

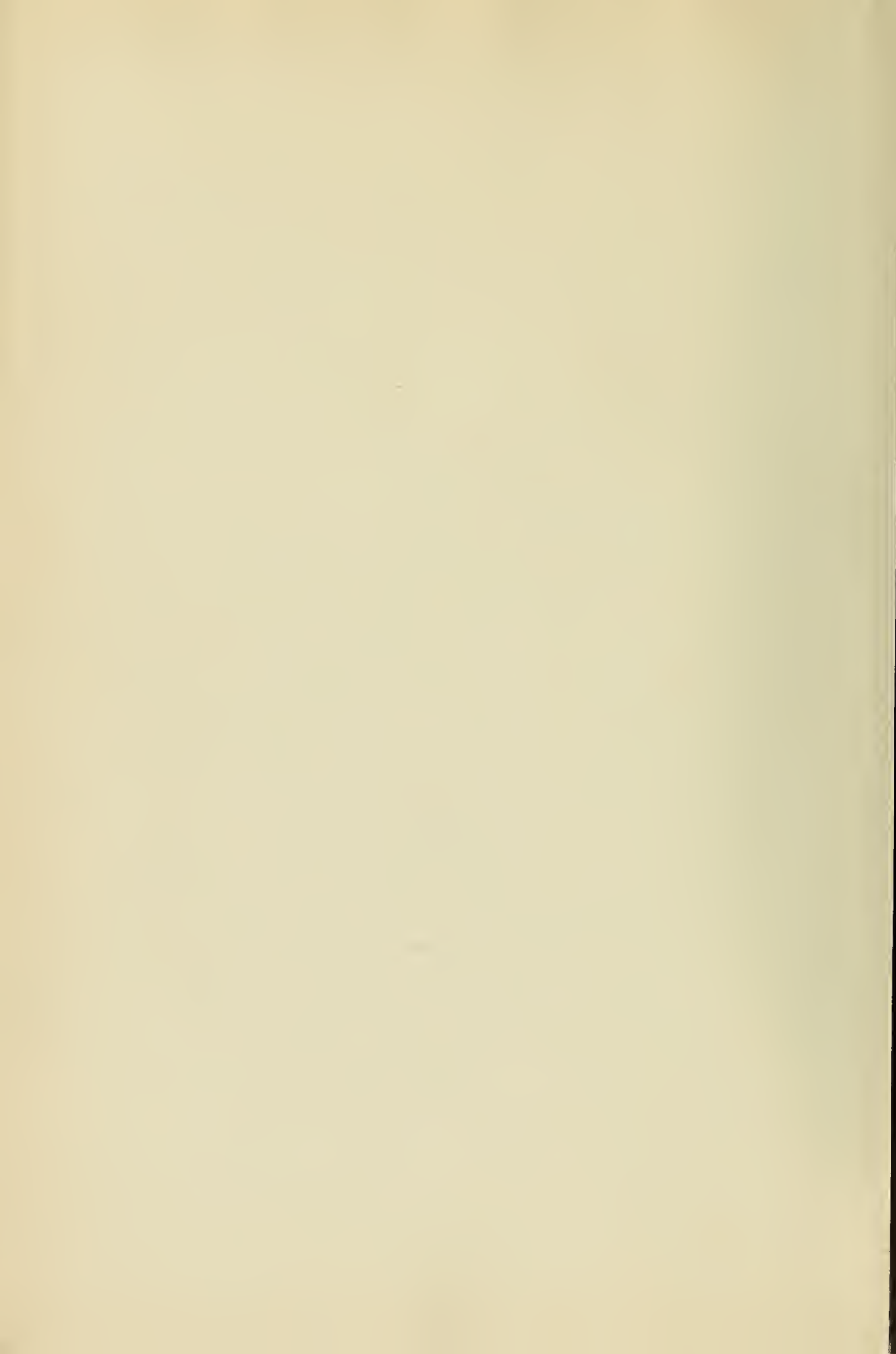


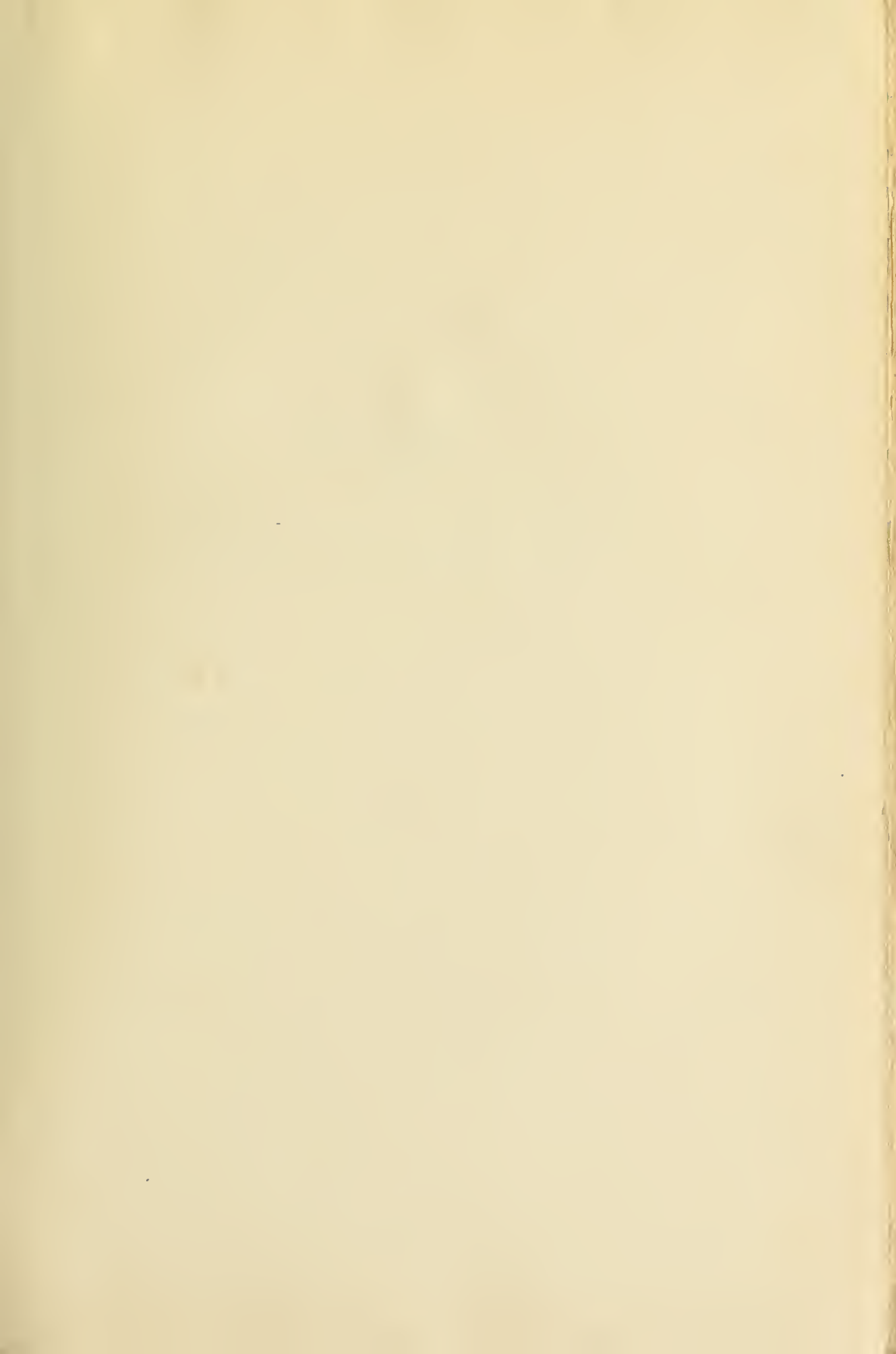
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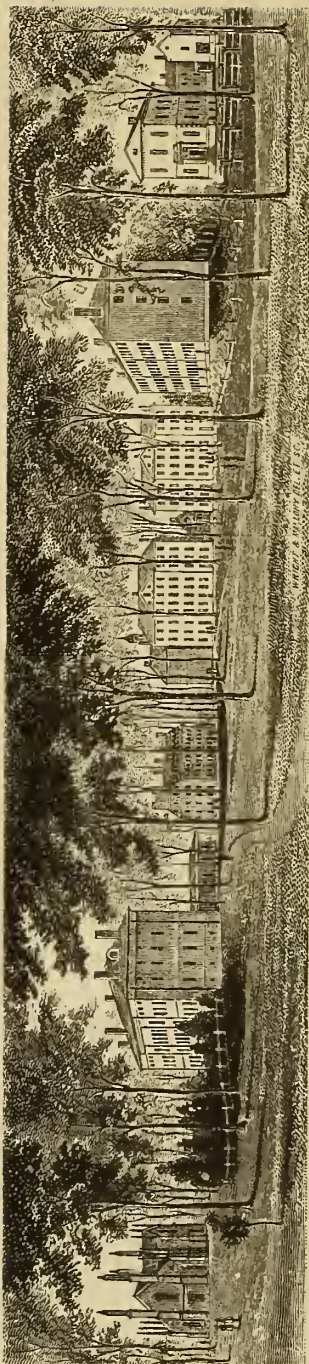
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ANNALS
OF THE
HARVARD CLASS OF 1852



HARVARD COLLEGE IN 1849

Harvard University, Class of 1852.

ANNALS

OF THE

HARVARD CLASS OF 1852

BY

GRACE WILLIAMSON EDES

CAMBRIDGE
PRIVATELY PRINTED

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IN MEMORIAM
GUILIELMI CROSS WILLIAMSON

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori:
Caelo Musa beat.

PREFACE

TO the lot of a daughter of the Class of 1852 has it fallen to look over the mementoes preserved for more than fifty years by one of its members. Old programmes, wine-stained dinner and supper menus, sketches of the College life of the period, — like ashes of roses they yet give forth faint fragrance of a golden age of youth and mirth. As she has turned the discolored pages, read the letters full of spirited detail of College pranks and revels, but with an undertone always of earnest purpose, the young forms have risen before her, the echoes of the old songs have sounded once more, bringing with them an irresistible desire to preserve some record of the doings of those long-past days.

With this purpose she wrote to Mr. Joseph H. Choate, who approved the plan and lent her many letters written to himself by the members of the Class shortly after leaving college. Judge Choate also, as may be seen by those who read, contributed interesting anecdotes and explanations; and Mrs. Addison Brown has given great help by kindly copying, from an autobiographical fragment, Judge Brown's recollections of his Harvard days. But it is to Dr. Henry K. Oliver that the book owes most, and the debt is in truth inestimable. His wonderful memory was as accurate as it was retentive, and he was able therefore to explain the references in songs and poems, and to recall many forgotten events as well as ways and customs which have long since fallen into desuetude, and any interest that may attach to the Class Annals is largely due to him.

All those connected with the members of the Class have been most kind in their interest and help, as have been Mr. George Parker Winship, Librarian of the Harry Elkins Widener Collection, Mr. Nicholas Field, President of the Mississippi Harvard Club, and Mr. Luther Atwood of Lynn, Massachusetts, through whose aid it has been possible to trace several missing men. Mr. Clarence S. Brigham of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, and the Librarian of the

Preface

Otis Library at Norwich, Connecticut, have sent valuable newspaper extracts which have been of great assistance; and thanks are due also to Miss Helen M. Beale, Acting Librarian of Adelbert College, Western Reserve University, the Hon. Edward Osgood Brown of Chicago, and Dr. James Kendall Hosmer of Minneapolis, who have given information about members of the Class. The unfailing kindness and aid of Mr. Julius Herbert Tuttle, Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, have been of inestimable value in solving many difficult questions. Especial appreciation should be expressed of the aid rendered by Miss Sawin and her assistants at the Harvard Quinquennial Office during the years the book was in progress, which has contributed to its completeness and accuracy. Gratitude is felt also to Mr. Albert Matthews for his untiring help, and most of all to the husband of the annalist, Henry Herbert Edes, to whose meticulous care in the reading of the proof and constant encouragement under the many difficulties which have arisen, in addition to the incentive of his interest, the volume is indebted for anything of value that it may hold.

The objection may be made by any who read the sketches of the members of the Class that they are of too eulogistic a nature. The answer to the criticism must be that the writer has tried to portray them in the spirit of brotherly love, which was so striking a feature of the Class of 1852, whose feeling toward one another might be best expressed in an adaptation of Prior's lines —

Be to his virtues very kind;
Be to his faults a little blind.

G. W. E.

JULY, 1922.

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NAMES OF PERSONS WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO
THE PUBLICATION OF THIS VOLUME

Mr. PETER CHAUNCEY ANDERSON
Mr. PETER CHARDON BROOKS
Mrs. ADDISON BROWN
Mr. and Mrs. HEMAN MERRICK BURR
DAVID CHEEVER, M.D.
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Mr. ELIJAH KENT SWIFT
Mrs. NATHANIEL THAYER

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF THE
MEMBERS

THE CLASS OF 1852

Horatius Alger
Elbertus Ellery Anderson
Howard Payson Arnold
Johannes Ellis Blake
Carolus Thomas Bonney
Caleb Davis Bradlee
Petrus Chardon Brooks
Addison Brown
Henricus Guilielmus Brown
Edvardus King Buttrick
Carolus Taylor Canfield
Georgius Lovell Cary
Reginaldus Heber Chase
David Williams Cheever
Guilielmus Gardner Choate
Josephus Hodges Choate
Josias Collins
Alfredus Wellington Cooke
Horatius Hopkins Coolidge
Johannes Colman Crowley
Thomas Jacobus Curtis
Carolus Franciscus Dana
Henricus Gardner Denny
Henricus Hill Downes
Jonathan Dwight
Guilielmus Miller Esté
Edvinus Hedge Fay
Georgius Huntington Fisher
Johannes Sylvester Gardiner
Levi Gray
Augustus Goodwin Greenwood
Edvinus Smith Gregory
Ephraimus Whitman Gurney
Samuel Foster Haven
Georgius Edvardus Head
Jacobus Seneca Hill
Franciscus Guilielmus Hilliard
Johannes Emory Hoar

Guilielmus Sturgis Hooper
Franciscus Saltonstall Howe
Jacobus Huntington
Franciscus Guilielmus Hurd
Samuel Hutchins Hurd
Hieronymus Bonaparte Kimball
Benjamin Flint King
Fredericus Percival Leverett
Guilielmus Cole Leverett
Guilielmus Duncan McKim
Edvardus Horatius Neal
Georgius Walter Norris
Henricus Kemble Oliver
Calvinus Gates Page
Georgius Augustus Peabody
Johannes Taylor Perry
Guilielmus Henricus Phipps
Josias Porter
Edvardus Ellerton Pratt
Samuel Miller Quincy
Paulus Josephus Revere
Horatius Richardson
Edvinus Aldrich Rodgers
Knyvett Winthrop Sears
Nathanael Devereux Silsbee
Georgius Brimmer Sohier
Almon Spencer
Josephus White Sprague
Carolus Ellery Stedman
Austin Stickney
Elija Swift
Adamus Wallace Thaxter
Jacobus Bradley Thayer
Gorham Thomas
Samuel Lothrop Thorndike
David Churchman Trimble
Carolus Wentworth Upham
Carolus Carroll Vinal

THE CLASS OF 1852 — *Continued*

Johannes Singer Wallace	Horatius Hancock Fiske Whitte-
Darwin Erastus Ware	more
Guilielmus Robertus Ware	Sidney Willard
Robertus Ware	Russell Mortimer Williams
Guilielmus Henricus Waring	Guilielmus Cross Williamson
Andreas Washburn	Chauncey Wright
Guilielmus Fiske Wheeler	

TEMPORARY MEMBERS

Coddington Billings Farnsworth	Henricus Moore
Robertus Rollins Fowle	Thomas Jennifer Phillips
Guilielmus Boynton Gale	Thomas Riggs
Johannes Harding	Guignard Scott
Georgius Washington Horr	Carolus Henricus Stickney
Johannes Clark Howard	Henricus Stone
Samuel Edvinus Ireson	Russell Sturgis
Samuel Pearse Jennison	Reuben Tower
Ludovicus Ellis Josselyn	

CLASS SECRETARIES

CALVIN GATES PAGE
1852 to 1862

HENRY GARDNER DENNY
1862 to 1907

SAMUEL LOTHROP THORNDIKE
1907 to 1911

DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER
1911 to 1916

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

HORATIO ALGER, JUNIOR

"NOTHING so difficult as the beginning" is the apt quotation from "Don Juan," with which Horatio Alger prefaces his short autobiographical sketch in the Class Book of the first twenty years of his life. He proceeds with a brief dissertation on the advantages and disadvantages of being the first scholar, alphabetically speaking, of his class, and although his rhetoric is in slightly pompous, schoolboy vein, it shows promise of his pleasant later style as a popular story writer.

Horatio Alger, Jr., was born 13 January, 1832, in Chelsea, Massachusetts. His parents were Horatio and Olive Augusta (Fenno) Alger, his father graduating from Harvard College in the distinguished Class of 1825 and from the Harvard Divinity School in 1829. He was a Unitarian clergyman, and at the time of Horatio's birth was settled over the old church in the part of Chelsea which is now Revere, and is known as the First Unitarian Church of Revere.

Horatio was a delicate boy,¹ and was not taught even the alphabet until he was six years old, but once started on the path of learning he made rapid progress and began to study Latin and algebra at the age of eight; for two years the greater part of his education was conducted at home and he browsed at will through the paternal library, his selection of books varying from Josephus's "History of the Jews" and works on theology to the "Arabian Nights Entertainment" and "Jack the Giant-Killer." He was sent to the Chelsea Grammar School when he was ten, and he gives a rather graphic picture of that seat of learning:

I remember the schoolhouse, a square brick building, whose walls the storms of more than a century had beaten without producing any decided effect. Through panes encrusted with the accumulated dirt

¹ Alger was the smallest member of the Class, being but 5 feet, 2 inches in height, although perfectly formed and proportioned.

Annals of the

of many years, the light streamed in upon a scene which might have furnished employment for the pencil of Hogarth —

The room displayed
Long rows of desk and bench: the former stained
And streaked with blots and trickles of dried ink,
Lumbered with maps and slates, and well-thumbed books,
And carved with rough initials.

His studies at the grammar school were chiefly in English, and he remained there about eighteen months. When he was thirteen, his father left Chelsea and in December, 1844, the family moved to Marlborough. There, at the Gates Academy, of which Obadiah Wheelock Albee, a graduate of Brown University in 1832 was then principal, Alger fitted for college. He finished his preparatory studies in 1847 and passed the intervening year before he entered in somewhat desultory reading and the study of modern languages.

He and Denny underwent the ordeal of the entrance examinations together and Alger was selected to fill the office of President's Freshman.¹ Horatio received a Detur in his Sophomore year and in his Junior year took the first Bowdoin prize of forty dollars for a Dissertation on "Athens in the Time of Sophocles," the Bowdoin prize of fifteen dollars for a Greek prize composition, and again in the Senior year a prize for Greek composition. In the Exhibition of October, 1850, he gave a Greek version from "Lacy's Address in Behalf of the Greeks," and in the Exhibition of October, 1857, a Dissertation on "The Poetry of the Troubadors." He was Class Odist on Class Day, graduated eighth in his class, and was awarded the English Oration at Commencement. He was also a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and while in college belonged to the Institute of 1770, and the Natural History Society.

During the ensuing year he lived with his parents at Marlborough, teaching and writing. In the *Boston Evening Transcript* of April, 1853, he published a short poem called "A Chant of Life" which shows deep religious feeling. He entered the Cambridge Divinity School in September, 1853, but left in the following November to become Assistant Editor of the

¹ "A member of the Freshman Class who performs the official errands of the President, for which he receives the same compensation as the Parietal Freshman (i. e., about forty dollars per annum) and the rent of his room." (B. H. Hall, *College Words and Customs*, p. 212.)



ALGER
BONNEY

BLAKE

ANDERSON
BRADLEE

Harvard Class of 1852

Boston Daily Advertiser, then under the management of the Messrs. Hale. He remained there until May; in June he assumed the position of teacher in E. W. Green's Boarding School for boys at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, and was there for nearly two years, until 1856, when he took charge of the Academy at Deerfield, Massachusetts, and was principal there during the summer; on leaving there he was a private tutor in Boston until September, 1857, when he once more entered the Divinity School, graduating in 1860. In the meantime he had published two small volumes, one anonymously, and had been a regular contributor to one weekly Boston paper for seven years and to another for nine months. His writings consisted chiefly of poems and stories which appeared in *Harper's* and *Putnam's* magazines, and in less well-known periodicals.

On the fifth of September, 1860, with a cousin and his classmate Vinal, Mr. Alger sailed for Europe. They took a hurried trip through Great Britain and Ireland, and passed five or six weeks on the Continent, and while there Mr. Alger was selected by the United States Government for the honor of bearing despatches from Rome to Naples. During his absence he contributed a series of European letters to the *New York Daily Sun* and sent several letters also to the *Transcript* and other newspapers.

In April, 1861, he came home, and thereafter preached regularly, supplying the pulpit at Dover until December, when he established himself at Cambridge as a private tutor, declining a call which he received, in 1862, to take charge of the Unitarian Society at Alton, Illinois. In December, 1864, he was settled over the Unitarian parish at Brewster, Massachusetts, and remained there for two years, but meanwhile he continued his literary work, writing stirring war songs which achieved popularity, and in 1864 publishing "Frank's Campaign," a book for boys, the first of the long series of juvenile stories which were to make him the idol of the boys of his day. "Frank's Campaign" was followed by "Paul Prescott's Charge," published like its predecessor by A. K. Loring of Boston.

On resigning from his pastorate at Brewster, in 1866, Mr. Alger moved to New York. There he continued to fit young men for college, his chief interest lying always in the classical courses, and there he also became increasingly absorbed in

studying the habits and customs of street Arabs. His genial manner, ready sympathy, and generous aid made him beloved by all the ragged urchins to whom he soon became a familiar and favorite figure, as he sauntered along the docks and through their especial haunts. One of his protégés once said, "Mr. Alger could raise a regiment of boys in New York alone who would fight for him to the death." As a result of his experiences among the young ragamuffins of the city, Mr. Alger, in 1869, brought out as a serial, in a magazine, *The Student and Schoolmate*, a story called "Ragged Dick." He had no expectation of publishing it in book form, but his vivid portrayal of life among the poor and friendless touched every heart and created a sensation throughout the entire country. A. K. Loring, the publisher, immediately made him a liberal offer for a series of six volumes on a similar subject, and the "Ragged Dick Series" was the result. The popularity of the books far exceeded all expectation, for the simple stories appealed not to children only, but to the lovers of children as well. The "Tattered Tom Series" followed, then came "Brave and Bold," and after Alger's trip to the Pacific coast, in 1877, "The Pacific Series."

He twice visited Colorado in search of material, and in addition to his many stories and two volumes of poetry he published biographies of Garfield, Webster and Lincoln. The "Life of Garfield" was written in thirteen days to satisfy the haste of the publishers. Mr. Casali, the editor of *L' Eco d' Italia*, the organ of the New York Italians, asked Alger to write a story dealing with the nefarious traffic of the Italian padrones who were accustomed to lease boys from their parents in southern Italy and subject them to cruel treatment in their desire for gain. Mr. Casali having furnished him with full details Alger wrote "Phil the Fiddler," the tale of an Italian musician, and no greater proof of his power as a writer can be given than the fact that within six months from the time the book appeared, the cruelties of the padrones had been exposed by the leading New York papers and the system had been effectually abolished not only in New York but in all the large cities of America.

The following poem was published in the *Golden Argosy* of October, 1885, and gives a pleasant touch of the heartfelt patriotism which was one of his chief characteristics:

Harvard Class of 1852

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

Again each morning as we pass
The city's streets along,
We'll hear the voices of the class
Ring out the nation's song.

The small boys' treble piping clear,
The bigger boys' low growl,
And from the boy who has no ear
A weird discordant howl.

With swelling hearts we hear them sing
"My country, 't is of thee,"
From childish throats the anthem ring,
"Sweet land of liberty!"

Their little hearts aglow with pride,
Each with exultant tongue
Proclaims: "From every mountain side
Let freedom's song be sung."

Let him who'd criticize the time,
Or scout the harmony,
Betake him to some other clime, —
No patriot is he!

From scenes like these our grandeur springs,
And we shall e'er be strong
While o'er the land the schoolhouse rings
Each day with Freedom's song.

This is not the place for a criticism of Mr. Alger's literary ability, nor for questioning the permanence of his fame, but of the topographical value of his work as regards the New York of his day there can be no question. In the *New York Tribune* for 28 January, 1917, there appeared an interesting article wherein the author, Mr. Harold M. Harvey, touches gently and somewhat sadly on the fact that the Alger books which the former generation loved so well are no longer to be found in the library catalogues, and goes on to enumerate some of the true and graphic descriptions which Mr. Alger gave of New York landmarks, streets and houses as they existed in

Annals of the

1866 and for many years thereafter, in the days when "Ragged Dick" was considered an undying book, and its successors were at the height of their popularity.

Alger revisited Europe in 1873, accompanied by his family, and in 1879 made the journey to the Pacific coast and the two later trips to Colorado, which have been already mentioned. He never married, but although he was not to know the joy of fatherhood he found much happiness in the constant society of boys of all ages by whom he loved to be surrounded. Two, especially, he looked upon almost as his own, and a favorite niece he considered his adopted daughter. His generosity and kindness toward his young friends were untiring. In one of his letters we find a casual mention of some fortunate lad whom he was taking on a trip through the mountains and again we learn of two young fellows whom he had been establishing in business in a Maine town. The genial warmheartedness which endeared him to his boyish friends made him equally beloved among his contemporaries, and his sunny nature and youthful sympathies kept him perennially young, so much so, indeed, that even members of his own family when asked his age were apt in good faith to deny him the full measure of his years, and to credit him with a decade less than was his by right.

To homely loves and joys and friendships
Thy genial nature ever clung;
And so the shadow on the dial
Ran back and left thee ever young.

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest chambers,
Open to sunrise and the birds.

When Mr. Alger graduated from college at the mature age of twenty he wrote in the Class Book that his four years in Cambridge had been the happiest of his life. His letters to

Harvard Class of 1852

the Class Secretary, Mr. Denny, show that his interest and affection for his classmates never waned. For the fortieth anniversary he wrote a poem which may be found in the account of the reunion of 1892. He was accustomed to pass three quarters of the year in New York, but during the summer months he was usually to be found at the family home in South Natick. He had been in failing health for several years, but was able to continue his usual avocations until about eighteen months before his death. He died at the house of his sister, Mrs. O. A. Cheney, in South Natick, July eighteenth, 1899.

ELBERT ELLERY ANDERSON

ELBERT ELLERY ANDERSON was always known by his middle name, using only the initial of his first name. He was born in New York on the thirty-first of October, 1833, and was the son of Henry James Anderson (himself the son of Elbert Anderson) and of Fanny Da Ponte, the daughter of Lorenzo Da Ponte of Venice. At the time of Ellery Anderson's birth his father was Professor of Mathematics at Columbia College. He held the chair for twenty-five years, and was, moreover, one of the most distinguished scientists, educators and philanthropists of the last century in New York. For some months Ellery attended the grammar school of Professor Anthon, of Greek grammar fame, of whom he retained a lively recollection, as it was that pedagogue's pleasant custom at the end of the day to stalk up and down stroking his rattan tenderly, and jocosely introducing it to the boys as "the doctor," who would be most happy to make their acquaintance.

Ellery's mother had been for some time in failing health, and in the hope of benefiting her, the family sailed for England in July, 1843, remaining there for a short time only. They settled for the winter in Paris, where Ellery was sent to an English school. A sorry time the poor lad had there, for all the little John Bulls seemed to consider the American Revolution as a direct insult to themselves, and eagerly seized the opportunity to vent their righteous indignation on a Yankee. The Anderson home was near the Tuileries. In January, Mrs. Anderson died, and in the following July, Ellery and his father left Paris, travelling through Belgium and Holland, and up the Rhine to Switzerland, where Ellery was left at Geneva at school. He

was happy there, he writes in the Class Book, and the school was much like an American one. At times the boys, of whom seven were Americans, thought themselves ill-used, and two of them, having managed to collect ten dollars, two pistols that would not fire, one pair of thick-soled shoes and a few hard crackers, started for America, and had proceeded fifteen miles before they were captured and brought back. When Ellery was fourteen, he left school and accompanied his father to Marseilles, whence they took an extended tour through Europe, and crossing Hungary just as the war broke out there, saw Kossuth in the Assembly at Pesth.

On his return to America, Anderson began to study Greek, and very suddenly decided to enter Harvard College, never having thought of doing so until a day or two before he applied for admission. He entered with the Sophomore class, and was the youngest member of the largest class which Harvard College had then known. At the Exhibition of May, 1851, he gave an English Metrical Version of Lamartine's "Bonaparte"; in October of the same year a Disquisition upon Geneva, and at Commencement a Disquisition on the "Dramatic Power of Mozart."

On leaving college he studied law in New York, and in 1854 opened an office with Francis S. Banks.

He was married on the twelfth of October, 1859, to Augusta Chauncey, daughter of the Reverend Peter Schermerhorn Chauncey of New York.

In 1862, in response to the call for militia regiments, which was made after General Banks's defeat in the Shenandoah Valley, Anderson went to the front as Major of the Twelfth New York State Militia. He was stationed at Harper's Ferry and was there captured by the Confederates under the command of Stonewall Jackson just before the battle of Antietam.

Anderson resumed his law practice on his return from the war; he was especially engaged in railway litigation and conducted the proceedings against Jay Gould and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway companies for the recovery of interest on income bond coupons, obtaining a judgment of more than two million dollars.

Mr. Anderson also became greatly interested in local politics, was a zealous Democrat, and was active in the movement which led to the overthrow of the Tweed Ring in 1871. He was one of the founders of the Bar Association, and served on several

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of its most important committees. When Tammany Hall, in 1879, withdrew seventy-two delegates from the State Convention because of the opposition to the nomination of Lucius Robinson for Governor, Mr. Anderson was the only delegate to denounce the resolution approving of their course, and to withdraw from the organization. Together with William C. Whitney, Edward Cooper and Abram S. Hewitt he labored for the overthrow of boss rule and the formation of the County Democracy of New York. He devoted himself ardently to Tariff Reform also, and was a warm supporter of Cleveland, in later years being one of the first Democrats to repudiate the Bryan ticket and the Chicago platform.

Always interested in public education, his service to the common school system of New York extended over a period of nearly twenty years, and in November, 1892, he was appointed by Mayor Strong a member of the Board of Education. He held the office for three years, resigning it on going to Europe for a long absence in 1899. Except in cases which gave him the opportunity to serve the public interest without pecuniary remuneration, he always declined office, but he held many public trusts, such as Rapid Transit Commissioner and Commissioner for taking land for the Elevated Railway and the Croton Aqueduct. In 1887, President Cleveland appointed him a Commissioner to investigate the Union Pacific Railway Company.

Judge Choate¹ tells us that the scholarly tastes and habits acquired in his college days were

maintained through life, and as he showed in his subsequent career, the training of his naturally strong mind and character came up to Milton's test of a "complete and generous education,"—that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

Mr. Anderson's accomplishment and tireless energy in whatsoever his hand found to do were the more striking, because, as Judge Choate further says, although he was

during many years a sufferer from periodical attacks of a painful disease, he never spared himself. Both in his professional and his public duties he labored on with courage and zeal against obstacles which would have deterred many men from effort.

¹ Memorial of Mr. Anderson, prepared for the Bar Association.

Mr. Anderson was a director of the Central Branch Railway Company, and Montana Union Railway Company, a member of the Metropolitan Club, one of the founders of the Reform Club of which he was President, a member of the Democratic Club, University Club, Harvard Club and Whist Club, of the Bar Association and the American Museum of Natural History.

In spite of the strength of his Democratic convictions, Mr. Anderson never allowed his political views to form any barrier to his friendships with those of another party. Frederick H. Man, Esquire, with whom he was associated in practice for nearly thirty years, has written me:

My personal relations with him were at all times of the kindest, and some idea of his personal characteristics may be derived from the fact that although we were of different politics, our discussions were never in the slightest degree acrimonious.

Mr. Man dwells also on the kindness and tenderness of Mr. Anderson's home life, — his generous consideration for others, the confidence he inspired and the warmth of his friendships, and especially mentions the fact that although tenacious of an opinion once formed, he was always careful never to wound the feelings of those who disagreed with him, even when he was convinced that his own view was the only right one morally. Mr. Man closes his description of Mr. Anderson with a few words too expressive of the tenderness of their long friendship to be omitted:

May I add that he was physically of an exceedingly pleasing character, with a fine head of curly hair which clustered about features that made him what men call a handsome man. I can say he was not only handsome physically but morally.

Anderson always retained his affection for his college affiliations. "I have become such an automatic family man and practising lawyer," he wrote to Denny in 1883, "that I think I could run on for a year without any exercise of volition whatever. I am afraid I have no personal history," and his presence at the Class Dinner that year was out of the question, but it was a matter of real regret to him that the necessity of his attendance at the Democratic National Convention, at

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which Cleveland was nominated, in 1892 precluded his attending the fortieth anniversary of the Class. He was present at that of the succeeding year, however, and his enjoyment of the occasion was attested by the note which he wrote the Class Secretary:

"I enclose my cheque for \$5.60 for the dinner, which, I may say, was the largest dividend paid on the smallest investment of which I have ever heard or imagined"; and he enclosed the substituted four lines he had once prepared for the second stanza of Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" as he had always disliked her "awkward expression, 'dews and damps'":

You can feel the mighty purpose of his arm that never tires;
You can see it in the gleaming of a thousand camp-lit fires;
You can hear it in the echoes of the soldiers' ringing choirs,
As they go marching on.

"Perhaps at some future Class Dinner you and I will lend our melodious voices to emphasize the proposed amendment."

Mr. Anderson died on the twenty-fourth of February, 1903, in New York. He was survived by his wife, and by two sons, Peter Chauncey, born on March eighth, 1868, who became his partner in 1900, and Henry James Anderson, born on October thirteenth, 1870.

HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD

"Now let us hear your pitiful story."

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir."

Thus Howard Arnold begins the tale of his life in the Class Book. The quotation from Canning's "Knifegrinder" evidently held especial significance to some of the classmates for it is quoted also in their letters.

Howard Payson Arnold, son of Samuel Stillman and Sarah Louisa (Payson) Arnold was born in Charlestown, 12 October, 1831. During his college life he lived at home, as his father was then a resident of Cambridge; he received a Sophomore Detur and at Commencement he had a Disquisition, "Changes in the Character of Ulysses by the Greek Tragedians."

After graduating from college he entered the office of Brooks

and Ball, Counselors-at-Law in Boston, but remained there only a short time as he sailed for Europe in 1853. The following year, on his return, he again entered their office, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1856.

His first experience was at Galesburg, Illinois, where he opened an office in partnership with E. W. Hazard in 1857. Evidently it was not to his taste, for he records in the Class Book, under date of February, 1858, "Left that Inferno of debauched communities called 'the West,' and returned to the Eye of America and opened an office for the dissemination of legal lore at No. 42 Court Street."

His health failing, he again visited Europe in 1862. While there he published "European Mosaics," which was followed, on his return to America in 1868, by "The Great Exhibition." He also delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute on the same subject, making his home for a time with his father, who was living on Dana Hill in Cambridgeport. In July of 1867 he was elected a member of the Class Committee for three years in place of Charles Francis Dana.

On the third of January, 1870, Mr. Arnold married Caroline Marie Crowninshield, daughter of Francis Welch, and widow of Edward Augustus Crowninshield, of the Class of 1836. In spite of some disparity of years the marriage was a happy one, and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold divided their time between their home in Boston and frequent trips to Europe.

Mr. Arnold was much interested in Emmanuel Church, Boston, of which his wife had long been a communicant, and presented the Lectern in her memory;¹ it is copied from one now in the Church of St. Stephen the Martyr in the Parish of Westminster, London. He also gave to the church a copy of The Prayer Book of King Edward VII. This book was limited to four hundred copies, ten of which were on vellum, and of the ten special volumes the first was for His Majesty King Edward. A few additional copies were made, one for Mr. Arnold.

Mrs. Arnold died 4 October, 1897, and after 1900 Mr. Arnold transferred his home to Pasadena, California, but he retained his interest in Boston and in its charities, to which he gave liberally. His tastes were essentially literary, and he

¹ A large stained glass window in memory of Mrs. Arnold was subsequently placed in the church.

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frequently contributed to the Notes and Queries columns of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. In 1886 he wrote a "Life of Jonathan Mason Warren, M.D.," for private circulation, and in addition to "European Mosaics" and "The Great Exhibition," already mentioned, published "Historic Side-Lights," "Gleanings from Pontresina" and "The Boston Medal."

He died at Pasadena, March third, 1910. He had no children.

JOHN ELLIS BLAKE

BLAKE prefaces his autobiographical record in the Class Book as follows:

This, then, is the Class Book. Truly a rare specimen of curious art in binding, but, says the unappeasable Secretary, "you must write therein your history." "Verily, Friend Page," say I, "thou art a hard man. I am an unfruitful tree, but wait a season, and dig and trench me about, and I may bear some fruit peradventure of doggerels or some other mental grain." But he says "thou must do thine own digging, and after a little while I will return and see thee."

Blake was born on the twentieth of October, 1831, at Brattleboro, Vermont, the only son of the Honorable John Rice and Helen (Ellis) Blake. "Having been," he says, "*unfitted* for college by divers and sundry pedagogues," he entered Williams in 1848, and after passing a year there, became a member of the Sophomore class at Harvard in 1849. His genial and delightful personality immediately rendered him popular, and he was made a member of the Porcellian Club, and the Hasty Pudding Club, taking part in the theatricals of the last-named society; he was blessed also with a pure tenor voice, and decided musical ability.

Having studied medicine with Dr. J. Mason Warren, Blake received his M.D. diploma in 1855, and sailed for Europe with Dr. Warren's family. After passing a short time in England he established himself in the Latin Quarter of Paris, near the Medical School. Returning home in 1857, he decided to begin the practice of his profession in Boston.

On January twenty-sixth, 1858, he was married at Saint Paul's Church, Boston, to Elizabeth Stone Gray, daughter of

Samuel Calley Gray (H. C. 1811), and the young couple lived for a short time in Boston.

An admirable opportunity soon offered for a practising physician in Middletown, Connecticut, of which Dr. Blake immediately availed himself, removing there in 1859. The place possessed an agreeable society, and was moreover frequented in the summer by a number of New York people. Dr. Blake's charm of manner and medical skill made him extremely popular, and the years which he passed there were successful and happy. Before leaving Boston Dr. Blake had lost one child, who died in infancy; two were born during his residence in Middletown, — Henry Sargent and Louise Dumeresq Blake. With them and his wife he sailed for Liverpool in 1866, and lived for two years chiefly in France, passing one winter in a small chalet in the pine forests of Arcachon on the coast near Bordeaux. They returned to Middletown in the autumn of 1868, and there Dr. Blake's youngest child, John Rice Blake, was born in 1868; but their sojourn at their old home was short, for in the following May Dr. Blake moved to New York. There he soon established a flourishing practise, being especially skillful as a surgeon and possessing thorough knowledge of electricity and oxygen, the use of which was then almost unknown to the average physician. He died on the twenty-seventh of September, 1880. His widow survived him.

His classmate and friend, Dr. Oliver, writes me that he had "an extraordinary aptitude for his profession; he was in fact a born physician." He was a man of uncommonly charming personality, as well as of great refinement and intellectual cultivation, and was always welcome both as friend and doctor. He was a member of the New York Obstetrical and Pathological and County Medical societies, also of the Middlesex County (Connecticut) and the Connecticut State Medical societies, and made frequent contributions to medical journals.

CHARLES THOMAS BONNEY

"THE writer of this sketch has no distinct recollection of his birth, yet that such an event actually occurred there seems no good reason to doubt, since it has been satisfactorily proved by incontrovertible evidence" writes Charles Bonney, in the Class Book, his deduction already presaging his leaning toward

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the law. "Tradition," he continues, "says, that on the twenty-eighth day of April, 1832, in an old farmhouse in the town of Rochester there were heard the cries of an infant, just introduced from a 'world of darkness to a world of light.'" He was the son of Charles and Catharine (Thomas) Bonney and of good old New England yeoman stock, both grandfathers having fought in the war of the Revolution. His mother died when he was eight weeks old, his father survived her barely two years, and the boy was taken into the family of his uncle, George Bonney, who proved a kind foster father. Near his birthplace, Bonney writes, "stands a weather-beaten schoolhouse where I went to school, the place of a thousand associations:

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care."

A few rods from the schoolhouse was the academy which he attended until he went to Phillips Academy at Andover, where, he wrote, he should never forget the

searching glances of Uncle Sam¹ (for he was so called by the students) nor his stern look and severe manners. I verily believe, his single expression inspired more awe among his pupils, than the whole College Faculty could produce, if each of them was a Sophocles.

Bonney was salutatorian on graduating from Phillips Academy in 1848, and immediately entered Harvard. While there he was a member of the Harvard Natural History Society and received a Detur in the Sophomore year. At the Exhibition of October, 1850, he and Chase participated in a Latin Dialogue, "Scapin and G eronte," translated from Moli re's "Fourberies de Scapin"; and in the Exhibition a year later he delivered a Disquisition on "Anti-Newtonian Heresies." At Commencement his part was a Dissertation on "The Prospect of Art in America"; and he was elected into the Phi Beta Kappa by right of his scholarship. On leaving college he studied law in Providence, Rhode Island, with his kinsman, John Eddy, Esquire, and later entered the Dane Law School where he and William W. Crapo roomed together.

Completing his studies in the office of Thomas Dawes Eliot of New Bedford, Bonney was admitted to the Bar at the

¹ Samuel Harvey Taylor, LL.D.

October term of 1855, the court being held in Nantucket on that occasion, and having bought out the interest of John H. W. Page, Esquire, settled in New Bedford. Those were the years when whaling was at its height, and Mr. Bonney's early practice was largely in Marine and Admiralty cases; he was employed as counsel in the settlement between crew and owners of the vessels constantly coming into port, was frequently retained in New London, Sag Harbor, and other ports in addition to New Bedford, and his cases were often decided by Judge Lowell and Judge Sprague. He owned many vessels himself, and his experience had made him so thoroughly conversant with all the intricacies of maritime law that when the Court of Alabama Claims was established he was appointed Assistant Counsel by Attorney General Creswell. He held the office from 1874 to 1876 and in connection therewith travelled all over New England, fulfilling his duties so successfully that he was again appointed to the office on its re-establishment in 1882, and held it for two years. When he retired in 1876, and also in 1884, Attorney General Creswell wrote him a personal letter expressing his appreciation of the high quality of his service and his own gratitude.

Mr. Bonney, on the decline of maritime practice, turned his attention to legislative business, and appeared as counsel on matters pertaining to taxation, fishery, mercantile affairs, probate, chancery *et al.*, representing Marion, Mattapoisset and indeed all southern Massachusetts in litigation anent Buzzard's Bay; he was also associated with cases in relation to salvage matters.

There can be no finer tribute to his success, ability and charming character than is given in a letter written by Charles Warren Clifford, Esquire, of New Bedford:

I knew Mr. Bonney well. We practised against each other for many years without a ripple of antagonism. He was a delightful personality, always pleasing in his manner and kindly in his disposition. He was an excellent lawyer, as one would expect from one who had been a Phi Beta Kappa man at Harvard, especially in Admiralty Law. This, of course, in those days was the principal business of this seaport city, and I had a special course of preparation in it. But I always had to be on the lookout for pitfalls when I was trying a case against him, for he was exceedingly ingenious both in the matter which he presented, and in the manner in which he presented it.

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We were associated very intimately for a long period in taking a very large amount of testimony in the Alabama Claims Court. It was perhaps his most brilliant effort while he was at the Bar. He was appointed Assistant Counsel for the United States and cross-examined all the witnesses for the claimants in that memorable discussion and he did it with remarkable fairness both to the claimants and the Government. It was rather a trying position for him to be placed in. As a citizen and neighbor it was his duty to thoroughly investigate and contest claims of his neighbors and friends, but he did it with such entire good nature and such thorough devotion that, while he protected the United States, he incurred no enmities whatever. This was a remarkable achievement under circumstances which aroused a good deal of emotion.

Mr. Bonney was a Republican and represented New Bedford in the Legislature of 1863 and 1864; he was also a member of the Republican State Central Committee for many years, and was on the School Committee for over thirty years. He was always interested in educational matters, and six of his children graduated from the New Bedford High School.

He married, 25 September, 1856, Mary Lucretia Gibbs, daughter of Captain George C. Gibbs of New Bedford, and had seven children: Charles Thomas, Jr., born 21 March, 1858; Mary Gibbs, 20 November, 1860; Katherine Thomas, 22 July, 1862; John Cotton Gibbs, 13 July, 1865; Alice Lucretia, 15 June, 1867; George Edward, 3 April, 1869; and Helen Louise, 21 July, 1873. Of these, the three sons and one daughter, Alice, are now living.

His oldest son writes me that he loves best to recall his father's kindness, his great generosity, his good-fellowship. For many years a prominent member and Trustee of the Trinitarian Church, he gave to it not only of his purse, but of himself, and he did much for his native town of Rochester and for the Academy he loved so well. He was a man of broad intellectual and political views, companionable, and open hearted. He died on the twenty-fifth of March, 1899.

The Memorial of the Bar Association upon his death concludes with the following words:

In his intercourse with his brethren at the Bar, he was genial, kindly and unaffected, and he closed his long professional career without any enemy in the profession, and with the universal love and esteem of its members.

Happy indeed may that man count himself who leaves behind him a memory of none but generous deeds and gentle words, and even such an one was Charles Thomas Bonney.

CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE

CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE, the son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Davis) Bradlee, was born in Boston on the twenty-fourth of February, 1831, and was christened by the Reverend John Pierpont, pastor of the Hollis Street Church.

His first experience of school was at the educational establishment of Miss Mary Haley, afterward Mrs. Elisha D. Winslow of Jamaica Plain. Leaving there when he was eight years old, he was sent to Thayer and Cushing's School in Chauncy Place, and at the age of nine was promoted to the upper department, where education was always "*prefaced, interlined and concluded*" by the most cruel use of Dr. Solomon," Davis informs us in the Class Book. As might be expected he did not love the school, and in 1846 he was transferred for three months to the tutelage of the Reverend Richard Pike of Dorchester, returning at the end of that time to the Chauncy Hall School; he received three medals while there, and having passed his examinations, became a member of the Freshman Class of '52. During his Senior year, he and Sam Hurd roomed together in the house of Mrs. Pratt, wife of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," their windows giving on "the spreading chestnut tree." His health had always been delicate, and he was obliged to leave college for a time during the Junior and again in the Senior year.

He entered the Divinity School in September after his graduation, and remained for a year and a half, then deciding, with the approval of his friend President Walker, to place himself under the care of the Reverend Rufus Ellis and the Reverend Frederic D. Huntington, teachers selected by himself.

In August, 1854, he declined overtures to a call from Charlestown, New Hampshire, but accepted one to the then recently organized Allen Street Congregational Society in Cambridge, his ordination being conducted by the Reverend George R. Noyes, Thomas Starr King, President Walker, F. D. Huntington, Frederick A. Whitney, Rufus Ellis and Arthur B. Fuller.

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On the seventh of June, 1855, Bradlee married Caroline Gay, the daughter of George Gay of the Harvard Class of 1810.

During his Cambridge pastorate he performed the marriage ceremony for his two classmates, Thaxter and Porter; and was elected a member of the Cambridge School Committee in 1858 and 1860.

His daughter, Nancy Gay Bradlee, was born on the third of December, 1858, and died on the fourteenth of September, 1859.

Having resigned from the Allen Street Church, and having declined calls from seven churches, Bradlee assumed the charge of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester. He had previously been settled, temporarily, over the parish of the Reverend Warren H. Cudworth in East Boston while the pastor was serving as Chaplain in the Navy, and had also delivered several addresses before the New England Historic Genealogical Society. He was also in fellowship with the

State Historical Society of Wisconsin
Rhode Island Historical Society
Chicago Historical Society
Maryland Historical Society
New York Historical Society
Pennsylvania Historical Society
Tennessee Historical Society
Old Colony Historical Society
New Jersey Historical Society
Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society
Dorchester Antiquarian Society
Vermont Historical Society
Dedham Historical Society
Iowa State Historical Society

In 1864 Mr. Bradlee received a call to a new Unitarian Society then forming on Concord Street at the South End of Boston, and having accepted it, was installed over the Church of the Redeemer on the sixth of April. He remained there for eight years, preaching his farewell sermon in April, 1872, and during that time was also connected with the Boston School for the Ministry as Instructor in the "Duties of the Pastoral Office," lecturing weekly to the Senior Class. In 1876 he was called to the Church in Harrison Square, Dorchester, and after

more than eleven years of faithful labor became Senior Pastor, having meanwhile celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination, in December, 1884, by exercises in the vestry of his church.

In 1888 Mr. Bradley received from Galesville University, Galesville, Wisconsin, the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in the ensuing year that of Doctor of Philosophy.

In 1893 he became temporary pastor of Christ Church, Longwood, remaining there for four years; in March, 1897, he asked to be relieved of the charge, thereby following the example of his father, who had himself retired at the age of sixty-six. Always delicate, as has been said, his rapidly failing health caused him to feel no longer equal to the demands of a parish.

The variety of Dr. Bradley's interests and the amount of work which he accomplished are truly wonderful when we consider how hampered he must have been by his lack of physical strength. He was greatly interested in the founding of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, and in the Home for Aged Couples, and was President of the Tremont Dispensary of Roxbury. His pastoral labors were untiring, and his parishioners became his warmest friends. He wrote and published two volumes of sermons: "Sermons for all Sects," and "Sermons for the Church," and a third, "A Voice from the Pulpit," was finished just before his death.

In addition to the Societies already enumerated, Dr. Bradley belonged to the American Authors Guild, was Honorary Member of the Georgia Historical Society, the State Historical Society of Kansas, associate member of the Victoria Institute and Philosophical Society of Great Britain, Fellow of the Clarendon Historical Society of Edinboro, the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, Denmark, and of the Royal Society of Heraldry at Pisa, Italy.

On the resignation of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, he was unanimously elected Moderator of the Boston Association of Ministers, and in 1888 he received the degree of S.T.D. from Tufts College. In the January before his death he was elected into the Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa at William and Mary College, and asked to deliver an address there in June, but the condition of his health obliged him to decline the honor.

Although not always able to attend the Class Meetings, his

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feeling for his college and classmates was very strong, and he rejoiced in any honors which fell to the share of the men of '52. He evidently enjoyed his correspondence with the Class Secretary, and generously offered to supply the means for any members financially unable to be present at the annual gathering in Commencement week.

Dr. Bradlee was for many years one of the Directors of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and a frequent contributor to its publications, writing, among other papers, a Memoir of Professor George Cheyne Shattuck.¹ He also served the Society as its Recording Secretary.

In the best sense of the word he was a godly man. A delightful pastor, he was especially successful in parish organization, and his life was a true example of the Golden Rule. Old-fashioned hospitality was one of his many virtues, and his door always stood ajar for friends and neighbors. Little children loved and came to him, for to the end his was the heart of a child, simple, trusting, full of cheer.

In December, 1895, Dr. Bradlee celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his wedding. Two daughters died young; but one, Elizabeth Williams, wife of Walter Clark Smith, survived him with his widow. He died after only a day's illness at his Brookline house on the first of May, 1897.²

PETER CHARDON BROOKS

MR. BROOKS'S own autobiography up to the time of his graduation is too delightful not to be inserted verbatim.

Viâ Appianâ across ibam forte one day, sicut mos est,
Puffing an unlighted cigar, and scratching my caput cum much zest,
Upon baked beans meditans, qui numquam dyspepsia dabunt,
Horresco referens! Close by me I heard a very deep grunt,
Et gemina Bootjack! Ecce friend Page cum uno
Terribile ingens, though certainly magnificent tonio.
"Oh, Page," exclaimed I — "splendidior vitro!
What in thunder are you lugging round such a big book as that for?"
"Turn quickly," said he, "Probe John James Jupiter Ammon!

¹ H. C. 1831; M.D. 1835; Professor and Dean of the Harvard Medical School, 1864-1869.

² Free use has been made of the Memoir of Dr. Bradlee by the Reverend Alfred Manchester, which appeared in Volume lii of the New England Historical and Genealogical Register.

To be Secretary of the Class is all confounded (g-g-g-gas) spurious
gammon

O tempora! O mores! Vide hoc libro ibi

Take it, oh take it, et vostro biography scribe."

At that tremenjous book, of oaths having uttered several thousand
Such as Corpo di Bacco! Mehercula! Sacré! Mille tonnerres!
Pottztausend!

"Si Senor," inquo blandly, "con multo piace,

But bejabbers, the divil a bit of a word have I got to say."

However, arma virumque canabo, qui est terque quaterque

Beatus to write anything — no matter, whatever it may be.

But Musa, look sharp with your pen, for I, to relate, or invent, I

Shall need all the aid you can give, so Musa aspirate canenti.

Unpublished poems of John Flaccus Naso Smith

Brooks continues:

Peter C. Brooks, son of Gorham (H. C. 1814) and Ellen Shepherd, born at Watertown, Mass., 8 May, 1831, prepared for college by Samuel Eliot entirely devoid of moral character, having lost it out of his pocket and being compelled to write another for the occasion, entered and went through college with the greatest honor and with ease took the highest part at the graduation of his Class. It was delivered by his friend Choate, and he read it all through with much pleasure. But this is not all, as Dr. Wayland is said to have remarked once if not twice in his Political Economy. Previous to entering college nothing of any vital importance had occurred to him, nor is he aware of any since, but he will never forget the four happy years he has spent there. He will always recur with pleasure as he will always hold fresh in his memory those pleasant college scenes and times and their associations: that ample form, those large but nervous boots and spotless kerchief of the respected Potty¹ — the youthful hair and red gimbetto of the majestic and eloquent bard² — the powdered head and *curtailed* queue of the venerable Sales³ — the somewhat large, though delicately constructed nether jaw of our friend Joe,⁴ equal to any "twenty-five *hoss* power" and his beard — Christopher Columbus! don't let him forget his beard. He knows every wrinkle, every hair, on the noble head of Dr. Walker,⁵ from several years deep and thoughtful contemplation.

The high and intellectual forehead of the brilliant Mr. Jennison,⁶ the flaxen curls of "Oh, Prexy"⁷ will forever remain fixed in the

¹ Edward Tyrrel Channing.

² Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

³ Francis Sales.

⁴ Joseph Lovering.

⁵ Rev. James Walker, D.D.

⁶ James Jennison, tutor 1851-1872.

⁷ Jared Sparks.



BROOKS
BUTTRICK

H. W. BROWN

A. BROWN
CANFIELD

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mind's eye as vividly as the pleasing smells of Cooke¹ in his nose's imagination. He feels confident in asserting that the mole on the left of Dr. Beck's² nose will always stay there, at least in theory, The Balm of a Thousand Flowers and Russia Salve to the contrary (both were recommended to him by his friend Kossuth). Mr. Sophocles's³ ever-winning smile and Grecian sandals — Mr. Brown's⁴ short but easy reign — Mr. Felton's⁵ ready gibes and sticky seats — Mr. Agassiz's⁶ "Now, you sir, you wid de red head dere, take care of dat tertiary stratar, don't be pickin it dat way, I beg of you, it is a wary valuable spacemen" — The deep sentiment and broad-brimmed hat of Dr. Francis⁷ — the pathetic and logical exactness of Dr. Noyes⁸ — the wonderful fluency and variety of both — and last though not least the eloquent orations and expressive admonitions of the worthy President, these, and many other associations of College and the Class of '52 will ever be recalled with pleasure by its

Obedient and humble servant,
PETER C. BROOKS.

CAMBRIDGE, May 7, 1852.

Mr. Brooks passed the winter after graduating in New Orleans in the office of his grandfather, Resin D. Shepherd. Returning to Boston in May, he sailed for Europe in July and during his absence visited every country, passing six months in Paris, five months in Vienna and going to the Crimea. Coming home in the autumn of 1855, he divided his life between Medford, which was his summer home, and Boston, where he lived during the winter in Pemberton Square, until 1869, when he bought a house on Arlington Street.⁹

On the fourth of October, 1866, he married Sarah, daughter of Amos Adams Lawrence (H. C. 1835), and after a stay of six months in Europe he resided for several years chiefly in Medford, where with an estate of three thousand acres, he

¹ Josiah Parsons Cooke.

² Charles Beck.

³ Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles.

⁴ The Harvard Catalogue gives no Brown, at a date to fit Mr. Brooks's description. Perhaps his "reign" was too "short" to be mentioned.

⁵ Cornelius Conway Felton.

⁶ Louis Agassiz.

⁷ Rev. Convers Francis, D.D.

⁸ Rev. George Rapall Noyes, D.D.

⁹ Mr. Brooks removed later to No. 2 Deerfield Street, where he died on the twenty-seventh of January, 1920.

devoted himself to raising fancy stock, horses, cattle and sheep.

Mr. Brooks is a member, and was for some time Secretary, of the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, and he was for several years a Director of the Merchants Exchange Company and of the Cocheco Mills. He is a member of the Somerset Club, of the Thursday Evening Club and a life member of the Museum of Fine Arts.

A keen lover of literature and of the Fine Arts, in regard to which he is a well-known connoisseur, he has himself a fine collection of paintings. Mr. Brooks's generosity made possible the purchase of Dallin's equestrian statue "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," which stands outside the Art Museum. His delicate health has prevented his entering upon any active career and precluded also his attending the reunions of his Class. "I regret not being able to be present on the evening of the twenty-ninth," he says in answer to Denny's summons to the Fortieth Anniversary, — "should be used up for fourteen (14) days and fifteen (15) nights. . . . Hoping you may be around and as lively as a trout at the sixth decade." He showed his loyalty for the old class, however, by promising to do his best to vote for Cheever when he was nominated for the Board of Overseers. "I shall buttonhole and talk like a father to any alumnus who falls my way" he replied to Denny's note on the subject. "I have already stated to two young alumni here that no overseer should be elected under sixty-four, to which they assented with great urbanity."

Mr. Brooks has two children, Eleanor, the wife of Richard Middlecott Saltonstall (H. C. 1880) and Lawrence Brooks, born 9 November, 1868, who graduated from Harvard in 1891. Since the death of Mrs. Brooks, on the third of July, 1915, he has made his home wholly in Boston.

One of the most lovely parts of the beautiful Park System of Boston, is that called the Mystic Valley Parkway, in Winchester and Medford, bordering the Upper and Lower Mystic Lakes. A large tract of the land included therein was the gift of Mr. Brooks, who has contributed also to the expense of building the Whitmore Brook "entrance road" to the Middlesex Fells, and to two other important roads in the same domain.

ADDISON BROWN

THE career of Addison Brown is that of a New England boy at his best. He was born in West Newbury on Sunday the twenty-first of February, 1830, the eldest of the five children of Addison and Catharine Babson (Griffin) Brown. His father, himself a shoe-manufacturer, was descended from a race of New England farmers; his mother was the daughter of a sea captain. "Verily," he says of himself,

"I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And rank with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glist'ning grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

Addison was a diminutive and fragile baby, and was scarcely expected to live; when he first began to walk his chances were not improved by his falling down a high bank into a quantity of broken glass, and cutting his nose neatly open into two longitudinal sections, that he might not "hereafter lack a mark of identification among the innumerable Browns," he writes.

He went to the West Newbury common school until he was twelve, but in the summer of his thirteenth year he began to study Latin with a Mr. Bullen, purely from a love of study, and with no thought of a collegiate education. Mr. Bullen's school closing at the end of two terms. Addison worked for three years in his father's shoe shop, becoming an expert in the cutting out of shoes, an accomplishment which he turned to pecuniary account during two College vacations. He also did errands, and finding himself in Newburyport one day, entered a bookstore and bought a Latin Grammar and Reader. The Reverend J. Q. A. Edgell, who was settled in West Newbury, learning of Addison's desire for study, offered to hear him recite, an opportunity of which the boy gladly availed himself. He was interested also in phrenology and instrumental music and had sung in the church choir ever since he was ten years old.

In the autumn of 1845 Addison's father met with financial reverses, which made it necessary for him to sell his homestead and remove to Bradford; his son followed him at the end of ten months, having worked for a neighbor in the meantime. On joining his family, Brown immediately entered the

Bradford Academy, at that time under the management of Benjamin Greenleaf, the eminent mathematician, who, appreciating the lad's unusual abilities, urged him to prepare for college. The financial question made the idea seem impossible at the time, but he remained at the Academy until May, 1847, when he obtained a profitable position in a Haverhill shoe factory, continuing his preparatory course in all his leisure hours, and reciting several times a week to Mr. Greenleaf. He succeeded in laying up half of the sum needed for his college expenses, and in September, 1848, entered the Freshman Class at Amherst College. He passed a very happy year there, but his heart had always been set upon Harvard, and he had taken Amherst merely as a stepping-stone, because it was less expensive. So in the autumn of 1849 he at last reached the promised land of Cambridge and became a member of the Sophomore Class. He roomed in Divinity Hall 5, and having no friends, his first year was a dismal one, but as his classmates grew to know him, the prospect changed, and his ensuing years at Harvard were very happy ones. He played the organ for the College Choir, was a member of the Institute of 1770, and was of course elected into the Phi Beta Kappa, as he graduated second scholar in the Class. His part at Commencement was an English Oration on Henry Clay, and at the undergraduate Exhibitions he delivered an English Oration in May, 1852, on "Unsuccessful Great Men," and in May, 1851, a Greek Dialogue with George Cary from Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth." He received a Bowdoin Prize for a Dissertation in 1851.

