

1903

Bowdoin College Class of 1853, 50th Anniversary

Bowdoin College

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Recommended Citation

Bowdoin College, "Bowdoin College Class of 1853, 50th Anniversary" (1903). *Books and Publications*. 167.
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BOWDOIN COLLEGE

CLASS OF 1853

50TH ANNIVERSARY



The dreams and faces of departed years
Grow dim as through a mist of unshed tears,
Starlight and scented silence and the thrill
Of softly whispered words that now are still,
Are only memories, sweet memories.

George H. Stover,
Class Day, 1903.

Labuntur anni ; let them go, old friends ;
Instat senectus ; welcome then, old age ;
Ei venit cita mors ; why then Heaven sends
To call us home and end our pilgrimage.
But gliding years and age and death shall find
Us comrades still, our spirits young and free,
And in each heart a corner warm and kind
For all the honest lads of Fifty-three.

H. W. Richardson,
Waterville, '53.

Pursuant to the vote passed at the reunion in 1898, the Secretary of the Class sent out notices, signed by Fuller and himself, inviting all surviving classmates to meet at Brunswick on June 24th, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of graduation.

Responses were received from Drew, Kidder and McArthur, expressing regret at being unable to attend, from Langdon promising to appear, and from Upham, who said he could not possibly come, and subsequently, after a notable example in the gospel story, "repented and went." No reply came from Carruthers or Emery, who may possibly have failed to receive the notice through change of residence unknown to the Secretary.

FULLER, LANGDON and CROSBY arrived on the twenty-third, and the next day to his and their great delight, UPHAM, who completed his college course at Dartmouth, and had attended his class meeting there, with special effort came to Brunswick, and Bowdoin, his first love.

On the afternoon of the 24th, at the dedication of the new library, Hubbard hall, our classmate, Melville W. Fuller, made the address of acceptance in his usual felicitous manner.

As it could not be seasonably ascertained how many of the Class could report at Brunswick, the customary banquet was omitted, but the four who came were constantly enjoying the renewal of the old intimacies, and happy reminiscences of college life and of subsequent years.

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On Commencement Day, in the procession from King Chapel to the church, we found ourselves well advanced to the front, being preceded by two only, graduates of earlier classes.

At the dinner in Memorial Hall, we were most courteously welcomed by President Hyde, and honored with seats at his table. After listening with unusual pleasure to various eloquent addresses by distinguished persons, especially Rev. Egbert C. Smyth, D. D., who was the tutor of our Freshman year, and our classmate Fuller, who lucidly explained why the Chief Justice, by unwritten law, could not make an after dinner speech, the Secretary of the Class, by selection of his classmates, and invitation of the President, spoke as follows:

At the semi-centennial of the Class of 1825, as its poet was about to pronounce the lines of "*Morituri salutamus*," ever since a classic of the English tongue, he expressed his relief at learning that he might read his poem from the pulpit, saying, "Let me cover myself as much as possible, I wish it could be entirely."

With a like desire for self-effacement, I shrink from the present service, which others of my Class could render with far greater acceptance.

The writer of "A letter to a kid in college" says: "I sometimes wonder how you fellows can keep on listening with so much respectful patience, when these old boys come down here and blow off the same old hot air bombast. I can see them now, standing before us, smiling kindly, a frock coat buttoned tight across the stomach to make it look like a chest, as they let fly at us about youth, and its futile dreams about conquering the world, and I want to say "Hi there, Fatty! Don't judge us by yourself, because you happened to be a conceited prig in college, as it doesn't necessarily follow that all of us are!"

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So we do not come to-day with grave advice to these "ranks of fresh-lipped men" who fill the places we once occupied. We congratulate them on the new opportunities, enlarging the advantages of the College. While not violating her best traditions, we rejoice in her grand progress, accepting the new Latin which we dare not pronounce, and the athletics, which in our day were not viewed from a grand stand, and we heartily greet all her friends, our friends too, from the progressive President to the last man on the roll of 1906.

