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Joseph Ray.

NO. 2.

THE

Woodward Annual,

PUBLISHED BY THE

ALUMNAL ASSOCIATION

OF

Woodward High School,

CINCINNATI,

1883.

F. C. BROWNE, PRINTER,

SOUTH EAST CORNER OF THIRD AND BEECHER STREETS.



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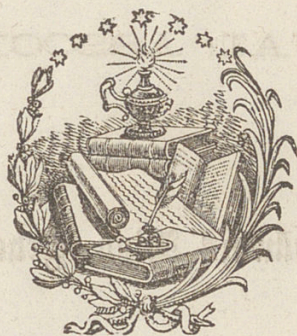
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WOODWARD ANNUAL.

EULOGY ON DR. JOSEPH RAY.

*Delivered by Milton A. Dalton, at his graduation from
Woodward High School, June, 1855.*

When the troubled sea in agitation rocks beneath our feet—when the angry waves buries our little bark beneath its furious stroke—when the storm-riven clouds lowers its dismal mass about, and wraps us in its mantle of black, we spring to action—every fibre of the system *must* vibrate for our safety, every step *must* be exact, every movement *must* be Herculean. And so it is in life. Many of the great men of the past were forced by circumstances to win the honors which now adorn their names. Such, however, is not the case with the man whose name I come to commemorate. Christianity was not sinking into oblivion; science was not on the decline; education was not perishing for the want of advocates; but beneath a serene sky, and upon a smooth, unruffled sea, he became, without ambition, without pride, without contention, a nation's benefactor. From childhood on through life, down to his untimely death, there is no act which can not be admired, no step which did not tend to some great end, no point of character which did not bear upon his face the evident tokens of that firm, studious and dignified man.

Originally, his youth bore no indication of uncommon vigor of mind; no superior natural talent won flowery paths and admiring hearts to aid and cheer him on his way; no wealthy

parent opened the luxury of a college and threw the comforts of life around him; no Public High Schools aroused ambition and spread forth their golden harvests for his diligent youth to reap, but by energy and perseverance, he rose as the silent tide wave, calmly and irresistibly above the rugged rocks which clogged his onward course. Unable to grasp the idol of his hopes—an education—without money, he gave the left hand to win the all powerful dollar, and with the right, he cleared away the weeds of ignorance. The projector of his own career, he selected the most laborious walks of life, and never yielded a particle of the original design to the most gigantic obstacle. From a determined, careful course in early life he grew into manhood an unprecedented example of punctuality and accuracy. Indignant at American copyists and our dependence upon foreign writers, he became a successful author. Being moral in youth, his maturity was a model of Christian virtue. Desiring to spend a life the most useful to his fellow man, he was led to choose an occupation in which he became a true, faithful and matchless educator. What then, is there in the character of this man to eulogize? or rather, where is there a forbidden praise? If we commence with his youth, it, like nature on a spring-day noon, is rich with laudatory themes: obedience, gratitude and industry were always the companions of his childhood. No wild and heedless act found sympathy in his bosom, but ever grave, cautious and thoughtful, he became an object of remark.

His pointedness of character, his early efforts to store his mind with information, his energy of action, his application, were each peculiarities of the man rather than the boy he was, and of sufficient weight to end comparison with the multitude. Therefore, let us crown him a bright illustration with other noble instances, and when we point to him as an imitable man, let us say "It was the unnecessary result of an exemplary youth." When he had reached maturity, all that was valuable and amiable in early age was still retained in the character of the man, only increased by exercise, and made permanent by long possession. Here an indomitable

energy and perseverance began to exhibit the results of its labor; results which have magnitude, excellence and utility. Here the infant mind, by firm and zealous effort, starting as a pebbly brook, had grown to be an Amazonian river, wide in its range of information, deep in scientific knowledge, not swift but powerful to reason. Such a character, such a self-made man, we admire; and such a man was your late valuable fellow-citizen Doctor Joseph Ray. He who leads a delicate intellect through the quagmires of life, protects, encourages, and expands it until it soars by its own endeavors into the brilliant sky where others, backed by natural endowment, have earned no insignificant recommendation, deserves no trivial praise, is entitled to no petty commendation; but he is worthy of the highest eulogium, and the most lasting remembrance of his friends, his countrymen, and every human being, who honors the effect of example. Shall we, then, the immediate pupils, and you who once were bound as we are by every tie of graduation, linked by all of a scholar's affection, chained by so many fond recollections to his name—shall we fail to honor and cherish his memory? Will you, mothers, and you, fathers, whose sons and daughters drank from the fount of his labors, and were inspired by his energy—will you permit his name to fade?

And you citizens of Cincinnati—you who have reaped the products of his toil, and still do reap the harvests of his sowing, will you not raise your voice to speak his praise? I know you will. I marked it at yonder Church in your parting glance. We all will! Ten thousand hearts behold his noble example, and will cherish his memory. It was no life of idleness, no life wasted in self-aggrandizement. He was more magnanimously constituted; and never did man use his talents to greater advantage, or direct them in more useful channels. What does the cause of "Free Education" owe him? What is the extent of his claim upon society for having gathered those youthful vagrants—the thorns and thistles of childhood virtue—from its midst? If to the one, he was the principal instrument in securing the most munificent bequest of any in the State of Ohio; with the

other he was not less worthily connected. Behold, therefore, these two pictures, exhibiting but a limited extent of his relation to us—to mankind. When will we repay these debts of gratitude? When? Generation after generation, as they drink these blessings, may look back in thanks and reverence unto their benefactor. Posterity may follow their example, but still they are recipients, and still, yes, *eternally* will they be obligated to his memory.

As a mathematician—though justly celebrated, though his works are the inmates of every Western home, and favorite editions in all our High Schools, Seminaries, Academies and Colleges—yet his true power of intellect, his abilities as an author, are unknown. Could I go to his study and bring forth its contents—could I display before you each manuscript bought by hours of incessant application—could I array those gigantic labors, those systematic, intelligent toils of twenty-one years duration—could you behold *these* and know that what the world has seen is but his first step in a series embracing the whole mathematical course—a series which, just at the eve of its perfection, stands for *him* eternally *never* perfected;—then would your knowledge approximate to fairness, and your judgment to justice; then would you feel, yea, deeply feel his untimely death; then would this self-made man gain an ascendancy in your estimation. And since he has earned this position in your breasts—since he purchased every inch of it by the sweat of his brow—since his exertions cost him his life, though it may *not* have been proclaimed to the world; though death may have intercepted that final step—a step which would have consummated his desires; though the ship which his young hopes pictured, and his manhood constructed, may have lacked one nail more, yet his name deserves the honor; justice in the clearest accents speaks it; and we are no unjust people. And since he has passed away with this, the only hope perhaps for which he would have lived, the hope that he might be known, and being known receive his due appreciation, then let my youthful voice proclaim it here, and may the accents roll on, and on, until they reach where now he sits, resounding joyfully in

his ear, (if he more joy can have,) that the citizens of Cincinnati do accord the honor to his name! But friends, this is not yet the entire picture.

There is still another scene—a well known scene; one in which *we* have been intimately—the West particularly, and the Nation generally, interested. I refer to Joseph Ray as an instructor, teacher, educator; and as such, where is the one among us, who has not beheld his benign influence upon all classes and all conditions of society, both individually and collectively? Go to your energetic mechanics, your influential merchants, and behold how fond memory of the past makes joy beam from the eye, as a hundred tongues proudly exclaim—*he was my teacher!* Go to the bedside of that poor invalid, and note that *humane physician*. Go to the bar, and behold that *eloquent pleader*. Go into the halls of Congress, and hear that *statesman's* oratorical voice. Go into the sanctuary of God, and listen to that pathetic sermon. Go into all the *virtuous* walks of life, all grades of respectable society, and there still you will hear the name of Joseph Ray pronounced with all the feelings of gratitude as “*my teacher*,” and behold the virtuous principles which he implanted, blooming in all their beauty and variety. And this is no sectional matter, it is not held within the limits of one, two, or three States, but it pervades the whole of this broad country. Travel amid the ice-bound regions of the North, the commercial people of the West, and everywhere you will find those once pupils of our late Preceptor. In looking upon this representation, remembering that “as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined,” what grandeur, what sublimity of character, what honor must we behold, recognize, and acknowledge in that one who turns such a vast influence over the destinies of his country, to the accomplishment of what is noble and beneficial; and proud should we be who can claim this one as ours, morally, intellectually and socially.

Who, when he observes all these exalting qualities combined in one man, can fail to admire and venerate him? Hail, then, thrice happy “Queen City of the West;” raise your anthems to the skies, and let the name of thine hon-

ored son resound throughout the land! 'Twas God himself who brought him into your midst, and gave direction to his mind—a mind which concentrates around his name a halo of splendor which will shine as long as time shall endure. It then needs no poetic thought, no eloquent tongue to make it great; but, like the orb of day, it holds within itself a grandeur greater than the world can give.

POETIC CULTURE.

From the time Adam ate the apple of knowledge, man has been continually searching for the hidden, deep, mysterious. Through the chinks of our heavy, earthy nature, some stray beams of a higher, brighter existence seem to shine, and the soul is constantly striving to get out of its clay prison and travel toward the Light of which it has caught occasional, uncertain and tantalizing glimpses. The Adamic hankering after the apple is still in our mouths. We burn to know the sacred secrets. The old Sphinx with her riddle is ever recurring, glassing herself in a drop of water, vailing herself in clouds, hissing in the crackling flame, spiring into trees, sitting upon the Western hills at sunset, leaping all night from star to star, and peering over the Eastern horizon as the morning comes forth. Man never wearies of this problem, this mortal link between two eternities. Paths lie in all directions, beaten hard by the ceaseless tramp of explorers into the Unknown. Only occasionally a poet peeps through the crevices of nature and repeats his experience, but the few bars of music that he gives us are imperfect and unsatisfying.

The spirit feels that it is an exile in this fleshy tabernacle, and is continually making pictures of its unknown home, which we call the ideals of imagination, while in fact to the inner sight they are pure reality. The soul would talk, if

our heavy ears could distinguish the language of its delicate spirit-tongue. Now that it is hid and almost smothered in a mass of sensual flesh, it can only hear and perceive the coarsest sounds and roughest outlines, because all perceptions come through the comparatively rude organs of the body. But according as we become purer and nobler, this vesture of clay becomes transparent; and could we become perfectly pure, the soul would be, as it were, enclosed in a crystal which would offer no obstruction to its perfect vision.

All true culture is poetic, for all our ideas of the true, the beautiful and the good are founded in poetry. There is poetry in all the relations of life, giving them symmetry and a shadowy reflection of the divine. True marriage is a poem, and the sweet charities of father, mother, sister, brother, friend, as well as all the dear associations about that magical word, Home, are poetical.

The poetries of school friendship! Shall we ever forget them? They but deepen as the years go by. The farther we are borne from the "Consecrated Acre" by time and circumstances, the nearer it seems to us in spirit. Though sundered, common memories, fresh, joyous memories draw us together as with "hooks of steel." We are a circle still, as in the days of "auld lang syne."

"Our hands would touch for all the mountain-bars."

Love, friendship, valor, martyrdom, religion—in fine, anything that causes the sluggish tide of life to set toward heaven is poetic.

Poetry is the life of life. It touches the deepest springs in the human breast, unseals the most secret fountains of feeling, and causes man to live a new and vivid life. It is the essence of all fine endeavors, even though the man may be ignorant of the source of his power. We attribute success to enthusiasm, but enthusiasm is only the unwritten poetry of action. There never was a great or good man but owed his greatness or goodness to the poetic element in him. To poetry belongs the diviner part of our nature, and the more poetry the more divinity.

From the inspired psalms of the Royal Singer to the war-songs now sung by our brave armies, poetry has swayed the devotion, patriotism and every other great sentiment of the soul. The influence of Edda in Ireland, the Sogas in Scandinavia, the Nibelungen lied in ancient Germany, the poems of Ossian in Scotland, can be but faintly imagined. Those were poetic days when the bards were prophets, priests, and I had almost said kings. In those times of undisciplined strength, when men, from great ignorance were in danger of sinking into a mere animal existence, the voice of *scard* and minstrel awoke the humanity that was almost dormant in the race and made them warriors, loves, patriots and worshipers. Poetry still stands the expression of the best that is in us. Would that this poetic element could flow more through the channels of every day existence! There are too many poems in books, too few in life. We should work up our poetries into happiness. We believe with the earnest realist, that what is good as ideal must be good as real, or it is a failure. Pretty words are to be despised, if, like the unnatural blossoms of the Snow-ball they produce no seeds, no life-germs.

Poetic culture is the best because it reaches the heart, the true center of all fine living and fine thinking. Why it should so influence us we can not tell. The *spirit* of poetry eludes all analysis, In *form* it is vivid, graphic, sculptured language. There is no stony rigidity in it as in prose. It is living sculpture, warm with the blush and glow of inspired life.

It would be impossible to tell the wondrous, deep influence of Shakspeare's poetry. Next to Holy Writ it is the Bible of poetry. The poets of our day have not the universal vision of a Shakspeare or a Goethe, but they are cultivating the people in their own peculiar gifts. Tennyson, in pure æsthetics, in refined sensibility, in delicacy of taste; Longfellow, in the warm heart-life and aspirations for the Beautiful and Good; and Emerson, in the deep mysteries of man and nature. Tennyson gives us his lessons in quaint, original imagery, in words that "ring like golden jewels down a golden stair." They cultivate fineness of ear and

exquisite taste. In the home-lights and labor-inspiring poetry of Longfellow one grows better and stronger. In the diamond pages of Emerson, diamond not alone in their size (for Emerson is a sparing writer) but also in their inward, self-generating light, are mines of rich, cultured thought, a keen insight into men, their actions and motives, and a deep acquaintance with the human soul. To read such poetry, to read and re-read until your own soul kindles into sympathetic thought, must deepen, aye and strengthen, your better, finer nature. It sets the soul a thinking, and surely thought is not too abundant in American literature. To the poetry in his nature, Macaulay is indebted for that richly flowing diction that adds such a charm to his pages. And is it not the spirit of poetry, of the grand old Hebrew sort that holds the mind, spell-bound, over the rough, throbbing sentences of Carlyle?