On leaving college, Brown began to study law with John C. Marsh of Haverhill, and in 1853 entered the Dane Law School;¹ he remained there for only a year, however, removing in 1854 to New York, where he went into the office of Brown, Hall and Vanderpool.

On January first, 1856, he married Mary C. Barrett, the daughter of Dr. Dustin Barrett of Hudson, New Hampshire, and a year later formed a partnership with E. R. Bogardus. In 1881 President Garfield appointed him United States Judge of the District Court for the Southern District of New York as successor to his classmate William Choate, an honorable but ill-paid office, which his private means enabled him to

¹ The Harvard Law School, universally called the Dane Law School at that time.

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retain until 1901. Judge Brown had over sixteen hundred cases while on the bench, and on retiring published a small volume, an index or digest of his decisions while in office, a book of the utmost value, for his methods along certain lines established precedents in Admiralty law. Practical, patient, himself the chief investigator in trials without a jury, his wide range of mathematical and geometrical knowledge enabled him to develop a new application of scientific testimony in dealing with Admiralty causes, while his human sympathy filled him with kind consideration for the humbler class of litigants; and he was always indulgent to the rights of canal boats and small harbor barges.

Unfailing in his courtesy, he was especially thoughtful of the younger members of the profession, and is gratefully remembered by many a lawyer who tried his first case before him.

But law was only one of Judge Brown's interests. Always retaining his love for music, he composed the melody for several hymns. In connection with his profession, his studies in astronomy and mathematics have been mentioned, but not his knowledge of botany, with which his name is especially associated. In Saturday afternoon excursions for health, in the early seventies, Judge Brown's ever active mind led to his observation of botanical matters, and gradually becoming more interested, he finally adopted it as his "fad," for diversion, joining the Torrey Botanical Club in 1875. He was Vice-President of the society from 1879 to 1886, and President after 1890, publishing in connection with Professor N. L. Britton¹ a volume on "Illustrated Flora." At the time it was the only work of its kind, and it was printed wholly at Judge Brown's own expense, although later he may have recovered some of the outlay; as the book met eager purchase; but even at the risk of a total pecuniary loss to himself, he wished to accomplish his purpose of aiding the botanical investigation of native plants. The edition was exhausted in 1909, and the preparation of a second edition was undertaken just before his death.

When the movement for the New York Botanical Garden was initiated, Judge Brown was on the Committee appointed

¹ Nathaniel Lord Britton, Professor Emeritus, Columbia University, now of the New York Botanical Garden.

by the Torrey Botanical Club, in 1888, and made the initial subscription of twenty-five thousand dollars to the fund, which was necessary for the appropriation of Bronx Park to the purpose. He helped to draft the charter, was one of the Board of Managers from the beginning, and President from 1910 until his death. "A Puritan," as his friend Judge Choate describes him, Judge Brown had little tolerance for any deflection from the path of personal honor and integrity; the frugal virtues of his Puritan forefathers were his also, and self-indulgence in any form was unknown to him; but he was generous in help to his fellow-men, and lavish in his contributions to the Botanical Garden, as has been seen, and to many other interests.

His wife, who had been for many years an invalid, died in 1887, and on the twentieth of July, 1893, he married Miss Helen Carpenter Gaskin, daughter of John W. and Hannah C. Gaskin. The marriage brought him great happiness and the hitherto unknown joy of paternity, for on the thirtieth of June, 1894, was born Addison Brown, Jr., at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, "the last, selected *ex industria*, to give him like me, a birthright in the old Bay State," he wrote the Class Secretary, adding: "If I could not win the *Cradle* with the *first* in the Class, maybe I can win as the *last*." Addison Brown, Jr., passed a year at Williams College. Leaving there on his father's death, he transferred himself to Columbia University, in order to be near his mother; but after completing his Sophomore year he studied agriculture at the University of California and became a ranch owner in Colorado. Judge Brown's second son, Ralph Gascoigne (H. C. 1918), was born on the first of March, 1897; his daughter Elinor Maria on the twenty-fifth of July, 1899; and his fourth child, Stanley Noel, on the twenty-fifth of December, 1901.

In 1893 the many practitioners who had appeared before Judge Brown and his classmate, Judge Choate, honored them by presenting their separate portraits to the United States District Court; and in 1902 Harvard conferred on Brown the degree of LL.D. as "a learned and upright judge, whose service has been long and honorable, a botanist also, and a friend of botanists."

Diligent to the last, working tirelessly in spite of "pain and physical ills," which as Judge Choate said of him, "would have

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crushed the very thought out of most men," he died at his home in New York on the ninth of April, 1913.

He was a member of the Sons of the Revolution (carrying his ancestry indeed back to Governor Thomas Dudley of old Colony days) and also of the New York Historical Society and of the American Geographical Society. His co-worker, Dr. Britton, wrote a short memoir of him for the Journal of the New York Botanical Garden for June, 1913, which was afterwards separately printed, and a Memorial was also published of the Proceedings of the New York Bar, at a meeting held 3 June, 1913. To both of these we are greatly indebted.

In addition to the benefactions of Judge Brown which have been mentioned, are a prize of one hundred dollars to be awarded for an essay on Maritime or International Law at the Harvard Law School, and the Addison Brown Scholarships which he founded both at Harvard and at Amherst colleges. He gave in all about sixty thousand dollars to the Botanical Garden, and left legacies of five hundred dollars each to many New York charities and to the Public Library at his birth-place, West Newbury. He also bequeathed five thousand dollars to Bradford Academy, of which he had been a Trustee for fifty years, and where his mother, sisters, first wife, nieces and grand-niece had been educated.

HENRY WILLIAM BROWN

BORN on the twenty-fifth of June, 1831, Brown attained his majority on his Class Day. He was the son of Albert and Mary Blair (Eaton) Brown, and the "cot where I was born is a little story-and-a-half house now standing on Lincoln Street, Worcester," he informs the readers of the Class Book. Descended from a "line of farmers and shoemakers," he further tells us that he was the first of his race to receive a liberal education, and having been distinguished for good behavior at school, was set apart by the wise ones for the ministry. Always a lover of books, he determined to go to college from the time he learned the meaning of the word. He prepared first with R. H. Holmes, and on his leaving Worcester, Brown completed his entrance studies with Elbridge Smith, later a teacher in the Cambridge High School. Brown feared at first that he might be unable to remain at college on account of the

delicacy of his health, but Cambridge air apparently agreed with him, and his description of his life there we give in his own words:

My Freshman year was very pleasant to me, and I enjoyed the enviable distinction of being the smallest man in my class, my only rival at that time being (*mirabile dictu*) R: Ware. I confess that my littleness was on one or two occasions somewhat annoying to me, as Professor Felton *would* express extreme surprise at my being a Sophomore (this was early in my Sophomore year) and soon after my admission to college I heard one of the maid servants in Commons exclaim as I passed "There goes the little Freshman." The arrival of a Freshman bearing the same name with myself and rejoicing (?) in still smaller proportions, transferred the title of "Little Brown" from me, and I soon began to grow, and have at length attained a height equal to that of the stalwart Whittemore, a result which that wise prognosticator foretold in our Freshman days.

Brown belonged to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, to the Harvard Natural History Society, and to the Institute of 1770. At the Exhibition of October, 1850, he had a part and delivered an English Oration at Commencement. He received a Detur in the Sophomore year, took the Bowdoin Prize for a Latin poem, and graduating sixth in the class was, of course, a member of the Phi Beta Kappa.

On leaving college he taught for two years at Greenwich, Rhode Island, in the school of Charles W. Greene,¹ and entered the Divinity School in the September of 1854, being selected while there to preach the Christmas sermon. Graduating in July, 1857, he sailed for Germany in August.

On May eighth, 1860, he married Harriet, daughter of Stephen K. and Sarah Waterman (Brown) Rathbone of Providence, and having been ordained, was settled in June over the Unitarian Church at Augusta, Maine, remaining there until September, 1866. A year later he accepted a call to a parish at Sacramento, California, and there his son, Conway Rathbone Brown, was born on the eighth of November, 1867. He died in boyhood on the third of December, 1883. Brown resigned from his parish in 1873, and after teaching eight months at the Charlestown High School he sailed for Germany, where he passed a year. His delicate health led to his

¹ Charles Winston Greene, H. C. 1802.

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giving up the ministry, and on his return he became a teacher at the State Normal School in his old home, Worcester, and taught there from 1875 to 1896. During those years he made an excellent translation of "The Mind of the Child" and "The Mental Development of the Child" by Professor W. Preyer. He composed also a reunion hymn which is still sung at the gatherings of the Normal School graduates, and wherein we fancy we trace a hint of old college memories, the more so that it is sung to the tune of Fair Harvard.

ALMA MATER

How fair is the landscape when viewed from the height
Where we stand at the close of the day,
All the far-away hills in their violet light,
All the low-lying fields in the gray!
So the mind with delight from the summit looks down
At the end of some day of its days,
On the scene of its labor, its cross and its crown,
Transfigured by vanishing rays.

O hands that yet thrill with the touch of the scroll
That to you is the symbol of power,
You are clasped by our own as you come to the goal,
We are one in the joy of this hour.
Young Knights! on your neck has been laid the light blow
Of the sword that the Commonwealth wields,
And you gaze on the brightness undimmed by a foe,
Of your armor, your spears and your shields.

On ours there is many a dent and a stain,
But the vow you now breathe we renew, —
To be brave and sincere, to be just and humane,
In the field where our service is due.
May a fellowship gentle and loyal and pure
Dim the image of self in each heart,
As when night with her shade comes the earth to obscure
All separate shadows depart.

On retiring from his position as teacher, Mr. Brown again went to Europe; a severe illness rendering him an invalid, he thenceforth passed his winters in Florida, where he died at Daytona on the twenty-first of February, 1900. His widow survived him.

EDWARD KING BUTTRICK

THE son of Ephraim (H. C. 1819) and Mary (King) Buttrick, born on the twenty-third of January, 1831, Edward King Buttrick prepared for college with Gideon F. Thayer. Having studied for three years at the Law School, he entered the office of his father in East Cambridge, and at the end of nine months was admitted to the bar in 1855; but soon after forming a partnership with Horace L. H. Hazelton, he suffered a hemorrhage which necessitated his leaving home. Buttrick therefore sailed for Europe, where he travelled for some months, returning to resume his law practice afresh with the New Year of 1856.

All went well until the ensuing July, when, having another hemorrhage while on a fishing trip, he was forced again to renounce his profession and to start anew on a search for health. He passed six months in the West, and in 1857 decided to go into the lumber business at La Crosse, Wisconsin, in company with his brother Frank. A year later their mill was burned with heavy loss, and in 1858, a similar experience following with a flour mill in which he was interested, he and his brother essayed a commission business in Milwaukee, and while there Buttrick volunteered, in December, 1863, and was appointed Captain of the Thirty-first Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. He was ill for a time, and in hospital, but rejoined his regiment and was on the staff of Major-General Thomas, and of Brigadier-General Baird, serving through the Atlanta Campaign, at Lost Mountain and other battles, and accompanying General Baird in his march to the sea.

From near Atlanta, Georgia, in the July of 1864, Buttrick wrote to Denny in acknowledgment of the Class Supper notice. He and Stone had of course served together for two years on General Thomas's staff, and he speaks of often chatting with him about college days and of often seeing others from old Massachusetts who were stationed near him.

Having been mustered out in November, 1865, Major Buttrick married, September twentieth, 1866, Mary, daughter of Amos Sawyer of Milwaukee. They had three children; Mary, Edward Sawyer, and Lawrence Snelling Buttrick. After continuing for some time in the lumber business in Milwaukee,

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Major Buttrick moved in the early eighties to Stetsonville, Wisconsin, where he lived until 1889, when "having," as he writes, "manufactured all the lumber there," he again settled in Milwaukee, remaining until his retirement from business in 1905.

The last ten years of his life were passed in South Milwaukee, where he died on November twelfth, 1915. Major Buttrick was not present at Commencement after the Commemoration of 1865, but he never lost interest in the old days, and was always eager to hear of all connected with the Class. It was a real sorrow to him that in 1886, when he had planned to go to Cambridge, he was prevented at the last minute by an accident to his foreman, which made it impossible for him to leave home.

Through no fault of his own, beginning with the failure of his health in the year of his admission to the Bar, Major Buttrick met with many misfortunes. It is easy enough to be gay and brave when "Fortune perches on our banners," but the higher courage is that which holds its own against the "blows and buffets of the world," enabling its possessors to rise above reverses of fortune and to go his way unembittered, full of charity, and seeking still the highest. Courage like this was Edward King Buttrick's.

"My father has been the inspiration of my life," writes one of his children, "his character was remarkable among all men as lofty in its ideals, with charity and love for all. He had much to endure, and it was never inflicted on others." What man could ask to leave his children a goodlier heritage than this ensample?

CHARLES TAYLOR CANFIELD

CHARLES TAYLOR CANFIELD was born on the thirteenth of April, 1823, in Danby, Tompkins County, New York. He was the son of Milton B.¹ Canfield and Hannah Clifford. His father was a lawyer, but had retired from active practice, and the boy's early associations were all those of a country life. He prepared for and went through College by means of his

¹ Sibley in his manuscript notes on Harvard Graduates, now in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, says that the father's middle name was Bassett or Beach.

own exertions, passing the year of 1850-51 at Amherst and entering Harvard in the Senior year, at which time he gave his place of residence as Ithaca, which was but seven miles from Danby. He had a part at the May Exhibition of 1852, and at Commencement delivered a Dissertation on "Self Respect considered as an Element of Republican Character."

On leaving College he entered the Divinity School, where he and Bradlee chummed together, and he was appointed College Proctor in November, 1853. He graduated from the Divinity School in 1855.

He was not ordained until October, 1860 — the ceremony taking place at Uxbridge, Massachusetts, where he was settled for a short time, and on February twelfth of the succeeding year he was married at the Unitarian Church at Walpole, New Hampshire, to Louisa Bellows Hayward. April, 1862 found him pastor of the Unitarian Church at Lockport, Illinois, but his stay there was brief, for he became Chaplain of the Thirty-Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers in August of the same year, being present at the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia; the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi; and of Jackson, Mississippi, resigning in October, 1863.

In a pleasant letter to the Class Secretary acknowledging the notice of the Tenth Anniversary, which was written just before his chaplaincy, and headed "For auld lang syne," he regretted his inability to be present in the body,

but certainly in the spirit I shall be with you. And wherever the body is, I will seek to honor those of ours who have risked their lives and fortunes for the honor and perpetuity of our beloved country.

Canfield's retirement from the Army was a necessity, as he was invalided home on account of malaria contracted in Mississippi, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered.

His next parish, on his return from the war, was in Bernardstown, Massachusetts; resigning in 1867, he accepted a resident professorship in the Boston School for the Ministry,¹

¹ The Boston School for the Ministry was founded about 1866, the Reverend George H. Hepworth being its moving spirit and guiding star during its brief career. Canfield was the only resident professor. Caleb Davis Bradlee lectured weekly before the School as Instructor in the Duties of the Pastoral Office. See the notice of Bradlee, *ante*, p. 23.

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which two years later was merged in the Harvard Divinity School. Mr. Canfield then conducted a small private school for boys, giving it up in 1875 to assume the charge of the Associated Charities of Boston, on Chardon Street, an office which he held for twelve years. From 1878 until a short time before his death he made his home in Cambridge, although in 1890 and again in 1893 he was settled for a few months at Ellsworth, Maine, and at Bath, New Hampshire, respectively.

Canfield's reserved disposition prevented his entering with enthusiasm into general society, but he never failed in tenderness to children and animals, for whom he felt especial fondness, and in his early years he was a successful teacher of boys. A student and scholar, he devoted all his leisure to writing on theological subjects of an abstruse nature, and his recreation was found in the long walks to which he was addicted to the end of his life.

His wife pre-deceased him by many years. Three children, Mary Gardner, Charles Taylor, Jr., and Charles Hayward Canfield, died in early childhood, but he left two daughters, Grace Rebecca and Alice Louisa Canfield.

He died at Walpole, New Hampshire, on the eighth of February, 1913. Dr. Cheever thus concludes the short notice of him which, as temporary Class Secretary, he wrote for the Harvard Graduates' Magazine:¹

Truly, a worthy, consistent and useful life, one of steady work in teaching, both from rostrum and pulpit. His example again proves that a purely professional life is not inconsistent with very advanced age.

GEORGE LOVELL CARY

CARY was the son of William Hiram and Lydia Daniells (Lovell) Cary, and was born on the tenth of May, 1830, at Medway, Massachusetts. He attended Leicester Academy and the Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Massachusetts, before entering Harvard, and attained to a high order of scholarship during his college career. He received a Sophomore Detur, took part in a Greek Dialogue with Addison Brown in the May Exhibition of 1851, and was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. He belonged to the Harvard Natural

¹ September, 1913.

History Society, and to the Institute of 1770, as well as to the Psi Upsilon.

Immediately after graduation Cary entered the manufacturing business of his father in Medway. He was married 12 March, 1854, to Miss Mary Isabella Harding of Springfield, who was born on the twenty-ninth of December, 1834. Cary's tastes, however, inclined him to a scholarly life, and in 1855, he taught in the Medway High School, a year later assuming the position of Acting Professor of Greek at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, receiving the appointment of Professor in Greek and Latin two years later.

In 1862 he became Assistant Professor of Biblical and Historic Literature at the Meadville Theological School, a position which he held for a year, being then appointed Professor of New Testament Literature and of Greek. In 1891 he was made President. Although more than once he desired to be released from office, the Trustees, with reason, appreciated his value too highly to accept his resignation, and he was repeatedly persuaded to remain until 1901, when his failing strength made his retirement necessary.

President Cary's accomplishment and influence in connection with the Meadville Theological School cannot be overestimated. Gifted with rare sagacity and poise, he showed tact as well as courage and dignity in advocating the views of Unitarians, and at his birthday celebration in 1910, tribute was paid both to those qualities and to "the scholarship with which he investigated and taught the problems of that faith and the patient labor and skill with which he had guided the administration of the school and teaching."

President Cary's scholarship was not confined to theological subjects. During his life in Meadville he was at the head of the Arts Society, the Library Society and several others. He belonged to the Archaeological Society of America, and to the Geographical Society, and was a member of the International Peace Conference. Finding time also for writing, he published "An Introduction to the Greek of the New Testament" and "The Synoptic Gospels;" he contributed papers to the meetings of the Unitarian Conference, to magazines and to the "International Handbooks to the New Testament," edited by Orello Cone, D.D.

In 1893 Allegheny College conferred on him the degree of



CARY
J. H. CHOATE

CHEEVER

CHASE
W. G. CHOATE

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L.H.D., a degree then rarely given, and no empty honor, for it is symbolic of real eminence in literary scholarship.

The seventieth year of his life, and the thirtieth year of his connection with the Theological School was celebrated by a luncheon in Boston during Anniversary Week of 1900; and on his retirement from office as President of the Theological School he was given the title of Professor Emeritus.

Dr. and Mrs. Cary observed the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding by a reception at their home on the twelfth of March, 1904. Their only child, Margaret Lovell Cary, was not born until thirteen years after their marriage. She became the wife of the Reverend Frank Wright Pratt, who graduated from Meadville in 1890, and it was while visiting them in their home at Calgary, Alberta, Canada, that Dr. Cary was attacked with pneumonia, dying there on the twenty-fifth of June, 1910. Mrs. Cary, who survived him, died in May, 1917.

We cannot close our sketch of Dr. Cary without mention of his social charm, which was of course a powerful factor for one in his position. Visiting Europe for the first time in 1872 on account of his health, he passed a year and a half on the Continent, deriving so much benefit from the voyage that thereafter he lost no opportunity of repeating it. His last extensive tour was accomplished when he was in his eightieth year.

REGINALD HEBER CHASE

THE son of the Reverend Moses Bailey and Sarah Curtis (Joynes) Chase, Reginald Heber Chase was born in Hopkinton, New Hampshire, on the twenty-fifth of March, 1832. His father was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church and a Chaplain in the Navy, his mother was the daughter of Colonel Levin Joynes,¹ who served in the Continental Army and was taken prisoner in the attack on Chew's House, at the battle of Germantown.

¹ Born in Accomack County, Virginia, 6 January, 1753. He entered the Revolutionary War as Captain of the Ninth Virginia Regiment and was mustered out a Colonel. A member of the Virginia Senate, he took a prominent part in the deliberations of that body. He died at his residence, Mount Prospect, Accomack County, 27 October, 1794. An ardent patriot, and a devoted Episcopalian, he left behind a memory that is fragrant with service, sacrifice and good citizenship. (From his namesake and grandson, Levin Joynes Chase.)

Reginald's father moved to Cambridge when his son was thirteen, for the sake of better educational advantages for his children. Chase was a member of the Institute of 1770, but took comparatively little part in the college activities owing to the fact that he always lived at home. He received a Sophomore Detur, the Bowdoin Prize for Latin Verse in 1851, and a prize for a Latin Version in 1852. He graduated seventh in the class, participating in the exhibitions of October, 1850 and 1851, and delivering an English Oration at Commencement; he was of course in the Phi Beta Kappa. At the Class Supper he wrote himself down as uncertain anent his future career, but he soon decided upon teaching, and in 1853, opened a private Latin school in Cambridge with Thomas Chase (H. C. 1848), and was tutor in Latin at college during the intervening years until March, 1858, when he resigned his tutorship. He, of course, saw more or less of Gurney, Wright, and other members of the class while still living in Cambridge.

On the thirty-first of May, 1859, Chase married Susan Ladd Stanwood, daughter of Joseph and Louisa Ayer (Perkins) Stanwood, of Hopkinton and their oldest child Joseph Stanwood Chase was born in the following year. Mr. Chase kept a private school for a time at West Chester, Pennsylvania, moving later to Philadelphia, where he became Principal of the Collegiate School, an institution which died with him. His specialty throughout life was Greek, Latin and Classical History, and his son writes that at the time of his death, he was regarded as one of the most erudite classical scholars in the country. He edited several text-books including a popular edition of Virgil.

He was a man of great reserve, possessing what Tennyson calls a "sublime repression of himself" and so modest that only his family and intimate friends and associates knew the depth of his learning and the beauty of his character. His manner was dignified and kindly, and he was greatly beloved by all who knew him well enough to penetrate his natural reserve.¹

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one.

.
To those men that sought him sweet as Summer."

¹ Letter from his son, Levin Joynes Chase.

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Mr. Chase died on the eleventh of January, 1885, at Philadelphia, leaving a widow and two sons, Joseph Stanwood and Levin Joynes Chase. A third son, Philander Chase, died in October, 1873.

DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER

DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER was the son of Dr. Charles Augustus (H. C. 1813) and Adeline (Haven) Cheever, and was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the thirtieth of November, 1831. On his father's side he was descended from Ezekiel Cheever,¹ the famous schoolmaster, and he was the grandson of Dr. Abijah Cheever (H. C. 1779), one of the surgeons in the Navy during the Revolutionary War.

Preparing for college at home, under private tuition, he received a thorough grounding in the Classics, for which he always retained his fondness, as is shown in the selection of his Exhibition parts, for in October, 1850, he gave the Greek Version from a supposed "Speech of Spartacus to the Gladiator of Capua," and in May, 1852, he delivered a Dissertation on the "Neglect of Tragedy among the Romans," while during the last years of his life, although no longer able to use his eyes, he resumed the study of his favorite Latin authors. Cheever received a Detur in the Sophomore year. His Commencement part was a Dissertation on Thomas De Quincey, and he was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa.

He traveled in Europe during 1853 and 1854, and Coolidge writes of meeting him in Paris; returning, he began to attend the Harvard Medical School in the summer of 1854, and having studied for a term at the Boylston Medical School also, and passed a year as house pupil at the State Hospital at Rainsford Island, he received his degree in 1858 and immediately opened an office in Boston.²

On October ninth, 1860, he married Anna C. Nichols, daughter of Thaddeus and Sarah C. Nichols.

¹ The mural tablet in memory of Ezekiel Cheever in the First Church in Boston was the gift of Dr. Cheever. It is one of a group of four, two of which commemorate Head Masters of the Boston Latin School, — Philemon Pormort and Ezekiel Cheever, the others commemorating Presidents of Harvard College, — John Leverett and Benjamin Wadsworth.

² For many details in regard to Dr. Cheever's medical career we are indebted to Memorial Addresses by Dr. George W. Gay and Dr. J. Collins Warren which appeared in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for 20 July, 1916.

In 1860 Dr. Cheever was appointed Demonstrator in Anatomy at the Harvard Medical School, a position which he held until 1868. The grandson of Dr. Abijah Cheever could not fail to feel that he must help his country in her hour of need, and as Acting Assistant Surgeon, he served from June second to August second, 1862, at the Judiciary Square Hospital, Washington, together with his classmate, Page, and other Harvard graduates.

In 1864, on the opening of the Boston City Hospital, Dr. Cheever became visiting surgeon, the youngest man on the staff; for fifty-two years he gave to it of his time and thought, and the successful development of the institution is largely due to his wise foresight and skilful management. Master not only of the broader issues of his profession, but of detail as well, he was admirable both as surgeon and in the care which should follow after an operation, and he never forgot patients whom he had brought through a severe illness. His operations were brilliant, unusual and original, and deservedly procured him world-wide fame.

In 1866 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Anatomy at the Harvard Medical School, and surgeon at the Boston Dispensary; in 1868 Acting Professor of Clinical Surgery and Editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, and seven years later Professor of Clinical Surgery.

Thoroughly practical, and a calm and convincing speaker, Dr. Cheever was most successful as a professor and lecturer. He possessed a gift for teaching and for interesting his pupils; more, he was himself interested in his pupils, and in the progress of the younger men of his profession, never allowing an opportunity to pass for saying a kind word, and if he were forced to blame, doing it so gently that the reproof held no sting. In 1893, when Dr. Cheever retired to become Professor Emeritus, he was asked to deliver lectures on subjects of his own selection for the benefit of those who would fain have been his pupils, and the request was thereafter yearly repeated.

In 1882 he had been appointed Professor of Surgery, and in 1888 he was President of the American Surgical Association. On several occasions he delivered lectures in Emergency courses, one of which was at Trinity Chapel, and another was one of a Lenten series at the Old South Church. He contributed largely to medical journals, publishing five volumes of Medical

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and Surgical Reports of the City Hospital, many articles, among which are "Medicine as a Trade," "Medicine as a Profession" and "The New Surgery," and in 1894, a volume called "Lectures on Surgery."

In the same year he received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard; and he was Overseer from 1896 to 1908. From 1895 to 1907 he was a member of the Mount Auburn Corporation, becoming a convinced advocate of cremation; and in 1913 he was made Professor Emeritus of the City Hospital. He belonged to the Examiner Club, was Vice-President of the Saint Botolph Club, President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, a member of the Philadelphia College of Physicians and Surgeons, and a Fellow of the American Academy.

In 1889 he gave \$2,000 to the City Hospital, the interest of which was to be used for the purchase of surgical instruments; and at the time he retired from teaching he founded at Harvard the Cheever Scholarship, — the first of its kind, for young men entering the Medical School.

It is rare indeed, in this age of overstrained nerves, to see a man, especially one not of robust physique, of such perfect poise as Dr. Cheever. Calm, just, sagacious, far-seeing, he seemed in all the affairs of life as well as in those of his profession a tower of strength. As has been written of another "good physician:"

When he entered your family and sat by your bedside, his quick discernment of the minds, peculiar traits, tastes and feelings of yourself and all who surrounded you seemed like magic, yet with what delicacy and consideration did he exercise this gift! There were no intrusive questionings, unasked advice or concealed satire. Here was a friend who seemed to have read your thoughts, and was all ready to feel with and for you, to aid you morally as well as physically, clear off every obstacle in the way of your recovery and peace of mind, and tighten the bond that united you to those around you.¹

And none who has felt his tenderness in the hour when even he could not arrest the dread Destroyer can ever forget it.

Dr. Cheever's tastes were as simple as those of his New England forefathers. He enjoyed foreign travel and made several trips to Europe, accompanied always by some member of his family, but dearest of all, perhaps, were the simple

¹ Life of Dr. James Jackson by James Jackson Putnam, M.D., p. 184.

pleasures of outdoor life, fishing, horseback riding and walking. A thoroughly domestic man, his chief happiness was in his home. He had five children: David, born 19 August, 1861, who died young; Alice, born 5 August, 1862; Helen, born 12 November, 1865; Marion, born 1 March, 1867; Adeline, born 16 January, 1874; and David, born 25 June, 1876. The greatest sorrow of his life was the death of his third daughter, Marion, a girl of unusual loveliness and promise, who was drowned, in 1897, while bathing at their summer home at Cohasset. The tragedy robbed the place of its charm, and Dr. Cheever bought a farm in Dedham, where, in 1910, he celebrated his Golden Wedding. His youngest daughter, Adeline, married Dr. George Shattuck Whiteside (H. C. 1897) of Portland, Oregon, and every summer brought her three children home to rejoice the hearts of their grandparents.

One great pleasure, not always granted to brilliant fathers, was Dr. Cheever's, — that of a son worthy to be the fourth physician of his name and line, for Dr. David Cheever (H. C. 1897) is a true descendant of his medical sires. In 1915 he accepted the position of head of the Second Harvard Unit for service in the French Hospital, and was thus away from home when his father died, but hard as it was for Dr. Cheever to miss the son of his right hand when the sands were running low, yet never for one hour did he regret that he had gone forth "to do his bit" for the suffering soldiers of France. Dr. Cheever rejoiced, too, that three Cheever grandsons, among them another Ezekiel, would carry on the good old name after his own race was run.

Thoughtful of others to the last, calm, ready to go, the end came after a short illness on the twenty-seventh of December, 1915.¹

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

THROUGH the mists of more than thirty years, a little girl looks across the pews of the old Church of All Souls in New York

¹ On March twenty-first, 1918, the amphitheatre in the Boston City Hospital was dedicated to Dr. Cheever, the bronze memorial tablet, the gift of his son, being then unveiled. The exercises were in the charge of Dr. George W. Gay. The tablet, the work of the late Bela Lyon Pratt, bears a bas-relief of Dr. Cheever, with the words: "This Aphitheatre is dedicated to David Williams Cheever, 1831-1915, Surgeon to the City Hospital from its foundation to his death.

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to gaze unweariedly upon a face which fills the measure of her childish fancy, even as the "Great Stone Face" charmed the boy in Hawthorne's tale. The face her eyes dwelt upon was that of a man in his early prime, striking not only for its beauty, but for the impress which it bore of rare strength, intellect and sweetness, the face of one who has more than realized the promise of his early youth and manhood, for it was that of Joseph Hodges Choate.

He was the son of Dr. George (H. C. 1818) and Margaret Manning (Hodges) Choate, and as he tells of himself in the Class Book —

Descended from a long and noble line of coopers on the one side, and from New England farmers on the other, I was born on the 24th day of January, 1832, in the good old town of Salem. Here, in the grim days of the Puritans, as tradition says, an ancestor of mine, being arrested on a charge of witchcraft, narrowly escaped the fate of those who were found like him, to be "in league with the devil." In consideration of which circumstances Mr. Sibley has ventured the opinion that the "Class of '52 even so long ago came very near losing at least one of its members."

Being the youngest of a large family of brothers, I, of course, went poorly clad and worse fed, which prevented my body becoming so robust and hearty as I could wish. Still I managed to keep along with the rest, and after passing three years in the Salem Latin School, under Master Carleton, the ablest and best teacher in the State, entered College as Freshman, where all four years I have chummed with my brother Bill.

As yet no striking events have marked my career. College life has been to me as to so many others, a series, far too short, of trifling cares and abundant pleasures.

Since the commencement of the Sophomore Year my religious education, which had before been sadly neglected, has been conducted with flattering success by my friend Collins, whose daily repeated precepts have thus worked exceeding great results.

Long flourish the Class of '52, whose interests are to none more dear than to their humble servant.

Choate was one of the most popular, as well as the most brilliant, men of his Class. He was Secretary and Poet of the Hasty Pudding Club, President and Vice-President of the Institute of 1770, a member of the Alpha Delta Phi and the Harvard Natural History Society.

He had parts in the different Exhibitions in October, 1850,

giving the English version of the "Oration of Lysurgus against Socrates" and in May, 1852, delivering a Dissertation on "The Duke of Athens."

Choate graduated fourth in his class, and at Commencement delivered the Latin Salutatory Oration. He was chosen President of the Class Supper, thus early foreshadowing his peculiar fitness for that office, and his scholarship of course entitled him to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa. He entered the Dane Law School in the September after his graduation, leaving two years later for the office of Hodges and Saltonstall of Boston, where he studied until his admission to the Suffolk Bar in 1855. It was while Choate was in Mr. Saltonstall's office that he conducted his first case, the account of which we give in his own words:¹

I was in Mr. Saltonstall's office one Winter day when two farmers came in from Vermont with a law case, and they appealed to Mr. Saltonstall. They said they had a case — two cases in fact. Each of them had a carload of potatoes which had come down from Vermont to Boston the previous week, and on arrival they were found frozen absolutely solid, and they had commenced a suit against the railroad company which had brought them. Nobody knows better than Mr. Depew how open to attack railroad companies were in those days, and the question raised in the lawsuit was whether the destruction of the potatoes was owing to an act of God, or to the negligence of the railroad company.

Mr. Saltonstall went into the matter, but finally said, "I don't think I can take that case — two carloads of rotten potatoes. No. But here's Choate; perhaps he'll take it." I was perfectly delighted to get it; I had never had a case before and I seized upon it at once. An arrangement was made whereby on the next day but one I should appear before a magistrate and take the evidence in that wonderfully important case. As it happened, on the intervening day my cousin, Mr. Rufus Choate, then the acknowledged head of the American Bar, who happened to be laid up with a lame knee, took me out in his carriage for a drive 'round through Cambridge and Brookline. I told him of my first retainer. He was tickled to death. He told me a great deal as to how to examine witnesses. But unhappily I forgot to ask him what the fee should be. I went to the magistrate's office at the time appointed, conscious that after consultation with the greatest lawyer in the country I was at least fully qualified for the service. I spent the day taking the evidence, protected the Deity

¹ Dinner in honour of The Honourable Joseph Hodges Choate by the Executive Committee of The Pilgrim Society of the United States, 27 January, 1917, page 41.

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against the charge made by the railroad company, demonstrated by the evidence that it could not possibly have been the act of God, and that necessarily it must have been the negligence of the carrier; and the success of the suits seemed assured.

On our way back from the place where the evidence was taken, to the office of Mr. Saltonstall, the question arose about my fee, and I was taken quite aback. "Well," I said, "I never had a fee; I don't know anything about fees. It has taken all day. The case seems to have been of a good deal of importance to you, and it seems to me that three dollars would not be excessive." (Laughter.) "Well," they said, "but there were only two carloads of potatoes; there were only two cases!" We talked it over on our way down from Vermont, and we concluded that a dollar a case would be about right. (Laughter.) I told them that I did n't wish to get up a reputation for excessive charges at the outset of my professional life and that I would take the two dollars. So they gave me two little gold dollars — you remember those of that day, very common then, but very difficult to find now — and I took them with great delight. I think I must have spent one, and the other I gave to my class-mate, Darwin Ware, who was in the same position as myself and had never had a fee.

I dismissed the subject from my mind, but a delightful bit of romance grew out of it, for forty-two years afterwards when Mr. Ware died, his widow, looking over his papers in his desk, found a little package marked on the outside, "Half of Joe Choate's first fee." (Laughter.) And there was the other gold dollar which I had not spent returned to me after so many years. Truly it was like bread cast upon the waters. And the romance of it is that Mr. Ware's widow had the grace to present the coin to my daughter, who wears it as a trophy or charm upon her watch guard to this day. (Applause.) At any rate, this, my first experience in actual practice, fixed in my mind an indelible standard of moderate charging, from which those who will, may believe that I never departed.

Choate moved to New York in 1855, and after two months with the firm of Butler, Evarts and Southmayd, was admitted to the New York Bar in March, 1856, and began to practise Law the following year. Two years later he opened an office with William H. L. Barns, but the firm was dissolved at the end of a twelfth month, and he entered partnership with William M. Evarts and Charles F. Southmayd. On the sixteenth of October, 1861, Mr. Choate married Miss Caroline Dutcher Sterling, daughter of Frederick Sterling of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Choate was elected a member of the New England

Society of New York soon after settling there; in 1865 he was chosen Vice-President, and in 1867 President, holding the office until 1876. During the evil days of the Civil War he did yeoman's service on the United States Sanitary Commission with the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, and then as always he has been associated with all the best interests of his adopted city. He was one of the Committee of Seventy which broke up the Tweed Ring in 1871, and his zeal in public affairs has often made him the advocate of his party on the stump, a wholly disinterested service. In 1894 he was President of the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York.

Many of the cases with which Mr. Choate has been connected in his profession have become world famous. Prominent among them are the General Fitz-John Porter case, where he succeeded in securing the re-instatement of the General to his Army rank, and in connection with which he mastered, in an incredibly short time, the intricate history of the Bull Run Campaign of the Civil War. Equally remarkable was his personal deciphering of archaeological data necessary for his preparation for the Cesnola case which has now become matter of history. He was Counsel for the California Irrigation case, which was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1896; and he was also Counsel in the Federal Income Tax case and won the suit of Mrs. Leland Stanford, whom the United States sued for \$15,000,000. Always unruffled, courteous and self-possessed, he has been fitly named the "idol of the jurors," and his eminence is undisputed both as counsel and as jury lawyer. As an orator also, Mr. Choate reigns supreme, and the occasions on which he has been called to preside are legion.

In 1899 Mr. Choate became our Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and remained there until 1905. Surely none has ever filled the office with more ability and dignity, nor done more to cement the bond which binds us to the Mother Country. Long before his ambassadorship his brilliant sayings had become classic, and there are few which are not already known to history, but they will bear much repetition, and we cannot refrain from quoting once more his pleasantly patriotic reply to Queen Alexandra's question as to whether Americans laid much stress on the superstitious import of the number 13, "The eternal foundations of our Republic were built on the

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number 13." In 1904 the freedom of the City of Edinburgh was presented to Mr. Choate in recognition of his great eloquence, high public gifts and the valued service he had rendered in promoting kindly feeling and warm friendship between the people of Great Britain and those of the Western Hemisphere. He was also elected Honorary Bencher of the Middle Temple in 1905, and his resignation as Ambassador in the same year was unwillingly accepted by the President of the United States and regretted by King Edward VII. The tact and gracious charm of Mrs. Choate's personality have been a powerful aid to her husband, and a well-known Englishman who visited this country during their residence in England was heard to say, "The wife of your popular Ambassador is a great social general, universally popular and wonderfully tactful;" and surely no wife could ask a sweeter tribute than Mr. Choate's answer to the question "if you could n't be Joe Choate, who would you be?" "Oh! I should want to be Mrs. Choate's second husband." It was during his ambassadorship that he presented the beautiful stained glass window as a memorial of John Harvard to Saint Saviour's Church at Southwark in which the Founder of the College had been christened.

Since his return to New York Mr. Choate has resumed the practice of his profession. In 1907 he was appointed the first United States Delegate to the Second International Peace Conference at the Hague.

The honors and degrees which have been heaped upon him are almost beyond count. In addition to the degree of LL.D. from Harvard in 1888 he has received the same degree from twelve other Colleges.¹ He is a member of the American Philosophical Society, Honorary Member of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Corresponding Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Foreign Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, London, President of the New England Society of New York, already mentioned, of the Union League Club and Harvard Club, of the New York City and American Bar Associations and Harvard Law School Association, Trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and of the Museum of Natural History, since the foundation of each, Governor

¹ For an enumeration of Mr. Choate's degrees, see the Harvard Quinquennial Catalogue, which Mr. Choate often said was "my frequent study."

(since 1879) of the New York Hospital. In 1893 he was made a Trustee of the Peabody Education Fund, and was President of the Board from November, 1910. In 1878-80 he was Vice-President of the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, and in 1880-84 President, succeeding Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In addition to his many and varied interests Mr. Choate has found time also for literary work. He has published a volume of his American and one of his English Addresses and the Stafford Lectures which he delivered at Princeton on the Hague Conferences. He has written also a Memoir of Rufus Choate as well as Memoirs of Leverett Saltonstall and William Crowninshield Endicott for The Colonial Society of Massachusetts.

We can truly say that Mr. Choate is — not the most popular, for the feeling which he inspires strikes far deeper than mere popularity — but the best beloved man in the city of New York. From the old days of College life he has ever held the magic key which opens all hearts with the spell of his genial sympathy and loving kindness. Did a friend sail for Europe, it was “Joe” who ran in to cheer up the lonesome parents; did he make a visit, young and old in the household mourned his departure and the canary was christened “Joe” in his honour. Letters from classmates show how the writers, — men of widely different character and interests, went to him with all their hopes and joys and fears, sure of his unfailing sympathy, and they could indeed say of him:

“I never crossed your threshold with a grief
But that I went without it, never came
Heart-hungry but you fed me, eased the blame,
And gave the sorrow solace and relief.”

Not of great things alone but of the “little unremembered acts of kindness and of love” he is the master.

Mr. Choate has had five children — the oldest, Ruluff Sterling Choate, born 24 September, 1864, entered Harvard in the Class of 1887. Like his father he was brilliant and of great promise. He died in New York, 5 April, 1884. In his memory Mr. Choate founded the Scholarship which bears his name.

His other children are George; Josephine Sterling, born 9 January, 1869, died 20 July, 1896; Mabel; and Joseph Hodges,

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Junior, who graduated from Harvard in 1897 and practices Law in New York.

Amid the almost overwhelming pressure of public and professional life Mr. Choate yet always finds time to hold out a helping hand to all who come to him for aid, to lend a willing ear to all who ask him for sympathy. The flood of letters which are poured in upon him are always answered, many in his own beautiful script; and neither time nor change has ever dimmed the rare loyalty of his friendships, nor his love for his Alma Mater.

The Executive Committee of The Pilgrims of the United States, of which Mr. Choate is President, gave him a dinner on January twenty-seventh, 1917, at the Union League Club in honour of his eighty-fifth birthday. A distinguished gathering indeed, which furnished speeches from many brilliant men, and concluded with an inimitable one from the guest of honour, which it is needless to say took the palm. We have already quoted from it, but we must include Mr. Choate's modest allusion to the honours heaped upon him:

I can only say concerning my eighty-five years of life . . . that I have had a great deal more than I deserved. On my real birthday, on Wednesday last, my little grandchildren came to see the flowers. They could find nothing else but flowers; there was no vacant spot that was not covered with flowers. One of the little girls said, Grandpa, I should think you would feel almost ashamed to be so popular. Now that little girl struck the very idea I had been struggling with all that day and had found it impossible to express, — so much more than I deserved.

Mr. Choate was the youngest Vice-President of the Harvard Alumni Association in 1869, and uttered a singularly accurate prophecy in regard to the future success of Eliot, then at the age of thirty-six just entering upon his Presidency. On being elected to the office of President of the Alumni Association he said he considered the latter the highest gift in the power of the American people to bestow.

There can be no truer description of Mr. Choate than the one which he himself gave in his tribute to Phillips Brooks:

Well do I remember, as if it were but yesterday, when my eyes first rested upon him, as he entered the Chapel at Harvard College, in the Freshman Class forty-four years ago — a tall and slender strippling, towering above all his companions, with that magnificent head,

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that majestic face, already grave and serious, but with great brown eyes lighting it, beaming with brotherly love and tenderness. And from that hour to this he has been the boast, the delight of the College.

Long ago Horatio Alger wrote that none of the Class "lived history as fast as our brilliant classmate Choate, whom we can never make up our minds to spare. I have fixed upon him as the last survivor of the Class."

True apostle of the "two noblest things, which are sweetness and light," his are the

"Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so."¹

Alas! that Alger's prophecy, and Mr. Choate's own wish that he might become Harvard's oldest living graduate,² were not to be fulfilled. But his even more heartfelt desire was granted, — that in the great Cause of our present War, he might see his own Country allied with the Motherland, whose last vestige of bitterness against her rebellious Daughter had vanished under the sunshine of his genial ambassadorship. He lived to greet the Envoys of the Allies with the gracious charm peculiarly his own, and peculiar to himself, and then, still in his golden prime, his bark put out to sea.

Joseph Hodges Choate died at his house in New York on the fourteenth of May, 1917.³

WILLIAM GARDNER CHOATE

WILLIAM GARDNER CHOATE was the son of George and Margaret (Manning) Choate and tells his story in the Class Book as follows:

I can boast no long line of illustrious ancestors. But a little more than two centuries ago (1640) there appeared one John Choate who

¹ The foregoing sketch of Mr. Choate was written during his lifetime from material partly supplied by himself.

² Such, however, was not his desire in early manhood, for in a letter to Williamson, dated 3 September, 1856, he writes: "Our 87 are now but 83 and passing on very fast, but my great hope in that regard is that I may not be left among the last."

³ For an account of The Choate Memorial Fellowship, established by members of the Harvard Club of New York after Mr. Choate's death, see p. 429, *post*.

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settled on the outmost limits of the Village of Chebacco in the ancient town of Agawam (now Ipswich), Massachusetts. In this obscure corner of the Colony it is certain that he lived and died. . . . Certain it is that he settled down here in the wilderness, gathered a family about him, labored and died. But for any further account of his body, mind, or estate all the researches that the writer has made have thus far proved unavailing. The immediate descendants of this first ancestor for several generations are more or less obscure. The meagre outlines of their humble lives, eked out here and there by a family or a local tradition, is written only in the family Bible and the parish records and on the mouldering stones of the old village churchyard "Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." They were all farmers. None strayed from the fold of the old homestead. Or, if one more daring than the rest ventured to emigrate he was never heard of more. No success appears to have attended the efforts of any of the race in early times to break away from the humble calling in which they and their fathers were born and bred. One poor fellow, Benjamin,¹ a long time ago, took to the Church. It was doubtless well meant, but he died young. Nay, in reward for this rash attempt, he seems to have been divorced from his very name and kindred for the Triennial has ever since transmitted his name shorn of the final (e). Moreover, they were all rigid Puritans, brought up strictly and practically to the liberal interpretation of the Scripture, for they "were fruitful and multiplied" till after a few generations about a quarter part of the inhabitants of their native town bore the family name. . . . There is an old tradition that the island which for more than a hundred years was the seat of my ancestors, received its name of Hog Island from the fact that the Choates (Shotes) were found there on the first settlement of the country. Now these two words are identical in sound if only the (Ch) be pronounced soft as not improperly it might have been pronounced two centuries ago. Nor is this derivation forced or obscure. . . . There is one circumstance further that may be mentioned in support of the same opinion. My brother Joe and myself when very small boys had an unnatural passion for digging large and deep holes in the earth to the great detriment of our father's garden. This last circumstance is perhaps trifling in itself yet it is strong in confirmation of the probable existence of some such connection and sympathy with our Mother Earth more direct and immediate than usually exists. It is true that the spell seems at last broken and wellnigh dissolved, for individuals of the last two or three generations have emigrated not only without disaster but even with advantage.

¹ Benjamin Choate graduated in the Class of 1703.

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My mother's descent is more illustrious than that of my father. It would be very tedious, were I to go into the details of the succession of her ancestors. Suffice it to say that so far as I know they have always lived in old Salem and, for aught I know, they may have been great among their fellow coopers, but unfortunately their history has never been written.

They seem however to have stuck to their casks one after another in unbroken succession till my grandfather's time with as tenacious a grasp as that with which my paternal ancestors held onto their ploughs.

I have been told that I was born August 30th, 1830, but the events of my life for some time subsequent to that event are entirely forgotten. I have been told, however, that I was a poor and sickly infant not worth raising. But there is nothing during this early period that I remember or ever heard of that is worthy of note in this place. At seven years of age I first went to a man's school. The teacher¹ was one of that class of schoolmasters, now happily for boys, fast disappearing, whose rule was a reign of terror and whose only means of persuasion were his fist, his rule, and his cowhide. The schoolhouse, too, was of a description that has now gone out of date in this part of the country. It had neither blackboard nor recitation room. Long, straight, hard benches without any backs stretched from one side of the room to the other. The box stove on which the Master was ejecting a continuous stream of tobacco juice as he sat behind it, whipping his boots as he heard the classes recite, the dingy, smoky walls, the small, low and dirty windows are no longer tolerated in the public schools of the cities of New England. The discipline, too, was of the same style, harsh, old and puritanical. The last regular exercise of the day was always the flogging of such unhappy urchins as the monitors had marked down as victims. And that the monitorial system might be the more successful, the monitors were given to understand that they themselves must fill out the number, if they failed to report as many delinquents as the Master felt inclined to flog. As may be supposed, this system worked admirably and the Master seldom failed to spend the last half hour in a manner most in accordance with his taste and feelings. Then, too, there were exquisitely ingenious devices of torture, such as lifting small boys up by the ears under pretence of showing them London, locking up still smaller boys in desks, threats of all sorts of mutilation, whipping the last boy in from recess, flogging half the school, taken by alternate benches, long disputations and opinions of medical men on the impossibility of breaking bones with the cowhide and divers other, besides that most cunning arrangement for

¹ Abner Brooks (Martin, *Life of Joseph H. Choate*, i. 34, 35).

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the older boys called "taking the stand" which served the double purpose of tightening the trousers over the offending part and, like the French Guillotine, of dispatching many victims at once — a very important object on account of the great number of the condemned. There were particular points, too, on which the Master was peculiarly sensitive. The luckless urchin, beginning his grammar, who pronounced Gender with a hard (G) or the word participle in any less than four syllables, had cause to rue the day wherein he was born. All this was set off by a long prayer every morning (for the Master stood high in the Church) and by long moral essays on lying and other vices and on the way in which he himself used to behave at school when a boy. My recollections of this period are curious rather than agreeable.

My subsequent teachers, Rufus Putnam of the English High School and Oliver Carlton¹ of the Latin School, are among the best of men and the best of teachers, and to them I feel much indebted for what rays of light have thus far reached my understanding.

One of the earliest recollections I have is of an ineffectual attempt to learn the time of day from the clock and my whole life has been an unsuccessful effort to learn the masterous art of spelling.

There is one point on which my personal experience directly contradicts public opinion. It is generally supposed, or at least often said, that childhood and boyhood are happy periods of life. I am convinced that this is a popular fallacy. My existence was always embittered in winter by falls on the ice and especially by snow-balls, for some of the hardest of which I am indebted to my friends and classmates Oliver and D. E. Ware, and in the summer by other missiles, as green apples and horse chestnuts. Then, too, I had no skill in any of the games. I tried in vain to learn the new-fashioned way of playing marbles that was introduced during my school days and which consists in throwing the marble from the end instead of from the middle of the forefinger. In all games of ball I had the misfortune to be what is called among boys, not very elegantly, to be sure, but expressively, butter-fingered. And when I add to all this that I was picked upon by three huge brothers and always tormented because I was fat, moody and obstinate, even then my grievances are by no means told, for I had in addition about a dozen nicknames such as Tim, Old Poz, Duffy, Chuckey, Ipsenaw and the like. I look back upon these times, therefore, with no very strong desire for a repetition of their delights.

¹ For a brief notice of Oliver Carlton, see Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, v. 364.

But the great event of my life thus far was in August, 1848, when I applied for admission to H. C. and, as good luck would have it, was admitted into the great and glorious — the model class of '52. These four years have glided quietly and happily away, each more pleasant than the last. I have found many good friends whom I trust I shall keep for life. I always lived in college and chummed with my brother Joe. Though I escaped being clawed by the crows-feet of the Freshmen year I was among the first to follow my enthusiastic friend Page into the Oxford cap delusion of 1849 and may add here that I spent a large part of the senior year in company with Norris and others sketching the likenesses of my classmates and drawing landscapes by aid of the new machinery and the approved method of M. Richter. I have thus far seen little of the world, the extreme southern part of my wanderings being Blue Hill, Milton. I was run for the Jackknife,¹ but for want of concentration was defeated by my friend Chauncey Wright by a few votes. It is pleasant to think that this rivalry has not in the least disturbed the friendly relations that have always subsisted between that gentleman and myself.

The first scholar in his class, "Bill" Choate was of course a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. He was President and Recording Secretary of the Harvard Natural History Society, Chorister of the Hasty Pudding Club, a member of the Institute of 1770 and of the Alpha Delta Phi. He received a Sophomore Detur, contributed a part to the Exhibitions of October, 1850, and 1851, and delivered the English Oration at Commencement, being thus the Valedictorian.

After graduating from the Dane Law School, in 1854, Choate was for a twelvemonth in the office of Phillips and Gillis of Salem,² as a student, and from the first gave promise of his ability and usefulness, for one of his classmates recalls having been told by Mr. Gillis that when Choate left, on his admission to the Bar, they did not know "how to get along without him."

Having passed through the rite of admission, at Newburyport, in September, 1855, Choate presently opened an office in Salem, and Mr. Phillips having become Attorney-General of Massachusetts, he accepted the position of his assistant, his business being transacted in the offices at the State House, whither he traveled back and forth daily from Salem. Choate

¹ The Jack-knife was awarded to the plainest boy in the class. See page 272, *post*.

² Stephen Henry Phillips, H. C. 1842; James Andrew Gillis, H. C. 1849.

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was elected Commissioner of Insolvency for Essex County in 1857, and a member of the Salem Common Council; he was for two years its President and thereby *ex officio* a member of the School Committee. But the old town, dear to the hearts of her sons for the sake of her associations and traditions, offered little scope for professional opportunity and expansion, and in 1865 Mr. Choate determined to seek a larger field, and moved in February of that year to New York.

Within a few months he was admitted to the New York Bar, and formed a partnership under the name of Prichard, Choate and Smith,¹ acting as the court member of the firm, and devoting himself largely to Admiralty practice. In 1878 he was appointed Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York. Unfortunate indeed is it for a country when the emoluments of her public offices are so inadequate as to prevent their being held by those whose judgment and acumen would reflect most honor thereon. Such was the case with the District Bench during Judge Choate's incumbency. An effort by the Bar to have the salary raised proved unsuccessful, and in 1881 he resigned, because, as he says, "I could not live on the salary." He was succeeded by his classmate Addison Brown. In 1903 the members of the Southern District presented the Court with portraits of Choate and Brown. In the address made on the occasion, Judge Adams refers to Judge Choate in the following words:

Judge Choate had retired from the bench when I came to practise in New York. . . . The atmosphere he created by his kindly nature, as well as his judicial work was still fresh in the memory of all the practitioners in the court and especially of those within the Admiralty circle, so that every one becoming identified with that practice, as I did to some extent, was quickly affected by it, and to-day the student of Admiralty law cannot fail to be impressed and aided by the strength and thoroughness of Judge Choate's opinions, which, fortunately, remain on record.

Having retired from the Bench, Judge Choate formed a partnership with Samuel L. M. Barlow, William D. Shipman and Joseph LaRocque, the firm being at the present day Choate, LaRocque and Mitchell.

¹ William Prichard: Duncan Smith.

The legal ability of Judge Choate cannot be overestimated. No one has ever surpassed, few have approached him in forensic power, and he is, with reason, regarded as the Dean of the New York Bar.

In 1869 Judge Choate wrote the Class Secretary that he had "no personal history," a deficiency which he retrieved in 1870 by marrying, on June twenty-ninth, Mary Lyman Atwater, daughter of Caleb and Elizabeth Lydia (Clarke) Atwater of Wallingford, Connecticut. They have no children. In 1896 they celebrated their silver wedding anniversary at their summer place, "Rosemary," Wallingford, Connecticut, their beautiful old house having been built by Mrs. Choate's grandfather. Nearby is a preparatory school for boys in which they both are greatly interested, the boys being allowed the use of the Choate domain for their playground. It was founded by Judge Choate's friend and kinsman, Mark Pitman (Bowdoin College 1859) who was the first Principal, and who insisted on naming it the Choate School.

In 1865 Judge Choate was one of the founders of the New York Harvard Club, of which he has been President, and he was also one of the leading New York lawyers, through whose efforts the Bar Association of the City of New York was formed, with the purpose, successfully carried into execution, of unseating corrupt judges. Of this also he has been President; and on his removal to New York he immediately became a member of the New England Society.

In politics Judge Choate was originally an old-time Whig, later voting with the Republican Party, until he became a Mugwump at the time of the Cleveland Campaign. When the Republican Party had learned its lesson, he returned to its fold.

Judge Choate is an able and easy writer; among other papers he has prepared for the New York Bar Association a Memorial of his classmates, Anderson and Judge Brown.

Quiet and retiring, blest with the delicious Choate sense of humor, one who has never neglected the opportunities for good to his fellow-men which have come across his path, he is a man of great depth of learning, as well as of sterling character and of the highest ideals.¹

¹ Judge Choate died in Wallingford, Connecticut, 14 November, 1920.

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Well may old Harvard be proud when she can send forth to the world from one class two such men as William and Joseph Choate —

. . . full of power;
As gentle; liberal minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

JOSIAH COLLINS, JUNIOR

JOSIAH COLLINS was the son of Josiah and Mary (Riggs) Collins, and was born on the nineteenth of July, 1830. His home was at Scuppernong, Washington County, North Carolina, where his father was a man of wealth and position. Having prepared for college under private tutors, Collins entered Harvard in 1849 in the Sophomore year. He was a member of the Harvard Natural History Society and the Institute of 1770, participating in the Exhibition of May, 1851, and delivering an English oration at Commencement. As he graduated third in the Class, he was of course in the Phi Beta Kappa. During the remainder of the year 1852 and part of 1853 Collins studied Law, being, he says in the Class Book, "nominally at the Law School, but shooting bears at Scuppernong;" and in June, 1854, on account of trouble with his eyes, he sailed for Europe. He remained abroad for eighteen months, and Upham writes from Paris of catching a glimpse of "unalterable Josiah" in the distance.

On returning from Europe, as the trouble with his eyes continued, Collins set forth on horseback in company with one of his brothers, riding over eleven hundred miles through the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia. After a few months of study at a private Law School, he established himself in practise at Edenton, North Carolina, but with the outbreak of the war he rose to the call of the South and served it throughout the struggle. Collins was one of the many to whom the victory of the Union arms spelled "Tragedy." The war over, he tried to resume his law practice at Raleigh, but was unsuccessful, and in 1876 an attack of typhoid fever obliging him to give up any attempt at business, he moved with his family to the house of his mother-in-law at Hillsborough, North Carolina, dying there on the fourteenth of February,

1890. Bereft of fortune, shattered in health, broken in hope, the loss of the Cause he loved was to Collins worse than a death-blow, but the bitterness of the defeat left no sting in his relations towards the friends and classmates of his happier years.

I received the day before yesterday the printed circular with reference to the Class Supper, and answer as soon as I can. I wish I could say it was my intention to attend the said supper, but alas, I am not able. It is one of the things I should most especially like to do; I long to meet the class once more and to revive the old memories and associations. I am still constrained to recall the man who ate the skin of his onion on his bread instead of butter, and to exclaim with him that poverty, though no disgrace, *is* a very serious inconvenience. If you should happen to know of anybody who wishes a private tutor, or a coachman, or a bootblack, please mention my name, as I think myself competent to fill any of those three positions, that is, at low wages,

he wrote in 1877 to the Class Secretary, and in 1886 he said, I would give a great deal if I had it to see the old place and meet the *old* Class once more.

Please remember me particularly to Coolidge and Arnold, how familiar all three of your names sound,

we read in another of his letters to Denny.

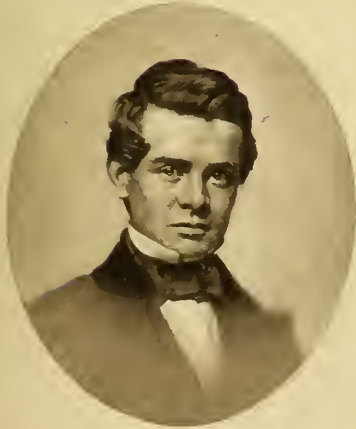
You all sat so near me in our division that in some of the recitation rooms I could touch all three of you with my hand. Give my especial greeting to any of the Class who may enquire for me, and think of me still, though so far away, as your classmate.

Collins married Sarah Rebecca Jones of Hillsborough, North Carolina. They had six children; Mary Riggs, Josiah J., Cadwallader, Rebecca, Elizabeth Jones, and Alethea Collins. His two sons, Cadwallader and Josiah, are lawyers, practising at Norfolk, Virginia, and Seattle, Washington, respectively.