We recall with reverent gratitude, the instructors of our time, whose profound learning and devotion to high ideals we long since learned to estimate at their true value.

Carroll Everett, whose constant loyalty to the College is just now illustrated and honored in his daughter's thoughtful bequest, thus speaks of President Woods: "He distinguished in his heart between depravity and love of fun. He was always straightforward. He knew how to meet young men. He had a quick wit that with a word, showed the folly of their excuses. He had a dignity that made itself always felt. He loved better to save a man than to punish him. His ambition was to quicken what was best in the hearts of those committed to his care. This was the one ambition of his life. All his genius was not too much to be used, as it *was* used, for this."

The accomplished linguist, Goodwin, quick in repartee, whom no student twice attempted to mislead; the eloquent Hitchcock, the echoes of whose tribute to Webster, delivered by invitation of the students, still rings in our ears; the elegant gentleman Packard, whose relations to the College for nearly seventy years endeared him to every student; the gentle, diffident, philosophic Upham, with his deep interest in our parents, and his benevolent way of ascertaining the imperfect subjunctive; the brusque,

though kindly Smyth, whose enthusiasm for mathematics sometimes made him forget that what for him was "easy to see" was less so to his groping pupils. Last, but not least, Cleaveland, that master of natural science, to whom there was "none equal and none second," achieving renown in that great world, to enter which he never would spare time from his classes.

To all of these we may apply the words of President Hyde: "They succeeded in college and in life, not because they had mastered this or that subject, but because it had mastered them."

"They all are gone, into the land of shadows," yet our eyes gladly recognize an instructor who then, and ever since, has served and honored the College, a worthy descendant of his sire.

John Kendrick Bangs, talking of the advantages of a college education said: "I never got any help from a college professor but once. He was not a professor *at the time*, but my classmate, and sat next to me at examinations." My own experience being to the contrary, I seize this opportunity to thank Tutor Smyth of our Freshman year, that on a summer morning long ago, he guided my stumbling feet over the dreaded "*pons asinorum*" since which I never doubted that "the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides." With all these examples and privileges, well may our Alma Mater say:

"I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou done for me?"

Nine of our number entered the Christian ministry. Of these was John Barrett Southgate, of a family noted in the Protestant Episcopal church, of rare endowments and thorough scholarship. His death in 1882 was a grief to

his friends, and a distinct loss to the church and the world. His own words, in memory of a classmate who preceded him, indicate the faith by which he was sustained.

"We see but products; back of all discerning,
Works mystical machinery unseen,
Where glittering bands 'twixt heaven and earth are turning,
And guiding fingers come and go between.

* * * * *

Thou canst, O Faith, the mystery unravel,
By thee we track the strange lost life we miss,
The loved that Cadmus sought, with weary travel,
A god had raised to his isles of bliss."

Spalding, for nearly thirty years Bishop of Colorado, whose habits of industry and economy acquired through the hardships of early life brought to his later work executive ability and exceptional success.

Adams, a bishop, in all save the name, of administrative tact, and eternal hopefulness—dying in 1901, "his praise in all the churches."

Cummings, long in active service, passed his later years in literary pursuits, an unassuming man, whose profound investigation of spiritual problems, and fearless, though irenic declaration of his convictions, challenged the respect of every seeker for truth.

Five became physicians, with creditable measure of success, all useful to mankind, one finding leisure, in the intervals of professional labor, to win a place among the best Greek scholars in America.

Five entered upon the study of law, attaining honorable rank, Webb, dying in 1869, having already gained prominence in professional circles as well as public service.

Three, at least, attained judicial positions. Goode now, in whose family the title of Judge and judicial grav-

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ity were hereditary. Downes, who reproduced the quaint humor and flawless integrity of his father, so long an honor to the bar of Maine, and another, to whom you listened admiringly yesterday, and should be listening now.

Three have been elected on the governing boards of the College.