Without poetic culture a man can not appreciate the beauties and lessons of Art; for statuary is frozen poetry and pictures, poems in colors. There is poetry in architecture. Theodore Parker understood it when he called a spire, "a petrified psalm." The origin of church architecture as hinted at by Emerson is poetical. Anciently men worshiped in the temple of the woods. The branches of the trees formed the groined arches and lanceolated windows. Now the temple of the woods has been done into stone.

Poetry, too, enables one to enjoy a true companionship with nature. An uncultivated man will stand spiritually, unmoved on the Table-rock at Niagara. He is traversing a world of deepest miracles but he knows it not. A rock, a leaf, a star, has no higher meaning than their mere utility. The dualism, the double meaning of the symbols of nature never enter his thoughts. He looks at the obvious, material aspect and not at the hidden spiritual idea.

The poet, on the contrary, sees traces of divinity everywhere, and deciphers hieroglyphics of nature with an eye to something higher than this animal existence. He passes by the coarse filling in. He has an eye for the beautiful, the harmonious. Hence it was a poet, an art-poet that painted the

Heart of the Andes, which is not an exact copy of one particular spot of nature, but the fine parts of many miles of scenery, exquisitely fitted together. All the poetry of the mountains is written on a bit of canvas hardly more than a yard square.

It would not be in vain if we should seek the spiritual as well as the physical connection of things. We speak of Fire, Light, Gravity, Fertility, Life, and we undertake to write their history and dictate their laws. But we merely skim upon the surface, and write our observations on the water. Another age comes and writes them over again, but the watery tablets are forever smooth. We are yearning to solve the Wonderful, the Infinite, and although we may do much as did Thor at Utgard, yet like him we are trying to empty at a draught the drinking-horn that reaches to the sea.

Let us cultivate the poet's reverence for these unexplained mysteries. Better would it be, like the old Icelanders, to worship these powers as personified deity, than to look unmoved upon the operations of nature and cover up divinity in scientific terms. Let us cultivate the Beautiful, remembering that the Beautiful is the threshold of the Good, and the Good leads man back to the lost Eden.

[The following Poem was read at the Commencement Exercises of the Woodward High School, June, 1856, by the authoress:]

"GO."

BY LIZZIE JACKSON.

Go, seems unwelcome greeting,
But 'tis fancy makes it so,
For kinder, better wish,
Could mortal ne'er bestow.
By logical deduction,
'Twill really appear,
That if you cease to go,
You'll stop—that seems quite clear.

As the human frame-work,
 Seems analogy to bear,
 To the structure of fine clock-work,
 Requiring greatest care,
 In the adoption of its parts,
 To cause it well to go,
 Could better wish be uttered,
 Than that the union might be so,
 That in harmony thy acts
 Should all so well accord,
 That in praise of going well
 All might to you accord?

When the Creator's mighty hand
 Cast into boundless space,
 Those myriads of worlds
 Which countless systems grace;
 One magic word He whispered,
 Which on its shining way,
 Sent rolling in bright circles,
 That glittering array;
 One magic "go" gave motion,
 No finite power can stay,
 "Go," was the inspiring key note,
 And the cadence was "away."
 "Go," is the fairy wand which opes
 The golden gates of light,
 And breaks the spell of darkness cast
 O'er the dismal realms of night.

"Go," wafts to heaven the mourner's prayer,
 "Go," bids the captive roam,
 "Go," loosens too the silken cord,
 And breaks the golden bowl,
 The day which opes the door of death,
 The passport of the soul.

Go, shouts the livid lightning's flash,
 Go, the hoarse thunders speed,
 Go, stills the angry tempest's voice,
 Bids the wild wave recede.

And as "Go" rules the elements,
 It is the motto still
 Of mind possessed of firm resolve,
 The herald of the will.

Where lofty purpose fills the soul
 With thoughts of future fame,
 "I'll go," must be the prelude,
 The first step towards the aim.

When great Columbus heard the voice
Of the New World, saying, "Come
And tread the land which ne'er before
Was pressed by Eastern son;
Come see the clear lakes glitter,
Come mark the river's flow,
Come view ice lofty mountains,
And the green valleys low;"
What obstacle could now prevent,
What voice should utter No,
When once the daring Genoese
Had answered back, "I'll go?"

When oppression sealed the bonds
That tyranny had wrought,
And checked with bonds and fetters,
Free liberty of thought,
The Pilgrims launched their bark,
Tho' wild the winds did blow,
And a blessing fell from heaven,
As they blithely sang "we'll go."

When freedom's bird was fledged,
Rocked in the raging storm;
He shook his rustling wings,
And his red eye glared with scorn;
Then in the tempests marched,
A voice spoke soft and low,
And the eagle's proud neck arched,
As he wildly shrieked "I'll go."
"King of the air I soar,
Who shall dare fetter me?
My mission is from God,
I go to guard the free."

When the inventor views complete
The product of his skill,
He hides it not away from sight,
To enjoy it at his will;
But while the flush of honest pride,
Upon his cheek does glow,
He sends it forth to win its way,
With a trembling, earnest "go."

The swain whom Cupid's darts have pierced,
Can never find relief,
Unless he will resolve to go,
And tell HER of his grief:
And if she takes no pity,
And coldly answers "No,"

Why then the only remedy,
 Is to turn around and "go."
 Yes, go is a word of mighty power,
 As all things tend to show,
 For the grand design of every one,
 Is just "TO MAKE THINGS GO."

But care must be exhibit'ed.
 As to HOW and WHERE to go.
 As that simply makes the difference
 'Twixt happiness and woe.

And if there be one principle
 Which all should wish to know,
 'Tis that which teaches thoroughly
 The PROPER TIME to go.

When an audience quite wearied,
 Signs of sleep begin to show,
 'Tis almost time to act upon
 The principle of—go.

BIOGRAPHY OF LIZZIE JACKSON.

BY ANNA LOWDEN.

"When musing on companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone."

Occasionally we meet with characters that seem to bear the impress of heaven. They are richly gifted with those noble attributes, that always render the possessor peculiarly lovely. An influence purer and brighter than earth directs thoughts and actions. An angelic radiance seems to surround them, as though some bright spirit of the better world had come to dwell among us for a time, to fill our hearts with holier aspirations, and then take flight again, drawing our thoughts upward after it and fixing them on its heavenly home. Toward such, we feel that intensity of love and admiration, which the beautiful and pure alone inspire. And when be-

reaved of a friend like this, we refuse to be comforted in our bitter sorrow, painfully conscious that never again in life, will we meet with such a companion as we have lost.

Death, in his first selection from the sisterly throng has claimed the most gifted, the fairest. It is hard, but yet 'tis meet that our loveliest and most beloved should first stand at the pearly gates to welcome home, ere long, her weary companions.

"Truth needs no color, beauty no pencil," and the simple story of our classmate's life is in itself so beautiful, it needs no embellishment. Her early days were passed in the city of Cleveland and she left upon the minds of her friends there the impression of a beautiful childhood. During her school-life here the treasures of her pen, lent the brightest charm to all the literary entertainments of our Alma Mater, while the natural buoyancy of her spirits, together with her excellence at repartee, rendered her society most attractive to all her schoolmates.

Her character combined all those attractions of mind and person, wherein is embodied the highest type of female loveliness. A natural refinement and delicacy of taste inclined her more to the culture of polite literature, than the more difficult researches of scientific learning. She possessed a clear and vigorous understanding, and her attainments notwithstanding her predilection for particular branches, embraced a very extensive range of useful knowledge. Most favored of the muses of all our Alumnae, had ambition inspired our gifted classmate to give entire devotion to the art, her fame to-day would no doubt resound far beyond the limits of the Woodward Circle. Those beautiful lines, "No love is lost," possess that same richness of pathos, that forms the crowning beauty of the natural poetess.

In speaking of the future she at one time remarked, that her mission in life must be an important one; as she more than once had been so wonderfully restored to health, when apparently at the point of death. Her short mission upon earth is ended. How has it been fulfilled? Ask that little band of children, whom she weekly met, whom no pleasure could

tempt her to neglect, who ever found her gentle hand ready to guide their little fingers in works of usefulness, and whose dreary lives were rendered happier by her tender kindness. Ask the *home circle* to whom she was ever a ministering angel, and for whose comfort and happiness her fingers never wearied in doing. Ask her companions to whom her society was ever the source of the purest joy. Ask them *all*, how has her mission been fulfilled.

Her faith in Christ was beautiful and constant, purifying and sustaining to the moment of her death. During the last few years of her short stay here, she had more than the common allotment of suffering. But throughout while the earthly tabernacle was dissolving day by day, the spiritual life was growing stronger, and heaven was opening inwardly to the sight. Daily she communed with her heavenly Father, preparing her heart for such trials as He in his merciful providence should mete out to her. This communion encompassed her life with a halo that shed its influence upon all, whether intimately or distantly associated with her. It made a nature naturally lovely, a little nearer to the angels, it touched the heart and made it vibrate even more tenderly for the sufferings of her fellow creatures, it gave the face a frankness indicative of guilelessness and trust, and to the manner it imparted a cordiality and a genialness *felt* by all, and *seen* in the smile that came with her whole heart's welcome. What power over the heart has such an humble, loving, righteous life, and she yet speaks to us in a pure Christian life. This legacy has she bequeathed to all who mourn her loss.

Her death was a beautiful close to a most beautiful life. The day of her departure closed not more bright and clear with rosy sunset than her life. Conscious of the near approach of death, after speaking words of thankfulness, of comfort and entreaty, and bidding the tearful ones by her bedside a long farewell, she peacefully and trustingly waited for the strains sung by her Angel sisterhood to come nearer and nearer, welcoming her to joys eternal. Joyfully she embraced the proffered harp, and gave her voice to swell the chorus. A few hours previous to her departure, she seemed

to have a vision of the spirit world. Her face beamed with happiness—the eye, though closed, seemed looking upon forbidden sights of loveliness—the mouth wreathed with smiles, and from the lips there came in whispers, “How beautiful—how beautiful—how lovely!” And so she left us, and the still quiet hours of memory find *us* yearning for the loved one gone, but *she* tasting of the bliss immortal.

’Tis difficult to feel that she is dead.
 Her presence, like the shadow of a wing,
 That is just lessening in the upper sky,
 Lingers upon us. We can hear her voice,
 And for her step we listen, and the eye
 Looks for her coming with a strange,
 Forgetful earnestness. We cannot feel
 That she will come no more—that from her cheek
 The delicate flush has faded * * * * *
 * * * * * and on her lip
 That was so exquisitely pure, the dew
 Of the damp grave has fallen! Who so loved
 Is left among the living? Who hath walked
 The world with such a winning loveliness,
 And on its bright, brief journey, gathered up
 Such treasures of affection?

A RETROSPECT.

BY MATILDA BRAY.

“Memory sometimes bears us back,
 To scenes almost forgot.”

On an acre, consecrated to the holy cause of education, stands an edifice, imposing in its appearance, about which cluster associations dear to our hearts. Time’s remorseless finger has left its impress on those honored walls, and the beauty and freshness of former years have disappeared; but memory delights to cherish a temple, reared by one whose name we love, and consecrated to its holy mission

by the prayers and labors of those who rightly valued the precious jewels entrusted to their keeping. From within its portals have issued streams of good, whose influence has ennobled and purified the world. The causes set in motion within the walls of our Alma Mater, have produced effects lasting as eternity. As the mighty river is formed of tiny rivulets, which meander noiselessly through the grassy valleys, so numberless tributaries of good thoughts, words and actions compose a virtuous life; and these have their sources in the droppings of wisdom instilled into youthful hearts and minds.

It is pleasant to retrospect; for the pictures presented to our view have the lights and shades beautifully blended—the many joys contrasted with the few sorrows. A short time since, we enjoyed life as happy school-boys and girls. With what expectation and trembling did we enter the High School, the first morning. Strange faces appeared on all sides; occasionally a familiar countenance, like a gleam of sunshine, met our vision. Every syllable uttered by our teacher was carefully noted; and, as he pointed out the path we expected to tread, across our imaginations flitted visions of future eminence, when the wished-for goal should be reached. The path seemed flowery, and we felt that no obstacles could deter us from traveling that road, that royal road, until we had reached the point where we might pause to obtain the victor's crown of success.

Every morning found us assembled to ask God's blessing. Although we did not rightly value the precious privilege of meeting our associates and teachers, still we are nobler men, truer women, for those few moments spent in communion with our God. And neither time nor the world can efface the indelible impress stamped upon our characters.

So many steps must be taken, so much progress made, before the setting of the sun. Pleasure beamed on the faces of our guides when they witnessed our persevering efforts to overcome the obstacles lying in our pathway. But a changed look was depicted on their countenances when it was evident that we were tired of the journey—when com-

pletely disheartened, we experienced the evils of despondency. Then by exhibiting the reward offered to the persevering victor, and by cheering words, our leaders induced us to try again. And we resolved never again to be daunted at the difficulties in our pathway. But alas! how often our good resolutions were only formed to be broken. Many a time have our glad voices broken forth into singing, and we have proceeded on our way rejoicing, for music removes all cares and gives light hearts. Four o'clock was always a welcome hour, and good Friday came weekly. Like links of gold were Saturday and Sunday, and as such we valued them; for all seasons of rest strengthen for renewed labor.