ALFRED WELLINGTON COOKE

SON of Josiah Wellington and Sarah (Hancock) Cooke. He was born in Cambridge, 25 August, 1830, and died in Weston, Massachusetts, 3 August, 1852.

From Palmer's invaluable Necrology we glean the record of Cooke's blameless and too short life. He attended the Cambridge High School until two years before he entered College, leaving there in 1846 to finish his preparatory course



COLLINS
CROWLEY

COOLIDGE

COOKE
CURTIS

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at the Classical School of Edmund Burke Whitman (H. C. 1838). Shortly before entering college he had a hemorrhage of the lungs from which he seemed wholly to recover, but the disease was only temporarily arrested, appearing again in his Senior year, and by Class Day he was too ill to take part in the exercises. He received a Sophomore Detur; at the May Exhibition of 1851 he gave a Latin Version of Mr. Everett's Speech before a Committee of the Legislature on furnishing aid to the College, and in May, 1852, a Latin Oration *De Artis Musicae apud Graecos Studio*. At Commencement a Dissertation on "The Alexandrian Philology" was assigned to him, which he was too weak to deliver. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa.

From early boyhood his had been a deeply religious nature, and early, too, he showed great talent for music and painting. When not absorbed in his College work he was always busy with pencil or music. He played on organ and piano, for he was never idle, and his great longing was to visit Italy and perfect himself in his beloved arts. He often exclaimed, "I shall certainly see Italy before I die," but the dream was not to be fulfilled. In spite of fast increasing weakness during the last months of his College life his interest and perseverance in his studies never flagged, even after he was too ill to attend recitations. Palmer says: "Never was a more worthy example of scholarly devotion shown than was displayed by him in feebly going to and from his College exercises when all could see that the hand of death was already upon him;" but no physical weakness could daunt his brave and aspiring spirit, and to life's last hour he sought the highest.

Only a few days before his death he received an appointment as teacher of music in a southern Academy, for which he had applied in the hope that his health might be restored by a year in a warm climate, and rest from all mental exertion. In manner Cooke was cordial, gentle, kind and unassuming, and faithful and loyal in friendship. The picture of him in the Class Book shows a delicate face, rather serious, full of purpose, with a dreamy look in the eyes as if he already caught a glimpse of the far off-land he was so soon to see.

All that life contains of torture, toil and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, were to him but a name;
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

HORACE HOPKINS COOLIDGE

AMONG the many gifts with which his fairy godmother endowed Horace Coolidge were a genial charm of manner, a rare tenderness and spirit of loving kindness, and a loyalty in friendship which made him dearly loved by all who knew him. His name, often on the pens of his classmates in their letters of College days, is rarely mentioned without some affectionate epithet, — “Coolidge, dear fellow” — or “dear Coolidge,” showing that he held an especial place in their hearts.

He was the son of Amos and Louisa (Hopkins) Coolidge, and was born in Boston, February eleventh, 1832. He was a delicate and an only child, and the death of his mother when he was fifteen made his boyhood a lonely one. He passed some years of school life under what he calls the “paternal care” of J. F. Thayer, Esq., and prepared for College at the Boston Latin School.

During the Freshman year he was elected into the Harvard Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, to which he contributed a poem, and he was later a member of the Alpha Delta Phi, the Hasty Pudding Club, the Knights Punch Bowl, the Harvard Natural History Society and the Institute of 1770.

For the Class Supper of 12 July, 1850, he wrote an Ode¹ to be sung to the tune of Auld Lang Syne which gives amusing allusions to the members of the Faculty. During the Senior year Coolidge and Dana roomed together in Holworthy 22 in the “East Entry,” long remembered by the happy band who passed their last college days there together.

A Detur was awarded him in the Sophomore year; he delivered an English metrical Version of Victor Hugo’s *Retour de L’Empereur* at the Exhibition of May, 1851; and at that of May, 1852, an English Poem, called “The Stone Face.” At Commencement he had a Dissertation on “The Travels and The Traveller of Goldsmith”; and he was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa.

Early in his college career Coolidge developed an especial interest in elocution, and his fine voice and agreeable personality lent charm to his decided talent for oratory.

In September, 1852, he entered the Dane Law School, he and Joseph H. Choate chumming together, but the pleasant

¹ Printed in the account of the Class Suppers, p. 333, *post*.

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association was destined to be of short duration, for Coolidge was attacked by a weakness of the eyes and was ordered to Europe for complete rest and change.

He sailed in the *American Eagle* on December third, 1852, and passed nearly two years in foreign travel, often meeting others of the Class in his journeyings, and was joined, in June, 1853, by Waring. In March of that year he wrote to Williamson of his delight at receiving a packet of letters from their especial band of cronies:

"The other Collegians I talk with never feel the enthusiasm that our Class feels," he says:

I believe the old boast that there never was such a Class and I believe that never were warmer friendships found than in the "Old East Entry." The old College days come back to me often, and ever with a new gilding, and I take out your Class Poem and it seems more beautiful than ever;

and on the fifth of December he writes to Joe Choate from Leipsic to remind him of their old pledge of Holworthy days to drink one another's healths at the New Year, "no matter how far asunder they may be." The same letter brings before us the change of postal customs, for Coolidge comments somewhat lugubriously on having to pay \$1.40 postage on a College catalogue and he gives an account of their way of passing a German Sunday, which evidently shocks a youth brought up in Sabbath-keeping New England: and he "almost wishes he could hear that old College bell ring instead of the clatter of carriages."

In another letter he tells of the manner in which the Anniversary of the Reformation was celebrated as a holiday in Leipsic, with a detailed description of the procession of the University dignitaries and the costumes of the latter, and it is amusing to note that the scarlet robes and sceptres and the Marshals with their brilliant sashes, carrying drawn swords, seem to this descendant of the Puritans very theatrical and "what we should designate as *snoopsy*."

September, 1854, found Coolidge once more among the college surroundings so dear to his heart, at the Dane Law School. Leaving there in January, 1856, he entered the office of Brooks and Ball, and on receiving his degree of LL.B. opened an office of his own in Boston. On the twenty-seventh of October,

1857, he was married to Eunice Maria Weeks, daughter of William A. and Eunice Maria (Faxon) Weeks of Boston.

The excellence of his legal acquirements is shown by the fact that he was Master in Chancery and also a Commissioner in Insolvency. He followed his political inclination and was in the Legislature for five years, and for three successive years, 1870, 1871 and 1872, he was President of the Senate. It was in 1865, while in the House, in conjunction with Francis E. Parker, then in the Senate, that he warmly espoused and aided the passage of Ware's measure concerning the election of the Harvard Board of Overseers.

His charm of manner, unfailing kindness and consideration, with his ready command of language and ease in speaking, of course made him universally popular, and in demand for occasions of every sort.

While still in his prime, however, Mr. Coolidge gradually withdrew from public life, and found his greatest recreation in his library, giving especial study to English poetry, and to French history. An accident to his knee, from which he never recovered, made him almost a prisoner during the last ten years of his life, but his enforced inaction never affected the sunny cheerfulness of his disposition. He was able to enjoy driving, and on a tour through the Berkshire Hills was amused to find in the hotel at North Adams the chair which he had used as President of the Senate.

None of the eight members of the Dining Club of '52 found greater pleasure in the monthly reunions than he. His faith in the Class of '52, his deep love for Old Harvard, for his classmates and for the old days passed in the shadow of the College elms, never knew change nor wavering, and the closing stanza of his Ode for the Supper of 1850 was prophetic of his own loyalty:

When e'er in after life we meet,
And grasp a classmate's hand,
The thoughts of earlier days shall rise
At Memory's glad command.

Let us then strive our Class to bind
In friendship firm and true,
That after years sweet thoughts may bring
Of the Class of '52.

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Mr. Coolidge died at his house in Boston on the third of February, 1912. He was survived by his wife, and by three children, — William Williamson Coolidge (H. C. 1879), Louise, now Mrs. Alfred Dennis Hurd, and Alice, who has since died. Another son, Charles Cummings Coolidge, died some years before his father.

JOHN COLMAN CROWLEY

JOHN ALOYSIUS COLMAN CROWLEY, as he was known during his college days and until his manhood, was the son of Daniel and Mary Colman Crowley. His parents were of Irish birth, the name having been originally O'Crowley, and emigrated to America in 1831. Their only surviving child, John, was born in Boston in the year after their coming, on August twenty-second. Daniel Crowley met with success in the new country, and in 1834 bought land in East Boston, where he built one of the early houses and became familiarly known as "King Crowley" from "his well-directed energy, acquisition of property, and acknowledged supremacy over so many residents of the Island."¹

The son fitted for college at Holy Cross College at Worcester. At Harvard he was a member of the Harvard Natural History Society, and was, perhaps, the first Irish Roman Catholic to graduate from the College. Sailing for Europe in the summer of 1852, he passed a year in foreign travel, meeting several of the Class in Paris, and with Coolidge he climbed to the parapet of one of the Seine bridges, whence they viewed the wedding procession of Napoleon III and Eugénie, and were impressed with the fact that while the bridegroom greeted the people with pleasant bows and smiles, the bride's haughty bearing showed only her pride in her new honours. Crowley had intended to visit Spain, but abridged his programme of travel in order to pass his twenty-first birthday with his parents. At this time he dropped his middle name of Aloysius, finding the signature too long for business convenience.

Seen once on the street in boyhood, and again when staying in New York in his Junior year, was the face of a child and young girl, whose brilliant smile had lived ever since in Crow-

¹ For this and other references to Crowley and his father, Daniel Crowley, see Sumner, *History of East Boston*, 1858, *passim*.

ley's memory and youthful fancy, and having now arrived at years of discretion, he sought the fair owner. His courtship prospered, and on January twenty-third, 1856, he married Mary Jane Cameron, daughter of Alexander James and Catherine Tucker Cameron, through her father, a direct descendant of Lochiel of Stuart fame.

Having studied Law in the office of John C. Park (H. C. 1824) in Boston, Crowley was admitted to the Bar in 1856, and at once met with success, taking no partner until 1876, when with his wife's brother-in-law, James Audley Maxwell, he formed the firm of Crowley and Maxwell.

From his College days he had been interested in literature and the languages, and always loved to recall the moonlight night when he saw Everett, Sumner and Longfellow crossing the College Yard arm in arm. From the well-remembered Sales he had acquired an especial taste for Spanish literature, and long after graduation, on being asked to lecture for some charity, chose the Spanish Drama for his subject; the lecture was so favorably noticed in the newspapers that it attracted the attention of George Ticknor and led to a pleasant acquaintance between him and Crowley.

Although anxious to volunteer at the time of the Civil War, his own young family and the increasing weakness and dependence of his father upon his only child made it impossible for him to leave home.

Crowley was long President of the Boston Catholic Choral Society, and was one of the founders, in 1873, of the Catholic Union in Boston, being a charter member and the second President, an office which he held at several different times. He was never willing to enter politics, but from 1880 to 1887 served on the Boston School Committee. After Mr. Maxwell became his partner, he devoted himself chiefly to chamber practice, and of his scanty leisure he gave the greater part freely and without fee to the legal needs of hospitals, asylums and other charitable institutions.

He never refused help to anyone who asked it, and his kindness extended even to the omnipresent and pestiferous book agent of whom he used to say, "The man is trying to earn his living, and he needs encouragement." He was President of the Union Institution for Savings from 1873 to 1879.

Mr. Crowley sailed for Europe in 1887, returning to this

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country in 1889, and a year later moved to Detroit, Michigan, where he was connected with the Standard Life and Accident Insurance Company. In 1890 and 1893 he published "An Epitome of the World's History" by John Hardman, revised and enlarged by himself. Failing health obliged him to give up business in 1902, and leaving Detroit he finally made his home at Ridgewood, New Jersey, where he died on August fifth, 1910. In 1906 he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding. They had three children; Mary Catherine Crowley, born 28 November, 1856, unmarried, novelist and author; Agnes Cameron Crowley, who was born and died in 1861, and Daniel Cameron Crowley, born 24 May, 1862. Mrs. Crowley died 12 September, 1912.

Mr. Crowley's tastes and recreations were alike simple and domestic. He was a lover of books, music, (to old age he retained his fine baritone voice, and he read aloud with great feeling and expression) and art, of which he was an excellent judge. He usually owned a good "roadster" and loved driving.

His daughter writes of him:

He seldom took the initiative in forming a friendship, but once the ice was broken, he was cordial and entertaining, and was ever a loyal friend. . . . He was sensitive, proud, quick, but without resentment, and had a warm heart, beneath a reserved exterior. . . . He was always a staunch adherent of his faith. The land of his forefathers held a high place in his heart, but he was a thorough American. He loved Boston as a man loves the home wherein he was born; he loved Harvard with the love of a son for his mother; and he loved the Class of 1852 with a genuine affection that endured to the end. Even in the last weeks of his life, when he received an unexpected message from the survivors of the Class, he was deeply moved. His especial friends at College were the classmates near whom he sat at the lectures, — Buttrick, Joe Choate, Coolidge, Denny and others, and he sometimes spoke also of Thorndike, Thayer and Williamson.

While living in Boston he was a regular attendant at the Class reunions, and thus replied to the last letter which he received from the Class Secretary:

29 June, 1910. Seffern, Rockland Co., N. Y.

Dear Classmates and friends of the Class of 1852:

Greetings and good wishes, with others in addition to honor the fifty-ninth page of the Class Record now begun. Although I am un-

able to be present at the Commencement Meeting of 1910, I am with you today in thought and cordial sentiment, as I have been on many similar occasions within the last twenty years.

It is a great pleasure to me to learn, through friendly messages from Mr. Joseph H. Choate and Mr. S. Lothrop Thorndike that my name has frequently been mentioned in kind remembrance at the re-unions of the Class. . . .

I shall always find it pleasant to recall the Class Meetings that I attended in earlier times and shall never cease to cherish happy memories of the enduring friendships formed during our College days at Harvard three score years ago.

THOMAS JAMES CURTIS

THE son of Charles Pelham (H. C. 1811) and Annie Wroe (Scollay) Curtis, Thomas James Curtis was born on the ninth of October, 1831, in Boston. After two and a half years at the Boston Latin School, he entered the English High School and graduating from there, was fitted for College by Mr. George Eaton (H. C. 1833), entering in 1848.

He was a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of the Alpha Delta Phi, the Harvard Natural History Society, the Institute of 1770 and *Κροκόδειλος* of the Hasty Pudding Club; he also rowed stroke in the Yale-Harvard boat-race. At the May Exhibition of 1851 he and Stedman gave a Latin Dialogue translated from the parts of Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute in Sheridan's "Rivals." He had a Disquisition in October, 1851, on "Geological Travellers" and at Commencement another on "The Empire of Trebizond," the variety of subject certainly showing versatility on his part.

In the latter part of December, 1852, Curtis started for the East Indies (Singapore *et cetera*) by the overland route through Europe, visiting Egypt, India, China, California and Mexico as well as all the Western States, and reaching home in March, 1854. After passing a few months in the counting-houses of Thomas B. Curtis and Messrs. Gardner and Coolidge, respectively, Curtis formed a partnership with W. F. Parrott as commission merchants, in connection with which he went to Calcutta, remaining there until 1860, when he returned to Boston, having previously dissolved his partnership.

After a stay of about six weeks at home, he received a proposal to go out to New Zealand to establish a business house,

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dealing with the Colony and the United States, under the firm name of Taylor and Company, with himself as head. His decision was made in six hours; in March he set forth, and arriving at Fort Littleton, New Zealand, remained there for five years. On February eighteenth, 1864, he married Lily, daughter of John Baptist of Sidney, New South Wales. In the succeeding years he brought his bride home for a visit, and before returning, passed some months on the Continent, and in England, reaching Christ Church, his New Zealand home, in December of 1866. Although he never took part in political or public affairs, he became a naturalized citizen of the Colony and continued to make his home there until 1872, when, returning to this country, he took up his abode in Brookline, and shortly after went into business in Boston.

He lived in Brookline for several years, and in 1876 was a Director of the Gilberton Coal Company, but in June, 1877, he decided to sail for England, intending to remain through the summer and autumn, with the possibility of a more extended stay. After a visit to New Zealand, and a winter in New York on business connected with his Colonial interests, Curtis determined to try a winter at Saint Leonard's on the Sea, England, in the hope of benefiting his wife's health. The stay became permanent, and although he subsequently removed to Tunbridge Wells, he never returned to this country.

His letters to Denny show that expatriation did not weaken his love for his College days: "I look back on them as the pleasantest of my life, and I have a very warm feeling for all my classmates," he writes, and again, in 1908, he tells Thordike that although he has been absent from home for so many years he still preserves a "great interest in our Class and our Classmates," and he sent a cablegram of greeting on the Thirty-Fifth Anniversary.

Curtis died on the eleventh of February, 1910 at his home at Tunbridge Wells. His wife survived him. They had no children.

CHARLES FRANCIS DANA

CHARLES FRANCIS DANA was the son of Francis Washington and Anne Finney (Holton) Dana and was born in Boston on the sixth of September, 1830. His father died when he was

five years old, and in 1838 his mother having married Henry Schaeffer, a German gentleman, they moved with him to Antwerp in the same year. There Charles attended an excellent German private school, becoming thoroughly familiar with German and French, which he spoke as fluently as his native tongue, — in fact his handwriting always showed the influence of the German script.

He was sent to a boarding-school at Bonn when he was fourteen, where the boys were all English, and as he was obnoxious to them for the twofold reason of being a foreigner and a Yankee, his sojourn there was not happy. He remained only a year, and after eighteen months at a Brussels School, attended the Athénée Royal of Antwerp until April, 1848, when he sailed for America. Failing in August to pass the examinations for Harvard, he studied for a year with J. B. Felton¹ and entered College with the Sophomore Class in 1849. He belonged to the Harvard Natural History Society, the Hasty Pudding Club, and the Institute of 1770, chumming during the senior year with Horace Coolidge in Holworthy 22.

His mother, Mrs. Schaeffer, owned an estate at Brandon, Vermont, and on leaving College Dana began to study Law there; he was admitted to the Vermont Bar in September, 1854, and having been admitted to the Suffolk Bar in April, 1856, he opened an office on Court Street, Boston, in the following year.

He was a Justice of the Peace, a Freemason, and a member of the Boston Cadets, resigning from the latter in April, 1861. He was also commissioned Quartermaster of the First Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia in 1859. Dana was elected a member of the Boston School Committee for three years in the March of 1860, and two years later was appointed to the Examining Committee of Modern Languages at Harvard College, a position for which his thorough knowledge of Continental tongues admirably fitted him.

His interest in politics led to his election as Alderman by a large majority in 1863, and his re-election by an even larger majority in the succeeding year; he was chairman of the City Council for the Reception of the Russian Squadron, and he was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Republican Ratification meeting at Faneuil Hall in 1865. In the same year, he was a

¹ John Brooks Felton, H. C. 1847.



DANA
DWIGHT

DOWNES

DENNY
ESTÉ

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third time elected Alderman, and was also a member of the Executive Council of Massachusetts; his increasing interest in political matters leading to the abandonment of his legal practice.

He became engaged, in 1867, to Elizabeth S. (Babcock) Kimball, the widow of his intimate friend William S. Kimball of Boston, whose only son was his namesake. Mrs. Kimball's sunny, joyous temperament caused Dana's friends to augur well for his happiness, for he was of a high-strung, sensitive disposition and at times given to depression. Shortly before they were to have been married he was attacked with a severe sore throat. Diphtheria was little understood in those days, and the doctor had gone home, assuring the family that he was on the high road to recovery; he died within a few hours, — on the sixteenth of October, 1868.

The newspapers of the day pay tribute to the integrity and modesty which were his striking characteristics. He was on the Committee on Accounts and Pardons, where his services were valuable to the Commonwealth. "Ever scrupulous, never unkind or ungenerous, but at all times firm. He was truly an honest politician and discharged his duties with scrupulous fidelity."

Charles Dana always retained his warm interest in Harvard, and was long on the Class Committee. He was a man of scholarly tastes, and left an extensive and well-chosen library. His mother, who survived him but a short time, dying literally of a broken heart, gave a scholarship to Harvard College in his memory, which is called The Dana Scholarship of the Class of 1852.

A portrait painted when he was living in Antwerp, shows him to us when he was about fourteen, a quaint, erect little figure, clad in the costume of the time, a man's coat, buff waistcoat and stiffly starched shirt, the only trace of juvenility being the broad white collar spread out over the coat. A pretty boy he was, with a rather sober expression, and long-lashed, dreamy blue eyes, and the face is strangely like that of his later youth and manhood.

HENRY GARDNER DENNY

HENRY GARDNER DENNY was the son of Daniel and Harriet Joanna (Gardner) Denny and was born in Boston on the

twelfth of June, 1833. He was named for his maternal grandfather, who graduated from Harvard College in 1798.

The Denny family were accustomed to pass their winters in Boston, their summers at their estate in Dorchester, and Henry was first sent to the school of Miss Susan B. Nickerson on Pearl Street. In 1841 he entered Chauncy Hall School, then in the hands of Gideon F. Thayer¹ and Thomas Cushing, Jr. (H. C. 1834), remaining there until he entered College.

He delivered an Essay on "The Civilization of the Mediterranean" at Commencement, and after graduation studied at the Harvard Law School until 1853, when he entered the office of Watts and Peabody on Court Street, remaining there for two years.

Having been admitted to the Bar in 1856, he opened an office for himself in Court Street with Sidney Willard, and was appointed Justice of the Peace for Suffolk County.

In 1857 he was made a member of the Examining Committee in Rhetoric, Logic and Grammar at Harvard College, and remained on the Committee for ten years.

The following chronological list of the offices held by Mr. Denny and of the chief events in his life is copied from the one which was typewritten for the Class Book:

- 1858 Member and Secretary and Treasurer, Alumni Association to raise funds for Library
- 1859 Member Examining Committee on Library Harvard College
- 1860 Director Hamilton Bank. Probably same year, presided at meeting, 24 December, Lyceum Hall, Dorchester, in aid of families of John Brown and others killed at Harper's Ferry
- 1861 Director Hamilton Bank
- 1862 16 July, Member Class Committee and Class Secretary, Member and Secretary Republican Town Committee of Dorchester
- 1863 May, Member The Orpheus Musical Society, Boston (Resigned 31 December 1885)
- 1864 July 1, Member Examiner Club
Member Dorchester School Committee, 1 year
Member Library Committee, Union Club, Boston
Re-elected Dorchester School Committee — 3 years
- 1865 April, Went to armies of Potomac and the James as Agent of the American Unitarian Association
Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society
Executive Committee Unitarian Association

¹ Gideon French Thayer, H. C. (*h*) 1855.

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- Justice of the Peace for Norfolk County
1866 April, Chairman Dorchester School Committee
Curator of Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society
Trustee Massachusetts School for Feeble-minded and Idiotic Youth
Re-elected member Executive Committee American Unitarian Association
13 December, Member Massachusetts Historical Society
Began to live in Boston in winter, 13 Beacon Street
1867 March, Re-elected Chairman Dorchester School Committee
1868 January, Treasurer Christian Register Association (held office till January, 1872)
Cabinet Keeper Massachusetts Historical Society
Vice-President Grant and Colfax Club, Dorchester
Treasurer, pro tempore, Examiner Club
Delegate, National Unitarian Conference, New York City, to represent Christian Register Association
Treasurer Examiner Club
Transferred legal residence to Boston
1869 Treasurer, Association for the Relief of Aged Indigent Females, Boston. (Resigned, January, 1880)
Treasurer Phi Beta Kappa
Member Executive Committee of Association for Aged Indigent Females
1870 Trustee Boston Public Library
1871 Fellow American Academy of Arts and Sciences
Member Auditing Committee of above
Life member Boston Society of Natural History
Trustee Dorchester Athenaeum from 18— to 1870
1873 Member Harvard Musical Association
1876 Member Society for promoting Theological Education
Examining Commissioner Boston Public Library
1877 Treasurer Society for Promoting Theological Education. (Declined re-election, May, 1902)
1879 Appointed Member Nominating Committee of Phi Beta Kappa
1881 Went to housekeeping in Roxbury
1882 Member Library Committee, Harvard Musical Association
1883 Member Executive Committee, Suffolk Conference of Unitarian and other Churches
1885 Secretary, Society for Promoting Theological Education, to fill vacancy till May, 1885
1887 Treasurer Harvard Musical Association
1893 Librarian Harvard Musical Association
1894 Washed out of office 72 Pearl Street, 27 February? Took refuge at Hamilton National Bank

Annals of the

- 1894 Treasurer Boston Library Society
1896 Secretary, pro tempore, Boston Library Society, till June, 1897
Life Member Boston Society of Natural History
Life Member American Unitarian Association
Trustee Dorchester Athenaeum
President Dorchester Antiquarian and Historical Society
Director Barnard Freedman's Aid Society of Dorchester
Member Dorchester Conversation Club

Denny made his home with his parents, and after the death of his father, in 1872, remained with his mother as long as she lived.

Mr. Denny was an exquisite penman, and in his library was a volume of copper-plate specimens of old-fashioned eighteenth century round hand. He invited an English writing master to this country in his desire to improve the chirography taught in our schools.

Essentially a gentleman of the old school, he was an ardent lover of books, and a collector; his library contained the first four folios of Shakspeare, and was a very fine one.

He often answered abstruse queries in the pages of the *Transcript*, and in 1857 was elected into the Phi Beta Kappa. Mr. Denny was a strong partisan of Garrison, and was a member of the Association for protecting the Abolition orators from violence; and there were probably few men of his day who served on more committees or who fulfilled their duties more conscientiously.

The story of the energetic life and faithful duty of Henry Gardner Denny in this city runs back to prehistoric days before the Civil War, [wrote Edward Everett Hale at the time of his death¹] — the story of a living man, ready and fit for duty. He graduated in 1857² and the men around him soon learned that he could be relied on for any service to the city or the nation. I remember an epigram of his when he was one of the necessary people in Salignac's battalion, which seems to me to embody the principle of his energetic life: "No man is ever too particular in the Manual."

He seemed perfectly indifferent in any duty as to his own distinction in the arrangement of services, if only the thing were well done. The arrangement of a library, the subduing of a mob, the equipment of a regiment for war, the preparation of a class meeting

¹ September twentieth.

² A slight error in Mr. Hale's self-styled "cast iron memory."

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or for a public assembly, or any other of the hundred things which must be attended to was certain to be carried out completely if Denny was in any way responsible. The Boston Library, charitable institutions without number, clubs of his Class, or of his literary friends, were all so certain of this that it was enough to know that if Denny were the Treasurer, or were in any way among the directors, the movement of the machinery would be perfect.

He was, I suppose, the leading authority, among our men of letters as to the variations in the popular use of the English language since the time of Chaucer. I know of no one in Boston who would lightly challenge a decision which he had formed on such subjects. We might say that his avocation was the study of English books as books, — of the peculiarities of language or of editions.

A modest, unselfish, well-educated, intelligent, kind, all-round Christian gentleman, — this was Mr. Denny.

Denny's chief characteristic might be said to be that of unflinching loyalty, and if the virtue showed its defect in that it developed a conservatism carried sometimes to obstinacy, he was himself the chief sufferer, and an uncomplaining one. It was consistent with his character to possess an enthusiasm for his environment, and strong family feeling. His was not a mind open to argument, but when forced to yield, he did so magnanimously, as in the case of the removal of the Boston Library Society which he bitterly opposed, but which he aided in every way when the vote was carried against him. In nothing was Mr. Denny's loyalty more shown than in his love for his College and all connected with the Class and classmates of 1852. Class Secretary from the time of Dr. Page's resignation in 1862 until his death, his faithfulness in keeping in touch with the different members was untiring, and he showed a delicacy in offering aid to those otherwise financially unable to attend the fortieth anniversary which was really beautiful.

His care in the arrangement of the bills of fare for the Class Suppers was meticulous to a degree, and although unwilling to hearken to any suggestions that a less expensive menu might bring a larger number to the banquet, he was always glad to "make up" from his own pocket for any delinquents or for any excess in price. He was one of the chief originators of the '52 Dining Club; himself a disciple of Epicurus whom Burton might have had in mind when he said: "Cookery is

become an art, a noble science; cooks are gentlemen," he set the example of the perfect service of a perfect dinner in his pleasant house in Roxbury, where with his other beautiful volumes was an extensive collection of works on culinary lore.

There were many of us to whom Mr. Denny seemed a typical "Last-Leaf" as we used to see him crossing the Common from down town to his beloved Boston Library a dozen years ago. A short spare figure, clad in a long surtout of a by-gone age, moving evenly along with the measured short-stepping gait of a mechanical toy, the quaint little figure might call forth a smile, but none could fail to take him for a gentleman.

Unable to appreciate the demands of later days, he refused to rebuild the stores which were burned in the Boston Fire of 1872 to suit the requirements of tenants, and for this cause, among others, financial disasters came to him in his later years, and many trials. Few would have pictured him the hero of a love affair, but when the kinswoman who had refused him in his youth fell into poverty, old age and illness, he offered her and her sister a home when he could ill afford it, curtailing his few pleasures in his intercourse with his friends that he might give himself more wholly to her comfort.

One by one his necessities obliged him to renounce the pursuits and objects which he cared for; he resigned from the '52 Dining Club on account of the expense, but his supreme sacrifice was the sale of his precious library in the year before his death, yet even then he uttered no murmur of complaint.

He died¹ on the nineteenth of September, 1907, — one worthy to bear

The grand old name of gentleman.

HENRY HILL DOWNES

HENRY HILL DOWNES was born in Boston, November twenty-fourth, 1830, the son of Commodore John Downes, United States Navy, and Maria Gertrude (Hoffman) Downes.

The first ten years of his life were passed at the Charlestown Navy Yard; removing at that age to Boston, he prepared for

¹ A memoir of him was written by his friend, Samuel Savage Shaw (H. C. 1853), from which we have drawn several facts.

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college at the Chauncy Hall School, and under Mr. George P. Sanger¹ having also tested the educational merits of one boarding school and eight day schools. Entering college in 1849, at the second term of the Freshman year, his social disposition and courteous manners soon made him popular.

Downes decided to adopt the profession of Law, and entered the Dane Law School, transferring himself to the office of C. B. Goodrich, Esquire, in January, 1854, where he remained for a year, and on being admitted to the Suffolk Bar, began practice in Boston. In the hope of making more rapid progress, he moved to Detroit in 1855, and after a year there, tried his fortunes in Grand Rapids, Michigan; in the autumn of 1859 he came home for a visit, but returned to the West with the New Year, settling this time at Davenport, Iowa. There he was appointed Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, and held the office until he moved to Quincy, Illinois, which was his home at the time of his enlistment in the Union Army, on August eleventh, 1862, as a private in the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. A month before his enlistment, in reply to the Class Committee, who had notified him of the Decennial Celebration of the Class, he wrote expressing his regret at his inability to be present, and concluded with these words:

Trusting that on some future occasion I may meet with you not only for congratulations over individual prosperity, health and happiness, but over a Union re-established, a people re-united in unity and peace, a government restored, a nation mighty, permanent and indissoluble.

He did not live to see the fulfillment of his hope. Fighting well and laboring faithfully, he continued in the Army of General Grant until his last illness. He died in the United States Hospital at Vicksburg, Mississippi, of malarial fever on the twenty-sixth of September, 1864.

To himself and to his friends it was a source of satisfaction that although he might not share in the rejoicing over the termination of the long campaign which bought the freedom of the Mississippi, he knew that it had been successful. A true patriot, he counted it none too great a sacrifice to give his life for his country.

¹ George Partridge Sanger, H. C. 1840.

JONATHAN DWIGHT

ORIGINALLY called John, Jonathan Dwight changed his Christian name to Jonathan, thus becoming the fourth of the name in the family. He was the son of Jonathan and Ann (Bartlett) Dwight, and was born in Boston on the twenty-eighth of August, 1830. His father was nearly related to President Dwight of Yale, and his mother was the daughter of Thomas Bartlett of Boston. When Dwight was two years old, his parents moved to Springfield.

He prepared for Harvard with John Brooks Felton (H. C. 1847), and unlike the rest of his classmates was glad when his College days came to an end. Seventeen months of his time, it is true, he passed "investigating," as he says, "the natural history of Cape Cod. The cause of my rustication was an expression of my love to a certain College officer." Dwight preferred his rifle to his dictionary, and was glad to depart from the Classic Shades of Cambridge, although he may have found some compensation during his sojourn there in rowing in the Harvard-Yale boat crew, on the occasion which is said to have been the pioneer race.

After graduation, Dwight studied engineering at West Point under Professor Mahan, and did more or less railway surveying. In 1857 he married Julia Lawrence, daughter of Garret D. Hasbrouck of New York, and the young couple passed two years travelling in Europe. On his return, Dwight immediately resumed his engineering, and in 1861 established himself at Madison, New Jersey, where he built a house, and tried some agricultural experiments. He lived there until 1876, when he removed to New York.

He superintended the surveying for the waterworks at Morristown, New Jersey, and was prominently connected with the building of railways especially in the West where he conducted important work on the Hannibal and Saint Joseph Railroad. One of his firms laid the foundation for the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor; and he superintended the elevation of the tracks of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Road, an undertaking which he accomplished with a fortunate exemption from accident, although attended with great difficulty, as the passage of trains was at the rate of one hundred and twenty in every twenty-four hours. He says in

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one of his letters to the Class Secretary that he prognosticated at his graduation that some of the Class of '52 might be so unfortunate as to have to travel over bridges of his construction. His prophecy was certainly fulfilled.

A great grief came to Dwight in 1885 in the death of his youngest son Arthur, who died at the age of twenty-one, having just graduated (in 1884) from Columbia with honours, and his letters show that it was long before he rallied from the blow.

His wife survived him together with his older son, Jonathan the fifth, who graduated from Harvard in 1880. After 1876 Mr. Dwight made his home in New York, where he was often to be found at the Engineers' Club; to the last an ardent disciple of Isaak Walton, he passed his summers on the Saguenay.

In spite of his distaste for college life he retained his affection for his classmates, and was always glad to hear from Mr. Denny; if he had added little to the "luster of 1852, he had done nothing to disgrace her," he wrote in one letter, showing that he had preserved his sense of loyalty to his Alma Mater. He had many friends, and was a generous but unostentatious contributor to many charities.

He died at his home in New York on November twenty-eighth, 1910.

WILLIAM MILLER ESTÉ

"I was born in the city of Cincinnati, the Queen of the West, on the twenty-fifth of July, 1831, at early dawn," writes Esté in his place in the Class Book. His father,¹ David K. Esté, was the son of Captain Moses Esté of the Revolutionary War. He was a lawyer and moved from New York to Cincinnati soon after its settlement; William Esté's mother was Louise Miller, daughter of William Miller of New Orleans.

William's first school was an Academy at West Chester, Pennsylvania, kept by A. Bolmar, a former soldier in the Napoleonic Wars. He was a tyrannous old fogey, according to his pupil, and repeated use of the birch decided the latter to take "French leave." He was then sent to New Haven, where, after a pleasant year under the instruction of Aaron

¹ See Appleton's Encyclopaedia for a notice of him.

Nichols Skinner,¹ he suddenly determined to enter Yale; doing so in 1848, he remained there for three years, when he was seized with a desire to transfer himself to Harvard, and became a member of the Class of 1852 in the Senior year.

In 1859 Esté visited Japan, and contributed a series of able articles on the country to *Alta California*, a San Franciscan publication; he was in San Francisco in 1860, and in December of the following year was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Twenty-Sixth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers and A.D.C. on the staff of Brigadier General Schenck, taking part in the battles of Bull Run, Franklin, Strasburg, Mount Jackson, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cedar Mountain, Freeman's Ford, Warrenton, Sulphur Springs, Waterloo Bridge, Groveton, second Bull Run and Chantilly.

In March, 1863 he was appointed Major of United States Volunteers, his last post being that of Havre de Grace, of which he had charge.

Major Esté married Mary Goddard, daughter of Reverend Kingston Goddard, an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia. The marriage was not happy, and finally terminated in a divorce. The dissensions which for many years had preceded this culmination threw a permanent blight over Esté's whole life, embittered his nature and helped to prevent the development of the really uncommon talents with which he was gifted. He was at one time a member of the New York Produce and Petroleum Exchange, in connection with which he was concerned in litigation; he also speculated more or less, and had further business interests in Cincinnati.

In 1892 he wrote and published for private circulation a biographical sketch of his maternal grandfather, William Miller. Retaining a never-failing interest in his Class, he always replied to the letters of the Class Secretary, and he attended the fortieth anniversary. Possessed of a brilliant mind, courtly manners, and a gayety and openness of humor, which at his best made him the life of any circle, he was also deeply loved by his family.

"There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose," and on that rock was wrecked a life meant for better things.

Esté had two sons; David Kirkpatrick, born in 1863, who

¹ Yale College, 1823.

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was an artist and married and died before his father, leaving two children; and Louis Ercole Esté, born in 1868, who survived him, and who entered Columbia College with the Class of 1890, but did not graduate.

William Miller Esté died at Walter's Park, Pennsylvania, on the seventeenth of February, 1900.

EDWIN HEDGE FAY

EDWIN HEDGE FAY was the son of Edwin and Harriet Porter (White) Fay, and says that he

first saw the light on the seventeenth of March, 1832 in the "wilder" of Alabama. . . . A place hardly deserving the name of town ('tho it was once laid out in town lots, and many of them were sold) which was called "Rocky Mount"¹ in Autauga County, has the honor of being my birthplace.

His father graduated from Harvard in 1817, having obtained a liberal education through the help of his uncle Levi Hedge (H. C. 1792) at that time a Professor at the College. Edwin Fay, Senior, settled in Alabama soon after the State was admitted to the Union, and was a lawyer and school teacher. His son Edwin passed the first four years of his life in the society of little pickaninnies, from whom he parted unwillingly when his parents decided to send him to his grandmother to be educated. Her home was at Verona, Oneida County, New York, and with his father, mother and sister he set forth on his journey thither in an open barouche.

Traveling in those days was attended with many vicissitudes. As the Fay family were crossing a creek in the northern part of the State, appropriately called the Shades of Death, which was swollen by excessive rains, Edwin with his mother and sister were carried over on a log, but Mr. Fay, who remained in the carriage, was washed some distance down the stream, and narrowly escaped drowning. The party visited Mammoth Cave, and after reaching Lexington, Kentucky, continued their journey by public conveyance. With his grandmother Edwin lived for five years, attending the common schools, and beginning to study Latin when he was nine years old. He returned home by sea, and from the time

¹ This place is not to be found on maps or in gazetteers of the present day.

he was fifteen helped his father in teaching. Fearing that he was not sufficiently prepared to pass Harvard examinations, he decided to enter Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio, with the Junior class, and in consequence did not go to Harvard until his Senior year.

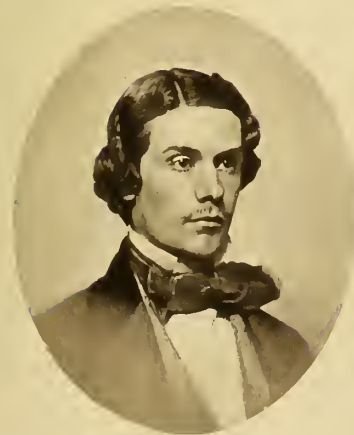
Fay began to teach school immediately after graduating, and in 1855 became the Principal of an Academy for boys at Minden, Louisiana. He married on March thirteenth, 1856, Sarah Elizabeth Shields, daughter of William and Sarah Elizabeth (Whitfield) Shields, who was born in Georgia on the thirtieth of August, 1837.

As was natural, Mr. Fay's sympathies were with the Confederates, and on the breaking out of the War he enlisted as private in a Cavalry Company from Minden; he was afterward Orderly Sergeant of his Company, and eventually was transferred to the Engineer Corps of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Although he accepted the result of the conflict, he was always a firm believer in the right of the Southern Cause, and was proud to feel that he had fought for the Confederacy. He was a member of Feliciana Camp, North Carolina Veterans, No. 264. After the War he was Principal of the Fayette Academy in Mississippi, and in 1872 was elected Principal of the Silliman Female Collegiate Institute at Clinton, Louisiana.

With a warm-hearted and generous disposition, he possessed the gift of arousing great affection in his scholars, and was also an admirable teacher; he was therefore loved and revered by his pupils both as preceptor and friend. In 1879 he was appointed State Superintendent of Education and filled the office faithfully. On retiring, he opened the Baton Rouge Seminary for Young Ladies and Girls, but his failing health obliged him to give up teaching, and he passed the last months of his life on his farm in East Feliciana Parish, dying on the twenty-seventh of December, 1898, at the house of his son-in-law, Professor Morgan of Baton Rouge, whither he had gone to pass the Christmas holidays.

Professor Fay had seven children, two of whom died in childhood; the five living at the time of their father's death were Thornwell Fay, born 13 March, 1861, assistant to the General Manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company; Edwin Whitfield Fay, born 1 January, 1865, Professor of Latin



FAY
GREENWOOD

GRAY

FISHER
GREGORY

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at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia; Charles Spencer Fay, born 23 October, 1867, Assistant General Freight Agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company at Atlanta; Sarah Elizabeth Fay, born 4 May, 1870, wife of Professor H. A. Morgan of the Louisiana State University; and Lucy Ella Fay, born 25 June, 1875, who received the degree of B.A. at the H. Sophia Newcomb Memorial College at New Orleans in June, 1895.

Professor Fay never allowed his Southern sympathies to affect his interest in his Class, and although none of his sons graduated from Harvard, he bequeathed to them his faith in the College, and pride in their College ancestry. As, in addition to his father, his paternal grandfather Jonathan Fay (H. C. 1778) married Rhoda, daughter of Thomas Wells White (H. C. 1759), and his maternal great-grandfather, Reverend Lemuel Hedge of Warwick, Massachusetts, graduated from Harvard in 1759, he could certainly claim to be a true descendant of Harvard.

GEORGE HUNTINGTON FISHER

GEORGE HUNTINGTON FISHER was the son of George and Elizabeth P. (Huntington) Fisher and was born in Oswego, New York, on the seventh of May, 1832. His father, the first lawyer to practise in Oswego County, moved in 1836 to Northampton, Massachusetts, to obtain better educational advantages for his children, and three years later the entire family sailed from New York in a packet ship bound for Havre. They established themselves first at Paris, and later at Passy, where they occupied a house close by Benjamin Franklin's former place of abode, near the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne. In November, 1840, they went to Tours, and George attended school there and in other French towns until 1844, when they returned to Northampton.

In the autumn of 1845 George was sent to the school of Mr. Goodnow at Concord, and in the spring of 1847 to the Hopkins Classical School at Cambridge, of which Edmund B. Whitman¹ was principal, where he finished his preparation for College. His part at Commencement was an essay on "The Division of Labor as affecting Mental Culture"; and

¹ Edmund Burke Whitman, H. C. 1838.

he belonged to the Harvard Natural History Society and the Hasty Pudding Club.

He began to study law at Syracuse immediately after he left College, and on being admitted to the New York Bar at Utica, in 1854, settled in Brooklyn, where he became senior partner in the firm of Fisher, Denly and Provost. A year later he formed a connection with James Maurice of Wall Street, New York, and soon after moved to the office of the latter. Mr. Fisher was an able and useful lawyer, and very active in his profession; his death was due to pneumonia, contracted when on his way to defend a client at Mineola Court House. A strong Republican, he was an Alderman of Brooklyn, a member of the old Brooklyn Common Council, and for some time its President; he was also in the Legislature in 1860 and 1861, and a member of the Board of Supervisors of Education and one of the Park Commissioners.

He was at one time Register in Bankruptcy and part owner of the Brooklyn Times. He was also director and counsellor of Hospital and Charitable Institutions and of the Industrial School Association of Brooklyn, and a member of many clubs.

He married, December twenty-fourth, 1857, Emma Chichester, who died in October, 1888, leaving one son, George Chichester Fisher, born on the twenty-fourth of September, 1858,¹ who graduated from Harvard in 1881, and died at San Francisco November tenth, 1910, unmarried.

Mr. Fisher was married a second time, November sixth, 1889, to Katharine Weeks of Flushing, Long Island, who survived him. His adopted daughter, Mamie Esther, became the wife of Mr. Maurice Victor Benoit in 1896.

Mr. Fisher always reverted with enthusiasm to the associations of his College days, and shared the brotherly pride with which the greater number of the "fellows" watched their classmate Choate's brilliant career. In 1887 he wrote to Denny:

It is said, that men sometimes, after being married some years, have a way of falling in love with their wives a second time. . . . But it has occurred to me that something of the sort might be true of College memories and associations for I have had within the past year unaccountable dreams about College associations.

¹ The Fisher Genealogy gives the date as 26 October, 1858.

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And again, after his return from the fortieth anniversary, he accompanied his cheque for the supper with the following rhyme:

You drink to me, I'll drink to you;
You may look the whole quinquennial through
And you never (*allegriissimo*) find a better class than '52;
So here's to the Class of '52.

He died on the sixth of February, 1910, at Brooklyn, New York.

JOHN SYLVESTER GARDINER

THE son of William Howard (H. C. 1816) and Caroline (Perkins) Gardiner, John Sylvester Gardiner was born in Boston on the fifth of October, 1830. He entered Harvard in the Sophomore year, and was a member of the Porcellian Club. On graduating he sailed for Europe, whence the different members of 1852 wrote home of meeting him, and remained there for a year or more. He died on the twenty-fifth of July, 1856, in Boston.¹ He was never married.

The letter of condolence which we append was written to his father by three of his most intimate friends among his classmates, Thorndike, Hooper and Pratt.

Brought during the whole of our College life into more intimate relations with your son than were most of his classmates, we had only the better opportunity to observe and appreciate the worth of his character. Never prone to extend the circles of his more familiar associates, he lavished upon those with whom he was intimate all and even more than all the kindness and affection which by many is diffused through a large circle of acquaintance. When he had once bestowed his friendship, he was felt by all who knew him to be firm and true, — one whose sincerity could always be relied upon. His manliness was such that he always opposed with the whole strength of his character every meanness. We have again and again heard the sentiment expressed among his friends that he possessed a chivalrous and truly gentlemanly feeling rarely to be met with. Even in the familiar intercourse of College life he was never known to say a word which could spread an unjust report, and he always rebuked openly, fearlessly and unhesitatingly any conversation which he thought unworthy of a gentleman. We had watched with

¹ See Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for 16 October, 1856, vol. lv. no. 11.

sincere satisfaction his course since leaving College. We saw how manfully he had contended with a spirit naturally more inclined to intermittent effort than to the persistent application which ensured success, and it was with inexpressible sorrow and disappointment that we heard of his being taken from us just as he had attained, in the successful result of his examination for admission to the Bar, the first fruits of this steady perseverance.

But with our sorrow there is yet mingled a heartfelt sense of thankfulness, that in the memory of our friend we have left to us the recollection of so many generous and noble qualities to exercise (as they did in life) an elevating influence upon all who knew him.

LEVI GRAY

LEVI GRAY was the son of John and Sarah (Knight) Gray, and was born on the second of February, 1827, at Lincolnville, Maine. He entered a machine shop at the age of fourteen and worked there for four years, passing much time meanwhile in the Post Office, but, animated with a desire for a liberal education, he repaired to Phillips Academy, Andover, in 1845, and after studying there for three years entered the Freshman Class at Amherst College, where he remained until the last term of the Junior year, when he betook himself to Yale. His desires, however, apparently turned to Cambridge, for he entered Harvard at the beginning of the Senior term. He supported himself during his College life by teaching school at Pelham, Northampton and Littleton, Massachusetts. It was no doubt while teaching at the last named place, during his Senior year, that he met his first wife. She was Sophia K. Harwood, daughter of Nahum and Sophia (Kimball) Harwood of that town, and they were married on the first of May, 1856.

Gray continued to teach school for some months after graduation, and studied at the Harvard Law School and in the office of a practitioner in Boston. He was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in October, 1854, and opened an office for himself at No. 35 Court Street, Boston, in the succeeding January, being appointed Justice of the Peace and, in 1861, Clerk of Ward 14.

In 1863 he moved to New York, where he was admitted to the New York Bar, and there continued the practice of his profession.

His first wife having died, he married on June fourth, 1873,

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Sarah E. (Gibbs) Nichols, daughter of Jonathan and Relief Gibbs and widow of Alfred E. Nichols of Lowell. They made their home for the ensuing ten years at Yonkers, New York; leaving there, in 1883, to establish themselves in Roxbury, Massachusetts, where Mrs. Gray still (1918) survives, in extreme old age.

At the time of their removal Mr. Gray was already suffering from the seven years' illness which preceded his death, and had wholly withdrawn from professional life.

He retained his interest in his Harvard associations and was a regular attendant at the Class Dinners during his last years. He died in Roxbury on the twenty-ninth of October, 1882, and is buried at Lowell.

He had no children.

AUGUSTUS GOODWIN GREENWOOD

THE son of the Reverend Francis William Pitt Greenwood (H. C. 1814) of King's Chapel, and Maria Goodwin, Augustus Goodwin Greenwood was born in Boston on the twelfth of September, 1832, and was baptized by his father in the following October.

He was a member of the Odd Fellows Society while at college, of the Hasty Pudding Club and of the Institute of 1770.

He studied Law and received his degree in 1854, and practised for a time in Boston, where he was a member of the First Corps of Cadets, but his delicate health prevented his going to the front on the outbreak of the War.

Having accompanied his sister, Mrs. James Lodge, to Europe, he passed the winter of 1867 in Rome, and remained on the other side of the ocean for several years.

Mr. Greenwood was very musical, and possessed a brilliant mind, but his lack of physical strength was a constant handicap, and after two years of invalidism he died at Providence, Rhode Island, on the fourteenth of March, 1874.

EDWIN SMITH GREGORY

EDWIN SMITH GREGORY was born in Fleming,¹ Cayuga County, New York, on the twentieth of April, 1828, the son of William

¹ Now discontinued as a Post Office.

and Abigail (Smith) Gregory. Two years later his parents moved to Peru,¹ Ohio, and Gregory taught school during the winters of 1845, 1846 and 1847. In 1848 he entered the Freshman Class of the Western Reserve College, remaining there until 1852, when he became a member of the Senior Class at Harvard. He belonged to the Hudson Chapter² of the Alpha Delta Phi and to the Western Reserve Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Immediately after graduating, he married, 28 July, 1852, Miss Clara M. Baldwin, related through her mother to the family of Hudson, who founded the town of that name in Summit County, Ohio.

Gregory settled on a farm in Monroeville, Huron County, Ohio, and combined agriculture with the study of Medicine. He was also Superintendent of the Schools of the place. In March, 1854, he wrote to the Class Secretary to claim the Class Cradle for his "*filia pulchrior*," Hattie M., who was born on the fourth of March of that year. Huntington had already received the Class Cradle, but his baby died in infancy.

Gregory was present at the Class Supper in 1855.

His second daughter, Anna L., was born 23 July, 1858.

Gregory became Principal of the Preparatory Department of Western Reserve College, and Adjunct Professor of Latin, positions which he filled most satisfactorily. In 1868, when Joe Choate ran across him at New Haven, he reported him as looking "very hearty and very grey", and at that time he was Principal of the Rayen School Laboratory of Agricultural Chemistry at Youngstown, Ohio.

He was a Trustee of Western Reserve University and in 1889 he received the honorary degree of Ph.D. from Wooster.

Having given up active life, Gregory retired to a farm of seven hundred acres at Hudson, Ohio, where he wrote Denny, in 1891, that he had the best Holland and Jersey cattle in the State.

The wish of his heart was to attend the Fortieth Anniversary of his Class at Harvard, which had ever held an important place in his affections, but as the time drew near, obstacles arose which seemed insuperable to his faithful nature, and he wrote to Denny that he must give up his cherished plan. We

¹ Peru township, Morrow County.

² Western Reserve College.

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wish we had the reply which the Class Secretary sent to him; whatever it was, it touched the heart-strings of wife and children, who insisted on his going, and the ten lines in which he informed Denny that he would come are filled with a boyish jubilation that is infinitely pathetic: "If your table is full, I will stand at the mantel or the sideboard. Hoping to be with the boys — I am Yours for /52", and with them he was! It was the crowning pleasure of his life, and the last, for Dr. Gregory's health began to fail early in the ensuing spring, and during the months of weariness and pain which followed, the memory of the re-union with the friends of his College days was the ever-bright spot, the source of endless happy reminiscence. The letters which Mrs. Gregory wrote to the Class Secretary during her husband's last illness show how grateful Dr. Gregory's family were to Denny for his tender kindness during that happy visit to Cambridge, and also for Denny's thoughtfulness in sending him messages and items from the Classmates, which, no matter how great his weakness and suffering, never failed to give pleasure to one who loved his College well.

Dr. Gregory died at the house of his daughter in Canton, Ohio, on the tenth of October, 1893.

His older daughter married Julius Whiting, Esquire, of Canton; his younger daughter also married, and both had children. It was their grandfather's hope that his namesake, Edwin Gregory Lee, might one day graduate from Harvard. In reading the sweet and touching letters written by his wife, even one who never knew him can see how rarely lovable and loyal a character his must have been. The following extract is from a note of hers to his classmate, Wallace:

It is an unspeakable comfort to us that he was induced to take the journey and attend the re-union of his Class on their Fortieth Anniversary. He enjoyed every hour of his absence, and the day spent with you was especially pleasant and full of interest, which he often talked of afterward; and he prized and used the cane you gave him, as long as it was needed. . . . He was not afraid to die, his only dread was leaving me. . . . His gratitude for every kindness and thoughtfulness of his friends was very lovely. . . . It is hard to realize that his noble, useful life is ended, with only a precious memory and his name left to me.

EPHRAIM WHITMAN GURNEY

EPHRAIM WHITMAN GURNEY was the son of Nathan Gurney, for many years Superintendent of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and of his wife Sarah Whitman. He was born in Boston on the eighteenth of February, 1829. The Class Book tells us that he was fitted for college by D. B. Tower and by George Eaton (H. C. 1833), but he was largely self-prepared and could have needed little help.

He was a member of the Institute of 1770, participated in the Exhibition of May, 1852, and delivered a Dissertation at Commencement. He was also in the Phi Beta Kappa. He remained in Cambridge for a time as a resident graduate, and after teaching in the school of D. B. Tower on Park Street, Boston, opened a Classical and Scientific School for Boys in Cambridge in conjunction with Professors Lane and Lovering¹ in 1856.

In the following year he was appointed tutor in Greek and Latin at Harvard, becoming assistant professor in 1863; in 1867 he was assistant professor of Philosophy, and a year later was transferred with the same rank to the Department of History. In 1870 he was selected to fill the office of Dean of the College Faculty, resigning in 1875 for a two years' stay in Europe, accompanied by his wife. He especially enjoyed the time passed in England, for he met almost everyone worth knowing and left behind him scores of friends who admired him as he deserved.

On his return to Cambridge he filled the chair of Professor of Roman Law and History, later becoming McLean Professor of History and so remaining until his death. He was made a Fellow of the Corporation in 1884.

In his prime, at the height of his influence for good, Professor Gurney was attacked by an insidious and wasting disease, which physicians found it difficult to diagnose, impossible to cure, that slowly wore his life away. Four months before his death he was moved to Pride's Crossing, where he died on the twelfth of September, 1886.

Professor Gurney's first scheme of life was to fit himself for the ministry; that he possessed unusual qualifications for a clergyman is unquestionable, indeed there were few careers in

¹ George Martin Lane (H. C. 1846), Joseph Lovering (H. C. 1833).



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HILL

HEAD

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which a man of his great ability and high aims could fail to make his mark and to leave a lasting influence, but to one of his modest and retiring nature the life of a scholar seemed especially suited.

He contributed articles at one time to the *Nation*, and he succeeded Norton and Lowell as Editor of the *North American Review*, but he resigned at the end of eighteen months, and wisely, for it would have been a cruel waste to expend the exquisite care and finish which he gave to all literary work on magazine articles or the drudgery of editorship. His English style was lucid, subtle, polished, correct and strong, and charming in its graceful ease. It is impossible to over-estimate his erudition; thoroughly familiar with the ancient classics, his knowledge included also philosophy, law and politics, and he was at home in French and German as well as in English. It is said that in the hours of council of the Faculty which prefaced the changes in the College requirements for admission, attendance at Chapel *et cetera*, no one had more influence than Professor Gurney. As he was by natural inclination a conservative, his consent to radical measures carried the greater weight, and certainly no one could have more wisely filled the office of the first Dean of the Academical Department. Generous as well as just in his judgments, he possessed also the divine gift of sympathy, and although his own youth had been almost that of an ascetic in its unremitting study, he could yet show a tenderness for the culprit which took all the bitterness from the admonitions which his office obliged him to deliver.

He was a remarkable judge of character, too, and his intuitive perception and correctness of prophecy in regard to the graduates who had passed before him during twenty years, was extraordinary. The same beautiful sympathy made his friendship a rare privilege, and those familiar with his class-mate Wright realized how much went out of his life when Gurney's marriage ended the constant and beneficent intercourse of bachelor days. Nor was he the only one to whom the light in the second-story, front-corner room, which Gurney occupied for many years, on Dunster Street, was a beacon light, around which gathered as brilliant and goodly a company of young men as Cambridge could then supply.¹

¹ See Thayer, *Letters of Chauncey Wright*, p. 34.

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Addison Brown counted him for many years his closest friend, and among his papers is a portrait of Gurney which may serve to bring his personality before us:

In personal appearance he was unprepossessing . . . and wholly belied the gracious and benignant gentleman within. By degrees Gurney became popular, both in College days and afterwards. His manners were the perfection of good breeding; he was never forward or self-asserting; never controversial, and would listen patiently for hours while his friends talked over their own affairs.

Huntington named his first born son for him, and nine years after his death wrote Denny "No one is in my mind oftener than E. W. G."

In one of the obituary notices from those who loved him was the following tribute:

No adequate idea of the pleasures of familiar intercourse with him could be given to any stranger, however full.

And yet another says of him:

It is worth every one's while to look at such a life as Professor Gurney's in its quiet simplicity and its unselfish devotion to noble aims, and to remember that of him it can be truthfully said that so far as in him lay he made the world about him better and wiser by living in it. No higher or purer praise than this can be given to any man, and this he well deserved.

Professor Gurney married 3 October, 1868, Ellen Sturgis Hooper, daughter of Dr. Robert William¹ and Ellen (Sturgis) Hooper of Boston. Their home was on Reservoir Hill, Cambridge, and one of the Class of '63 told the writer of going to see Professor Gurney on College business soon after his marriage, and that the picture of him and of Mrs. Gurney at their fireside had always lived in his memory as that of an ideal home. Their happiness was marred by periods of mental aberration on the part of Mrs. Gurney,² who outlived her husband but a short time. They had no children.

¹ H. C. 1830.

² Mrs. Gurney bequeathed to the College \$158,544 to found a Professorship of History. This Fund was allowed to accumulate to its present amount, about \$200,000. See page 430, *post*.

SAMUEL FOSTER HAVEN, JUNIOR

SON of Samuel Foster (H. C. 1826) and Lydia Gibbon (Sears) Haven, was born on May twentieth, 1831, in Dedham. His mother dying when he was three years old, he was sent to a private family in Salem and thence to a boarding school in Needham, where he remained about five years. He was then taken to his father in Worcester, and lived with him until he entered College, for which he was fitted at the Worcester High School.

In January, 1853, he began to study medicine with Dr. Henry Sargent in Worcester, but later attended the Massachusetts Medical College, graduating at the Commencement of March, 1855. In the summer he went to Europe for professional study, devoting himself especially to ophthalmology and passing the following year at Berlin and Vienna. In 1857 he opened an office in Boston, but remained there only a year, moving in the spring of 1858 to Worcester, where he devoted himself especially to diseases of the eye.

When the war broke out, he volunteered immediately and became Assistant Surgeon on the organization of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers. As the Senior Surgeon was ill and away, he had entire charge for many months, and ultimately was commissioned in his place. During the whole of his service, he devoted himself unsparingly to his duties, never taking any furlough or leave of absence.

By his presence on the field, Dr. Haven is said to have saved many who must otherwise have died for want of immediate attention, and it was the knowledge of this which made him feel that the exposure of his own life was justified. Entirely regardless of personal danger, he always accompanied his regiment into battle, that he might instantly be at hand to aid the wounded. The Medical Director of the division remonstrated with him, when the regiment entered the final engagement at Fredericksburg, but so great was Haven's desire to be with his men that his wish was granted, and he was allowed to accompany them into action; he was killed by a shell while marching beside the color-bearer on December thirteenth, 1862.

"Brave but unfortunate regiment!" was the general exclamation when that day's fatal work was known. Haven

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stood "high in the estimation of his classmates on account of his sterling merit, unobtrusive conduct and diligent attention to the higher duties of life."¹

Whatever he attempted, he carried out with all his mind and all his strength at whatever cost to himself. Kind, skilful, faithful, he was indeed an irreparable loss. Slightly eccentric in manners and trend of mind, he was yet admirably fitted to excel in certain departments of his profession. He was fond of scientific research and had printed two essays, — on "Intestinal Obstructions" and on "Cysticerci within the Eye." He had prepared also a Chronological Catalogue of books and pamphlets printed in this country from its settlement to the time of the Revolution, and this, with an introductory chapter was almost ready for the press, when he was called away.²

If Haven's reserved nature narrowed the circle of his friends, he was the more devoted to those whom he admitted to intimacy, and almost pathetically happy if he could confer a favor upon those he loved.