Among those who gave their lives to letters, perhaps Wheeler had the most brilliant prospects, obscured alas, by his untimely death in 1874. He gained an enviable reputation among Shakespearean scholars in America, and was beginning to be known across the sea. His enthusiasm revived and stimulated the mutual attachment of his Class, and united it as one family, for all time. With scrupulous exactness of detail he prepared, in 1873, a class record, at once the model and despair of succeeding secretaries.

James W. Emery has been an educator. Locating in Texas, when there was not a common school in the state, he has lived to see the New England system firmly established, contributing to this result, in a far greater degree than his modesty will admit.

Of journalists, Marcellus Emery was the most prominent. A man of pure character, fearless in utterance, an ultra partisan of state rights during the Civil War, sacrificing property, and ready to imperil life for his convictions. In grave error, but an honest man and true friend.

Emblazoned on the marbles in this Hall, placed there by the love of an alumnus, whose name needs no mention here, is the list of his comrades, sons of Bowdoin,

Who, "musing in these shades
Heard here their Country's cry,
Whose lips gave back, O sweet it is
For native land to die!"

Here are the names of *nine* of our Class. One, George Stone Kimball of Gardiner, fell at Aldee, gallantly leading a cavalry charge.

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And again, if you enter the grand edifice, which we owe to the same loyal graduate and gallant soldier, you may see a case filled with volumes on Art, a gift through the Class, from one who, obliged through financial disaster, to leave college during the Freshman year, and passing his life as a carpenter, continued his studies, preserved his relations with his Class, and at the last, thus manifested his love for the associates of his youth, and the college whose privileges he was forbidden to enjoy.

The limits of the present occasion compel me to omit specific allusion to other classmates who in their various spheres have done good service, and have their reward. In April last, when a notice was sent to the Class, urging attendance at this time, *ten* of the original *thirty-three* still survived. But before the month was gone, another of our best loved, Simonton, had joined the majority. A man of generous nature and sparkling humor, his address from this floor in 1898, captured the assembly by its brilliant eloquence.

"The circle narrows as we go,
But only here.
Comrades of youth to every heart most dear,
In the eternal realm we still all know,
With a diviner knowledge than below."

—*M. W. Fuller.*

We who still remain, testify with gladness to the more than fraternal affection, existing from the beginning, and growing more tender with the passing years. We have sympathized with each other, whether in success or sorrow, and while mourning the inroads of death, have an abiding faith that these separations are but for a time.

MR. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN:

The Class of 1853, those who are still living, and "that other living whom we call the dead," salute you!

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Their loving prayer for "Bowdoin Beata" the mother of us all, is: "May she live and reign a thousand years!" They voice their best wishes for her continued prosperity in the words of another of her loyal sons of the Class of 1845.

"Dear Alma Mater, fair and free,
Honoring ourselves, we honor thee!
As royal sons thy glory share,
Thy royal robes are ours to wear.
Let thy pure light our lives inspire,
Our hearts enkindle with thy fire.
From all our wanderings let thy rein
Our scattered ranks draw back again.
And let thy benediction fall
On this, thy own sweet festival!
As veteran knights in days of yore,
Through the long years thy banners bore,
May their successors onward bear
The trust committed to their care;
May patriot valor from the field
With equal honor hold thy shield,
And on thy front in beauty twine,
Athena's crown, Pencinia's pine!"

—Charles P. Roberts.



MEMORIALS OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN REMOVED
TO THE HIGHER LIFE SINCE THE
45th ANNIVERSARY.



"WE ARE NOT JUST THE COMPANY OF FIFTY YEARS
AGO, FOR NOW AND THEN THE DARK CAMEL HAS
KNEELED FOR ONE OF US, OUR FRIEND HAS
MOUNTED; AND NOW THESE SHADES
TRAVEL WITH US, AT OUR FRONT,
OUR GLORIFIED LEADERS."

