

EDITORIAL.

Although the 'Annual' is a sturdy, hibernal growth,—for from among snows it springs a maturity, a beauty,—yet, there are blasts too sulphurous, shocks too unusual, for its production. The sky and elements of '61 were congenial to prickly, mortal fruits only. Steel blades were put into hands that were wont to flourish goose quills, and, in place of *laureate*, *doctor of laws*, *master of arts*, poet and philosopher were dubbed Colonel, Brigadier, and Major General. What wonder then, that among such phenomena, winter should have failed to us of her *annual* product? Permit us therefore to introduce to you, our readers, the 'Annual' of '62 as a sort of half brother to the one of '60. Now, be it known in the start that we, the Editors, decline the credit or blame due any article other than those bearing our names, for we confess neither the disposition to mar, nor the talent to beautify, creations not our own. We purpose no criticism, either general or special, of the contents of this number, for we acknowledge that, after having endured the fatigue of an editorial *round*, we feel well content to rest from unnecessary *sparring*, and await the call of '63 to *time*. It is presumable that there lies somewhere within the *cutis vera* of every Woodward graduate, a friendly, if not a fostering, disposition toward these children, our Annuals. Do we not all feel that interest in their appearance and character as were they brothers, or sisters? If not, the sooner such a feeling is developed, and the more warmly it is cherished, the better both for self and periodical. We would have you understand, dear readers, that our editorial necessities are many. Were poems, sweetmeats, and essays loaves of bread, then might charity or money put us in possession of a score; but we believe that poems like poets, and essays like minds, *nascuntur*. Would that a Yankee might be born, genuine enough to invent a literary machine! then might we, with a few pounds of steam, or a little grinding, turn out 'gems' and 'prize essays' *ad infinitum*. Webster—we mean the 'Spelling Book' man—