He died, as he would have wished, true to the duty which was nearest him, and "faithful unto death."

With skilful touch he turned away
Death's wishful hand from wounded men;
But when was done that doleful day,
The living laid him with the slain.

Thy hurt to heal, O native land!
What mortal might, he did and dared;
And when all service of his hand
Secured not enough, his heart he bared,

And laid his life upon thy hurt,
By losing all, to make thee whole;
But could not lose his high deserts
And place on Memory's record-roll.

And when that sacred roll she calls,
The word, perchance, will reach his ear,
And he shall, from the eternal halls,
Among God's angels, answer, "Here!"

¹ Letters of condolence from the Class to Dr. S. F. Haven, Senior, long the accomplished Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society.

² Afterwards published in Thomas's *History of Printing in America* (1878).

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We will not deem his life was brief,
For noble death is length of days;
The sun that ripens autumn's sheaf
Has poured a summer's wealth of rays.¹

GEORGE EDWARD HEAD

THE son of George Edward (H. C. 1812) and Hannah (Catlin) Head, George Edward Head, Jr., was born in Boston on the fourth of February, 1831, and prepared for college at the Boston Latin School. He was a member of the Odd Fellows Society and of the Institute and was one of the Knights of the Punch Bowl.

He graduated with honor from the Tremont Medical School in 1855, and immediately entered a Rhode Island hospital; from July, 1857 to 1858, he was Acting Surgeon at Fort Mackinaw, and on leaving there practised for two years in Amherst, Massachusetts.

Head was appointed First Lieutenant, Eleventh Infantry U. S. A., on the fourteenth of May, 1861; his regiment joined the Army of the Potomac in February, 1862 and he took part in all the campaigns of the army, until ordered to Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, in December, 1862. After acting as Regimental Adjutant from October, 1862 to April, 1863, he rejoined his regiment in May of that year, and was present at many of the important battles and sieges of the war, receiving the title of Brevet Major in August, 1864. Head served as a member of the Military Commission, and was Judge Advocate at Baltimore for almost a year, commanding the posts of Charlottesville and Camp Hamilton, Virginia, until the summer of 1867, being assigned to the Third United States Infantry in 1871.

Major Head married Miss Lydia Barry of Newport, New York, who died in 1876. They had two children, Mary Eastburn, who married, in 1891, Lieutenant Ellwood W. Evans, and Margaret Gray, who married Lieutenant Robert J. Duff, both of the Eighth United States Cavalry.

Major Head remained in active service until 1891. On re-

¹ The stanzas, inscribed to Dr. Haven's memory, appeared in the *Worcester Spy* of 30 December, 1862, and were presumably written by the Reverend D. A. Wasson. (Harvard Memorial Biographies.)

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tiring, he made his home at Newport, New York, and died there on the eighth of September, 1908.

His warm heart and merry humor are shown especially in the Records which he wrote for the Knights Punch Bowl, one being in Chaucerian rhyme, and in the one for October, 1857, their is a touch of prophecy in regard to the coming storm between North and South:

And there was another ¹ whom we all dearly loved, sleeping a quiet sleep far away from the K. P. B. Let us remember how his eyes were closed by one of our Southern countrymen. If treason should ever arise in our nation, let us remember this tie, and if we can with honor, let us stand by our common country. There is not a south wind that blows but brings us tidings from Norris's grave.

In 1890 Major Head wrote to Denny in reply to the annual notice of the Class Supper:

Twenty-nine years of Army life has not made me forget old Harvard, and every time that Yale beats at New London the doctor puts me on the sick list for a week. He says that I am too cross to be trusted with the men on the drill ground.

After all, Army life is not such a bad thing, were it not for reveillé. Fancy the wrath of the Class had they been told when they graduated that they must go to prayers every blessed morning of their natural lives! — and reveillé is wuss'n prayers because it comes off at dawn of day.

I have tried to express my idea in some verses, which will you please kindly to read to the Class, or if you cannot decipher my hieroglyphics, Charley Stedman knows my handwriting, though perhaps not as well as certain Jews that I wot of. The lines may keep some of the young bloods from enlisting, especially Jo Choate, who has shown such a penchant for a military life that I am in daily fear of hearing that he has taken the King's shilling. The files of the Army and Navy Journal show that he has already been court-martialled twice. I hope they will not cast a gloom over the festivities of the evening.

At length the soldier's *weary* life
Is lapped in sleep profound,
And fond sweet dreams of home and wife —
When lo! an awful sound!
The drum's harsh beat that bids him rise
And roll-call oversee;
The soldier stretches, rubs his eyes,
And d—mns the reveillé!

¹ Norris.

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The coughing sergeants call the rolls,
The sneezing ranks reply,
While officers with unkempt polls
Look on with gloomy eye;
Up comes the day with scowl of gray
Such folly there should be,
And like a private seems to say
O d—mn the reveillé!

Grim fever lurks in stagnant pools,
And has their graves prepared,
Who dare him face, the stupid fools,
Before the day is aired.
The sun himself don't see the use,
And puzzled seems to be,
Before *he* rises, why the deuce
Men go to reveillé.

God bless our land — its sins forget —
And North to South cement;
God bless its white folks, niggers, debt,
Its pigs and President;
God bless the noble lads in blue
Who made our country free;
But God confound the villain who
Invented reveillé.

JAMES SENECA HILL

JAMES SENECA HILL was the son of George W. and Sallie (Albee) Hill, and was born at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, on the third of March, 1825. His father died while he was still in childhood, and his uncle having been appointed his guardian, he accompanied his mother to Willimantic, Connecticut, moving thence to Windham, where he lived in the family of James Wilson for several years and attended school. Later, working for a time on his uncle's farm at Willimantic, he continued his studies at school, and about the year 1837 entered the Holliston Academy, of which the Reverend Gardner Rice was then the Principal. After two years or more there, and one winter at the Bolton Academy at Colchester, that village being his mother's home at the time, he went to Chaplin, Connecticut, to learn the carpenter's trade.

His mother and uncle meanwhile moved to Northampton, Massachusetts, and thither James followed them two years later, building a small house for his mother, about 1843, and continuing his trade, employing several men under him, and erecting houses and barns, as well as assisting his elder brother in the wood-work for a stone dam. After the first winter he never failed to attend the Academy at Easthampton, and having completed his work on the dam, and feeling exhausted from the constant hard labour, he suddenly bethought himself of going to College. He therefore entered the Williston Seminary at Easthampton in December, 1846, and prepared himself for Amherst College, becoming one of the Freshman Class in 1848, and taking the first prize for declamation in 1850. In the Autumn of 1851 he left Amherst for admission to the Senior Class at Harvard, supporting himself during his last two years at College by school-teaching in country towns.

On graduating he studied medicine at the Boylston Medical School in Boston, and having received his degree of M.D. in 1855, was almost immediately appointed physician to the State Almshouse at Tewksbury. He successfully performed many difficult surgical operations while at Tewksbury, where he had twenty-five hundred patients under his charge, all of whom adored him, and with reason, for in cases where his skill could not cure, his wonderful ingenuity alleviated suffering by means of his clever adaptation and invention of appliances for comfort. Unfailingly kind and courteous to all, rich and poor, he was universally beloved by those of every color and race. There was nothing, on which he set his mind, which he could not accomplish. Interested in life-saving articles, he invented a safety lamp and a life-boat. He had also no mean talent for poetry, some of his songs being set to music.

After eighteen months at Tewksbury, he decided to go to California, and in January, 1857 set forth from New York on what in those days was a long journey to Sacramento. Shortly after his arrival, he was taken sick with typhoid fever at his brother's house, dying at the end of a fortnight's illness on the twenty-first of April, 1857. His versatility, great ingenuity, and especially his uncommon aptitude for his profession proved to all who knew him that had longer life been his, he would have attained to eminence certainly in surgery, and probably in many other directions as well. He was unmarried.

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FRANCIS WILLIAM HILLIARD

“ON the eighteenth of July, 1832, there was joy in the town of Dracut,” writes Hilliard in the Class Book,

for there was born a son to Francis Hilliard (H. C. 1823), Counsellor at Law and once of Cambridge, son of Deacon William Hilliard and Catharine Dexter Haven, daughter of Samuel Haven of Dedham. Of this first born [he continues] nothing is more certain than that during his first months he was less in size and uglier in aspect than any infant before or since, so that upon allusion being made to his condition in the presence of any who had the honor at that time of being numbered among his acquaintances, the whole family invariably burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

His parents moving to Cambridge, when he was five years old, Hilliard was sent to the school of a Miss Jennison,¹ and on his way to and fro passed daily through the College Yard, which always inspired him with a feeling of awe. His family moved again about 1838, settling in Roxbury, where he fitted for College at the Roxbury Latin School and with Henry Blatchford Wheelwright (H. C. 1844).

Hilliard belonged to the Harvard Natural History Society and to the Institute of 1770, and of course to the Phi Beta Kappa, as he was the tenth scholar in the Class. He took part in the Exhibitions of October, 1850 and 1851, and delivered an English poem at Commencement on “The Discipline of Life.”

He was private tutor for two years in the family of his classmate Collins on their plantation at Scuppernong, and his sympathies were therefore perhaps not unnaturally always with the Southern cause.

Having studied for the ministry at the General Theological Seminary of New York, he was ordained deacon and priest in North Carolina where the greater part of his life was passed, his first parish being Saint Paul’s Church at Edenton.

In 1857 he married Maria Nash Johnson, daughter of the Reverend Samuel I. Johnson, and his oldest son, Francis, was

¹ Miss Mary Emelia Jennison was a daughter of Dr. Timothy Lindall Jennison (H. C. 1782). Her school was kept in her father’s house, which stood at the corner of Garden and Mason Streets. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson was one of her pupils. The site is now covered by the Shepard Memorial Church. (An Historic Guide to Cambridge, 1907, pp. 139, 140, which contains a view of the house; The Giles Memorial, pp. 263, 264.)

born 3 March, 1858. In 1859 he moved to Plymouth, North Carolina, where his daughter, Margaret Burgoyne, was born on the twenty-fifth of June; his daughter Catherine Haven on June fifteenth, 1861, Samuel Iredell on May first, 1862, and George Johnson on April fourth, 1864. Mr. Hilliard, as we have said, was a Secessionist in his views. Having passed the summer of 1865 at Worcester, he returned to the South, where his sixth child was born and died. He was for a time Rector of St. John's Church in Erie, Pennsylvania, and in 1878 was settled over St. Mary's at Pocomoke City, Worcester County, Maryland; thence he wrote to the Class Secretary, sending to all the classmates an affectionate message of remembrance.

He saw Brown and Anderson in New York in April, 1883, and met William Cole Leverett at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in Chicago three years later. Hilliard was the Senior Presbyterian of his Diocese at the time of his death. From 1890 to 1900 he was at Monroe, North Carolina, and at Beltsville, Georgia County, Maryland. Retiring from parochial work with the new century, he bought a School for Young Ladies at Oxford, North Carolina, which he carried on until his death with the assistance of his three daughters. Mrs. Hilliard died in July, 1909, and Hilliard survived her but a year, dying on the twenty-fourth of July, 1910 at Memphis, Tennessee, at the home of his son. Of his ten children, five were then living. No difference of opinion about North and South could tarnish Hilliard's love and loyalty to his Class. "I catch myself calling the roll as it used to be every now and then", he said in one of his notes to Denny, "so you see, I am ever true to the dear old Class of '52;" and in 1890 he was with them once more at the Class Supper.

JOHN EMORY HOAR

BORN at Poultney, Vermont, on the twenty-second of November, 1828, John Emory Hoar¹ was the son of Hiram and Sarah (Smith) Hoar. He entered Middlebury College as a Freshman, and worked his way while fitting himself for Harvard, where he became a member of the Junior Class in 1850, and supported himself during the two years of his student

¹ At the time of his admission Hoar spelled his name Horr.



HOAR
HUNTINGTON

HOWE

HOOPER
F. W. HURD

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life in Cambridge by teaching, being Sub-master in the Cambridge High School in his Senior year. At the Class Supper, when the boys were called on to declare their future careers, Hoar had already decided to continue teaching, and after another year as Sub-master in the Cambridge High School, in 1854 he became the Principal of the Brookline High School, a position which he held for thirty-five years.

Hoar married Ann Borrodaile Blakely in August, 1854; they had two children, David Blakely, born in 1855; and Frederic Albee, born in 1857, who died in boyhood.

Mr. Hoar was a very successful teacher; greatly beloved by his pupils, he helped many of his students to find positions of responsibility and trust, and it has been said with truth that a number of the prosperous Brookline men of today owe their success to his encouragement both in word and deed. He resigned his mastership in 1889.

In 1857 he was one of the organizers, and himself long Librarian, of the Brookline Public Library, being the first to hold the office; and on retiring, he was elected to a place on the Library Board which he held until his death. He was also a member of the Brookline School Committee.

Mr. Hoar's first wife died on the twenty-third of December, 1869, and on the sixth of July, 1871, he married Lucy A., daughter of the Rev. Elijah Demond, who died in 1895. On the twenty-first of April, 1897, he married Mary Tuck Jones, daughter of Henry and Sophia (Tuck) Jones of Baltimore.

Mr. Hoar took great pleasure in his Summer home at Saint Andrews, New Brunswick. He embellished his place by the planting of trees, and drove all over the country in search of native plants, finding many which had been hitherto entirely unknown.

A Charter member, Trustee and Vice-President of the Brookline Historical Society, Mr. Hoar contributed to the Society a paper on Elhanan Winchester, and another was in preparation at the time of his death; his work was especially valuable on account of its accuracy, and he was much interested in historical and genealogical research. He was also a member of the Masonic Fraternity.

Mr. Hoar's death at his Brookline home on the twenty-ninth of March, 1902, was felt as a public loss. The Library was closed on the day of the funeral, and the flags on the

Town buildings were at half mast. He left a widow and one son, David Blakeley Hoar, who graduated from Harvard College in 1876, and from the Law School in 1879. He is now a lawyer in Boston.

WILLIAM STURGIS HOOPER

WILLIAM STURGIS HOOPER was born in Boston on March third, 1833. He was the son of Samuel and Anna (Sturgis) Hooper, both names being well-known in the annals of Boston merchants. He was one of the scholars at the Boston Latin School from the age of eleven to fifteen, when he finished his collegiate preparation under John B. Felton (H. C. 1847) and his cousin Nathaniel L. Hooper (H. C. 1846), entering Harvard with the Sophomore Class, although but sixteen years old.

A boy of exceedingly quiet and in many ways mature tastes, Hooper always held himself slightly aloof from general society, having little part in the Class diversions, although he was a member of the Institute of 1770 and the Natural History Society. He obtained leave of absence in his Senior year in order to take a voyage to California and China in a new ship of his father's. He sailed in January, 1852, accompanied by his classmate Thorndike.

Reaching home after an ideal year, Hooper attended the Law School during May and June, 1853, and in July accompanied his family to Europe, himself remaining in Paris. There Upham met him, writing thence, in October, 1855, to Joe Choate:

You would be amused to see me at breakfast with the venerable but somewhat impetuous Hooper. His enthusiasm is unbounded in regard to the study of French, of architecture, in short, in the pursuit of culture in general. His accent is tremendous, but his torrent of words is utterly amazing.

His family came home in the Autumn of 1854, leaving him behind. A surgical operation for a serious intestinal trouble reduced him to an extremely enfeebled condition, and undoubtedly laid the foundation of the tubercular disease from which he finally died.

Returning in the Spring of 1855, Hooper devoted himself to

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convalescence, and in the Autumn of the following year was well enough to go into business, forming a partnership with his cousin, John H. Reed, for the management and agency of the Bay State Iron Company, and soon proved himself a most successful business man.

In 1857 he married Alice, daughter of Jonathan Mason, Esquire. Their only child, Isabella Wyman Hooper, was born in January, 1859, and but for his delicate health, the acme of happiness seemed his.

From the first outbreak of the war, Hooper felt that he ought to go, but his added business cares (his Senior partner being much absorbed by the duties of his office of Quartermaster General of Massachusetts) and his own physical weakness, together with the entreaties of his friends, combined to restrain him until the Autumn of 1862.

He then offered himself as Volunteer Aid to General Banks, at that time under orders for the South, the warm climate and out-of-door life seeming to promise the essentials which his physicians demanded for him. Sailing from New York in December, 1862 he was first stationed at Ship Island, and ten days later was transferred to New Orleans, where he passed Christmas Day, and whence he wrote home interesting letters, one especially on New Year's Eve, full of tender thoughts of his wife and his little "Bel," even then, "if not too sound asleep, dreaming of all the presents which 1863 will bring her tomorrow."

During the winter Hooper's time was given to the Sequestration Commission, on which he did most of the work, although nominally the Junior member, and to whose valuable service General Banks thus testified:

Among many patriotic officers to whose labors I have been indebted, I recall with gratitude the memory of Captain William Sturgis Hooper of Massachusetts. He entered the service of the government in 1862 as a volunteer, without compensation, bearing himself all expenses attending his career. . . . The thorough mercantile education of Captain Hooper, and his extensive commercial experience, enabled him to render important services to the government in affairs connected with the civil administration of the department. The general direction of the business of the Commission for the management of sequestered property, of which he was a member, was intrusted, among other interests, to his care. Important ques-

tions of international as well as military law, and of the commercial customs regulating trade in the staple products of the country, were involved in these transactions. All his duties were discharged with signal ability. His courteous deportment, sound judgment, and unimpeachable integrity, disarmed the opposition of interested parties, and secured for his decisions the respect of all persons.

His duties, however, deprived him of the requisites which his physicians had prescribed, for instead of the open air life he needed, he was constantly shut up in a crowded office, and failing consequently in health and strength; but with undaunted courage, he never complained, and always tried to think himself a little better.

When at last the long-desired opportunity for active service came to him, in March, 1863, Captain Hooper found his long and faithful labor had drawn too heavily on his slender stock of strength for him to perform his duties on the General's staff, and after accompanying the forces on the first demonstration against Port Hudson, he himself unwillingly realized that he could do no more, but still believing that his hour of usefulness might yet come, he left Louisiana upon sick leave. He lingered a few months, full of hope that he might live, but without fear of death, with unflagging interest in the history that was making all around him, and when he faced the certain end he did so with resignation, and with faith in the God in whom he had ever trusted. He died on the twenty-fourth of September, 1863, at Boston.

An uncrowned hero, a soldier who had never fought, Captain Hooper in the faithful performance of the tedious duties nearest him, drained his life blood in his country's service as bravely as any who died on the field of battle.

His name yet lives in the son of his lifelong friend and classmate, — Sturgis Hooper Thorndike.¹

FRANCIS SALTONSTALL HOWE

FRANCIS SALTONSTALL HOWE was born in Haverhill on the eleventh of November, 1831, the son of Isaac Redington (H. C. 1810) and Sarah (Saltonstall) Howe. He fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and entered Harvard

¹ For the materials of this sketch of Hooper we are indebted to the Memoir by S. L. Thorndike in the Harvard Memorial Biographies.

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in 1848. At Commencement he delivered an essay on Ethnological Studies.

Having studied Law in an office in Haverhill for a year or more, he finished his course at the Dane Law School, and settled immediately after graduation in Chicago, which was thenceforth his home. Gifted with ability and a high sense of honor, and capable always of broad and generous views of every aspect of life, Mr. Howe at once met with success and made a place for himself in his new home. He was counsel for two of the largest banks in the city, and was moreover truly beloved and honored by all who came in contact with him, while his kindness and hospitality to the young lawyers who thronged to Chicago in the early seventies will always live in their grateful recollection.

On his death a Memorial Meeting was held by the members of the Chicago Bar, at which many paid tribute to Mr. Howe's courtesy and genial nature, as well as to his public spirit and high sense of honor. One¹ who was frequently associated with him during the last years of his life says:

I know his memory still survives among what was then the younger, and is now the older, generation of lawyers as an honorable, learned and successful practitioner.

His sister, Mrs. Carleton,² thus wrote of him to the Class Secretary:

He did not forget his boyhood's home, and almost always came on for a week or two's recreation and rest during the summer, never, I believe, failing to gladden the heart of our mother by his presence once a year, while she lived. He was eminently domestic in his affections and habits, and cared little for society. When, after his day's work at the office, he reached home, which for several years was four miles from the centre of the city, it was to him a haven of rest and joy, and city attractions seldom lured him from it. He was everything to his family and friends. A man without pretense or ostentation, hating shams, but thoroughly sincere, genuine and genial among those he knew and loved. He was a great reader, and preferred books of a philosophical or metaphysical nature; and in conversation, he would argue questions with great logical precision and acuteness. But pardon me for saying so much. I might go on

¹ Hon. Edward Ogden Brown.

² Mary Cooke Howe, married James H. Carleton of Haverhill, who bought and gave to the city of Haverhill the home of John Greenleaf Whittier.

at length, but I forbear. I will only add that he was believed by his family and friends to possess rare gifts of mind and heart. And his honesty and integrity and purity of purpose were never questioned.

Mr. Howe died at Haverhill on the twenty-fourth of September, 1878.

He married on the seventeenth of July, 1865, at Chicago, Fannie J. Fogg, daughter of James P. and Emily (Ware) Fogg, who survived him with two daughters, Mary Ware Howe, born 2 May, 1866, graduated from Wellesley College in 1888, now the wife of Michael Straus; Caroline Howe, born 16 December, 1868, who was for two years at Wellesley, and who married George Packard.

Mr. Howe's namesake and grandson, Francis Howe Straus, graduated from Harvard College in 1916.

JAMES HUNTINGTON

JAMES HUNTINGTON was the ninth child of Jonathan and Sally (Hickox) Huntington, and was born in Vergennes, Vermont, on the tenth of December, 1822. His grand-uncle, Samuel Huntington, was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

His parents moved in his boyhood to St. Albans, and there James combined lessons in English under Sidney Dunton with farm-work on his father's farm, later learning to make brass clocks in his brother's shop. Having increased his horological knowledge by a further study of mechanics and watch-making, James embarked on a course of Greek, Latin and French at a school kept by one of his brothers at Perry, Wyoming County, New York, and transferred himself therefrom to Phillips Academy, Andover, where he passed through the Classical course, supporting himself by means of his trade, and in 1848 finally realizing his long-cherished ambition of entering Harvard College. While there he was elected into the Institute of 1770 and with unwearied labor he managed to remain at College for two years and a half, but he was then obliged to leave for a time, and having bought a lot of land beside the Charles River, he cultivated it and built a cottage, resumed his College study and was admitted by the favor of the Faculty to a degree with the Class of 1852.

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Huntington then established himself in business in Harvard Square, and on April second, 1853, he married Hannah L. Stevens, daughter of Asa and Hannah (Larrabee) Stevens of Kennebunkport, Maine. Their oldest son was born January eleventh, 1854, and having been named Jonathan Gurney, in honor of his paternal grandfather and of Gurney of '52, occupied the proud position of Class Baby, and was duly presented with the Class Cradle in the following May. "Let him [the baby] only say," the happy father wrote in acknowledgment to Page,

that if each circumstance in life secures its own due influence on the mind, our best hope of this "representative" baby may be that by the distinction of this regal couch, which will be among the earliest and latest recollections of his life, he may be incited to become worthy of the fortune of his birth, an honor to their Alma Mater and the Class of '52.

The father's hopes were not destined to be fulfilled, for although the Class in a body visited the infant at the Commencement of 1853 and *all* kissed it, the little fellow died on October fourteenth, 1856. Huntington's second child, Charles Asa, was born and died in 1856, but the Class Cradle, always deeply prized, was called into use for his daughter Eliza Prentiss Huntington, who was born October thirty-first, 1857.

A man of ever active and enquiring mind, Huntington pursued his quiet way, writing numerous articles both in prose and verse, for he had decided literary ability, which he sometimes printed for private circulation, but never published. One purpose he cherished through years of patient labor and simple self-denial, — that of making the lives of destitute boys easier by the founding of an especial home for their benefit. In 1874 he established the Institution known as the Avon Home, wherein needy children were to know the comforts and care otherwise denied them, but just as his life-long dream seemed realized, his entire property was swept away by the dishonesty of a fellow-townsmen to whom he had shown undeserved kindness. The need for a charity such as he had planned had been realized, however, and the Home was immediately established as a Corporation under the State laws, Mr. Huntington having already given a deed of the estate and furniture valued at ten thousand dollars. The conduct of the neighbor whom he had trusted, who, in addi-

tion to robbing him, tried in every way to asperse Huntington's character, cannot have failed to cast a cloud over his life far worse than the loss of money, hard as it was to have to begin the world anew after fifty years of constant toil, and the blasting of his dearest hope, but with no complaint he set to work again, patiently and tirelessly, in the pursuit of his watchmaker's trade. He was an expert in his line, often achieving success where others had totally failed.

He retained his little shop in Harvard Square until 1894, when increasing weakness obliged him to retire, but not until, "rich with little store," he had given more than twenty thousand dollars to the Avon Home and to the Home for Little Wanderers, a small sum, looked at in comparison with the millions often given in charity, but not in the light of the years of patient work with the small returns of his calling which it represented, for we have read somewhere of a "widow's mite," and one of the Class of 1838 tells us:

Not what we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

To none was the tie which bound him to his College dearer than to Huntington. "The Class Fellowship of those associates through the course in Harvard College is the most noble and generously fraternal relation I know of anywhere," he wrote to Denny in 1887; any word from the Class Secretary was a real source of pleasure; and in the last year of his life he presented to the College a valuable regulator clock which he did not live to see installed in place.

In 1900 Huntington moved with his wife and daughter to Newton, where he died on the nineteenth of May, 1901. Two hymns written by himself were sung at his funeral, one of which we copy:

Oh land of love and blessing
Beyond this mortal vale
In songs your joy expressing,
We hear your welcome hail!
The flight we trace but faintly
From this dim, shadowy shore
To realms where all the saintly
In light walk evermore.

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Throughout the night-watch serving
Till morning rays appear
The soul in faith unswerving
Outsoars the farthest sphere;
 There, in the Home eternal —
 The one Almighty source —
Flows on the life supernal
 Its everlasting course.

And in the great forever
 The rescued ones restored
Share with divine endeavour
 The one Life in the Lord.

FRANCIS WILLIAM HURD

THE son of William and Mary (Parks) Hurd, Francis William Hurd was born on April fifth, 1831, in Charlestown. His hobby during his College days was astronomy. He was a member of the Harvard Natural History Society and of the Knights Punch Bowl, and throughout his life was one of the most regular attendants at all Class re-unions. On leaving Cambridge he entered the office of Mann and Rodman in New York; returning in September, 1853, he studied for two terms at the Dane Law School, and in the ensuing year went into the office of Hutchins and Wheeler. After being admitted to the Suffolk Bar, in October, 1855, he immediately opened an office at No. 20 Court Street, and was duly qualified as a Justice of the Peace. A member of the Charlestown City Council from 1861 to 1863, he received the appointment, in June, 1866, of Associate Justice of the Municipal Court of Boston, and from 1871 to 1873 he was Assistant District Attorney of the United States for Massachusetts. In 1879 he was Master in Chancery; he was one of the Commissioners to revise the Massachusetts Judicial System in 1876; in 1898 he was on the Commission to revise the Massachusetts Public Statutes. Mr. Hurd was one of the organizers of the American Bar Association, and was himself a member of the Boston Bar Association.

Judge Hurd was of quiet, social disposition, and although he had few intimate friends he was well liked by many. He possessed a lively wit, and to mental qualities, solid rather than striking, was united a truly judicial mind.

He never married, and for many years was one of the best

known figures at the Union Club. He belonged also to the Somerset Club, to the '52 Monthly Dining Club, and to The Colonial Society of Massachusetts.

He died in Boston on the third of March, 1915.

SAMUEL HUTCHINS HURD

THE son of John and Persis (Hutchins) Hurd, Samuel Hutchins Hurd was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the seventh of April, 1830.

He attended the Public School in his native town until 1844, when he was sent to Chauncy Hall School, and there fitted for College. Immediately after graduating, he began to study medicine with Professor E. R. Peaslee, accompanying him to the three different Medical Schools at which he filled the professor's chair, — at Dartmouth, at Bowdoin and at New York.

Passing the summer months of 1854 in the Pharmaceutical Department of the Boston Dispensary, Hurd became assistant physician at Blackwell's Island in the ensuing summer, the appointment being for a year, and in 1855 he took his degree of A.M. from Harvard in course.

After four months in Europe, and a short sojourn in Somerville, he went to Philadelphia for the winter of 1857, and received his degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. Returning to Charlestown, he became a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and in 1860 was appointed Physician to the City Almshouse of Charlestown.

During his residence at home, in 1854, Hurd had joined the City Guards. On 13 August, 1860, he was commissioned surgeon of the Fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. On 1 May, 1861, he was mustered into the service of the United States and served with his regiment near Washington and at the first battle of Bull Run, 21 July, 1861. He was mustered out 31 July, 1861.

Dr. Hurd married in New York, 4 December, 1860, Lucie Van Alen, daughter of James J. Van Alen. Their only child, James Van Alen Hurd, was born 22 July, 1863, and died two days later.

In 1865 Dr. Hurd was appointed City Physician of Charlestown and was also elected for a three years' term on the School Committee.



S. H. HURD

F. P. LEVERETT

MCKIM

KING

W. C. LEVERETT

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After a severe illness in 1871, he broke up his Charlestown home in the hope of benefiting by a change. The result was so successful that he was able to return the following year, but the improvement proved temporary, and Dr. Hurd finally moved to the State of New York, living for a time at Coopers-town, and traveling extensively in Europe. His uncertain health obliged him wholly to discontinue the practice of his profession.

He attended the fortieth anniversary of the Class, in 1892, and his letter to Denny after the festivity shows his warm-hearted love and pride in his classmates:

I enjoyed myself so much, I wish I could have it all over again.

I was glad chance placed me, at dinner, next to Gregory — what a sensible, substantial, intelligent man he is! We had a nice talk together.

One charm of our Class is, they are all so unlike; not run in the same mould, — each different from the others — each with an emphasized individuality.

You must send me that refrain of the song you sang: "You may search the Quinquennial through." It is perfectly true. You can hardly realize how the Class appeared to me after an absence of years, — such a set of splendid men, worthy of the honor and dignity each has attained in life. I tell you, I was proud to feel I could be reckoned one of them.

No one can look at Hurd's picture in the Class Book without a feeling of kindness for the owner of the frank, open, genial face therein portrayed, which was a fitting index to a character upright, chivalrous and true. After many years of failing health he died at Atlantic City on the fifth of February, 1897. Bradlee notified the Class Secretary of the event, and the simple words are full of meaning: "Our dear Sam Hurd went to God yesterday. We shall miss him."

JEROME BONAPARTE KIMBALL

KIMBALL was the son of Silas H. and Mary (Evans) Kimball and was born in Southbridge, Massachusetts, on the fourth of January, 1832. Preparing for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Kimball entered college in the Freshman year, and was a member of the Debating Society called *The Iadma*,

before which he delivered an oration. On graduating, he began to study law in Utica, New York, where his brother procured an opening for him, but returning after a few months to his father's house at Blackstone, Rhode Island, he decided to continue his legal studies with Thomas Jenks, Esquire, of Providence, and was admitted to the Rhode Island Bar 31 March, 1855. He remained with Mr. Jenks for more than a year, being elected in the meantime Clerk of the House in the General Assembly. He early became a partner of Governor Henry Howard, and theirs was one of the most successful legal firms in the State.

Ever since his schooldays at Andover, Kimball had been interested in debating, and as an ardent Republican he took part in the Fremont and Dayton campaign, making over one hundred speeches in six weeks, and in 1858 and 1859 he was Attorney General of Rhode Island, being at that time the second youngest man elected to the office in the State. He remained in office only until 1860, when a paralytic attack forced him to retire wholly from active life. In the hope of regaining his health he embarked on a journey to China, and on his return, in 1863, was well enough to accept an appointment as Surveyor of the Port of Providence, which he held until the office was abolished; he then obtained a position connected with the lower Courts, filling it until that also was discontinued, in 1886, when he resumed his law practice to a limited extent, but although his mind was in no wise affected, he always remained an invalid.

It was truly sad that a career of so much promise should have been prematurely cut short, the more so that to the end Mr. Kimball strained every nerve to rise above his physical disabilities. His gift for speaking was unquestionable, and in an address delivered by the Honorable William Davis he thus referred to Kimball in connection with the Anti-Slavery campaign in Providence:—

In 1856 Mr. Kimball aided materially in carrying his State for Fremont and Dayton. Those who remember him, remember him as a platform speaker of great freedom in the use of language and as a close and solid talker, with a desire to instruct rather than to amuse. He had an abundance of quotations, and could be sarcastic even to rashness.

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Kimball was a foremost member of the Franklin Lyceum, and enjoyed a wide reputation for his legal ability as well as for his success as a speaker. He was an important factor in the political life of the ante-bellum days, and it was his deep and conscientious interest in the issues of National and State importance that led to the overtaxing of his physical powers, which resulted in his illness.

Kimball married on July tenth, 1856, Abby Viles Spencer, who died a month before her husband, on November fifth, 1909. She proved herself a true helpmate in the hour of trial, when her husband was struck down at the acme of his success.

They had two children: Helen E., born 8 June, 1857, and Arthur L., the latter of whom always showed the utmost considerateness in helping his father to keep up his associations with his Class, for Mr. Kimball was a true son of Harvard.

He died on the third of December, 1909.

BENJAMIN FLINT KING

KING was the son of Daniel Putnam (H. C. 1823) and Sarah Page (Flint) King, and was born in Danvers on October twelfth, 1830. He prepared for college at Gates Academy, Marlborough, and after graduating made the voyage to California and China, being absent for a year.

He studied Law in the office of William Brigham, and later in that of Charles R. Train, practising in Boston, but living in Concord, Massachusetts.

On September thirtieth, 1854, he married Abbie J. Farwell, daughter of John and Lucy Farwell. She died at Concord on September eighth, 1858.

In September, 1862, King volunteered as private in the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, the same regiment in which Ware of '52 was surgeon. After active service in North Carolina and elsewhere, he was commissioned Lieutenant of the Eighteenth United States Cavalry Troop, in 1863, and was appointed Judge Advocate on the staff of General Andrew, Department of the Gulf, being also detailed as Provost Marshal; rejoining his regiment in July, 1864, he served with it until it was mustered out in August.

King resumed the practice of his profession in Boston on returning from the war.

He died very suddenly on the twenty-fourth of January, 1868, in Boston, leaving two children, — Daniel Putnam King, born in 1855, and Sarah Page King, the wife of Edgar Wood Upton.

FREDERIC PERCIVAL LEVERETT

“I was born in Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, August tenth, 1831, son of Frederic Percival Leverett (H. C. 1821) of Boston and Matilda, daughter of John Gorham,” Leverett wrote in his Class Book chronicle.

My mother was a Cuban by birth, by education a Bostonian. I was fitted for College in Beaufort District, South Carolina, by my uncle, Rev. C. E. Leverett,¹ and entered College in the Sophomore year.

Leverett's part at Commencement was an essay on “Gradations in Shakspeare's Female Characters.” On graduating he studied Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, taking there his degree of M.D. in 1856.

His sympathies were with the South, and when the war broke out he volunteered in the Beaufort Volunteer Artillery, being afterwards appointed Surgeon of the Ninth South Carolina Infantry, later known as the Eleventh Infantry. He served in the regiment until August, 1862, when he was ordered to report to General Lee in Virginia, for service as Senior surgeon in Dayton's Brigade. He was present at the Battle of South Mountain, and at the second battle of Bull Run. After the battle of Sharpsburg he moved to Boonsboro to look after the Confederate soldiers within the Union lines, and continued in service as hospital surgeon or field operator.²

He was stationed successively at Hospital No. 12, Richmond, at the General Hospital in Petersburg, and later was surgeon of Jenkins' Brigade in General Longstreet's Corps, whence he was transferred, in April, 1864, to the Fifth Texas Infantry, as Senior surgeon of General Gregg's brigade of General Longstreet's Corps. He rose to the rank of Major, dying at Hospital No. 12, Richmond, on the twenty-third of July, 1864, of disease contracted at his post. He was unmarried. On the back of an old

¹ Charles Edward Leverett, H. C. 1848.

² Harvard Bulletin, 23 June, 1909.

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photograph in the possession of a nephew is written the story of his service in the Army, ending with the words: —

He was a man of *beautiful* character.

His truest epitaph might well be: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

WILLIAM COLE LEVERETT

WILLIAM COLE LEVERETT was the son of the Reverend William and Mary A. (Cole) Leverett, his mother being the daughter of the Reverend Cyrus Cole of Providence, Rhode Island. He was born on the twenty-ninth of October, 1830, in Roxbury, and was prepared for College by his father and Justin Allen Jacobs (H. C. 1839).

He entered Harvard in 1847, but in the vacation of the Sophomore year suffered an attack of typhoid fever, so severe that his physician persuaded him unwillingly to give up study and defer his return to College until the Junior term of the Class of 1852, of which he was accordingly enrolled as a member on the twenty-ninth of August, 1850.

Leverett took part in the Exhibitions of May, 1851 and 1852, and delivered a Dissertation at Commencement on "The Bearing of Progress in Science on Faith in Revealed Religion," the subject presaging his choice of a profession.

Graduating with honors in the Ancient Classics, he continued for some months at Cambridge, taking a post-graduate course in Greek and Hebrew. In the Autumn of 1852 he became assistant in the Eliot Street School, Jamaica Plain, where D. B. Hagar was Principal. On August twenty-eighth, 1855, he married Cornelia, daughter of the Reverend John H. Ingraham of Augusta, Maine, and in November of the same year left Jamaica Plain to fill the position of associate Principal of the Berkeley Institute at Newport, Rhode Island, of which his brother-in-law, the Reverend Asa Dalton (H. C. 1848), was Principal.

In the ensuing summer he was a candidate for Holy Orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Rhode Island Diocese, and in 1857 was ordained Deacon by the Right Reverend T. M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island. His brother-in-law having retired from teaching, he became Principal of the Berkeley Institute, and at the same time Assistant Rector of

Trinity Church, Newport, receiving admittance to the priesthood in March, 1860. Three years later he assumed the charge of the Riverdale Institute, an Episcopal School for young ladies at Riverdale on the Hudson, where he was also the Rector of Christ Church.

In the Autumn of 1866 he accepted a call to St. John's Church, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, remaining there for twenty years, resigning to become Rector of St. Paul's Church, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Leverett's sphere of usefulness was by no means limited to the labors of his own parish. During his years at Carlisle he conducted a parochial school, and was largely engaged in diocesan work throughout Eastern Pennsylvania. For fourteen years he was Dean of the Convocation of Harrisburg, for twenty-four years member of the Standing Committee, and for sixteen years its President, resigning from his pastorate and diocesan duties only when obliged to do so by failing health, in 1895. Thereafter he was always an invalid until his death at Philadelphia on the seventeenth of January, 1911. His wife survived him, and three children, Mary Parker, Anna Tate, and William Leverett, his son being a graduate of the Harvard Class of 1885.

Although rarely able to attend the re-unions of the Class, Leverett always retained a warm affection for his College associations, and it was a great pleasure to him to be present at the Fortieth Anniversary.

WILLIAM DUNCAN MCKIM

WILLIAM DUNCAN MCKIM was the son of William and Margaret D. (Hollins) McKim and was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on the twenty-seventh of June, 1832. He was fitted for College by David McNally, but he did not enter Harvard until the second term of the Sophomore Year. He was President of the Hasty Pudding Club, a member of the Alpha Delta Phi; and at Commencement delivered a Disquisition, "Reaction of European Civilization on Asia."

On graduating, he returned to his home in Baltimore, and in the Autumn entered the counting-room of his father, who was a banker. He did not take kindly to the occupation at first, evidently casting many a "long, lingering look behind" to the merry days in Cambridge, and it was a great pleasure when any

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of his classmates turned up in Baltimore, the only other member of the Class who lived there being "Dave" Trimble. In a letter replying to one of enquiry from the Class Secretary, Page, in 1858, McKim says: "My life has been eventful enough, but unfortunately it offers no items serviceable for insertion in the Class Book. Suffice it to know that I have achieved neither fame nor fortune."

Although his father was a strong Union man, he espoused the Rebel side in the Civil War. He was a captain in the Confederate Army and was killed in the battle of Chancellorsville on May third, 1863.

EDWIN HORATIO NEAL

EDWIN HORATIO NEAL was the son of Benjamin and Eunice (Daniell) Neal, and was born on the twenty-third of October, 1832, at Newton Lower Falls, Massachusetts. After attending several different private schools, he was sent to the Boston school of Mr. William Hathorne Brooks (H. C. 1827), and there prepared for College, which he entered in the Sophomore year.

He soon became known and was much liked by his classmates. He was a member of the Harvard Natural History Society and of the Iadma. He was a conscientious student and never missed a single recitation while in College. At the Exhibition of May, 1851, he gave a Latin version of Mr. Winthrop's Oration at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Washington Monument; in May, 1852, a Disquisition, and at Commencement a Dissertation on the Suppression of the Order of Knights Templars.

He studied at the Dane Law School after graduation, receiving his degree in 1854, and thereafter continuing to study with his brother, George Benjamin Neal (H. C. 1846) of Charlestown, but his health soon began to fail, and in the hope that he might derive benefit from travel, he set forth on an extended tour through the United States. He visited New Orleans, Savannah and other places in the South, also passing through Milwaukee, where Norris writes that he had had an unexpected "sight of Neal and his ferocious whiskers." He returned in the Summer of 1855, and died at his home in Newton Lower Falls on the twenty-fourth of August, 1856.

"Poor Neal has gone at last," wrote Joe Choate, whose great heart ever held a place for all who fall by the wayside:

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Neal was a good fellow and his company was a pleasant thing for us always in Graduates' Hall. He was full of Class feeling, too, no one of us all was fonder than he of the Class of '52. He was one of the most conservative men I ever knew, and so a good citizen was lost when he died. I have always believed, however, that the day of death is better than the day of one's birth, and so be it that he lived like a man and died like a Christian, I could not have wished him to be kept here any longer.

Neal had always been of those who "remembered his Creator in the days of his youth," and for such as he Death holds no sting.

GEORGE WALTER NORRIS

BEFORE me lies a packet of old letters; some are enclosed in the thin yellow envelopes which were the first made, some are on old blue foolscap with the fourth page folded for the superscription; all were written either by George Norris himself or about him by the friends he loved. More than sixty years have passed since he "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day," and yet, as we read these old letters, so imbued are they with his personality, that even to us of "another generation who knew not Joseph," the man himself lives once more before us, instinct with the charm of the intense, brilliant, whimsical, but wholly lovable nature which made him so dear to those to whom he showed his heart.

He was the son of Shepherd Haynes and Elizabeth (Sewall) Norris, and was born in Boston, 30 November, 1831. His life had been marked by no striking events, he wrote at graduation; he was a delicate child, and received therefore little early education, passing his summers in the country instead of at school. He entered the Boston Latin School when he was eleven, "moving with them from the time-honored old building on School Street to the more spacious one on Bedford Street."

He roomed alone during the first three years of his College life, but in his Senior year he was "tempted to try the joys of chummage" with Waring in the Holworthy Entry and found that it added greatly to the happiness of College life. He was a member of the Harvard Lodge, Society of Odd Fellows, of the Knights Punch Bowl, of the Alpha Delta Phi, the Institute of 1770, the Hasty Pudding Club, and the Harvard Natural History Society. At the Exhibition of May, 1851, he gave an



NEAL
PAGE

OLIVER

NORRIS
PEABODY

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English Version of a "Eulogy upon Conde de Campomanes" from the Spanish of Don Joaquin Garcia Domenech; at the Exhibition of May, 1852, a Disquisition, "Japan and our Relations with it"; and at Commencement, a Disquisition on "Robert the Second of France."

He passed the summer of 1852 chiefly at home, at Newton Centre, not a little homesick, as were most of the Holworthy East Entry boys for the departed delights of college life, and the day was marked with a white stone which brought him letters from Joe Choate, Williamson and Waring.

As I sat down to read them, [he writes Williamson] my little sister sat opposite me, and watching the pleased expression of my countenance and seeing my smile and hearing my subdued chuckle when I came to the "labyrinth" she suddenly burst into a loud sympathetic roar, and then recollecting herself, rushed from the room overcome with confusion and dismay. You can imagine how great must have been the inward pleasure which could have found so plain an expression on my face.

Such a doleful time as I had packing up my things on the Tuesday following Commencement, [he writes Joe Choate.] Alger, Cheever, Hilliard and Dwight were engaged in the same delightful task of moving, and if you had seen the fervor with which we rushed into one another's arms you would have thought that our affection, like some children, was too heavenly to live long. Are you loafing at home with nothing particular to do, as is my own case, and consoling yourself with reading Williamson's Poem, as I do?

he asks, and concludes with a sympathetic enquiry for his correspondent's whiskers, — those hirsute appendages evidently filling an important place in the lives of their cultivators at that period.

September found Norris in New York, where he and Waring had entered the office of Cleaveland, Titus and Chapman to study law.

Anyone passing down Wall Street between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. [he tells Joe Choate], and stopping opposite 38 Wall Street, might, if he were to listen intently, hear divers groans and lamentations as of a woman . . . and if his curiosity and humanity should induce him to penetrate to the office he would see, seated in the midst of admiring clerks, engaged in poring over the pages of Blackstone, the noble but toil-worn form of one whom Billy Bobby lovingly entitles "Noddy."

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Norris, meanwhile, made his home in the Waring household in Brooklyn. His letters continue to be filled with mention of his beloved classmates and with messages to those who were studying law in Cambridge. He tells of Coolidge's sailing for Europe, for he and Waring accompanied him down the harbor to Sandy Hook and the parting was a real tragedy to them all, especially to Norris, who was haunted by a premonition that Coolidge would never return, which happily was not fulfilled. He and Waring rejoiced in several pets, — a dog named Jack, who had to be sent away for discipline after demolishing Miss Eliza Waring's pet canary, called "Joe" in honor of Choate. They also had a canine friend high Guppy who attached himself wholly to Norris, after Waring sailed for Europe, and of whom his master writes Choate that "Guppy is well and would be pleased to have a bite of your leg."

In May, 1853, Norris left the office of Cleaveland, Titus and Chapman and entered that of Mr. Waring, Senior, who was then Counsellor to the Corporation of the City of Brooklyn. He revisited Cambridge in July for Commencement, but passed the rest of the summer in Brooklyn varying the solstice by a few fishing excursions. In December he was admitted to the New York Bar, a step for which he modestly considers an apology necessary to his classmates on the ground that he knew really too little Law to be qualified for practice.

Waring returned in July and the chums once more entered into partnership, and set up a "very nice snug little office" together at No. 91 Wall Street. Norris writes in September,

You have no idea what a sudden atmospheric change is produced by the introduction of a few clients into the stagnant atmosphere of a young lawyer's office. The world changes its aspect immediately and life seems worth living, for which I must say, it does not before;

and he goes on to wish that he and Waring might be successful enough to make it possible for them to tempt him (Choate) to come to New York and go into business with them, a wish very full of pathos when we think of what Fate held in store for each of the two friends. It was a real grief to Norris that an inconsiderate client, — and the firm was not yet "in a position to tell the clients to go to the devil or to refuse a hundred dollar job," prevented his going to Commencement and making a much anticipated visit to the Choates at Salem, but, save for

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this disappointment, the year, his last one in New York, was a happy one. He had organized what was called the Norris Infantry, a corps of Tenth Ward policemen, of whom he was Captain, and whom he drilled weekly, with a view to meeting such disturbances as the well-known Astor Place Riot¹ of 1849 with an organized force. We are sure that he was a popular leader and that the men all enjoyed the expedition of the Infantry to Turtle Bay where they contended for prizes. Life must have looked very bright to him in those early autumn days of 1855 when the young firm was meeting with a measure of success and more than all to one of Norris's tender and affectionate nature, when he was happy in his love, for he had become engaged to Eliza Waring,² the sister of his chum. He wrote to Choate that he had felt that there was

nothing in himself compared with a thousand others to attract a young lady's fancy, but that feeling troubles me no longer, and if I did not feel secure in my happiness I need not tell you that the hope of my life would be gone. . . . I do not often speak of such things,— such feelings flow too deep and strong to often rise to the surface and be drawn off into conversation or correspondence. *Jam satis.*

And then, just as the prospect opened most fair before him, came the first dread summons, — a hemorrhage of the lungs. Several years before he had gayly described a visit to one of the phrenologists then in fashion:

The Bump-feeler gassed me a good deal and said that my mental development was too great for my physical and that I ought to go among the hens and chickens for six months, the result of which is that I have serious thoughts of turning Nebuchadnezzar and eating grass.

Alas! therein the prophet of the cranium had proved his wisdom, for Norris had never been physically strong. His letters often contain casual mention of attacks of influenza;

¹ The Astor Place Riot took place on 10 May, 1849, and was the outcome of strong prejudice on the part of the Native American party, then powerful in New York, against citizens of foreign birth. A private quarrel between the American actor Edwin Forrest and the English tragedian Macready, and the appearance of the latter at the Astor Place Opera House, was the excuse for an outbreak of hostility to Macready, as representative of another nationality, and the disturbance rapidly increased and became so serious that several lives were lost.

² Eliza Hackstaff Waring. She subsequently married Dr. Emilio de Luaces, a graduate of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and a resident of Cuba.

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moreover, consumption was an hereditary disease, but his was a dauntless spirit, and when he found, on rallying from the attack, that he could not continue to practice law, he determined to try a mercantile life, and with that end in view passed several weeks in Virginia in the following May. Through all these days of what must have been crushing disappointment, no murmur escapes him, no word of complaint nor fear of the dread spectre ever hovering nearer. To his faithful friend Joe Choate he sends cheerful letters telling of all the classmates whom he encounters in Milwaukee, where his father and family were then living. He was deeply touched by the greetings which came to him from his old friends of the Knights Punch Bowl, who all wrote to him on hearing of his illness. At the close of the year (1856) he was again attacked with hemorrhage, but not lightly, nor without another effort, would he give up life and love, and hoping for benefit from a Southern climate, he went to St. Louis, and thence to Citronelle, near Mobile, Alabama. He grew worse rapidly during the two weeks he passed there, and realizing his condition, Norris determined to set out for New York immediately in the hope of seeing once more those he loved so dearly. He reached Mobile on January twentieth, intending to take the steamer the following day for New York; but his was to be another journey, and alone and in the night his brave spirit went forth to meet its God.

I have no heart to talk with any of our broken circle, of any but dear Norris [Choate writes Williamson ten days later]. I was not shocked at hearing of his death, startled a little by its final abruptness, but I have n't seen him once since his first sickness without being satisfied that the hand of death was upon him. Still it is hard for me to realize that we shall see his dear face no more without any of the dreadful evidences of death, hearing of it only by telegraph and then, as if to contradict it, receiving a letter from his own hand a week afterwards; must it be really so? He writes to Waring (received yesterday) from Citronelle on the 15th saying that he is no better, is getting no relief, and has made up his mind to go down at once to Mobile and take passage on the "Quaker City" for New York.

There is nothing in the letter to indicate that he thought the end so near, but I am convinced that, having met the dreadful fact in the face that before long he must yield to the relentless foe with whom he had been so long struggling, he made a last desperate effort to get once more among his friends and kindred, flying from that worst fate of all, to die among strangers.

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A year ago, when he was sickest, his father with eyes full of tears, said that George was his favorite child, his darling, and, somehow, so I think it was with all of us, not that we loved him more than the rest exactly, but there was a peculiar tenderness in our fondness for him, a careful and anxious love, because of his manifest feebleness and the wonderful sensitiveness of his whole nature. That nervous delicacy, which made him appear as if his soul closed up like a sensitive plant at the slightest touch, did not suffer any great demonstration of affection, but I know that he had a very warm corner in his heart for each of us. You have known what it is for those to die whose life was as precious as your own, but Norris is the nearest and dearest friend that I have ever lost, the one among the sainted ones that loves me best.

Let us keep his memory always green and it will be the best bond to hold us all together. I know the tendency is, as we enter new scenes and form new associations, to fall away from old friends. But let us not forget him nor forget each other, and then I am sure that when we happen to meet —

“The dear old memories, like the plaintive strain
That dwells round lonely ruins, shall not jar,
But pour a music sweet as silver rain
And the old vanished forms shall all throng back again.”

Even in the old college days, through Norris's gayest moments, there had always run a minor strain as it were an unconscious presage of what the Future held. “Dear and incomprehensible Norris,” Williamson called him; “he cared for few, but to those he gave himself warmly”; and in the letter of condolence which was sent to the Waring and Norris families by the Class of 1852, which Williamson was appointed to write, he says:

I have him often in my mind's eye as he used to come into my room at the close of the day, often with something of soberness, almost of melancholy, in his face, with some quiet word of humor, or of sarcasm, with a manner which cannot be described, a peculiar mingling of gentleness and defiance, which never failed to allure us to him, and to make his society indispensable at any social meeting. Without taking a very joyous view of life, and few were the occasions which called out all his reserve of enthusiasm, he had so much feeling for its sentiment of pathos, such warm sympathy and love for his friends, so genial a sensitiveness to the beauty of nature, of art, of literature, that I fondly looked forward to the period, when with us, his old friends, still retained in his affection, he should be eminent as

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the 'Ik Marvel' of a future year, and be loved and admired by men and women that knew him not.

With the remembrance of his death still fresh and uppermost in my thoughts, I went, on that last Commencement Day, to visit the old places where I knew him most, and which will always be associated with him. With changed faces his Classmates spoke of him who would never meet us nor join the ranks of the Class again. How altered then looked the once cheerful elms under the shadows of which we had walked with him in life's Spring, how gloomy the old halls and college rooms where we used to hear his voice, dearest and best friend! It is with deep sorrow and with such regret as cannot pass away that we realize that *he* is to go on with us no farther in the journey of this world, nor to join us ever again with *his* experiences at future meetings of the Class. May God help us to live as nobly and die as peacefully as he!

Williamson thus concludes the sketch of Norris in the Class Book:—

It is with a pang of deep regret, such as could not properly find utterance here, that the transcriber of the above letters puts this final word, like a stone above his grave, to the life of a loved and honored friend. He died young. To his Classmates and to the memory of College days he was ever loyal and true. He lived pure and unspotted from the world. The recollection of his amiable virtues will embalm his name among those who early left the Class of 1852 to come back no more. How much that we had hoped for him has he left unaccomplished! How much more than we could ask or think for him may he have already attained before us in the world beyond the stars!

"His leaf has perished in the green
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

"So here shall silence guard his fame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er his hands are set to do,
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim!"

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER

HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, the son of the Honorable Henry Kemble (H. C. 1818) and Sarah Cook Oliver, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the twenty-sixth of October, 1829. His father had held several public positions, among which

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were those of State Treasurer and Mayor of Salem. He was lineally descended from Thomas Oliver, who came from England in 1632, and was a Ruling Elder in the First Church in Boston.¹

Henry Kemble Oliver, Jr., prepared for college at the Salem Latin School. In College, his chief interest outside the usual curriculum of studies was Ornithology, and he was at one time President of the Harvard Natural History Society, an undergraduate association. Chemistry also received much attention from him, and he spent many hours working in the laboratory of the Rumford Society. Here his classmate Sprague often joined him; the latter had been his frequent companion in chemical experiments in his boyhood days in Salem. As Curator of Ornithology of the Harvard Natural History Society he made frequent excursions to Fresh Pond, where he collected specimens which he stuffed and mounted for the Society. At one time he had three screech owls in his room, which he had found in hollow trees, and fed them with frogs caught in the small pond then situated near the site of Hemenway Gymnasium. Oliver was a member also of the Institute of 1770, and, during his Senior year, librarian of the Society, the books being kept in one of the sleeping-rooms at No. 2 Holworthy Hall. He belonged to the Odd Fellows, the meetings of which were held in the room of one of its members. This was a Freshman organization, and its President was Francis W. Palfrey, a sophomore, who appeared in cap and gown. The Secretary was William Robert Ware, and the invitation to join the Society was in this wise: "Bring thy unholy body to No. — Hall as the midnight clock strikes the hour of eight and it shall be done unto you as you desire." At the last meeting of this Society at the end of the Freshman year an oration was given by Head, a poem by Coolidge and an ode by Williamson.

During his Senior year, while rooming in Holworthy, Oliver asked for and obtained a few muskets from the Armory of the

¹ A few years ago, a mural tablet to the memory of Thomas Oliver was placed in the Nave of the present building of the First Church by Dr. Oliver, who subsequently bore the expense of a companion tablet commemorating Thomas Leverett, who also served, for more than twenty years, as a Ruling Elder of the Church during the pastorate of the Reverend John Cotton. Oliver and Leverett were prominent men in the Colony, and with Henry Vane, afterward Governor, composed the first officially constituted Board of Arbitration in New England, in 1635.

First Corps of Cadets, of which he was a member, and invited several of his Classmates to form a squad; this he drilled in the evening outside the College grounds. He never knew whether the Faculty were aware of this procedure. Of the members of the squad, Quincy was one of the most enthusiastic, and he afterwards joined the First Corps of Cadets. Dana and Page also joined the Corps.

After graduating at Harvard Dr. Oliver began the study of Medicine for which he had for many years exhibited a strong inclination, as shown in his fondness for chemistry and the natural sciences. About this time the Tremont Medical School was established and students instead of entering their name with a single physician, as was formerly the case, registered at the School. It occupied a single room, up one flight, in a building on Tremont Street, a few doors from Pemberton Square. The teachers were for the most part those at the Harvard Medical School. In 1855, he received the degree of M. D. after an examination which at that time was very much less difficult than it is at the present day. The last year of his course was spent in the Massachusetts General Hospital as House Pupil, and at the same time two of his Classmates, Charles E. Stedman and Samuel F. Haven, occupied similar positions in the institution.

Upon receiving his degree, Dr. Oliver went to Europe to continue his medical studies as was the custom with recent graduates in medicine who did not feel obliged to begin practice immediately. He first visited Paris, where there were many medical men who had acquired great reputations as clinical teachers, and where the hospitals contained an enormous amount of material for observation and study. Louis, perhaps the most renowned French clinical teacher, was then living, but had retired on account of age; Trousseau, however, at Hôtel Dieu was then in his prime, and his visits to the hospital mentioned were attended by so great a number of students it was sometimes difficult to get near the bedside of the patient who was the subject of the lecture. The most noted surgeons in the hospitals at that time were Velpeau and Nelaton. During the winter passed in Paris, Dr. Oliver met several men whom he had known when a student at Cambridge, among them being Dr. Edward L. Holmes of the Class of 1849, Dr. Riggin Buckler of the Class of 1851 and Dr. John E. Blake of

his own Class. As was natural, he saw much of the latter, meeting him nearly every day either in his room or in some restaurant frequented by students.

In the spring of 1856, Dr. Oliver learned that Vienna offered better facilities for medical study than Paris, and he therefore left Paris in the early part of June. Appreciating that he would be handicapped by his limited knowledge of German, he went first to Dresden, where he daily took lessons in the language; he also kept entirely aloof from persons speaking English, and moreover, went frequently to the theatre where plays alternated with opera. In this way he improved his knowledge of German so much that, upon his arrival in Vienna he was able to follow the lectures at the Medical School with ease. Dr. Francis P. Sprague (H. C. m1856) and Dr. James C. White, (H. C. 1853), both of Boston, were already in Vienna and Dr. Geddings of Charleston, South Carolina, arrived soon after. The four physicians were closely associated during the winter, both at the General Hospital and in a social way. As he had anticipated, Dr. Oliver found the opportunities for study much better at Vienna than at Paris. Although, as has been said, Trousseau was a very eminent lecturer, Oppolzer at Vienna impressed Dr. Oliver at once as being clearly his superior. Beside attending the clinical lectures at the hospital he took private lessons on oscultation and percussion of Drasche, one of Skoda's assistants. Skoda was almost as well known as Oppolzer, he having published an important work on the subjects just mentioned. Dr. Oliver had, while studying medicine, felt special interest in diseases of the throat and of the lungs and had taken private lessons on oscultation and percussion of Dr. Henry I. Bowditch (H. C. 1828), then one of the foremost authorities on these subjects in America.

During the winter, Dr. Oliver found the diversions of Vienna to be even more enjoyable than at Paris. At the Volksgarten an extraordinarily fine band of musicians, led by Edouard Strauss, played daily, while at the Opera House were to be heard artists of the very first rank, and there were also many beer gardens where good music might be enjoyed.

The American Minister to Austria, Henry R. Jackson, was very hospitable to all of his countrymen who visited Vienna, and gave an evening reception once a week to those who chose to avail themselves of his kindness. Dr. Oliver and the other

three physicians from America scarcely ever failed to be present on these occasions.