Week succeeded week, and soon the mountain of difficulty,—examination,—appeared in view, and its foot was soon reached. The ascent was neither so long nor tedious as we had anticipated. The summit reached, we looked back with pleasure over the path we had trod, and felt amply repaid for all the efforts made and obstacles surmounted. Before resuming our journey, we rested for a season to welcome our friends to an intellectual repast, for such it seemed to us. Their cheering words and smiling looks inspired us with a new spirit of perseverance.

And now for a time we separated from our companions, that we might rest during the sultry summer months. A ramble into the domains of Nature, gave us a love for her beauties, and it was there we learned to

“Find tongues in trees; books in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones; and good in every thing.”

The new term found us prepared to grapple with new difficulties, and time after time come off victorious. Sometimes a dark cloud obscured our pathway, but soon the beams of light penetrated the darkness. Occasionally obstacles would arise which we, unaided, could not surmount, and then our kind leader showed us another path, or removed from before us the difficulty. How typical of life! The world a school—we the scholars; often failing, our great Teacher extends the helping hand, and “leads us into the paths of righteousness.”

With peculiar pleasure does the mind dwell on the moment when the long wished-for goal had been reached. We remember how our hearts pulsated with joy, that we had traveled the journey, and were about to receive our well-earned crown of reward. A feeling of sadness steals over us, even now, at the thought that then and there we bade adieu to loved companions, with whom we had fondly journeyed; to those who had explored with us many a hidden labyrinth of knowledge, or discovered with us many a gem of priceless value. For the first time, we realized the worth of our faithful leaders. How often had we thought them exacting, leading us into by-paths, when there was a more direct road; but then we thanked them for their kind firmness, in requiring us to travel steadily onward. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." About to sever our connection with it, we realized the worth of our Alma Mater. A cord of love had been twining itself about our hearts, and now it must be severed.

The stern realities of another and longer journey now loomed before us. And has not our course of preparation fitted us to combat successfully with the hourly difficulties which arise in traveling through life? With enlarged sources and increased capacities of enjoyment, are we still keeping step together, as in by-gone days? As men and women our paths diverged, as we commenced the journey which will terminate only with life.

Let us glance, for a moment, upon the paths pursued by our school friends. Some are on the high road to eminence as lawyers, merchants, doctors or officers in the army; while others, as preachers and teachers, have been and are treading, patiently, the road to good deeds, scattering on every side the deeds of truth and goodness. One of our number has crossed the mighty deep to devote her life to the heathen of China. May God bless her in her noble work. All, we trust, either at home or abroad, have been traveling the path of duty. Some of our number have visited the altar of Hymen. We would wish all such great joy in their new relation. May the great Leader mark out, in love, their

course, giving them fair weather in life, and a happy entrance into mansions of rest at last.

Those of us who once journeyed so lovingly together, meet but seldom now; but the warm pressure of the hand of a school friend sends a thrill of pleasure to our hearts. At our re-unions, our pathways cross each other. They are mile-stones where we may pause and glance backward over the road we have traveled, since we last met. Together we recall the days of Auld Lang Syne, and, throwing off the mantle of manhood and womanhood, don the buoyant spirits of our youthful days.

In our retrospect, should we forget those of our number who sprang to our country's aid, in her hour of peril, when her glorious banner had been trailed in the dust by traitors? No; our thoughts are with them continually. They have our earnest wishes for their success. With God overhead, and right on their side, their hearts will yet rejoice, when the pean of victory and liberty shall resound throughout the land. While standing by the graves of those whose young lives have been sacrificed on the altar of their country, we have dropped the tear of sorrow. The remembrance of those noble brothers will ever be most precious to us.

Six of our associates will meet with us no more on earth. Does a feeling of sadness steal over us, that these friends, so dear to our hearts, have left us? Let us not grieve; though snatched away, in the early vigor of life, they had completed their course. We would glance, with the eye of faith, to that land where sorrows and tears are not, and partings are unknown, and trust that they are safe, in the bosom of their God; that to them,

"Heaven is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love,
When faith and hope in rapture die,
And ransomed souls above
Enjoy, before the eternal throne,
Bliss, everlasting and unknown."

Although separated in life, each one fulfilling the mission marked out by a loving Father, we would not forget that

there may be a re-union for us which will be everlasting;
that our hearts, firmly united on earth, will be bound more
closely in Heaven.

THE RISING GENERATION.

[The following poem was composed by John T. Swartz, and read by him at
the Commencement Exercises of Woodward High School, June 30th, 1854. Ed.]

The era of lightning—the era of steam—
The age when the wildest Utopian dream
Will soon be accomplished, and when ready made
Or got up to order, new sights are displayed,
This glorious age is the theme of my verse,
Its wonders and follies I'll try to rehearse.

The people our ancestors would have call'd *Boys*,
Would now scorn poor boyhood, with its empty joys;
They *wait on* the women (dear darlings with curls,
Whom some folks even now still dare to call girls.)
With readiness, which 'twould surprise you to see,
They follow our Fashion's commands to a T.
If fashion proclaims that 'tis right for gallants,
To wear the enormous *plaid* pattern for pants,
With cross-bar so broad, that fully to show
The pattern, two fellows together must go;
Or if the last *plates*, show the barber-pole *mode*,
Where a stripe round the leg winds its serpentine road;
Thus giving the wearer the aspect sublime
Of a two-barrel'd corkscrew; whatever the time
May call for, their lower limbs always are cased
In the best of material well cut and well placed;
And their swallow-tailed coats with bright buttons glow,
In the height of the *mode*, whether paid for or no.

Some cherish the beard 'neath the Know-nothing hat,
Goatee like a shoe-brush—mustache like a rat—
While others who can't raise the *quantum* of hair,
Say Nature ne'er meant that the beard men should wear.
Like lilies they toil not, nor yet do they spin,
In fact, they believe that hard work is a *sin*.
They live by their wits, yet but little wit show,
And belong to the Pay-nothing order, you know.

They patronize julips and whoever saw
A gent of this order without a *cigah*?
They visit the Debolt, Verandah or Tell,
And call to the waiter, who knows them full well,
"A lemonade, *waitah*, containing a *stick*!"
Or, "*waitah* come fan me to sleep with a brick!"
Oh! soon shall the echo go up to the skies
The rising generation's no higher to rise!

The other sex too, rise prodigiously fast,
They far have out-stripped all hopes of the past.
They, too, with blind fury do Fashion's behest,
As she bids them be clad they quickly are dressed.
If she bids them wear dresses high in the throat,
They choke themselves so, they can't sing a note.
At frickle dame Fashion's capricious command,
If she in the pride of her power should demand
That the bosom and shoulders be open to view:
No matter if ebon or snowy their hue,
The edict of Fashion must every one
Most quickly obey, or be scorned by the *ton*.

The girls once derived from a bonnet no pleasure
If it was aught less than a half-bushel measure,
But now, they despise any gear for the head
Less delicate than the gossamer thread;
The head is kept bare, save that half way upon it,
Is jauntily worn the *hind half* of a bonnet.
They, too, scorn all labor, on work they look down;
Embroidery worship—on shirt-making frown;
They thump the guitar—but bread they can't bake,
They play the piano—but pies they can't make;
Knit opera-caps—but can't iron a collar;
Could spend "half a million," but can't earn a dollar.

These belles and these beaux form the young generation,
Who're soon to control this unparalleled nation.
Though our fathers have toiled as all "old fogies" will,
Yet scorn we all manual exercise still.
We'll eat our ice-creams, in Alf. Burnett's saloon;
And forget we e'er ate with an old pewter spoon,
In the days when our *daddies* were earning the *tin*,
By real hard work, *that contemptible sin*.
Though our papas have bent o'er the anvil, from dawn
'Till the last ling'ring glimmer of twilight was gone,
Yet scorn we all labor and turn up our nose
At the humble mechanic with patch-cover'd clothes.
Up! up! with the "Do-nothing" standard, my boys!
Let's "know-nothing" here of the laborer's joys!
Higher let's climb in the scale of perfection,

'Till the world is joined in bankruptcy's connection.
Let Czars, kings, and emperors know that we're *some*,
Make the good time coming, be the good time come !
Let earth, air and ocean prolong the glad sound,
'Till we make the wond'ring "old fogies" around ;
Confess, as each rubs his old care-furrowed *phiz*,
The rising generation has already riz !

BIOGRAPHY OF LIEUT. DANIEL W. FINCH.

BY WILLIAM H. MORGAN.

Two more years have sped away and naught is left us, but memories of the past. Fain would we wish that these memories were only those of joy and gladness, unclouded by the solemn realities which Time in his devastating career is wont to bring; but it is not so. Such is not the nature of life. Nations have been called upon to mourn, communities mourn, and families mourn, and we as a Society must needs put on the garb of mourning, for the finger of Death has been laid on one of our brothers, and he has entered upon the untried scenes of the great hereafter.

We all feel this irreparable loss, but especially those members of our company whose connection with "Old Woodward" dates from 1852, and whose school-boy and school-girl days ended with the closing term of 1856. It is true that the loss of one of our band sensibly affects us all; but this class, of which our late brother was a member, was especially bereaved when Daniel W. Finch was taken from its midst. He who was always among the gayest of the gay; ever the same lively spirit on the play ground and in the schoolroom, was in his sports and in his studies, in our visits and in his home, the same inimitable, joyous spirit. To all a friend and to none a foe, do you wonder that we sigh for the spirit that will never return? And not his classmates alone; but a fond mother, father and brothers will never

again be blest with the presence of a beloved son and brother,—while a young and loving wife and mother will lead her boy to the grave, whose turf has been often moistened with the widow's tears, and point him to the last resting place of his warrior father—for he was a soldier and died in the service of his country.

Daniel W. Finch was born on the 4th of January, 1836. At an early age the activity of his mind gave promise of what it would be in its maturity; but the great Reaper scarcely permitted the blossom of youth to burst into the flower of manhood, ere the frosts of the twenty-sixth winter rested upon it, and we must now content ourselves with the fragrance which arises from a recollection of his deeds.

The earliest acquaintance the writer had with our late brother was formed during the Summer of 1848, when the Cadets of Temperance were in their palmiest days. Both of us being connected with this society, we frequently met and became mutual friends. About this time his father met with various misfortunes in his business, and Daniel, following the dictates of his generous disposition, left school and obtained work in the printing office of Chas. E. Cist, Esq. He remained here for several years, fulfilling his various duties with commendable zeal and fidelity, earning for himself a proud consideration in the estimation of his employers, who were unwilling to spare him when he had determined to again enter school and battle his way against adversity through the High School, and obtain an education; for this was the only legacy which promised to be his. He left the office of Mr. Cist and re-entered the Tenth District School, where he remained one year, and entered the Woodward High School in September, 1852.

Here most faces were strange and new to him, as we all have experienced; but young Finch's affability and good humor soon secured for him friends among all the pupils. Being very active and full of sport, he became a participant in all the games of the school ground; and his mind exactly harmonized with his body,—for he found his favorite studies among those which allow the mind to wander over the most

extensive fields. It is our opinion that he had few superiors, or even equals, as a writer or declaimer among those who have passed through our schools. No programme of an exhibition appeared complete during his term at Woodward without his name.

All men and students have their "likes" and "dislikes" among the various branches of study. So it was with him, for if his recitations in mathematics were not as perfect as those of some, or if he was not as proficient in this branch as many others, it is accounted for by the fact that his mind inclined more to literature than to mathematics. In the former he was certainly celebrated. Have not all of us, who heard him repeat the stirring strains of Henry, Wirt, Pitt, or Prentiss, looked forward with eagerness to the time when it again came his turn for declamation. He was a member of the last senior class that left the old building, which was the first class graduated from the new one.

What were our class meetings without Finch? Dull and tedious. He, in common with us all, had the "ups" and "downs" of our High School course, but came out triumphant over all obstacles, an active and honorable member of our association. During the four years' course at Woodward, most of his time out of school was employed in earning the means with which to supply himself with books and clothing. This was the case with several of his class, and indeed with many of those—be it said to their honor—who have graduated from our Public Schools. After leaving Woodward, he was employed, for a time, in the Seventh District school as a teacher. This did not suit his disposition, and he again entered the employ of Mr. Cist as a traveling agent in the Western States. He remained in this business for more than a year, when he returned to the city and was engaged in the office of the county clerk, under Richard Stone, Esq. During his term at Woodward, he became acquainted with Miss Eliza Smith, daughter of C. J. W. Smith, Esq. The acquaintance thus formed grew into friendship, and friendship into love, and on the 17th of March, 1858, they were married. Mr. Smith took him into his office, where he remained for

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.

THOUGHT—ITS REFLEX INFLUENCE.

BY REV. S. WEEKS, A. M.

Laying aside the consideration of the hereafter, man is distinguished from the lower animals by his power of reasoning: perceiving causes, he proceeds to probable effects; from given premises he arrives at conclusions. An animal follows its instinct, or propensions, and there the matter ends; the results are neither elevating nor degrading: not so with man; his mind performing its functions, sensation and consciousness alike make their impressions, impressions which ennoble or belittle according as the thoughts excited are pure, grand, beautiful, or vile, low, unseemly.

Impressions frequently re-produced from habits, habits permanently fixed in the mind, mould and make character. If, then, the mind is assimilated to its own reflections, every man becomes the arbiter of his own intellectual and moral status, so that each may determine for himself how radiant he will shine as a *man*, or how low he will grovel as a *brute*.

