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REUNION.

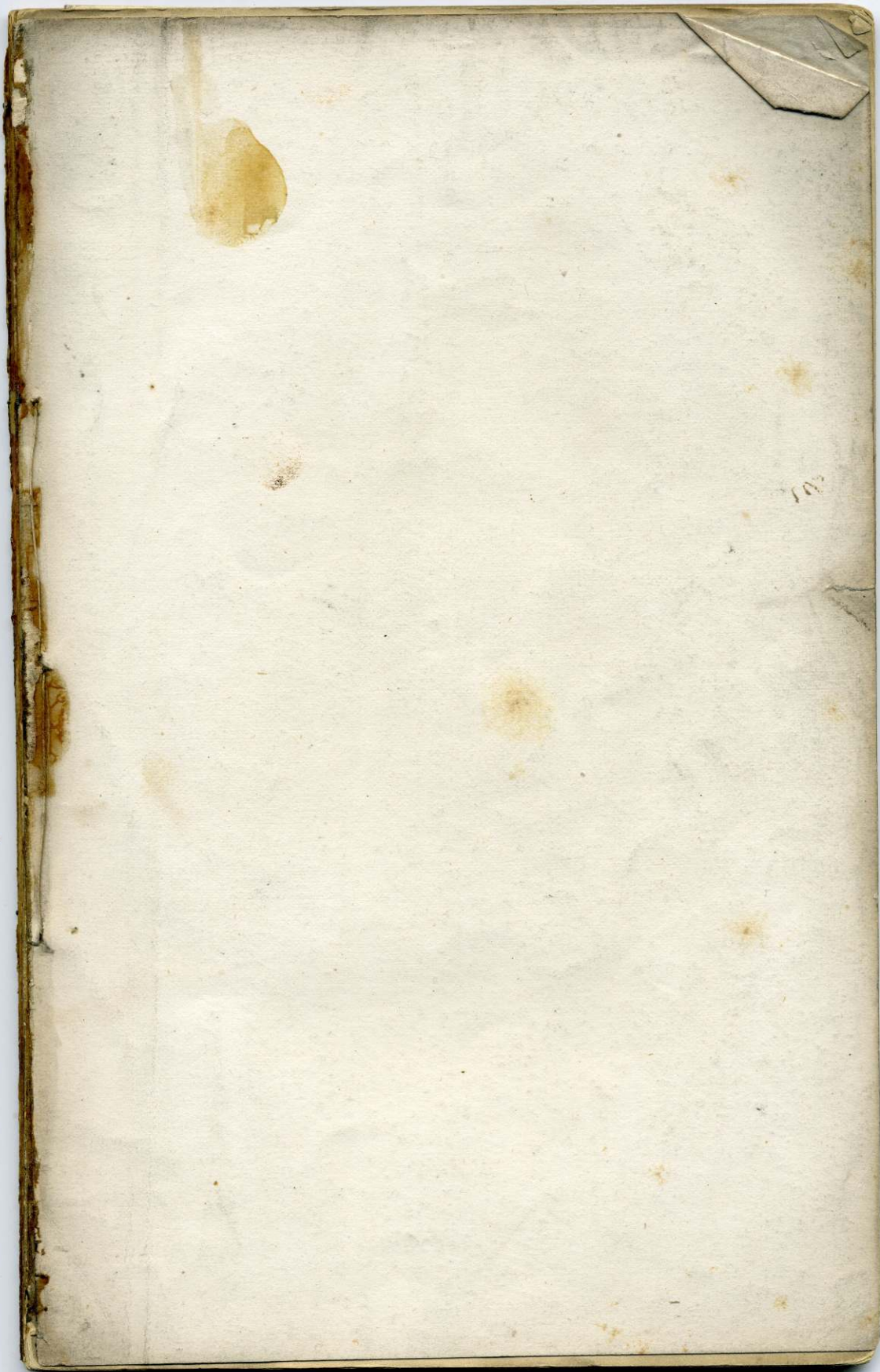
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S. R. F. Harman.

COMMEMORATIVE AND FAREWELL

Reunion

OF THE

GRADUATES AND TEACHERS

Washington Female Seminary.

AS PROMPTED BY

MRS. SARAH R. HANNA.

JUNE 25th, 1874.

PITTSBURGH

W. BARRELL & MANSURE, 71 GRAND AND 75 WOOD STREET.

1874.

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COMMEMORATIVE AND FAREWELL



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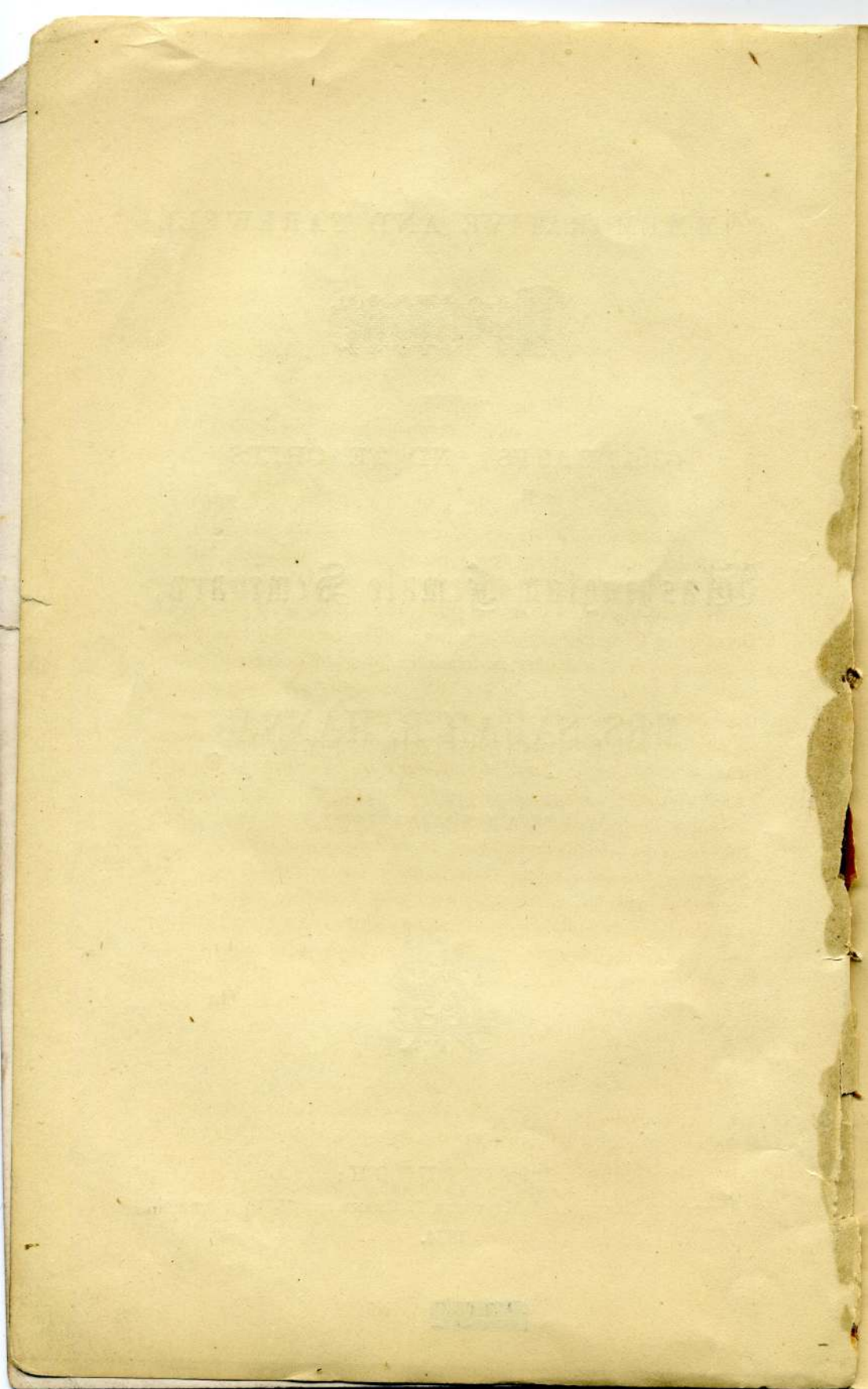


PITTSBURGH:

PRINTED BY BAKWELL & MARTHENS, 71 GRANT AND 75 WOOD STREETS.

1874.





WASHINGTON, PA., March 28th, 1874.

REV. J. J. BROWNSON, D. D., *President of the Board
of Trustees of the Washington Female College.*

DEAR SIR—Through you, I desire to make the following communication to the respected Board over which you preside.

In 1840, the members then constituting the Board, most of whom have passed, as I trust, to a better world, conferred on me the office of Principal of this Seminary. The honor I have carried, together with its attendant obligations, for a period of thirty-four years. I now feel it to be my duty to tender my resignation, to take effect at the close of the present Seminary year, on the 25th of next June. After such a service, in view of all the circumstances surrounding both myself and the institution, I desire freedom from the cares and responsibilities of such a position.

Before closing this letter, permit me to offer my sincere thanks to the Trustees, and their families, as well as other friends of the Seminary, for the kindness manifested towards myself, and those connected with me, during the years of my service. That a kind Providence may guide you in the selection of my successor, and preside over all the interests of the Seminary, is the wish and prayer of
Your friend,

SARAH R. HANNA.

WASHINGTON, PA., March 28th, 1874.

MRS. SARAH R. HANNA,

DEAR MADAM—The Trustees of the Washington Female Seminary hereby acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, announcing your resignation of the headship of the institution, to take effect at the close of the present session, next June. In yielding to a purpose which you seem to have deliberately and

firmly settled, the Board regard it as due to the public and themselves, as well as to you, to express their feelings in the prospect of your retirement.

Though, indeed, after a service of thirty-four years, as Principal of the Seminary, the possibility that your desire for repose might in the future lead you to the step now taken, has very naturally suggested itself to our minds, the actual crisis has come upon us with surprise, and also with pain, in view of separation after so happy a union, both personal and official. So long have the Trustees and friends of the Seminary been accustomed to rely upon the wisdom and energy of your management, that we cannot but realize the responsibility which circumstances now force upon us, of selecting another person who may prove competent to carry forward the work so faithfully and successfully done by you in the years now gone. From our intimate knowledge of your character, we are confident that with or without official connection, your counsel and prayers will be available in behalf of an enterprise which has so long enlisted the warmest feelings of your heart and the best energies of your life.

Whatever the future may disclose, under the Providential hand which controls all things, you have the sure record of God's blessing upon your labors. Our Seminary has been built up into prosperity and honor, chiefly through your agency. Its more than five hundred graduates, and a like number who have taken a partial course, have been, as their survivors will be, your living witnesses. The institution, into whatever hands it may pass, will always be associated with your name. The Board can never fail to appreciate your fidelity; and our Father in heaven, we doubt not, will follow, with unfailing reward, the toil and vigilance so heartily laid upon his altar. We beg leave to assure you, that when the time shall come which you have designated for surrendering your trust, you will carry with you the abiding confidence and friendship of the Board, the stockholders and the community, and that we shall ever pray for a divine blessing upon the evening of your life.

With great regard and esteem, we are,

Very truly yours,

JAMES J. BROWNSON,	F. JULIUS LEMOYNE,
JOHN H. EWING,	COLIN M. REED,
M. H. CLARK,	THOS. MCKENNAN,
THOS. MCKEAN,	V. HARDING.

At the same meeting the Board appointed Dr. Brownson, Dr. Clark and C. M. Reed, Esq., a committee to secure a successor.

As soon as Mrs. Hanna's resignation became known, some of her friends and pupils determined that action should be taken upon it, and a large number of graduates and former pupils of the Seminary, residing in Washington, met in the reading room of the Citizens Library, April 16, 1874. The meeting was organized and the following officers chosen:

President—Mrs. C. LeMoyné Wills.

Secretaries—Mrs. R. B. Gamble and Miss Martha Grayson.

Treasurer—Miss Jane W. Baird.

After the object and occasion of the meeting had been fully discussed, it was unanimously resolved to give expression to the sentiments of the graduates upon the retirement of Mrs. Hanna, and their appreciation of her labors, by holding a Commemorative and Farewell Reunion in her honor, in Seminary Hall, Thursday June 25th, 1874.

Mrs. Wills presented the following form of a circular letter, which was adopted, and ordered to be printed and sent out to all the graduates and former teachers of the Seminary:

WASHINGTON, PA., April 20th, 1874.