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DAVID MARKS PLACE, Born at Stratford, N. H., February 4, 1832. Died at Chelsea, Mass., March 13, 1900.

He was buried at the home of his youth. While there are those whose lives were more eventful, no one was more sincerely attached to his classmates to the very end. This was shown in cheerful gifts, in the full measure of his ability, to the charities and other expenditures of the Class, and his frequent presence at the reunions. In latter years, with no abatement of self-respect, he gracefully accepted such kindnesses as in prosperity, he had extended to others.

In his declining days, he received more than professional care from J. W. Starbird, M. D., of the Class of 1862, resident physician of the Soldiers' Home, who speaks in the highest terms of his patience in suffering, and his affectionate remembrance of his college associations. In a list of Union soldiers, preserved at Bangor, Maine, his name is recorded among those in whose honor, the flag of the Country which they helped to preserve, shall float in the breezes while the nation lives.

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STEPHEN FOSS, Born at New Portland, Me., June 20, 1825. Died at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 31, 1901.

He was survived by his wife, his son and only child having died at the age of 28 years.

The most of his post-graduate life was passed in the practice of medicine, including service in the U. S. Navy during the Civil War.

His classmates rarely met him, but he was present at the reunion in 1893, when he recounted his experiences in a most interesting manner, and gave unmistakable evidence of continued devotion to the classical languages. Indeed, he was spoken of in a Brooklyn newspaper as "one of the best known Greek scholars of the country." It was hoped that he might be present at the reunion in 1898, but this anticipation failed of realization through the great affliction of blindness which came to him. He sent at the time, through his devoted wife, most kindly messages to us all.

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JONATHAN EDWARDS ADAMS, Born at Woolwich, Maine,
April 29, 1822. Died at Bangor, Me., January 21, 1901.

His funeral was attended by many Bowdoin friends, as well as by the Class Secretary. The public press of this and other states contained numerous and honorable tributes to his noble life. At a memorial service, in our own city, the following address was made by a classmate:

A little more than a year ago we assembled here to testify our regard for the memory of Rev. Dr. George W. Field, at which the dear friend, whose recent death saddened our hearts, said: "I probably knew Dr. Field earlier than any one here," adding with characteristic modesty: "not that he knew me, but I knew him."

So I may say, it was in my early youth that a life-long friendship with Dr. Adams began, and it is a joy and pride to have had a close friend in such a man for so many years.

The realization of his early desire for a liberal education was delayed by unfavorable conditions, and his youth and earlier manhood were employed in mercantile and nautical pursuits, until, at the age of twenty-seven he entered Bowdoin College in 1853.

Referring to this period, at a recent meeting of his classmates, he said: "I hesitated about entering with you, I was so much older than most, but you never reminded me of it."

Indeed from the very first he came into all our hearts. His own was as young as any. He participated in our sports, as well as more important occupations, and while setting before us a daily example of faithful work and Christian living, he was never severely critical of those less considerate than himself. His influence, largely uncon-

scious, was irresistible. A classmate at his entrance skeptical, if not atheistic, but now and for many years a most devoted Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church of the United States, said at a reunion of the class:

"Boys, you know I wasn't specially religious when I came to college, but I roomed with Adams. He never said much about it, but I couldn't get away from his example."

This spirit of charity and good fellowship indicated no lack in decision of character. On one occasion, when for some such grievance as students often imagine or exaggerate, the Class, as a whole, absented themselves from recitation, the record reads: "Adams, being recalcitrant, was fastened into his room, but managed, with great difficulty, to get out, and went late to recitation. Who of us, today, does not honor him for doing so?"