"To the pure all things are pure." To the man of noble thought even the crudities of earth are so many stepping-stones to a higher sphere. The monarch-poet of Israel writes, as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Not only does thought act directly on mind, the immaterial, but also indirectly on the body, the material. Thought chisels the countenance, stamping its image and superscription on every lineament of the face. That mind moulds matter, is no more a subject for debate than that matter, through the senses, acts upon mind; nor is it any more incomprehensible. Let a man, naturally morose, cultivate a gentleness of spirit and a sweet urbanity of manners, it will not be long till his face, melting into kindly smiles, will lose its misanthropic frown and wear habitually the expressive look of quiet benevolence, which disarms malice and conciliates affection. On the other hand, a man by nature

amiable, exposed to influences hardening in their tendency, very soon loses his kind feelings for his race and becomes sullen and austere, which dispositions, through the mind, make their impress on the features, expelling all advances. If it be true that man's conditional nature has its exterior index, the face warm, loving, radiant, answering to the heart, varying with the thought, almost thinking and palpitating of itself; so also the intellectual nature has its signet on the brow, indicating so definitely the mental vigor of the person that we may readily decide the force and character of his thoughts. The dreamy, speculative *look* of the man of feeble thought, who gazes abstractly on vacuity, is essentially different and easily distinguished from the shrewd insight which mantles the visage of the practical thinker.

Young man, would you have the noble bearing, the manly dignity, the intelligent countenance which becomes the sovereign of this lower world? Think nobly. Young Lady, would you have the queenly carriage, the womanly sweetness, the love-inspiring delicacy which should distinguish your sex? Cherish pure, vigorous thought.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN T. SWARTZ.

BY CHARLES F. WEHMER.

"Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

An overruling Providence has again seen fit to summon away from this earth one who was wont to join with us in the juvenile sports of the play-ground, and ascend with us the steep and rugged hill of science. Who of us can forget what a thrill of sadness pierced our hearts, when for the first time the icy finger of death touched the circle of our association and broke the first link of our Alumnal chain?

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

outstripped him in the sports which are so common to the students of "Woodward," and on which our minds hang with tears of delight as they recall to us the many halcyon days of yore. Five years of unremitting toil and labor, five happy, joyous years were passed, and John became an Alumni of Woodward. The goal had been attained, his school-life was ended, and he entered the arena of life, to take his position in the busy turmoil of this existence. Although graduating with honor, and enjoying the confidence and respect of his teachers, he did not consider his education as complete, but as only begun, and that now he could pursue his favorite studies with more energy and success. No other profession presented such advantages to him for self improvement as that of the teacher, and accordingly in the year 1854 he became a teacher in his old *Alma-Mater*, the First District School. This position, as well as laborer in the Asbury Sunday school, he filled with honor and credit to himself and with the respect of his scholars. In the year 1857 he married Miss Anna Evans, and removed to Dayton, where he accepted a situation as teacher in one of the schools of that city. But the angel of death had already marked him out as a victim, and accordingly in the year 1858, but a few short months after his union with a lady, whom he loved dearly as the "apple of his eye," and with whom he fondly expected to spend many happy years in this life,—but alas! too soon for him, and by her unexpected,—the cup of joy, which they were raising to their lips was dashed to the ground, as the grim-visaged death flapped his broad wings over the happy home of a son and the joyous fireside of a husband, spreading a shadow which the bright meeting in that undiscovered country will only dispel. Toward the close of the year 1858, feeling himself unable to fulfill the duties of his position, he resigned and returned to Cincinnati, where he expected among those dear companions, and familiar scenery of his childhood, to stay the onward march of the destroyer in his work of dissolution. But alas! a wise Providence had decreed otherwise. During the month of February, 1859, his already enfeebled constitution was seized with

the disease which was to put an end to his earthly career. But stern and unrelenting death, not satisfied with one victim, plants his gastly fingers on another son of that household, and at one stroke cuts off the first born just ripened into manhood, and carries with him the youngest into the realms of eternity. On the 5th of March, 1859, John and his brother Willie both felt death approaching, and although each one was aware of the other's sickness, neither of them knew that his brother would accompany him in this journey through the "dark valley of the shadow of death." Willie's spirit first took flight; a few minutes after, the eyes of John, although fast glazing in death, suddenly lit up with a heavenly flame, and seemed to see the angel spirit of his brother hovering over him, while his countenance, beaming with joy and hope, seemed to beckon the celestial spirit and say, "Wait, brother, I come." Hand in hand together they enter the portals of heaven, to swell the chorus of hallelujahs, which the millions who have gone before chant in praises of the Lamb.

John had a truly poetic nature. His mind was fertile with the keenest wit, and it could refresh itself in the beautiful and sublime wherever found, whether in nature or in art. Witness his poems, as a truth of the assertion. Who that heard his poem on "Fashion," as read by himself in Greenwood Hall, 1855, or who that has read the piece entitled "The Days when I had the Tin," does not perceive a humorous trait of character in every line? While the exquisite poems—"There are no tears in Heaven," and "Faded Loveliness," tell of moments when thoughts such as the Christian only feels took possession of his soul. Had he lived, we have no doubt but that he would have taken a high rank among the writers of the West, for he was endowed not only with the fine sensibilities and imagination that make the poet, but he was also possessed of that untiring energy and perseverance which surmount all obstacles. The writings he has left behind, the fruits of many dreary hours of patient study and thought, have raised up for him a monument of love in the hearts of many, which will be

cherished with grateful recollections. And if all things else be forgot, and no trace of him be left behind, these silent monitors will make green the faded recollection of him who was once remembered with gladness, and though all that was once mortal now lies buried beneath the sod, he yet lives, and "though dead, he yet speaketh." One who had been intimately acquainted with him for years, remarked to the writer that he never knew a more industrious student than John T. Swartz: "while his library, containing the works of Milton, Macaulay, Carlyle, Burns, Byron, Hood, Hume, Rollin, Longfellow, and a host of world wide authors, was adorned and supplied with a liberal hand, and used with unsparing mental effort."

But it is only when we enter the sacred precincts of the family circle, where cold formality has no seat, and where love and kindness go hand in hand, that we become conscious of the true worth of the man. Here, the unassuming and modest young man of society is transformed into the happy and affectionate husband. And as the "dear ones" he has left behind shall gather around the family altar, from day to day, to still offer up thanks to "Him who doeth all things well," though the seat of the absent one be vacant, and hushed be the voice of him who so often with them in years gone by sang the Songs of Zion, and led them in the "Family Prayer," still a fond mother, a kind father and a loving wife, looking into heaven with the eye of Faith, shall see him singing the praises of his Maker, and rejoicing in his Redeemer.

Nor will we, the companions of thy boyhood and sharer of thine early joys and sorrows, ever forget thee. Days, weeks, months and years shall pass away, and the monument commemorated to thee crumble to the dust, yet thy spirit shall be ever fresh within our memories.

"Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."—*Millman.*

MARCUS CURTIUS.

BY ELLEN FREEMAN.

'Twas night in Rome,—a thousand stars
Lit up the Tiber's wave,
And mingled with the liquid light
The misty moonbeams gave.

The glorious sky of Italy,
Had never seemed more fair;
And yet it bent above a scene
Of bitter anguish there.

A yawning gulf had opened wide
Within the heart of Rome,
And sent its noxious vapors forth,
O'er temple, tower and dome;

The pestilential breezes swept
The proud patrician halls,
And breathed amid the clust'ring vines,
That decked plebeian walls.

Then rose a cry from every heart,
From noble and from slave,
Imploring all the Olympian gods
To close the yawning grave.

They prayed the cloud-compelling Jove,
But still no answer came,
Though from his smoking altar fires
High rose the incense flame.

To Juno, queen of heaven, they poured
Full cups of rosy wine,
And every god of Rome adored,
In many an olden shrine.

At length the Oracle's dread voice,
Reveals the will of Heaven,
The glory of the Roman state
Must to the Shades be given.

Then gazed the Fathers silent round,
For none would dare to say,
What formed the glory of their state,
And gave her regal sway.

T'ill from amid the waiting throng,
A youthful warrior came,
With stately step and bearing high,
That told of martial fame.

He spoke, and thousands bent to hear,
"Can nobler off'ring be,
Than valor true and shining arms,
My country's gods, to thee?"

"Rome's glory is her warrior youth,
Her tried and trusty band
Who ever wait with ready arms,
To guard their native strand.

"No gems, nor wealth of conquered realms,
Can fill the chasm vast,
But I will leap within its depths,
And it shall close at last."

He said, and while amazed they stand,
Mounts on his war-horse proud,
And in his shining arms arrayed,
Rides from amid the crowd.

The courser nears the chasm's edge;
Then burst a mighty cry,
As if the heart of Rome were stirred,
It thrilled so wild and high.

But in the cavern leapt the steed,
While yet his rider cried,
"Dark Pluto, to thy realms I bring
Rome's glory and her pride."

Then o'er him closed the horrid gulf,
While shouts of triumph rang,
And with each pean's glorious note,
His deathless fame they sang.

Thus ever honored be the brave,
Who scorn the face of death,
When in their country's sacred cause,
They yield their dying breath.

HOME.

BY N. K. ROYSE.

Home is the *mould* of character, in a geological sense, not in a mechanical. 'Tis the *slough*, or chrysalid *pod*, which so minutely describes the snake or butterfly inmate. One's room is an interdicted spot to all but those whose self-interests permit no gossip, for there live in nudity the elements of *self*. No word is necessary to set forth the qualities of housewife: chairs, carpets and cup-boards are enough representative. Our homes, like the spider's, are tissues of our own substance and spinning. According as one be savage, rustic, or lord, is the domicile a lodge, cabin, or palace. Yon robin red-breast, which for days has been plying between tree-top and all the world beside, suffusing field and wood with soul-stirring song, bearing, on each return to the leafy summit, a minim of moss, or hair, or foliage, is building a home which, some sunny day hence, will discover to the curious eye a curvature in perfect fitness to the graceful convexity of its emerald contents. Like fabrics are our homes. They fit us as bays, gulfs and oceans do the scalloped and angulated mainland. We deserve no better homes than those which contain us; for we make them what they are, and we can make them such as we would. The houses we inhabit are but prison-walls, unless our spirits be domesticated therein. Such mutual envy subsists between poor and rich,—either half-inclined to an interchange,—that, could a see-saw be brought about semi-annually, we believe it would be of reciprocal benefit. They are surest of a good roof who, like the *Argonauta*, wear one whithersoever they go. From the *heart*—that well of being—flows every sweet or bitter stream, and whatever be the channel, the water throughout all its meanderings retains its fountain tincture.

Home—modern usage anticipating lexicographer has

already branded it "*obsolete*." There is a beautiful song, the words of which run,

"The dearest spot on earth to me
Is Home, sweet Home, etc."

What burlesque, what hypocrisy upon the very lips of many who sing it with affected pathos! However popular be the *melody*, the *sentiment* of the song is certainly appreciable to but few. With the majority, what of time is not spent at counter or desk, saloon, club-room or theatre, is slept away, or eaten up, possibly at home, probably elsewhere. You had as well try to trap weasels in broad day-light as to attempt to catch such ones at home, unless, may-hap, before sun-rise, or at an occasional meal. Rain and snow-storms: what dampening disasters, for, during their continuance, how keenly is realized the intolerableness of home! But for some amphibious spirits, Nature hath no "vials of wrath" (enough) spiteful; for their cosmopolitanism, like a steam-engine, works as smoothly in storm as zephyr, on rough sea as on placid lake. If home be to them *platter* and *bed*, it hath subserved every desirable end. This class—and of no small number is it—is composed chiefly of ardent nature-lovers, especially of the animal. They have an Alexandrine passion for large cities where, at street-corners and bulletin-boards, they may see life in all its complexions of beauty and ugliness, purity and mixture. Then they enter with warmth into the study of dog and horse culture, and talk with scientific familiarity of their anatomies, diseases and cures, although, poor souls! if catechised they would appear culpably ignorant of the plainest and essential truths of their own wonderfully and fearfully wrought natures. This *abroadism*, which manifests itself so widely in the human family, begins its working at High or Boarding-Schools graduation, if not before. An implacable desire *to see the world* tantalizes Ralph or Helen who, to gratify it, and yet conceal less creditable aims, at length set out ostensibly for Cambridge or Boston, Oxford or Paris. Whereas this spirit of restlessness, this persistent frying-pan-and-fire policy, begets in a decade of centuries a Columbus or a Humboldt, it all the

while multiplies by thousands prison, asylum and grave inmates.

We sought, at the start, to develop the idea, that home was a likeness of the occupant. Whatever meliorates the latter must improve the former. Not a few regard all methods of intellectual and heart culture as *res extraneæ*, matters foreign to business men and elite. Indeed, their talk would have them believe brains to be a *convenience* for resisting atmospheric pressure. Well may the wise men who, through all ages past, have been eulogizing man's lordship upon the ground of his mental superiority to the brute, in view of present infidelity, exclaim in despair: "Who hath believed our report!"

What are aids to a healthy, robust culture; and are these grown at home? Whatever schemes for education have from time to time exercised a predominant efficacy upon society, certain is it, that reading, or the study of books,—for all proper reading is study,—is one demanded in this literary era; an era, the coins of whose mind-mint well bear an Augustan image and superscription. One wouldn't think it though, were he a mixer-in of society. He whose mind is bent upon what experimental knowledge his animal senses may absorb, and none other, is, at the outset, well nigh unto the attainment of his desired stature. Every good book, well read, is an inoculation into one's system of an additional life-drop. The mind if not brought into antagonism with others, but left in solitary tenure of its own resources, grows conceited and arrogant, failing, in the absence of peers and sovereigns, to perceive its just rank. Reading, like a Roman *yoke*, puts us to the extremity of passing under or surmounting ideas. It is Nature vocalized and made garrulous, so that mountain and valley, sea, river, firmament and sky, forms animate and inanimate, phenomena common and rare, changes gradual and abrupt, join in pleasant colloquy upon the utilities and harmonies of their seemingly unfriendly natures. Books acquaint us with ourselves both physiologically and spiritually. They foster the mind, warming into life by their incubatory contract self-surprising, mighty thoughts. They are

thunder-bolts, forged by Cyclopean minds, for each stout heart to hurl. Every thought digested becomes membrane and medulla of intellect, evolving either a baser or nobler essence. Reading, to be profitable, must be studious and earnest. Ideas must be well masticated before suitable for mental fluid. At first be somewhat adverse to their demands for entertainment, and, whether they be Knights, or foresters, will soon appear in the heavy tread and thundering blow. Perspicuous, objective writings are not the best, if one would drill and wisely exercise the higher faculties of intellect. The conduct of that Genœse sailor who, spurning the smooth, fathomable haunts of ordinary navigation, sailed, and O, how sublimely! right into "*loca facta furentibus Austris*," may well provoke our minds to a like bold push from out the mill-pond into the great, pearl-paved ocean of literature. A growing mind is Epicurean in its tastes, can not stomach the same diet often, but daily cries, "greater variety, and better concoction." Where should one explore this book-world but at home? The library with all its plain-spoken rules and monitory placards, is yet too bedlamic: home is the *sanctum* desirable, the solitude so propitious.