The principal park in Vienna was named the Prater, and on fine days it was crowded with the best people of the city. There might be seen the late Emperor Franz Joseph and his consort Elizabeth whose marriage had taken place only two years previously. Although she was an accomplished horse-woman, she generally drove alone in a barouche while he rode by her side. Dr. Oliver frequently saw the Empress in Switzerland after the sad bereavements she had experienced in the loss of her only son by suicide and the death of a sister in a conflagration in Paris. Her great beauty, for which she had been formerly noted, had entirely disappeared, and her face wore a very sad expression.

Leaving Vienna upon the conclusion of the lectures at the Medical School, Dr. Oliver made a short trip through Italy and then returned to Paris via Marseilles, France. After a short stay in Paris he went to London and then to Liverpool, whence he sailed in a Cunard steamer for Boston. After consultation with his family and friends he decided to begin practice in the latter city. In 1868 he was appointed a visiting physician to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and soon becoming interested in laryngoscopy, was later appointed lecturer on this subject in the Harvard Medical School.

Dr. Oliver was for many years Medical Examiner in Boston for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company and at one time for the New York Life Insurance Company, and during the Civil War he was a Medical Inspector of Camps in the service of the Sanitary Commission.

The Overseers of Harvard appointed him a member of the Committee to visit the Chemical Department of the College and also one of the Committee to visit the Medical School. As a member of the former Committee his experience at his first visit to Cambridge is perhaps worth mentioning. He found his way to an upper room in University Hall where he met the Professor of Chemistry, Josiah Parsons Cooke (H. C. 1848), and the class in chemistry, many of whom were in their shirt sleeves. The day was intensely hot and as no other member of the Committee made his appearance, Dr. Oliver retired after less than an hour's stay and never went there again in the capacity of committeeman.

He retired from practice in 1880 and for many years thereafter he spent the greater portion of each summer abroad. During this time he visited many countries in Europe and two in Africa, namely, Egypt and Algeria. His favorite summer residence has been Switzerland. Late in life he made a list of the august personages he had seen either while visiting their country or when they were making friendly visits to other countries. These were: two Kings of England, three Queens of England; the King of Norway and Sweden; the Emperor and Empress of France; the King of Spain; the King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany; the Emperor and Empress of Austria; the King of Greece; Pope Pius IX; the Emperor and Empress of Russia; the Sultan of Turkey; and the Khedive of Egypt. He has also seen ten Presidents of the United States, the first one being John Quincy Adams, who visited Salem about the year 1842.

Dr. Oliver is the oldest living member of the Salem Light Infantry, having joined this Company in 1848 before entering Harvard. He was also a member of the First Corps of Cadets in Boston which he joined in July, 1850, and his organization of the College Corps shows his interest in such matters.

In the late fifties, Dr. Oliver was associated with a *cause célèbre*. A citizen of Ellsworth, Maine, met with an accident which dislocated the thigh. The efforts of the surgeons of Ellsworth to replace the dislocation were unsuccessful and the man was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, where the most strenuous efforts to replace the bone also proved futile. The patient then returned to Ellsworth and instituted legal proceedings against the physicians who had first treated him. He lost his case, and then began a newspaper tirade of abuse against them, which he continued almost up to the time of his death. Immediately after his demise his family wrote to Dr. J. Mason Warren in Boston asking him to come to Ellsworth and make a post mortem examination in order to determine the exact nature of the dislocation. Dr. Warren being unable to make this journey, sent Dr. Oliver. The latter upon his arrival there finding that it was not feasible to make a thorough examination in any reasonably short time, brought the pelvis and a portion of the thighs to Boston where he made a careful dissection of the parts and found that the dislocation was a most unusual one and one that it would have

been almost impossible for any surgeon to diagnosticate. He afterwards had the bones set up, and the specimen is now in the Warren Museum at the Harvard Medical School.¹

The medical organizations to which he has belonged are the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Society for Medical Improvement, the Medical Observation Society and the Society of Medical Sciences. He is also a member of the Somerset Club, the St. Botolph Club and the Harvard Musical Association.

But for the untiring patience, kindness and interest of Dr. Oliver, and his wonderfully clear and graphic recollection of all pertaining to his College days, it would have been impossible to unravel the tangled skein of the Class Annals.² In regard to him his Classmates may truly quote Southey's words:

There speaks the man we knew of yore,
Well pleased I hear them say:
Such was he in his lighter moods,
Before our heads were gray.

Buoyant he was in spirit, quick
Of fancy, light of heart;
And care and time, and change have left
Untouch'd his better part.

CALVIN GATES PAGE

THE son of Calvin and Philinda (Gates) Page, Calvin Gates Page was born on July third, 1829; he graduated from the Mayhew School in 1842 and from the English High School in 1845, receiving from each a Franklin medal. After a few months in a store, he decided to continue his studies and went to the Boston Latin School, graduating in 1848, and entering Harvard, where his "habits were well known," so saith he in the Class Book. The death of his father in July, 1850, obliged

¹ An account of this case appears in Dr. Warren's "Surgical Observations, with Cases and Operations" (1867).

² Dr. Oliver died suddenly at the Hotel Brunswick, in Boston, on Saturday evening, the twenty-fifth of October, 1919. Had he lived until the following day, he would have attained the age of ninety years. His funeral was from the First Church, with which he had been connected for more than half a century. His munificent benefactions to Harvard were revealed only after his decease. They are recorded on a later page (430). See an obituary notice in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of Monday, 27 October, 1919, and Dr. Roger Irving Lee's Sketch of Dr. Oliver in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December, 1919, vol. xxviii, pp. 277-280.

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him to leave College for a time, but he returned and graduated with the other members of the Class. He belonged to the Harvard Natural History and the Odd Fellows Societies, the Hasty Pudding Club, the Institute of 1770, and the Knights Punch Bowl. As the first Secretary of the Class of 1852, Page was entrusted with the Class Book, a folio volume bound in green morocco; on going away he locked the precious tome up in a valise and put the valise into a bath-tub for safety in case of fire!

Having decided to be a physician he studied for two years with Dr. Jonathan Mason Warren (Harvard Medical School 1832) and graduated at the Medical School Commencement of March, 1855,¹ reading a thesis on Asiatic Cholera.

On October thirty-first, 1854, Page married Susan Haskell Keep, daughter of Dr. Nathan Cooley Keep (Harvard Medical School 1827) of Boston, and being the first of the Knights Punch Bowl to commit matrimony, and the first to become a parent, was henceforth known to the members as "Calvin the Patriarch." His oldest daughter, Edith, was born on the twenty-sixth of June, 1855. He bade the members to a feast at his house in April of the next year, and the scribe of the occasion, Robert Ware, reported that they sang the songs in whispers "lest an infantile voice might see fit to introduce original variations into the accustomed choruses."

From March, 1853, to July, 1858, Page was visiting physician at the Boston Dispensary, and on resigning, received the honorary appointment of attending physician; in 1860 he became physician at the Home for Aged and Indigent Colored Females, and Secretary of the Suffolk District Medical Society.

In August, 1861, he was on duty at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, as Acting Assistant Surgeon, accompanying the Eleventh Regiment United States Infantry to Perryville,

¹ Dr. White, in "Sketches from my Life" (p. 71) writes: "March 7th [1855]. Medical Commencement at the College in North Grove Street. President Walker and the Overseers were present. Dissertations, etc. . . . In the evening a reception was given by Professor Henry J. Bigelow at the Tremont House."

Until 1871 there were two examinations every year for the degree of M.D. for the Medical School candidates, one at the end of the first semester, or about February or March, the other at the regular Commencement at the end of the year. At that time, doctors obtained their medical education chiefly by studying with a physician of good standing, for about three years, and after attending lectures at the Medical School, presented themselves for an examination for their degree.

Maryland, where he was in charge of the Judiciary Square Hospital at Washington from April to August, 1862. Although once discharged for disability, he returned to his post, remaining in service until February, 1865.

He was one of the Harvard Examining Committee in Rhetoric and Grammar in 1866, and in 1867 went to New York as delegate to the National Unitarian Conference. Dr. Page served at one time on the Boston School Committee and was instrumental in establishing military drill in the High School and the Boston Latin School.

In 1867 he made a trip to California. Two years later he bought and furnished a new house on Marlborough Street. The number was 128, between Berkeley and Clarendon Streets, and it was then the last house but one on the street.

On April twenty-ninth, the entire family, including the cat and the canary-bird, moved thither from the old home on Myrtle Street, where Dr. Page and all his children were born, and exactly "four weeks later," as his son writes,

the cat chased the canary, and my father chased the cat. Reaching down to drive the offending animal from under a bureau, he ruptured the gall bladder, and died three days later from peritonitis.

Dr. Oliver recalls that Dr. Page diagnosed his own case, and that the post mortem examination confirmed his diagnosis.

He died on the twenty-ninth of May, 1869, and the funeral was held the next day — Memorial Day, at his house, the service being conducted by Dr. Nicholson, the rector of Saint Paul's Church, who at the same time baptized the youngest child, Calvin Gates Page, Jr.

Dr. Page had the following children, beside his oldest daughter, Edith, already mentioned: Hollis Bowman Page, born 27 October, 1859; Nathan Keep Page, born 19 January, 1861, died 21 March, 1864; Fanny Bliss Page, born and died in 1864, and Calvin Gates Page, Jr., born 9 July, 1866, H. C. 1890, M.D. 1894, the only child now surviving.

Dr. Page was Surgeon at the Boston Dispensary, Recording Secretary of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and a member of the Boston Natural History Society.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS PEABODY

GEORGE AUGUSTUS PEABODY, the son of George Peabody (H. C. 1823) and Clara (Endicott) his wife, was born at Salem on the twenty-third of August, 1831. He was originally named for his uncle, Joseph Augustus Peabody (H. C. 1816), the change to his present name having been made 25 March, 1845, by a Special Act of the Legislature. He prepared for Harvard at the Salem Latin School, and during his college life, was extremely popular, being a member of the Hasty Pudding Club and the Porcellian Club.

On graduating he studied for a year in the office of Nathaniel James Lord (H. C. 1825) of Salem, at that time the leader of the Essex Bar, entered the Dane Law School in September, 1853, and received his degree two years later. Mr. Peabody, however, has never been in active legal practice, although he is connected with many private Trusts, and is a wise and clear-headed financial adviser.

During his youth he traveled extensively in this country and in Europe. Mr. Robert Bennett Forbes, the well known Boston merchant, having invited Dr. Jeffries Wyman (H. C. 1833), Mr. William Gurdon Saltonstall and Mr. Peabody to be his guests on a shooting and exploring trip to South America, they sailed, in November, 1858, on the brig *Nankin*, the first iron sailing vessel ever built in Boston. On reaching South America they boarded Mr. Forbes's private yacht, which had been sent ahead and in a small steamer which they carried on the deck of the *Nankin*, they made an excursion up the Uruguay River and the Rio Negro and into the back country. Leaving Mr. Forbes, the party finally went across the Pampas to Valparaiso, and returned home in July, 1859, via Panama, after having a most interesting and unique experience. Certain game and birds, which had been shot on this expedition, are now in the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

For many years Mr. Peabody passed his winters in Florida and his summers with his parents at Nahant and Danvers; since 1882 he has made his home entirely at his beautiful estate in Danvers, known as The Burley Farm, where he lives a very retired life, surrounded by relatives and friends who are devoted to him, as he is to them.

In March, 1892, the Town of Danvers elected Mr. Peabody a Trustee of the Peabody Institute of Danvers, Massachusetts, Incorporated, which position he held until March thirty-first, 1916, when he declined a re-election by the Town. From 1893 to 1899 Mr. Peabody was a member of the Building and Grounds Committee; from 1893 to 1912 he was a member of the Library Committee, which entailed a great deal of work, and was President of the Board of Trustees from 1 April, 1896, to 31 March, 1916.

A constant reader, he has kept abreast of the times in all pertaining to science, history and the topics of the day.

In 1896, Mr. Peabody became a Trustee of the Peabody Museum of Salem (founded in 1867 by George Peabody of London), and since 1898 has been President of the Board of Trustees, giving generously of both his time and money, and attending the monthly meetings of the Committee with un-failing regularity.

A gentleman of the old school, as Shakspeare says,

the kindest man
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies,

he is loved and honored by the entire staff from directors to janitor. He is the last survivor of the Class.

Mr. Peabody married on the thirtieth of April, 1881, Augusta Jay (Balch) Nielson, daughter of the Rev. Lewis Penn Witherspoon Balch and Anna Jay his wife. Mrs. Peabody was born December twenty-eighth, 1839, and died at The Burley Farm, Danvers, April thirtieth, 1888. They had no children.

JOHN TAYLOR PERRY

JOHN TAYLOR PERRY, the son of William (H. C. 1811) and Abigail (Gilman) Perry was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, on April fifth, 1832, and prepared for College at the Academy in his native town. A Detur was awarded him in the Sophomore year and in 1852 the Second Prize Dissertation.

After graduation he was for a time Assistant Librarian at the Astor Library in New York; resigning in 1855, he studied Law, being admitted to the Rockingham Bar (New Hamp-



PERRY
PRATT

PORTER

PHIPPS
QUINCY

shire) in 1856, but he never practiced. Two years later he went to Cincinnati as Assistant Editor of the Daily Gazette, becoming proprietor of the paper in August, 1859, and, of course, making his home there, although he always came East in the summer and was at Cambridge for Commencement in 1860.

On November eighteenth, 1862, he married Sarah, daughter of Bowen Chandler and Susan Smith (Chandler) Noble. They had no children.

Although not drafted, Perry sent a substitute to the war, and meantime continued at his editorial post in Cincinnati, sailing for Europe in 1872 as delegate to the International Prison Congress, and in the same year delivering an address before the New Hampshire Historical Society on "The Credibility of History."

He published, in 1879, "Sixteen Sermons in One," and two years later delivered a lecture at Lane Seminary on "The True Light of Asia." These are, of course, only a few of the results of his literary activities, but serve to show something of the variety of his interests.

In 1883, he retired from the editorship of the Cincinnati Gazette and bought the famous old Gilman house at Exeter, which has since been purchased by the New Hampshire Society of the Cincinnati; it was Perry's family homestead, his mother having been the daughter of Nathaniel Gilman.

His father was for a short time the oldest living graduate, and Perry replied to Denny's Commencement summons in 1886:

I wish I could give you a definite assurance regarding my doings on Commencement Day. I am situated, however, just as I was a year ago. My father, the O. G. aet. 97½, feels very well just now, and this morning told me he should want me to take him to Cambridge on what will be his 75th anniversary. I am inclined to think that his health or his courage will fail him when the time arrives. Still I must hold myself at his disposal, and if he goes shall have my hands full, — making a hurried call at Class headquarters at the most. So you had better count me out, or rather as present in spirit, and absent in body.

Like the needy knife grinder, history "I have none, sir." I am writing for various papers and attending to Phillips Academy affairs, and otherwise comporting myself as becomes a sober, bald-headed citizen on the wrong side of fifty. Still, I am not so old as to be unable to sign myself yours as ever,

J. T. PERRY.

There is a certain breezy quality which runs through all Perry's epistles, and which seems a fitting correlary to the whimsical expression on the face of the lad whose picture bears his name in the Class Book. In the note accompanying the cheque for the Fortieth Anniversary Dinner, he wrote Denny that he "certainly deserved the title of D.D., Dopium Donator."

In 1895 Mr. and Mrs. Perry together embarked on a journey around the world, via Vancouver, and from there he wrote the Class Secretary with great enthusiasm of the beauty of the Canadian Pacific country. They returned in September, 1896.

Mrs. Perry died in the following year, and her husband's reply to Denny's words of sympathy shows how great was his loss:

It is a fearful shock which has ended an almost ideally happy married life of nearly thirty-five years, yet I am trying to subordinate my own feelings of loss and loneliness to my firm conviction that the change has been for *her* eternal gain, and in devout gratitude that she was spared the pain of a tedious illness.

To the end of his life he was untiringly industrious.

I am a pretty busy man, doing a good deal of gratuitous labor [he says in one of his letters to the Class Secretary], as befits an old citizen in his sixties. I am, next to Professor Dunbar, Senior Trustee of the Phillips Academy, having been elected in 1885. . . . I am Senior Member and President of Public Library, having served twelve years, . . . so you see that in retiring to my native town I have not gone into a state of hibernation. I don't want you to publish this stuff.

Perry, for eleven years, was editor of the New Hampshire Journal, the organ of the Congregational and Presbyterian Association, and on the occasion of the Bi-centennial Celebration of the First Church in Exeter, he contributed an historical sketch. He died at his Exeter homestead on November twenty-ninth, 1901.

WILLIAM HENRY PHIPPS

WILLIAM HENRY PHIPPS was the son of Samuel and Maria Dennis (Staniford) Phipps. He was born in Dorchester on the twenty-sixth of February, 1832, and prepared for College at the Chauncy Hall School.

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Immediately after graduating he went to New York, and was for a time very successful in business, becoming, in 1864, one of the partners in the firm of Van Vleck Reed and Drexel, and making his home in Brooklyn, New York. In later life he met with financial reverses, from which he never recovered.

A lover of nature, Mr. Phipps was long interested in gardening and agricultural pursuits. About 1875 he married Elizabeth Goodhue, widow of Frederick Goodhue, who survived him but a few years. They had no children.

Although Mr. Phipps had been rarely able to attend the Class anniversaries, he deeply regretted, as he wrote more than once to Denny, that he could not

add by my presence to the number of our Classmates who will come together on that occasion, with loyal hearts for their Alma Mater, and in that spirit of good fellowship which has always characterized our meetings.

Mr. Phipps died in Brooklyn, New York, on the thirty-first of March, 1902.

JOSIAH PORTER

ON a knoll, facing the parade ground in Van Cortlandt Park, New York, stands the bronze figure of an officer, erected to the memory of one who should long be held in grateful remembrance for the sake of the great service which he rendered to the State of New York in the development and elevation of the National Guard. The man who is thus commemorated is Josiah Porter.

He was the son of Zachariah B. and Mary (Kingsbury) Porter, his father being the keeper of an hostelry at North Cambridge, well-known in its day, and especially popular for sleighing parties, and in his honour the Cambridge station on the Fitchburg Railroad was long called Porter's Station. Josiah was born in Boston on the twenty-eighth of June, 1830; he prepared for college at the Chauncy Hall School, and was a member of the Odd Fellows Society; after graduation he studied Law, receiving his degree in 1854 and practising in Boston, where he was for ten years an officer in the Boston Cadets.

On the twenty-first of November, 1857, he married Caroline

Hamilton Rice, born in Southborough, Massachusetts, May fourteenth, 1833; the ceremony was performed by his classmate Bradlee.

The first of the Class to volunteer on the outbreak of the Civil War, Porter was commissioned First Lieutenant, First Light Battery Massachusetts Volunteers, in May, 1861, leaving Boston in April; and being mustered out in August, he was appointed Captain of the First Battery, Light Artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers, in the same month, and served until September, 1862, having joined McClellan before Yorktown, and having been actively engaged in the Peninsular and Maryland campaigns. On leaving Boston with his regiment, some of his friends in the Class of '52 presented Porter with a bowie knife, on the handle of which were engraved the Latin words signifying "Up to the hilt."

In 1863, Porter met with a great bereavement in the death, from diphtheria within a fortnight of one another, of his two little sons, James, who was born in 1860, and Edwin J., who was born in 1861.

Resuming the practise of his profession after the close of the War, he moved, about 1865, to New York, where he was an ardent Tammany Democrat. At one time he was Judge of the Police Court at Harlem, but the great and increasing interest of his life was his work in connection with the National Guard, already referred to. His classmate Fisher wrote of him:

He was for several years Adjutant General of the National Guard of New York, under several successive Governors. He is looked upon by the National Guard as the most successful organizer, living or dead, of the New York Army. He brought it to its highest state of efficiency as the most valued arm of the State Government in the maintenance of public order, and an ever-present help to the General Government in time of need;

and Addison Brown said further, in regard to his military work,

That was his secret love, and had his last devotions . . . he won the respect of all his associates.

General Porter died in New York on the fourteenth of December, 1894. He was survived by his widow and two

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daughters, Mary, born 9 April, 1865, who married Charles L. Robinson; and Ruth, born in 1877, who married William E. Doster of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, all of whom have since died.

There was a very strong feeling among General Porter's friends and Army associates that the memory of a man who had done so much for the safety and honour of his State and Country should be suitably perpetuated, and the measure for the erection of a statue was carried through the Legislature, the funds being raised by the National Guard of the State.

The statue represents a tall and imposing figure of soldierly bearing, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword. It was unveiled by his daughter, Mrs. Robinson, on the afternoon of November fifteenth, 1902.

EDWARD ELLERTON PRATT

EDWARD ELLERTON PRATT, the son of George Langdon and Abigail H. (Lodge) Pratt, was born on the twenty-fourth of December, 1830, and prepared for College at the school of William Hathorne Brooks (H. C. 1827).

He was a member of the Hasty Pudding and Porcellian Clubs, and having decided upon Law for a profession, entered the Dane Law School. His studies there were interrupted, in January, 1853, by his sailing for Europe, whence he returned in July and announced himself, in the Class Book, as "heartily disgusted with foreign travel," expressing the belief that "the dome of the State House as it appeared to him, sailing up Boston Harbor, was the most beautiful sight of all his travels." Re-entering the Law School, he remained there for two terms, and after a year in the office of Clark and Shaw of Boston, he was admitted to the Bar in 1855.

In September, 1856, he married Miriam Foster, daughter of the Honorable Rufus Choate, and their oldest daughter, Helen Choate Pratt, was born 26 November, 1857. "The wives of the Class," as one of the members of '52 wrote, "are but shadowy figures," but a passing tribute must be paid to Mrs. Pratt, who was for many years one of the most brilliant women in Boston, famous for her witty sayings, who will be long remembered as a leader of the most charming of Boston's literary circles.

For a time Thorndike and Pratt formed a partnership under the name of Thorndike and Pratt, but the latter gradually withdrew from legal pursuits, becoming chief clerk of the United States Sub-Treasury in Boston, an office which he held from 1871 to 1880. The position of Sub-Treasurer was declined by him in 1879. He was for many years Assistant Treasurer of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company and in 1893 Vice-President and General Manager of the Gulf, Beaumont and Kansas City Railroad. During the last years of his life he was an invalid.

Mr. Pratt was a man of unusual cultivation, and a delightful writer, the circulation of his writings, however, being confined to his family and intimate friends. A sweet and touching tribute to his classmate Revere, which appeared in the *Courier*, in 1863, gives some idea of his graphic and graceful style.¹

No better description of Mr. Pratt can be given than that written by his friend Miss Heloise E. Hersey:²

As I think of my friend Mr. Pratt, and of how large a place is left empty by his death, I am moved to recount some of those characteristics which made him notable. The first of these was the poise, of person and of spirit, which was his in every moment of his life, — the most intimate, the most exciting, or the most perplexing. Compared with him the rest of the world seems a scrambling, elbowing crowd, blindly seeking they know not what. The secret of sturdy dignity, whatever that secret be, he had found. Sometimes for a moment in friendly talk with him one would be overwhelmed with a sense of one's own disquiet, as compared with his deliberate calm; but in an instant his quick courtesy interposed to set his friend at ease again, and it was only when the hour was past that one recalled the glimpse of that still height on which he truly dwelt.

Scarcely less rare was the candor of the man. He was truth-telling and truth-loving. He wanted to know the worst — and the best. His unusual accuracy of mind enabled him not only to desire to tell the truth, as does many an untruthful man, but actually to tell it. His clearness of vision helped him to see that at which a man of feebler gaze would blink. He was not afraid to look into the face of the sun, in a time when most of us are content to sit in shaded corners and talk about the sun.

Closely allied to this power, and doubtless fed by it, was his marvellous memory. As he was never content with half knowledge,

¹ Under date of Monday, 20 July, 1863.

² *Boston Evening Transcript*, 28 November, 1900.

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his intellectual equipment was always ready to his hand. It was an experience not to be forgotten to sit in his generous library of an afternoon and see him go with a precision born of certainty to one volume or another to verify a quotation, to clinch an argument or to fix a fact. Books were his servants, not his masters. He loved them, but he commanded them.

No picture of him would be complete without the glow of his humor and the play of his wit. He could wage a merry argument over the distinction between wit and humor and use both in the contest. He loved to let his humor riot about some social extravagance or some personal weakness until his hearer was in delighted laughter, and then a single shaft from his wit would prick the bubble.

It was easy to think him a dogmatic man. He saw things so sharply that he had little patience with blurred vision in others. But one never knew the man thoroughly until one had heard him say with the emphasis of true humility, "I want to tell you that I was mistaken in regard to such and such a question. You were right." He held his convictions tenaciously, but always subject to the revision of his open mind and his vigorous reason.

He had that wisdom which comes with ripeness. He was not old, but he had lived through a full lifetime. Out of many scenes, many sorrows, many joys, he had gathered a harvest. The world gave him some of her choicest gifts, — of love, of friendship, or experience. He was worthy of them. As I look back upon my picture of him, I find that one day he seemed to me most to be admired; another day most to be trusted; another day most to be loved. He inspired all these varying feelings, and he held them all by his steadfastness.

Mr. Pratt died at his house in Boston on November twenty-first, 1900. Mrs. Pratt survived her husband, with two daughters, Helen, already referred to, now the wife of Charles Albert Prince (H. C. 1873), and the author of several charming novels, and Alice Ellerton, who was born on August sixteenth, 1866, and who is now Mrs. Heman Merrick Burr.¹

SAMUEL MILLER QUINCY

SAMUEL MILLER QUINCY,² the son of Josiah Quincy, Jr. (H. C. 1821) and his wife Mary Jane Miller, was born June thirteenth, 1832, in Boston. He was fitted for Harvard by

¹ See Harvard College Class of 1877, Seventh report, 1917, p. 42.

² For many of the facts of this sketch I am indebted to the admirable Eulogy of General Quincy by Samuel Arthur Bent in the Proceedings of the Bostonian Society for 24 May, 1887.

Annals of the

William Hathorne Brooks (H. C. 1827), and in 1848 entered the College of which his grandfather had been the President.

Soon after graduating, he began to study Law in the office of Peleg W. Chandler, City Solicitor of Boston, and in March, 1856, on being admitted to the Suffolk Bar, opened an office for himself. He was Assistant Editor of the Law Reporter from 1859 to 1861, and in the latter year was the first of the Class of 1852 to be elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. The first volume of "Massachusetts Reports," called "Quincy's Reports" and edited by him, was published in 1865.

Quincy, meanwhile, had already shown his interest in military matters, joining the Independent Corps of Cadets in 1853; he was appointed Color-Sergeant in May, 1854 and served for a year, during which period he was ordered out for three days at the time of the capture and rendition of Anthony Burns. In 1858 he was elected First Lieutenant, but he resigned the command to enter the Second Massachusetts Infantry as Captain of Company E in 1861. He was first assigned to General Patterson's command in the Shenandoah Valley, and took part in the retreat of May, 1862, and in the battle of Cedar Mountain in the following August. There Quincy was wounded in the foot and taken prisoner.

In "A Prisoner's Diary," a paper read by him at the Officers' Re-union of 1877, he gives an account of his experiences from which we quote:

. . . in that instant I caught it, first in the right leg, then through the left foot, and in the same instant the enemy were upon us, or rather upon me, for what was left of my Company had gone with the rest. Though staggering, I had not yet fallen, when one rushed up, aimed at my head with "Surrender, G—d d—n your soul!" which I did. But if I had known then, what now I know, I would have lain for dead till they were gone, and then dragged myself slowly toward our side. (By special order of Jeff Davis all Pope's officers were to be kept as hostages to be hanged from time to time in retaliation for any such execution of guerillas as was threatened by Pope himself.) I gave up my sword and pistol, sat down, borrowed my captor's knife, ripped my trousers open and shoe off, and examined damages.

After, with difficulty, preventing the Confederate gentleman, "to whom he then belonged," from operating on him,

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two of them offered to take me across the wheatfield to where their own wounded were, asking at the same time what money I had with me for them. They did not offer any violence, nor offer to search me. Had they done so, they would have made prize of my money belt, containing over \$90 in greenbacks and a gold watch. I gave them some ten or twelve gold dollars which I had in my pocket.

Across the field they finally carried him, and laid him down among many other wounded, groaning men, where

the men next me gave me water and a knapsack for my head, a man came along with a canteen of whiskey and I got a drink . . . I got a piece of a wounded rebel's blanket next me over my shoulder, lay as near him as I could [for warmth] and slept. Once I was waked by some one attempting to pull off my seal ring, but he desisted when I pulled my hand away, remarked, "A handsome ring," and went on. Very likely he thought me dead, as my companion under the blanket was by this time.

Quincy was awakened by the pain of his wounds, and at day-break succeeded in buying a canteen of water, which probably saved his life. At night he was taken to a hospital where a surgeon bound up his foot, assuring him that he could probably keep it, although he would always be lame. Thence, the next morning, he was sent to headquarters and ordered to Stanton. Their journey thither was a nightmare.

There, "after acute physical suffering had in a measure given place to the prisoner's worst enemy, the leaden vacuity of ennui," he found in his "blouse pocket, a little duodecimo almanac and diary for 1862 with half a lead pencil," and therewith he kept a diary. Here, in their prison, faint murmurs from without reached them

"Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb —"

among them the report of a great battle in Maryland. Although their captors tried to give the impression of a Southern victory, the prisoners hoped otherwise from certain signs and portents, chief of which was that the women had not come up to gloat over a victory to the unhappy Yankees; their hope, however, was of short duration, for the vulture-like ladies soon appeared. Five days later came good news at

last, — that Pope's officers had been paroled, and soon after Quincy learned that through the death of Wilder Dwight (H. C. 1853) he had himself become Major of the Second Massachusetts Regiment.

He tells in his diary of a friendly parting with a rebel soldier, adding "Note: I have experienced from rebel privates almost uniform kindness, good-fellowship, camaraderie; they treat one as a fellow-soldier." Early in October he "cooked up a document — a parole of the yard," the illustrious Chief affixed his signature, and they were admitted to the freedom of the yard forthwith, Quincy obtaining his first decent wash for three months, in the pond. On the sixteenth of October, having seen a newspaper with the official list of Yankees paroled from Libby, among whom were several of Pope's officers, he determined "not to rot another day as food for Confederate vermin without claiming his rights as prisoner of war," and demanded that he and all who were able to travel should be sent to Richmond to take their turn for parole or exchange. They were allowed to depart the next morning, and on Saturday he dates his entry "In hell, *alias* Libby Prison." On Sunday

before breakfast little spitfire clerk came up to take our paroles. I could have embraced the little devil, but I did n't, only waited till my name was called, when I toed the mark *instantly*, and quite won his heart with the promptitude with which I recited my description list, insomuch that he asked me to take a letter to his sweetheart.

After this, the wretched crew were packed into coaches and wagons, and after a miserable jolt of fifteen miles reached the flag-of-truce boat, where they passed two days before Quincy heralds his arrival at Washington with the glad words in big letters "A Free Man at Willard's!"

In Washington he immediately exchanged his ragged habiliments, including a torn Confederate cap

(given me on the field to replace my broad-brimmed felt, which a Georgia gentleman fancied) for the jauntiest uniform procurable, after which I sallied out on the Avenue; and the first man I met was the Captain of the Commodore [the boat which had brought him to Washington] who at first insisted that I was mistaken, as he had never seen me before in his life; and only my crutches and wounded foot at last convinced him.

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The entry made by Quincy in the Class Book on his return to Boston reads thus:

1862 served as Captain until the battle of Cedar Creek Mountain, Virginia, August 9, 1862, when severely wounded and taken prisoner. Was confined in the Hospital at Stanton and the Libby Prison in Richmond until October 17th, when I was paroled and returned to Boston; was commissioned Major September 17th and Colonel November 10th, 1862. Having recovered from wounds, left Boston to rejoin regiment March 2, 1863.

His desire to return to the front outstripped his strength, and he was so far from having regained his health that he was entirely overcome by the march to Stafford Court House previous to the battle of Chancellorsville, and therefore felt he must resign his position if he could not wholly fulfill its duties. On doing so he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-Third United States Colored Infantry and detailed as Acting Assistant Inspector General on the Staff of General Andrews, also formerly of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, who, after the reduction of Port Hudson, was assigned to the organization of the *Corps d'Afrique*, in the Department of the Gulf. Colonel Quincy thoroughly enjoyed the position, and at this time compiled the little book for the use of the recruits in his regiment, called a Manual of Camp and Garrison Duty, which was of such assistance to the Junior Officers of the garrison that the latter was called "the West Point of the Mississippi."

Colonel Quincy was President of an Examining Board for colored troops at Baton Rouge and subsequently at New Orleans. He was Colonel of the Ninety-Sixth and after consolidation, Colonel of the Eighty-First United States Colored Infantry, commanding the Regiment during the New Orleans riot of 1866. He enjoyed his sojourn in that city; having always been interested in the study of languages, he seized the opportunity to board with a French family, and he also used his leisure for studying German. He was amused at being appointed Acting Mayor of New Orleans by General Banks, and wrote home "if it pleases you to have another Mayor Quincy in the family, *soyez-en heureux*." He was also President of the United States Claims Commission, and in 1866 re-

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ceived the brevet of Brigadier General "for gallant services during the war."

After leaving the Army, General Quincy passed eighteen months in Europe in the hope of regaining his health, but it was permanently shattered, and he was never able to resume the practice of Law. No name in the history of the old Colony of Massachusetts Bay is better known than that of Quincy; none is more associated with the honor and fame of Massachusetts and her capital, and it was fitting that this scion of the race should find his chief interest in the needs of Boston and the preservation of the landmarks of her history. Well did Holmes write of the race:

Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known [his] name:
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

Public spirited in the highest sense of the word, General Quincy, after his return in 1868, was again elected to the House of Representatives, and was Alderman of Boston in 1873 and 1875. He also renewed his connection with the Cadets, serving for three years as private, and again for one year in 1879. "His idea was that every Boston gentleman was bound to give a certain amount of time and effort to service with the Corps of Cadets;" and his friend Mr. Bent says, in the Eulogy¹ from which we have so largely quoted, "He became very impatient when he saw scores of young fellows unable to grasp the high motives that led him to think as he did," and the "Manual of Camp and Garrison Duty" prepared by him when with the Colored Infantry was of great use to the Corps. He never forgot his connection with the *Corps d'Afrique*, and in a speech in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1872 censuring Sumner's proposition, in the United States Senate, that the names of battles with our fellow-citizens shall not be contained in the Army Register or placed under the regimental colors of the United States, he opposed the passage of the resolution partly because he

¹ Eulogy on Samuel Miller Quincy by Samuel Arthur Bent.

did not believe, as a citizen and a soldier, that the time had arrived to wipe out the names, not of victories, but of actions in which the United States troops had been engaged; and he recalled the time when the order was issued specifying the regiments entitled to inscribe Port Hudson on their colors, and two negro regiments were ignored, although the Seventy-Third United States Colored Infantry had highly distinguished itself in the first bloody repulse at Fort Hudson, lost heavily, and been highly praised by the Commanding General. General Quincy at once addressed a petition to the Secretary of War and Port Hudson was inscribed upon the blood-stained flag of the Seventy-Third.

General Quincy's motto might well have been *Civis Bostoniensis sum*, for his heart was with the City of his birth, and his pen was always ready when any question arose of despoiling its landmarks or infringing the rights of the Common. At the time the suggestion was made of building the new Courthouse on the Common, Quincy replied:

This spot of verdure and foliage in the heart of your city is vacant of buildings for the simple reason that it does not belong to trade to pile bricks and granite on in order to make men richer; . . . but it is the people's Common, in which the millionaire has no advantage over the poorest citizen and which has been enjoyed by the ancestors of both ever since the days of the parson who used to ride his brindled bull over it, two centuries ago.

General Quincy was a vigorous advocate of the founding of the Boston Antiquarian Club, and was its first President, in 1880, retiring in 1881 to become the Secretary and Treasurer; and he succeeded in securing the preservation of the Old State House, whose destruction was desired by the so-called March of Progress.

In December of the same year the Bostonian Society was founded, and the Boston Antiquarian Club transferred thereto its property and itself disbanded. General Quincy was interested in the War Records of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts; he was a member of the Loyal Legion and succeeded his father as Trustee of the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

His brave service in the War was appreciated by his classmates, who in 1863 gave him a dinner on one of his visits to

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Boston, the originators of the plan being Thorndike, Hurd, Williamson, D. E. Ware, Dana, Thayer and W. R. Ware.

General Quincy had always been an ardent skater; he told one of his friends that his first thought when he was wounded in the foot was that he might never be able to skate again, and on his recovery, after having been for many months a cripple, he looked forward from his summer sojourn in New Orleans to coming home at skating time; and during the last year of his life he was Secretary of the Boston Skating Club.

Not all who give their lives for their country die on the field of battle. Harder in many ways is the fate of him who, with health forever shattered by the hardships of war, must drag through long days of pain and "nights devoid of ease" with no hope of relief. Such was the fate of General Quincy. He suffered and was strong; to the last he labored for all that tended to his country's weal; no complaint escaped him, and not even his intimate friends realized how incessant was the pain he bore so bravely, and which during the last months of his life became unendurable. He died at Keene, New Hampshire, on March twenty-fourth, 1887.

"Wherever a noble deed is done,
There are the souls of our heroes stirred;
Wherever a field for truth is won,
There are our heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than Greek or Trojan ever trod,
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above them the soul of God!"

PAUL JOSEPH REVERE

PAUL JOSEPH REVERE, namesake and grandson of him whose name holds almost the first place in the hearts of the school children of this country, was born in Boston on the tenth of September, 1832, the fourth son of Joseph Warren and Mary (Robbins) Revere.

Descended on his father's side from French Huguenots, who fled to this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he inherited from his mother's family the blood of the saintly Anne Hutchinson.



REVERE
SEARS

RODGERS

RICHARDSON
SILSBEE

Harvard Class of 1852

At the age of eight he was first sent to school at the Milton Academy, remaining there for four years; his preparatory education was afterward variously conducted, terminating with six months' study under John Brooks Felton (H. C. 1847) of Cambridge, previous to his entering Harvard at the second term of the Sophomore year.

At College he was a member of the Hasty Pudding and Porcellian Clubs, and it can hardly be considered very reprehensible if the merry lads of sixteen, of whom he became leader, found play more attractive than study. A boyish frolic ended in Revere's suspension for six months, a period of time which he passed in the household of the Rev. William Parsons Lunt (H. C. 1823) of Quincy, — a happy and improving sojourn, which made a lasting impression upon his character and after life.

In the summer of 1854 his father wished him to go to Lake Superior with a view to obtaining information about the copper to be found in that region, and as he had long loved the outdoor life of Moosehead Lake and the Adirondacks, the expedition was one after his own heart. He was crossing the Lake with two gentlemen, interested like himself in a copper mine on the farther shore, when the following incident occurred.

Revere of Boston, Mr. Kershaw, a clerk, and Dr. Pratt, a physician to the Minnesota mine, left Portage Lake for Eagle River. On reaching Lake Superior they found a severe gale blowing, and a heavy sea tumbling in from the Lake. It was with much difficulty they launched the canoe in the surf. But once out, and the wind subsiding, they ran rapidly and safely some six miles; but when abreast a bold, rocky shore, where the reef makes out a mile and a half, the wind suddenly freshened. A high sea broke over the reef, instantly swamping the canoe, which at the same moment capsized, throwing all out to some distance. Mr. Kershaw and the younger boatman, unable to swim, sank immediately. The other three, regaining the canoe, clung to the side. Soon Dr. Pratt, a powerful swimmer, thinking he could reach the shore, struck off, but suddenly went down within half a mile of the canoe. Mr. Revere and Robiscault, the elder boatman, after clinging two hours to the canoe, regained the shore. To Mr. Revere's courage and presence of mind is due both his own and Robiscault's preservation; and had Dr. Pratt followed his entreaties, and remained by the boat, he might also have been saved.

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Robiscault, an old boatman, and an aged man, repeatedly gave up all hope, and was with difficulty persuaded to maintain his hold, and says he owes his life to the persuasions and constant assurances of Mr. Revere, that they would reach the land in safety. He relates that, holding on himself to one end of the canoe, Mr. Revere grasped the thwarts at the other, and, throwing himself on his back, swam the frail bark with rapid and undeviating course to land, distant a mile and a half, and finally dragged him, half unconscious, on the beach.¹

Of this terrible experience Revere rarely spoke, but from it the youth came forth a man.

Although he took a course at Comer's Commercial School in Boston, and considered several occupations, not for some time did he "find his star," and the period of indecision as to his future career was fraught with much trial. In the Autumn of 1855, however, a large wharf belonging to his father was burnt over, and consequently required rebuilding. Paul assumed the superintendence of this important business, and that being accomplished, continued to take charge of the property. The occupation brought him into frequent contact with the poor and suffering, in whom his interest was untiring, his help unfailling, and many a destitute child, many a young girl neglected and sore beset with temptation, had cause to bless his name.

On March seventeenth, 1859, Revere married Lucretia Watson Lunt, daughter of Rev. Dr. Lunt of Quincy, and the young couple soon moved into a house on Tremont Street, Boston, where their first child, Frank Dabney, was born. Here passed two happy years. With a wonderful power for impersonating any character which interested him, Revere was a successful actor in private theatricals, and he was a member also of a little social club, "The Terrapin," where his small son's health was drunk soon after his arrival on the stage of life.

Then came the firing on Fort Sumter, and once again "in the hour of darkness and peril and need," as more than eighty years before in the history of our land, a Revere answered his country's call; but only from a deep conviction of duty could he have brought himself to leave his wife and little son, the father, bowed with the weight of fourscore years, and the

¹ New York Times.

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mother, who would fain have restrained him until he said, "I shall feel humbled if I stay at home"; then, Spartan-like, she answered, "Do as you think right."

He and his brother¹ were both in the Twentieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, — he as Major, his brother as Surgeon.

"Yea, many a tie through iteration sweet
Strove to detain their fatal feet;
And yet the enduring half they chose,
Whose choice decides a man's life — slave or king?
The invisible things of God before the seen and known.
Therefore their memory inspiration blows
With echoes gathering on from zone to zone."

Eleven of his friends presented him with a sword, belt and knot; the sword was taken from him at the battle of Ball's Bluff, but ten years later was returned to his family through the courtesy of a Confederate officer, whose name unfortunately was never known to them.

The Regiment was ordered to Washington early in September, and thence to Poolesville, Maryland, where they did picket and outpost duty until Sunday, October twentieth, when they were despatched to Harrison's Island, preliminary to the battle of Ball's Bluff. About noontime of the ensuing day they were ordered to cross the river; the battle and defeat followed, and Major Revere, although slightly wounded in the leg, was one of the last to leave the field. The only means of escape was by boats, and he with several officers, his brother, Surgeon Revere, and some others, secured a craft which they were obliged to abandon, on account of being observed by the enemy, and failing in their attempt to build a raft from fence rails, they were discovered in the early evening by a party of the enemy's cavalry and forced to surrender. Major Revere, being an excellent swimmer, might easily have swum to the opposite shore and thereby escaped, but that he was unwilling to forsake his commander, an elderly man who could not swim. The prisoners were conveyed to Leesburg, and a long and weary march through deep mud and pouring rain to Richmond followed. One small wagon accompanied them, to be used by the sick and wounded, an inadequate means of

¹ Edward Hutchinson Robbins Revere, M.D. (Harvard Medical School 1849).

transportation, of which Major Revere refused to avail himself, although suffering from his wound.

Prison life at Richmond was a period of discomfort and trial, but he never complained, and the last words with which he parted from his brother, Dr. Revere, on being removed to another jail, were, "Remember, whatever may happen, it is all right." The days passed until November tenth, when Major Revere was selected for one of the hostages to be transferred to Henrico County Prison to answer with their lives for the safety of the Rebel privateersmen, held by the United States Government.

In a cell, eleven by seventeen feet, dimly lighted, and infested with vermin, he and six other men lived through four months of horror, mitigated only by a daily half hour in the prison yard. To a man born and bred as Paul Revere had been, the mere physical discomforts of his incarceration must have been unspeakably revolting, but the only cry ever wrung from his great heart, was when he heard the agonized shrieks and moans of a woman who was being lashed just outside the walls of his prison.

Every morning during his confinement in his loathsome quarters at Henrico County Prison, he and Colonel Lee read service from the Prayer Book, and he found solace in carrying sugar and other dainties to the poor negro children in the dirty cell beneath his own.

On February twenty-eighth, he and his brother, two worn and prematurely old men, reached their homes at last, having been released on parole, and Major Revere was greeted by the glad tidings of the birth of his little daughter Pauline. After two months of rest, with recruited health, his eagerness to return to his post led him to apply to Secretary Stanton. At Fort Warren he had selected three Confederate officers, who he asked might be exchanged for himself, his brother and Colonel Lee. His request was granted, and on the second of May, 1862, with Dr. Revere and Colonel Lee he reported for duty with their Regiment, then before Yorktown, reaching there in time to aid in the planting of their Regimental colors on the heights when the place was evacuated.

We must pass briefly over the later days. Severely wounded at Antietam, Colonel Revere was obliged to return home for a time, until he had recovered his health, but May, 1863,

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found him again with his old Regiment of which he had in the meanwhile been appointed Colonel. With them he marched to his last battle, that of Gettysburg; on July second, at about six o'clock, he was struck by a shot from a bursting canister near by, which penetrated to the vital parts and caused his death two days later, but at least he lived to know that the victory was with the Union.

"The graceful, gallant Paul Revere has fallen" we read in the New York Tribune of July fourteenth, 1863;

He was more like one of the "gentle knights" of Spencer's "Fairy Queen" (all courtesy, honour, affection and magnanimity), than like even the worthiest, cleverest and bravest of this generation; handsome, sensitive, affectionate and courteous, with that kind of courage which we call *knighly*, from our ideal of the hero who dislikes and despises violence and brute force for its own sake, but worships honor, and cannot do or suffer or permit anything that conflicts with that, or that does injury to the just rights or feelings of another. At school, in college, in society, around the family hearth, in the camp, in the field of battle, in prison a hostage for threatened lives, he was always the same. All knew what he would do and say. The highest and best was expected of him; and he always did and said what satisfied the noblest aspirations.

Thus passed that "veray parfit gentil knight," Colonel Paul Joseph Revere.¹

HORACE RICHARDSON

HORACE RICHARDSON was the son of Asa and Elizabeth (Bird) Richardson, and was born in Boston on the seventh of January, 1830.

He attended a private school in Harvard Place, and also the English High School before studying for two years at the Latin School, where he prepared for college. A member of the Odd Fellows, Natural History Society, Pierian Sodality (he played on the flute), he belonged also to the Institute of 1770 and to the Knights Punch Bowl.

¹ In King's Chapel, Boston, is a Monument erected "In Memory of the Young Men of King's Chapel who died for their Country, 1861-1865," on which are inscribed the names of both Colonel and Doctor Revere. In the Roll of Honor of the other Sons of King's Chapel who served in the War for the Union are the names of two other '52 men, — Hooper and Quincy. (Cf. Foote, Annals of King's Chapel, ii. 553-555, 611-615.)

He studied medicine, graduating from the Harvard Medical School in 1855, having, meanwhile, passed seven months in Europe, and taking another extended tour over the Continent and through England in 1857. He never really practised his profession, and lived much of his life in Europe. He was an enthusiastic member of the Boston Cadets, being Hospital Steward in 1868, and always kept up his music, of which he was exceedingly fond. An inveterate punster, his delight in a good story was perennial, and he was very loyal in his friendships and attachments. He was a member of the Boston Natural History Society, and President of the Massachusetts Chess Association, being himself a remarkably fine player. He was of a genial, social disposition, fond of ladies' society, and gallant in the old-fashioned sense of the word. It was thought by some of Dr. Richardson's friends that his uncertain health caused him to remain a bachelor from conscientious motives.

He died of heart disease in Boston on the eighteenth of June, 1891.

EDWIN ALDRICH RODGERS

BORN at Newbury, Vermont, on October twentieth, 1824,¹ Edwin Aldrich Rodgers was the son of Josiah W. and Lydia S. (Aldrich) Rogers, and it may here be noted that his father's name was spelled without the "d," which was subsequently added by himself. After attending school at the Newbury Seminary, he passed his final year of college preparation at the Wesleyan Academy. His part at Commencement was an Essay on Science in Russia.

Having studied Law, in 1853, with Judge Underwood at Wells River, Vermont, Rodgers was admitted to the Bar and started for the West, where he settled at Sonora, Tuolumne County, California, and practised his profession, marrying on December twenty-fourth, 1864, Harriet G. Merrow of Jamaica Plain.

In 1870 he wrote the Class Secretary that in the intervening years since leaving college, he had defended nine men for murder, none of whom had been hung, and but one sent to the State Prison. He had also "dabbled in politics once to the

¹ The Class Book gives the year as 1825; the History of Newbury, Vermont, gives it as 1824, which corresponds with his age at the time of his death.

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extent of holding a seat in the California Legislature for which I hope to be forgiven," and was at that writing District Attorney for Tuolumne County.

For many years he hoped, as each Commencement Day drew near, that he might go East and meet the old Class once again, but it was not to be, and with the exception of Richardson, who once visited him in Sonora, he never saw any of his Classmates after they separated at graduation.

Having been in California since 1853 or '54, he was with reason regarded as a pioneer, and he was looked up to with deserved affection and respect, — even reverence by his fellow townsmen. For some time before his death he had been a sufferer from the most malignant form of diabetes. In 1890 the amputation of his left foot brought him temporary relief, but in the Spring of 1892 the disease again appeared in his right leg; with undaunted courage Rodgers went to San Francisco to submit to further amputation as his only chance; he never rallied, dying on June twenty-nine, 1892. Mrs. Rodgers died on the second of February, 1900. They had no children.

The following extract from a local paper shows the esteem in which he was held in the place of his adoption:

When he came to this state, he engaged in mining for a time, but soon tiring of this occupation he returned to the field of intellectual labor, and, on application, was admitted to the bar of Tuolumne county in 1854, where he practiced with honor to himself and profit to his clients, until he was summoned to that final Court from which there is no appeal. With the passing of E. A. Rodgers there disappeared from view one of the most interesting figures of our local history. His face and manner were alike uncommon. There was much about him to remind you of the old Roman: the cast of head — the classic features — the fiery and restive nature — the moral and personal daring — the poetical temperament, and uncompromising support of the cause he followed. He received his early training at Harvard. The grand old college in those days was the home of poetry and forensic ability. While Judge Rodgers could not perhaps be termed a fine orator, no man was a greater master of the art of conversation. His imagination was colored and imbued with the light of the shadowy past, and was richly stored with the ideal but life-like creations, which the genius of Shakespeare had evoked from the realm of fancy. He was a man who would have attracted attention anywhere. What he might have been in a broader field, with greater opportunities, we can but wonder. . . .

There was a touching and affecting pathos in his latter days. Though life was agony, his spirit never drooped. His unconquerable will bore him up long after he should have been lying on the invalid's couch. But the brave soul was obliged to yield at last. He has gone, and lies buried in the beautiful little cemetery to which he has followed so many of his earlier companions. Many years has this little cemetery received the dead into its bosom. Many years will it be, ere it receives the last earthly remnant of a nobler heart than that heart which beat within the breast of our dear old friend E. A. Rodgers. May he rest in peace.

KNYVET WINTHROP SEARS

KNYVET WINTHROP SEARS¹ was the son of David (H. C. 1807) and Miriam Clark Sears, and was born on the ninth of April, 1832 in Boston in the beautiful old house opposite the Common on Beacon Hill, which is now the home of the Somerset Club. He was fitted for College, he wrote, by the combined efforts of the Latin School and Professor Child,² and was a member of the Porcellian and Hasty Pudding Clubs. He

left College shortly before graduating to continue studies in Paris, but received his degree with the Class. He was prompted to take this step through modesty, fearing lest the Faculty might award him the English Oration, and being doubtful of himself as an orator,

he wrote gaily in the Class Book.

In Paris, Sears devoted himself to the study of photography in the studio of Gustave Legray and continued to alternate between Boston and Paris.

On June tenth, 1858 he married Mary C. Peabody, daughter of George Peabody of Salem, and sister of his classmate of that name. A typical gentleman of an age now past, with the cultivated tastes of a man of leisure, Mr. Sears was interested in art, a thorough French scholar, possessed of ready wit withal, and although reserved, he had many friends. He was very fond of horses, and did much for the amelioration of *l'espèce chevaline* both in France and in his own country.

¹ In 1848, his name was changed by Act of the Legislature from Winthrop Sears to Knyvet Winthrop Sears.

² Francis James Child, H. C. 1846.

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The description of Mr. Sears here given is from the pen of one of his personal friends:

Under an exterior of reserve and apparent indifference, lay a warm heart, a delightful sense of humor and a candid and generous spirit. Loyal in his friendships, he was especially steadfast to anyone he deemed unfairly treated by others, or in any way misjudged, yet with this he was appreciative and just to those opposed to him and loath to believe ill of any person. He had a high sense of honor, and that rare self-control which is the finishing touch of the gentleman. He never allowed himself to show anger, and it was simply impossible for him to be discourteous. Unfitted by temperament and education for practical affairs, his comments on men and measures were often keen and discriminating, and no one gave more generous applause to those who seemed to him superior in ability or enterprise.¹

Mr. Sears died at Nahant on the seventeenth of June, 1891, leaving a widow and one daughter, Clara Endicott Sears. His older daughter Mary Peabody Sears, the wife of Francis Shaw (H. C. 1875), died in 1890.

NATHANIEL DEVEREUX SILSBEE

*"Cras ingens iter abimus æquor
Animea Cortesi Mantovana*

SAILED for Calcutta three days subsequently, which accounts for above quotation," begins Silsbee's autobiography. He was the son of the Hon. Nathaniel (H. C. 1824) and Marianne Cabot (Devereux) Silsbee and was born in Salem on the twenty-second of October, 1830.

Studied engineering for two years without making any apparent progress [he continues in his sketch], and having concluded to fit for college, he entered by the kind assistance of a friend at the principal examinations. We do not hear of his gaining any College honors during the four years of repose which he enjoyed on the breast of Alma Mater, the ungrateful huzzy!

The four years were, however, undoubtedly productive of pleasure, for Silsbee belonged to the Natural History Society, the Porcellian Club, and the Institute of 1770, and having,

¹ Sears Genealogy by Samuel P. May.

as he says, sailed for Calcutta three days before Class Day, passed the remainder of 1852 and 1853 in the East Indies, in the establishing of brokerage business. On returning he read Law in the office of Perry and Endicott of Salem, but he renounced the idea of practice in favor of a mercantile life, and having moved to Boston, pursued for thirty years a brokerage business with the East, forming various partnerships while so doing.

On October twenty-second, 1856, he was married at Salem to Mary S. Hodges, daughter of George A. Hodges, Esquire, and a letter from Upham to Joe Choate, written from Paris, tells of George Lee's¹ going home to officiate as "groomsman for Nat Silsbee."

Mr. Silsbee joined the Salem Light Infantry in 1848, becoming Captain of the Company some years later; a most enthusiastic officer, he managed to turn out at parade the largest number of men which had been seen for years, and on his removal to Boston, he joined the First Corps of Cadets. He was a great sufferer from asthma, and for more than forty years before his death, he was obliged to sleep at night propped in a sitting posture in a chair.

Mr. Silsbee was interested in the Texas Lumber Company, and with two others built eighty-five miles of railway in the State, the town of Silsbee, Harden County, Texas, having been named in his honour. He was assistant treasurer and assistant manager of the Gulf, Beaumont and Kansas City Railway Company, his classmate Thorndike being at the same time President.

He died on the twenty-seventh of June, 1912, at his house on Monadnock Street, Dorchester, where he was the neighbor of his classmate Stedman.

Mrs. Silsbee survived him, with four children: Elizabeth White, born 27 September, 1857, the wife of Winslow Lewis Montgomery; Nathaniel, born 9 February, 1859; Rosamond Devereux, born 16 November, 1863, and George Devereux, born 30 December, 1865.

Mr. Silsbee, for sixteen years, served in the Boston Cadets, of which he had been for many years the oldest member, and he was a member of the Salem East India Marine Society.

¹ George Cabot Lee, H. C. 1850.



SOHIER
STEDMAN

SPRAGUE

SPENCER
STICKNEY

Harvard Class of 1852

GEORGE BRIMMER SOHIER

SOHIER was born in Boston on the nineteenth of November, 1832, the son of William Davies (H. C. 1805) and Elizabeth A. (Dexter) Sohier, and was fitted for College by William Hathorne Brooks (H. C. 1827). "How Mr. Brooks managed to prepare me must always remain a mystery, for he never made any of his pupils study unless they chose, and it is useless to say that they never did choose," Sohier wrote. He was admitted with two conditions, and having been out nearly all winter with inflammation of the eyes, the result of rheumatic iritis, the Faculty refused to re-instate him, but after studying for two months with a private tutor, he was allowed to rejoin his Class. The trouble with his eyes returning, he was obliged to pass two months in Georgia.

My college life has been very agreeable, decidedly indolent, and it is by no means pleasant to consider that "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," as Dr. Francis hath it, the gray-haired Senior will be no more, and that another will reign in his stead.

Wherefrom we may deduce that at the age of twenty, Sohier's hair was already white, "though not from years."

At College he was a member of the Hasty Pudding and Porcellian Clubs. In 1854 he entered the law office of Charles Greeley Loring (H. C. 1812) of Boston, but the fearful trouble with his eyes, and constant suffering caused by chronic rheumatism, which would have wrecked the life of less brave a man, prevented his ever following any profession, and in 1856 he sailed for France, after a year of travel settling for two years in Paris. Unable to endure the New England climate in winter, he thereafter made Paris his headquarters, coming home every year or so for the summer months. He died on the eighteenth of January, 1877, at Paris, and was brought home for burial, his funeral taking place from Saint Paul's Church (now Cathedral) on February thirteenth.

The story of his courageous struggle with disease and suffering has been told by one well qualified to judge,—his schoolmate, classmate and friend, Quincy.

"In Paris, 18th inst. 44." These few words in that familiar column which stands ready to receive all our names in turn, will be of interest to a comparatively small circle, but by those who had

the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with their subject, will be read with the liveliest regret and consciousness of a loss not easily to be supplied. Had not his whole life since the attainment of manhood been one constant battle with infirmity and disease, in which his patient endurance and indomitable pluck challenged the sincerest admiration, it is safe to assume that George Brimmer Sohier might have been as distinguished, and his name as widely known in the legal profession as have been those of others of his family. But early in the first quarter of the race-course of life, as our friend the Autocrat describes it, upon which the graduates of 1852 made such a hopeful start together a quarter of a century ago, it became evident that Sohier was far too heavily weighted to hope to keep his place at the front. But though stricken down by one infirmity after another, and convinced above all that what are generally considered the prizes of life were not for him, he yet gave an example of the spirit with which suffering and disappointment should be borne and encountered which many would do well to lay to heart. He determined that his faculties should not rust, nor should either reading or study or the growth of mind be arrested by obstacles which many would have considered insuperable. For many years incapacitated from the use of eyes or pen, the energy, industry and success with which he availed himself of others was simply wonderful. His constant cheerfulness, well-stored mind, unfailing and genial humor, and lively interest and information upon all the topics of the day made him to the writer at least the most delightful companion even in the Cimmerian darkness of that chamber to which attacks of his painful malady of the eyes sometimes confined him for weeks at a time. His name means nothing to the world at large, for the distinction which his energy and talents might have achieved *in corpore sano* must remain the mere conjecture of the few who knew him well. To those few his memory will always be green, and his name recall most precious associations. (*Boston Daily Advertiser* of 23 January, 1877.)

ALMON SPENCER

BRAINARD and Amy (Cannon) Spencer, of Puritan lineage, moved in 1804 to Portage County, Ohio, and there, at the town of Aurora, their son Almon was born on Sunday evening, September twenty-first, 1828. Brought up as a farmer's boy, amid the country pleasures of fishing and hunting, he prepared for College at the Institution of the Rev. Samuel Bissell of Twinsburg, Ohio, and after three years and a half at the Western Reserve College, entered Harvard in the second term of the

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Senior year, in 1852. He was a member of the Hudson Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi.¹

He began immediately to teach, and pursued his calling for a year at Cumberland, Maryland, for two years at Providence,² Alabama, and at Minden, Louisiana, from 1855 to 1860. On July twentieth of that year he married Jane Hoge Nall, daughter of Rev. Robert Nall, D.D. and Mira Elizabeth Woods (Hoge) Nall; she was born 6 October, 1833, at Marion, Alabama.

The young couple settled at Talladega, Alabama, where Spencer taught from September, 1860 to March, 1862, when he entered the Confederate Army as Artillery Sergeant under General Bragg and served until the end of the war. The year 1865 found him again at Talladega, and he continued to teach until failing health obliged him to retire, in 1894. He was at different times Superintendent of the Reidville High School and Female College, and of the Pisgah Seminary near Versailles, Kentucky. Thence, in 1886, he wrote to Denny in acknowledgment of a package of Class circulars, the first Class communication which he had received since he left Harvard thirty-four years before. He said in the same note that his life had been an uneventful one, — the results of his labors being recorded in the lives of many.