Our honored friend and teacher, Mrs. Sarah R. Hanna, who has so nobly and efficiently filled the post of Principal of the Washington Seminary for thirty-four years, has sent her resignation to the Trustees, and will leave the school at the close of the present term.

A large number of the graduates and former pupils of the Institution, residing in Washington and vicinity, desire to testify in some appropriate manner our respect and friendship for Mrs. Hanna, and our high appreciation of her faithful and successful services in the cause of woman's mental and moral education. Believing that you sympathize with us in this desire, we cordially and earnestly invite you to meet with us, in a Social and Literary Reunion, at the Seminary Hall, in Washington, on Thursday, June 25th, 1874, at 10 A. M.

We also intend to unite in a Farewell Offering to Mrs. Hanna, as a testimonial of our regard, and as a remembrance from her

pupils. If you wish to join us in this purpose, please forward your contribution as soon as convenient, and before the 30th of May, to our Treasurer, Miss Jane W. Baird.

We hope to receive many contributions of a literary character, such as poems, addresses, reminiscences, &c., which you may send to any member of our Corresponding Committee.

Please inform us whether you can be present at the Reunion.

The following committees were appointed to superintend the different departments of the Reunion :

On Invitation and Programme.—Mrs. C. L. Wills, Miss M. Grayson, Miss Janette S. Lowrie, Mrs. R. B. Gamble.

On Entertainment and Decoration.—Miss Laurette Morgan, Miss Ellen Baird, Mrs. A. L. Harding, Miss Mary Gormley, Miss Margaret Doake, Miss M. B. McKennan, Miss Sue Hart, Miss S. Weills.

On Music.—Mrs. Romaine L. Wade, Mrs. M. H. Johnston, Miss E. Brownson, Miss G. Bell, Miss Matilda Watson.

On Presents.—Mrs. Wm. H. Ewing, Mrs. R. L. Wade, Mrs. Julia G. Lockhart, Miss A. McKennan, Miss Minnie Baird.

On Reception.—Miss Sweeney, Mrs. James Acheson, Mrs. Gamble.

The responses to the circular invitation were prompt and hearty, and many letters were received from graduates and teachers announcing their acceptance and contributions; others expressing sympathy with the object, and regret at their enforced absence. The Committee on Presents performed their duty very acceptably, by selecting an elegant gold watch and chain, two handsome walnut easy chairs, and a service of silver plate, consisting of pitcher, salver, goblets and bowl.

The following extract from the *New York Tribune*, of July 19th, in relation to the Reunion, is from the pen of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, a graduate of the Class of 1848 :

“A WOMAN’S WORK.—Many years ago Margaret Fuller, in her ‘Woman in the Nineteenth Century,’ called attention to the work and position of a certain Mrs. Sarah Hanna (then bearing her maiden name) as among the hopeful signs of woman’s pro-

gress. The occasion which prompted her notice was a visit paid by ex-President John Quincy Adams to a school for girls, under the care of this lady, in a pretty village in Western Pennsylvania. It was long before the time when a woman, without trampling on all conventional rules, could lecture or speak as freely as a man in public. It was the time when one of our foremost thinkers presented the Clytie as the type of a perfect woman. 'Observe that the hair covers the forehead down to the eyebrows,' said he. 'The intellect is there; but—it is veiled of men.' This teacher in the quiet little town had already determined to do what lay in her power towards unveiling the hidden intellect. Having something to say to her guest on the subject of her life's work, she said it, and in public, in a few well chosen, modest words, strong in sound common sense.

"Margaret Fuller recognized both the sense and the prophecy which its utterance at that time conveyed. She would have been quick also to recognize the peculiar lesson embodied in the future work of this woman; and we think this work worthy of mention here because it differs from that approved and sought after by the majority of women now, in its quiet and sturdy usefulness, without any straining after dramatic effect. She knew, when choosing her work, apparently what few women care to know, precisely what she could and could not do. She was not meant to be an artist or author, or even a teacher *par excellence*; but she had an exceptional executive ability, and a peculiar fitness for managing and controlling the young. She made her work therefore the founding and oversight of schools, having under her charge at one time three large and successful seminaries for girls. She has educated and sent out hundreds of teachers, and wives and mothers in unnumbered happy homes cherish for her grateful affection.

"Next week, as we learn, she gives up the work which she began in early youth, and from all parts of the country her scholars are going back to say farewell to her. It has been a quiet, undramatic life, brought to a quiet, undramatic close, and we should have no right to drag it thus before the public were it not to hint to other women how large and wholesome may be the result of a noiseless private life when it is vitalized by common sense, sincerity, and integrity to the service of the Great Master."

On Tuesday, June 23d, the ladies began to arrive, and were met by the committees appointed to receive them. Arrangements were made by the ladies of the town to entertain at their own houses all the graduates who had announced their intention of coming, and nearly every family was expecting guests. On Wednesday morning and afternoon the majority arrived, and were politely escorted to their places by our obliging friend, Major A. G. Happer, who is always ready to perform a kindness to ladies.

On Wednesday forenoon the Commencement and graduating exercises of the Senior Class took place, and Seminary Hall was densely packed with an attentive and interested audience. Fourteen young ladies received diplomas, and were received into the sisterhood of graduates. On Wednesday evening many of the strangers called to pay their respects to Mrs. Hanna.

On Thursday morning, at nine o'clock, the ladies assembled in Seminary Hall, which had been elegantly decorated for the occasion. On entering the house, the first object that met the eye was an arch of evergreens, bearing the inscription, in large green letters, "Welcome." In the hall, Mrs. Hanna's portrait, wreathed in evergreen and garlands of oak leaves, was hung at the back of the large platform, where were seated the officers of the meeting and the musicians. The small platform opposite to the door leading into the hall was prepared for Mrs. Hanna. On it were placed the two green rep arm-chairs, which were among the presents prepared for her. On each side of the platform, on the wall, were the ornamented dates "1840" and "1874," representing the time at which Mrs. Hanna became Principal of the school, and the time of her leaving it. Over these dates were the monograms "S. R. F." and "S. R. H.," cut in silver. Over the side door an ornamented motto, "Old friends and true, with joy we greet you." Over the door leading into the hall, another large motto in evergreen, "Her works praise her." The centre of the hall was festooned with long wreaths of evergreen reaching to the pillars, which were also wrapped with pine, and from the centre of the festoons hung a beautiful basket of flowers and vines.

At a quarter before ten, Misses M. Bureau and Annie Moore took their places at the piano, and played a brilliant duett by Gottschalk. At the same time Misses Grayson and Baird proceeded to Mrs. Hanna's parlor to escort her into the hall. As she appeared

at the door, the whole assembly respectfully rose and remained standing until Mrs. Hanna had been led to her chair and was seated.

After the music ceased, the President of the meeting, Mrs. C. L. Wills, rose and read an Address of Welcome, on behalf of the ladies of the town.

Ladies, Fellow-Graduates, Teachers and Pupils of the Washington Female Seminary:

I am honored in having been chosen by those of your number residing in Washington, to represent them, and to preside at your meeting to-day. It is with sincere pleasure that I accept the honor, and on their behalf extend to you our heartfelt welcome to this happy Reunion, to this memorable old hall, and to the scenes of our past fellowship and acquaintance. We felt that it was due to ourselves, and to all of you, that this occasion should not be allowed to pass without celebration and notice, and that it was desirable and proper for us to give some expression of our respect and sympathy for Mrs. Hanna, on her retirement from her public work. As soon as it became known that she had resigned, the graduates in town held a meeting, resolved to have a Reunion, and appointed committees. Our first work was to send out a circular invitation to all the graduates and former teachers of the institution to assemble, at this time, in a Reunion in honor of Mrs. Hanna, and to renew our old friendships, and revive our interest in the Seminary.

Your presence here to-day is your appropriate response, and we are truly happy to see so large a number, who prove their desire to meet us, and their sympathy in our object, by coming, many of them from a distance, to this meeting. Many have not responded to our call; some, probably, did not receive the circulars, and know not of this Reunion; others anxiously desire to be present, and have written us letters of regret and affectionate greeting. We miss them from their seats here, we recall their names and persons with a vivid interest, and convey to them thus our kind remembrances, and our sorrow and disappointment at their absence.

We come together in this familiar place, and find the same honored lady presiding, where she has lived so many years that she seems rightfully to belong here. The Seminary would not be

the same dear old school-home, with Mrs. Hanna gone from it. She has made it a pleasant, cheerful home for her pupils for a whole generation, and we have all spent many happy hours under her roof. The thirty-four years of busy life during which she has labored in this school, have passed lightly over her vigorous frame, and left her with unimpaired and healthful activity of mind; her form is not bowed, her hair is still dark, and her eye is yet clear and penetrating. But the physical system needs rest; the over-tasked energies must have repose; she has attained the ripe and perfect growth of her life, and is now entitled to the peaceful reward of the faithful laborer.

It is fitting at this close of her official life, that her pupils, the adopted children of her love, should assemble to greet her once more in the house where she has so long dispensed a large and generous hospitality. We come to express to her, though it be only in a poor and imperfect manner, our esteem and respect for her, and her labors as a teacher.

Those of us who have always lived here and witnessed her daily life, so full of charity and Christian kindness, can more fully appreciate her character than those who went out from the school, and have seldom returned. We have known her in all the public and private relations of life—as wife, mother, relative, neighbor, friend and citizen. She has met with us around our cherished dead; she has prayed for us when ill and suffering; she has assisted at our marriage festivities, and rejoiced with us over the birth of our children, sharing the joys and sorrows of our lives. No one of our most public-spirited and liberal men has exceeded her in her zeal for the general welfare, or growth and improvement of the town. Her benefactions have been large, greater even than her means—given cheerfully, and without ostentation. She gave abundantly for the soldiers during the war, and no one contributed more heartily in fitting out troops, and sending supplies for the sick and wounded. She has confided to us her sorrows and troubles, and we have sympathized with her in her losses and bereavements. We have shared her anxieties for our young people; we have entrusted to her faithful care our daughters, sisters and relatives. Knowing her thus thoroughly and intimately, we esteem her worthy of our honor and admiration. I think that all of us, especially those who have lived to mature years and have come

to an appreciation of the true worth of life, must, more and more, respect and value a character like that of Mrs. Hanna. Many, no doubt, in the thoughtlessness of youth and temptations of pleasure, have rebelled in spirit against the laws and discipline of school life, and the restraints and rules which must necessarily surround the youthful student away from home. But our feelings towards our teachers, like those we entertain for the discipline of our parents, become modified and often entirely changed, as we grow older, and capable of rightly estimating character and results. We then perceive that law and order, restraint and punishment, were necessary for our healthy growth and improvement, and were inspired by the purest love and highest wisdom. Those who have held to us the relations of parents and teachers were only the delegates of our heavenly Father, whose wise and inexorable laws pervade and bind the universe together, and whose love for us causes him to chasten and restrain, that he may lead us to himself. So we, grown older, have come to understand the true love and large wisdom of our old teacher, who governed us, guided us in the paths of knowledge, and always with a gentle force and the whole power of counsel and example, impelled us upwards towards God, and the rewards of a holy life.

It is impossible rightly to estimate the real results of a good and unselfish life. Its influences are silent, mysterious, powerful; acting through myriads of unseen channels, and affecting the lives of many other people directly, and still more *indirectly*. Force of character is one of the forces that can never be computed, nor measured by any science, but that of omniscience. Like the soul which exerts it, it is infinite and undying. The office of teaching and training the young is more important, and its results are more obvious and enduring, than any other. She who gives her life and best energies to impressing truth, goodness, and the love of knowledge, upon the minds of young girls, is forming the mothers and educators of the race, and generations yet to come, will fall under her influence.

In hundreds of homes, scattered widely over the country, the name of Mrs. Hanna is spoken with affectionate respect. Her example and teachings affect the daily life of many intelligent, thoughtful women, who, looking back upon the years spent here, and remembering her life of earnest endeavor, and her wise counsels, take courage and labor on, with a new inspiration.

Most women have no public life. Their labors, trials, sufferings, are private, and known to but few. In the quiet, uneventful life which they lead, they often feel discouraged, and are ready to despair, because they seem to make no progress; to do so little for God and humanity, and to attain to so little excellence. But let us remember, that the character which we build up by the daily culture and growth of mind and spirit, by the "little deeds of kindness and words of love," is the real result and work of our lives. It is that part of us which will form our spiritual body which is to exist after this earthly tenement is resolved into its original elements. The thought that every act of self-denial, every labor for others, every generous exertion, every good word and devout prayer, is a part of the immortal structure which we are building for another life, should comfort us, and inspire us with a cheerful hope. The countless good deeds which a woman can do every day and hour are not wasted and forgotten. They are the grains of sand which help to form the polished stones, the beautiful carvings, the pure coloring, in which our spiritual temples shall stand forth, when this covering of clay shall be removed from the perfect and finished shape of our eternal selves.