Another refiner of human nature is *music*. Its authority is recognized in numerous and commanding instances in Homeric mythology. The walls of Thebes move to their places in cadence to Amphion's lyre; trees and rocks are charmed into life, and the wild beasts of the forest tamed by Orpheus' divine skill whilst Odysseus escapes only by stratagem the music-spell of the Sirens.

Rude songs and a barbarous people go together. What intelligent mind, unacquainted with the nation whence issued the "Messiah," would look for its authorship to Esquimaux or Comanches? Music, what a transport! assuaging or raising passion: what a Bacchus, or Lethe! translating the spirit form its fleshy vestment, from its ills and smarts, to an Elysium of delight, where no *past* nor *future* come to mar an ecstasy so real. "When asked what his feelings were when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, Handel said, 'I did tink I did see all heaven before me and the great God himself.'" As the

warblers of the forest may be distinguished by their peculiarities of lay, not less than by their costumes of plumage, so may individual character be discriminated by one's ear and song.

A third educator is *art*. We infer this from the circumstance, that civilization and art travel abreast, like a *span* of celestial steeds, drawing after them a car of refulgent light. The statue and spire are as truly expressive of the refinement of a people as is bible or newspaper. People around and within whose premises are found specimens of fine architecture, sculpture, and painting, are invariably observed to eat with knife and fork, to speak elegantly, to wear clean clothes, and to deport themselves mannerly. Sometimes it transcends this, but is never less.

A triple tribute to art, as an *alma mater*, is paid by the grandly beautiful characters of her three noble *sons*, Angelo, Raffaello and Leonardo, of each of whom it might be written, as has it of the second, "His qualities gushed freely and melodiously, like the waters of a fountain, making all around them delectably green and flowery." Whatever of good is to be gained by a knowledge of Nature, her utilities, beauties, adaptabilities and phenomena: of the *soul*, as chiseled out in feature, expression, contour, proportion and color, all this is the *propria* of art; this her "course of instruction." To us an imposing spectacle, as of Niagara on canvas, is an occasion of two-fold gratitude; first, that this represented grandeur has indeed a real; and, secondly, that in man lives the ability to portray it, thereby generalizing Nature's rarest and sublimest specialties.

Let us enter a home that shall harbor these three refiners, literature, music and art. It shall be in the winter, that we may have the extra cheer of a bright fire, and at night, that we may not be tempted to leave too soon. Near the middle of the room stands a table, holding a shaded lamp, and close by rests in inviting equilibrium an affectionate rocking-chair, that is, if open arms express it. On the left from the grate appears in solid, varied strata, an *uplift* of the literary world. Let us notice its *structure*. On the lowest shelf is

seen *primary strata*, consisting of scientific, art and mathematical books; next above lie the *secondary*, comprising histories and biographies; then, still higher up, stretch the *tertiary*, including essays, criticisms and metaphysics; and, over all, rest the *quaternary*, with its drift of spars, walking glaciers, interstratifications, rare and curious fossils, monstrous skeletons, and superimposing alluvium of verdure, fertility and floral beauty, which we all denominate *poetry*. Closing the door shutting in this literary world glimpse, we spy, in a neighboring corner, the sable-cased guitar or violin. Take it forth; visit its amber and silvery cords with bow or fingers, and it will sing you of Helicon, or Feasts of the Gods, or, if its strains be less heavenly, 'twill exhilarate or sadden, pique or soothe, the heart by its alternate witchery and pathos. Looking around the room, how heavy seem the walls with pendant art-fruits! Portrait, landscape, engraving and medallion confront you at every angle, speaking good words both for artist and dilettante; whilst, on mantelpiece and in corbel, is tastily disposed statuette, bust and cunningly fashioned ornaments. Furniture, wall-paper and carpet appear to be kinfolk, or else intimate friends, so mutually respective are they. Over all this scene, how domestically and genially glow the commingling lights and shadows of fire and lamp! Here let us tarry awhile, the entertained of philosopher, scholar, tourist, romancer, poet and muse! Wag on, and jostle, O World! what heed we? the elements within are felicitously attuned. The king's throne, aye, and the President's chair, are secure from our ambition, while the armed *curulis* of home is void of an occupant.

Whether or not this be a popular *ideal* of home, the need for centering there the strongest attractions can not be questioned. It should, in reality, be to every one the kindest and most frequented of resorts.

Mr. H—— buys a lot on the hillside, and builds a house at the upper end of it. The house is decent enough, but the lot! precipitous, craggy; prolific in yellow clay, limestone and thistle-patches. "What a grand quarry that might

make!" says stone-mason; "What a rich geological section!" exclaims orologist; "What a worthless building site!" cries the land-agent. But Mr. H—— thinks better of his purchase. The luxuriant crop of stones supply ample material for wall and terrace, and the clay, so bottomless, readily weds a few cart-loads of exotic soil. Here and there fruit and shade trees, bushes and vines, are planted. Of some of the artificial table lands, gardens, vegetable and flower, are constructed, whilst others are habited in green vesture, borrowed, piece-meal, from a neighboring pasture. Steps, too, and tortuous gravel-paths are made, leading to every part of the inclosure, so that acclivities, once inaccessible, are now easily reached. The stream which, of late, on rainy days, was wont to spread its muddy volume wide over the hill-side, now descends in a less broad but deeper channel, a pure, sprightly musical rill. A few summers of sun-shine and shower rotate, and city-folk, riding along the dusty pike, exclaim as they gaze; "What a lovely spot! how very picturesque! how, forsooth, would Babylon's hanging gardens' contrast with this triumph of Art upon Nature's own rude arcades!" If one would make comfortable and inviting the home, he must use like pains. Uproot the wild-flower, tenderly bear it home, replant it there, and *appropriate* the beauty and fragrance which, so long, have been the desert's. Happy that one who, when autumnal winds and wintery storms render inclement and drear the world without, in the quietude of home finds warmth, sun-light, landscape, conversation, company, sport and song!

ANATOMY OF SOME OF OUR GLORIES.

BY EMMA MCAVOY.

Columbia bleeds; her robes are dyed in fratricidal blood. Her great have fallen low. The iconoclasts of ruthless fanaticism have seized the brightest images of her glory, and the proud Republic mourns her honors lost.

Yet throughout the broad expanse of all our troubled land, there beats not a heart that would willingly exchange its own nationality for that of the proudest monarchy on the globe. Columbia, weep not; glories that savor of divinity are not of the perishable; for though their lustre be dimmed, they shall burst forth from the passing cloud radiant in richer hues.

Of America, what country shall take the precedence in wealth of natural glories? glories that no traitor's hand can mar, no foreign foe destroy. Here the great wonder of the natural world, appalling in sublimity and grandeur, unrivalled reigns. Here the mighty "Father of Waters" seaward moves majestically, and knows no superior. Here lake in magnitude, prairie in beauty, and scenery in variety, defy competition. How often, from my own Eden, have I gazed on a sunset of more than Italian gorgeousness. Immortal genius has sung of Scotia's Clyde, of Albion's Thames, of the Rhine, the Allemanian's pride; yet our own Hudson, the beautiful, the picturesque, rejoices in a loveliness far surpassing either. Again, Taylor in his travels selects a scene on the Ohio as among the most beautiful of earth, and Niagara's falling waters, when heard only by the untutored ear of the savage, sang as now, the great Anthem of Nature. Likewise all the natural adornments of the Deity, so endless in variety, of hill, dale, and far-extended plain, so enchanting in beauty, of river, lake, and mountain, were lavished on the red man's forest home. It is to the hand and the intellect of its people that glories peculiarly national are due. Where, in America, are her temples of Attic fame? Where the tri-

umphal arches of her mighty conquerors? Where the gorgeous palaces of her titled great? Where the mausoleum of the royal dead? Institutions for the free diffusion of knowledge are the famed temples of Columbia. America rears no arch of Aurelian splendor for the conquerors of mighty nations. The living heart of the people, more than the lifeless marble of the monument, cherish the memory of the great and good.

Here no palatial splendor and squalid wretchedness side by side contrast. The comfortable dwellings of the rich and poor alike are the royal palaces of the free born citizen. No Westminster here entombs the high born dead in solemn grandeur; it is the bloom of nature that adorns the tomb where repose Columbia's dead. To St. Peters, the glory of new Rome, our Western world can boast no rival. Still, it must be borne in memory that we are as yet a nation in embryo and, that a period of time commensurate with the number of years required to erect that colossal edifice, has subserved to build up this nation itself; to scatter cities and towns throughout an almost interminable extent of country, and develop resources of internal wealth, rivaling the fabled riches of the Orient.

Notwithstanding our boasted progress, there is a skill in the manipulations of the demi-civilized Chinese, Hindoo, Mexican and other races, as yet inimitable to our highest perfections of art. In the happy future, when the age of usefulness shall have supplanted that of sordid acquisition, assuming our resources as a first premise, our past progress as a second, the conclusion presumes that the artificial glories of our Nation will rival the Pyramids in durability, the Indies in skill of fabrication, the Athenians in grace and beauty of design, the Romans in splendor and magnificence of structure.

The glories of the intellect are glories that outlive nations themselves. Save the prototype in a vale of natural beauties at the foot of the Himmaylas, every trace of Paradise is lost on earth. The wealth of Babylon, the glory of Solomon, have left no vestage here. The hand of the infidel has robbed Jerusalem of its ancient splendor, even the very scenes

hallowed by the life and presence of our Lord and Savior have been lost in the general ruin. Nevertheless the glories of the ancient world have become familiarized to almost every land and every tongue through the sacred records of the Old Testament. Through the dispensation of the Gospel the glad tidings of salvation come to the heart of the believer as though from the very lips of the Savior.

The glory of Alexander's conquests passed away with his own life:—but the conquests in the sciences gained by the philosopher in the city he founded shall live on forever. New Rome has its foundation upon the six feet of debris that covers the magnificence of the Cæsars; and yet, to that ancient glory, deathless through the triumphs of the poet, the orator and the philosopher, every modern scholar owes a grateful homage. The genius of the golden age has won laurels for Britannia rivaling the famed jewels of her sovereign's crown. In their brilliancy a world delights, for literature knows no nationality. May this bulwark of power in America (whose foundation is as yet scarcely laid) increase in strenght and beauty of proportion with the history of the nation!

True it is that the wanderings of Kane amid frozen seas will be perused by the eager student ages hence with unabated interest. Time will only mellow the sweetness of Longfellow's poetic music. The life of the Indian, as portrayed by Columbia's great novelist, will be read with heightened zest, after that fast fading race shall have become extinct. The beauties of Spring will ever reflect a halo of glory around the land of Washington. Perhaps, too, future generations will compare the philosopher who lured lightning from the skies with the famed of the Greek, and our glorious triumvirate of orators with the eloquent of the Forum. Perhaps, too, this mighty struggle will raise up an Achilles for our nation, whose powers will furnish the theme of the great American Epic, yet unsung. And this mighty song will form the great central star in the future golden era of our national literature: a literature that will form the highest, crowning glory of earth's great Republic.

BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY L. SPRING.

BY EDWIN COX.

Henry Liston Spring was born in the city of Cincinnati on the 6th day of July, 1841. Not much is known by the writer of his early childhood. His parents were in moderate circumstances, and consequently could afford him but limited advantages. The Common Schools, however, extended him an education, and he accordingly entered the Tenth District School in 1847. After five years spent here in laying the foundation of a free and liberal education, he entered the Woodward High School in 1852, being then eleven years of age. He applied himself to his studies with great diligence, but his health failed, and at the end of two years he was obliged to leave school. After remaining away one year his health was sufficiently restored, and he again entered, and graduated honorably in 1857, at the age of sixteen, the youngest of his class. This was the end of his school days. For some time he was employed in the Daily Commercial office. His employment here was very arduous, especially for one whose constitution was naturally weak. A great portion of his time was spent in writing. At other times he was obliged to rise before day, exposing himself to cold and the vicissitudes of the weather. It was by these means, no doubt, he laid the foundation of that fatal disease which was the cause of his "untimely taking off." Up to the time of his death he was employed in the same business, although not in the same establishment.

Henry possessed many noble qualities both of the head and heart. He was of a mild, amiable disposition, and exceedingly good natured. During all my intercourse with him, I do not recollect of ever seeing him angry. He had his school-boy troubles, too, in common with us all, but he bore them with a calm philosophy that shed lustre on his character. He was obedient to his teachers and kind to his schoolmates,

and although he might not have had as many friends or companions as some others, yet those he had were true ones; for being naturally silent and reserved, only those who were intimate with him could discern the latent beauties of his character. As a student, he was endowed with no ordinary talents; indeed we may say that he possessed abilities beyond his years. He was but eleven years old when he entered the High School, and was compelled, as we have seen, by sickness to be absent for a year, yet maintained a high standing during the entire course, and graduated at sixteen. His connection with the "Spectator," a newspaper devoted to the interests of the E. L. Society, displayed editorial ability that gave promise of a bright future in that capacity; for his long connection with the Daily Commercial and other similar establishments evidently showed that his ambition was directed in that channel. He was energetic and persevering in business, applying himself with an assiduity and zeal worthy of imitation. Take him all in all, he was an honorable, worthy friend and companion, and we may well mourn his loss. He was not without his faults, for he was human; but he had virtues that we all might emulate. But just as he was ripening into manhood, the summons came

"To join

The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death."

