

You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

When the war was closed and the Irish union soldier returned to his home in the North, that home which had so long and so anxiously awaited his coming, he brought with him a deepened love for the flag he had fought to maintain. He returned to his former avocations and, putting his hand to the work of repairing his country's loss, he demonstrated that his patriotism was not of the holiday pastime order. But Nora's tears are dried and she long since laid her sad heart upon the altar of her country, and at morn and eve she breathes a prayer for a brave soul that long ago took its flight 'mid the smoke of battle, and the Irish mother still croons at her cabin door, but the tread of her darling boy is never heard at its threshold. Lover and son ne'er came back; they are down there on the fields of Shiloh, Antietam, Chickamauga, Petersburg, Mary's Heights and Gettysburg, and there they lie near where the enemy's guns belched fire and death; where their country's feeman made his last stand. How many unnamed demi-gods among them whose deeds of bravery no pen shall extol, of whose heroic deaths no tongue shall tell. "What matters it," said the late President Harrison on one occasion, "if a sprig of green was found upon the bloody jacket of the Union soldier who lay dead on Mission Ridge: the flag he fought for was his flag and the green was but a memory and an inspiration."

Has the Irish-American soldier deserved well of his country? From the Revolution's hard fought fields, from Lake Erie, and from New Orleans, from the burning heights of Vera Cruz, and the ancient halls of the Montezumas, and blending with thunders of two thousand battles from Sumter to Appomattox, the answer echoes back—He has!—*Wm. J. Hershaw.*