There are many women to whom God has not given the blessing of motherhood, but they possess the love and holy self-sacrifice of the true mother heart. Such women fill the place of mothers to the children of others, and adopt into their great hearts and warm affections the unfortunate, the poor, and the orphans. Our friend is one of these; not having children of her own, she has been the loving Foster-mother of hundreds of sad and lonely school-girls, laboring and praying for them with even more than a mother's unselfish devotion, because not entitled to a mother's reward. To us all, especially to our young friends who may yet profit by it, let me say, that we will do well to hold up before us her pure and earnest life, and blameless character, as a bright example, worthy of imitation. We see here the beauty of a life devoted to the service of others, of a generous public-spirited career. Upon the daughters of this institution, who have benefited by her labors for the improvement and elevation of young women, is laid an obligation which they cannot escape, and yet be worthy of the good they have received. It is their duty and priv-

ilege to take up and carry on the great and good work which her tired hands must now lay down. If we expect or desire that our daughters and grand-daughters shall be equal to the demands of the present and the future, we must give our own earnest attention to the interests of education, and to the schools to which we entrust them. We should not leave this subject, as heretofore, entirely in the hands of gentlemen. Our fathers, husbands and brothers are our best friends, and have our interests at heart ; but as is only natural, their chief efforts are given to the building up of institutions for young men. Colleges are established, professorships are endowed, and great influences employed to perfect the systems by which our sons are to be trained and taught. But how few are the men, and how small and pitiful the sums, that are devoted to schools for girls. Women and mothers ought to give this subject their thoughtful consideration, and resolve to spare no efforts to make the opportunities for a thorough and liberal education of their daughters approximate in a higher degree to those which are the boasted heritage of their brothers and sons. In thus doing, we shall follow in the footsteps and continue the noble work, which is given up here to-day by a faithful laborer.

She has come to the end of her public life, crowned with honor and with blessings. We, her adopted daughters, bring to-day our tribute of respect and gratitude—wreaths of the fairest and choicest flowers of our memories, to place upon the honored brow of our teacher and friend.

Accept, dear madam, this expression of our feelings, which is given in the maturity of our judgments, and with the full ripening of experience. You have well earned that comfort and freedom from care which you now seek, and you will carry with you into your retirement the esteem, gratitude and warm love of hundreds of your old pupils. We will earnestly pray that the evening of your days may be cloudless, bright, and full of that peace and triumph which God gives to those who have worthily borne themselves in the battle of life.

The President then stated to the meeting that some of the former teachers were present, one of whom would address them ; that letters had been received from Mr. Hempstead, of Milwaukee, and Mr. Dutton, of Cavendish, Vt., sending greetings and good wishes, and

regretting their inability to be present; that the following letter, also, had come from a lady, who had been a teacher during Mrs. Biddle's administration, and afterwards under Mrs. Hanna:

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA, June 21st, 1874.

MY DEAR MRS. WILLS:

The invitation of your committee to attend the "Social and Literary Reunion" at Seminary Hall, on next Thursday, June 25th, was duly received; but I have been suffering from acute inflammation of the eye, from which I have just recovered. This is my apology for not replying at once.

Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to be present at your Reunion, greet once more the friends and pupils of former years, and contribute my one little leaf to the laurel wreath that will adorn the brow of our much esteemed friend, Mrs. Hanna.

I will commission you to present to her my warmest regards and congratulations on her signally successful career as Principal of that Seminary, with the hope that she may live long and happily in the hearts of those whom she *fostered* in earlier days, as well as of those who have been the recipients of her kindness and care, whether as assistants or pupils, during the latter years.

I herewith send to your care, a very large amount of love and good wishes, to be distributed to all who kindly remember "Miss Post."

Yours truly,

H. M. WISE.

A letter from Miss Crafts (Mrs. Clarke,) was read by Mrs. Margaret McKaig Kerr, a graduate and former teacher.

ANSONIA, CONN., June 19th, 1874.

DEAR MRS. HANNA:

Some three weeks ago I received an invitation to attend, on the 25th inst., a Social and Literary Reunion of the teachers and pupils of Washington Female Seminary, for the special purpose of testifying their "high appreciation of your faithful and successful services in the cause of woman's mental and moral education," as also to express their personal respect and friendship. I am obliged, most reluctantly, to say that it will be impossible for me to be present. You may be assured that I deeply regret my inability to be

with you on so interesting an occasion, one that cannot occur again in my lifetime. I desire to send with my regrets, my warm greetings to yourself and the other friends I had hoped to meet, with assurances of my affectionate remembrance.

My three years' sojourn in Washington, and my connection with the Seminary during that period, mark an era in my life as agreeable in the retrospect as it was in reality. Most gratefully, too, do I remember the abounding hospitality and kindness received from many of its citizens, making the stranger soon cease to be or feel herself such.

To you, my dear friend, this will be an occasion of peculiar interest, for I understand you have decided to sever your connection with the old Seminary, at the close of the present school year. This must, indeed, be painful to you, bound as you are to it by associations, both sacred and strong, it having been your home, and the sphere of your self-sacrificing labors, for so many years. But, in looking back over these years, though some have been laden with sorrow and disappointed hopes, yet the record for you is, on the whole, so bright, so replete with pleasant memories, and the consciousness of a noble work well done, that pleasure rather than pain must predominate. Eternity alone can unfold *all* the benefits conferred by you upon those whose minds and hearts have been moulded by your influence; an influence that will be felt through succeeding generations. Like Cornelia of old, you can boast of gems far more precious than the diamond or the ruby; and may they prove your "crown of rejoicing" in "that day when the Lord maketh up his jewels." Greater reward or happiness than this one could not desire; and that it may be yours with Heaven's richest blessings, during the remainder of your pilgrimage, is the earnest prayer and affectionate wish of

Your loving friend,

ELIZABETH M. CLARK.

Mrs. Susan Bandelle Carrier, of Erie, Penn'a., then read an address to Mrs. Hanna, on behalf of herself and other teachers. Mrs. Carrier sat beside Mrs. Hanna, and when reading, stood near her on the small platform.

MY DEAR MRS. HANNA:

I have been asked to address you in behalf of the Teachers; and yet I feel I can scarcely shape what I have to say into what shall be inclusive of the many. My own associations with you have been so personal, so individual, so intimate, whenever we have drifted together, that when I come to address you it is more as my own familiar friend in whom I have trusted. And so what I have to say will be, must be, personal more than general; individual, unless only I may believe that much of this same regard, affection, intimacy in various interests, has been very generally the feeling existing and growing among the teaches who have been associated with you here. Thus I may be, thus I will delight to be, something of a representative of the hearty esteem, genuine regard, and warm affection all of us would express.

There is with me a picture, frequently turned to, always vivid, realized more than twenty winters ago—a picture where I see the daily coming stage-coach, that had rolled over all the weary way from Cumberland, of dusky memories, and over the slippery mountain steep, but stopping, as if from sheer habit, before the expanse of these Seminary walls. How vivid in the picture, too, is Dr. Hanna, now held ever in honored and affectionate remembrance, as he came down the broad steps, smiling, to welcome me; the little library, too, from whence my first observations were taken—all these things live with me, and they made the beginning of one of my life interests, one which had to do with that complete chain of destiny which made up a part of my very existence. Links they were, that could not be left out without changing the whole plan.

And so you have, in greater or less degree, entered into our lives. So many of us, too, there are, through these thirty-four years, that have come, dwelt with you, worked with you, merged their interests into yours, and in doing so, felt their own widen out into more generous proportions, and waken into more various activities.

Contact with mental or moral activity should be, must be, an inspiration. So in this position which you have maintained all these years, there is to you the satisfaction of knowing, not only that your influence has told upon those who came here for instruc-

tion, but that the nearer relations in which the teachers have been associated with you have also been opportunities for that constant, though perhaps unconscious influence, which doubtless has again and again been a quickening energy, here and there bringing forth much fruit, even though the germ, the growth, and the blossoming have not always been accounted for. I believe, in the influences of these associations with us, you have often wrought better than you knew, quickening aspiration, stimulating endeavor.

It must be a great satisfaction, my dear Mrs. Hanna, to feel how unceasingly active your life has been. Without making haste, with little enforced rest, the purposes that you have planned have moved steadily on. Rare physical health has been dedicated to your life work. Early and late, with very little recreation ever allowed yourself, the motto of your life has seemed to be, **THIS ONE THING I DO.**

And a great and worthy object this one thing has been. It has been a generous purpose and a steadfast endeavor to quicken and inform the mind, to elevate the moral and religious characters of the young ladies here in your charge; and this, not merely as a professional duty, but as the one absorbing thought, the passionate love of your life. And this I know, too, because I have seen how your interest did not cease with the school life of your young ladies; but wherever they have gone out into other spheres of labor, into missionary service, as many have, your heart and helping hand have followed them with even heightened enthusiasm, as if *there* lay your choicest work.

And in the great march of educational interests, it must have been a very high joy to have been one of the leaders in the grand movement. To have helped in it has been a high honor. To have stood so long in the advance line has been something to distinguish a lifetime. We may say, only the generation before you saw the beginning of this movement. Mrs. Emma Willard may be considered as one of the pioneers who conceived the practicability of making Female Education that broad and strong and universal thing which it is now becoming. Heartily you gave yourself to that one idea, to develop which has been the work of your ceaselessly active life. The fruits are rich and abundant. The labor has told southward and northward, eastward and westward.

It seems but a small thing for us to come together and thank

you, but we do it with hearty affection. We are your debtors in this thing, namely, that you have given us an example of that energy, that tireless industry and complete surrender of every physical, intellectual and moral capability to one great purpose—a purpose vitalizing every act, making your very presence emphatic and eloquent in declaring, **THIS ONE THING I DO.**

And if still greater advance is called for, in the position and privileges of women, will it not for the most part be secured, according as such qualities are manifested and maintained; according as we find women, as well as men, bringing energy and industry to singleness of purpose and generous endeavor? We would find them, whether in positions of honor or places of humility, showing the capability of persistent, down-right labor. Let it be with enthusiasm, too, such as comes with self-forgetting devotion, and sustained by the hope of rewards, unseen now perhaps, but which are blessed influences somewhere, and in the great future shall appear as substantial verities, and become crowns of rejoicing.

Vocal Duett, by Mrs. Martha Harris Johnston and Miss Malvina McBride.

A communication from Miss Mary J. Haft, of Canonsburg, Pa., of the Class of 1840, and Mrs. Hanna's first graduate, read by Mrs. Jane Proudfit Orr, Holliday's Cove, West Va.

LADIES OF COMMITTEE AND FELLOW-GRADUATES :

I sincerely regret that a previous engagement prevents my presence in Washington Seminary on the coming interesting occasion. Not less do I regret that my time has been so fully engrossed as to prevent me from preparing a contribution more worthy of such an era in its history.

The announcement of Mrs. Hanna's resignation awakened in me, as it doubtless does in all her former pupils, lively recollections of school-girl days, days memorable to each of us, when life, gilded by hope, was but a beautiful romance. Now, as I look back upon them through the shadows of an additional thirty years' experience, how solemnly real they become, and in the light of the present, how sadly transmuted the romance! Thirty years of time

is indeed only a jot in the world's history, but with their wonderful revelations in science and art, and their mighty revelations in the civil and moral world, seem laden with the burden of centuries.

The present era in our Seminary is to us a reminder, especially of the great transition that has been taking place during this period, in the condition of our own sex. The contrast between the standard of female education, to-day, and that of the school-days of our class, indicates progress. We well remember when, in this part of the country, geography and grammar were unusual accomplishments among women, and the young girl who could attend the Seminary was highly privileged. We recollect vividly our chagrin while we were at school, at the avowed and almost universal skepticism concerning woman's ability to study mathematics. We shall never forget our keen sense of the injured capabilities of our sex, on hearing the opinions of some of our young male compeers, who marvelled at the exceptional abilities of the few, and affected contempt for the possibilities of the many. Most impressively do we remember their earnest objections to the education of women, on account of the perils of the experiment that might cause her to forsake her family for literature, or that making her man's equal she might cease to obey him. It was then our wrath rose to boiling point. In this way they rated the gifts and measured the grade of Sambo, you know, and the comparison was not flattering. But let us thank Heaven that in those days there were found men clear-sighted enough to discern that the elevation of woman is also the elevation of man, and noble enough to seek to place her by his side—his equal and complement, as God designed her to be. Through the agency of such men we are proving the "perils of the experiment." To-day, what do we see? Young women enter many of the best colleges of the land, and contest the honors with some of its most gifted sons. We see women enter the arena of art and literature, medicine, law and theology, acquitting themselves creditably in all. And does Nature prove untrue to herself? We answer by affirming that the most hopeful sign of the times lies in the fact that women are awaking everywhere to a sense of their capabilities and responsibilities.

