

Who will portray, ah! who will forget the emotions of our little band, when for the first time the church-bell tolled a requiem over an Alumni, and summoned us around his coffin! And when we left the churchyard, after having gazed for the last time upon the mortal remains of Andrew J. Dale, who was there that could not see the awful question, "who shall be next," pictured in the countenances of all, but which none dared answer? but Death, as if impatient after the first sacrifice, allows scarcely a twelvemonth to pass, ere he again calls upon us to weep for another elder brother, and Woodward's Poet Laureate, John T. Swartz.

John T. Swartz was born in Clark County, Indiana, September 11, 1834, and in the year 1841, when he was but seven years of age, his parents removed with him to Cincinnati. He immediately entered the First District School, and there laid the foundation of his education, which was to increase and ripen until his death. In the year 1850, after years of patient and untiring devotion to his studies, he entered the Woodward High School, full of life and ambition ready to grapple with abstruse mathematical calculations, and eager to quench his thirsting spirit that longed to linger on the lofty eloquence of Cicero, and the sweet pathos and glowing descriptions of Virgil. A new world now opened itself to the young student, and here we may see him beginning to cultivate that taste for literature which should be a solace and companion to him in his lonely hours. For who of us, who were his school-mates, and were more intimately acquainted with him, do not remember how day after day found him engaged in searching out the gems of thought, which have been transmitted to us by the poets of ancient and modern times. And even at this time, when the ordinary mind, at such an age as he had attained, delights to revel and satiate itself in the popular stream of light literature that floods every city and hamlet in the nation, his spirit could drink from the gushing fountain of Milton, and the rich music of Byron. Still his great passion for the muses did not allow him to forget the sports of the playground. No game was complete without John, and few