

some time, but want of exercise affected his health which became poor, and he went into the service of the Cincinnati Street R. R. Co., as Conductor.

While engaged in this occupation, rebellion broke upon the land, and "Old Woodward," true to her instinct, sprang to the rescue. A company was formed of "Woodward boys" and young Finch was elected Second Lieutenant. They immediately offered themselves to our Governor, but the State's quota was full, and in their eagerness to help the country in her time of trial and of peril, they attached themselves to the Second Kentucky Regiment, and, in the last of June, left Camp Clay for Western Virginia, the last time our brother beheld his native soil. Their advent on the soil of the Old Dominion was marked by a brisk fight, in which the "boys" did their whole duty. After a few months, during which time but few escaped that scourge of the camp, camp fever, Lieut. Finch was attacked; but at this time there was a prospect of active duty, and in his determination to follow where duty led, he arose from a sick bed to accompany his command. But unable to battle Rebels and disease at the same time he was obliged to yield to the latter, and after a short contest was conquered by the "King of Terrors." With the bloom of youth and the vigor of manhood, flushing his brow and strengthening his arm, he gave his life to his country, and his spirit to God, and left his memory to his friends and loved ones at home. A brother of the writer, ascertaining that his commander was dead, obtained permission to bring his remains to his late home;—for after the spirit has fled we cling to the clayey tenement,—and now all that was mortal of Daniel W. Finch lies in that beautiful "City of the Dead." "The Wesleyan Cemetery," where no warlike notes from the warrior's bugle will disturb his slumbers—for he "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking," save when the trump of the great archangel shall sound.