cannot warn mothers too strongly against washing children overboard; if they would only wash them at home with tepid water, and soap, and dry them thoroughly afterwards, all danger would be averted.

A wild rake friend in the fruit business (whoso head is plum, however) bears his apples and nails with precision. He says some people use the same blade, but he is peculiar. He would rather sleep on a lounge than on the best apartments in the store, and prefers an open fire-place to either stoves oranges.—*N. Y. Times*.

The Rev. E. P. Roe is writing a new story entitled "A Face Only."—*Boston Advertiser*. The title suggests that the hero must be a life insurance agent.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*.

The hero might possibly be a book agent or an agent for the "MacKinnon Pen."

Ben Butler has one eye on the Massachusetts Governorship; but the other, oh, what is it on?—*Detroit Free Press*.

On the silver-dollar perhaps; but can a man, who is not natural eyes-d, be considered eligible for the Governorship?