Consumption had marked him for its victim, and was gnawing at his vitals. Towards the close of the year 1860, he was obliged to take to his bed. He was confined there about three weeks, when on the 8th day of January, 1861, his gentle spirit passed away. On the 9th of January, a chilly, rainy, dismal day, we took him to Spring Grove and laid him in the cold, damp ground. The "City of the Dead" looked bleak and dreary. The piercing wind came sighing through the leafless trees, singing as it seemed a requiem to the departed; and as the earth was rattled down on the last resting place of our schoolmate, we turned away with hearts full of sorrow. May he rest in peace!

"THE WOODWARD GUARD."

BY ROBERT S. SCHULTZ.

The very subject of this piece, being a military adoption, may at once unfit the reader for further progress in its perusal. So wholly absorbed have been the minds of all in the civil war, that it has lost all its fascinations and charms, and its events now seem but a business record of human life. A difficult task then, dear reader, has the writer before him. But his main reliance is based on the fact, that this subject embraces many fond ones far away. The name Woodward doubtless recalls to the minds of many, who peruse this work, those days of yore hallowed by the memory of school. But if the composer should be amiss in this, forget it all, and consider that, although blessed with an education gotten at Woodward, he has been leading for some seventeen months the uncivilized life of a "soldier." Aye, "Woodward Guard!" amid all the din and uproar in the preparation of grim-vizaged war, the first cry "to arms" brought from their different haunts many of the Woodward boys to organize themselves into a body for the war. But passing by the many, who being capable, shirked in the hour of duty and abandoned all that pride, honor, and self-esteem, which makes the name 'Woodward' so honorable, and the name of their country so illustrious, let us draw our attention to the company, which was formed, after so many untiring efforts, and sworn into service, that same company to which a national flag was presented by many young ladies of "Woodward." Satisfied with the brevity of a three months' service, almost half of the full number abandoned the ranks, when the term of service was increased to three years. Only through strenuous efforts was a company formed with the title, "Woodward Guards," although a majority had not been connected with the Woodward High School. After a fine trip up the Ohio, with the remainder of our regiment, we first asserted our military

supremacy at the little town of Guyandotte, which place had been abandoned, but a few minutes before by the rebels. How big with fate that little circumstance then was, I well remember from the number of letters which were written as soon as we had pitched tents on "Old Virginia" soil. Early in the morning, while yet quite dark, with shaking limbs and chattering teeth, we stealthily walked from our tents, and being formed in line, marched to where, from a rising ground we could see the many muskets of a watchful enemy, pointed toward us. Whiz, whiz, whiz, stopped all thought, and forward we pushed. The enemy scattered in different directions, and we took possession of Barboursville, on the Court-house of which place we planted our first colors, the handi-work of some of the young ladies of Woodward.

A tiresome march through the mountains of Virginia, brought us to the beautiful Kanawha. Worn out, and exceedingly hungry, the hands of several acted in unison with their appetites, by making sundry attacks upon some sutler goods. This incident I remember, as it was the first one of such a nature, but speaking of soldiers, it does seem strange that I should particularize any single circumstance of theft, or, as the term now is "confiscation."

Although lulled by the booming sounds of the battle of "Scarey," we were not participants. After a wearisome march, in which we passed the several places of defense which the rebel Gen. Wise had constructed for holding the Kanawha Valley, we halted on the banks of the Gauley, and pitched our tents on a ground around which nature seemed to revel in scenes of grandeur. These in a great measure relieved the dull monotony of camp-life, which at this place was of some duration. How familiar to every "Guard" is that word Gauley. Almost every rock, cleft and cavern, had become an association, a subject of thought to some one mind.

A strange sight was here afforded, by hundreds of soldiers, making *wash-boards* as it were out of the great flat rocks, on which they rubbed their clothes, while the bubbling soap-suds ran over into the flowing stream. But if soldiers always

had such good accommodations, they might not be so averse to washing. One fine Sunday evening, our kettles boiled with three days' rations, and next morning with sack and baggage, we crossed the Gauley. Our line of march bordered, a great part of the way, the banks of the New River, whose swift waters, ragged clefts, and wild scenery made it an enchanted place of wonder and admiration. One most noticeable scene in this route is the Hawk's Nest. At Look-out, we seemed to be encamped on a molehill, encircled by a vast arena of ridges, which in the distance were towering with their high peaks. The peculiar natural event of scenes at this camp, often afforded matter for contemplation.

Come, and enter our tents on Mt. Sewell. Peeping out, you can see the moving forms of the enemy, who are intrenched on the opposite mountain. Rain, rain, rain, drives to their tents all, but the faithful sentinel. The cold wind howls, and flaps the canvas of our tents, while we shiver in our scanty covering. Oh! those were times that tried all souls.

But the rain ceased, and the sun shone forth in splendor. Distinctly do I recollect going into camp on Sunday morning, (while everything else seemed smiling) and noticing the gloom and thoughtful silence which prevailed in our company quarters. Sad indeed was the reflection in my own mind, when I ascertained that our 2nd Lieut. Daniel W. Finch, was dead. As a soldier he had borne his part well. Mirthful and humorous, he won all to his presence. Time forbids me to say more in tribute to the deceased, but the saddened countenances of all his company, on hearing of his death, bore an unbounded evidence of the esteem in which he was held.

In the dead hour of night, we left this camp on a retrograde movement. Many incidents could I relate, but brevity must bound my remarks. Four or five days after, while the sun was declining behind the hills, we again cast our eyes on the waters of the Gauley, and quietly encamped on Tompkin's farm. For some time after, the writer was not with the company. But many a tale have they all to tell of the

chilling blasts, the hard marches, the rough service, and hunger, which they experienced on cotton mountain.

The stay of the company in Cincinnati in last June on furlough, was a short one. Passing from Indiana, we entered Kentucky, via Louisville. We experienced several weeks of camp life at the pretty little town of Bardstown, Kentucky. Thence after counter-marching we reached New Haven. At one time we pitched our tents in deep snow. From the latter place, we marched to Green River, after passing one day in an almost incessant rain. After crossing the river, our march was somewhat retarded by the roads, which had been plowed by the enemy. We spent a few days in the vicinity of Bowling Green. Our marches having been through an almost unsettled portion of Kentucky, Nashville presented to us a novel sight, as we passed through its streets. The latter city we left in the Division of the late Gen. Nelson. For some days, we enjoyed a fine rest at Spring Hill. It was a laughable sight to see our shaking forms as we slowly waded across the rough, stony bottom of Duck River, whose water was then rather cold.

The pleasant town of Columbia (Tenn.) through which we then passed, somewhat enlivened our march, otherwise dull and monotonous, although the road for some distance on both sides was marked here and there by some stately mansion, or extensive plantation. Many a scene along this route would have afforded a worthy subject for the pencil of the artist.

Tramp, tramp we go, through the defiles of the mountains, up hill, and down hill, and across streams, till our wearied limbs bring us within view of Savannah, Tenn. Hardly had we arisen from our lowly beds, with the beautiful sun of a Sunday morning gilding our tents, than the grumbling cannon in the distance echoed to our ears "war, savage war." Apprehensions filled us but for a moment. Each cartridge box was filled, and every soldier minutely examined his musket, as if placing upon it all reliance, both in shielding him from death, and deadening through its sad havoc many kindred hearts unknown.

Our company was left at Savannah, to place the artillery on board the boats, which were plying to and from the scene of battle. First comes one boat, and then another laden with the awful fruits of war, human beings in human garments besmeared with human blood; human beings carrying corpse after corpse from off the boat, and laying them on the stony wharf, and then slowly walking from the boat in one grand procession, bearing upon their shoulders a long train of litters, laden with suffering, groaning, moaning, gasping forms of life.

Still the boats plied forward, laden with fresh troops, like so many cattle driven to slaughter, and the music of National airs from off the boats, sounded in warlike consonance, with the sharp ring of musketry, and the low booming sound of the cannon.

Our company arrived on the battle-field of Shiloh on Tuesday morning, the battle having ceased Monday evening. Passing by the deserters from the scene of action who lined the shores in squads, let us walk over the battle-field. Oh, what sights to see! this great slaughter-pen of life strewn with mangled forms in death; some with countenances horrible, ghastly; others calm, sweet, serene. Such was the picture of this wholesale massacre, which sundered many earthly ties, bereft many a mind of reason, many a heart of love.

For several days after the battle, the rain poured almost incessantly, and for weeks after, when on picket duty, we could see unburied forms lying around. Our service here was indeed a hard one. And how almost solemn seemed the clear notes of reveille, as they were echoed, and re-echoed, by the morning bugle, throughout that "City of the Dead" rousing us from our nightly slumbers.

Having spent a few weeks at Shiloh, we resumed our march and in a few days, we were near Corinth, fully prepared for any action. We were greeted with the sounds of the engagement at Farmington, although too late for the action. Our hands gave good assistance with the shovel and spade in erecting breast-works, and we were almost

daily engaged in some military task. We were in one heavy skirmish on the extreme right of the Federal line. Such incessant labor we had never experienced.

One morning, while we were resting from a brilliant skirmish, in which we figured the day before, we were suddenly surprised by violent explosions in the distance. We soon marched from the breast-works, and after traversing a swampy road, lined on each side with an almost impenetrable undergrowth, we beheld the famous works of Corinth, into which we entered. A busy field to the wondering, inquisitive mind, the curious eye, and the meddlesome hand, did the deserted camps of the enemy afford, strewn as they were with all kinds of clothing, letters, provisions, pans, cans, kettles, etc. Leaving Corinth, we again resumed the line of march, passing through Pulaski; and halting at Iuka (Miss.) on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. As the road was then being repaired, we spent several days guarding bridges, which were then being rebuilt. With martial music, we passed through Tuscumbia, and stacked arms on to the high embankments of the Tennessee River, across whose waters we were soon after ferried, and on, on we went tramping in the dusk of night the streets of Florence, in the vicinity of which place we encamped. I recollect that the rain had made the ground muddy, and had thereby made us soft beds. Having replenished our haversacks, away we went, bound for—oh! it matters not where to a soldier. First we passed through mud, and water, and then, we trod our weary way, under the sweltering rays of a hot sun, and with the dust almost choking us, and at times hiding almost everything from sight. Having arrived at the brow of a hill on the line of march, Athens (Ala.), looms in the distance. There we enjoyed the quiet rest of a few weeks camp-life. From this place, we marched to Pulaski Station on the Tennessee and Alabama Central Railroad. Thence we were transported by cars, (a wonderful item, since we had legs) to Nashville, and from there to Murfreesboro, Tenn. We spent quite a pleasant sojourn at Laverne on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. Backward, we marched

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.

But it faded! Then
I cried from the recesses of my soul,
Earth, thou art full of faded loveliness!
I had a friend with whom each joy I shared,
In every sorrow bore a part. His seemed
A kindred spirit, tho' more pure than mine,
In him was every trust reposed; he seemed
Of more than mortal mold. The reaper, Death,
Had marked him out and sent his messenger,
Haggard Consumption, and my boyhood's friend
Went slowly fading hence. I murmured then,
Earth, thou art full of faded loveliness!
I knew a dark-haired maiden, with heaven's light
Upon her brow, as Parian marble smooth.
Her eye seemed kindled from the flame that glows
In that fair country where there is no night.
To see her were a boon that age might crave,
And fev'rish youth seek after; to her friends
She was an idol, to the starving poor
A ministering angel, and to all
A thing of beauty and a joy forever.
She too was doomed to perish from the earth
Too pure to stay 'mid scenes like those that here
Throw their unholy influence round the heart:
She hastened to the tomb.

Once more I sighed,
Earth, thou art full of faded loveliness!
From Calvary then I heard a lute-like voice,
And hanging on the cross my Savior saw.
He bade me look beyond the narrow tomb
To that bright world where friend and maiden dwell,
And bloom in never-fading loveliness.

LAZINESS.

BY G. E. STROBRIDGE.

Some one has said that "Man is a lazy animal." I believe it, and am authorized in my credence by the incontrovertible testimony of both observation and experience. I am too much a friend of the race not to wish most heartily, that

this were known to me only by experience. But I dare not suffer this my doubtless praiseworthy desire of self abnegation, to do injustice to my observation, which positively informs me that, in being lazy, I am furnished with the credentials which abundantly admit me to a place in the ranks of humanity: also that because I am lazy, I belong to the *genus homo*; and that this characteristic, perhaps as much as some others, serves to sever man from the brute. Might not an Agassiz be thankful for this suggestion? Not that God so created man, but that like "to err," which has become a synonym for human, laziness, although acquired, has become an element.

This distinction has a history coeval with the race. Who does not know that all the descendants of fallen Adam have ever been and are still lazy? We never try to prove a fact.

Man is a bundle of contradictions, so much so that consistency has long since been styled a rare jewel. Contradiction is but another name for antagonism, and the philosophy of the antagonism found in man's composition, is that he is a lazy and yet a reasoning animal. I trust I am pardoned, although I know it is superfluous formally to state that reason and indolence are hostile. No man can reason himself into an excuse for laziness. Nothing is more difficult than for a lazy man to reason. The more a man reasons the less slothful will he become. No man can work harder than profoundly to think. Did ever the sluggish man draw water from the deep wells of thought? It is because an indolent person never uses his mind, that we involuntarily despise him. The reason of this is quite plain. We respect man for the divine that is in him. The mind, that mysterious fruit of the wonderful breath which ushered the living soul into the house of dust, is the ground of the divine in man. We recognize the divine only as it is exhibited, and this exhibition of the divine depends upon the exercise of the mental. The lazy man, neglecting the exercise of the mind, as a consequence fails to exhibit the divine. He can not then be respected; we must despise, or at least pity him, since he is not what he ought, and perhaps professed

to be, *a man*; for while his laziness shows him to be a human being, yet

“ 'Tis the mind that makes the man.”