He died on the eleventh of July, 1895, at Clinton, South Carolina, having been stricken with apoplexy while sitting at table.³

His widow survived him; they had four children, Robert Brainard, born 10 May, 1861, died 21 April, 1863; Anna Caroline, born 26 October, 1862, unmarried, a teacher; Almon Edwin, born 14 December, 1867, graduated Central University, Richmond, Kentucky, 1888, and in 1895, Professor of Greek at Presbyterian College, Clinton, South Carolina; and Elizabeth Nall Spencer, born 13 May, 1875.

His lifelong friend and Classmate Fay notified Denny of his death: "A noble Christian man has gone," he wrote; and in the

¹ The list of the Seminaries at which he taught is given as follows in the Catalogue of the Hudson Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi: "Teacher, Minden, La. to 1857; Talladega, Ala. Female College, 1857-1861; Pisgah, Ky. 1867-1875; Columbus, Ga. Female College, 1875-1877; Pisgah, Ky. 1877-1886; Winchester, Ky. 1886-1889; Reidville, S. C., Female College, 1889-1894." These dates do not all agree with statements in the text, which, with other facts, are taken from a letter to Denny written in January, 1897 by Spencer's son, Almon Edwin Spencer.

² A post-village in Pickens County.

³ Harvard Graduates Magazine for March, 1896, iv. 479.

letter of condolence which the Class deputed him to send to Mrs. Spencer, Fay thus refers to especial characteristics of his friend:

I cheerfully, but sadly, accept the appointment, and hereby express, in the name of the Class of '52, our appreciation of his manly, Christian character; his modest, quiet and gentlemanly deportment at all times and under all circumstances; his finely consistent pursuit of what he considered duty, not counting the cost when he felt he was right. This it was that made him so brave a soldier on the Confederate battlefield. His devotion to duty endeared him to all his Class-mates.

An obituary notice of Mr. Spencer mentions his having graduated from Harvard and adds, "as might have been expected [he] was very careful and scholarly in his literary habits."

JOSEPH WHITE SPRAGUE

JOSEPH WHITE SPRAGUE, the son of Joseph E¹ (H. C. 1804) and Sarah L. (Bailey) Sprague, was born in Salem on the eighteenth of January, 1831.

At College he was a member of the Odd Fellows and the Harvard Natural History Society, likewise of the Institute of 1770, and took part at Commencement, delivering an Essay on the Scientific Character of Pliny.

Having finished his College course, he established himself at the Cambridge Nautical Almanac Office, at the same time studying at the Lawrence Scientific School. From 1854 to 1862 he was employed as an engineer on the Erie Canal, his headquarters being situated at the Rochester end; and he was also engaged in work on the Canal through the Dismal Swamp, Virginia.

The construction of a bridge at Dubuque, Iowa, had caused the Government no little trouble. The river men opposed it bitterly on the ground that the river would be unnavigable if the specifications which had been drawn up were carried out. The railway promoters feared that the objections of the river men would be insuperable, and at this juncture Mr. Sprague

¹ Son of Dr. William Stearns, his name having been changed from Joseph Sprague Stearns to Joseph Sprague in 1801, and again changed, in 1809, to Joseph E Sprague.

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was detailed to settle the vexed question. Rejecting the plans already under discussion, he substituted others of his own, his work proving so entirely satisfactory that the Ohio Falls Car Company immediately made him an advantageous offer, and he accepted the charge of the plant at Jeffersonville, Indiana. Just as the success of the Company seemed finally assured, the works were burned, but after weathering many storms, including the Black Friday panic of 1868, and satisfactorily settling a quarrel betwixt the Car Company and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway over disputed property, Sprague, in 1872, built the finest car works in the world on the original site.

In 1876, the Car Company failed, but nothing daunted, he re-organized the Company on a smaller basis, himself paying all the indebtedness to individuals. The Company prospered amazingly for the next eight years, and although a business depression caused stoppage of the works for a period, their continued success enabled Sprague to sell out his interest in 1888, and retire permanently from active life. In the December of that year he embarked on a voyage to Cuba, Yucatan and Mexico; in April, 1889, he sailed for Europe, intending to remain away for four years, but a sudden attack of nostalgia decided him to return in October.

While President of the Ohio Car Company his home had always been across the river at Louisville, and thither he once more repaired, and established himself at housekeeping in a home which he wrote his friend Oliver was "very uniquely furnished with articles secured in the Orient." His niece Mrs. Terry acted as his chatelaine until the failure of her health obliged her to seek a Southern climate, when Mr. Sprague broke up his home and set forth on an extensive journey throughout India, returning by the way of Japan, where he gave large orders for elaborate furniture, and visiting Honolulu. Meeting Joaquin Miller in the last named city, Sprague wrote at his request an account of the Hawaiian Volcanoes which he told Oliver would be printed in the *New York Independent*.

At the date of the letter referred to, 29 January, 1895, he planned to move from Louisville and establish himself at Washington, and in pursuit of the furnishings for his home, paid another visit to Japan in December, 1896, to superintend the filling of the order given eighteen months before, hoping to return with his treasures in the following Spring. For the first

time in forty-one years, Mr. Sprague attended the Class Dinner in June, 1895, but although rarely meeting his Classmates, he retained his interest in them and always kept up a desultory correspondence with his schoolfellow and classmate Oliver. During all the last years of his life he continued to be one of "the band of tramps" as he called mundivagants like himself, dying suddenly at Vallombrosa, Italy, on the twenty-second of May, 1900.

Never having married, his outlet of natural affection found expression in his fondness for young girls, to whom he was a perfect "squire of dames," and during the years of his life in Louisville he was never so happy as when devising parties and entertainments for their pleasure.

Dr. Oliver, whose lifelong friendship well qualified him to speak, thus writes of Mr. Sprague in the letter which the Class of 1852 deputed him to send to his nephew Mr. Terry:

Such a life as that of your uncle needs little eulogium: it speaks its own praise. His fine talents, his artistic tastes, his deep and abiding sense of right, and his intense devotion to life's duties were united to an amiable disposition very rare in a person of his force of character. It is certain that all who enjoyed his friendship, and even those whose association with him was less intimate, will be unable to recall his benign countenance without bringing into vivid mental view the unusual combination of qualities belonging to him. Especially were his enviable characteristics and talents acknowledged and appreciated by his College Classmates, and by not a few of the members of other classes of his Cambridge course; while those who had the privilege of the closest intimacy with him must feel their loss to be really a personal one, and not far removed from that of his immediate family.

My own intimate association with our late Classmate, from early boyhood, enables me to say that such a feeling is abundantly justified, and that his life may truly be pointed to as above reproach, from whatever side it is regarded.

In his will, made in 1899, Sprague created a trust for the benefit of certain relatives; on their demise, the sum of two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars was to be paid over to the United States to be held as a portion of the funds of the Smithsonian Institution, to be known as the "Sprague Fund" and to be used for the promotion of the Physical Sciences.

CHARLES ELLERY STEDMAN

“Pray you, go, Master Page.”

SHAKSPERE.

THE interesting subject of this sketch was born 23 March, 1831 in the once lovely village of Chelsea, — of Poor but Respectable parents, viz: — Charles Harrison Stedman, M.D. and Lucy Rust, daughter of William Ingalls,¹ M.D. of Boston.

He remembers attending in Chelsea his first school, the mistress of which was governess in a neighboring family. The number of scholars was *three*, including himself, and memory does not give a favorable idea of the discipline of the establishment, as one of the small boys, invested with cowhide boots, had the habit of stamping on the governess's feet when displeased with her mode of instruction.

In 1841, the family moved into Boston and the subject of our remarks entered Mr. Thayer's school, where he remained two years, and then was drafted to the Latin School under the superintendence of the great DIXWELL, where he fitted for college. His impression is that he must have been a very unpleasant youth at school, as he used to weep profusely at every untoward occurrence, and to tease his immediate neighbors to the last degree of distraction, as his friend Norris will testify.

Although he considers that he has been pre-eminently distinguished above his classmates by warnings, deductions, tardiness, parietals and privates, yet the years of College life have been as pleasant to him as they have been to the most favored of the Class of '52.

To his gifted friend, and neighbor for the last four years, Mr. Sprague, he feels himself deeply indebted for that polished ease and those charms of conversation which have sweetened morning prayers in the depth of winter and lessened the fatigues of recitation in the sultry dog-days. May his shadow never wax less.

Understanding that Mr. Stickney intends to occupy a large number of pages with an exciting delineation of the most interesting scenes of his valuable life, the writer now takes leave of the Class Book, and wishes success and calmness to those who haven't yet acceded to the behest of our ferocious and exorbitant Secretary.

The foregoing autobiographical sketch by Stedman in the Class Book gives an idea of the ever-abiding sense of humor which made the sight of himself, or a word or sketch from his pen, a perennial source of delight.

¹ H. C. 1790.

Annals of the

It is needless to say that he was very popular in college; he was a member of the Odd Fellows and of the Natural History Society and the Knights Punch Bowl, Vice-President of the Hasty Pudding Club, and one of the Institute of 1770, taking part in the Exhibition of May, 1851, and delivering a Disquisition at Commencement on Anna Comnena.

As might be expected in the case of a youth with two Æsculapian grandparents, Stedman was destined for the medical profession, and graduated at the Commencement of the Harvard Medical School in 1855, being thereby entitled to membership in the Massachusetts Medical Society, and reporting, in the Class Book, that he "read his Thesis!!!!" That ordeal safely over, he set up an office in Montgomery Place, Boston, but at the end of a year he moved to Dorchester, and on November first, 1859, was married to Edith Ellen, daughter of the late Isaac Parker of Boston.

In a letter to Williamson, written while he was House Surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1854, Stedman the heart-free gave utterance to many witticisms at the expense of the early Class victims of Hymen, and his own downfall was therefore amazingly satisfactory to the bachelors of the K. P. B., Head, as scribe, insisting in his record that Stedman addressed him as "*Edith*" all the time on their way home from one of the Club's revels, and by another member he was accused of directing him to *Parker's Hill* instead of to his new abode at "Meeting-House Hill."

In the September of 1862, Stedman volunteered, and having received his commission as Assistant Surgeon in the Navy in the following January, was ordered to the United States Gunboat "Huron." From Stono River, in June, he wrote home to the Class Supper Committee saying that he shall *compel* the other officers to join him in drinking to the health of all of the members of '52 at the Supper from which he must be absent.

You can tell a Harvard man if he is nearly swallowed up in boots, grimed with dirt, or done in blue and gold like Ticknor's edition of Tennyson, or smoking a pipe on a lee-cathead, the Harvard College will stick right out of him,

he writes, and the epistle concludes with one of his inimitable sketches of himself standing by the wheel, pipe in mouth and

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“bearded like a pard,” absorbed in a pamphlet marked “1852.” Transferred to the *Nahant* at Port Royal a year later, he missed another Class Supper, refusing the request for a photograph on the score that his pictures resembled him too strongly, not “to render their addition to a gallery of portraits of gentlemen an eyesore to the public.”

Having resigned, in April, 1865, Dr. Stedman was once more free to devote himself to his profession and to his family, already augmented by the birth of his son Ellery in 1862, on the eighth of May. In 1871, he was appointed one of the visiting surgeons at the City Hospital, resigning in 1875.

He belonged to an order which has now almost passed away, — that of general practitioner and family physician, which with a man like him means that he was friend, confidant and counsellor in many households, physician to mind as well as body, a rôle which he filled with infinite wisdom and kindness. His practice was chiefly, of course, in Dorchester, but he was often called in consultation.

He was a member of all the leading Medical Societies, and Secretary of the Dorchester Medical Club, whose archives contain a volume of sketches of “medical life and character” from his pencil which we can well believe to be unexcelled, for in addition to his keen, but always kindly, wit and humor, Stedman possessed uncommon talent as a draughtsman, in a style which suggests Leech’s work. His letters to his intimates often concluded with a sketch of his own physiognomy, instead of his name, — the reply to a Class Dinner notice ending with a representation of himself supported by a lamp-post, all drawn with but few strokes of the pen, with inimitable spirit, and the one last mentioned the more amusing in that Stedman was no friend to over-indulgence, and suggested that the address of one of the Class who “got frankly drunk” at supper should be mislaid before the next year.

He had also a gift for rhyme, and the lines from the K. P. B. records which he wrote on the death of Norris, show his sweet and tender strain:

But soft! a thought to him, I pray, —
Seeking in Southern clime to stay
The blight which Northern blasts had brought —
Whose latest sigh those South gales caught.

Annals of the

How oft, when silent, lone and still
Our mem'ries wandering where they will, —
We sit and muse on friends of yore,
On days gone by, on pleasures o'er —

His form stands forth to Friendship's eye,
While deeply heaves the heartfelt sigh;
Once more we clasp his gen'rous hand,
Once more he hails our trusty band.

We wake to know he sleeps in death —
We wake to wish his last, lone breath
Had fanned *our* cheek, that *our* hand
Had smoothed his bed in that far land.

But hush! all murmurings dispel
For He who doeth all things well
May have withdrawn each earthly charm,
That on the Everlasting Arm

He might more calmly lay his head,
Might part with earth with less of dread —
With firmer hope his spirit give
To Him who died that we might live.

and in lighter vein:

Lads of the K. P. B.
Whom we dare dub men,
Don't you hear Calvin say
"Summon the Clubmen?"
Come away, come away
Don't wait for urging —
Come in your best array,
Lawyer and surgeon.

Come from close courtrooms —
Come from the fracture,
Don't you see how the port blooms?
Time 't is you'd smacked your
Lips o'er the Hock and the sherry.
Drop the writ and the lancet,
Now then, be merry
And let your hearts dance yet.

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Come from foul Broad street
Come from sweet nigger-hill
From Paddy with scored feet
And darkey with bigger ill
Leave the poor debtor
To breathe for a minute
And let the abettor
Get deeper still in it.

Come as the cows come when
The sun has descended;
Come as the duns come when
Old year has ended.
Faster still — Faster still
Now then, on hand there!
Frank — Rich — Bob and Bill
And the Commander!

Fast they come — Fast they come.
See how they muster!
Loud ring the glasses round
The knights as they cluster.
Loose your vests — draw your blades
How sharp is each man set.
Hurrah! boys — for Punch Bowl
Go in for the onset.

In February, 1890 he gave a dinner to seven of the “fifty toodles” (as he loved to call his Classmates), the forerunner of the Class Dining Club which met monthly at the houses of eight¹ for twelve or thirteen years.

In the summer of 1895 he accompanied his son on a trip to Europe and in the same year delivered an address before the New York Medical Society.

The neighborhood of Dorchester having greatly changed, Dr. Stedman moved to Boston in 1901 and gradually withdrew from practice. Retaining to the end of his life his spirit of witty and kindly cheer, which with his genius for friendship and real tenderness of feeling, made him an ideal companion, he died after a brief illness at the house of his daughter in Brookline on May twenty-fourth, 1905. Mrs. Stedman died some years before her husband. They had three chil-

¹ For a brief account of the Club, see p. 401, *post*.

dren, Ellery, Alice and Edith, the wife of Gorham Dana of Brookline.

Dr. Stedman was a member of the Loyal Legion, the St. Botolph Club, the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Dorchester Medical Club, the Obstetrical Society, the Boston Society for Medical Observation and the Boston Society for Medical Improvement. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday he was presented with silver loving cups by the Boston and Dorchester Medical Societies.

AUSTIN STICKNEY

BORN in Boston on the twenty-fifth of November, 1831, Austin Stickney was the son of William and Lucy (Burgess) Stickney of Grafton, Vermont. He was for two years at the Boston Latin School; finishing his preparatory studies at the Roxbury Latin School, he entered Harvard with the Freshman Class.

He was a member of the Pierian Sodality, being Secretary in 1849-1850, Vice-President in 1850-1, and President in 1851-2. He played on the violin. At the May Exhibition of 1851 he gave "An English Version" from Klopstock's Messiah; in October, 1857, he delivered a Disquisition on the "Versatility of Mozart," and at Commencement a Dissertation on "Religious Toleration of the Ancient Romans."

After graduation he taught school at Taunton and at Newport, Rhode Island, and entered the Harvard Law School, but ill health obliged him to give up all idea of the legal profession and he went South for a time.

In 1858 he received the appointment of Greek and Latin Professor at Trinity College, Hartford, the President, Samuel Eliot (H. C. 1839), being a personal friend. He filled the position until 1863, and again from 1870 to 1873.

On July seventh, 1863, Professor Stickney married Harriet Champion, daughter of Henry Champion and Sarah Jane (Whittlesey) Trumbull, and granddaughter of Governor Joseph Trumbull,¹ thus uniting two branches of the house of Trumbull, as Professor Stickney was a descendant of Governor Jonathan. In the following year the young couple went to Europe, the Continent becoming thenceforth almost as much

¹ Hon. Joseph Trumbull, LL.D., son of David and Sarah (Backus) Trumbull, Yale College, 1801; Governor of Connecticut, 1849.

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their home as America. Professor Stickney devoted himself for many years to the study of Dante, and while in Dresden, in 1868, King John of Saxony gave him the freedom of his own library containing valuable editions of the great poet, a pleasant and congenial friendship springing up between the two lovers of the famous Italian. Many winters were passed in Italy, varied by a visit to Spain, his friend Lowell being then Ambassador at Madrid, and from there, as from many other lands, Professor and Mrs. Stickney collected treasures of art to beautify their American home.

Although he declined the Greek Professorship at Columbia College, Professor Stickney always retained his love for the Classics, finding pleasure in the meetings of the Greek Club of New York and publishing, in 1885, the "De Officiis" of Cicero with an introductory essay and commentary, which has been a popular text-book. He gave much time also to the study of the Provençal language and brought out a Provençal poem on the four cardinal virtues by Daude de Pradas, with notes. The love of music, shown by his selection of subjects for exhibition parts in his college days, remained with him, and he never abandoned his violin, wielding the bow with an exquisite delicacy of touch which made his playing a delight to his hearers.

In 1888 Professor Stickney was sent as delegate of Trinity College at the eight hundredth anniversary of the University of Bologna, an agreeable mission which he filled in company with James Russell Lowell and Henry James of Harvard.

Stickney was endowed with great charm of personality, which, blended with his brilliant intellect, scholarly mind and that truest "courtesy which cometh from the heart," bore constant witness to the truth of old Young's words, "A Christian is the highest style of man," for those who were privileged to know him best realized that the very foundation of his being was the deep religious faith which underlay his every thought and act.

Professor Stickney's last years were passed in Paris and there, on the thirtieth of November, 1896, he died. Mrs. Stickney died on the eighteenth of February, 1915.

Their four children were Lucy Madeline, born 18 July, 1866, at St. Germain, now Mrs. W. W. Mathewson; Eliza Trumbull, born 13 October, 1868, at Dresden; Joseph Trumbull, born 20 June, 1874, in Geneva, Switzerland (H. C. 1895, Sorbonne,

Paris, 1903), inheriting the tastes and ability of his father, he published in the latter year a volume of poems entitled "Dramatic Verses," and was Instructor in Greek at Harvard from that year until his death in 1904; and Henry Austin Stickney, born 13 May, 1879 (H. C. 1900, LL.B. Columbia 1903), now a lawyer in New York.

ELIJAH SWIFT

UPON the nineteenth of November, 1831, the subject of these remarks first gave auricular demonstration of his existence, and commenced a life, which, to *himself*, has been one of peculiar interest. And of this life, unmarked by those events which are calculated to amuse or instruct others, he is requested to write a history. Mindful of the maxim of his classical brother, "*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*," he submits to the imperative command of his Classmates.

Oliver C. Swift and Eliza Robinson Jenkins, my parents, are natives of Falmouth, Massachusetts, which has nourished our family since "the good old Colony times." . . .

The first peculiarity which marked my career was an unaccountable fondness for sleep. At morning, noon or night my appetite for this aliment was equally unclayed. This fact, together with abstinence from concealed *weapons* may perhaps account for a certain sleepiness during Dudleian Lectures.

Having passed through this sleepy boyhood and being installed in an Infant School, *tradition* says that Master Elijah was placed beneath the table as a punishment for *biting* the girls. He would however beg his Classmates to wholly discredit this reflection upon his gallantry, since numerous *historical facts* of later date fully retrieve his character.

From the foregoing autobiographical sketch we can glean an idea of Mr. Swift's pleasant humor. Having attended Falmouth Academy, he passed the two years previous to entering Harvard at Phillips Academy, Andover.

At College he belonged to the Harvard Natural History Society and to the Institute of 1770; at Commencement he delivered a Disquisition on "Roman Hereditary Vices and Virtues," and soon after leaving College, he traveled for a twelve-month in Europe, returning to enter the importing business in Boston. At the end of a year or two he went South to furnish live oak for the Navy, and on the outbreak of the War he volunteered, becoming private in the Thirty-Eighth



SWIFT
THOMAS

THAYER

THAXTER
THORNDIKE

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Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers on the thirteenth of August, 1862, and being appointed First Lieutenant and Quartermaster two months later. He was slightly wounded and taken prisoner in 1863, and remained in active service until the end of the War.

In 1869 Swift married Myra Bliss, daughter of Jeremiah Evans and Laura Bliss; they had three children; Eliza Robinson, born 10 July, 1870, Oliver Franklin, born 21 November, 1874, who died in 1882, and Elijah Kent, born 10 December, 1878.

Mr. Swift settled in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, where his business consisted in the buying and selling of lumber. "Always a student," his daughter writes that —

even in his busiest years, he found time for much reading of History. He always kept his interest, too, in the Classics, and would repeat hundreds of lines from Virgil, the Iliad and Odyssey and the Greek Comedies and Tragedies, and many of the Odes of Horace.

He knew also some German, and a great deal of French and English poetry. Tedious journeys were often made a delight by his reciting almost for hours favorite poems or parts of plays.

Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant and O. W. Holmes were his favorites as I remember.

Father was very devout, and an earnest student of Biblical history. From this he came to have a great interest in archæology, particularly Egyptian archæology. Everything published on the subject that could be obtained, he had, and he followed with the greatest interest the work in Egypt of Flinders Petrie and others.

In character my father was absolutely upright, in temperament reserved and retiring, optimistic and cheerful. Although public spirited, he avoided public office, yet served on many Boards of charities and educational institutions, and gave freely of his time and money to both.

He spoke seldom in public, but always when he did, he carefully prepared what he had to say, taking great pleasure in the arrangement of his subject-matter, and a discriminating choice of words to express his ideas.

Almost every summer he came back to his home in Falmouth for a time.

Three years before his death, he returned to the old homestead where four generations of his race had lived and died, there to pass his last years among the scenes of his boyhood. He died at his home on the seventeenth of July, 1907.

His first wife died on the twenty-seventh of February, 1881, and he married on the eleventh of September, 1889, Fannie Wetherbee, daughter of Francis and Cornelia Wetherbee, who survived him, with the two children already mentioned, Eliza, wife of Dr. Arthur Lambert Chute (H. C. *m* 1895) of Boston, and Elijah Kent Swift of Whitinsville, Massachusetts.

Mr. Swift was a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a Trustee of Beloit College, and a member of the B. F. Jones Post, G. A. R., at Falmouth.

ADAM WALLACE THAXTER

A. WALLACE THAXTER, as he was always called, was the son of Adam W. and Charlotte (Goff) Thaxter, and was born in Boston on the sixteenth of January, 1832.

At College he was a prominent member of the Iadma, before which he delivered a poem, which was "printed by request."¹ He was the Odist for the Class Supper at graduation, and contributed an ode also to the Class Supper of 1855 and to the Decennial celebration. He received the Second Boylston Prize for Elocution in 1851.

After graduating, he entered the Harvard Law School, but his bent was wholly literary, and giving up all thought of the Bar after one term, he devoted himself to writing. Always enthusiastically interested in everything pertaining to the Stage, he became a dramatic critic, his occupation of course bringing him into close contact with actors, and he was widely known by that genial and improvident race, to whom he showed untiring kindness. As a pastime he himself wrote numerous plays, several of which, especially his musical comedies, were acted with success. His work as a dramatic critic led to his connection with the *Saturday Evening Gazette* of which he was assistant editor for more than ten years, resigning only when his failing health obliged him to do so. He continued to contribute to his favorite column until within a week of his death. As a rhymer Mr. Thaxter showed great ease and grace. His College Odes are published with the accounts of the Class meetings, but some idea of his graceful touch may be formed from the following

¹ See page 370 *et seq.*, *post.*

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stanzas, written only four days before his death, to a lady who had sent him flowers.

Lady, I cannot thank you in set phrase
For your choice gift of flowers;
Throughout the watches of succeeding days,
And of night's lingering hours,
A memory of your kindness still will steal
Upon a heart that has not ceased to feel.

Mr. Thaxter was a strong Democrat, signing himself in a letter to Denny, "Yours sincerely and McClellanly."

He dearly loved his College associations and his Classmates, one of his most intimate friends among them being Bradlee, whose loving description of his character is his best epitaph:

I should like very much to be present [at the Class Supper of 1864] to speak a word for Thaxter. His affection for his class was very strong up to the very last moments of his life, and he always seemed to feel a just pride in the success of the Class of '52. His sickness was met with a beautiful patience and his death welcomed without a shudder. He fell asleep like a babe in its mother's arms, so gently that those looking on were not aware of the moment of his departure.

In life he was a man so modest that only those who knew him well could appreciate his worth, but underneath all his reserve there was considerable talent and power, and, as I discovered in his last days, quite a religious fervor and strength.

As a giver, I am told he was very profuse, never liking to say nay to any that asked him for help. He was a great friend to artists, and some of his most sincere mourners are those whom he has encouraged by his friendly criticism, and cordial fellowship.

His earthly pilgrimage was full of trial, and his lot much more severe than the most of us have to bear, yet you never heard him complain, and not till the delirium of his disease, a few days previous to his death, unloosed his self-command, was the agony that was eating his life out, made sadly plain.

Peace be to his ashes; may his memory ever be faithfully cherished by the Class of '52.

Thaxter was another of the Class victims to pay toll to phthisis. He died in Boston on the seventh of June, 1864, leaving a widow. He was married in 1857 to Miss Mary E. Hill of Saint Louis, both his marriage and his funeral services being performed by Bradlee. He had no children.

JAMES BRADLEY THAYER

MANY were the New England lads, during the first six decades of the nineteenth century, who found no labor too hard, no sacrifice too great, which led to the achievement of a Harvard education. Among these youths of noble aim and aspiration was James Bradley Thayer.

"I was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, January fifteenth, 1831," he begins his record in the Class Book. His father, Abijah Wyman Thayer, was at that time the editor of a Whig newspaper; his mother's maiden name was Susan Bradley. Thayer's birth was literally "announced by all the trumpets of the sky," for he arrived in the midst of a tremendous snow-storm while the nine o'clock bell was ringing.

At the age of ten months he narrowly escaped cremation, for he tells us that he was "sitting tied in his chair before an open fireplace, with an unusually hot fire, playing with a ball (probably chewing it) and no one else in the room, when the ball dropped from hand or mouth and rolled into the fireplace." In trying to follow it, the little fellow pitched over onto the hearth, where he lay with his head exposed to the fire, "his skull at once following the fate of an apple and beginning to *roast*"; when finally rescued by his mother, it was so severely burned that it was feared that he would be an idiot, and he says that the hair was "permanently gone over a large district on the left side of his head." "Several square inches therefore were left permanently bald, as is the case of the proud bird which symbolizes the freedom and power of my country."

The ardent temperance advocacy of Thayer's father rendering him unpopular, he sold out his paper, in 1835, and moved to Philadelphia; meeting with no success there, in 1840 he betook himself with his family to Amherst, Massachusetts, and after failing in an attempt to raise silk, the whole household was transferred, in 1851, to Northampton, where Mr. Thayer at one time ran a private Post Office in opposition to the Government Office. Although successful in that venture, he was unfortunate in other ways, and James and his brother were sent out as chore-boys, doing chores for their board and going at times to school.

In October, 1845, James accepted the offer of a Northampton physician, then moving to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, to serve in

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his office, receiving in return his board and an opportunity to study medicine, and during the eight months he passed there, mixing medicines, collecting bills and sleeping in the apothecary shop, he "experienced religion," becoming, as he says, "an ardent Baptist, and much more a Baptist than a Christian." While at home in the summer of 1846 there was a great Revival in Northampton, to which all succumbed with the exception of his brother Bill and Chauncey Wright, who were, of course, consequently regarded as fit food for the flames. James was converted to "baptism by aspersion," and his friends at Pawtucket were so impressed with his sanctity that on his return they offered to fit him out as a colporteur through the Western States, a calling which he says he persuaded himself he wished to pursue. An epidemic of fever intervened, which attacked all the Thayer family, and as James became a Unitarian during his convalescence, his traveling missionary plans came to a premature end, his Baptist friends having no use for an apostle of his recently acquired faith. His brother meanwhile was preparing for college, and seized with a desire to do the same, James, though still retaining an appetite for religious tracts, began to study the Greek Reader and Grammar while working in a local jewelry store, until the departure of his brother, in 1847, sent him home to live. James's first idea was to enter Amherst College, but Mrs. Lyman¹ of Northampton advised him to go to Harvard, and promising that the funds should be provided, he followed her counsel and entered Harvard with the Freshman Class of 1848. With her help, and after teaching, during the Sophomore year, in the family of John Murray Forbes of Milton, aided by him likewise, he passed brilliantly through his college course, graduating with the rank of ninth scholar, and delivering at Commencement a Dissertation on "The First Greek Philosopher." He took part also in the Exhibitions of October, 1850, and May, 1851, and was, of course, in the Phi Beta Kappa. During his college days he was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi, Natural History Society, and Orator and *Κροκόδειλος* of the Hasty Pudding Club, as well as a member of the Institute of 1770, while his Classmates' estimate of him may be gauged by their selection of him for Class Orator.

¹ See Recollections of My Mother by Mrs. Susan I. Lesley, pp. 454, 455, 471, 472.

College over, Thayer taught school in Milton at a salary of \$800 a year, and was for two years at the Law School, receiving while there the first prize for an Essay on "The Law of Eminent Domain." He had chosen his future profession after much deliberation, for his first inclination was toward the ministry. He passed six months in the office of Tolman Willey, and then set up for himself, in 1857, in partnership with William J. Hubbard, the association lasting until Mr. Hubbard's death in 1864, when he succeeded him as Master in Chancery, holding the office until his resignation in 1874; in 1865 he became a member of the firm of Peleg Whitman Chandler (Bowdoin 1834) and George Otis Shattuck (H. C. 1851).

In 1872 Mr. Thayer declined the offer of a professorship in Literature at Harvard, although, despite the popular prejudice of the day against any commingling of literary and business pursuits, he contributed the sketch on Fisher Ames to the "Homes of American Statesmen," in 1854, and wrote frequent articles for a small periodical called "Today," in which the young men of his time were interested.

Marrying on April twenty-fourth, 1861, Sophia Ripley, daughter of the Reverend Samuel and Sarah (Bradford) Ripley of Concord, they made their home at Milton until 1874, when, having accepted the Royall Professorship of Law at Harvard in the previous year, Thayer found himself constrained to live in Cambridge. His so doing was regarded as an absolute calamity by his fellow townsmen of Milton. The following greeting was written by Thomas William Parsons (H. C. h 1853) and was printed in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* and the *Christian Register*:

TO THE NEW ROYALL PROFESSOR.

Learn'd in the law who leav'st the busy street
And studious chambers for the gown and chair,
Amid the cordial friends that speak thee fair
And thine accession to the laurel greet
If one slow scholar in his hushed retreat
A little longer than the rest forbear,
'Tis but as minstrels that salute some heir
Wait for still night to make their flutes more sweet.

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And as in heaven there is more joy o'er one
Repentant worldling than o'er ninety-nine
Good men that love the world or make it loved,
So glad Athena glories in the son
Who turns in manhood to his boyhood's shrine
And Harvard welcomes him with hand ungloved.

Connected for almost thirty years with his Alma Mater, Professor Thayer was Royall Professor until 1883, Professor of Law till 1893 and Weld Professor until his death. During these years he produced the legal works which have given him world-wide reputation as a jurist, the best known of which are "The Origin and Scope of the American Doctrine of Constitutional Law," "Cases in Evidence," "Cases in Constitutional Law," "The Development of Trial by Jury" and "A Preliminary Treatise on the Common Law." There are many others, and in addition to his legal writings he contributed often to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and published "The Letters of Chauncey Wright," edited and prefaced by himself; "A Western Journey with Emerson"; "Memorial Sketches of the Reverend Samuel Ripley and of Mrs. Samuel Ripley"; and a "Sketch of John Marshall," which appeared in the Riverside Biographical Series in 1901.

But greater even than Professor Thayer's power of accomplishment was the power of his personality, for he was a true representative of the flower of New England, with many of the virtues and attributes which enabled the race to conquer and colonize the New World. Belonging, as Dr. Hall¹ says, "to the cultivated circle, which, while practising to the full the virtue of hospitality, were yet believers in plain living and high thinking!" his was, moreover,

"The homely beauty of the good old cause
. . . peace . . . our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws."

Above all, of the last, for the "ruling power within" of Mr. Thayer's noble and useful life was his deep and beautiful faith. A strong Unitarian from the time of his boyhood conversion, he was often called on for addresses on occasions such as the

¹ Memorial sketch by the Rev. Edward Henry Hall, D.D., in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* for June, 1902, x. 507.

“Unitarian Festival” and was identified with the best interests of his Denomination.¹

In 1877 his name was mentioned in connection with an Associate Justiceship of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts; and in 1900 President McKinley offered him a position on the Philippine Commission, neither of which he accepted.

He was instrumental in procuring for Harvard, in 1897, the restoration of the original Charter of the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, which had been lost for over one hundred years.

Thayer received the degree of LL.D. from the State University of Iowa in 1891, from Harvard in 1894, and from Yale in 1901. He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vice-President of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, a member of the Saint Botolph Club of Boston and of many other societies, and a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The '52 Dining Club was never the same after his death.

Mr. Thayer had four children: William Sydney Thayer, born 23 June, 1864 (H. C. 1885), LL.D. Washington (Maryland) 1907, Professor of Clinical Medicine, Johns Hopkins 1905, and Fellow of the American Academy; Ezra Ripley Thayer, born 21 February, 1866 (H. C. 1888, graduating at the head of his class), LL.D. Brown 1912, Fellow of the American Academy, Dane Professor of Law and Dean of the Harvard Law School from 1910 until his death in September, 1915, — his splendid work in that capacity being worthy of his father's son; Theodora, who was an artist of great talent, no longer living; and Sarah Bradford, the wife of John Worthington Ames (H. C. 1892) of Cambridge.

Mr. Thayer died on February fourteenth, 1902, and by a singular coincidence his passing, as had been his coming, was attended by a terrible snow-storm, and no greater proof of the love and reverence in which he was held could be given than the presence of the five hundred Harvard Law students who followed his coffin to Appleton Chapel through the drifts of falling snow.

He was buried at Sleepy Hollow, Concord. “The beautiful

¹ For the text of a “Transmittendum” executed by Professor Thayer, see p. 430, *post.*

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wreath sent by the '52 Class," Mrs. Thayer wrote to Denny, "alone of all the flowers lay upon his coffin as we left it in the grave, on the beautiful hill where we have left him. How much he cared for you all!"

One needs but to read the Tributes in the volumes of the Massachusetts Historical Society¹ and The Colonial Society of Massachusetts to realize how his friends loved, honored and mourned him; and the feeling of many is expressed in the Sonnet² written by his classmate Williamson:

"The College elms were white with falling snow
When through their aisles we bore him, friend and friend,
With lingering steps, attending to the end
A life which glorified this life below.
Rank upon rank his pupils came, to show
The honors which on Learning's Courts attend,
And now, at last, the triumphs which transcend
All tears of sorrow, and all voice of woe.
With keen, bright blade this knight could meet and dare
The subtle masks of sophistry; his art
Was truth; unfaltering, dauntless, void of wrong!
Sunshine was on his lips and in his heart;
Pure, valiant, modest, helpful, wise and strong —
Such was thy path through life, beloved Thayer."

GORHAM THOMAS

THE son of Dr. Alexander (H. C. 1822) and Elizabeth Malcolm (Rand³) Thomas, Gorham Thomas was born in Boston on the seventh of September, 1832. He fitted for college at the Boston Latin School, and as his father resided in Cambridge he lived at home during his College days.

At Commencement he delivered a Disquisition on "The Prospects of Australia," and on graduating, he entered the Tremont Medical School, Boston; but his time of study was brief, for he died in Cambridge on the sixteenth of August, 1853, another of the victims of consumption. There is a picture of him in the Class Book, a delicate face with a high

¹ 2 Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, xvi. 13-19, 148-150: Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, vii. 296-318.

² *Ibid.* vii. 307.

³ Daughter of Dr. Isaac Rand (H. C. 1787).

forehead, and an expression of great purity and refinement and some sadness. His Classmates did not forget him when they met for their first anniversary, but sent the flowers from their table to his sick-room.

The following tribute to Thomas's fine character is from a letter of condolence to his father, written by D. E. Ware, Gurney and Page:

With his name we connect nothing that is not honorable in deed and virtuous in character. Moreover, to the character that commands respect he united the qualities that inspire love. His kindly nature expressed itself spontaneously in acts of charity and good will which now appeal to our sensibilities with peculiar force. . . . By the community in which he lived, and of which he had not yet become an active member, his name perhaps may cease to be mentioned, but for one generation at least it shall live in the hearts and memories of his classmates.

In 1865, in memory of his son, Dr. Thomas founded the Gorham Thomas Scholarship in the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences.

SAMUEL LOTHROP THORNDIKE

ONE of the most popular and charming of the Class of 1852, Samuel Lothrop Thorndike, was born in Beverly on the twenty-eighth of December, 1829, the son of Albert and Joanna Batchelder (Lovett) Thorndike.

He fitted for College at the Beverly Academy, and the Boston Latin School, and participated in the Exhibitions of October, 1850 and 1851, his part at the latter being an English Oration on the "Benefits which the Spirit of Chivalry has bequeathed to the Present Age," — an appropriate theme, for his unflinching and gentle courtesy was always tinged with the chivalrous gentlemanliness of another era. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, and of almost all the College Societies, including the Odd Fellows, Natural History, Alpha Delta Phi, and the Institute of 1770; he was President of the Hasty Pudding Club, and Deputy Marshal of the Porcellian Club.

He left College before Class Day in order to accompany his friend Hooper on a journey around the world in a vessel belonging to the paternal Hooper, which was used for the China

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trade. He wrote home, *en route*, from California of their having visited a mine and washed out several panfuls of earth, and collected some specimens of an inferior quality of gold. The epistle was dated 27 May and reached Cambridge on July third, somewhat of a contrast to the mails of today.

He and Hooper having returned from their travels, Thorndike entered the Law School. Receiving his degree of LL.B. in July, 1854, he went into the office of Sidney Bartlett, Esq. (H. C. 1818), and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in June, 1855. In October he opened an office "with Pratt of Ours at 47 Court Street," he wrote in the Class Book, "under the name of Thorndike & Pratt," whence they removed to the "New Iron Building" at 42 Court Street two years later, and proceeded for some time longer to languish "briefless and forlorn." In 1859 Thorndike was appointed an Assistant Register in Bankruptcy; and on November second of the same year he married Rosanna Langdon Wells, daughter of the late Chief Justice Daniel Wells. In 1861 he entered the office of William H. Gardiner, Esq., and with him, and later with his son Charles P. Gardiner, he was associated in the care of trust property for forty-seven years. Having been admitted to practice at the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, he received, in 1867, the appointment of Register in Bankruptcy for the Fourth District of Massachusetts, retaining the office until the repeal of the Bankruptcy Law.

Mr. Thorndike's business interests, however, were by no means confined to the practice of his profession. He was a Director in numerous corporations; among others, the "Blair Roads" Land Companies before they were absorbed in the Northwestern; a Director and Controller, together with T. Jefferson Coolidge, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad from 1880 to 1883; a Director of the Lowell and of the Chicopee Manufacturing Companies; Director and President of the Boston and Roxbury Mill Corporation; Trustee and Vice-President of the Suffolk Savings Bank; Trustee and member of the Finance Committee of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind; and President of the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad Company. He was, moreover, an ardent Freemason, and belonged to endless different orders, having been Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and a member of the St. Bernard Commandery

of Knights Templars, in 1897 receiving the thirty-third degree, the highest Masonic honor.

One of Mr. Thorndike's friends wrote to his son:

All who knew your father will remember him as one of that fine group of gentlemen who lived in busy times and yet kept the standards of a day that found time for all the nobler things in life.

No truer description could be given of Mr. Thorndike's multifarious interests in matters that "are worth while." First in his heart was his Music, for which he had great natural talent, and in which he was wholly self-taught. His sweet baritone voice made him a welcome member of the Choirs of the First Church and of St. Peter's Church in Beverly, of Christ Church, Cambridge, and for a time of Trinity Church, Boston; he also had charge of the Christmas music at St. Peter's, Beverly, and was choir master at Christ Church, Cambridge; and he himself composed some small pieces of Church music. He was a member of the Chorus Club of the Handel and Haydn, and of The Cecilia, of which he was the first President. He rarely missed one of the Symphony Concerts, given first in the old Music Hall, and later in the new one under the auspices of the Harvard Musical Association, of which he was successively Treasurer and President, and occupied, unflinchingly, the same or a corresponding seat. He was, furthermore, Treasurer and Vice-President of the New England Conservatory of Music and Vice-President of the Choral Society.

Mr. Thorndike was Treasurer of the Harvard Alumni Association from 1876 until 1904, when he declined re-election. He was a member also of the Examiner Club, to which he was elected in 1884, of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, a Director of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, President of the Old Cambridge Shakspeare Association, and for a time of the Beverly Shakspeare Club. He was likewise a member of The Unitarian Club of Boston, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and a Councillor of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, belonging, moreover, to the Somerset Club, the Union, St. Botolph and the Tavern Clubs of Boston; of the last three named he was a charter member.

In 1893 he wrote a sketch of the History of the Union Club, and he contributed to the Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts a Memoir of Benjamin Apthorp Gould,

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LL.D. (H. C. 1844), an article on New England Psalmody and a tribute to his classmate Thayer, as well as articles to different magazines, wielding a facile pen with graceful ease.

It is all but impossible to convey any idea of Mr. Thorndike's personality, for everything he did and said was imbued with the intangible something we call "charm." One who loves his fellowmen is always loved by them, and in addition to his genial, sunny manner and exquisite refinement, he was endowed with a gift of humor which made him a delightful companion. This crops out especially in letters to old friends, wherein he gives rein to an irresistible and almost boyish mirth. Denny's obliging custom was to delegate to him the task, and it was no sinecure, of providing the Class with a room in one of the College buildings for the Commencement rendezvous. The following note is, evidently, a reply to an adjuration on the subject from the Class Secretary:

May 4, 1894.

DEAR DENNY:

No, I have n't "gone to sleep in the class-room." I wish I had. Then I should know that we had a class-room. At present I know that we have not any.

What should you think of hiring a night-lunch-car? That would accommodate our usual number, and would be disengaged at that hour. It would also be outside of Faculty jurisdiction.

We cannot close this most inadequate sketch of Mr. Thorndike without speaking of his personal beauty. Time spared him, and the picture of him taken shortly before his death is almost incredibly like the Daguerreotype of nearly sixty years before at the time of his graduation.

To the last he wore the "rose of youth upon him" in outward semblance, as in heart and mind.

"For all that fair is, is by nature good:
That is a signe to know the gentle blood."

After an illness of but three days Mr. Thorndike died at his summer home in Weston, Massachusetts, on the eighteenth of June, 1911. Mrs. Thorndike survived him, and three children: Albert (H. C. 1881); Sturgis Hooper (H. C. 1890); and Mary Duncan, wife of Charles Henry Fiske (H. C. 1893).¹

¹ Memoir of Samuel Lothrop Thorndike in Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, xlviii. 124-127.

DAVID CHURCHMAN TRIMBLE

FEW of the men of '52 can have been more dearly loved than "Dave Trimble," as he was always called. He was the son of General Isaac Ridgeway¹ and Maria C. (Presstman) Trimble, and was born in Baltimore on the eighteenth of April, 1832.

He prepared for College at the school of Michael McNally, and entered Harvard in the Sophomore year. He was a member of the Natural History Society and of the Institute of 1770 and delivered at Commencement an Essay on "The Poetical Element of the Scottish Character"; he was Assistant Marshal on Class Day.

Returning to his home in Baltimore after graduation, he immediately went into business, and at one time was connected with the banking-house of Alexander Brown and Sons, one of the firm, Mr. George G. Brown, being his intimate and lifelong friend. During the winter of 1855 and '56, he was in Paris, where his classmate Oliver saw more or less of him.

Mr. Trimble espoused the Confederate Cause in the Civil War, and volunteered, but his delicate health prevented his engaging in much, if any, active service.

On November ninth, 1859, he married Sally Scott Lloyd, daughter of Edward and Alicia (McBlain) Lloyd of Wye House, Talbot County, Maryland. She inherited an estate of eleven hundred acres, and on the advice of his friends, who hoped that his health would benefit thereby, he took up farming, and established himself on the Eastern Shore of Maryland at Wye Heights, whence he wrote in the June of 1887 to his classmate Stedman:

"From the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh," and doubtless also the pen writeth, and I know you meant every one of your kind invitations to Mrs. Trimble and myself, my old friend and classmate, *but* in the language of a modern writer, "it can't be did."

The 29th of June is about the time of our wheat harvest, and as that cereal is all the Gods have left me, to supply me with the bare necessities of life, I must attend to it closely, for not being a member of one of the Tribes of Israel (not even of one of the lost tribes), I cannot expect manna from the Heavens above to say nothing of quails and other delicacies the Israelites of old were provided with.

So the Class of '87 will have to "go it" without me, and worse than that, so will the remnants of the old class of '52, God bless them.

¹ General Trimble's name was originally Isaac Trimble.



TRIMBLE
WALLACE

VINAL

UPHAM
D. E. WARE

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It seems at least a century ago, that poor Charley Upham and I, Marshals, guided the footsteps of the '52ers. Alas, how thin their ranks now. Give them each a cordial handclasp for me, and wish them a long and peaceful journey on the down hill of life.

Yours most truly,

DAVE TRIMBLE.

Even an out-door life could not save Mr. Trimble from the tubercular disease which carried off so many of his Classmates, and he died at the house of his son in Baltimore on the eleventh of December, 1888. Mrs. Trimble survived him, with their only child, Isaac Ridgeway Trimble, a surgeon of unusual talent and ability, who died prematurely on the twenty-fourth of February, 1908; in his memory the Trimble Lectureship was founded for the benefit of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland.

The resolutions which were sent by the Class of '52 to Mrs. David Trimble on her husband's death give the best description of his sweet-hearted personality:

Resolved, that during our College days there was no one of our comrades who found his way to the hearts of all who knew him more quickly or more surely than Dave Trimble. A bright and sunny disposition, an overflowing fund of wit and humor, a warm and generous heart, and all the nameless qualities which go to make up the true gentleman were heartily and enthusiastically recognized as belonging to him in an unusual degree. . . . Such qualities made him in mature manhood loved, honored and respected in all the relations of life as a true man and an earnest and faithful Christian.

CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM, JR.

CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM, the eldest son of the Honorable Charles Wentworth (H. C. 1821) and Mary Ann (Holmes) Upham, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, August nineteenth, 1830. As his health was delicate, he was always sent away to the country during the summer season, but in the winter he attended the Salem schools and prepared for College at the Latin School under Mr. Oliver Carlton.¹ In the summer

¹ For an interesting and amusing reference to Oliver Carlton's discipline, see Choate's Memoir of Leverett Saltonstall in the Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, v. 364.

of 1847, with his future Classmates Darwin Ware and Henry Stone, Upham went to Portland by steamer, and thence the three boys made their way around the White Mountains to Andover, Maine, on foot; from Andover they retraced their steps to Winnipiseogee and passing through Concord, New Hampshire, on their return, they reached home at the end of twenty-one days, having walked all the way.

In College, Upham was a member of the Harvard Natural History Society, of the Hasty Pudding Club and of the Institute of 1770. At the Inauguration of President Sparks, in 1849, he was College Marshal; he was also Chief Marshal at the celebration of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, on the seventeenth of June, 1850; Chief Marshal at the Railroad Jubilee celebration in Boston, in September, 1851; Chief Marshal at Class Day; and Vice-President at the Class Supper. It was he who originated the idea of Classdaguerreotypes, and the Class of 1852 was the first to inaugurate the custom of Class pictures, which has always since been followed.

After graduation, Upham attended the Dane Law School and was admitted to the Essex Bar in 1855. He opened an office in Salem, but in the same year sailed for Europe, escorted down the harbor by his faithful classmates, Williamson and Coolidge.

In England and on the Continent he passed two pleasantly profitable years, constantly running across members of the Class of '52, who seemed to look on Paris as their Mecca. Upham wrote home delightful letters to his chosen friend Joe Choate; one from Paris in late October, 1855, shows how his heart went out to the companions of his College days, and tells how he and Dwight¹ and Arthur Lyman² celebrated the festive occasion of Commencement week on the Rhine and toasted Old Harvard heartily in the wine of the country.

In Berlin, where he found many friends in the September of the following year, Upham met Sam Shaw³ and was introduced by him to the Ticknor⁴ family, who invited him to repair to their house the next morning

at about 10 and see the great *Humboldt* who had made an appointment to call at half past that hour! I was commissioned to extend

¹ Wilder Dwight, H. C. 1853.

² Arthur Theodore Lyman, H. C. 1853.

³ Samuel Savage Shaw, H. C. 1853.

⁴ George Ticknor, LL.D.

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the invitation to Shaw — so and accordingly at 10 S and I presented ourselves and waited, enjoying the agreeable conversation of Mr. Ticknor and his very intelligent family until half past 10, when, punctual like Washington, his Excellency von Humboldt was announced and ushered in! You know his countenance, for what American does not? You have read accounts of visits paid him in his study and hardly desire a new one, but yet I know that your interest in the great and good Humboldt will lead you upon the whole to wish and expect me to say more than that I have seen him and listened to him and I will give you my notes on the interview. As soon as he was announced, all eyes were turned to the door, and we presently saw him coming briskly in, of small stature and quick movements, his face full of intelligence and kindness and as fresh as it is possible to imagine a busy life of 87 years would permit a face to appear. He approached the ladies, shook hands with them and bowed to all in the room in the most interested manner, speaking English with great fluency. After being seated on the sofa (which is considered by Germans the best, most *honorable* place) he spoke mostly in French, for he prefers to converse either in that or his native tongue. After attending to a little matter which related to Agassiz, concerning the miscarriage of a letter sent to the Professor, he talked on general subjects. He happened to mention that each and every year *two thousand* letters are despatched from his own hand, and everybody knows his knee is his desk! He is a most rapid and entertaining talker or rather discourser. In the course of an hour he seemed to touch on almost every topic and used German, French and English. He alluded to his South American travels and his experience in the Andes. He said he still felt the effects of the exposure he suffered there. He made jokes, told stories and philosophised. He made arrangements to afford opportunity for us to see especial objects and places of interest, and altogether, you never saw such a bustling, animated person. When he departed it was voted that he was a wonder and to have seen him was worth more than to have seen a great city. In the latter part of the morning we met him again at the studio of the great sculptor Rauch, where we compared the bust in marble and the living man Humboldt together, and if you chance to visit some day Mr. Corcoran in Washington, then you will see this splendid work and may rest assured that it is as perfect a likeness as it is an admirable production of Art. Rauch himself is a noble old man and his genius has contributed wonderfully to adorn Berlin and to illustrate whatever is good in Prussian History.

When upon the point of sailing for home, Upham developed the first symptoms of the fatal malady which in those days

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seemed ever lying in wait to strike down the flower of our youth. Soon after his return he decided to move to Buffalo and settled there in the summer of 1857; on being admitted to the New York Bar, two years later, he became a partner of the Hon. S. G. Haven and Samuel Dorsheimer, and on the twenty-second of June, 1859, he married Mr. Haven's daughter Mary.

Handsome, charming, cultivated and deservedly popular, there are few to whom life could have held more of promise than to Charles Upham in the hour when he was called upon to leave it; with entire resignation, and with perfect faith,

“sustained and soothed
By an unflinching trust,”

he did, in very truth, approach the grave

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

He died in Buffalo, on April second, 1860.

The lines written in his memory by his uncle, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, call up a graphic picture of his rare and charming personality:

He was all sunshine; in his face
The very soul of sweetness shone;
Fairest and gentlest of his race;
None like him we can call our own.

Something there was of one that died
In her fresh spring-time long ago.
Our first dear Mary, angel-eyed,
Whose smile it was a bliss to know.

Something of her whose love imparts
Such radiance to her days' decline,
We feel its twilight in our hearts
Bright as the earliest morning-shine.

Yet richer strains our eye could trace
That made our plainer mould more fair,
That curved the lip with happier grace,
That waved the soft and silken hair.

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Dust unto dust! the lips are still
That only spoke to cheer and bless;
The folded hands lie white and chill,
Unclasped from sorrow's last caress.

CHARLES CARROLL VINAL

CHARLES CARROLL VINAL was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, on the seventeenth of September, 1831, the son of Charles and Elizabeth Kimball (Beale) Vinal. He prepared for college at Derby Academy, Hingham, and after graduation was for some time Superintendent of the Sunday School at Hollis Street Church, where the Rev. Starr King was then settled, accompanying the latter on his tour through the White Mountains while Mr. King was collecting material for his book "The White Hills" and acting as his assistant in his pleasant labors.

After finishing his course at the Divinity School, in 1856, and before taking a parish, Vinal went to Europe with his classmate Alger, upon his return accepting a call to the Unitarian Parish at North Andover where he was settled for fourteen years. During his incumbency at North Andover he served on the School Board, writing their Annual Report, and meanwhile declining calls to the Unitarian churches at Quincy and Fall River. In 1869 he was a delegate to the National Unitarian Conference at New York. In 1870 he resigned from his North Andover parish, and was in the same year installed over the church in Kennebunk, Maine, remaining there twenty-one years; on leaving there, he was settled over the church at Lebanon, New Hampshire, — until 1897. In that year Mr. Vinal definitely retired from the ministry, wishing, after forty years of unremitting parish work, to pass his remaining days in leisure.

He was married in 1864, on the fifth of October, to Abigail Greenleaf Aubin, daughter of Joshua and Mary Bussey (Newell) Aubin of Newburyport; they had two daughters, Mary Aubin Vinal, born 10 January, 1867, and Annie Gore Vinal, born 13 September, 1869.

No man who enters upon his chosen calling with the spirit of consecration which was Mr. Vinal's can fail of success, and one of those who knew him best has said that "his ministry was most successful, because of his love for his work, and faith-

ful discharge of its duties." "The ministry has its trials," he used to say, "but its compensations are far greater." Some conception of his power as a preacher may be formed from the stanzas written by Dr. Thomas William Parsons (H. C. 1853) after hearing a sermon from him at Scituate:

Lucerna sit Pedibus Meis

Lamp to my feet! shine forth into my soul
That I may better see what way I tread
In the dark hours, and when I lose control
Of mine own steps, by vague desire misled;

In faltering moments, when I scarce can pray,
Through failing faith or wandering thoughts, and sink
Back to my bondage, let thy kindly ray,
Lamp to my feet! prevent me on the brink.

Of genial temperament, with great capacity for overcoming obstacles, Mr. Vinal was a zealous worker in the Temperance cause during his Kennebunk pastorate, lecturing on the subject in many of the adjacent towns. He was also, for years, Secretary and Treasurer of the Maine Unitarian Association.

His hope for a few years of well earned repose was not to be granted. Soon after settling with his family in their new home in Cambridge, he succumbed to a complication of diseases which reconciled those who loved him to the end, since longer life would have entailed greater suffering. With the last words "Soon over," his "spirit winged its flight."

He died on the twenty-ninth of December, 1897.

JOHN SINGER WALLACE

"THE undersigned was born in Petersburg, Ohio, January 29, 1831." His parents were James Wallace and Margaret Chambers, who came to this country in the year 1812.

Bub attended common school with very little improvement, for he was a wayward child, until his tenth year, when he began to clerk in his father's store. At fifteen he was sent to Alleghany College to "get an education,"

Wallace tells us in the Class Book. After a year at the College and nine months' tutoring from his brother-in-law, the Rev-

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erend L. Burton, he entered the Freshman Class of Western Reserve College in 1848, repairing to Harvard for his Senior year.

Studying after graduation at the Episcopal Seminary near Alexandria, Virginia, in 1855, he accepted a call as Assistant Rector to Saint Paul's Church, Louisville, Kentucky, resigning, in 1858, to take charge of St. Andrew's Church in that city, — a parish which he had himself organized.

In the same year he married, and in 1859 "moved across the river to New Albany," Ohio, as he wrote to Denny, and was for two years Rector of Saint Paul's in that city, but

the war breaking out, and being anxious to do something in the immediate service of my country, I applied for a chaplaincy in the Navy, occupying a parish at Piqua, Ohio, however, until near two years more had expired, when, in the Spring of 1863, I was at length appointed to my present position. I was at first ordered to Newport, Rhode Island, as Professor in the Naval Academy, then temporarily situated at that place. Here I remained two years, when the Academy removing back to Annapolis, I applied for orders to sea, and was sent to the Gulf Squadron, from which I was transferred, in July, 1867, to my present post as chaplain of the Flagship "Franklin," then destined for the waters of Europe, Admiral Farragut in command. For the last year and more, therefore, I united my duties as pastor of a ship with more than seven hundred men on board, with the pleasure of traveling.

Wallace married, 13 April, 1858, Mary Diana Allmand, daughter of Hanson Allmand of Norfolk, Virginia.

Mrs. Wallace died in 1865, leaving a daughter, Mary Diana Allmand, wife of George Lincoln Dillman, who graduated in 1880 from the United States Naval Academy, and a son, John Benton Wallace, born in 1862, who graduated from the Law School of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Wallace remained in the Navy until 1893, when having reached the age limit of sixty-two, he was forced to retire on his birthday. He was the oldest Chaplain in the service, and received the title of Captain, his last station being the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Captain Wallace would gladly have remained longer in active service, for having formed no new ties, and being without a home, his interests centered in his profession, and there is a touch of sadness in his note to the Class Secretary of

June, 1893, in which he tells of his enforced retirement, and adds that he has just returned from a trip to the Hawaiian Islands. His sailor's life had given him a taste for wandering, and when he last wrote to Denny from Alameda, California, in June, 1896, he said that he had just returned from a long jaunt to Hawaii, Japan, China, Ceylon, India and Burmah, of a year's duration. "Let me know who has died in the last *two years*. I am not sure that I shall not do that thing myself one of these days." He lived, however, ten years longer, dying at Oakland, California, on the twenty-first of January, 1906.

He was a member of the Loyal Legion; from the memorial published by the Society a week after his death, we quote the description of his personal characteristics:

He was a man of fine intelligence and of varied experience, brilliant in conversation and full of anecdote. He had traveled "the world around" and remembered and could tell of all he had seen. His genial character and equable disposition made him a favorite with all who met him. He was in every respect a gentleman, — a truly Christian gentleman.

DARWIN ERASTUS WARE

ERASTUS DARWIN WARE, as he was originally named, was the son of Erastus and Clarissa Dillaway (Wardwell) Ware, and was born in Salem on the eleventh of February, 1831.

The inconvenience caused by the similarity in the names of himself and his kinsman Erastus Davis Ware, who lived near him, led to his transposing his own names, as he approached manhood; he was thereafter known as Darwin Erastus.

When he was two years old his father bought a large farm at Marblehead, which was thenceforth the family home, but it was so near the Salem boundary line that Darwin was enabled to enjoy the superior advantages of the Salem schools.

Mr. Thayer tells us¹ that in the College Catalogue

he stood . . . as one of the eight boys from [Salem]. Two others, from neighboring towns, always counted among their classmates,

¹ Tribute to Darwin E. Ware at the April Meeting, 1897, of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Publications, iii. 440.

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as belonging to the Salem group; and these ten men later on included among them, in the persons of our associate Thorndike, the two Choates (William and Joseph) and Darwin Ware, half of our "first eight," as they used to call the highest scholars in the Class.

Darwin was popular at college, where his fellows regarded him always as a "coming man." He was a member of the Natural History Society and the Institute of 1770, and Treasurer and Orator of the Hasty Pudding Club.

Always imbued with the courage of his convictions, it was remembered of him that "at his initiation into one of the chief of the College Societies, at a point where, according to a venerable usage, the novice is required, by an awful voice, to "Swear!" Ware obstinately refused to swear, and, after an ineffectual struggle with him, the unheard-of variation of affirming him had to be resorted to."¹ He and Mr. Bradlaugh of non-juring memory would assuredly have shaken hands!

Ware was among the Sophomore recipients of a Detur, and took the First Boylston Prize for Elocution, in 1850, and the First Prize for Dissertation, in 1852.

He had a part at the Exhibitions of October, 1850, and October, 1851, and delivered an English Oration at Commencement; graduating fifth in the Class, he was of course in the Phi Beta Kappa.

