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IN MEMORIAM.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

DIED JUNE 2, 1879; BURIED JUNE 4,
AT CARROLTON, MO.

BY GARTAN ROSE.

I.

"One of the few, immortal names
That were not born to die!"
So speaks the age, that scanned his deeds
With cold, impartial eye,
That saw him in the battle's van
'Neath Harp and Eagle bleed;
That viewed him in the Senate halls
True to his cause and creed.

II.

He stood alone amidst a world,
That lived for naught but gold,
Untrammelled by the glittering ties,
They fain would round him fold.
An honest man true to his God!
What greater can there be?
Aye! greater than the royal prince
In glittering panoply.

III.

Two nations shed the tear to-day
Above his hallowed grave;
Although from one—the dearest still—
He's parted by the wave
But through all time, in every clime
The men of Erin's fields,
Shall bless the name and guard the fame,
Of great and noble Shields.

IV.

Son of our Island-Mother—chief of Gadel's
race—
Look thou down upon us from thy holy place.

Hero 'mid the battle's din—warrior of a life—
Leader ever foremost in the thickest of the
fight.

V.

Statesman wise and honest—all thy aims were
good—
Thought and word and action—guided by the
Rood.

VI.

Too soon thou'rt gone, we needed thee—thy
soldier arm though old,
Might yet have struck a path to fame, for
Erin's "Green and Gold."

VII.

Be his epitaph writ: "He loved the land'
that gave him birth and name
And drew his sword successively to guard
Columbia's fame."

VIII.

O how that blade flashed out that morn at
Cerro Gordo's height!
O how the Southern cheek did pale beneath
its crimson light!

IX.

Dear Erin, many a cypress wreath, around thy
brow thou'st bound,
For hero hearts that bled for thee, now cold
beneath the mound.

X.

Another wreath we bring to-day, to deck thy
brows so fair,
Another string from out thy heart, stern Fate
proceeds to tear.

XI.

Put on the wreath and twine with it the
fairest immortelles
And drop the tear upon his grave, that from
thy sad heart wells.

Boston, July 4, 1879.