IN MEMORIAM.

LIEUT. JOHN S. HUNT,

Of this city, had served with distinction, for nearly three years, in the United States Artillery, and had passed through many battles unharmed. On the night of May 29th, while engaged in transporting the battery under his command from Bermuda Hundreds to the White House, he was lost overboard in the James river, and was drowned. His remains were afterwards recovered, and were interred in the Cemetery at Utica. The following beautiful lines were addressed to his father by a lady of this city:

We wrapped him in the flag he loved,
    The flag he died to save,
And gave him to his peaceful rest,
    The slumber of the grave;
And tears, from eyes unused to weep,
    Upon the bier were shed,
Where folded in his martial shroud,
    Lay the young hero dead.

On fields of honor oft he stood
    Amid the battle’s din,
And fought as only heroes fight,
    A nation’s praise to win,—
As patriots fight, with heart and hand,
    Who hold a sacred trust,
To keep their country’s ‘scutcheon bright,
    Her banner from the dust.

But oh, he died not in the van,
    As soldiers love to die!
The cannons’ breath upon his brow,
    Their smoke his canopy,—
With the glad sounds of victory
    The last to greet his ear,
A vision of the starry flag,
    His dying eye to cheer;