Another instance illustrates his perseverance in duty as well as the early training of his sailor life. It was his daily task to ring the chapel bell for morning prayers. One night some persons removed the bell rope, congratulating themselves on escaping for once the disagreeable necessity for early rising. But they reckoned without their host, and in a few minutes the hated tones were pealing through the morning air, and they were responding, hurriedly dressed, to its call. Adams had climbed the tower, inside, nearly 100 feet, by shifting a short ladder from the sill of each window to the next, and so reached the bell. Forty years after we were speaking of it, and on my saying: "You could not do that now," he replied: "Yes, I guess I could if there were a necessity for it." As a scholar he repeatedly received such appointments as are assigned to those of the highest rank, and he graduated with well-earned honors. During all his subsequent life, he retained an affectionate interest in his Alma Mater, and became a member of the board of overseers, receiving also the degree

of Doctor of Divinity, President Hyde saying to me, that no man, by reason of service to the Maine churches, had superior claims to the honor.

During his college course, and for three succeeding years, he was engaged in teaching, that he might cancel obligations incurred for his education. His connection with the Theological Seminary at Bangor, both as student and trustee, and his pastoral experience, may be referred to by others. The period of his life, by which he will be most widely remembered, was passed as general secretary of the Maine Missionary Society. His election to this position, as successor to Rev. Stephen Thurston, whom he had previously succeeded as pastor at Searsport, was to him "a surprise."

With constitutional self-depreciation he undertook this work "with reluctance and many misgivings as to his qualifications for the place." No adequate measure can here be made of the devotion with which he entered this new field of labor. With deep Christian experience, inspired with love for the souls for whom he knew his Master died, no exertion was too great to put forth, no remote hamlet inaccessible to his untiring feet. Those who have shared in this work in Maine will readily recall St. Paul's catalogue of similar service: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of the sea—the care of all the churches." His lamented classmate, Rev. E. C. Cummings, in a farewell ode, thus sang :

"And Adams, venerable name,
Is with us here again,
Chief pastor of the scattered flocks,
Among the hills of Maine."

It may be eight years ago that on returning from a missionary visit to a remote district, in a severe snow storm, he suffered exposure and exhaustion which seriously threat-

ened that splendid constitution, which had borne him so well for three score years and ten. It became evident that the time was nearing when such constant and wearing service would no longer be prudent. At this stage in life, so trying to men of active temperament, when accustomed pursuits must be surrendered and favorite purposes sacrificed, it is hard to meet the inevitable with serenity. But our dear friend betrays no rebellious temper, utters no complaining murmur.

The relief gained by retirement from official position was salutary. He was able to aid by advice and other service, eagerly sought by his successors and gracefully given.

His love for nature found fresh opportunities in his garden of beauty and by frequent resort to the shore of the sea, where his earliest memories lingered, and to which he returned with ever new delight. Whatever the special anxieties of the time, and there were such, they were never pressed upon the attention of his friends and only appeared in repeated expressions of unfailing confidence that his Heavenly Father would supply all his needs.

His friendly greeting, his cordial manners, attracted all who met him. Said a young man to me a few days since: "We boys always reckoned him the best man on the hill. We liked his apples and he always seemed to think that a part of them were ours."

Indeed we hardly thought of him as old, so firm his step and so radiant his smile. But one has said: "A hale old man is a tower undermined." And so, when we were least expecting,

"Suddenly a gate was opened
Which we had not thought to see,
And he passed from out our vision,
Smiling still, but silently."

—J. L. Crosby.

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JOHN FRANKLIN SPALDING, Born at Belgrade, Me.,
August 25, 1828. Died at Erie, Penn., March 9, 1902.

Prior to his elevation to the bishopric of Colorado, he had resided at Erie, where, while fulfilling the ordinary duties of rector, he had also been largely instrumental in the erection of four church edifices.

Summoned to Erie, by the illness of his son, Rev. Frank Spalding, who had succeeded his father in the rectorship of St. Paul's, he was seized with an aggravation of a chronic disease, and after a short and comparatively painless illness was released. An imposing funeral ceremony was held in the church to which the strength of his early years was devoted, and whose members were earnest to manifest their loving veneration in all possible ways. The burial service and interment took place at Denver, the scene of his abundant labors for nearly twenty-nine years.

