

in the long line of Buell's army to Nashville, where the writer left the company of "Woodwards," who were then pressing faithfully on, maintaining their honor alike in war and in peace. In their marches they have passed through seven different states, and to-day they stand honored in their country's name; and history. And have they not all borne their parts nobly? Aye, indeed they have, almost all have they endured within the compass of human endurance. With truly brave hearts, they left school in the full grown years of youth, their minds gifted with the culture of time, sacrificing home, friends, all for their Nation's welfare.

"In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war bows in our ears,
Then, imitate the action of the tiger."

FADED LOVELINESS.

[The following Poem possesses a peculiar interest in being the last production of the pen of the late John T. Swartz, A. M. :

Earth, thou art full of faded loveliness,
Of beauty dimmed by sorrow's clouds, of buds
That in the hour of brightest promise fall
Poor victims to the blights of time and death.
I nursed a plant with watchful care, and bent
With anxious eye o'er its frail form, and watched
Each tender shoot and leaf appear. More dear
Each day it grew; it wound about my heart
Its curling tendrils; it was my fondest care;
My being seemed in that dear plant wrapt up.
It bloomed, and fairer flowers ne'er met my eye
Than those it bore to cheer my lonely way
O'er life's drear waste. It lured the honey bee
On buzzing wing that homeward sped, and drew
The humming-bird to sip its nectar'd stores,
It seemed of more than earthly sweetness, and
It was to me a refuge from the power
Of melancholy.