

dark just now, — our troops back just where they were a year ago and so many lives lost for nothing.”

Upon receiving tidings of his death, his father immediately started for the seat of war to obtain the body and bring it home for burial. It was found that the ball that pierced the heart of Lieut. Burrage struck and carried away the ring and stem to his watch; that if it had struck an inch lower, it would have hit the watch, and in all probability would not have entered the body. So slight are the contingencies upon which hang the issues of life and death.

So the manly form of the young soldier, which a little more than one year before had gone forth animated and all alive with the spirit of patriotism, was brought home and tenderly consigned to the soil of his native State, and rests peacefully in the quiet of Mount Auburn.

Upon the day of the funeral, his parents received from one of his uncles, accompanying a gift of flowers, the following lines from Lowell's immortal poem in memory of Col. Robert G. Shaw, which, with the change of one word, are so strikingly and beautifully appropriate for the occasion that we feel constrained to copy them here, deeming them a more enduring, as well as a more graceful, tribute to the heroic dead than any monuments of brass or stone: —

“ Why make we moan  
For loss that doth enrich us yet  
With upward yearnings of regret?  
Bleaker than unmossed stone