But what is the crowning gift which the graduates of Washington Seminary will to-day celebrate, in the person of the excellent woman whom they delight to honor? Is it not that of the rarest

executive ability? Of the manner in which her work has been done, the success of this institution bears witness. A *pioneer* in her noble work, she has toiled through years of care, with an endurance almost unparalleled, and with unfaltering aim. The glory of that aim is, that her watchword has been not only "Onward" in the cause of truth and science, but in the interests of morality and religion, "Upward." Who can estimate the magnitude of her labor? Who but the Omniscient Master, in whose service it has been performed!

But there are other individuals connected with this, our beloved institution, who are not to be forgotten on this occasion, and who deserve our gratitude; men, who outstripping the age in which they lived, reared this monument in behalf of woman's higher education. The names of LeMoyne, McKennan, Grayson, Wishart, Reed and Ewing, with others gone or passing away, we can never cease to honor.

Sisters, shall we who have reaped the fruits of the labors of these noble pioneers, sit down with folded hands, to admire their deeds; or shall we honor them yet more, by resolving to carry forward the holy work which they begun? Is there not a formidable moral reform needed both in the present and rising generations, to which women owe a hearty duty. Are there not remaining the vices and oppressions of a past barbarism, which the aid of women is needed to demolish? Shall we, who have been blest with higher advantages than multitudes of our sex, lag behind in uniting our voices and our efforts against these enormous evils? Behold the moral degradation of woman throughout a large portion of the world! Her toil, her shame, her ignorance and abject servitude! Behold, too, how she binds the chains of superstition and corruption on her master, at the same time making her own condition more terrible. Shall we, children of the same Heavenly Father, show no heart to feel, no hand to save, no intellect to devise a remedy? Let us make this era in the history of our Alma Mater memorable, by entering anew upon life, with higher resolves, with unwavering purpose, to labor for the mental and moral welfare of our own sex. So shall we best honor those whom we this day desire to honor.

The next communication was from a graduate of the Class of 1843, entitled

REMINISCENCES.

Read by Miss Isabella Freeby.

“A cordial invitation to a Social and Literary Re-union, at Seminary Hall, June 25, 1874!” Mrs. Hanna, after filling the position of Principal for thirty-four years, has sent in her resignation to the Board of Trustees, &c.!

I pause in the midst of busy cares to realize what is comprehended in all this. *My* teacher about to resign! I astonish my family and friends by the announcement, and am astonished when I consider my own age; that I, myself, have attained unto nearly half a century; have been wearing spectacles several years; that on my head the silver hairs are beginning to mingle with the brown, and five of my seven children are grown, and taller than I! And then I go back to my first acquaintance with Mrs. Hanna, in the year 1841, at which time I entered her school, a tall, slender girl of seventeen. She was Miss Foster, and I was Mary Newton. As to Seminary Hall, there was then only the original main building, crowded with pupils; the large addition was made the following year. The building opposite was Paull’s tavern, afterwards purchased by Mrs. Hanna, remodelled, and by some named Windsor Castle.

It was during my first year that Mrs. Hanna had, I suppose, the longest and most serious illness of her life, typhoid fever. I well remember the solemn stillness with which we all moved about the house, during the two or three days in which her recovery was very doubtful, our relief when the crisis was passed, and our joy when, after long weeks, she was able to take her place at the head of the family once more, and her public acknowledgment, on examination day, of gratitude to God, and to the ladies of the town.

My teachers were Miss Post (now Mrs. U. W. Wise); Miss E. J. Hay, afterwards Mrs. Jos. Reed. Miss De Fontevieux (Mrs. William McKennan) was our teacher in French and music, and Miss E. M. Crafts had charge of drawing and many of the Senior studies. Miss Vance was matron.

There were only eight of us in the Class of 1843. The yearly catalogue has kept the names fresh in all minds. Three have long been numbered with the dead, and Providence has

widely separated the others. Only two have I seen since our memorable graduation day. Of these, L. Virginia Smith (Mrs. French) and I bade each other a loving farewell in the fall of 1845, I believe. Sophia Thorn (Mrs. Harbaugh) and I exchanged visits in our Pennsylvania homes some fifteen years ago.

At that time Rev. James Smith, of Scotland, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. Charles Thorn, of the Methodist. Afterwards, it was my privilege to have his successor there, Rev. Charles Cooke, as *my* pastor, who had been my mother's pastor in my childhood. It was in the parlor of the parsonage (home then of Mr. Thorn,) that I first met, at a Sabbath afternoon Bible class, Cephas Gregg, a college student from Brownsville, Pa., whose wife I became a few years after. The old M. E. church and parsonage have long since given place to better; but the memory of the old building is very precious to some.

The portly, grave and reverend Dr. McConaughy was then the dignified President of Washington College; its professors, Messrs. Richard Henry Lee, Ferguson, Alrich and Milligan. The genial and cordial Thomas M. T. McKennan was one of the Trustees, both of the College and Seminary, beloved by the students of each.

I have never forgotten the excellent addresses of Dr. McConaughy to the young gentlemen of the graduating class; and though not generally attractive to the young, yet his sermons and prayers in the Methodist church, in the absence of the pastor, made upon my young mind lasting impressions, profitable and pleasant.

Among the public-spirited citizens whom we Seminary girls knew in a friendly way, as trustees, merchants, and others, were Colin M. Reed, William Mills, Dr. LeMoyne, Dr. Wishart, Judge Grayson, Alex. Sweeney, Jacob Slagle, Major McFarland, and many others.

What shall I say of our worthy and beloved Principal, whose active public labors are now brought to a close? At this distance it is as hard to realize her age as my own. Her picture, taken in the prime of life, hangs in my room, and in all these thirty-one years, not many in succession have passed without an exchange of letters. We were married within the same year, and after sixteen happy years of married life, within the same year the husband of each was taken away by death.

Of the extent of the influence of her daily life, family and school

arrangements, upon us all, at the most impressible time of our lives, none of us can make an estimate: the family worship, morning and evening; the daily walks, especially when we bounded so free over meadows, Mount Parnassus, McFarland's Grove, &c. Then the daily study of the sacred Scriptures in the family and in school, and the Bible class on Sabbath, have been, to *me*, subjects of life-long thanksgiving. And in these days of warm discussion upon the Bible in public schools, I am thankful to say, *I* was brought up in *private* schools, where the Bible was read and taught every day.

Time and words would fail me to tell of her "patience of hope and labor of love," with the changing hundreds of young ladies under her care, these thirty-four years! In comparison, how our lives dwindle into insignificance! Still loving and trusting the Saviour she has served so long, may her declining years pass peacefully, and may the "everlasting arms" that have been beneath her, bear her onward and upward to her heavenly home.

May we all, gathered from the North and the South, the East and the West, meet in that grandest and most blessed of all reunions, to go no more out forever. Among those who, now and evermore, will rise up to call her blessed, is her affectionate friend and pupil,

MARY NEWTON GREGG.

DECORAH, IOWA, June 13th, 1874.

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH! WHERE ARE THEY?

A SCHOOL-DAY REMINISCENCE.

Read by Miss Mary Gormly.

"My eyes make pictures when they're shut," says the poet Coleridge, and so do mine, just as beautiful and tender, as you all would admit, had I the same happy gift of bringing them before your mental vision. But permit me to do the best I can, in plain prose, hoping that some one may recognize the scene.

I see a group of happy school-girls, returning from a long and delightful botanizing ramble in the woods, with their pet teacher, dear little Miss Hay. Their hands are filled with floral treasures, their cheeks glowing with the roses of health, and their eyes sparkling with the light of careless mirth. Emerging from the wood,

they pause for a rest upon the brow of Mount Parnassus, and throw themselves down upon the rich, soft carpet of emerald green, which clothes that classic ground. They are the Seniors of the distinguished Seminary of learning whose venerable walls are seen rising from the valley below.

Their talk, which has been full of fun and nonsense, and sparkling with wit and humor, subsides at last into a quieter tone, as it turns upon the approaching examination, the Commencement, and the day of final separation. "Here," says "Big Said," taking a Botany from the hands of one of the number, and producing a pencil from her pocket, "I'll give you a subject for a composition, which you are to write out some time in the far distant future, when time and circumstances shall have scattered us to the four corners of the earth; and then you are to send each one of us a copy thereof. Girls, I call you all to witness, that Eunice is to be the future chronicler of our class, this highly honorable and dignified Class of '44!" And she wrote upon the fly leaf of the book the line which stands at the head of this paper.

Has the time arrived, dear classmates and friends, when the promise, thus exacted and given, should be fulfilled? I repeat, with swelling heart, and tearful eyes, the question, "Friends of my youth, where are they?" and echo answers, Where! Would that I could be present to meet, and exchange a sisterly greeting with the few of the beloved band who may be present at the Reunion. Dear, gentle Annie McKennan will be there, and so, I fancy, will Laretta Morgan, who with myself still retain the old familiar names. Bright, sparkling Mary Thorn, who I am told has long been the happy wife of the Captain, and Mary Robertson, the rose-bud of the class, are, I fancy, among the possibles. Will there be any others to represent our class? Of some, I have lost sight altogether, and know not even whether they are among the living; and others I know have gone away from earth. Anna Christy's bright young face was long ago laid beneath the green turf, and Callie Bower, the youngest and petted member of the class, sleeps beneath the magnolias of her sunny southland. Dear Anna Mary Miller rests peacefully, after her weary struggle with the world, in the beautiful cemetery of Washington. Dear sisters, place *one* wreath upon her grave, for *my sake*, for dearly did I love her.

Of the two "Said," "big and little," warm-hearted loving girls, I know nothing. Am I mistaken in thinking that the latter has "gone over to the other side?" Of the others who composed the class, I have had no sign for many years, except such as the catalogue occasionally received has afforded me. So you see, my task of chronicler can be but very imperfectly fulfilled. But my heart goes out to them all, in tenderest love, and language is too feeble to tell the pleasure it would afford me, to meet with them, and many other dear friends, once more.

But, beloved ones, there is a Reunion coming to which I am looking forward with deepest interest, and at which we shall all be present; a Reunion in the dear All-Father's home, to which our Elder Brother has bidden us, where his children will all be gathered, and from which they will go no more out forever. There, as a band of loving daughters, will we gather around our beloved and revered friend, who leading us before the great white throne, shall say, "Behold, Lord, here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me."

EUNICE H. HILL.

WAVERLY, MISSOURI, June 16th, 1874.

Vocal duett, "When will ye think of me, kind friends?"
sung by Mrs. R. L. Wade and Miss M. Watson.

A Poem, read by Miss Sarah Sweeney, entitled

WORTHILY WON.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. SARAH R. HANNA.

FROM L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

This leaf from our hearts, let it be as a token,
A loving remembrance of days that are past,
A pledge of the life-love that ne'er has been broken,
The faith and the truth that are *yours* to the last.
Long seasons have flown since our last pleasant meeting,
But yet ever faithful, the memory clings
To the fond recollection of pleasures, as fleeting
They sped on the sweep of Time's tireless wings.
And now in this June-time, all joyous and tender,
With blooms of the earth, and glad lights of the sun,
We would gather Love's beauty, and brightness, and splendor,
And crown you with tributes—so worthily won.

We *all* may not meet you—but do not forget us
 When pleasant remembrance is weaving her spell ;
 We lovingly greet you, nor must you regret us,
 Oh ! large heart of woman that loved *us* so well !
 Remembrance steals o'er us with truest emotion,
 We hear the rich music that cheered us of yore—
 'Tis like the melodious shells of the ocean
 Cast up on a lonely and far foreign shore !
 We remember—to some 'tis the close of a "session"—
 But with *you* a new passage in life has begun ;
 And for that which is past, our united expression
 Is this—that its honors *were* worthily won.