On this account a lazy man will condemn himself; unless to think of his condition would require a mental effort quite beyond the capacity of his paralyzed powers. Of this class there are examples of men so deeply sunk in the slough of sloth as that they can not even properly disrespect themselves.

The search for the cause of this powerful trait in man need be neither protracted nor tedious. In nothing else than in selfishness can it consist. Than God, no being is more free from selfishness; so none is more exempt from laziness. The cure, then, for laziness is to be sought in the antagonist of selfishness, benevolence. It is beyond my comprehension, that a truly generous heart can belong to a lazy man. Facts will not allow the supposition. The Savior had a heart for the race, and “he went about doing good.” Howard was enriched with sympathies for all sorrows, and, angel of mercy that he was, he was ever on the wing. The love as well as the eyes of the Lord, is upon all his works; and that Spirit, which in the beginning “brooded over the face of the great deep,” not grown weary or lazy, still hovers over man, warning, inviting, comforting and blessing him. Would you, then, like God, be busy like him, be benevolent.

What can inculcate and cultivate benevolence? Nothing but Christianity. This is the angel which by its constant visitations, preserves the purity and vitality of the sacred pool, wherein the impotent and the inefficient are enlivened and invigorated. May the gentle ripple starting beneath its continual footfalls, widen till the silver bands run round the earth!

BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY R. BROWNE.

BY J. B. SCHEIDEMANTLE.

Henry R. Browne is dead! The manly youth, the upright student, the devoted patriot, is dead! But that which enlivened his body, the spirit that animated his eye, and that which made him what he was;—that is not dead. Although he is now no more among us, although his lifeless body is now beneath the sod, still his character, his deeds, and his name, will forever remain with us. It causes me great grief, to sketch the life of our late member; a life distinguished by the most substantial qualities of character:—a life which, though short in its career, was successful in the highest degree in exhibiting such traits as are especially valuable to our country in her present exigencies.

Henry R. Browne was born at Bellevue House, Cincinnati, on the 18th of December, 1841. He was the son of the Rev. Saml. J. Browne—the old pioneer of 1798, a period when our flourishing city was a mere village. At an early age he commenced his education in our common schools, and advanced with rapidity.

In 1857 he entered Woodward High School, and there with unwearied industry and assiduous attention, for four years, perfected himself in his studies, to the approbation of his teachers, and graduated with all the honors of the institution in June, 1861. He was always noted for his manly appearance, and integrity and honesty in all his transactions, which gave full meaning to the line,

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

He loved and respected his teachers, and would not take part in the many tricks which are common to most young persons. He felt proud of the character of a Woodward graduate, and that character suffered nothing at his hands. He was a hard student, in fact one of the most studious of his class; and his ambition was of such a nature, that he

was ever desirous of being among the first in his recitations. By amiability, kindness and studious habits, he won the confidence and esteem of the whole school, and the warm affections of his schoolmates.

Upon leaving the stage, after delivering his graduating address on *The Progress of Civilization*,—a speech, couched in the most beautiful language and evidencing extensive reading and deep research—it was remarked by the President of the Union Board, "He is a manly, scholarly youth, and will make his mark in the world."

Soon after his graduation, his sympathy for the unfortunate condition of his country prompted him to join the army and he was appointed Master's Mate in the Western Flotilla. Having been detailed to the gun-boat "Mound City," he took his position with a fixed determination to conform strictly to the rules of discipline. Here, as usual, his exemplary and gentlemanly behavior, his fidelity and obedience to all the rules and regulations, soon won for him the friendship of all on board, and earned for him the esteem and confidence of all the officers. It was said of him, that "the old sailors loved him, while the new recruits thought him too strict a disciplinarian."

He accompanied the gun-boat *Mound City* through all her conflicts and trials, and, as signal officer, was continually exposed to the most imminent danger. During all the engagements in which he participated, the entire crew bore universal testimony to his upright and noble character as a soldier, and his bravery and gallantry as an officer. His conduct at Island, No. 10,—Ft. Pillow, Memphis, and Ft. Charles,—White River (where the youthful hero fought his last battle), called forth the high commendation of all on board. Capt. A. H. Kilty, flag officer of the squadron, though badly wounded himself, in this last engagement and scarcely able to speak at the time, when the deceased's brother Symmes E. Browne was about starting for home with the remains—said,—"Tell his father that I never had a more exemplary, a more gallant, or a more heroic officer under my command than his son, Henry R. Browne."

It appears that, at the time of the fatal explosion, the deceased was standing manfully at his post at the pilot house, conveying orders, when he was blown by the force of the steam into the river; where he was afterwards picked up and conveyed on-board the Conestoga. As the suffering hero lay on deck, mid the shrieks and groans of the dying and wounded, upon being asked whether he wished any attendants, replied in an emphatic tone, "No, there are others who are more in need of them."

During his short illness he evinced the greatest sympathy for those who were suffering around him, and would frequently deprive himself of necessities for the comfort and consolation of others. He was patient and cheerful, yet anxious for the successful result of the battle. While the rebels were firing from the hillside down upon the unfortunate men, some of whom were killed, others crippled; our gallant men captured the fortifications, and with a deafening shout of triumph and victory, raised the "Stars and Stripes" over the rebel batteries. The noble and patriotic youth, though dying, raised his drooping head upon hearing the noise, and asked, "what is that?" And being told of the victory; and that our flag was now proudly waving over the ramparts of the enemy, he exclaimed with a glow of fire in his eye and double energy in his voice, "Now, I die happy; the glorious stars and stripes have triumphed."

What a noble expression in one so young! what Patriotism! what contentment! It attests the calmness of his mind, the Christian heroism, with which he could reflect his conscience in upon itself and discover step by step the dark and narrow passage which connects this world with the world to come. "Now I die happy." Although my relations with this world are now drawing to a close; although my feeble body is now returning to the dust from whence it came, still I feel that I have done my duty to my fellow men and my country, to whose service I have consecrated my days. "Now I die happy;"—since I have given all that I have, and all that I am to extricate my beloved country from the perils and dangers into which she has been so unjustly thrown.

Thus at the promising age of twenty years he sank into the arms of death;—a noble youth, just entering into the great field of usefulness. Thus he departed, while yet he bade fair to become one of the brightest ornaments of his race. His noble and manly appearance always left a lasting impression upon the minds of those who saw him. His kind disposition was always expressed in tones, words and acts of cheerfulness, in unaffected sympathy with those around him. His advice to those with whom he was associated; his encouraging voice to those who were at the point of despair were ever valuable.

He lived and died a Christian. Although not connected with any particular church; still he made it a principle to visit them. The rules of life which he deduced from the Bible were ever seen in the performance of all his duties. In his relation to others, as a son, brother, or a friend, his life, now brought to a close, may ever be held up as a model. He honored his parents, he loved brother and sister, and cherished friend, companion and teacher.

Such was he, brave, manly and generous, and though in the morn of life, yet he was willing to sacrifice his all for the maintenance of the rights and liberties of his country.

“—, He hath borne himself
Beyond the promise of his age; doing in
The figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion:
He hath, indeed, bettered expectation!”

“THE SONG OF THE MILLION.”

’Neath the iron rule of tyrants—the dread sway of kings,
Popes, princes, potentates—ever there rings
A deep thrilling voice from the heart of the nation,
The gauge of its joy, or common vexation!
Blest be the cheering sound,
Echoed the world round;
Ne’er let the music of its notes be hushed;
Safeguard of Freedom! Hope of the world!

Age upon age ago, Judah's bright star
 Glowed in the zenith—its light spread afar,
 O'er mountain and valley, turret and tower,
 And woe to the nation that questioned its power!

Holy her nation's cry,
 Piercing the vaulted sky!

Sweetly and gloriously earth's anthems ring,
 With "Glory to God our Father and King!"

O'er the warm hills of France rises a strain,
 Merry old England's shores echo again
 With the same choral chant,—most loyally given,
 For through signs and tears it upward has striven.

Sorrow is in that strain,
 Yet loud it rings again,

And merry *faces* hide the *heart* sting
 Of "Vive le Roi! Long live the king!"

What was our dear, cherished fatherland's song?
 What favorite theme did its voice prolong?
 Children of peace! to you 'tis unknown,
 The many sad cadences wrought in that tone!

Far from their native home,
 Tossed on old Ocean's foam.

Sadly yet gladly they clasped the drear shore,
 Those godly men of old,
 Loudly their anthems rolled,

Where the wood echoes were ne'er waked before!

Garlands their mother-land wove for these braves,
 Manacles—traitor's chains badges of knaves!
 Not long was the time e'er they knew which they would be,
 Freedom or bondage—no taxes or tea!

Ah! The "Old Man Eloquent,"
 Truly by God was sent,

To cry with that million in time-honored halls,
 "Freedom or death—'till the dread tyrant falls!"

Right conquered might,—freedom was their's,
 And the glorious legacy ours as their heirs;
 Milder the strains, and more peaceful the sound,
 Of the "vox populi" that echoes around.

Noble our nation's song,
 Raised by the joyous throng,

Resounding from Ocean's shore, forest and plain,
 Genius has found a home,
 Science no more shall roam,
 Encircled as now by our national chain.

'Tis our land that the secret of power has divined
The wise rule of intellect,—the empire of mind,
Our million have found that Genius has laid
Her head with the humble in Poverty's shade.

So gladly they seek to raise
To every country's gaze,
That which the pride of our nation will be,
Clearly 'tis spoken,
No chord is broken,—
“Long live our public schools—then we'll be free!”

Wreathed with our country's fame ever will be
Honor's bright laurels, the mind's victory,
Gracing the brows of that numerous band,
Given a name by the people's blest hand.

Glorious their end and aim!
May ours be the same;
To answer with bounding hearts our loved land's call,
Of “Light to the masses! Education to all!”

Wanderers of every clime bless the dear spot,
Where station and pride and wealth are forgot,
Where Humility sits in the grave chair of state,
And they are the great men whom learning makes great.

Meekly they bow the head,
Blessing the honored dead,
Who bequeathed to their children a treasure so dear!
Joining with heart and hand,
Thus shout the swelling band,
“We'll help bear the burden while the temple you rear!”

The wealthy will ne'er raise the cold marble stone,
To mark their last resting place when they are gone;
In the hearts of the living their mem'ry shall dwell,
Their noble deeds the proud people will tell!

Their last earthly crown
Will bring more renown,
Than many proud monuments reared to their name;
For on the great million's shrine,
Laying a gift divine,
They'll breathe with their last breath our common school's fame!

MUSIC.

BY HERMAN H. RASCHIG.

Music, in this vale of tears, is ever the sunbeam that pierces the clouded heart, warms it into joy, and then returns through sparkling eyes from the heaven created within to heaven above. We know no happiness that music does not enhance, no sorrow that does not fly at song's approach. Her birth is coeval with the creation of the stars, her first great chant the Music of the Spheres; chaos fled at harmony's approach, and Nature sang when God declared it good.

Music rarely fails to reach the heart. Man, formed in the image of his Maker, though depraved by sin, retains within his heart a germ of divinity, which requires but heavenly influences to break the hardened soil into bud and blossom. Music is such a power.

You jostle through the crowd on one of our business thoroughfares. Hour after hour the same endless tide of humanity surges to and fro; all is motion, bustle, haste; with the current, or out of it, you can not stem it. Time is money; the almighty dollar is the ruling divinity, and the crowd must hasten to worship at her shrine. Suddenly the thrilling strains of a regimental band strike upon the ear. Presto! Change! The tide is stemmed! The headlong chase after filthy lucre is for the time arrested, as if by magical power; the heart has been addressed, and it responds. The noisy newsboy, with his well-known "Times, only three cents; all about the battle!" stops short, forgets the "Times," his manufactured battle, his gains and losses, and side by side with Menter, becomes musician, body and soul.

The merchant is torn from his complication of stocks and dividends, his hands fumbling in the depths of his pockets are drawn out to swing to time, his head with a jerk finds

an erect position, and his left heel digs into the mud most vigorously. Even that hard-hearted sinner can be moved by some power, other than gold. He is 'music from turret to foundation stone;' his better nature is oozing out at every avenue of the heart.

In that vast crowd there is not a soul who does not feel the refining, elevating influence of music. Not one? Yes, there are hearts of stone that are not thrilled into a holy reverence at the quivering peals of the deep-toned organ; there are soulless beings, whom neither the sweet, innocent voices of childhood can melt into tenderness, nor the orchestral thunders of heaven awe into fear. These, like men who never laugh, are

"Fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

Who does not look back to the days of youth with feelings of mingled joy and sorrow? Joy at the remembrance of all there is of happiness in this life, and sorrow at the thought that those halcyon days are numbered among the past and gone. What gem in our crown of happiness glittered more brightly than song? What day was more devoutly wished for than that on which all scholastic duties, visions of demerits and solemn investigations were banished, and music claimed the minds and hearts of all? Singing day at Woodward! That day will ever remain a green spot in the memory of every Woodward boy and girl, and as every tone that quivers on the air shall continue its vibrations, so will the songs we sang at Woodward ever find an echo in our hearts.

Religion and Music, twin sisters born in heaven, have ever wandered hand in hand in their mission of love, to minister unto fallen man, to sooth, to strengthen and to save; civilization marks the path they have trodden, and superstition and unbelief have fled at their approach, like night at morning's dawn.

When the chosen people of God were freed from Egyptian bondage, when after four hundred years of lingering torture, the clanking chain was broken, and the fetters cast

off, when the waters of the Red sea bid freedom haste between its friendly walls, and oppression perish beneath its furious billows; the vaulted heavens rang and rang again with the joyous anthem of the free, until the dying echoes reached the throne of Grace, while listening angels caught the strain and filled the heavenly dome with praise to God.

