

but unfortunate men. We may praise the Roman for his valor, while admiring his love of country and heroic devotion to her interests, but we can never forget that her history is one of blood and self-aggression. Rome was their goddess, and where her eagles flew, they brooked no equal. Power and might formed a golden coronet which crowned her on the dizzy heights of glory with such a bright and lustrous radiance that pity and mercy lay obscured in the valley.

### THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY NAQUE.

Sweetly over the summer air falls the calm influence of dusky eve. The grayish tints of twilight deepen into the sombre shades of night, and the crescent moon comes forth in full court to shed her silvery rays o'er the sleeping form of nature. The gentle winds, which all the day had seemed so merry, as they frisked hither and thither in airy gambols, whispering here a loving message to some little brook, or there stealing a kiss from the downy cheek of a blushing rose, now trill a low, sad dirge to themselves as they wander through the leafy glades.

On the plains of Gettysburg the hideous monster Civil war had stalked, and in his train grim-visaged death. Terrible was the impress of the visitation. A field of blood, strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded, and the deep tinged earth, gave testimony of a long, severe and deadly conflict.

The din of battle has ceased, and a strange sorrowful quiet descends on the place of strife. The deep, solemn silence of the night is broken only by the groans of the dying and the cries of the wounded. Whilst death in his most ghastly form stands leering at the unfortunate sufferers and mocking their pain, the moon overhead, with her numerous train, weeps silently, and the soft winds, moaning among the trees, chant a doleful requiem to the departed dead.

Near an abatis work, among a heap of slain, lies a soldier dying. In vain has he joined his supplicating voice for water to the piteous appeal of his comrades.

Exhausted by thirst, and his numerous wounds, he is failing fast; and, like the measured beat of the pendulum, the numbered moments of his young life are passing slowly, slowly away. Distinguished by his talents and bravery, he had been entrusted with the erection and defense of this work, and nobly had he acquitted himself of his duty. Twice had his little band been driven from their intrenchment, but twice did they regain it, and finally defeat their opponents. At the second onset he had gloriously fallen, while cheering his men on to victory. He was ever seen in the thickest of the fray, animating by voice and example; and now he enjoyed that much coveted honor of

the soldier, of falling in the successful accomplishment of a grand and hazardous undertaking.

In his hand he holds a small golden case, on which he gazes intently. It is open, and the soft light from above discloses two miniature paintings in oil. On the one side are two lovely, fair-haired children, on the other a young woman of surpassing beauty. The children, by their resemblance to her and to himself, show that she is his wife. This dear little locket, the only solace of his dying hours, had been to him the sweetest companion of his solitude and exile from those loved ones; everywhere had it accompanied him, in the silent and dreary watch, on the long and weary march, and in the heat of battle. Often during the preceding day had he thought of those he had left behind, and many were the times he brought forth the pictures to look at them. Now, as well as his feeble strength will permit, he raises his precious little treasure to his lips and presses it to his heart. But see, again he endeavors to imprint upon it a last kiss but fails, and falls back exhausted by the attempt. Lovingly he watches it; but now it grows dim, dimmer, and becomes lost to his obscured sight.

Like the dissolving view of the panorama his home appears before him. The cares of the day are over, and he is with his family. The little ones are busily engaged amusing themselves about the room, occasionally looking up for a patronizing word or an encouraging smile, while he and his wife go over the day together. Now they indulge in a social game, after which, at his request, she goes to the piano. Sweeping the board with a skillful hand, she begins in a low, sweet measure an old ballad which she well knows has ever been his favorite. Never before has her voice seemed so rich and mellow. The children, creeping to the mother's side, listen as if enchanted; and with calm delight, he throws himself back in his easy chair, and drinks in the flowing strains.

The ruthless hand of Reality tears away the picture which imagination with her feverish pencil has painted. The last sound of her voice is still on his mind as with a groan he awakes to find he had dreamed.

Again he regards the pictures most attentively, but again they fade and disappear in the mist which like a pall gathers around him. Once more his home floats before his view. Side by side his two children are lying in their crib, their little faces shining like rosebuds from their snow-white coverings. Sweet and peaceful is their slumber, for innocence is their guardian. With clasped hands and upturned face their mother kneels beside them praying. The large tears chase one another down her cheeks, for sad and heavy is her heart as she kneels over the sleeping forms of her children, beseeching the God of battles to shield, in the combat, the father of the tender babes.