While lives that are younger, abreast of their burdens,
 Toil on o'er the rudest and weariest roads,
 Still failing to win their well-merited guerdons,
 And crushed to the earth with their onerous loads ;
 While others sink down in the soul-stifling sorrows
 That canker so often humanity's lot,
 Bereft of all hope of the gladsome "to-morrows,"
 And wailing forever the loved that "are not."
Your life is serene in its quiet repose,
 Its beautiful Sabbath already begun ;
 In loveliest cadence its vesper-hymn closes,
 And sings of a rest that is worthily won.

Large hearts that are tuned to earth's sweetest evangels
 Can ne'er be corroded by care and its rust ;
 Their delicate chords are adjusted by angels,
 And cannot be clogged by decay and its dust.
 All years well-appointed, grow brighter and younger,
 More brilliant the soul that is noble and true ;
 Strong lives when they pass their meridian, grow stronger,
 True beauty its graces must ever renew ;
 Streams broaden their tide as they reach the great ocean—
 Stars hasten their sweep as they near to the sun ;
 And thus may your life, in its depth and devotion,
 Sweep on to a heaven—all worthily won !

It is said that the bird which the tempest has driven
 Afar from the covert of leaf and of nest,
 Is the one that soars straightest and truest to heaven,
 And finds in deep ether a refuge and rest !

Here we never may meet you. Our jubilant laughter,
 Our tenderest tears, shall not mingle to-day—
 But perhaps in the glorious "Land of Hereafter"
 We shall meet—*not one beautiful bird* be stray.
 The world's work forgotten—its wrongs all forgiven—
 In the sheltering smile of the Father and Son
 May we *all* meet together this welcome of Heaven,
 "Thine be the crown that is worthily won!"

FOREST HOME, TENN., June 15th, 1874.

Paper from Mrs. Julia Robertson Pierpont, of Fairmont, West Va., Class of 1847.—Read by herself.

MY FRIENDS—Our committee has called for "poems, addresses, reminiscences, and so forth." I cannot respond with either poem or formal address, and have but few reminiscences of general interest to relate; yet I come before you, ~~encased~~ *nestled* in the folds of that charitable mantle which our committee has extended to us in the kind words, "and so forth."

Nearly thirty-one years ago I stood, with my sister, a stranger at the Seminary door, and sent a look of inquiry from the basement up to a row of dormer windows all along the roof. Dear old dormer windows! they stand out in memory individualized, and casting arms of protection above youthful forms and sweet girl faces. "Peace to their ashes!" they perished martyrs of "cremation," and went up in heroic flames during the conflagration of 1848, giving up their being to newer forms of architecture.

An old-fashioned *knocker* adorned the front door then; and it was said that strange spirits took possession of it one very dark night, to the great discomfort and alarm of all within the house. Miss Foster was not a believer in ghosts; but she was never able to account for the erratic movements of that venerable instrument. It was whispered that one of the young ladies was seen the next morning, at an uncanny hour, just before dawn, *untangling the delicate threads of this mystery down among the honeysuckles*. A new bell has rung out the old knocker that welcomed me; but its tones to-day replied to my touch, not welcome, but *farewell*.

As Mrs. Carrier has just remarked, we, too, came to the Seminary cramped up in an old stage-coach, and were dusty and tired

after travelling slowly night and day over the mountains; now the young ladies arrive by train, fresh as rose-buds, with their crisp ruffles unruffled.

When we entered the presence of Miss Foster, we beheld a commanding, energetic, fine-looking lady; her step was firm and elastic; there was the rich color of health upon cheek and lip, and in her eyes a keen, incisive look, that seemed to penetrate beneath the surface, and reach down into character. We gave her, then and there, the true allegiance of confiding hearts; she became to us a "Foster-mother," and her house a *home*. (The expression, "foster-mother," is a *reminiscence*; I do not claim it as original at all, although I may have internal convictions in regard to it; ah! who has *not*, that wrote compositions here thirty years ago!)

In May of the next year, 1844, the telegraph was first put into practical operation between Baltimore and Washington. Thereupon Miss Foster called some of us down to her room—and I shall never forget how cautiously she suggested that even *we* might live to see these wires working all over our own country, and even in foreign lands; or how skilfully she associated it in our minds with one of the richest and sweetest of Psalms, the 19th, by reading the 4th verse: "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Some of us memorized the beautiful words of the entire psalm, and many times, as we have travelled by the side of the telegraph wire, we have repeated those sweet words, and recalled the suggestive thoughts of that day. So she fed us with manna, "sweeter than honey in the honey-comb," and we laid it by in stores that shall never grow old while we tarry in the wilderness of life. Miss Foster passed away with a wedding march, and gave up her place to Mrs. Hanna (a word that rhymes sweetly with manna), and all were satisfied; for the same dear hand still led us, and fed us from the "Bread of Life."

When we return, after intervals, we look with wonder upon the sweet sixteens who are always found here, just as happy, fresh and rosy as ever. We speak to them familiarly, and are about to clasp them around with loving arms, as in the olden times; but they are coldly polite, do not recognize us, look at our gray heads, and suggest in various ways that they do not belong at all to "our set." So we have to admit at last that our youth, too, has passed away, and we are changed. Many of our names are changed, also;

but the feelings of school-girls hang around us still, as we assemble to-day in the old hall, although we have come from class-rooms far removed, and have conned our life-lessons in nearly every State in the Union, and some in foreign lands. During these thirty years, while engaged in the larger class-rooms of the world, we have seen fulfilled many parts of "Mother Shipley's" strange prophecy, made over four hundred years ago: "Carriages going without horses;" "thoughts flying around the world in a twinkling;" "iron floating like a wooden boat," and the "Jew seated in the British Parliament." In addition to this, the Pope dethroned, the serf restored, and the negro acknowledged a man. All these things speak of progress, and the advancement of our race. But just here we are gravely asked to believe that our revered ancestors were only monkeys, after all! Such are the teachings of *graceless science*; but they stand out in marked contrast with those dear lessons of old, taught us by our honored Principal, and woven into our inmost hearts by association with that "line that has gone out into all the earth."

Notwithstanding all the teachings of the past, there are still important problems being forced upon us for solution in the future. One of these questions is, what is the difference between the words to *teach* and to *preach*? It is a fact that women are teachers in the family, the Bible class, Sabbath school, and among the Indians, Africans, Japanese, Chinese, and so forth: now, to *preach* is defined as a "religious discourse," "a sermon;" and "a sermon is a connected speech," while to *teach* is "to suggest," "to admonish," "to communicate;" but reasoning backwards, how can any one communicate, admonish and suggest, without more or less *connected speech*? But that is a sermon, and ends where we began in *preach*. The great command is, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" but in many places *caste* stands like a brazen wall, forbidding men to enter the secluded homes of women; into these homes pious ladies are now admitted as missionary teachers and physicians; but who shall *preach* unto them the *living gospel of Christ*?

Women have entered new avenues, in the trade, arts, sciences, on the popular platform, in the learned professions; many of the old landmarks that seemed to indicate woman's sphere are broken down, and he would be bold, indeed, who would undertake to limit

her sphere in the future. As property and honors accumulate, new duties bring new responsibilities, *perhaps new rights*; hence she beckons to her bosom the dim and shadowy form of *suffrage*, which, like Ossian's ghost of Crugal, takes warlike shape, and approaches nearer and nearer, with eyes that shine like living coals of fire.

But we cannot now discuss the questions that rise, seethe and foam upon the heaving billows of our day. Let us meet them when they come, with that frankness, liberality and public spirit, so often inculcated by our dear friend here, assured that the axioms, or first principles of truth and right, which she has taught us so faithfully and patiently, shall be ample guides to assist us in unwinding our individual duty, from every intricate problem of the times in which we live.

Mrs. Hanna has embodied these principles and teachings in a volume of much merit, which is already used as a text-book in our own country and in missionary lands; to this volume we hope she may now find time, and be spared, to add others of equal merit and value.

We go out from the old hall to-day, to return no more; *the mother-bird is about to abandon the nest*. Let us not grieve her with sad tones only, but go, as the lark goes, singing and looking upward:

" Blessings, O Father, shower!
 Father of mercies! round her precious head!
 On her lone walks, and on her thoughtful hour,
 And the pure visions of her midnight bed,
Blessings be shed!"

This was followed by a song, "The Sky-lark," or "Who's at the window?" sung by Mrs. Mary Watson Reed, Brooklyn, N. Y., Class of 1855.

A Poem was read by Miss Ella Lusk, written by Mrs. Eliza S. Meriwether, Class of 1845.

SHADOW GUESTS.

A GREETING TO MY OLD FRIENDS.

Softly the sighing South wind
 Creeps round the vine-clad eaves,
 And stirs with its low, sweet rustle,
 The shining magnolia leaves;

her sphere in the future. As property and honors accumulate, new duties bring new responsibilities, *perhaps new rights*; hence she beckons to her bosom the dim and shadowy form of *suffrage*, which, like Ossian's ghost of Crugal, takes warlike shape, and approaches nearer and nearer, with eyes that shine like living coals of fire.

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A GREETING TO MY OLD FRIENDS.

Softly the sighing South wind
 Creeps round the vine-clad eaves,
 And stirs with its low, sweet rustle,
 The shining magnolia leaves;

Crimson, and blue, and golden,
 The banners of summer glow,
 And sweetly the incense rises
 From censers of rose and snow.

I sit in the misty gloaming,
 And list to the chime of bells,
 That, borne on the breeze of summer,
 Fitfully ebbs and swells ;
 Bells from the land of shadows,
 Ringing on memory's shore,
 As friends from her twilight valleys
 Come in at the open door.

Friends, who have crossed the river
 And joined with the shining band,
 And carol the "new song" gladly
 That floats through the summer land ;
 Come back from the shore of shadows,
 With tread that echoless falls,
 They enter my heart's warm chambers
 And circle its gloomy walls.

A child from the shining city,
 With brown eyes of liquid sheen,
 Enters its "holy of holies"
 And sits on its throne, a queen !
 I welcome each accent kindly,
 Remembered so well of yore,
 And smile as each well-known footstep
 Comes in at the open door.

Friends of my dancing spring-time,
 Friends of my summer blue,
 Now soldiers in life's great battle,
 Glide into the chambers, too ;
 They sweep from the snow-clad mountain,
 They sail from the tropic plain,
 And loving tones of the long ago
 Fall softly as summer rain.

Their voices answer and mingle
 In echoes of by-gone years,
 Like the dreamy swell of an organ
 Whose melody moves to tears.

Ring out from the shore of shadows,
 Oh! liquid and lulling chime,
 For my soul is holding a revel
 With friends of its summer time.

MEMPHIS, TENN., June, 1874.

ADDRESS,

BY MRS. HANNAH LIST HOPKINS, WHEELING, VA.,
 CLASS OF 1845.

There are days set apart from all others, days which stand out in beautiful relief on life's sombre tinted background, days which seem like islands, green and fair, rich with perfume, and bathed in the sunlight's brightest tints, while all around, and beyond, murmur the waves of that sea on which we sail, and whose tide is outward bound; days so full of memories that they seem like a book, and, when the last leaf is read, we clasp it with a golden clasp, ere we lay it by. It is said of one who, to weave a romance, sought inspiration on a night, alone, in the cathedral of Notre Dame: the last notes of the vesper hymn had died away, the fluttering robe of the priest faded down the dim aisle, and beneath the high altar he sat, while the incense lingered like the odor of many prayers. The moonbeams, stealing through the stained windows, cast long shadows of saints and angels, while from the great organ, untouched by human hands, there seemed to come low, soft sounds, or triumphal marches, as though a spirit swept its chords. Here, where the kingly crown had been placed upon the monarch's brow, where the bridal wreath had rested in snowy beauty upon the bride, where the dead had been borne, white as the vestments in which they lay shrouded—he communed; and when the solemn chimes tolled out the midnight hour, all the spirits of the past had found a voice.

Such a day is this. Thus, as we gather beneath the shades of our *Alma Mater* there come trooping up and down memory's dim aisles, the beautiful forms and faces that smiled on us *so long ago*; and we stand beside love's high altar to deck it with garlands. A rose here, a lily there, a sweet spray of mignonette, a heart's-ease and a violet—all fragrant with memories, and unlike the blossoms we gather from our garden beds, for *our* roses fade not, our

lilies, like pure spirits, are never blighted, our heart's-ease blooms on, our violets are full of perfume, for these flowers of love can never die. And here there come to us again, the songs of our youth in numbers so sweet, we bend our ear breathlessly, to catch the mystic strain, and *our inspiration*.