After teaching for a year at Mr. Weld's School in Jamaica Plain, Ware entered the Dane Law School in September, 1853, leaving there in 1855. His first association on beginning to practise was with a much older lawyer and not being altogether successful, it was terminated in 1866, when he entered partnership with John T. Morse, Jr. (H. C. 1860); they remained together until 1872. His subsequent partnerships were with George S. Hale (H. C. 1844), Peleg W. Chandler and John E. Hudson (H. C. 1862).

Living at first in the paternal home, Ware was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from Marblehead, in 1863, and during 1864 and 1865, Senator from the district which included Marblehead.

In 1866 he was appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury a member of the Commission to revise and codify the

¹ Tribute to Darwin E. Ware at the April Meeting, 1897, of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Publications, iii. 440.

revenue, customs and shipping laws of the United States, and in the succeeding winter he passed several months at Washington. In the same year (1866) he became a member of the Massachusetts Board of Harbor Commissioners, where he filled an important place until his resignation eight years later; and it was sometime during these years that he declined the offer of a seat on the Supreme Bench of the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Ware was an ardent Anti-Slavery man, as could not fail to be the case with one to whom none in distress ever appealed in vain.

A devoted son of Harvard, he considered his greatest triumph the inestimable service which he rendered his college while in the Senate. The Overseers had theretofore been elected by the Legislature. Appreciating the evils and injustice of the custom, Mr. Ware drafted a measure for transferring the choice of Overseers to the Alumni of the College. He had the assistance of Francis E. Parker (H. C. 1841) in the Senate and of his classmate, Coolidge, in the House, but all realized that the success of the measure, which passed the Senate by one vote and the House by the slenderest majority, was due wholly to his own vigilance and ability. Well might it be regarded as the achievement of a lifetime!

Having been, of course, elected a member of the new Board in 1866, Ware filled the office until 1878, and again from 1879 till 1881, meanwhile serving on a committee of the Overseers in 1869, and in the same year he was on the Committee to visit the Law School.

In spite of the engrossing nature of his professional and political life, Mr. Ware's interests were many and various. He was President at one time of the Boston Civil Service Reform Association, and Treasurer and Director of the Associated Charities of Boston from 1881 until his death, a member and sometime President of the Tariff Reform League and Vice-President of the Examiner Club. A faithful Unitarian, he was a member of the Society for Promoting Theological Education and in 1881 gave an address at the Unitarian Festival; he lectured also before the Young Men's Christian Union. He was always a scholar, his literary activity ranging from metaphysics to Greek Philosophy, and shortly before his death he suddenly gave proof of talent in an unexpected

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line, composing sonnets of "rare expressiveness and point and rugged strength," his friend Mr. John Noble tells us.¹

There can be no better description of Mr. Ware's character than that given by the same friend:

One of his most prominent traits was his ever-ready and chivalrous devotion to a friend or a cause. If either needed him, a word was enough. He threw himself into the breach, whatever and wherever it was, courageously and cheerfully, even at a sacrifice to himself. He might always be relied on to fill a gap or meet an emergency. Another characteristic was his calm serenity of temper, which nothing seemed to disturb. You never saw in him a shadow of ill-nature or moodiness or moroseness. He was not harsh or hasty in his judgments or censorious in his criticisms, though by no means incapable of an honest indignation which would flash out with withering severity at anything mean or low or dishonorable, unjust or oppressive. Most marked of all, in every relation of life, was his high purpose, his sturdy moral sense, his robust conscience, and his independence and courage.

On the twenty-sixth of May, 1868, Mr. Ware married at Washington Adelaide Frances Dickey, daughter of David W. and Eliza Dickey, of Veazie, Maine, and their happiness was crowned by the birth of their son Richard Darwin on their first wedding anniversary.

His classmate Thayer says of him:

I must not touch upon matters too private to be mentioned here; but I cannot help saying just a word or two upon one of the most engaging and characteristic aspects of our friend. As I have indicated, he had always a delightful enthusiasm of nature, which glowed in his face whenever he met a friend. Always he was a man of sentiment, a reader and admirer of what is best in poetry and literature and the drama; fond of treasuring up these things in his memory and saying them over. He himself was a poet, and he wrote verse which was strong and good, and full of the high feeling that found expression in his life. And then, what chiefly I wished to say just here, to the end of his days he was a lover. Early in life he had conceived of love as the one great, entrancing dream and flower of human existence. Many a young man has done that, but few are they who in the dust and heat of life have kept the freshness of their early dream, and have lived up to it. Ware was

¹ Remarks, in the Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, iii. 445-448.

one of these. He had the rare and beautiful qualities, the passion, the delicacy, the force and constancy of character, the true nobility of soul which such a life requires. And thus it happened that through all his life, having once caught sight of his ideal, he "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."¹

Mr. Ware died at his house in Boston on the second of April, 1897. His widow survives him, with their son, Richard Darwin, of the Harvard Class of 1890.

ROBERT WARE

"WHEN I get married I'll make a note of it here, and when I die somebody will, I hope, do me the kind office of recording that fact here. Should there be anything else to say, time will do it. July, 1858." Thus Robert Ware ended his record in the Class Book.

Alas! that all too soon Time did write "Finis" to a life full of sweetness and of helpfulness to mankind.

I was born [Ware further tells us] in Tremont Street, Boston, in a house standing on the spot now occupied by the Pavilion Hotel, nearly opposite the Stone Chapel, on the second of September, 1833, and am a son of Dr. John Ware (H. C. 1813) of this city, and of Helen, daughter of the late Dr. Levi Lincoln of Hingham. Educated at the Public Latin School, I there contracted friendships which flourished during the four years spent at College, and still remain green and vigorous. My life, though utterly devoid of incident, has been on the whole a happy one (so far).

At College Ware's popularity is demonstrated by his membership in the Odd Fellows Society, Natural History Society, Hasty Pudding Club, Institute of 1770 and of the Knights Punch Bowl. His Commencement part was a Disquisition on Latin Poetry of the Christian Church, and immediately "after leaving College," as he tells us in the Class Book, "I began the study of medicine with my father; it seemed to be in some measure, a part of the natural course of things that I should adopt the profession which is thus continued in the

¹ Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, iii. 444, 445. Many of the facts, as well as the extracts already acknowledged, are from the Tribute by James Bradley Thayer and the Remarks by John Noble before The Colonial Society of Massachusetts. See also *Ibid.*, v. 38, 39.



R. WARE

WASHBURN

WARING

W. R. WARE

WHEELER

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third generation." Ware passed the summer, accordingly, with "Page and Rich — Charley Oliver and Whittemore *deppitty sawbones* haunting the Cambridge hospitals and the Ben Franklin alternately," he wrote Williamson in the September of 1852. In May, 1854, he sailed for Europe with his father, remaining there until September of the succeeding year, six months of the time being passed in Paris studying in the hospitals.

Having graduated from the Harvard Medical School, in 1856, he began to practise in Boston and in 1857 was appointed one of the District Physicians of the Boston Dispensary, a post which he stigmatized as bringing him into closer contact with the Celtic citizens than is wholly pleasing to a sensitive or fastidious disposition.

But, however unpleasant the disagreeable details, Dr. Ware never allowed fastidiousness to interfere with any professional duty or deed of kindness, winning the gratitude, trust and love of the poor patients whose lives his skill and unremitting care had saved and whose sufferings he had alleviated.

In 1860 he prepared a pamphlet on small-pox during an epidemic of the disease, which was published for distribution by the Massachusetts Legislature, and inured greatly to his reputation.

The Knights Punch Bowl was continued for some years after its members had graduated, and Ware was a constant attendant at its meetings, one of Stedman's most delightful sketches depicting him in his office prescribing for a fair feminine patient, and bearing beneath the inscription: "The Doctor thinks it a decided case of cardiac disease, and fears that it's contagious."

With the outbreak of the war Ware immediately entered the service of the Sanitary Commission as Inspector, and in December writes home humorously from Newport News, "Where do you suppose the name of Old Point Comfort came from? The place is certainly old, and there is no question as to its being a point, but as to comfort, *allons donc!*" His labor was the inspection and superintendence of all hospital and sanitary arrangements, and if at first his regulations were sometimes thought unnecessarily strict, their importance was fully realized later. In the late Spring of 1862, when his work among the wounded began, he labored tirelessly, often

remaining up all night to ensure that nothing was neglected for the relief of the sufferers on the hospital transports. One who watched him during those days of stress said:

He had a passion for usefulness. How many days and nights have I not seen him, staggering with fatigue, dropping asleep for minutes here and there, where they could be snatched, but working on cheerful, quiet, observant, and careful for others, never for one instant thinking of himself. I have never known modesty like his. I have often thought it was his one defect.

In July, 1862 he went home for a time. The Government had taken over the task of transportation, and feeling his occupation partly gone, and himself suffering from diarrhœa, he determined to remain in Boston until recovered. He attended the Class Supper, his last one, but haunted by the recollection of the scenes of agony he had passed through, he felt out of tune with convivial gatherings. In September he was offered the office of Surgeon of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment. He disliked military life, the thought of a return to the South filled him with a strange sense of foreboding; the future cast its shadow before him, and he felt that he should never return, but stronger than fear of death was the call of the "stern daughter of the voice of God" and his classmate Williamson looked on him for the last time as he marched down State Street by the side of the regimental Chaplain.

At Newbern, North Carolina, he labored with all his might until the fifth of April, 1863, he and his assistant Dr. Fisher feeling that in addition to their regular duties they must improve the opportunity for surgical and anatomical study afforded them, especially in the cases of mortality among the negroes, and it was this and his work in the black camps which so pulled Ware down that he fell a victim to typhoid pneumonia, a disease which he once told a friend he felt would cause his death in the Spring. He died on the tenth of April, 1863, at Washington.

Dr. Edward H. Hall, Chaplain of the Forty-Fourth Regiment, wrote of him:

You could hardly tell whether to admire most his remarkable skill or his wonderful fidelity. His professional skill was acknowledged on all sides in the department; but we, who saw him every

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day, were even more struck by the readiness and cheerfulness with which he answered every call. A surgeon's office, at best, to a conscientious man, is the most laborious in the regiment. Yet I never saw the time, during the hardest marches or at the most untimely hours, when Robert hesitated for a second to go to those who needed him, and give them all the time that was required. If you knew the prevailing standard of official duty in the army, you would understand how striking such single-minded fidelity must be.

But the feeling of the men towards Robert is still more touching and even more honorable to him than that of the officers . . . He certainly never sought popularity; he exacted stoutly the respect that was due to his office, and was most unsparing in unmasking the shams by which a surgeon is sure to be beset. Yet in spite of all this, his real kindness, his tenderness and sympathy, impressed them so deeply, and revealed his true nature so plainly, that they could not help feeling more attracted to him than to any other officer. They feel his loss deeply and speak of it sadly. So true a man always finds himself appreciated by simply acting out the promptings of his nature.

In June, 1892, thirty years after Ware's death, there appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript* a communication headed "A Soldier's Gratitude 'After Many Days,'" and prefaced by a note, wherein the writer said that among the papers of a soldier who had died eighteen months before was found the anecdote which is here given:

On one of the weary days when the writer of this was lying wounded in a hospital tent of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, near its barracks at New Berne, N. C., — after the battle of Whitehall, which occurred Dec. 16, 1862 — Dr. Robert Ware our surgeon (who died in the service of his country; Heaven bless his memory!) the kindest, most devoted friend that soldier ever had, asked me one morning if I would not like to have my heavy army-blanket changed for a covering a little more cheerful to look at, facetiously remarking at the time that some ladies from Massachusetts had been "patching up" for the benefit of wounded soldiers, and had forwarded a lot of autographs. I could not imagine any connection my blanket might have with autographs as a means of exchange, but as I always accepted everything from Dr. Ware, even his medicines and probings, with thanks, I readily acquiesced.

In a short time he returned, followed by "Elisha" (*then* contraband) bearing an excellent bed quilt. "Here, sergeant," he said, "is an album written full. You should have pleasant dreams, now." I did not comprehend his remarks till casting my eyes on the com-

forter which he had thrown over me, I saw, with tears and a full heart, that on every white square was written the name of some one who had contributed to the comfort of a wounded *brother*, — stranger though he might be. Day after day I read over the names till I came to know them by heart, and pictured to myself the busy workers who perhaps wondered, if they should ever hear from that quilt again, — whether it would be sure to reach its destination and cover some wounded soldier; whether he lived or died, etc.

Signed G. F. CLARK, 44th Regiment

Loyal, tender, humane, faithful to the small as well as to the larger opportunities for kindness, Robert Ware went forth to the succor of his fellowmen even although he knew that by so doing, he offered up the sacrifice of his own life.¹

WILLIAM ROBERT WARE

WILLIAM ROBERT WARE, the third of the Ware trio in the Class of 1852, was the son of Henry Ware, Jr. (H. C. 1812) and Mary Lovell Pickard, and was born in Cambridge on the afternoon of Sunday, May twenty-seventh, 1832. At the time of his birth, he informs us in the Class Book, he was said by his cruel father to resemble only a monkey, which he had once seen in New York.

Having had lung fever five times in four years, his infancy was not a period of joy, and he passed a pitifully weak and timid childhood, exhausted by the walk to and from school, and no doubt by mental distress as well, for at the age of eight he joined the Cold Water Army and found it hard to reconcile his principles to those of General Harrison, who then occupied the place of Hero-in-Chief in his calendar.²

Following the school custom, the small octennian fell in love with a maiden of twelve or so, and while she smiled upon his suit, dreamed the usual roseate childish dreams, but when she frowned on him, he was glad to be transferred to a man's school, — at nine years old! This educational establishment was the Hopkins School, and there the little fellow enjoyed great content until he was sent to the Whitman School, where

¹ Many facts have been taken from the Memoir of Dr. Ware by Dr. Edward Henry Hall in *Harvard Memorial Biographies*, i. 238-252.

² The reference is to the Presidential election of 1840, — the "Hard Cider" campaign under the slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

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he was tormented and unhappy. His father moved, in 1842, to Framingham, and dying a year later, Mrs. Ware settled in Milton, and the boy became a pupil at the Milton Academy. His weak and morbid state of health determined his mother to procure an entire change for him, and as his grandfather Pickard was an Englishman, and his kinsfolk still lived in England, the boy sailed in the Spring of 1846 to visit his kindred and at the end of four months returned bright and well, having moreover acquired the love for architecture which was to be his life work. After a year at Phillips Academy, Andover, with Sturgis, Whittemore and Wilder Dwight (H. C. 1853) he repaired with the two former to Cambridge.

A member of the Odd Fellows, Alpha Delta Phi, and Natural History Society, he was Librarian of the Hasty Pudding Club, and chummed during his last year with his namesake Darwin. He had parts at the Exhibition of October, 1850, October, 1851, and at Commencement, and was in the Phi Beta Kappa.

Tutoring in New York during the Winter of 1853, Ware enjoyed the companionship of the others of '52, — Waring, Williamson, Hurd and Norris, who were either in or near the City, whence Williamson writes to Choate of "Billy Bobby hopping about and humming opera airs like a great squirrel." Perhaps Ware valued most of all the fellowship of Norris, so deeply mourned, so dearly loved, by all his classmates. "My thoughts revert most often to Norris's sharp, quaint face," he wrote in the Class Book long after graduation: "His red curtained room, glowing in the fire-light with his big bed in the background, sacred to the repose of the fabulous little 'Geordie,' and old sofa by the hearth, is the scene to which my wandering mind, as once my idle steps, most often turns.

"Kind heart and true
Tender and just
Peace to his dust."

In 1854 Ware studied engineering at the Lawrence Scientific School, teaching mathematics meanwhile, and in 1856 entered the office of Edward C. Cabot, architect. Three years later he formed a partnership with Edward Southwick Philbrick (H. C. 1846); in 1864 he was in partnership

with Henry Van Brunt (H. C. 1854) and together they designed Memorial Hall, the Ether Monument in the Boston Public Garden, the First Church in Boston, the Union Station at Worcester, and many other notable buildings.

In 1865, on the establishment of a professorship in Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Ware was asked to accept the appointment, and after eighteen months of preparation in Europe, assumed his new duties. He remained at Technology until 1881, resigning to become Professor of Architecture at the School of Mines at Columbia, an office which he held until 1903.

He received from Harvard, in 1896, the degree of LL.D., as the

Creator of two serviceable schools of architecture — the first at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the second at Columbia University, the teacher, exemplar and friend of a generation of American Architects.

Ware was on the Architectural Committee of the Pan-American Exposition and helped to make the plans for the new State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

In 1902, on the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of the School of Architecture at Columbia University, a banquet was tendered him by his former pupils. Held in Vanderbilt Hall of the Fine Arts Building, which was decorated with the Columbia colors, he was surrounded by his friends, and the proposal was then made to raise thirty thousand dollars for the support of the School.

Professor Ware retired with the title of Professor Emeritus in 1903, making his home for the rest of his life with his sister in Milton.

During his connection with Technology he delivered several courses of lectures on Architecture and the Arts at the Lowell Institute, and at Huntington Hall in connection with Technology. He published "Architectural Lights and Shadows" and "Modern Perspective and the American Vignola," both of which are widely used as textbooks.

A member of the Examiner Club since 1863, he was also a member of the Alumni Association of the School of Architecture, a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and an Honorary Corresponding member of the Royal

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Institute of British Architects. He was universally recognized as the Dean of Architecture in this country.

He died on the ninth of June, 1915, at Milton. He was unmarried.

WILLIAM HENRY WARING

A FAMILIAR landmark of nineteenth-century Brooklyn, New York, was an imposing house, which stood on Washington Street and was well-known to all the denizens of the city as the "Waring Mansion." A dignified structure, with imposing colonnades, surrounded by spacious grounds and fair gardens, it was the home of Henry Waring, grandfather of William Henry Waring of '52, who was himself the fourth generation of the name to live in Brooklyn.¹

William Henry was the son of Nathaniel Ferris and Clara Anne (Hackstaff) Waring, and was born in Brooklyn on the seventh of February, 1831. He was sent to boarding-school at Chatham, twenty miles from Albany, at the age of six, but the harsh treatment of one Mrs. Chase, the wife of the principal, induced his parents speedily to remove him from what he terms a "Dotheboys Hall," and he subsequently attended several schools, finishing his preparatory course for Harvard at the Union Academy, Kinderhook, and entering College with the Sophomore Class in 1849.

Popularity awaited him at Cambridge, where he was Recording Secretary of the Natural History Society, and of the Alpha Delta Phi, Librarian of the Hasty Pudding Club, and a member of the Institute of 1770. At Commencement, he delivered an Oration on James Fenimore Cooper. He and Norris were chums, and their intimacy continued as long as the latter lived.

Waring studied Law with the "Quaker firm" of Wetmore and Browne, New York, after graduation, and in November of 1852 attended a lecture by Professor Felton, which he thus describes to "Joe" Choate:

Attended lecture by Connie Felton at Broadway Tabernacle on Wednesday evening. It was on that delightful course, with which

¹ The Waring stable was presided over by an old and faithful servitor, Black Bill, whose funeral was attended by almost every private carriage in Brooklyn. "The mansion" was used during the Civil War as the headquarters of the Provost Marshal.

we were regaled in our Senior year, — that about the woman's rights, etc. Of course, the jokes lost none of their savor by repetition. At the conclusion of the lecture, Frank Hurd, Perry, Anderson, Norris, Billy Bobby¹ and myself greeted the jolly Professor, who inquired felicitously whether the whole Class was present, as it would be a good opportunity to have a recitation. As a matter of course, we all laughed and thought it a mighty fine joke. I never saw the old fogey look so gentle before. His appearance presented quite a contrast to what it was when I last saw him in New York perambulating Broadway with that old cloak and *fir* cap with which he was wont to deck his symmetrical form in days of yore.

Deciding rather suddenly, in May of the following year, to go to Europe, Waring sailed on the packet ship *Underwriter*, and joining Coolidge, passed a happy twelvemonth in foreign travel with him, and for a time with Ex-President Van Buren. He returned in June, 1854, and having been admitted to the New York Bar, in January, 1855, proceeded to open an office in partnership with Norris, and when the firm was dissolved by Norris's enforced journey to the West in search of health, Waring formed a connection with Messrs. Harrison and Burrall as junior partner.

On November tenth, 1859, he married Kate Bernard, daughter of William H. and Ellen (Engle) Bernard; their oldest son, William Bernard Waring, was born on the twenty-first of September, 1860. In May, 1865, Mr. Waring went with his family to Marietta, Ohio, where he remained for a year as representative of the interests of New York capitalists engaged in coal-oil speculation.

While never ceasing the practice of his profession, wherein he devoted himself chiefly to chamber practice, Mr. Waring took a keen interest in local politics. During his year at the Academy at Kinderhook, he became a disciple of his grandfather's old friend and political associate, Martin Van Buren, and following in his footsteps abjured the faith of his fathers and was henceforth a steadfast Republican. None the less did he remain loyal throughout his life to his ideal of a *true* Democracy. He advocated zealously free tolls for canals, introduced a comprehensive bill for the legalization of primary elections and the punishment of fraud thereat, opposed the consolidation of Telegraph Companies, and put through the

¹ William Robert Ware.

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law exempting Church property from taxation. Of the hundreds who went to his house at the time of his death, many were the working people whom he had helped and befriended.

He always declined office, however, until 1877, when, being unanimously tendered the nomination of Republican Representative to the New York Assembly, he accepted the offer, was elected, and again filled the office in 1881.

During the last year of his life he was approached in regard to important positions both legal and diplomatic, and there is no doubt that had longer life been granted him, his disinterested public service would have met the honor and recognition it deserved. His death was caused by over-exertion, in addressing an assemblage of Veterans in another part of the State during a political campaign.

The extent of his influence, and the respect and affection in which he was held, were shown by the great numbers who thronged the Church at his funeral, and the masses of flowers sent by political opponents as well as friends, for, as was truthfully said in the "Resolves" of the Lincoln Club, "His generous nature had no room in which to harbor resentments, and the foe of today became the comrade and friend on the morrow."

We have not space here to do justice to Mr. Waring's charming and lovable character, nor the breadth of sympathies, interests and pursuits, which, together with his courtesy and love of the Fine Arts, made him so delightful a companion.

In 1882 he again visited Europe,¹ regretting that thereby he was prevented from attending the thirtieth anniversary of his Class. His love for College days never flagged, although he was infrequently able to take part in the gatherings, and his daughter sends us this pretty picture:

My earliest recollection of my father is having him in our nursery with two or three children on his knee, while he sang to us the songs of the Hasty Pudding Club and told us about his College friends.

An agreeable speaker, he was a popular lecturer, his favorite subject being Abraham Lincoln.

His chief recreation was historical reading; he especially

¹ Mr. Waring was one of the early tourists to visit Herculaneum and Pompeii after the excavations.

enjoyed the study of American statesmen, as well as the history of Greece and Rome, and his love of classical lore led him to delight in following the courses of his daughter¹ in Greek and Latin, while she was preparing to enter Smith College.

Mr. Waring was a member of the Society of Old Brooklynites, the New England Society, the Lincoln, Oxford and other Clubs, counsel for the Sheltering Arms Nursery, member of the Board of Managers of the Church Charity Foundation, counsel of the Franklin Bank of New York, one of the originators of the Long Island Historical Society and of the Union League, and Director of the Brooklyn Choral Society, as well as Past Master of the Montauk Lodge.

William Bernard Waring, the oldest son, was for a time at Harvard, in the Class of 1882; he graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1887 and died on the twelfth of November, 1908; Mr. Waring had eight other children: James Duncan, born, 1861; Henry Ferris, born, 1863; Clara, born, 1865; Horace Coolidge, born, 1867, died in the following year; Mary Kimberley (graduated Smith College, 1893); John Hallock (at Cornell University for two years); Charlotte Hackstaff; and Wallace Catlin Waring.

Mrs. Waring died on the fourteenth of August, 1876, and Mr. Waring married (2) 27 November, 1877, Anna Mary Leeds, daughter of James F. and Mary (Wood) Leeds, who survives him. She had no children.

He died on the tenth of February, 1890.²

ANDREW WASHBURN

ANDREW WASHBURN was the son of Joshua and Sylvia (Mosman) Washburn, and was born on the twenty-third day of August, 1830 at Auburndale, Massachusetts, where he prepared for College. Entering Middlebury College, Vermont, and, having taken the prize scholarship, he repaired to Harvard in October, 1851 as a member of the Senior Class. At Commencement he delivered a Disquisition on "Raymond Tully the Crusader and Alchemist."

¹ Miss Mary Kimberley Waring, now Principal of The Kimberley School, Montclair, New Jersey.

² Obituary notices of Mr. Waring appeared in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* of 11 February and 13 February, 1890, and in the *New York Sun* of 12 February, 1890.

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Having adopted the career of a teacher, Washburn taught for several years in Hancock, Vermont, and Medway Village, Massachusetts, and we find among the Class papers the prospectus of an English and Classical School for Day and Boarding Scholars at Medway, dated June, 1855; he taught also at Walpole, Massachusetts, and in Boston. On May twenty-fourth, 1854 he married Eliza Gardner, daughter of James and Mary Gardner, of Walpole, their son Gardner being born in October, 1857.

Having been appointed Superintendent of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth at South Boston, Washburn resigned the position in 1860 and on July fifth, 1861 he became First Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the Fourteenth Massachusetts Volunteers. In January, 1862 he was Major of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, and of the Second New York Artillery in February, 1863, serving until discharged for disability in April of the same year. He recovered sufficiently to be employed at the United States Arsenal at Watertown, and resigning in October, 1865 received the appointment of Inspector of Schools for the State of Virginia, under the Bureau of Freedmen, etc.

While at Richmond Major Washburn, with the help of his wife, successfully established the first system of Free Schools, and he was for five years President of the Richmond State Normal School, which he and Dr. Sears, the agent of the Peabody Fund, together founded. Major Washburn had espoused the Anti-Slavery cause, in the days when interest in the negroes was attended with personal peril, and Mrs. Washburn often waited in fear for her husband's return from meetings not infrequently the scene of more or less disturbance. It was therefore a great gratification to one of his convictions to help in the education of the slaves, and Major Washburn remained in the South until the close of the Freedmen's Bureau, coming North in the early seventies after serving for two years as Pension Agent.

Making his home in Hyde Park during his last years, he was interested in granite cutting, Treasurer of the Walpole Hair and Bedding Company, and Director and Vice-President of the New York Refining Company. He was a member of several Masonic orders, and in politics was a staunch Repub-

lican; he was at one time Superintendent of Schools at Hyde Park, and Chairman of the School Board.

In 1904 Major and Mrs. Washburn celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, receiving many gifts, of which the most prized was a hall clock from Major Washburn's former pupils. They had six children, Gardner and Mary being the only ones to survive their parents. Major Washburn died on the twenty-eighth of September, 1908.

His name should always be remembered as that of the originator of Memorial Day. In the Spring of 1866 he and his family were at Richmond, surrounded by battlefields and the lonely, often nameless, graves of those who had fallen in the Civil War. With the early Southern Spring came the first wild flowers to cover the ominous mounds and, as if "out from the heart of Nature" herself, a general impulse arose to close the schools on May Day and devote it to decorating the soldiers' graves. Children, black and white, brought loads of flowers to Mrs. Washburn's kitchen, where willing hands fashioned them into wreaths, nosegays and a large cross, which was placed in the center of the graves at Belle Isle, one of the most dreadful Southern prisons. Although the morning was threatening, with a dripping mist, the little band of flower bearers set forth, and before leaving the graves joined in singing "There is rest for the weary" and as they sang, the clouds parted, and a ray of sunshine fell upon the Cross. In the afternoon they decorated Hollywood Cemetery, where was one Confederate grave. At first they passed it by, feeling it beyond the limit of their charity; they even left the cemetery; but turned back, and the dead Rebel, too, slept under a pall of flowers.¹

WILLIAM FISKE WHEELER

WILLIAM FISKE WHEELER was the son of William Augustus and Almira Warner (Allen) Wheeler, and was born in Brookfield on the twenty-fourth of June, 1830. A year later his parents moved to Worcester, where William prepared for College at the Worcester Classical and English High School. He was a member of the Harvard Lodge of the Independent

¹ From "The First Decoration Day" by Major Washburn in the *Boston Commonwealth* of 25 May, 1895.

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Order of Odd Fellows; of the Harvard Natural History Society, and of the Institute of 1770.

He sailed for Europe in the December of 1852 and on his return, married, on the thirteenth of September, 1854, Adaline Berry Young, daughter of Calvin and Adaline (Berry) Young of Jamaica Plain, born on March thirtieth, 1834 in Boston; he immediately established himself on a farm in Grafton, where, in 1858, he opened a private school for boys in his own house.

On the breaking out of the war, he was commissioned Captain of the Fifty-first Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, on September first, 1862, and was mustered out on July twenty-seventh, 1863.

He lived at different times in North Attleborough and Dorchester, Massachusetts, Philadelphia and Los Angeles, and was the first President of Chaffey College, Ontario, California. He embarked in various enterprises, but his health had been hopelessly shattered by his exposure during the war, and through no fault of his own his experiments were not crowned with success.

He married a second time on July twenty-second, 1886, Clara M. Blunt, daughter of James F. Blunt, who was born in Mount Auburn, Maine, on July twenty-ninth, 1855.

His second son died in childhood, and his youngest in young manhood; his two surviving children were Frank Allen Wheeler, born 29 September, 1859, and Ada Maria Wheeler, born 14 November, 1865. They were all the children of his first marriage.

Mr. Wheeler died at Los Angeles, California, on the twentieth of September, 1907.

HORATIO HANCOCK FISKE WHITTEMORE

HORATIO WHITTEMORE was the son of Gershom and Caroline (Tufts) Whittemore, and was born in West Cambridge on February fifteenth, 1830. He prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, in company with Sturgis and W. R. Ware, and with them came to Cambridge. In College he belonged to the Harvard Natural History Society, played the flute, octave and horn in the Pierian Sodality, being also Secretary in 1850 and '51, and Vice-President during 1851, '52

and '53, and was one of the ten members of the Knights' Punch Bowl.

At the Class Supper he wrote down "Medicine" as his future profession, and began to study immediately, first with Dr. Wellington of West Cambridge, later with Dr. Clark,¹ City Physician of Boston, and finally with Dr. Davis² at the Marine Hospital at Chelsea. Graduating in 1855 at the Commencement of the Harvard Medical School, he sailed in the same year for Europe as surgeon in the ship *Cathedral*, and passed some months in the hospitals of the Continent. On his return, Whittemore was assistant to Dr. Davis for a short time at the Marine Hospital, but in November, 1855 he decided to follow the advice of a friend and settle in Marblehead, which was thenceforth his home. One of Stedman's most spirited drawings in the Knights' Punch Bowl record book is entitled "Fancy Sketch of Dr. Whittemore's Labours," and depicts the disciple of Galen essaying to steer a cat boat in a heavy sea, and hailed meanwhile by a voice from a near-by fishing schooner: "Stop at the schooner when you come back, Doctor, pay you in herrings next voyage."

On the fifth of June, 1856 Dr. Whittemore married Evelyn H. Pratt, daughter of William W. and Mary (Adams) Pratt of Worcester.

During the Civil War he was examining and post Surgeon, and Medical Examiner at the garrisons of Forts Sewall, Glover, and Miller, and when the call came for surgeons after the terrible and bloody battle of the Wilderness he at once volunteered his aid.

As a physician and surgeon, Dr. Whittemore was skilful, tender and humane. He inherited from his grandfather, Amos Whittemore, who was noted for his ingenuity, remarkable dexterity in the use of tools, and in his house was a room fitted up as a workshop where he kept all his professional implements in order, often especially adapting those which he needed for certain operations and could not otherwise procure. Genial and buoyant, and possessed of magnetism of manner, his mere presence in the sick chamber brought help and solace to both patient and anxious watcher.

¹ Henry Grafton Clark, Bowdoin, m1834.

² Charles Augustine Davis, H. C. m1848.



WHITTEMORE
WILLIAMSON

WILLIAMS

WILLARD
WRIGHT

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His ingenuity served him in good stead in adapting needed appliances and he performed many successful operations, while he never refused to answer any call for help even during his last year, when his life was ebbing fast. As was said of another physician over a hundred years ago,

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

Foremost in every effort for improvement in the fisher community of his adoption, Dr. Whittemore was a prominent member of the Masonic Lodge, and filled several Town offices, besides being Trustee of the Savings Bank, the Academy Fund, the Unitarian Church, and President of the Musical Association. It was evident during his last year that his health was failing and he told a friend that only a sea voyage and consequent entire rest could save him, but his energy and vitality rose above his mortal weakness, and to the end he was as he had ever been, ready to help, courteous and genial, brave and industrious, generous and kind.

He died on the twenty-fifth of November, 1872 at Marblehead, deeply mourned by all who knew him. Mrs. Whittemore outlived her husband, with their two children, Mary Caroline, born 15 December, 1859, and Edward Horatio Whittemore, born in 1861.

SIDNEY WILLARD

GRANDSON of President Joseph Willard of Harvard College, Sidney Willard was born at Lancaster, Massachusetts, on the third of February, 1831. His father was Joseph Willard (H. C. 1816) and his mother Susannah Hickling Lewis. His parents moved to Boston while Sidney was a baby, and his boyhood associations were therefore all connected with "the

little town on hilltops three" where, from the age of ten until his entrance at Harvard, his education was conducted at the Boston Latin School. Endowed with great muscular strength, he carried off the palm as Class Athlete, and pulled the heaviest oar in the first of the Harvard-Yale boat races, which took place on Lake Winnipiseogee.

Long before his graduation Willard had decided upon his profession, and therefore he immediately entered the Dane Law School; at the end of six months he repaired to Charlestown, New Hampshire, where he combined school-teaching with the pursuit of his legal studies in the office of the Hon. Edmund Lambert Cushing (H. C. 1827),¹ returning to Boston in 1854. His physical strength stood him in good stead, for during the next two years, while continuing his preparation for the Law in the office of the Hon. Charles Greeley Loring (H. C. 1812), he was also for a time an inmate of the household of the Hon. Jonathan Phillips (H. C. 1818), a position which entailed much night watching in the shape of reading aloud to the old gentleman during the small hours. Mr. Rantoul declined the offer of successorship to Willard as involving too great a strain, but Willard's stalwart physique passed through it with unimpaired vigor.²

Three months after his admission to the Suffolk Bar, Willard visited Saint Paul with a view of establishing himself there, but "the West," as it was then called, did not appeal to him, and coming back to Boston, he opened an office on Court Street, which he shared for a time with his classmate Denny, meanwhile supplementing the "Law's delay" in the way of clients, by private tutoring.

Willard never allowed his many interests and avocations to crowd from his life the physical exercise which he loved, and in 1860, having had a wherry specially built from a model of his own in order that the little craft might be used with safety on the open ocean, he embarked with the intention of rowing from Boston to Mount Desert. A severe easterly storm forced him to put back after reaching the Isles of Shoals, but he recorded his experiences in a sketch called "A Night in a Wherry," which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

¹ Afterward Chief-Justice of New Hampshire.

² Personal Recollections by Robert S. Rantoul (H. C. 1853).

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1861, that fateful year when war was declared, found Willard established in his profession, and engaged to be married. Alas! that

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.

for to one of his lofty purpose and conscientious nature the call of his Country came as a summons from on High.

Since 1858 he had been a member of the Boston Cadets, and had long planned a system of more efficient and disciplined drill which should render the comparatively untrained Militia fit for active service, and before war was really apprehended he had already begun, in the December of 1860, the drilling of a Club formed of the younger members of the Bar. During the early months after war was upon us he remained at home, giving much of his time as drill-master, an office wherein he was unsurpassed, but with the summer days of 1861, — long with disappointment and despair, he knew his time to go had come, and applied for a commission. Three days later, on the thirteenth of August, having raised the necessary number of men, he was appointed Captain in the Thirty-fifth Regiment, and on the twenty-first, the day before his departure for the front, he was married to Sarah Ripley Fiske, daughter of Andrew Henry Fiske, Esq. (H. C. 1825) of Weston, Massachusetts.

His commission as Major of the Regiment reached Willard at the camp at Arlington Heights in September; thence, and from other posts, he wrote frequent letters home, regretting that while his Regiment was hurried into action, taking part in two severe battles before it was five weeks old, he was debarred from being with them, having been sent to Washington on detached service. He assumed command on the twenty-eighth of September, and gave himself untiringly to perfecting drill and discipline, wishing only that "Uncle Sam would allow his Majors to walk . . . Nature never intended me for a horseman, I hate the beasts."

He felt no fear, when for the first time, in early November, he found himself under fire; he wrote home cheerful Thanksgiving greetings, and to his father, on the second of December, a letter too pregnant with a son's loving gratitude and with modest self-knowledge not to be printed once again.

I hardly think I can make you a fitting return for all your affectionate and Christian care of me, or all your patient and loving waiting during my slow struggle to work my way in life and gain a place among men. I hope, if my life is spared to return, and with increased knowledge of men, with an experience in rough, practical life of the greatest value to me, and habit of prompt decision, with the attrition of a life as open and public as my former one was secluded and fastidious, to make my fortunes more rapidly than earlier years foreboded.

But ten days more of life on earth were to be his. On December thirteenth, as the Regiment, having left Fredericksburg at half-past eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, was advancing against the Rebels, the Major, in front of Color-company B, ordered the charge.

Waving his sword and leading on his men, he was seen to fall, and there arose the cry "The Major is down!" Capt. Lathrop¹ and a private succeeded in removing him beyond the range of fire, and with the knowledge that the hand of death was upon him, he sent messages to those at home, ending with "But God's will be done. Tell them I tried to do my duty to my Country and to the Regiment." He lived until the following morning, December fourteenth, 1862, the first of the Class of '52 to die for the Union.

"The Christian Athlete Willard," his classmate Bradlee wrote at the Commencement after his death, "with the Heart of a Lamb, but having the strength of the Lion"; and in the Resolutions of the Class, Thayer closes the record of a noble life:

But it is consoling to remember that he died nobly, — in battle, — for his Country, — at the head of his Regiment, and that he has added fresh honor to a name distinguished in the annals of New England and of our College, in more than one generation.

He was the first of our number to lay down his life for the Country, and his name shall be treasured up in our hearts with everlasting respect and honor.

He was one with whose memory nothing which is not truthful and pure and upright and courageous and honorable can ever be associated.

We remember that our friend entered the service from a conviction of duty and an honorable sensitiveness (countervailing the ad-

¹ John Lathrop — Harvard Law School 1855, afterward a Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.

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vice of friends) which led him to think that one so well qualified as he ought not to be absent from the field; and we remember also the costly sacrifices which he then made, of domestic happiness, of business prospects and of strong natural tastes and predilections for peaceful pursuits.

Many of us mourn the loss of a personal friend, generous, incorruptible, steadfast, pure, of a strong and widely-cultivated mind, and a heart singularly affectionate and sensitive to every sentiment of honor.

Major Willard's sword is now in the Harvard Club of Boston; another sword, presented to him by the Drill Club of Weston, has been given to the Loyal Legion.

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best; —
Ah, me! not all! some come not with the rest
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!

.
I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.

.
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead.

RUSSELL MORTIMER WILLIAMS

RUSSELL MORTIMER WILLIAMS, the son of S. H. and Harriet (Delano) Williams, was born in Parkman, Ohio, on the twenty-seventh of September, 1830. His father was a merchant, and had traveled westward from Aurora, New York.

At the age of sixteen, Russell entered Western Reserve College, but was obliged to leave at the end of a term on account of ill health. After passing two years in Indiana, he returned to College and remained three years, repairing in the Senior term, with the four other Western Reserve men, to Harvard for their last year of College life. He was a member of the Hudson Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi.¹

¹ Western Reserve College.

Annals of the

In 1852 Williams began to read Law with A. G. Riddler, Esquire, but another failure of health obliged him to give up the study, and in 1854 he went to Kansas, where he settled in White Cloud, Doniphan County. Writing from there to the Class Secretary he says:

Was engaged for four years in merchandizing, trading with Indians, locating towns, dabbling in land and fighting Missourians, winding up this period by mingling in politics and going to the Legislature, of which last fact I trust I have sufficiently repented.

From that time until the war broke out my pursuits were various, — collecting, trading on the Plains, dealing in land, stock, etc. In '61 I went east to join the Army, but before doing so changed base and entered the Navy. Served about two years in the Mississippi Squadron under Admiral Porter as Acting Ensign, and then was obliged to leave on account of ill health. While at home on sick leave, in September '63, was married (or rather at my mother's home in Ohio) and after leaving the service came back here with my family and shall doubtless remain here for some years to come. Have one child, — a son four years old; am pleasantly located in a small but busy place and should be very glad at any time to welcome you or any others of the Class of '52.

My remembrances of Harvard are all pleasant ones, and I hope soon to be able to attend one of the Class gatherings there, but my life has so far been a busy one, and exactly the right time has not yet come. But until I do have the pleasure of again visiting the old scenes, every part of which is fresh in my memory, let me assure you, and through you, any other members of the Class you may meet of my warm personal regard not only for yourself but for them, and of the lively remembrance that I have of each and all with whom I was so pleasantly connected.

In 1860–1861 Williams was a member of the Kansas Territorial Legislature, and in 1862–1864 he was in the Kansas Senate.

He married, as he writes, on the eighth of September, 1863, Sophia Harriet Pitner, daughter of William Pitner of Parkman, Ohio. They had two children, Halbert Hudson Williams, born 29 September, 1864, a merchant and importer in Chicago; and Kathryn Leslie Williams, born 13 November, 1872.

During his last years Mr. Williams practised law. He died at Hastings, Nebraska, on the fourteenth of May, 1893, whither he had gone to be operated on for cancer.

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Mrs. Williams who survived him with the son and daughter, writes that

his chief characteristics were an unusual geniality of disposition, strict business principles and an open hand for any poor or suffering human being. Generous to a fault, a kind and loving husband and father, a true friend, he lives in the memory of those who knew him best.

Her words are corroborated by the impression given in his letters, of open heartedness and loyalty, and his eagerness to contribute to the full extent of his powers to any cause connected with Harvard.

WILLIAM CROSS WILLIAMSON

"Your dear father was the most popular man in College, as he was one of the dearest of men," Joe Choate wrote Bill Williamson's daughter but a few weeks before he himself crossed the river, — wider and deeper than the Charles of their College days, to that farther shore, where a goodly number of the old Class awaited him.

Certain it is that Williamson always regarded the accident which made him a member of '52 instead of 1851 as one of the most fortunate of his life.

WILLIAM CROSS WILLIAMSON was the son of the Honorable Joseph¹ and Caroline (Cross) Williamson, and was born in Belfast, Maine, on the thirty-first of January, 1831. He studied with the Reverend George Field of Belfast, who was accustomed to fit boys for the Bowdoin College examinations, and as William found himself therefore insufficiently prepared in some of the requirements for the Harvard curriculum, he passed the winter of 1847-8 in the family of Henry B. Wheelwright (H. C. 1844) of Roxbury, Massachusetts, making up in the desired branches.

A member of the Odd Fellows, Natural History, Alpha Delta Phi, and Iadma Societies, and the Hasty Pudding Club, being Poet and Secretary of the latter, Williamson was also one of the founders of the Knights Punch Bowl and belonged to the Institute of 1770 and the Pierian Sodality, where he played the violin. He was in the Chapel Choir and fifty

¹ University of Vermont 1812; afterward President of the Maine Senate.

years after, one of the Class of '55 told the writer that he should never forget the beauty of Williamson's face as he used to watch it during the singing of the hymns at the Chapel service.

In the Senior year Thayer and Williamson chummed together, making two of the East Entry boys in Holworthy, who formed an inner circle of especially congenial spirits. Williamson was Class Poet, but the Poem was read by Joe Choate, for just before the day which was to have been the proudest he had known, he was called home by the sudden death of his mother, who had died while on her way to the Cambridge Class Day. She was his dearest friend, and her loss was a life-long sorrow. Williamson's part at Commencement was a Poem on the Death of Moore. He received the First Boylston Prize for Elocution at the end of the Junior year.

The winter of 1853 was passed as Tutor in the family of John Appleton Haven (H. C. 1813) at Fort Washington on the Hudson, near enough to New York for him to see much of "Billy Bobby," who was also tutoring, and of Norris, Waring and Hurd, who were all three studying Law. Somewhat divided in his choice between the Law and the Gospel, Williamson inclined for a time to the latter profession, his recent sorrow influencing him perhaps to dwell on serious things, for he came of a family of lawyers. The young men of those days wrote more freely of their inmost thoughts and feelings than is the fashion in these telephonic times, and it is interesting and beautiful to see the deep religious feeling which underlay their merry jests. Having arrived at his decision, Williamson studied at home for some time before repairing to the Dane Law School, from which he graduated in 1855, being admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1856. Entering the office of Elias Hasket Derby (H. C. 1824) he became his Junior partner, and after Mr. Derby retired from practice, formed the firm of Williamson and Derby, with Mr. Derby's son, George Strong Derby (Harvard Law School 1861).

Contributing articles and poems to various magazines, Mr. Williamson was also often asked to lecture for the Lyceum courses of the day, and was interested in politics, being President of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Boston, and a member of the Common Council; a speech by him at Faneuil

Hall was regarded as an important occasion by his Classmates. In 1861 he was appointed Commissioner in Insolvency. He belonged to several musical societies, and took part in private theatricals, which had been a favorite pastime of his from early boyhood, while his appointment of Milk Inspector to the City of Boston was the occasion of his giving a supper to the Knights' Punch Bowl, where something stronger than the lacteal beverage was served.

In the spring of 1859 his classmate Hurd insisted on his meeting a girl with the most "wonderful complexion ever seen," who was visiting common friends. It was a case of love at first sight, although the romance did not culminate until 1863, when he married, on April twenty-ninth, Sarah Howland, daughter of Benjamin Tucker Ricketson of New Bedford. The Knights' Punch Bowl of course found cause for merriment in the subjugation of another member, and flung many jibes at the "Belfast Giant" whose hebdomadal visits to his fiancée's home deprived them of much of his company.

After the death of his partner, George Derby, Mr. Williamson withdrew almost wholly from court practice, in which he had been very successful, and devoted himself to conveyancing and the care of trust estates.

He was a principal founder and counsel for the North End Savings Bank; in 1890 he was one of the Commissioners on the Publication of the Province Laws; and from 1878 to 1888 he served on the Boston School Committee of which he was at one time President; but he had no wish for public office. He even refused to think of the appointment to the Probate Bench which his friends were anxious for him to consider.

Mr. Williamson's tastes were essentially those of a scholar, and he loved to pass his hours of leisure in the study of the literature of his own and other tongues. Germany cast her spell upon his earlier years, as was the case with many of his generation when Longfellow's poems and translations carried the world by storm, but with middle life he turned to the Classic authors, and was a true disciple of Horace, translating many of his poems and leaving notes on the allusions, plagiarisms and quotations from the poet in English and German from very early times to the present day. In 1901 he was elected an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa in recog-

dition of his erudition as one of the first Horatian scholars in the country.

While in no wise a recluse, it became increasingly difficult to lure Mr. Williamson from his own fireside, where, surrounded by the books he loved, and with a companionship which met his every need, he found time all too short. The associations with his Alma Mater, however, were always precious to him; he was a Director of the Harvard Club of Boston, which was founded in 1855, but which lived only a short time; and wrote a poem for the Twenty-fifth anniversary of his Class; and he found great pleasure in the octorchian '52 Dining Club of which he was a member.

His beautiful collection of different editions of Horace, many of them of great age and value, was bequeathed by Mrs. Williamson, to the Harvard College Library.

The death of Thayer, in 1898, was a grief to his chum, and in answer to Thorndike's appeal, — "Dear Bill, There is one thing you can do for Jim," he wrote for the Memorial Meeting of The Colonial Society the Sonnet, — his swan song, which is given in the sketch of Mr. Thayer.

Unfitting is it to speak here of his personal beauty, or of the rare charm which inspired in his family and the men friends who loved him a peculiar tenderness and admiration. Retiring, modest, always gentle, although immovable in any question of principle, Mr. Williamson could never have been made to realize the weight which a word from him carried, nor the deep influence exerted over those who came in contact with a man like him, whose watchword might have been "*Altiora peto.*" "Your uncle was one of the men to whom I always liked to take off my hat," said one of the Class of 1876 to his nephew within the last year; "I never talked with him without learning something worth while." "This above all," as Shakspeare speaks through old Polonius,

to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man;

and true to the end was Mr. Williamson.

The death of his two brothers within three months of one another, the elder of whom was also his constant correspondent and "own familiar friend," was a great shock to Mr.

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Williamson, who was himself already in delicate health. During the last winter of his life he wrote for the New England Historical and Genealogical Register a Memoir of his brother the Hon. Joseph Williamson (Bowdoin 1849).

He died, after a short illness at his summer home at Weston, Massachusetts, on the third of June, 1903.

The wisest man can ask no more of Fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the Many, honored by the Few;
Nothing to court in world, or Church, or State;
But inwardly, in secret, to be great;

Mr. Williamson was survived by his wife, who died on the twelfth of January, 1916, and by his only child, Grace, the wife of Henry Herbert Edes (H. C. 1906).

He was a member of the Union, Saint Botolph and Examiner Clubs, the Harvard Musical Association, and The Colonial Society of Massachusetts.¹

CHAUNCEY WRIGHT

I was born . . . near the autumnal equinox, just as the sun was about to enter the Balance. To this circumstance and to my equable temperament I ascribe the subsequent monotony of my life. My father, Ansel Wright, is doubtless himself descended from a series of English Wrights, who in their day and generation were well known to their friends.

My memory of the earliest events of my life is nearly uniform; but, as years advanced, a few salient events stand as landmarks, with no particular propriety that I can discover, except perhaps the fact that they happened at moments in my life when I was unusually conscious, and serve to indicate this state of mind.

The baby on which I was founded was, I suppose, like other babies, except in respect to its destiny, of which, however, its friends knew nothing at this time. At an early period of its life its grandmother discovered on its head, which was born without hair, a light down from which she predicted the present color of my hair. (It was red!)

This child, though unusually sober and goodnatured, was in no way remarkable, except at the time, as being *the* baby, but this I have observed is ever a source of wonder. I bear at the present

¹ A Memoir of Mr. Williamson is in the Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, xix. 34-45.

moment upon my forehead, the mark of a wound which the child received on its first attempt at walking, and by which, among other features, I was afterwards distinguished. My father was a Democrat, and an ardent supporter of Andrew Jackson, then President, and I escaped only by the skin of my teeth (not then grown) from receiving the name of this statesman. Fortunately, the Fates and my mother interfered, and gave to this infant the name I now bear.

The first day at the Infant School I distinctly remember as one of the saddest in my early life, — a day of grief, inconsolable. My teacher, or the lady who I suppose afterwards became my teacher, endeavored to comfort me by offering me something to drink, *what* I do not distinctly remember. It may have been milk or some sweet beverage. My fainting spirit with all its tender rootlets, rudely torn from home, could find no sustenance in earthly fluids; and so I came to my letters in tears.

From the earliest period of my conscious life, I have shrunk from everything of a startling or dramatic character. I was never remarkable at any kind of sport. I was indisposed to active exercise, to any kind of excitement, or change. I was, in general, a very tractable boy, and never was flogged at school, though I remember some slight corrections. I had some little ambitions, such as all boys have, but they were for the most part of a solitary nature. I never aspired to be a leader among boys, and never cared for their quarrels and parties. If I aspired to a place, it was to a solitary place, and a peculiar one, not within the general aim of boys. At one time my ambition took a social turn. While I was still in the district school I conceived an ardent attachment for one of the school-girls, which I have never mentioned before this writing to any living soul. I did not even intimate it to the young lady herself, but rather built small castles, or very diminutive houses in the air, wherein I dwelt in fancy with her I fancied — I will not say adored. Such was the character of all the attachments or fancies I have subsequently had.

Another social turn of my ambition was at the High School, where I studied hard for one of a series of prizes. I obtained one, not the first of the series, but the first and last in my past life. I carried to this school and retained the character of a *good* boy, who had received in that term of the school no marks for tardiness or bad behavior. This virtue of punctuality I have since lost in College, principally in the Senior year, in which I received two private Admonitions for cutting prayers. In this respect, then, the boy was not father to the man; though I think this can be explained, when we consider that I was not tempted like other boys by their sports, and that I was carefully trained to punctuality at home.

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Tardiness is the natural result of an indolent disposition, and this I have always had. I had in my boyhood a violent temper; but I was not quarrelsome, nor did I ever cultivate pugnacious qualities. My indolence has since completely mastered my temper.

The story of Chauncey Wright's childhood, as written by himself in the Class Book, shows his quaint humor, trend of mind, and habit of analysis; it is therefore given almost intact.

His mother was Elizabeth Boleyn,¹ and he was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, on the twentieth of September, 1830.

The influence of his friend James Bradley Thayer led him to desire a College education. Together they attended the Northampton High School, where, under the wise tuition of David S. Sheldon (later Professor at Griswold College, Davenport, Iowa),² Chauncey developed mentally, and, taught by him to love and study the phenomena of Nature, acquired a taste for astronomy, of which, however, he afterward wearied. He was sent for four months to Williston Seminary, Easthampton, to prepare for College. At Harvard he soon showed his pre-eminence in all that pertained to the physical sciences, while Latin and Greek inspired him with real distress; but everyone realized that his was unusual ability.

He belonged to the Harvard Natural History and Rumford Societies, and was elected an Honorary Member of the Hasty Pudding Club after graduation. His part at Commencement was a Disquisition on "Ancient Geometry"; he was unable to deliver it on account of an accident which prevented his walking. The Class jack-knife³ was awarded him, a most unjust distinction, says his classmate Professor Thayer, although he had not then the fine presence and nobility of bearing which characterized his later years. In complying with the Class Secretary's request for a photograph, in 1865, he wrote

I send enclosed a photograph for the archives. It is not far from the truth, and is on the side of honesty. Of all our relatives, those from whom we can best endure flattery are our pictures, but I am of so honest a race that even my photograph won't lie, — at least in my favour.

¹ The name is also spelled Bullen.

² David Sylvester Sheldon, Middlebury, 1831.

³ Awarded to the homeliest man in the Class.

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He was so retiring and so little self-asserting that it was long before he was found out [wrote his chum Fisher]; we used to think he was irregular in his way of studying. But the fact is he was always studying without going through the usual forms and appearances of it. The commonest occasions and incidents always set him thinking and philosophizing. . . . He was always warmly welcomed wherever he came. The idea of ever seeing too much of Chauncey Wright never entered the head of anybody. If his host were occupied for the moment, Chauncey had a way of sitting quietly, musing, or reading what happened to be handy, always carrying away something from it. He never seemed tired or sleepy, except in the mornings about prayer time. Of course, it was well understood by the time we graduated that he had remarkable talents. When we left College, there was no one more respected or better liked. He was, I believe, literally without any unfriendly antagonisms of the slightest kind. His gentleness, good humor, kindness, self-forgetfulness, were as universally recognized as his thinking power.

Another classmate, Cheever, thus recalls him:

He was one of the most charming and genial of companions, and of wonderful conversational powers; this was mostly in the form of philosophical or speculative soliloquy. Many nights we spent listening to him until one or two in the morning. We planned to start him by irritative or skeptical remarks; and he would run like a good clock. He was, in talk, like what we read of Coleridge, De Quincy and Hamilton. He was shy as a hermit crab; and the entrance of one not in the set would send him to his hole for the rest of the evening.

Addison Brown said of him:

Whatever he said or did, it seemed but the surface only of a great deep beyond. It was the sense of reserved power in him which gave one the idea of greatness. His gentleness and sweetness of nature seem to me almost unexampled; I never saw even a ruffle in the great sea of his placidity and goodness.

We have given here the pictures of him in his College days, because he retained through life the characteristics therein described.

Immediately after graduation he accepted the position of Computer at the Nautical Almanac Office in Cambridge; the work, tedious but easy, suited his somewhat irregular hours, and he eked out his slender salary by sending scientific ar-

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ticles to the *New York Evening Post*, *The Nation* and the *North American Review*. Although, as he wrote to Fisher, "Holworthy was the scene of Eden from which too much knowledge forced us to part," he found compensation in the many friends who still surrounded him. Until 1861 he boarded with Mrs. Lyman, formerly of Northampton, who had been instrumental in persuading Mr. Wright to send Chauncey to college. By his tender care during the last years of her life he repaid her early interest, and his friendship with her daughter, Mrs. Lesley, and affection for her little girls, were among the brightest spots in his life. On the children, indeed, he lavished the love which found no other vent in a childless bachelor, and their father, Dr. Lesley, writes:

One of my pleasantest recollections of Chauncey is of his habit of carrying my daughter Mary in his arms around the garden of Mrs. Lyman's house in Cambridge. She was never so happy as when he held her. Their mutual attachment was beautiful to see. His heart was of pure gold. His generosity to the young, the weak, and the aged, bore the stamp of a refined nobility. He was in truth one of Nature's noblemen, incapable of a meanness, unselfish, passionately fond of pure and true people, and holding himself aloof from those who fell below that standard. He vouchsafed his friendship to few, but from those he withheld nothing.

This is not the place for an analysis of Wright's intellect and ability.¹ Receptive rather than productive, he nevertheless contributed many papers to *The Nation*, and an article on "The Winds and the Weather" to the *Atlantic Monthly*, whose editor, Francis Ellingwood Abbot (H. C. 1859) was long his correspondent; he read papers also before his Club in Cambridge. In 1872 he made his only visit to Europe, meeting his Cambridge friends, the Norton family, in Paris, and passing a night with Darwin, who had previously written to thank him for his article on "Evolution by Natural Selection," which he had sent him.

For several winters Wright taught philosophy in Professor Agassiz's school, which he greatly enjoyed; in 1870 he was asked to deliver a course of lectures on Psychology before the University, but he found it difficult to descend to the level of his hearers, and was not especially successful as a teacher

¹ See Letters of Chauncey Wright, pp. 374-383.

in the course which he gave in Theoretical Physics, although Gurney said that he remembered "his examination papers as models of what such papers should be."

Miss Catharine Lathrop Howard, who with her sisters conducted a school for girls at Springfield, wrote that she always recalled his

sweetest courtesy in explaining often very abstruse or scientific matters . . . He often went to Northampton to spend Thanksgiving, and always came here to tea on his way back, with the faithfulness which marked his friendships; and we were in the habit of storing up difficult questions which came up in our classes for Mr. Wright's annual visit. The late train to Boston left Springfield at two o'clock in the night! and you know how oblivious he was of the lapse of time . . . We often felt shivers of sleepiness, but Mr. Wright would seem unconscious of everything and placidly say, as he rose to go in the small hours, "I see you keep the same late hours you always did."

With the "inexorable years" a great loneliness descended upon Chauncey Wright, for in the companionship of his friends he seemed to live and have his being, and as they married, and scattered beyond his daily reach, they carried with them his life's happiness. The Heavenly portents, which he wrote in the Class Book prescribed for him an equable temperament, might also have foretold that his passage through life was to be solitary, unsoled by the love of home and children, which to one of his affectionate nature would have brought fullness of joy, and left no room for the craving which was begotten of his loneliness.

In 1875, Wright's friend, Professor Winlock, died. In *The Nation* of 17 June, following, appeared a sketch of him by Wright. Three months later he was himself stricken down, dying suddenly in the night at his Cambridge lodgings on the twelfth of September, 1875.

His principal papers, with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton, were published in 1877 in a volume entitled "Philosophical Discussions," the appearance of which called forth an essay from John Fiske,¹ wherein he writes:

The sudden and untimely death of Mr. Chauncey Wright . . . was an irreparable loss not only to the friends whose privilege it

¹ Chauncey Wright. In "Darwinism and Other Essays," 1879.

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had been to know so wise and amiable a man, but to the interests of sound philosophy in general . . . None save the friends who knew the rich treasures of his mind as shown in familiar conversation are likely to realize how great is the loss which philosophy has sustained in his death . . .

I never knew an educated man who set so little store by mere reading, except Mr. Herbert Spencer; but, like Mr. Spencer, whom he resembled in little else, Mr. Wright had an incomprehensible way of absorbing all sorts of knowledge, great and small, until the number of diverse subjects on which he could instruct even trained specialists was quite surprising. There were but few topics on which he had not some acute suggestion to offer; and with regard to matters of which he was absolutely ignorant — such as music — his general good sense and his lack of impulsiveness prevented his ever talking foolishly.

This lack of impulsiveness, a kind of physical and intellectual inertness, counted for a great deal both in his excellences and in his shortcomings. His movements were slow and ponderous, his mild blue eye never lighted with any other expression than placid good humour, and his voice never varied its gentle monotony. His absolute freedom from egotism made him slow to take offence, and among the many accidents of controversy there was none which could avail to ruffle him. The patient deference with which he would answer the silly remarks of stupid or conceited people was as extraordinary as the untiring interest with which he would seek to make things plain to the least cultivated intelligence. This kind of patient interest, joined with his sweetness of disposition and winning simplicity of manner, made him a great favourite with children. He would amuse and instruct them by the hour together with games and stories and conjuror's tricks, in which he had acquired no mean proficiency . . .

