

A cry of terror thrilled the ranks;  
 And wavered the Brigade,  
 Before their rattling guns we stood  
 Pale, panting, and dismayed.  
 The last man of the color-guard  
 His death-shot there was found,  
 And close beside, his battle flag  
 Lay torn upon the ground,  
 Fast flashed the red artillery  
 Our bleeding columns through,  
 And thick and fast to earth they fall,  
 Our gallant men in blue  
 A shuddering thrill an icy chill  
 Through every bosom runs,  
 As faster fell the shot and shell  
 From the Confederate guns.

'Twas then an Irish drummer boy,  
 (Too young for such a scene,)  
 Stepped proudly to the foremost ranks  
 Dressed in his jacket green,  
 And snatched from earth the tattered flag  
 That lay all glory there,  
 Regardless of the hissing shell  
 That hurtled through the air:

Proudly before the foe-man's guns  
 He waved that flag on high,  
 His face lit up, his fearless soul  
 Shone in his flashing eye,  
 The light of Heaven and Martyrdom  
 Beamed on his glowing face,  
 As if at once were centred there,  
 The fire of all his race.

"Shame on you, boys will you desert  
 The old flag to the foe?  
 Come on I who shrink before his guns,  
 Or fear his rebel blow?  
 Charge I for our own old flag again,"  
 With fearless voice he said,  
 A moment more—and in his gore  
 The drummer boy lay dead.

We heard him shout, we saw him fall,  
 The green flag in his hand,  
 We gazed upon his boyish face,  
 So fearless, proud and grand,  
 And from our ranks there burst a yell  
 For blood, revenge, or death,  
 As if the infernal hounds of hell  
 Had leaped upon the earth.

Up against that blazing battery,  
 With fiercely flashing blade,  
 In frantic fury, fiercely sprung  
 Each man of the brigade,  
 No human force, no human power  
 Could turn that shock aside,  
 Deep, deep in blood our blades avenged  
 That little boy who died.

Wrapped in his flag we buried him,  
 And o'er his lonely grave,  
 With saddened hearts, our whole brigade  
 A farewell volley gave,  
 For braver ne'er on field or plain,  
 From Foyle to Fontenoy,  
 Died for the free, more grand than he,  
 That Irish drummer boy.

W. COLLINS.

He who shows justice and clarity in his conduct accomplishes the noblest of all works. An upright man is in his own way the greatest of all artists.

### FACE THE MUSIC.

People who are ashamed of their histories and strive to ignore or conceal their past with a glamour of pretence, have made no solid growth or progress. If experience is worth having, that which is dug out with pain and suffering is too valuable to be denied.

Cancel a few of the prominent events of a life, whether the world might consider them worthy or reprehensible, and there is left no chance for logical deductions, or opportunity for satisfactory review of the train of circumstances and influences which produced results of the present, either of inner or external life. Face the music squarely. Look your own acts fairly in the face without finching, or mark yourself a coward.

It is not necessary to publish to the world all that is strictly personal, unless ridicule and frittering of power are desired. But when brought up to the rack by meddlesome gossips,—who always have a few fly leaves of everybody's record written up to suit their own taste and fancy,—do not be agonized because there is a grain of truth spread over a dozen lies, to make them the more tantalizing.

One may find salvation and happiness in that which to another would be rank poison and death.

### MEN AND WOMEN.

Providence has so made the sexes that women, like children, cling to men; lean upon them for protection, care and love, look up to them as though they were their superior in mind and body. They make the sums of their system, and they and their children revolve around them. Women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts want men to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a fool, a liar or libertine. If a man would have a woman do him homage, he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but polite because his heart is full of kindness to all; one who treats her with respect, even deference, because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level if his mind is above hers; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, whether she encourages him or not; and who is always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place as the man at the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy, and industry, will win any woman in the land who is worth winning.