What cares the pilgrim for the lengthened way, the travel-stained garments, the weary feet, the aching head and limbs, as he kneels before the glittering shrine of his idol, and sees the incense wafted heavenward like a golden cloud? What think we of life's checkered ways, of the valleys our feet have trod, where the shadows of death may have fallen, as we gather here, with our free-will offerings of love and gratitude, to bestow them upon her who has so "worthily won" the name of our *Foster-mother*.

Here, then, I greet you with a happy good morning, as though we had parted but yesterday. I will not see that your eyes are less bright nor your cheeks less glowing; will move that the so-called "milestones," or yearly reminders, be removed—that crow's-feet be never so much as named among us—that instead of being Mrs. Reverend, Mrs. Judge, and Mrs. Honorable so and so, we shall be girls again, for to-day. Let us call for our "Jennie" and Julia, Ellen, "Sue," and Martha, "Ginnie" and "Lide," Rose, Mary, Lily and "Kate"—laughing instead of learning—and looking out of the window to see *somebody*—not Miss Foster! As we stood here so many years ago, with the farewell upon our lips for our sweet sisters—and for her who gave us a parting blessing—it needed no horoscope, no prophetic eye, to read our destiny in the stars. The alchemist was within, and at the heart's crucible wrought unceasingly. If, with patient toil, we sought for gold amid life's sands, and gave into his hand, then might we look for a work beautiful and enduring. If we were satisfied with the silver, the brass, the iron, the dross, what wonder if there came forth no rare design, no polished gem from this soul laboratory. For one, he hath fashioned a sickle keen and bright, and out into the great harvest field hath gone the reaper, gathering the golden sheaves from the home field, or where the shadows of superstition, deep and gloomy, hang like a pall of darkness,

"Where the Ganges' ceaseless flow,
Murmurs the wail of the millions
That die where the waters go

Bearing the victims onward
 To the great unrestful sea—
 Calling to God for pity,
 Calling to you, and me.”

For another, a silver trumpet, and with clear, ringing notes has the voice of woman sounded on the dull ear of the sleepers, and spoken words of cheer to the crushed and sin-smitten. For another, a wonderful golden key to unlock human hearts, though barred by ignorance, by prejudice, or pride—to unloose the fetters of soul and brighten the links which bind us together, God himself gathering up the broken ones, and setting upon it his own seal of infinite love. Which is *your* gift, my sister? Are you keeping the sickle polished and keen-edged? Are the broad swaths of grain falling before it, ready to be bound and laid at the feet of the harvest Lord? Is the trumpet giving no “uncertain sound?” Art thou waking the sleepers? Hast thou the key ever at hand to open the sealed heart, where priceless treasures lie hidden, waiting for thee to place them in the fadeless crown? Is thy hand the willing one to serve, thy heart the tender one to pity, thy voice the sweetest one to win souls for Christ?

I have spoken to you whose hands I have clasped to-day,—whose hands I may never clasp again. And now before we part— with these flowers we have garlanded, with these fadeless wreaths of immortelle—let us kneel together upon the graves of our dead, our holy dead. For them there is no more work to do, and the white hands are folded over the pulseless breasts, but still ;

“Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,
 And palpitate the veil between
 With breathings, almost heard.

The silence awful, sweet, and calm,
 They have no power to break,
 For mortal words are not for them
 To utter, or partake.”

And as we kneel, let us one by one call each well remembered name, Sweeney, Slagle, Grayson, McKennan, Wishart, and one whose prayers were often offered here, and whose place was close beside her who sits at our head to-day. There are others, too, among those silent sleepers so often welcomed within these walls, McCon-

aughy, Lee, Baird, Reed, Henderson, and one for whom my own heart yearns, my own tears fall. As among the starry group there is one missing Pleiad, one lost sister, so from our midst there has faded from love's constellation many a pure spirit, faded here only to shine more brightly beyond; and we of the Class of "'46" weep over the graves of our three Margarets, our Anna, and fair "Lillie." But as upon the sandal tree the "woodman's strokes are laid," the very "blade that cleaves is perfumed," so sweet are the memories that cluster here, when the stern reaper, Death, hath been, and as we turn to leave them with their God, we say to each, "farewell, dear friend, farewell."

We have read of one who wandered the world over, seeking the silver bells that in melodious peals had floated out upon the native air, and when old, weary and worn, there fell upon his ear the low, soft chimes; his eye brightened with quenchless fire, and his quivering lip breathed the soul's thanksgiving. After all the years, shall it not be that to-day for us—

The silver bells are ringing
 A merry morning chime,
 And round our Alma Mater,
 In the joy of pairing time,
 Sing the sweetest of spring warblers,
 And I listen to the strain
 Till I catch the inspiration,
 And think I'm young again.

The silver bells are ringing
 A glorious noontide peal,
 And marked upon life's dial
 Is the sun's meridian seal;
 And nature's pulses thrill with joy,
 Her throbbing heart beats high,
 As on the wings of summer birds
 The happy moments fly.

The silver bells are ringing
 In murmurs soft and low;
 The ripples of life's river
 To the ocean onward go.

And we cannot check the helmsman,
 For no anchor e'er was found
 That could hold our little vessel
 In the tide that's outward bound.

The silver bells are ringing,
 And we, trembling, pause to hear,
 With heart in heart together,
 With a smile, and then a tear ;
 For the morning and the sunshine,
 The youth, and solemn vow,
 For the fuller, stronger noontide
 That we leave behind us now.

The silver bells are ringing
 For the silent eventide,
 When the work of day is done,
 And life's slowly ebbing tide
 Bears us to the distant haven,
 Where, in spotless robes of white,
 We shall clasp hands together,
 As we clasp them here to-night.

The silver bells are ringing
 For her we come to greet,
 Whose name is e'en a "household word,"
 So cherished and so sweet ;
 And as the light of coming years
 Like moonbeams softly lay,
 May life's unclouded evening fade
 Into a golden day.

The silver bells are ringing
 For the worker's work well done ;
 For those who fought life's battle,
 And the victory have won ;
 And as with loving care, we lay
 Each white-robed sleeper down,
 We place above these emblems pure,
 The snowy cross and crown.

This was followed by a beautiful and appropriate song, "The Messenger Bird," by Mrs. Romaine L. Wade and Miss F. LeMoynes.

Miss Martha Grayson, of the Class of 1842, presented and read
a Tributary Offering,

twilight memories.

I see upon a back-ground, far back-ground of the past,
A picture in bright colors, among the shadows cast ;
Brush, spirit of remembrance, the gathered years away,
And bid, for one brief moment, this vision near me stay.

Yes, lift, oh! lift this veiling, just long enough to see
The outlines of one image, so sacred now to me :
'Tis drawn upon life's canvas in plainest imagery,
The portrait of a loved one—and this the memory.

I recall one evening, when a little child, resting upon my father's knee, hearing him speak of the deep necessity for educating women, and the vast work for good that lay before those who embraced with earnestness this inestimable privilege. Turning to me he said: "Above all, do not neglect your mind, for it is immortal; it will live *forever*." After, when I heard pleadings for our Seminary, that woman might grow there in knowledge, and truth, and every noble characteristic, and be educated so as to be a power for usefulness in the world, it seemed there was something *back* of books, and *beyond*; that education had something to do with the mental, and moral, and physical forces in and around us.

Then, Mrs. Hanna, I remember, on entering your room to be classed, you seemed to add another link to that chain. We had not thought much of mind in its progressiveness or perpetuity, had not looked forward to life's realities. You taught us at that time and subsequently, that even in quiet places there is a great work to accomplish—that there is work for women to do wherever God may place her; and she has a character to establish, a structure to build for herself—invisible to human eye, it may be, yet none the less valuable—the secret power of the *mind* and *heart*. That this is to be constantly cultivated and carried onward and upward, rising above merely outward influences; that these outward revelations are the *results* of the spirit of wisdom and truth; that truth may be found everywhere, and is the purifying principle operating upon the world.

I came from that first classification with a new link, and a golden

one in my life-chain, and to-day come with this tribute of my gratitude, and to *bless you!*

'Tis said one word reverberates
 Just like the moving wind,
 And through the ceaseless course it takes,
 Bears impress on the mind.

And truth, once uttered from the soul,
 Impresses far and deep,
 Onward in its clear course will roll,
 And never rest or sleep;

But down into eternal years
 This crystal stream will flow,
 And as it to life's haven nears,
 Will clearer, holier grow.

If such the result of one word, or one truth, what must be the record of a long life dedicated to one of the holiest causes? Woman working for the salvation of woman. As the little seed silently unfolds its hidden excellence, so the development of certain characteristics marks the foundation principles for continued progression in good works.

I look back upon a time when seeing you touch with a motherly hand, one who had received a slight injury, gently soothing words were uttered. By that touch, and those words, you proved to some that in your keeping there was held that trait, which afterwards in higher and nobler acts we learned, was *sympathy*. This it is which wipes away the crust of selfishness, too often corroding woman's nature.

There were times then, as since, when the heavy cloud rested upon your brow. We knew there was a conflict in your soul, before in words you told, "some lady had offended." Then you looked so silently, and solemnly, while we held our hearts—beating, wondering. Upon those mornings you entered the school room, clasping with a firm clasp the great Bible, as if pressing closer, in order that from its sure laws you might learn discipline. Then, Mrs. Hanna, your voice grew a little more tremblingly tender, and when you blessed the offending one and told us *all*, you unrolled the scroll of *justice*, and we felt *mercy* was blended with it.

There was one thought you frequently urged, both in private conversation and on public occasions, namely, the necessity for more thoroughness in the education of women; the need for more time being given for the pursuit of scientific truth. Have we not all felt the force of this? Touching the subject of education, permit me to express merely a thought. We have heard how successfully the great and good Prof. Agassiz taught from nature as well as from books. "This whole world," said he, "is a school for us;" and "remember that science is the recovery of the ideas that were in the Creative Mind." To study natural sciences from practical illustrations, in addition to books, would, we think, produce a more healthful, if not a wiser mind. Would it not be better, physically and intellectually; and while the school-girl learned from God's created laws, would she not *understand* as well as *know*? * * * *

As the lights and shadows move in and out, weaving new meshes, so we find everywhere changes constantly occurring. They are almost invariably trying, even when accompanied by pleasing anticipations; because of the vagueness of that future hidden from us, there is a mixture of pain with pleasure, agitating the soul. But when one has stood in her place, filling so completely every niche, working out in wisdom the plan, and carrying onward the problem and design of her existence, strengthened for it from year to year; when that place is about to be given up, after a deep soul-struggle, it is a trial, not only for the Principal, but for those who, looking on, realize there are weighty responsibilities at stake; and with one voice we ask: Who can fill this place? This is an evidence of how well you have fitted into the position where God has placed you.

To educate one immortal mind for an important mission, is a blessed work. But when numbers have been sent forth from your guiding hand, working out the results of truth in so many different spheres of activity, well may there be rejoicings, intermingled with sadness.

Here our memory recalls those who have gone to distant lands. Some have fallen just as they began to unravel the wonderful mystery, while others are still telling the story always abounding in infinite love—that sweet old story of Him, to whom the heathen are given for an inheritance. While we honor those who have

gone on this high mission, we thank you for that spirit, which you encouraged by your teachings.

There are others (marked by stars upon our catalogue), whom you seem never to forget. The places where they rest are connected with hallowed associations. If beneath the waves, we want the winds to sing their sweetest melodies, and no rude storms to lower over them. If marked by the hands of affection, we want some token ever fresh and new, even when stern winter drapes our evergreens in white. But above all these there are expressionless memories, telling in low tones—they live forever.

Yes, they live beyond the skies,
 Searching truth with unsealed eyes,
 While we mid earth-work below,
 Only reaching—cannot know.

* * * *

In the light, the deepening light,
 Glimmering on the edge of night,
 Softened into a cool, deep gray,
 Blending the darkness with the day,
 How it is painted with touches fine,
 Showing the Artist in every line:
 Stars being polished up one by one,
 Brilliants to set in the night's own crown:
 Beaming on so silent and still,
 Sweetly yielding to Nature's will,
 Bowing so meekly to every law,
 Filling our souls with deepest awe:
 Firmly He holds them fixed in their place,
 Guiding them on through infinite space;
 By power so great they move and shine,
 Showing their Author the One Divine.

If in the sky we often trace
 Works of wondrous power and grace,
 Showing the wisdom, skill and force,
 Of Him who keeps them in their course;
 Shall we not bow in rev'rent fear,
 To think that one so great, so near,
 Will breathe upon the finite mind,
 And lead it on pure truths to find?