As to his constant attachment to his Class, Mrs. Spalding writes: "I know he loved you. I do not believe any one ever lived who was more loyal to his friends. He 'grappled them to his heart with hooks of steel.'"

On arrival at Brunswick, to attend the reunion of 1898, an invitation was extended from the President of the college, who desired to entertain him at his house. "No," said the Bishop, "not if it takes me from the boys."

And in one of his latest letters, in 1901, he says, "We must meet again if possible. May we all meet and be together in the Paradise of God."

Our dear classmate Simonton, who was a schoolmate of Spalding, prior to entering college, wrote thus:

Like many of the successful business and professional men who have gone out from Maine and New England to

aid in developing and giving character to the marvelous west, Bishop Spalding was the architect of his own fortune and career. His life is an example to our young men, showing what industry and perseverance may attain even under unfavorable circumstances. Though left in early life by the death of his parents without the means of pursuing a liberal course of study, his strong desire for an education urged him on to face the great struggle before him. He demonstrated that "where there's a will there's a way" by working with his hands in summer and by teaching school in winter, and thus obtained a college education, standing at his graduation among the first in rank of scholarship in his class. Adopting the ministry in his chosen church as his life mission, step by step by hard and faithful work from his small missionary church at Old Town, Maine, to the large and important diocese of Colorado, he ably and nobly filled every position to which his church called him.

And another adds: Reared among the hard conditions of poverty, the persevering struggle for education, and the habits of industry and self-denial thus formed were a special training for his life of devotion and sacrifice in the new region for whose religious welfare he was to care. As a promoter of all church interests, a creator of educational institutions, a sagacious and unselfish man of affairs, he has impressed himself upon the communities whom he served and his not untimely death leaves a void not easy to fill. With all his serious life and great responsibilities, he retained the deepest interest in the home of his youth and especially in the members of his college class, of whom he was always a beloved comrade and unassuming friend. Among his engrossing engagements, he found time for literature, and published several volumes of interest and value.

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THADDEUS ROBERTS SIMONTON, Born at Camden, Me., September 27, 1829. Died at Camden, Me., April 30, 1903.

The general regard entertained for him was evidenced by the attendance at the funeral, not only of his immediate neighbors, but of many from other towns, and including the Bar of Knox County. The Class was represented by the Secretary, and as at the funeral of Adams, by an ever-green crescent with the inscription, "Bowdoin, 1853." His affectionate interest in his Class had been evinced by his attendance on most of the previous reunions, and he had looked forward to that of 1903, with pleasant anticipations, which, alas! were not realized.

"He was one of the state's best platform speakers, eloquent as a lecturer, apt and versatile as a debater, and most convincing as a pleader. To his personality no modest pen can do sufficient justice. There was a geniality about his presence which brightened all with whom he came in contact, while his keen wit and equally keen sense of humor made him a most welcome adjunct at any gathering."

Devoted, for many years, to journalistic pursuits, and writing with unusual facility and force, he not infrequently strayed into the higher paths of literature, often presenting able and appreciative critiques on the most thoughtful publications of the day. Perhaps no instance more thoroughly illustrates his ability in this direction, than the article printed in the Report of 1898, on the life and writings of his classmate, E. C. Cummings, whom he regarded as "perhaps the best prose writer of the Class." His review of "Nature and Scripture," though modestly expressed, would do credit to a trained theologian.

His simple story of the Thorndike Oak, told at a gath-

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ering of Alumni in 1879, inspired Mrs. Frances L. Mace, one of Maine's sweetest poets, to write the poem commencing :

"Ye breezy boughs of Bowdoin's Oak,
Sing low your summer rune ;
In murmuring, rhythmic tones respond
To every breath of June."

He was repeatedly honored with public trusts, by the suffrages of his fellow citizens, and by Presidential appointment. "His voice and pen were ever at the service of his native town, and many of those who now treasure Camden as one of the most delightful spots on the Atlantic coast, first had their attention attracted to it by his persuasive introduction."