When persecution's rage drove the Pilgrim Fathers from their homes, their native land, their all; when tossed upon the mighty waves of the surging deep, they still found relief from their sorrows and trials in the songs of Zion.

"Amid they storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang,
To the anthem of the free!"

And what appeal could be more effective than the harmonious blendings of voices in prayer and praise; and to-day what is more sublime than the grand hallelujah, which rises. Sabbath after Sabbath with majestic grandeur, from the churches of the civilized world to God, bearing upon its mighty wave the praise and adoration of all nations and climes. Song! thy noblest strain is "Glory to God on High!"

Of all the nations of the earth, the African is the most persecuted and downtrodden, and yet the most patient and uncomplaining. Like the Israelite, of old, the slave seems to fear that the golden hour of deliverance will never arrive, and fearing, yet expects the dawn of freedom as confidently as the rising of the sun. When his task is hardest, his burden heaviest, when he is on the brink of despair, song with her magic power sustains him, and even renders him comparatively happy. Music to the slave is an inexhaustible treasure, and be it his Baptist hymn;

"In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

or his boisterous plantation song, with its numberless verses, and hearty chorus, it is all one to him; his whole soul is in his song. What his fellow man has refused to do, pitying song has partly done; man refuses to make him free, his

highest happiness; song has given him many an hour of unclouded happiness.

Music is heavenly, for in heaven there is music; there Seraphim and Cherubim sing continually, and when the Son of God was given unto man, choirs of angels sang

“Peace on earth, and good will to men;”

that song to man, should be the sweetest, for in it he finds life and immortality; and when that last trumpet shall sound its awful peal, its dread music shall wake the buried dead from their long sleep, the mighty deep shall yield up its victims, and the heavens, appalled at the sound, shall shrink, and chaos again take the place of harmony. That music to man is life or death; that trumpets sound the awakening to heaven and eternal song, or the knell to that place where harmony can never enter.

HISTORY OF THE WOODWARD ALUMNAL ASSOCIATION.

BY GEO. W. HARPER, M. A.

In a former number of the “Annual,” we traced the history of the Society, from its origin Jan. 27th 1855, down to the year 1859. We now proceed to complete the record from memory, as we have no other records to draw from, the secretary’s book, which contains the doings of the society having been lost.

EVENTS OF 1859.

At a meeting of the Society held in April, the President of the Association Danl. W. Finch, announced the decease of John T. Swartz, a member of the class of 1854. After some remarks by the President and others, a series of appropriate resolutions, was submitted by a Committee and unanimously adopted by the Association.

FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION.

This took place at the National Hall. About our only recollection of this social gathering is, that the supper was rather meagre, but, though the cold chicken was tough, the coffee ill-flavored and the oyster soup half done, yet the desert of toasts and responses was relished by even those of the most epicurean tastes. After supper a business meeting was held, in which the subject of social amusements, proper for our re-unions was broached, and after a free discussion in regard to dancing, a committee was appointed to report at a subsequent meeting. But the most important measure adopted by this meeting was a resolution instructing Geo. W. Harper, assisted by the officers of the society, to issue a journal devoted to the interests of the association to be styled the "woodward Annual."

STIRRING EVENTS OF 1860.

The first question which agitated the society this year, and which for a time threatened its prosperity, was the mooted one of dancing. But this element of discord was happily adjusted, by a compromise, and the unity of the association was preserved. It was agreed that the early part of the evenings of our re-unions be devoted to social converse, and such other entertainments, as all could engage in, and that after supper, those fond of dancing should be permitted to engage unrestrained in their favorite pastime.

ANOTHER EXCITING TOPIC.

Some of the friends of the two High Schools among whom were Rufus King Esq. and the late Cyrus Knowlton, deemed that a union of the association of Woodward and Hughe's schools, would greatly promote the harmony and success of both associations. This measure finally came before the association in the form of a resolution. It was ably advocated by Messrs. Jones, Morgan and others. The opposition however was as warmly conducted by Messrs. Caskey, Ross, Finch and others. We have but little recollection of any of the speeches except that of the late Danl. W. Finch, which was one of the ablest we have ever listened to from any member

of the association. It was witty, logical and truly eloquent. The resolution was finally lost by an almost unanimous vote.

FIRST WOODWARD ANNUAL.

The birth of important personages is generally considered by historians, worthy of record, hence universal precedent compels us to make a note of the advent of our "Annual" which first saw the light, about the close of this year. Though of somewhat humble origin, we trust its career will be glorious. Although just budding into its second year of babyhood, it already gives token of a robust boyhood, and we trust will in due time ripen into a vigorous manhood. May every added year crown it with new graces, so that on its annual return we may proudly greet it, as an admired friend.

SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION.

As the events of this evening, which was spent in Pike's Concert Rooms, are still fresh in the minds of the association, we will pass over them, with the simple remark, that this reunion equalled if it did not surpass any former one in real sociability and hearty good cheer.

DEATH OF HENRY L. SPRING.

In the early part of this year we were called upon to mourn the loss of another valued member, Henry L. Spring of the class of 1857. He died of consumption in this city. We were unsuccessful in obtaining a copy of the resolutions passed by the association in regard to his demise.

THE FIRST SACRIFICE.

Lieut. Danl. W. Finch, was among the first to lay aside the habiliments of peace and to put on the panoply of war, and the very first to breathe forth his spirit, as a sacrificial offering to his country.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Woodward Alumnaal Association, held on Saturdy, Oct. 5, 1861, the following resolutions relative to the death of Lieutenant Daniel W. Finch were adopted:

"WHEREAS: It has pleased the Supreme Ruler to remove

from our number our fellow-schoolmate, Lieut. Daniel W. Finch, who died of fever while in the service of his country, at Camp Lookout, Virginia, on Thursday, Sept. 26, 1861; therefore,

“Resolved, That we bear unanimous testimony to his excellent character and abilities; that we honored and respected him while living and sincerely lament his early death, which cut off and left unfinished a life which promised to be one of great usefulness; that we keenly feel the loss of such a good schoolmate, citizen and soldier; that although we admire the patriotic zeal which led him to leave his fireside and friends to do battle for his country in the hour of her trials, we can not but regret its untimely issue; that we tender to the wife and relatives of the deceased our sympathy and condolence, and commend them in their sorrow to “Him who doeth all things well.”

“Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt thanks to our fellow-graduate, James G. Morgan, for his kindness in bringing home the remains of our deceased brother.

“R. AYRES,
“J. B. GOULD,
“M. A. SLOUGH, } Committee.”

A BLANK.

The great rebellion of '61 having burst forth like a submarine volcano, sent a great tidal wave of patriotism across the continent, which penetrated even into the quiet bayou of our little society and swept off some of our most active members. All of our officers went with the current except one, and that one being wholly engaged in the work of recruiting a partner for life, the society, in consequence was left without an executive committee, and the re-union of 1861 has therefore to be recorded as a blank.

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—

defines an Editor as "one who revises, corrects, and prepares a book for publication;" a definition not full enough we fear; there ought to have been added, also one who solicits, aye, *expounds* (ex meaning out of, and pound, pound,) contributions, or rather literary scutages. This objection, however, might be met by appointing an executive committee of from three to a dozen members from each class, whose sole business should be to furnish the Editors with a sufficient number of manuscripts, so that the latter might restrict their labors to such duties as are specified in the 'Unabridged,' as being appropriate to their office. Selection is, if we mistake not, a prerogative of most editors; but scanty supply has driven us to the necessity of swallowing, Ostrich like, everything before us, edible or no. If our 'Annual' is to be sustained, great sanitary reforms are to be brought about; for food more abundant and wholesomer, must be supplied. Not every idea—both because of native puniness, and mean attire,—is knightly on a printed page. Labor, sincere and hearty, must needs penetrate the alluvium of care and frivolity, before those clear, sweet waters of the soul can well up from their still depths, and afford refreshment to owner and stranger too. Many; upon leaving school, wipe their pens for a long and sound repose, heartily glad to have thrown off that appalling incubus, *composition writing*. The result is, that in place of improvement, declination ensues; and he who at graduation, was wont to sweep decently a variety of chords, has, after a few years come to be a scratcher on one string. Bad grammar(?) monstrous spelling, forty-second-hand phrases, gray-headed illustrations, and, worst of all, ideas gaunt and stiff with long service, make up the composition of their hasty effusions, or, more aptly, *confusions*. We would therefore exhort all who deem the keeping up of a society magazine a matter of paramount importance, to a performance of duty, howsoever unpleasant or irksome. Let all such at once fix upon a favorite theme; think upon it often and intensely; pluck here and there from a surrounding world of wealth and beauty, a flower or a gem to adorn its presence, and, when the ripe leaves of next Autumn begin to fall, send it to the

Editorial garner of the 'Annual,' a matured, rich, sound production. We want, and we *must* have hardy, vital plants, for ours is a wintry bower.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Thanks are due Daniel Ray Esq. of New York, for having gratuitously furnished us with one hundred and fifty steel-plate engravings of our departed, well remembered preceptor. None who ever saw the man, could mistake a picture so real. May it serve to rechisel upon memory's tablet the features of a noble benefactor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In absence of Toliver F. Caskey and John A. Webb, their official duties have been discharged by Charles F. Wehmer and Noble R. Royse.

FINALE.

Without committing ourselves for future numbers, we bid you an adieu. The 'Annual of '63' is in your custody; make it what you would have it, a readable, re-readable souvenir.

Members of the Woodward Alumni Association.

	NAMES.	ADDRESS.
1852	DANIEL G. BAILEY, . . .	Cincinnati.
	LYCURGUS CAMERON, . . .	"
	ANDREW J. DALE, . . .	Died Oct. 4, 1857.
	REV. JOHN FREEMAN, . . .	Leavenworth Ks.
	JAMES M. ROSS, . . .	Cincinnati.
1853	MAJ. HENRY V. N. BOYNTON, .	35th O. V. U. S. A.
	CHARLES G. GOVE, . . .	Cincinnati.
	GEORGE W. HARPER, A. M. .	"
	COL. FRED C. JONES, . . .	24th O. V. U. S. A.
	ALONZO A. RICKER, . . .	Died Jan. 30, 1858.
	MARTIN A. SLOUGH, . . .	Cincinnati.
	WM. S. TREVOR, . . .	"

	NAMES.	ADDRESS.
1854	NANCY CLAYPOOL, . . .	Cincinnati.
	HATTIE DAVID, . . .	"
	ELLEN FREEMAN, . . .	"
	ELIZABETH POWERS, . . .	"
	JOHN T. SWARTZ, . . .	Died March, 1859.
1855	MARSHALL K. BONSALE, . . .	Died Sep. 28, 1858.
	HARRY T. COLE, . . .	Cincinnati.
	FANNIE BROWN, <i>Hunt</i> , . . .	"
	MILTON A. DALTON, . . .	"
	REBECCA KEELER, <i>Higbee</i> , . . .	"
	DAVID T. MITCHELL, . . .	"
	WILLIAM STRUNK, . . .	"
	ANNA WARDER, . . .	North Bend, O.
	JANE WARDER, . . .	"
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	MARY S. VANCE, . . .	Cincinnati.
1856	ANNA J. ALDRICH, . . .	Cincinnati.
	JOHN BEATTIE, . . .	"
	LIEUT. MILTON B. CHAMBERLAIN, 4th O. V. C. U. S. A.	
	WILLIAM A. FILLMORE, . . .	Cincinnati.
	LIEUT. DANIEL W. FINCH, . . .	Died Sep. 26, 1861.
	JOHN B. GOULD, . . .	New York.
	CHAS. E. GREENE, . . .	Mexico.
	LIZZIE JACKSON, . . .	Died Oct. 18, 1862.
	ANNA LOWDEN, . . .	Cincinnati.
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	URSULA JOHNSON, . . .	China.
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	CADET PETER S. MICHIE, . . .	West Point.
	CHAUNCEY D. PALMER, M. D., . . .	Camp Dennison, O.
	MARY R. POOL, . . .	Cincinnati.
	HANNAH E. RABBE, . . .	"

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	NOBLE K. ROYSE, . . .	"
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	ANDREW D. SMITH, ESQ., . . .	Washington, D. C.
	HENRY L. SPRING, . . .	Died Jan. 8, 1861.
	MARY F. STEARNS, . . .	Walnut Hills.
	CHARLES W. THOMAS, . . .	Cincinnati.
	MARY TOWNLEY, . . .	"
	GEORGE E. WALTON, . . .	Branch Hill, O.
	CHARLES F. WEHMER, . . .	Cincinnati.
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	JOHN A. WEBB, . . .	Charleston, Va.
1858	SAMUEL BAILEY, . . .	Cincinnati.
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	MARY C. BODLEY, . . .	"
	ANNIE E. DAVID, . . .	"
	EUROPE W. HAMLIN, . . .	"
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	FANNIE M. THORNTON, . . .	"

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	SARAH WARE, . . .	"
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	HENRY GOLBERG, . . .	Lafayette, Ind,
	ELLA HUBBELL, . . .	Cincinnati.
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	MARGARET JACKSON, . . .	Cincinnati.
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	ISAAC SIMON, . . .	Gunboat Fair Play.
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	HENRY R. BROWNE, . . .	Died, June 17, '62.
	CARRIE BRYSON, . . .	Walnut Hills.
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	M'GGIE BROWNE, . . .	"
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J. H. HOWE,	Walnut Hills.
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HENRIETTA WALTER,	"
ADDIE WHITE,	"

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FOR 1862.

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Editors of the Woodward Annual.

TOLIVER F. CASKEY, Term ending 1863.

GEORGE W. HARPER, " " 1864.

JOHN A. WEBB, " " 1865.