And as He gives the suns their might
 To send forth streams of varied light,
 So can he raise the soul, to see
 The lights of immortality.

Now may one who, mid doubts and fears,
 Has been a guide through many years,
 Cull, mid this twilight here below,
 The richest spirit-fruits, and know
 The tracery of work begun,
 Will plaudit earn indeed, *well done*.

May your ev'ning be golden and bright,
 Mixed and mellow'd with beautiful light ;
 Still doing work for Jesus and love,
 Until you enter your home above :
 There may you gain a heavenly crown
 Studded with stars, to fondly lay down
 Near, *very near*, to your Saviour's feet,
 Waiting in joy your children to greet ;
 And may you all in blissful bowers,
 Remember still these hallow'd hours.

The President announced that a number of other letters and communications had been received, which would be interesting to many ; but there would not be time to read them at the morning meeting. Among these was a letter from Mrs. Hagans, of the Class of 1846 ; a communication from Mrs. Pease, of the Class of 1855 ; a letter from Miss Mary Kearns, of 1859 ; Poems, by Miss Bell, of 1866, and Miss Watterson, of 1869 ; also a short prose essay by Miss Gracey, of 1871. It was proposed to hold a session during the afternoon, but after some discussion a meeting was appointed for eight P. M., in the Seminary parlors.

Mrs. Roxana Bentley Gamble, of the Class of 1844, was now announced as "Historian of the Seminary."

THIS is an era of pilgrimages, and while some have left our shores to offer oblations at a foreign shrine, *we* come, laden with our offerings of gratitude and remembrance, to the altar of our youthful worship, and in commemoration of our Alma Mater.

While some have brought their laurel wreaths to crown our honored Preceptress, and welcomed her returning scholars to these scenes of their youthful pleasures, and others have sung memorial songs over the sacred graves of our loved and lost, who are missing from our band to day, it becomes my duty to give, very briefly, a sketch of the History of the Washington Seminary.

Thirty-seven years ago there dawned upon the horizon a bright star in the galaxy of institutions for female culture. The women who sat in darkness saw this great light, and the benighted regions of Washington county rejoiced in the beneficent rays of this new luminary. Hitherto, the sun of learning had shone only for the enlightenment of the masculine intellect, and already Washington and Jefferson Colleges were renowned throughout the land as nurseries of knowledge, from which were sent out great men, and eloquent scholars and divines, who spread abroad and rendered famous the name of Washington county, Pennsylvania.

But, happily for us, the idea came into the minds of some good men, that the opportunities of a thorough education should be extended to the feminine part of creation, and they resolved to open a fountain of learning, where the cup of knowledge should be presented to their eager lips, only reducing the quantity, and toning down the quality, to suit the weaker intellects and inferior capacities of the youthful learners. Most of these men were fathers, and desired the improvement and benefit of their own daughters; but they also looked wider and farther, and labored for the good of the community, with true wisdom and benevolence. The success and growth of the Seminary attests the value of their enterprise, and they justly merit the gratitude of the hundreds of women who have profited by the instruction given here.

In 1836, a school was established, which opened with forty pupils, many of them quite young, and studying the primary branches. Mrs. Frances Biddle, of Philadelphia, was engaged to take charge of it, with one lady as assistant. The salary of the two was six hundred dollars, to be divided as the Principal should arrange! A small building, formerly used as a Masonic lodge, on the west end of Maiden street, was rented for the school, at sixty dollars per annum. Miss Elizabeth Clarke, a graduate of South Hadley, was the assistant; she remained only one year, and Miss Inskep took her place. At the end of two years, in April, 1838, the Legislature

incorporated the Board of Trustees of Washington Female Seminary. The names of the first trustees chosen were as follows: Alexander Reed, F. Julius LeMoyne, John Marshel, Jacob Slagle, John Wishart, David McConaughy, Jos. Lawrence, R. R. Reed and John L. Gow. The trustees were changed frequently, as the stockholders elected them every year. Dr. LeMoyne is the only living member of the original board, and has been connected as trustee and physician, with the Seminary, since its foundation. All the others, one by one, have passed away to the "better land." Two of these old friends of the institution, Judge Slagle and Mr. Henderson, remained with us until 1873. Many of them lived to a ripe old age, witnessing the success and usefulness of the work which they had inaugurated, and watching over its progress with paternal interest.

In 1837 the central part of the present building was erected, and in the autumn of that year was opened for boarding pupils. The rate of boarding was \$1.75 per week; tuition of the Primary class, \$10; Junior, \$15; and the Senior class, \$21 per annum.

We have here to-day one graduate, and a number of others, who attended school during Mrs. Biddle's term of office; and they bear testimony to the pleasant and profitable hours spent in the old school-room, when the dress and manners of the young girls were plain and simple, and when to engage in many outdoor games and plays was not considered undignified for seminary girls.

One of the teachers of that time has, for many years, been a resident among us, as the wife of an honored trustee, and has ever been a warm and faithful friend of Mrs. Hanna and the Seminary. Another loved and excellent teacher, Miss Post (now Mrs. Wise), has written to us a letter of kind greeting.

At the end of four years (the usual Presidential term!) a change of administration took place, and 1840 ushered in our illustrious Preceptress and present incumbent, then Miss Sarah R. Foster, of Washington county, New York. Her commanding presence and business qualifications, indicated the right character for the place, and "the woman for the emergency" was the popular verdict. She took charge, and new energy and vigor were at once infused into the institution; order and neatness prevailed, and the impulse of great executive ability was at once felt in the growth and prosperity of the school, and in its influence in the community. The

building was soon found to be inadequate for the accommodation of the constantly increasing number of pupils, and in 1848 the addition which contains this hall was made.

In September, 1848, Miss Foster married the Rev. Thomas Hanna, of Cadiz, Ohio, and he came with his five children, to reside at the Seminary. He was chosen pastor of the United Presbyterian Church in this place, and continued to hold that office until his death in 1864. He took part in the instruction of the school, and was universally beloved and respected by the young ladies under his charge. Mrs. Hanna became a true and affectionate mother to her husband's children, and his four daughters were educated, and graduated in the school.

The fire at the Seminary, which consumed the whole of the addition and the roof of the main building, occurred November 30th, 1848, and was the only extraordinary event in the years which succeeded. The house was rebuilt immediately, in better and more convenient style, and it has remained until the present time.

In 1850 a fever broke out among the boarding pupils; a number of them were very ill, and several died. For a time the school was closed, and the young ladies scattered, many of them finding temporary homes among our hospitable citizens. Health and safety were restored, the scholars returned, and all went on as before.

During the years which followed, and for a long period, the institution flourished; the house was usually filled to overflowing, and Mrs. Hanna purchased and occupied a large house on the opposite side of the street, which she still owns. This was used for class rooms, drawing rooms, dormitories, and apartments for the gentlemen teachers. The classes were large, and each year witnessed the graduation of numbers of young ladies, many of them coming from distant States and cities. Many teachers went out from the school to all parts of the country, some of whom have conducted seminaries and large institutions, with great success and profit, and reflected honor and credit upon this parent institution.

The older Classes of our graduates are well represented here to-day, especially among our officers, some of whom have addressed you. The Classes of 1843 and '45 show us the names of Mrs. French and Mrs. Meriwether, sisters, who are known as writers of prose and poetry, and have sent us their contributions to-day, and "worthily won" their laurels. 1843 also contains the name of

Mrs. Jacobs, wife of the present Governor of West Virginia, and 1847 boasts the name of Mrs. Frank Pierpont, whose husband was Governor of Virginia during the war, and distinguished himself as a patriotic civilian, and suffered many losses. The Class of 1848 reveals the name of an authoress, whose fascinating works are well known, and have vividly portrayed "Life in the Iron Mills" and manufacturing districts of our neighborhood. We refer to Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, who has written a letter of greeting and sympathy to Mrs. Hanna, on this occasion.

The Class of 1847 holds to-day its quarter century reunion, and is more largely represented than any other, ten of its twenty-two living members being present. It has had a large proportion of successful teachers, one of whom, Miss McKaig, taught for some time in the Seminary, and another is Miss Janette Lourie, for many years identified with this school as a most faithful and beloved teacher. To the Classes of 1851 and '52 belong the honor of having sent out the first missionaries to foreign lands, in the person of the sisters Martha and Maria Jackson, who, as Mrs. Clemens and Mrs. Clarke, went to Corisco, in Africa, where the former died some years ago. Miss Mary McKean, of the Class of 1848, had already labored and died among the Indians of the South-west. Later, we find the names of Henrietta Lee (Mrs. Harvey), of 1859, and Annie Thompson, of 1871, as missionaries to Egypt, under the auspices of the United Presbyterian Church. Also a well remembered and much loved member of the Class of 1863, Eliza Dare, went out to Japan, as the wife of Rev. Cornes. They and their child were instantly killed by the explosion of a steamer in the harbor of Yokohama, in 1872.

Glancing over the catalogue, we perceive that the time of the greatest prosperity of the Seminary was from 1846 to 1861, a period of sixteen years; the classes during that time averaging twenty-two. Since then they have been smaller, averaging eleven. The diminished number of pupils in late years is accounted for in two ways: the establishment of other institutions in the vicinity, especially in the cities of Pittsburgh and Wheeling, causing fewer pupils from abroad; and the want of funds to erect new buildings, and make other improvements, which would enable this school to vie with newer and richer institutions. The list of graduates now amounts to five hundred and forty-seven, of whom eighty-five are

dead—one-sixth of the whole number. To-day, we have present with us one hundred and sixty-nine graduates, five teachers who have never been pupils, and a number of old pupils who did not complete their course, but who still feel a very warm and affectionate interest in the Seminary, and have come to pay their respects to Mrs. Hanna.

In these years, many ladies and gentlemen have been connected with the Seminary as teachers. Of some, we can find no trace; others are well known, and have kept up communications with Mrs. Hanna, or other friends here. To these we have written and invited them to be present with us to-day.

One gentleman, Mr. A. P. Wyman, with his accomplished wife, was for several years an inmate of the school, and had rooms in the house across the street. He was a musician of great talent and exquisite taste, and the composer of many pieces of music, both for the voice and the piano. After the death of his wife he lost his health, and died at the Seminary very suddenly, and much regretted.

We have now come to the end of this imperfect outline. A long, and to us, deeply interesting and important chapter in the history of our school, is finished. Mrs. Hanna, whom we have long regarded as its mother and head, has left it, and to her old pupils her absence will change the aspect of the place. Younger and more active hands will take up the burden which she lays down, new and strange faces and voices will fill these familiar halls. Such is the order of nature through all generations; and it is right and best, for so the world progresses. But to the old scholars, who have so long gathered here as to a home, the future, however bright, can never be as the past has been. Let us not, however, lose our love for the Seminary, or cease to watch over its interests. Our duty to ourselves and to Mrs. Hanna, calls upon us to labor for the same great cause of woman's education, for which she has spent her whole life.

NOTE.—The Committee of Publication deem it but just to Mrs. Gamble, to state that her address has been much changed. It was found too long for publication, and has been beheaded and curtailed to make room for many facts and dates, and has thus lost the sprightly and humorous tone which characterized it, as read at the Reunion. It was thought best to embody these statistics in the History.

After this came a song by a number of ladies, a gay and inspiring air to words of joyful greeting.

Mrs. Isabella Quail Ewing then rose and advanced towards Mrs. Hanna's seat, and addressed her :

MRS. HANNA—Being called to intervene, in a most pleasant way, between you and those who have for years been passing from under your care, I shall not attempt to define the emotions that swell our hearts. Some of us looking back for decades of years, others from varying standpoints of time, we feel our pulses quicken in an unusual manner, and our hearts warm towards you, who for years filled to us a place so important and so near.

Some were taken from loving homes and placed entirely under your charge, with others your relations were not quite so responsible ; yet we will all unite in this testimony, that whether the relations were more or less intimate, you carried to it the same conviction of duty, the same integrity in its discharge. Can it be a wonder, then, that we learned with regretful surprise your determination to retire from active duties and seek that repose which this position denies. Glancing back at what those cares have been, and conjecturing the hopes and fears you had for our success, we render hearty thanks for all the love that suffered so long, and was kind ; for the charity that hoped all things, believed all things possible, of our successful advancement. Into your retirement, our hearts follow you with loving benedictions and congratulations.