But after all is said of his abilities, his honor, his varying success or failure, the best thing to say of him, or of any man, is that he was faithful in all the relations of life, a true husband, father and friend, a reverent believer in the eternal verities of humanity, full of good will to all, holding, with Henry Drummond, that

"The greatest thing on earth is love."

Such we pronounce a successful life.



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Complete Roll of the Class of 1853, with dates and places of death of those deceased, and residence and occupation of living members, (so far as is known) in 1903.

- *ADAMS, JONATHAN EDWARDS, died January 21, 1901, Bangor, Me.
- *BARTON, OLIVER PATTEN, died February 1, 1854, Sidney, Me.
CARRUTHERS, WILLIAM, Clergyman, Holyoke, Mass.
- CROSBY, JOHN LELAND, Bank Treasurer, Bangor, Me.
- *CUMMINGS, EPHRAIM CHAMBERLAIN, died December 14, 1897, Portland, Me.
- *CUMMINGS, RALPH WARDLAW, died August 17, 1880, San Francisco, Cal.
- *DOWNES, HENRY RICHARDS, died October 24, 1883, Presque Isle, Me.
- DREW, WILLIAM PALEY, Literary pursuits, Lansdowne, Philada., Pa.
- *DRUMMOND, CHARLES, died August 28, 1853, North Conway, N. H.
- EMERY, JAMES WALLACE, Instructor, Dallas, Texas.
- *EMERY, MARCELLUS, died February 23, 1879, Bangor, Me.
- *FOSS, STEPHEN, died July 31, 1901, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- FULLER, MELVILLE WESTON, Chief Justice of the United States, Washington, D. C.
- *GOODENOW, HENRY CLAY, died June 28, 1895, Bangor, Me.
- KIDDER, JAMES HOLWELL, Clergyman, Owego, N. Y.
- *KIMBALL, GEORGE STONE, Fell in battle for the Union, June 19, 1863, Aldie, Va.
- LANGDON, WOODBURY FOGG, Express Agency, Plymouth, N. H.
- MCARTHUR, WILLIAM MILTIMORE, Lawyer, Limington, Me.
- *MCKEEN, JOSEPH, died January 15, 1881, Topsham, Me.
- *PAGE, KINGMAN FOGG, died April 22, 1885, New York, City.
- *PLACE, DAVID MARKS, died March 13, 1900, Chelsea, Mass.
- *POND, JEREMIAH EVARTS, died February 14, 1886, Alfred, Me.
- *PUFFER, LUTHER, died October 27, 1854, Grafton, N. H.
- *SIMONTON, THADDEUS ROBERTS, died April 30, 1903, Camden, Me.
- *SOUTHGATE, JOHN BARRETT, died February 7, 1862, Scarboro, Me.
- *SPALDING, JOHN FRANKLIN, died March 9, 1902, Erie, Pa.
- *THOMPSON, EMERY PURINTON, died August 11, 1875, Concord, N. H.
- *TODD, WILLIAM HENRY, died October 7, 1894, St. Stephen, N. B.
- *TUCKER, JOHN STACY, died October 30, 1893, Milford, Mass.
- UPHAM, NATHANIEL LORD, Clergyman, Germantown, Philada., Pa.
- *WALKER, WILLIAM, died July 14, 1855, Barnstead, N. H.
- *WEBB, FRANCIS EVERETT, died November 20, 1869, Winthrop, Me.
- *WHEELER, WILLIAM ADOLPHUS, died October 28, 1874, Boston, Mass.

Peace to our dead,—the honored dead,
Whose forms our visions fill,
And reverence to each good grey head,
Crowned with life's glory still.

The universal reign is ours,
We wait Heaven's just decree;
Die when we may—yet live for aye,
The Class of Fifty-Three!

E. C. Cummings.

If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
If not, why, then this parting were well made.

Julius Caesar.

Act. 5, Scene 1.