The cause of education, to which you have devoted your life, you have seen make great progress, and claim for its helps many of the sentiments and prejudices that were once arrayed as hindrances. You, and those kindred souls whom you have gathered around you as assistants, have fitted many young ladies for useful and honorable positions, and they have gone from these halls all over this broad land and to other lands, prepared for the duties of life and followed by your prayers. I cannot enumerate your methods of culture of head and heart, but will only mention one which you always emphasized, that "the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom."

On behalf of the former teachers and pupils of this Seminary, I take great pleasure in tendering you these testimonials of our re-

gard. No language can convey the feelings of our hearts, nor our appreciation of your labors. We trust *these* may conduce to your comfort and repose; may suggest tender and pleasant thoughts of us, who desire to live in your heart of hearts; and as this watch marks the passing hours, may every moment of them all come freighted with richest blessings on your head. "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all;" therefore, "give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

At the close of the address, Mrs. Ewing presented Mrs. Hanna with a casket containing an elegant watch and chain, which she had held in her hand; and a silver salver, containing an ice pitcher and goblets, was carried in and placed on the table in front of Mrs. Hanna.

Mrs. Hanna, was quite taken by surprise, and for a few moments she was unable to speak, and her eyes were filled with tears; but she soon conquered her emotions, and rising, spoke as follows:

MY DEAR GRADUATES AND TEACHERS :

Your kindness has overcome me, as you perceive. Your presents are beautiful and valuable, and I most heartily thank you for them. But, ladies, I needed nothing of this kind to make me most happy. Your presence here to-day, the high regard manifested for myself and my life-work, expressed in addresses and letters read, and in the countenances of all, make me truly happy and thankful.

When I made up my mind that it was my duty to resign my situation as Principal, it was my intention to leave the institution in the quietest manner possible—merely to cross the road to my own house, and leave my place to be filled by whoever our worthy Board of Trustees would select. But when informed of the earnest wishes of a number of the graduates, to have a Reunion at this time, and before the close of my public relation to you, there was something very pleasant in it, and in the thought of meeting you all once more, under my own roof. I cordially entered into your plans, and have more than realized what I anticipated of pleasure in this meeting, which has gratified me more than I can express.

And now, ladies, I must confess that I have no address prepared for you ; but I will not permit you to leave me, without saying a few words. I will not dwell upon my history as connected with this Institution, as many of you are well acquainted with that. I will talk to you of myself, and I have thought of giving you some incidents of my history, which strengthened me in the resolution which I early formed to devote myself to a life of usefulness.

I commenced teaching in 1824. From this you will see that I am older than you may have supposed. The record of my birth, in the old family Bible, reads : "Nov. 10th, 1802, Hebron, Washington county, New York." I taught for more than nine years, district and select schools, in the different townships of Hebron, Salem, Argyle and Fort Edward, in my native county. The only education I had was received in the district schools, and as I continued teaching, I felt the necessity of obtaining further instruction and acquiring more thorough knowledge, to enable me to do what I desired. I sought divine direction, secretly and earnestly, and felt that my prayers were answered, and that I had guidance from above.

I made up my mind to enter some seminary of learning, if I could obtain the consent of my parents. I brought the subject before them, but they opposed my wishes, saying that I could now command as high a salary as any lady in the county, and with this I ought to be satisfied. Doubtless they feared that the influence of the world, in a fashionable school, would be detrimental to my religious character, and perhaps I should become less attached to my home, and my old associates.

After this subject had been discussed for several years, my mother, at one time, urged me to go to Fort Edward, where we had a cousin residing, to teach in a district school. I left my mother quite unwell, but not supposed to be seriously ill. Her last words in parting with me were, "May God be with you!" After I had been gone three weeks, a messenger came from home, saying that my mother continued ill, and the family thought I had better return. I asked if she was *very* sick ; he said, "No, but she wished to see you." I went with him, apprehending no danger, till we came near the house, when we met a man coming out. The messenger asked, "How is Aunt Mattie?" "Better." "Then she must be dead," said he ; and when I got to the house I found it

which were not in my power, as I did not own it, and I desired to buy it from the Trustees. But the Board did not feel that they had the power to sell, and probably did not think it best to do so. Having a few thousand dollars which I wished to use to advance the cause of female education, I invested it elsewhere. I was solicited by some of the leading citizens of Xenia, to assist them in erecting a building and establishing a Seminary, in their town. I paid half the money required for the building, and was nominally the head of the school for several years. I visited it frequently, and it prospered for a time; but I was unable to give it that constant personal supervision which was necessary; and this fact, together with bad business management on the part of others, prevented the success we had hoped. The building was subsequently sold, and has for some years been used as a Music School.

I was also urged by some gentlemen in Wheeling to assist them in re-opening their Seminary, which had been closed for some time, by allowing my name to be used, and giving my influence. At their desire I recommended my friend here, Mrs. Carrier (then Miss Bandelle), to take charge. She was highly competent and satisfactory, but at the end of a year she was married, and left. That Seminary went under my name for nine years, being in the care of several different Vice-Principals, Miss Brittan and others. Having allowed my name to be used, I felt it necessary to sustain the character my name gave, and to exert my influence in its behalf. At the end of nine years I gave up all care of it, when it was sold, and is now under the influence of the Methodist denomination.

In both Xenia and Wheeling I received much kindness from the citizens, and had many warm friends. I have very pleasant recollections of both places, and of the teachers and pupils in both institutions. The only drawback upon the pleasure I experience at this Re-union, is, that I cannot see here with us, the teachers and graduates of those schools. I feel that a good work was done there for the cause of education; but in a pecuniary point of view they were not successful, and I lost something in each of them. Their failure in this respect I attribute, to some extent, to the impossibility of my own personal care and superintendence.

It would not have been possible for me to have carried on those schools, and been absent so frequently, had it not been for the pre-

sence here of my husband, Dr. Hanna. The Seminary would not have gone on so well, had he not been constantly at hand to superintend, and ready to assist and advise the teachers in all cases of difficulty.

Excepting the necessary visits to those schools, I was never absent from my post here. I was not even able to be present at the death-beds of any of my relatives, though during the time I have been here, I have lost my father, three brothers and one sister. My father lived to be ninety-two years of age, and was a man of great piety and fervent prayers. On my last visit to him, in 1854, shortly before his death, he was very feeble, and overcome by the approaching separation, had retired to his bed. I sat down near his bedside to talk to him, when he addressed me thus: "Sarah, God has done much for you; continue to call upon him; pray earnestly and trust him, and he will do more for you, *much more* than he has ever done. He delights in giving!"

As I have said, I was absent from my duties but seldom, and then only to visit those other schools. I have attended closely to the work of education, laboring diligently here for thirty-four years, and twelve years previously. When I give up my post here. I do not expect to lay down my work or to lead an idle life. Hereafter, it will be my effort to do what I can in the same cause, and especially with reference to the education and improvement of women. They need it for themselves, for their work in life, and particularly, that they may reach those of their own sex by their instruction and influence. There *is* a cause very near to my heart, and to which I hope to devote myself, and in this way to realize more fully my father's last words to me. A number of my pupils and graduates have given themselves and their life-work to the mission field, and my heart is with *them*. Whatever efforts I may make, I ask you to co-operate, and give me your prayers and influence in the holy cause of woman's work for women.

Of our graduates, there is Miss Thoburn (of Wheeling Seminary) in India; Mrs. Harvey and Miss Thompson in Egypt; also Mrs. Carothers (Miss Dodge) in Japan, though this lady was not a graduate. In Africa we have Mrs. Clark, and in Siam, Mrs. McFarland. These are all calling to us for aid in carrying on this labor for Christ. Who of you, ladies, will join in this noble and holy work? Who of you have given one-tenth of your means to the

support of this cause? We are required to lead a life of self-denial, enduring sacrifices in the work of the Master, and surely it ought to be our aim to divest ourselves of useless luxuries and ornaments, rather than see the heathen perishing for want of the bread of life. Forget not the command of our Saviour: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." More than one-half of the heathen world the women, can only hear the gospel from those of their own sex, and hence the need of women to teach them. Be not afraid to enlist in this cause, for Christ has said: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Before Mrs. Hanna's address, several gentlemen, who were staying in the house, were invited in at her request. One of these, Rev. Dr. Cooper, an old and valued friend of Mrs. Hanna, offered prayer. Afterwards, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the meeting was adjourned.

It was announced that all Graduates who had not yet received cards of invitation, would find them at the table of the Secretary; and the Committee earnestly hope that none were overlooked.

On Thursday evening, at eight o'clock, a number of the ladies assembled in the parlors of the Seminary, for the purpose of forming a Graduate's Association. The meeting was called to order, and after discussion, the following officers were chosen:

President, Miss Martha Grayson; Vice President, Mrs. C. L. Wills; Secretary, Mrs. R. B. Gamble; Treasurer, Miss Jane W. Baird.

All graduates are invited to become members, and are requested to keep the Association informed of their places of residence, change of names, or any other facts relating to themselves, or other graduates, which will be interesting to classmates and friends. It will be the business of the Association to keep a record of all members and graduates as far as possible, and to disseminate among them information of each other; and to keep alive an interest in the Seminary, and its welfare. A large number of the ladies gave their names as members.

At nine o'clock they adjourned to Seminary Hall, where Mrs. Hanna and the ladies of the Committee received their guests. All

graduates from a distance, with their husbands or attendants, and many other strangers, were invited; also, the Trustees and families, and many of the leading citizens of town. Mrs. Hanna expressed a desire to have the names of all the graduates present, and a lady took her place at the door, to register them. There were eighty-five graduates non-resident, and eighty-four residents of town, present; the whole number of guests present was over three hundred. At half-past ten the dining-room was thrown open, and the company invited down to take refreshments. The dining-room, and table, were handsomely decorated with flowers and ferns, and arranged in the most tempting style. The Committee on Entertainment and Decoration received many well deserved compliments for the manner in which they discharged their duties.

A very pleasing feature of the entertainment, was a Musical Concert, performed by a number of ladies and gentlemen, consisting of piano music and several choruses. At half-past twelve, the company separated, with many expressions of the pleasure received, and regret that the delightful hours of intercourse and reunion had been so short, and were now passed away.

Friday morning and afternoon most of the visitors departed. They left behind them the following pleasant token of remembrance:

SEMINARY HALL, Friday, June 26th, 1874.

At an informal meeting of the non-resident Graduates of the Washington Seminary, it was unanimously resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the resident graduates of the town of Washington, for the kind forethought, judgment and good taste that have marked all the arrangements for our pleasant Reunion.

First. For the kind "welcome" which greeted us at the threshold; for the appropriate mottoes and designs, the elegant wreaths and fragrant flowers, which so beautifully decorated the Hall, and added so much to the enjoyment of the meeting.

Second. Our especial thanks are due to Mrs. Wade, and the ladies who assisted her, in selecting and rendering the excellent music of the day and evening.

Third. We thank you for giving us the opportunity to meet again our old school friends and teachers; to clasp the hand of our

venerated Principal, and to join you in a public expression of our affection for her, and our increasing appreciation of her faithful labors in the cause of education.

Fourth. We thank you, that you invited to meet us the well remembered Trustees, the good pastors and citizens, who gave us words of sympathy and encouragement, and cordial hospitality, when we should otherwise have been desolate strangers in your midst.

Lastly. We thank you for those labors of love that made possible for our evening collation, the abundant and dainty luxuries, that we were proud to recognize as the work of your own kind and skilful fingers.

Yes! we are *proud* of our Washington Alumnae, who could furnish such a royal feast—substantial, flowery, musical, social and intellectual! “Old friends and true” your kindness has touched our hearts. So long as June roses and lilies bloom, the fragrant remembrance of that Re-union day will come back to us, and we shall *thank you* for its happiness!

JULIA A. PIERPONT,
Secretary.

FINIS.

EDITOR'S NOTE OF APOLOGY.

We feel that we owe to our subscribers, and all interested, a word of apology for the unexpected delay in publication. We have waited for our friend, Mrs. Hanna, who, on account of her many cares and labors, consequent on removing from the Seminary and occupying a house which has been undergoing repairs, has been too busy to write out her address. We have also waited for the engraving of Mrs. Hanna's portrait, which was not furnished until a month after the promised time, and which has only come now, at the last moment.

Mrs. Hanna is now established in “the house across the street,” where she intends to live, and where she will be happy to see her old graduates and friends. She will have on hands a number of copies of these pamphlets, and portraits of herself, for those of her graduates and teachers who may not receive any. We shall send to all whose addresses are known to us, and particularly to those who have subscribed for copies.