In his freedom from all kinds of extra-rational solicitation Mr. Wright most completely realized the ideal of the positive philosopher. His positivism was an affair of temperament as much as of conviction; and he illustrates afresh the profound truth of Goethe's remark that a man's philosophy is but the expression of his personality. In his simplicity of life, serenity of mood, and freedom from mental or material wants, he well exemplified the principles and practice of Epikuros; and he died as peacefully as he had lived, — on a summer's night, sitting at his desk with his papers before him . . . To have known such a man is an experience one cannot forget or outlive. To have had him pass away, leaving so scanty a record of what he had it in him to utter, is nothing less than a public calamity. (pp. 78-80, 106-109)

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In 1878 appeared "The Letters of Chauncey Wright, With Some Account of his Life" by James Bradley Thayer.

Wright was elected an Honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa in 1858; and he was a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In 1884 a scholarship of \$500, to be called the Chauncey Wright Fund, was given anonymously for the encouragement of Mathematics.

The foregoing sketch has been largely plagiarized from Thayer's delightful "Letters of Chauncey Wright," already referred to.

SKETCHES
OF THE
TEMPORARY MEMBERS

CODDINGTON BILLINGS FARNSWORTH

BILLINGS FARNSWORTH, as his name was given at the time of his admission to Harvard, was the son of Dr. Ralph (H. C. 1821) and Eunice (Billings) Farnsworth, and was born on the ninth of September, 1829 at Norwich, Connecticut. In 1848, when his son entered College, Dr. Farnsworth was living temporarily in Buffalo, New York, where he was interested in the shipping business of the lakes, in addition to his professional practice.

Billings left Cambridge in July, 1849, and settling in New York, became for a time the selling agent for the manufacturing firm of Fitch and Company, where he acquitted himself successfully, remaining until 1867; in that year he returned to the family home at Norwich, and began to study Medicine. After attending lectures at the Medical Department at Yale, and being there licenced to practice, he established himself in Norwich, and followed his profession for some years. Dr. Farnsworth married on the sixth of March, 1878, Carrie E. George; she died 10 June, 1879; they had no children.

Frank and outspoken, a strong Republican, he was a loyal friend, upright, and generous to those in need. Financial reverses, caused by unsuccessful speculations, overtook him in his old age, so overwhelming him that he died by his own hand on the fifth of May, 1897.¹

ROBERT ROLLINS FOWLE

ROBERT ROLLINS FOWLE was the son of William Holmes (H. C. 1826) and Esther De Sheill (Taylor) Fowle of Alexandria, Virginia, and was born on the twentieth of March, 1832. He prepared for College at the School of Stephen Minot Weld (H. C. 1826) in Jamaica Plain.

Fowle belonged to the Harvard Odd Fellows Society, but his stay at Cambridge ended in November, 1850.

About 1855, he went to Mexico on a prospecting tour, and after his return to Alexandria, his father gave him a farm in Fairfax County, Virginia, where he lived until the outbreak of the War. Enlisting in the Regiment of Alexandria Rifles, he

¹ Many of the facts concerning Dr. Farnsworth are taken from the Obituary Notice in the *Norwich Evening Record* of 6 May, 1897.

served in the Confederate Army, during the four years of conflict, marrying, on the tenth of October, 1861, Barbara Ward Saunders, daughter of Dr. Addison Hunton and Ellen (Moore) Saunders. The remainder of his life, after the war, was passed at his estate in Fairfax County, where he died on the eighth of March, 1872. Mrs. Fowle survives him, with their two children, George Fowle, born 20 July, 1867, and Ellen Moore Fowle, born 2 September, 1869, now the wife of William Campbell, Esquire.

WILLIAM BOYNTON GALE

THE son of John and Harriet (Boynton) Gale, William Boynton Gale was born on the eighth of August, 1829, in South Hampton, New Hampshire. He entered Harvard College as a Freshman in 1848, but left on the first of January, 1850, and studied Law in the office of Franklin Pierce and later with Judge Asa Fowler of Concord, New Hampshire, being admitted to the Bar in 1853. In July of that year, he opened an office at Marlborough, Massachusetts, removing thence to Boston in 1878. Mr. Gale was for many years one of a quartette of well-remembered practitioners at the Middlesex Bar, the other three being Benjamin F. Butler, Gustavus A. Somerby and Theodore H. Sweetser. He was in partnership with Mr. Somerby, and he was also associated with the late Walter Mason, forming other partnerships after Mr. Mason's death.

During his career as a criminal lawyer Mr. Gale was defendant in twenty-five capital cases, with great success, only two of his clients being hanged, and the majority acquitted. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that he was a convincing jury lawyer. During the last ten years of his life he devoted himself to Civil Law and was frequently consulted as advisory counsel.

He did admirable work for the Middlesex Law Library, building it up from a collection of a few volumes to one of the most complete and well selected Law Libraries in the country.

He was a prominent member of the Masonic Order both in Marlborough and in Boston.

An intimate friend of the late General Butler, they passed much time together on the yacht *America*.

Mr. Gale married first Anna Q. Gale, who was born 13 September, 1832 and died 7 December, 1879. His second wife

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was Cassandra, daughter of William and Catherine McKinney, born in Brooklyn, New York, 28 June, 1853; she died 29 November, 1891.

His son John P. Gale was admitted to the Middlesex Bar in February, 1881, and was for a time in partnership with his father, but moved to Seattle, Washington, about 1887: he died at Redlands, California, in May, 1893.

Gale died at the Hotel Vendôme, Boston, where he made his home, on December twenty-sixth, 1899.

JOHN HARDING

JOHN HARDING was born on the fifth of January, 1831, the son of General William Giles Harding. His grandfather, also John Harding, had purchased the farm on Harding Road, now known as Belle Meade, about five miles from Nashville, Tennessee, and there John Harding, 2nd, was born. He entered Harvard in 1850, but ill health obliged him to leave Cambridge in March, 1851, and his education was concluded at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

General Harding having presented his son with the beautiful estate known as the Belle Vue Farm, John Harding devoted himself to the breeding of thoroughbred horses.

He married (1) March twenty-eighth, 1853, Sophy W. Merritt of Lawrenceville, Virginia. She died in August, 1855, leaving one daughter, Sophie M., who became the wife of Granville S. Johnson; neither of whom is now living. Mr. Harding married (2), in December, 1856, Mrs. Margaret Murphy Owen of Mississippi; they had three children: William G. Harding, now of St. Louis; John Harding, Jr., of Nashville; and one daughter, who married Charles P. Curd of St. Louis, who has since died. Mr. Harding left several grandchildren, his namesake John Harding, 3rd, being at present (1918) a member of the Aviation Corps, U. S. A.

Mr. Harding belonged to the old type of Southern gentlemen, with the chivalry and hospitality which are the concomitants of the race.

A "welcome ever smiled" at his door, and he was never so happy as when entertaining his friends.

He died on the sixteenth of March, 1914, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Howell E. Jackson, West Meade Farm, near Nash-

ville, where he had lived for many years, and whence, in 1910, he sent greetings to his old classmates, in reply to a letter from the Harvard Directory Office.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HERR

GEORGE WASHINGTON HERR was the son of Major Warren and Sarah Pierce (Sloan) Herr, and was born at New Salem, Massachusetts, June twenty-second, 1829. He taught school for three years, beginning at the age of fifteen, and attended school himself at Quaboag Seminary, Warren Academy and Phillips Academy, Andover, graduating from the Williston Seminary, Easthampton, where he was Salutatorian in a class of twenty-eight.

He remained at College during the Freshman year only, leaving to join the Junior Class at the Law School in 1849: he was there for two years, and was one of the original members of the Story Association, although he did not take his degree until 1860. During the interim he studied in a lawyer's office at Greenfield, and was later student-clerk with the firm of Lincoln, Maynard and Chatfield of New York.

Being admitted to the Bar, he opened an office in 1860 at New Salem, but seeing a more promising prospect at Athol, removed there in 1863 and there practised Law for over thirty years. He was Commissioner of Insolvency for Franklin County for two terms, Chairman of the New Salem School Committee, and Moderator of the Town Meeting, later filling the same offices at Athol. He had extensive practice in the Department of the Interior at Washington and during the last years of his life devoted himself to pension claims practice.

On the outbreak of the war, Herr enlisted in the Twenty-third Massachusetts Regiment, but was refused enrolment on account of physical disability; he was, however, an associate member of the Hubbard V. Smith Post, G. A. R.

While living in Brooklyn, New York, in 1854, in conjunction with Charles G. Colby, Herr founded the Literary Bureau, and his interests were always of an historical and literary order. He prepared weekly historical articles on Athol for publication in 1876, and he contributed to Jewett's History of Worcester County the stories of Petersham, Dana, Athol, Royalston and Phillipston, writing a sketch on the Flora of Northern

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Worcester for *Picturesque Worcester*, and many other papers on kindred subjects. He lectured frequently before Lyceums and Schools, often accompanying his talks with diagrams and maps, and was in great demand as a public speaker. His wife, who shared his literary tastes, died about 1880; they had no children.

Feeling unwell, Mr. Horr determined to pass the night of October twenty-third, 1895, in his office, and was found the next morning by the janitor, having died from heart disease.

He was a member of the Harvard Law School Association, and the Worcester County Bar Association.

JOHN CLARK HOWARD

JOHN CLARK HOWARD was the son of Dr. John Clark Howard (H. C. 1825) and his wife Elizabeth Winslow Chase. His father was a well-known Boston physician, as had been *his* father of the same name (H. C. 1790).

Howard was born in Boston on the twenty-second of July, 1830 and entered College in the Freshman year. He remained there, however, only until March, 1850. Following in the footsteps of two generations, he began to study Medicine, but before completing his course, was attacked with consumption, and died in Boston on the twenty-first of December, 1852.

SAMUEL EDWIN IRESON

SAMUEL EDWIN IRESON was the son of Samuel Jenks and Sarah (Johnson) Ireson, and was born at Lynn on October twenty-second, 1830. He prepared for College at the Lynn Academy, of which Jacob Batchelder (Dartmouth College 1830) was then Principal, and entered Harvard in 1848 as Freshman. He remained there only until the end of the Sophomore year, leaving to study Law in the office of Hubbard and Story of Boston; but he regretted having given up a College education, and returning to Cambridge in October, 1852, became a member of the Class of 1853, and graduated with that Class.¹

In October, 1854, he was admitted to the Suffolk Bar and practised Law in Boston, while continuing to make his home in

¹ See sketch of Ireson in Report of the Class of 1853 (1913). Mrs. Ireson, who is still living, is therein said to have died in 1903.

Lynn. He was Assistant Clerk of the Boston Police Court in 1855, and in 1872 was appointed City Solicitor of Lynn, dying while in office on September seventh, 1875.

He married, 27 April, 1874, Ellen, daughter of Josiah Wheeler of Lynn, who survived him. They had no children.

SAMUEL PEARSE JENNISON

SAMUEL PEARSE JENNISON¹ was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, on the ninth of May, 1830, the son of James and Mary (Lamb) Jennison. During his short sojourn at Harvard, he was a member of the Iadma Debating Club, but he severed his connection with College at the beginning of the Sophomore year, in September, 1849, and betook himself to Concord, New Hampshire, where he was for two years Principal of the High School, reading Law meanwhile in the office of Judge Asa Fowler, and being admitted to the Bar in 1857.

Having decided to try his fortune in the West, he moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, in March of the same year, and engaged in teaching until the following year when assured legal prospects offered, and he became a partner of Judge David Cooper. Always interested in politics, Jennison took an active part in the canvass preceding 1857 and 1859, and in 1860 was appointed Private Secretary to Governor Ramsey.

Two years earlier, on the second of August, 1858, he married Lucia A. K. Wood, daughter of Amos and Louise (Wellington) Wood of Concord, New Hampshire, who was born 4 June, 1838.

On the outbreak of the war Jennison became Second Lieutenant of Company 2, Second Regiment of Minnesota Volunteers, serving in the Indian Country on the Minnesota River, and in all the Southern campaigns and battles, and being severely wounded on the second day of the battle of Nashville. He received the Brevet title of Brigadier General, United States Volunteers, and was mustered out in August, 1865.

Returning to St. Paul, he became Associate Editor of the *Daily Press*, but trouble from an old wound obliged him to

¹ His brother James Jennison of the Harvard Class of 1847 was successively Tutor, Instructor in Elocution, Registrar, and Librarian of the Divinity School. He was disrespectfully called "Bogey Jennison."

Harvard Class of 1852

give up the occupation, and for six months he acted as Manager of the celebrated Holmden Oil Company at Pithole, Pennsylvania. During 1867 and 1868 he was Private Secretary to Governor Marshall, and Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives, removing in 1869 to Red Wing, Minnesota, where he was proprietor of the Red Wing Printing Company, Secretary of State 1872 and 1873, and Private Secretary to Governor Hubbard from 1882 to 1887.

From Red Wing he again moved, in 1894, to Covina, Los Angeles County, California, and devoted himself to the raising of citrus fruit, dying at his home there on the thirtieth of November, 1909.

General Jennison had always loved music, and during his residence at St. Paul, was President of the Singing Society. Although he had been indisposed for a few days, his illness was supposed to be so slight, that Mrs. Jennison had gone out for a short time; in fact, only thirty minutes before the end, the neighbors heard him singing some of his favorite songs. Upon her return she

found him sitting dead in his chair with the song book from which he had been singing on the table beside him. The end had come peacefully and without a struggle, a beautiful passing of a man who had completed a great life's work.

His death

removed one of the most prominent figures in Covina, a man with a brilliant Civil War record, and until his removal to Covina, active in politics and journalism in Minnesota. As a lawyer, soldier, journalist, politician, statesman and finally a citrus fruit grower, General Jennison played an unusually important part in affairs until within a short time of his death. His last public appearance was as one of the principal speakers at the banquet given by the citrus growers of Southern California in Los Angeles in September.¹

A brave soldier and a man of great force of character, his ability as an editorial writer was widely recognized. One who was long associated with him on the *Red Wing Daily Republican* writes of the unbounded admiration and respect which he inspired, not only by his high ideals and entire lack of self-interest, but also by his breadth of knowledge, grasp of public

¹ From the *Covina Argus* of Saturday, 4 December, 1909.

affairs and linguistic accomplishment. "The training I received under his kind yet exacting tutorship has been invaluable to me in later life," he adds, and "There is no man I have met in active life for whose memory I have greater veneration."

General Jennison had four sons: James, born 26 January, 1860; Paul, born 24 February, 1868; Wellington, born 19 May, 1869, and Theodore, born 29 May, 1870. His two elder sons, with their mother, survived him.

LEWIS ELLIS JOSSELYN

LEWIS ELLIS JOSSELYN was the son of Lewis and Emeline (Ellis) Josselyn and was born in Boston on the sixth of June, 1831. He was prepared for College by John Brooks Felton (H. C. 1847), but left Harvard at the end of the Freshman year, influenced perhaps by the fact that his father, who had lived in Cambridge during the previous year, was then moving to Lynn.

Josselyn studied Law after severing his college connections and established himself in an office at No. 27 Court Street, Boston, residing meanwhile at Lynn.

On the thirty-first of March, 1855, he married Mary A. Ropes, daughter of Andrew Ropes of Salem. Abandoning the Law in favor of the theatre, Josselyn was at one time a member of an English Dramatic Company, and at the time of his death, he had been for some years a teacher of Elocution. A sufferer from phthisis, he died at his house in Boston on the ninth of September, 1865, leaving a widow and three daughters, Mary Elizabeth, born 1 February, 1855, Emeline Ellis, born 23 January, 1857, and Laura Janetta, born 23 February, 1859.¹

HENRY MOORE

HENRY MOORE was the son of Francis and Sarah (Cheever) Moore and was born in Brighton on the twenty-first of November, 1828.

He prepared for Harvard at Phillips Academy, Andover, and entered in the Freshman year, leaving at the beginning of the Sophomore year for Amherst College, where he graduated in 1852.

Soon after graduation, he removed to Houston, Texas,

¹ These names and dates are taken from the Petition for Guardianship (Suffolk Probate Files, No. 45,981).

Harvard Class of 1852

where he took charge of the Houston Academy, in the meantime studying Law. For six months he was Editor of the *Houston Daily Telegraph*, and he subsequently published Douglas's "Doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty" and an article entitled "Two Years of the South."

On returning to Lynn, in 1854, Mr. Moore became Headmaster of the Cobbet Grammar School, a position which he filled for twenty-five years. Careful, conscientious and painstaking as a teacher, the high standard of the School was largely due to his ability and methods, and many of Lynn's most successful citizens owe to him their early training. Mr. Moore was President of the Lynn School Teachers' Association and for two years President of the Essex County Teachers' Convention.

He married, 18 October, 1852, Eliza Ellen Rhodes, daughter of Trevett Mansfield Rhodes of Lynn. They had six children: Ida L., Henry (who spells his name Mohr), Frank T., Mary (married and living in Schenectady, New York), Annie L., for many years a teacher in Lynn, now the wife of an American physician residing at Alexandria, Egypt, and Frederick W., born about 1872.

Mr. Moore died on the twenty-ninth of March, 1879.

SAINT THOMAS JENIFER PHILLIPS

THE son of John P. Phillips Esq., Saint Thomas¹ was born at Warrenton, Virginia, on the fifteenth of July, 1832.

He prepared for college at the school of Mr. R. M. McNally of Baltimore, and entered Harvard in the Junior year. He remained at College but a short time, leaving in November, 1850. The following extract from the *Alexandria Gazette and Virginia Advertiser* of 11 July, 1856, tells the short story of his subsequent career. He was unmarried.

On Friday, the 4th day of July, at the residence of his father, near Warrenton, St. Thomas J. Philips, aged about twenty-four years. The deceased was the son of John P. Philips, Esq., a prominent member of the Warrenton bar, and had himself but recently entered upon the practice of law. Having for some time past suffered with ill

¹ One of the members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 was Daniel Jenifer of St. Thomas Parish, Maryland, whose custom it was always to sign himself Dan[iel] of St. Thomas Jenifer. See *Century Book for Young Americans* by Elbridge S. Brooks. He may have been an ancestor of Phillips.

health, his friends had observed in him an increasing despondency and depression of spirits, which while it was a source of regret, yet awakened no serious apprehension. The lamentable act which has closed his earthly existence, was doubtless the result of a temporary aberration of intellect, superinduced by physical disease. The deceased was a young man of sprightly mind, of a generous and social disposition, and of great personal popularity. He had enjoyed educational advantages of the highest order, and might have taken a prominent place in the arena of life. The melancholy character of his decease, has served to deepen the gloom, which the death of one so young, under any circumstances would have impressed upon the hearts of his numerous relatives and friends.

THOMAS RIGGS

THOMAS RIGGS was the son of Samuel and Margaret (Norris) Riggs, and was born in Baltimore on 7 December, 1831. He prepared for College under Samuel McNally, entering Harvard in the Sophomore year. He transferred himself to the Law School in 1850, but studied there for about two months only. On returning to Baltimore, he was for a time connected with the firm of Armistead and Company. For the last thirty-five years of his life, Riggs resided in Washington, where his father was one of the organizers of the Riggs National Banking Company.

He died in Washington, D. C., 7 August, 1920, in his eighty-ninth year.¹

Mr. Riggs married (1) Elizabeth Swan Kemp, daughter of Edward D. Kemp; they had two daughters, Nannie Kemp Riggs, born 31 July, 1858, and Margaretta Riggs, born 25 October, 1860. He married (2) Catharine W. Gilbert, daughter of Samuel C. Gilbert of Gilbertsville, New York; they have had two children, Catharine Gilbert Riggs, born 4 February, 1872, and Thomas Gilbert Riggs, born 17 October, 1873, now (1920) Governor of Alaska.

GUIGNARD SCOTT

GUIGNARD SCOTT was the eldest son of John Alexander and Sarah Slam (Guignard) Scott, and was born at Woodville, Mississippi, on the fourth of March, 1828.²

¹ An obituary notice is in the *Washington Post* of 9 August, 1920, p. 7/2.

² This date is taken from the Admission Book, but Scott's sister, Mrs. Lee, gives the date of his birth as 18 March, 1829.

Harvard Class of 1852

His grandfather, Abram M. Scott, originally of South Carolina, was the sixth Governor of Mississippi, dying in office in 1833.

Guignard entered Harvard with the Freshman Class, having fitted for College at Mr. Weld's school in Jamaica Plain. A Detur was awarded him in the Sophomore year and he was a member of the Harvard Lodge of Odd Fellows and of the Institute of 1770, remaining at Cambridge through part of the Junior year. We are unable to fix the exact date of his departure. His father meanwhile had removed, after the death of his wife, to Scotland Plantation near Greenville, Mississippi, where he died in the Autumn of 1852.

Guignard having previously studied Law for a time at Columbia, South Carolina, then assumed the care of the Greenville estate, taking charge of the interests of his brothers and sisters.

He volunteered immediately on the outbreak of the Civil War, enlisting with his two brothers, in the Southern Army. He was in Company D of the Twenty-Eighth Mississippi Cavalry, Colonel Starke, in General Armstrong's Brigade, and was killed in action in Giles County, Tennessee, on the twenty-fourth of November, 1864. He was unmarried.

Scott is still remembered by his classmate Dr. Oliver, and also by Dr. Samuel Abbott Green of 1851; and his sister, Mrs. Lee, writes us that his friends always spoke of him in the highest terms, one of them especially, Dr. Samuel Dunn of Greenville, who loved to tell her own little daughter that "her uncle Guignard was the noblest man he ever knew."

Scott was fond of reading, and was a lover of hunting and fishing.

CHARLES HENRY STICKNEY

CHARLES HENRY STICKNEY was the son of Jeremiah Chaplin (H. C. 1824) and Ann (Frazier) Stickney of Salem, Massachusetts, and was born 29 September, 1830. He entered Harvard College with the Freshman Class in 1848, but left in June of the following year.

He studied Law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1853, having married, 29 September, 1852, Susan M. Austin, daughter of Abner and Elizabeth (Wicks) Austin of Lynn, who was descended from the first white baby born in Lynn.

Mr. Stickney was a Justice of the Peace, and Commissioner for New York and Wisconsin.

In 1862 he entered the Army as Sergeant in Company F, Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and was later transferred to the Commissary Department.

He was a member of G. A. R. Post No. 5 (General Lander Post) of Lynn.

On returning from the War, Mr. Stickney resumed his profession, which consisted chiefly of Court practice.

He had five children: Anne Elizabeth, born 10 March, 1853, now Mrs. Orrin P. Graves of Lynn; Frederick Austin, born 14 October, 1855; Charles Henry, Jr., born 5 July, 1857, died 6 January, 1860; Frank Chaplin and Alice Martin, twins, born 17 December, 1861, of whom Alice died in infancy.

Mr. Stickney died on the tenth of June, 1900, his wife on the twenty-seventh of July, 1914.

HENRY STONE

ALTHOUGH Henry Stone was with the Class during the Freshman year only, he made so warm a place for himself in the affection of his classmates that he was always looked upon as one of themselves.

The son of the Reverend Thomas Treadwell¹ and Laura (Poor) Stone of Bolton, Massachusetts, he was born in Andover, Maine, on the seventeenth of August, 1830. It is not known why he decided to leave Harvard, but he finished his collegiate course and graduated at Bowdoin in 1852; from the programme of the Commencement Ball of 1852, which was preserved among the papers of a classmate, we learn that he enjoyed the distinction of being one of the managers on the occasion.

Stone's uncle, John Alfred Poor² of Portland, controlled the newspaper there published, called *The State of Maine*, a sheet largely devoted to the railway interests and commercial growth of the City, and for a time his nephew acted as its Editor, moving later to New York, where he was connected with the *Evening Post*.

¹ Bowdoin College 1820. He was for many years the oldest living graduate of Bowdoin.

² Bowdoin College 1845.

Harvard Class of 1852

Having taken the course at the Harvard Divinity School, Stone graduated from there in 1860, but his ministerial labors were confined to preaching several times in Massachusetts towns and to a settlement of a few months at Fond du Lac, Michigan, for on August twenty-second, 1861, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, First Wisconsin Volunteers, and being assigned to the Army of the Ohio, was ordered to Kentucky; after many battles and after serving on the staff of Major General G. H. Thomas, Department of the Cumberland, he was finally mustered out, 26 December, 1865, with the Brevet title of Colonel, United States Volunteers "for faithful and meritorious service during the war."

Having acted as Chief Police Commissioner at Nashville, Tennessee, and Acting Chief of the Census Bureau at Washington, Colonel Stone was for many years in charge of Poor's Manual of Railroads in New York.

Coming to Boston in 1881, he was one of the State Board of Lunacy and Charity from 1889 to 1894, and when he resigned he was appointed Superintendent of Out-door Relief on the same Board, having also been nominated, in 1891, by Governor Russell as Police Commissioner.

Colonel Stone was twice married, first, on August twenty-first, 1874, to Garaphelia B. Howard, daughter of Amasa and Sally Howard, of West Bridgewater, who died in Boston, 19 September, 1881; and second, 22 October, 1882, to Mrs. Cara E. Whiton, daughter of James and Mary Hanscom of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who survived him. He had no children.

He died on January eighteenth, 1896, in Boston.

The foregoing brief statement of facts fails to convey any idea of Colonel Stone's charm of personality and decided literary ability. He contributed often to magazines, publishing in the *Atlantic* of October, 1891, an able and appreciative article upon General Thomas. He wrote for the Loyal Legion tributes to General Sherman, Captain Shurtleff and Major General Corse. In 1892 he issued in collected form the many wise and witty sayings of James Russell Lowell while our Ambassador to Great Britain. As one of his Loyal Legion Companions said of him, "His was a fascinating personality and his literary instincts would have made him notable if he had only had incentive." During his service as Adjutant-

General on General Thomas's staff he was always ready "to tackle any subject that nobody knew how to handle, and the Army tributes to him are very tender and appreciative." Colonel Stone was an agreeable lecturer and in May, 1893, addressed the Vermont Commandery of the Loyal Legion, on presenting a banner and three colours from the Massachusetts Commandery.

Genial, tender, loyal, upright, Henry Stone was truly loved by the friends who knew him best.

He was a member of the Examiner Club, of the Loyal Legion, of the Massachusetts Military Historical Society, and of the Harvard Musical Association. He was also one of the original members of the '52 Dining Club, resigning therefrom some years before his death.

RUSSELL STURGIS

RUSSELL STURGIS was the son of Russell (H. C. 1823) and Mary Greene (Hubbard) Sturgis, and was born in Boston October third, 1831. Leaving College in the Freshman year, he was at an institution in Maine for a short time.

He volunteered on the outbreak of the war, and was First Lieutenant of the Corps of Cadets on duty at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, in September, 1862, being appointed the first Captain of the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment; he was raised, in October, to the rank of Major. He served with the Regiment in North Carolina, and took part in the Battle of Bachelor's Creek. He was mustered out in July, 1863.

Sturgis was for a few years in business at Manila and Shanghai, and for a short time in Boston as well, but he retired early from active life, and during his later years devoted himself to the interests of the Episcopal Church, and the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston.

Mr. Sturgis married (1) 10 January, 1856, Susan Welles, who died 12 December, 1862; he married (2) 29 May, 1866, Margaret McCulloch, who survived him. His children were: Russell, born 16 December, 1856; Susan Welles, born 11 July, 1858; Richard Clipston, born 24 December, 1860; William Codman, born 15 November, 1862; Sullivan Warren and Edward, twins, born 24 April, 1868; James McCulloch, born 13 November,

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1872, and Lucy Codman, born 11 February, 1876. His six sons all graduated from Harvard.

Mr. Sturgis died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the fourteenth of October, 1899. He was always regarded by the Class of '52 as one of themselves, and attended many of the anniversary celebrations.

REUBEN TOWER, JUNIOR

THE youngest of the seven sons¹ of Reuben and Deborah Taylor (Pearce) Tower, Reuben Tower, Jr., was born at the Tower Homestead in the village of Waterville, Oneida County, New York, on June seventeenth, 1829.

Fitting for College at the Oxford Academy, Oxford, New York, and at Phillips Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire, he entered Harvard in 1848, but was obliged to leave in his Sophomore year on account of illness. Mr. Tower devoted himself thenceforth to farming and the raising of blooded horses, and was for eight years Supervisor of the town of Sangerfield; he was also President of the Village. He was a lifelong Democrat.

Near the main street of the Village he erected for his residence and office a building one hundred feet long and fifteen feet high, and finished inside in paneled oak. At one end is a tower running up one hundred feet, wherein are installed a clock and chime of ten bells.² A bachelor, Mr. Tower here made his home, dying on August twenty-ninth, 1899.

¹ The other sons of Reuben Tower, Sr., who were at Harvard were De Witt Clinton Tower (1842) and James Monroe Tower, a Temporary Member of the Class of 1844.

² At his death the building was bought by the Sangerfield Lodge of Freemasons. Mr. Tower himself was not a member of the Masonic Order.

THE FACULTY AND PARIETAL
COMMITTEE

THE COLLEGE FACULTY

1848-1849

Hon. Edward Everett, LL.D., <i>President.</i>	Benjamin Peirce, LL.D. Joseph Lovering, A.M.
Edward Tyrrel Channing, LL.D.	Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, A.M.
Rev. James Walker, D.D.	Shattuck Hartwell, A.M.
Charles Beck, P.D.	Philip Howes Sears, A.M.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, A.M.	Francis James Child, A.B.
Cornelius Conway Felton, LL.D.	

THE COLLEGE FACULTY

1849-1850

Jared Sparks, LL.D., <i>President.</i>	Benjamin Peirce, LL.D.
Edward Tyrrel Channing, LL.D.	Joseph Lovering, A.M.
Rev. James Walker, D.D.	Shattuck Hartwell, A.M.
Charles Beck, P.D.	Francis James Child, A.M.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, A.M.	John Brooks Felton, A.B.
Cornelius Conway Felton, LL.D.	Josiah Parsons Cooke, A.B.

PARIETAL COMMITTEE

Shattuck Hartwell, A.M., <i>Chairman.</i>	Nathaniel Hooper, A.M. Robert Wheaton, A.B.
Henry Augustinus Johnson, A.M.	John Brooks Felton, A.B.
Charles Adams Whitcomb, A.B.	Francis Marion Tower, A.B.
Francis James Child, A.M.	Josiah Parsons Cooke, A.B.

Harvard Class of 1852

THE COLLEGE FACULTY

1850-1851

Jared Sparks, LL.D., <i>President.</i>	Joseph Lovering, A.M.
Edward Tyrrel Channing, LL.D.	Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, A.M.
Rev. James Walker, D.D.	Charles Lowe, A.M.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, A.M.	John Marshall Marsters, A.B.
Cornelius Conway Felton, LL.D.	Thomas Chase, A.B.
Benjamin Peirce, LL.D.	Josiah Parsons Cooke, A.B.
Francis Bowen, A.M.	

PARIETAL COMMITTEE

Thomas Chase, A.B., <i>Chairman.</i>	Charles Lowe, A.M.
Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, A.M.	John Marshall Marsters, A.B.
Nathaniel Hooper, A.M.	Francis Marion Tower, A.M.
Robert Wheaton, A.B.	Josiah Parsons Cooke, A.B.
	Thomas Dwight Howard, A.B.

THE COLLEGE FACULTY

1851-1852

Jared Sparks, LL.D., <i>President.</i>	Francis James Child, A.M.
Rev. James Walker, D.D.	George Martin Lane, P.D.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, A.M.	James Jennison, A.M.
Cornelius Conway Felton, LL.D.	Charles Lowe, A.M.
Benjamin Peirce, LL.D.	Thomas Chase, A.M.
Joseph Lovering, A.M.	Josiah Parsons Cooke, A.M.
Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, A.M.	Charles Francis Choate, A.B.

PARIETAL COMMITTEE

Thomas Chase, A.M., <i>Chairman.</i>	Charles Lowe, A.M.
Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, A.M.	Francis Marion Tower, A.M.
Francis James Child, A.M.	Josiah Parsons Cooke, A.M.
Nathaniel Hooper, A.M.	Charles Francis Choate, A.B.
James Jennison, A.M.	James Pierce, A.B.

THE CLASS AS UNDERGRADUATES

FRESHMEN¹

1848-1849

<i>Names</i>	<i>Residences</i>	<i>Rooms</i> ²
Alger, Horatio	Marlborough	H'y 18
Arnold, Howard Payson	Cambridge	Mr. Arnold's
Bonney, Charles Thomas	Rochester	Mr. Fernald's
Bradlee, Caleb Davis	Boston	Mrs. Pratt's
Brooks, Peter Chardon	Boston	Misses Jenkins's
Brown, Henry William	Worcester	D. 8
Buttrick, Edward King	Cambridge	St. 31
Cary, George Lovell	Medway	H'y 18
Chase, Reginald Heber	Cambridge	Rev. M. B. Chase's
Cheever, David Williams	Portsmouth, N. H.	St. 17
Choate, Joseph Hodges	Salem	H'y 9
Choate, William Gardner	Salem	H'y 9
Cook, Alfred Wellington	Cambridge	H. 17
Coolidge, Horace Hopkins	Boston	Mr. Edwards's
Crowley, John Aloysius Colman	Boston	Mr. Alden's
Curtis, Thomas James	Boston	M. 32
Denny, Henry Gardner	Boston	Mrs. S. Everett's
Dwight, John	Springfield	H. 18
Farnsworth, Billings	Buffalo, N. Y.	Mrs. Riddell's
Fisher, George Huntington	Oswego, N. Y.	H. 17
Fowle, Robert Rollins	Alexandria, Va.	St. 17
Gale, William Boynton	South Hampton, N. H.	H. 4.
Gurney, Ephraim Whitman	Boston	Mr. F. Chapman's
Haven, Samuel Foster	Worcester	H'y 1
Head, George Edward	Boston	Miss Dana's
Hilliard, Francis William	Roxbury	H'y 1
Horr, George Washington	New Salem	Mr. W. Brown's
Howe, Francis Saltonstall	Haverhill	D. 10
Huntington, James	St. Albans, Vt.	Mr. I. Sands's
Hurd, Francis William	Charlestown	Misses Upham's
Hurd, Samuel Hutchins	Charlestown	Mrs. Pratt's
Ireson, Samuel Edwin	Lynn	H. 2
Jennison, Samuel Pearce	Southbridge	H. 4
Josselyn, Lewis Ellis	Cambridge	Mr. Josselyn's
Kimball, Jerome Bonaparte	Blackstone	Mr. Fernald's
King, Benjamin Flint	Danvers	H. 2
Moore, Henry	Lynn	Mr. Fernald's

¹ This and the three following Lists of the Class are taken from the Catalogues of the Officers and Students of Harvard College for the Academical Years 1848-49, 1849-50, 1850-51 and 1851-52, in which there are some inaccuracies in spelling.

² ABBREVIATIONS.

D	Divinity Hall	H'y	Holworthy Hall
G or Gr. H	Graduates' Hall	M	Massachusetts Hall
H	Hollis Hall	S or St.	Stoughton Hall

Harvard Class of 1852

<i>Names</i>	<i>Residences</i>	<i>Rooms</i>
Norris, George Walton [<i>sic</i>]	Boston	Mr. Kendall's
Oliver, Henry Kemble	Lawrence	St. 18
Page, Calvin Gates	Boston	H. 14
Peabody, George Augustus	Salem	Mr. Saunders's
Perry, John Taylor	Exeter, N. H.	H. 3
Phipps, William Henry	Dorchester	Mr. Fernald's
Porter, Josiah	Cambridge	Mr. Fernald's
Pratt, Edward Ellerton	Boston	Mr. Thurston's
Quincy, Samuel Miller	Boston	Mr. Upham's
Richardson, Horace	Boston	H. 14
Scott, Guignard	Woodville, Miss.	Mr. Fernald's
Sears, Knyvett Winthrop	Boston	Mr. E. A. Chapman's
Silsbee, Nathaniel Devereux	Salem	Mrs. Gurney's
Sohier, George Brimmer	Boston	Mrs. Willard's
Sprague, Joseph White	Salem	H. 30
Stedman, Charles Ellery	Boston	Miss Dana's
Stickney, Austin	Roxbury	Mr. Wood's
Stickney, Charles Henry	Lynn	M. 13
Stone, Henry	Salem	St. 3
Sturgis, Russell	Boston	Mr. R. Morse's
Swift, Elijah	Falmouth	Mr. Fernald's
Thaxter, Adam Wallace	Boston	Mr. Whittemore's
Thayer, James Bradley	Northampton	M. 26
Thomas, Gorham	Cambridge	Dr. Thomas's
Thorndike, Samuel Lothrop	Beverly	Mrs. Gurney's
Tower, Reuben	Sangerfield, N. Y.	Mr. J. Wyeth's, Sen.
Upham, Charles Wentworth	Salem	St. 3
Ware, Darwin Erastus	Salem	St. 18
Ware, Robert	Cambridge	Dr. Ware's
Ware, William Robert	Milton	D. 14
Wheeler, William Fiske	Worcester	D. 8
Whittemore, Horatio Hancock Fiske	West Cambridge	D. 7
Willard, Sidney	Boston	Mr. Kendall's
Williamson, William Cross	Belfast, Me.	H. 5
Wright, Chauncey	Northampton	M. 25

SOPHOMORES

1849-1850

Alger, Horatio	Marlborough	St. 5
Anderson, Elbert Ellery	New York, N. Y.	Mrs. Jenkins's
Arnold, Howard Payson	Cambridge	Mr. Arnold's
Blake, John Ellis	Brattleboro, Vt.	Miss Dana's
Bonney, Charles Thomas	Rochester	Mr. F. L. Chapman's
Bradlee, Caleb Davis	Boston	Mr. W. Warland's
Brooks, Peter Chardon	Boston	Misses Jenkins's
Brown, Addison	Bradford	D. 5
Brown, Henry William	Worcester	M. 8
Buttrick, Edward King	Cambridge	M. 22
Cary, George Lovell	Medway	M. 24
Chase, Reginald Heber	Cambridge	Rev. M. B. Chase's
Cheever, David Williams	Portsmouth, N. H.	M. 29

Annals of the

<i>Names</i>	<i>Residences</i>	<i>Rooms</i>
Choate, Joseph Hodges	Salem	St. 13
Choate, William Gardner	Salem	St. 13
Collins, Josiah	Washington Co., N. C.	Misses Jenkins's
Cook, Alfred Wellington	Cambridge	M. 13
Coolidge, Horace Hopkins	Boston	M. 27
Dana, Charles Francis	Boston	Mr. Thurston's
Denny, Henry Gardner	Boston	Mrs. S. Everett's
Downes, Henry Hill	Charlestown	M. 15
Fisher, George Huntington	Oswego, N. Y.	M. 13
Gale, William Boynton	South Hampton, N. H.	H. 30
Gardiner, John Sylvester	Boston	Mrs. Gurney's
Greenwood, Augustus Goodwin	Boston	Mrs. Danforth's
Gurney, Ephraim Whitman	Boston	M. 16
Haven, Samuel Foster	Worcester	St. 16
Head, George Edward	Boston	H'y 8
Hilliard, Francis William	Roxbury	St. 16
Hooper, Sturgis	Boston	Misses Jenkins's
Howard, John Clarke [<i>sic</i>]	Boston	D. 3
Howe, Francis Saltonstall	Haverhill	M. 30
Huntington, James	St. Albans, Vt.	Mr. H. Sands's
Hurd, Francis William	Charlestown	Misses Upham's
Hurd, Samuel Hutchins	Charlestown	Misses Upham's
Ireson, Samuel Edwin	Lynn	H. 30
Jennison, Samuel Pearce	Southbridge	St. 5
Kimball, Jerome Bonaparte	Blackstone	H. 28
King, Benjamin Flint	Danvers	H. 28
Leverett, Frederic Percival	Prince William's, S. C.	D. 13
Neal, Edward Horatio	Newton L. Falls	St. 18
Norris, George Walton [<i>sic</i>]	Boston	H. 16
Oliver, Henry Kemble	Lawrence	St. 14
Page, Calvin Gates	Boston	H. 14
Peabody, George Augustus	Salem	Mr. Saunders's
Perry, John Taylor	Exeter, N. H.	M. 26
Phipps, William Henry	Dorchester	Mr. Fernald's
Porter, Josiah	Cambridge	Mr. Fernald's
Pratt, Edward Ellerton	Boston	Mr. Saunders's
Quincy, Samuel Miller	Boston	Mr. Upham's
Revere, Paul Joseph	Boston	Mr. Morse's
Richardson, Horace	Boston	H. 14
Riggs, Thomas	Baltimore, Md.	Mr. W. Warland's
Rodgers, Edwin Aldrich	Boston	H. 19
Scott, Guignard	Woodville, Miss.	M. 14
Sears, Knyvett Winthrop	Boston	Mr. E. A. Chapman's
Silsbee, Nathaniel Devereux	Salem	Misses Jenkins's
Sohier, George Brimmer	Boston	Mr. Saunders's
Sprague, Joseph White	Salem	M. 10
Stedman, Charles Ellery	Boston	H. 8
Stickney, Austin	Roxbury	Mr. Stickney's
Swift, Elijah	Falmouth	Mr. F. L. Chapman's
Thaxter, Adam Wallace	Boston	Mr. Fernald's
Thayer, James Bradley	Northampton	M. 7
Thomas, Gorham	Cambridge	Dr. Thomas's
Thorndike, Samuel Lothrop	Beverly	Mrs. Gurney's

Harvard Class of 1852

<i>Names</i>	<i>Residences</i>	<i>Rooms</i>
Upham, Charles Wentworth	Salem	Mr. T. J. Whittemore's
Vinal, Charles Carroll	Scituate	St. 18
Ware, Darwin Erastus	Salem	St. 14
Ware, Robert	Cambridge	H. 10
Ware, William Robert	Milton	St. 12
Waring, William Henry	Brooklyn, N. Y.	H. 19
Wheeler, William Fiske	Worcester	M. 8
Whittemore, Horatio Hancock Fiske	West Cambridge	St. 20
Willard, Sidney	Boston	M. 32
Williamson, William Cross	Belfast, Me.	H. 5
Wright, Chauncey	Northampton	M. 25

JUNIORS

1850-1851

Alger, Horatio	Marlborough	H. 29
Anderson, Elbert Ellery	New York, N. Y.	S. 23
Arnold, Howard Payson	Cambridge	Mr. Arnold's
Blake, John Ellis	Brattleboro, Vt.	H'y 13
Bonney, Charles Thomas	Rochester	S. 31
Bradlee, Caleb Davis	Boston	Mr. J. Warland's
Brooks, Peter Chardon	Boston	Mr. Saunders's
Brown, Addison	Bradford	H. 29
Brown, Henry William	Worcester	M. 8
Buttrick, Edward King	Cambridge	S. 12
Cary, George Lovell	Medway	M. 24
Chase, Reginald Heber	Cambridge	Rev. M. B. Chase's
Cheever, David Williams	Portsmouth, N. H.	M. 28
Choate, Joseph Hodges	Salem	H. 27
Choate, William Gardner	Salem	H. 27
Collins, Josiah	Washington Co., N. C.	Misses Jenkins's
Cook, Alfred Wellington	Cambridge	H. 24
Coolidge, Horace Hopkins	Boston	M. 11
Crowley, John Colman	Boston	Miss Dana's
Curtis, Thomas James	Boston	Mr. Morse's
Denny, Henry Gardner	Boston	M. 25
Downes, Henry Hill	Boston	S. 24
Dwight, John	Springfield	Miss Dana's
Fowle, Robert Rollins	Alexandria, Va.	Misses Upham's
Gardiner, John Sylvester	Boston	Mrs. Howe's
Greenwood, Augustus Goodwin	Boston	Mr. White's
Gurney, Ephraim Whitman	Boston	H. 24
Harding, John	Nashville, Tenn.	
Haven, Samuel Foster	Worcester	S. 28
Head, George Edward	Boston	H. 12
Hilliard, Francis William	Roxbury	S. 28
Hooper, Sturgis	Boston	Misses Jenkins's
Howe, Francis Saltonstall	Haverhill	S. 8
Huntington, James	St. Albans, Vt.	Mr. C. P. Thayer's
Hurd, Francis William	Charlestown	M. 13
Hurd, Samuel Hutchins	Charlestown	Misses Upham's
Jennison, Samuel Pearce	Southbridge	

Annals of the

<i>Names</i>	<i>Residences</i>	<i>Rooms</i>
Kimball, Jerome Bonaparte	Blackstone	Mr. Palmer's
King, Benjamin Flint	Danvers	Mrs. Stickney's
Leverett, Frederic Percival	Prince William's, S. C.	D. 13
Leverett, William Cole	Grafton	Mr. Grames's
McKim, William Duncan	Baltimore, Md.	Mr. J. Cutler's
Neal, Edward Horatio	Newton L. Falls	S. 9
Norris, George Walter	Boston	H. 28
Oliver, Henry Kemble	Lawrence	H. 23
Peabody, George Augustus	Salem	Mr. Saunders's
Perry, John Taylor	Exeter, N. H.	M. 26
Philips, St. Thomas Jenifer	Warrenton, Va.	Misses Upham's
Phipps, William Henry	Dorchester	S. 12
Porter, Josiah	Cambridge	S. 23
Quincy, Samuel Miller	Boston	Mr. Shedd's
Revere, Paul Joseph	Boston	Mr. Shedd's
Richardson, Horace	Boston	H. 8
Rodgers, Edwin Aldrich	Boston	H. 1
Scott, Guignard	Woodville, Miss.	Mr. Guyot's
Silsbee, Nathaniel Devereux	Salem	Mr. Saunders's
Sohier, George Brimmer	Boston	Mr. Saunders's
Sprague, Joseph White	Salem	H. 31
Stedman, Charles Ellery	Boston	H. 9
Stickney, Austin	Roxbury	Mrs. Stickney's
Swift, Elijah	Falmouth	S. 31
Thaxter, Adam Wallace	Boston	Mr. Fernald's
Thayer, James Bradley	Northampton	M. 31
Thomas, Gorham	Cambridge	Dr. Thomas's
Thorndike, Samuel Lothrop	Beverly	Mrs. Howe's
Trimble, David Churchill [<i>vic</i>]	Baltimore, Md.	Mr. Edwards's
Upham, Charles Wentworth	Salem	Mr. T. J. Whittemore's
Vinal, Charles Carroll	Scituate	S. 10
Ware, Darwin Erastus	Salem	H. 23
Ware, Robert	Cambridge	H. 9
Ware, William Robert	Milton	H'y 16
Waring, William Henry	Brooklyn, N. Y.	S. 27
Washburn, Andrew	W. Newton	S. 10
Wheeler, William Fiske	Worcester	M. 8
Whittemore, Horatio Hancock Fiske	West Cambridge	S. 9
Willard, Sidney	Boston	M. 12
Williamson, William Cross	Belfast, Me.	M. 22
Wright, Chauncey	Northampton	M. 28

SENIORS

1851-1852

Alger, Horatio	Marlborough	H'y 7
Anderson, Elbert Ellery	New York, N. Y.	Mrs. Humphrey's
Arnold, Howard Payson	Cambridge	Mr. Arnold's
Blake, John Ellis	Brattleboro, Vt.	H'y 12
Bonney, Charles Thomas	Rochester	H. 11
Bradlee, Caleb Davis	Boston	Mr. J. Warland's
Brooks, Peter Chardon	Boston	Mr. Saunders's

Harvard Class of 1852

<i>Names</i>	<i>Residences</i>	<i>Rooms</i>
Brown, Addison	Bradford	H'y 7
Brown, Henry William	Worcester	H'y 14
Buttrick, Edward King	Cambridge	H'y 17
Canfield, Charles Taylor	Ithaca, N. Y.	M. 14
Cary, George Lovell	Medway	S. 15
Chase, Reginald Heber	Cambridge	Rev. M. B. Chase's
Cheever, David Williams	Portsmouth, N. H.	M. 21
Choate, Joseph Hodges	Salem	H'y 21
Choate, William Gardner	Salem	H'y 21
Collins, Josiah	Scuppernong, N. C.	Misses Jenkins's
Cooke, Alfred Wellington	Cambridge	S. 11
Coolidge, Horace Hopkins	Boston	H'y 22
Crowley, John Colman	Boston	H'y 17
Curtis, Thomas James	Boston	Mr. Morse's
Dana, Charles Francis	Brandon, Vt.	H'y 22
Denny, Henry Gardner	Boston	M. 27
Downes, Henry Hill	Boston	H'y 8
Dwight, John	Springfield	H'y 8
Esté, William Miller	Cincinnati, Ohio	Mr. R. Torry's
Fisher, George Huntington	Oswego, N. Y.	H'y 15
Gray, Levi	Searsmont, Me.	S. 30
Greenwood, Augustus Goodwin	Boston	Mr. White's
Gurney, Ephraim Whitman	Boston	S. 11
Haven, Samuel Foster	Worcester	H'y 6
Head, George Edward	Boston	S. 25
Hill, James Seneca	Northampton.	S. 30
Hilliard, Francis William	Roxbury	H'y 6
Hooper, William Sturgis	Boston	Mr. W. Warland's
Horr, John Emory	Castleton, Vt.	Mr. Smith's
Howe, Francis Saltonstall	Haverhill	M. 7
Hurd, Francis William	Charlestown	H'y 13
Hurd, Samuel Hutchins	Charlestown	H'y 13
Kimball, Jerome Bonaparte	Blackstone	Mr. Palmer's
King, Benjamin Flint	Danvers	Mr. Lerner's
Leverett, Frederic Percival	Prince William's, S. C.	D. 13
Leverett, William Cole	Grafton	Miss Freeman's
McKim, William Duncan	Baltimore, Md.	Mr. Mansfield's
Neal, Edward Horatio	Newton L. Falls	H'y 5
Norris, George Walter	Boston	H'y 19
Oliver, Henry Kemble	Lawrence	H'y 2
Page, Calvin Gates	Boston	H'y 4
Peabody, George Augustus	Salem	Mr. Saunders's
Perry, John Taylor	Exeter, N. H.	H. 25
Phipps, William Henry	Dorchester	H'y 10
Porter, Josiah	Cambridge	H'y 10
Pratt, Edward Ellerton	Boston	Mr. Guthrie's
Quincy, Samuel Miller	Boston	H'y 12
Revere, Paul Joseph	Boston	Mrs. Shedd's
Richardson, Horace	Boston	H'y 4
Rodgers, Edwin Aldrich	Wells River, Vt.	H. 25
Sears, Knyvett Winthrop	Boston	Mr. W. Warland's
Silsbee, Nathaniel Devereux	Salem	Mr. Saunders's
Sohier, George Brimmer	Boston	Mr. Saunders's

Annals of the

<i>Names</i>	<i>Residences</i>	<i>Rooms</i>
Sprague, Joseph White	Salem	M. 9
Stedman, Charles Ellery	Boston	H'y 23
Stickney, Austin	Cambridge	Mrs. Stickney's
Swift, Elijah	Falmouth	H. 11
Thaxter, Adam Wallace	Boston	Mr. Fernald's
Thayer, James Bradley	Northampton.	H'y 24
Thomas, Gorham	Cambridge	Dr. Thomas's
Thorndike, Samuel Lothrop	Beverly	Mrs. Howe's
Trimble, David Churchman	Baltimore, Md.	Mr. Brown's
Upham, Charles Wentworth	Salem	Misses Upham's
Vinal, Charles Carroll	Scituate	H. 30
Ware, Darwin Erastus	Salem	H'y 16
Ware, Robert	Boston	H'y 23
Ware, William Robert	Milton	H'y 16
Waring, William Henry	Brooklyn, N. Y.	H'y 19
Washburn, Andrew	Auburndale, Newton	S. 15
Wheeler, William Fiske	Worcester	H'y 14
Whittemore, Horatio Hancock Fiske	West Cambridge	H'y 5
Willard, Sidney	Boston	M. 11
Williamson, William Cross	Belfast, Me.	H'y 24
Wright, Chauncey	Northampton.	H'y 15

MEN WHO JOINED THE CLASS AFTER THE FRESHMAN YEAR

NAMES OF THOSE WHO ENTERED THE CLASS IN THE SOPHOMORE YEAR, 1849-1850

Anderson, Elbert Ellery	Hooper, Sturgis
Blake, John Ellis	Howard, John Clark
Bonney, Charles Thomas	Leverett, Frederic Percival
Brown, Addison	Neal, Edward Horatio
Collins, Josiah	Revere, Paul Joseph
Dana, Charles Francis	Riggs, Thomas
Downes, Henry Hill	Rodgers, Edwin Aldrich
Gardiner, John Sylvester	Vinal, Charles Carroll
Greenwood, Augustus Goodwin	Waring, William Henry

NAMES OF THOSE WHO ENTERED THE CLASS IN THE JUNIOR YEAR, 1850-1851

Curtis, Thomas James	McKim, William Duncan
Fowle, Robert Rollins	Phillips, St. Thomas Jenifer
Harding, John	Trimble, David Churchman
Leverett, William Cole	Washburn, Andrew

NAMES OF THOSE WHO ENTERED THE CLASS IN THE SENIOR YEAR, 1851-1852¹

Esté, William Miller	Horr, John Emory
Fay, Edwin Hedge	Spencer, Almon
Gray, Levi	Wallace, John Singer
Gregory, Edwin Smith	Williams, Russell Mortimer
Hill, James Seneca	

Number of the Freshman Class . . .	72
Number of the Sophomore Class . . .	77
Number of the Junior Class	78
Number of the Senior Class	88

¹ Fay entered Western Reserve College with the Junior Class to prepare for the examinations at Harvard whither he repaired in the Senior Year.

Gregory, Spencer and Williams had passed the three previous years at Western Reserve and came to Harvard in the second term of the Senior Year.

DETURS, PRIZES, EXHIBITIONS
AND MOCK PARTS

DETURS

Deturs were awarded in October of the Sophomore Year,
1849, to

Alger	Choate, W. G.	Kimball	Thomas
Arnold	Cooke	Norris	Thorndike
Bonney	Coolidge	Oliver	Ware, D. E.
Bradlee	Fisher	Peabody	Ware, R.
Brown, H. W.	Gurney	Richardson	Ware, W. R.
Cary	Head	Scott	Williamson
Chase	Hilliard	Stickney, A.	Stedman
Cheever	Howe	Swift	
Choate, J. H.	Huntington	Thayer	

and in November of the Junior Year, 1850, to

Brown, A. Collins.

BOYLSTON PRIZES FOR ELOCUTION

July, 1850

The *First Prize* was awarded to
D. E. Ware

July, 1851

First Prize: W. C. Williamson
Second Prize: A. W. Thaxter

BOWDOIN PRIZES

1851

DISSERTATION

First Prize: H. Alger
Second Prize: A. Brown

LATIN AND GREEK COMPOSITION

Latin Verse: R. H. Chase
Greek Prose: H. Alger

1852

DISSERTATION

First Prize: D. E. Ware
Second Prize: J. T. Perry

LATIN AND GREEK COMPOSITION

Latin Version: R. H. Chase
Greek Prose: H. Alger

Harvard Class of 1852

THE EXHIBITIONS

[Only the Parts assigned to the members of the Class of 1852 are here given; the others, corresponding to the missing numbers, were delivered by members of other Classes.]

HARVARD COLLEGE

ORDER


OF

PERFORMANCES

FOR

EXHIBITION

TUESDAY, OCT. 15, 1850

 The Performers will speak in the order of their names.

2. An English Version. From "The Agricola" of Tacitus.
HENRY WILLIAM BROWN, *Worcester.*
4. A Latin Dialogue. Captain Phobbs and Mr. Golightly. From Morton's Farce of "Lend Me Five Shillings."
SAMUEL LOTHROP THORNDIKE, *Beverly.*
WILLIAM ROBERT WARE, *Milton.*
7. A Greek Version. From Lacey's "Address in behalf of the Greeks."
HORATIO ALGER, *Marlborough.*
9. A Latin Version. From Mr. Palfrey's "Speech on the Territorial Government of California."
JAMES BRADLEY THAYER, *Northampton.*
11. A Greek Dialogue. Old Fickle and Tristram. From Allingham's Comedy of "The Weathercock."
WILLIAM GARDNER CHOATE, *Salem.*
DARWIN ERASTUS WARE, *Salem.*
13. A Greek Version. From a supposed Speech of Spartacus to the Gladiators of Capua.
DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER,¹ *Portsmouth, N. H.*

¹ Cheever's name is incorrectly given as "William" in the original Programme.

Annals of the

14. An English Version. From "The Oration of Lycurgus against Leocrates."

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, *Salem.*

16. An English Metrical Version. From Casimir Delavigne's "Trois Jours de Christophe Colomb."

FRANCIS WILLIAM HILLIARD, *Roxbury.*

18. A Latin Dialogue. Scapin and G eronte. From Moli re's "Fourberies de Scapin."

REGINALD HEBER CHASE, *Cambridge.*

CHARLES THOMAS BONNEY, *Rochester.*

Harvard Class of 1852

HARVARD COLLEGE

ORDER
OF
PERFORMANCES
FOR
EXHIBITION

TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1851

3. A Greek Version. From Mr. Everett's Oration at Plymouth.
WILLIAM COLE LEVERETT, *Grafton.*
7. A Greek Dialogue. Wolsey and Cromwell. From Shakspeare's
"King Henry VIII."
ADDISON BROWN, *Bradford.*
GEORGE LOVELL CARY, *Medway.*
9. An English Metrical Version. From Lamartine's "Bonaparte."
ELBERT ELLERY ANDERSON, *New York, N. Y.*
11. A Latin Version. From Mr. Winthrop's Oration at the laying of
the Corner-stone of the Washington Monument.
EDWARD HORATIO NEAL, *Newton.*
13. An English Version. "Eulogy upon the Conde de Campomanes."
From the Spanish of Don Joaquin Garcia Domenech.
GEORGE WALTER NORRIS, *Boston.*
14. A Latin Version. From Mr. Everett's Speech before a Com-
mittee of the Legislature on furnishing Aid to the Colleges.
ALFRED WELLINGTON COOKE, *Cambridge.*
16. An English Version. From Klopstock's "Messiah."
AUSTIN STICKNEY, *Cambridge.*
17. A Greek Version. From Mr. Calhoun's Speech in 1811, on the
Raising of Troops.
JOSIAH COLLINS, *Washington Co., N. C.*
18. A Latin Dialogue. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute. From
Sheridan's "Rivals."
CHARLES ELLERY STEDMAN, *Boston.*
THOMAS JAMES CURTIS, *Boston.*
20. An English Metrical Version. From Victor Hugo's "Retour de
l'Empereur."
HORACE HOPKINS COOLIDGE, *Boston.*

HARVARD COLLEGE

ORDER
OF
PERFORMANCES
FOR
EXHIBITION

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1851

1. A Latin Oration. "De Virorum Illustrissimorum Mortium Narrationibus."
HENRY WILLIAM BROWN, *Worcester.*
3. A Disquisition. "The Versatility of Mozart."
AUSTIN STICKNEY, *Cambridge.*
5. A Disquisition. "Geneva."
ELBERT ELLERY ANDERSON, *New York, N. Y.*
8. A Disquisition. "The Islands of the Pacific."
WILLIAM ROBERT WARE, *Milton.*
10. A Disquisition. "Geological Travellers."
THOMAS JAMES CURTIS, *Boston.*
11. A Poem. "Three Studies of Nature."
FRANCIS WILLIAM HILLIARD, *Roxbury.*
12. An English Oration. "The Benefits which the Spirit of Chivalry has bequeathed to the Present Age."
SAMUEL LOTHROP THORNDIKE, *Beverly.*
14. A Disquisition. "Anti-Newtonian Heresies."
CHARLES THOMAS BONNEY, *Rochester.*
15. A Dissertation. "The Siege of Acre."
REGINALD HEBER CHASE, *Cambridge.*
18. A Dissertation. "The Poetry of the Troubadours."
HORATIO ALGER, *Marlborough.*
20. A Dissertation. "The Diffusion of the English Language."
DARWIN ERASTUS WARE, *Salem.*
22. An English Oration. "The Permanence of Poetical Fame."
WILLIAM GARDNER CHOATE, *Salem.*

HARVARD COLLEGE

ORDER

OF

PERFORMANCES

FOR

EXHIBITION

TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1852

1. A Latin Oration. "De Artis Musicae apud Graecos Studio."
ALFRED WELLINGTON COOKE, *Cambridge.*
4. A Disquisition. "Japan and our Relations with it."
GEORGE WALTER NORRIS, *Boston.*
5. A Disquisition. "Historical Accounts of the Speech of Antony
over the Body of Cæsar."
EDWARD HORATIO NEAL, *Newton L. Falls.*
7. A Disquisition. "Thomas Moore."
CHARLES TAYLOR CANFIELD, *Ithaca, N. Y.*
9. A Dissertation. "Athens the University of the Roman Empire."
EPHRAIM WHITMAN GURNEY, *Boston.*
11. A Greek Oration. Περὶ τῶν ἀγῶνων Ἑλληνικῶν.
WILLIAM COLE LEVERETT, *Grafton.*
13. An English Oration. "The Value of the English Literature of
the last Century."
JOSIAH COLLINS, *Scuppernong, N. C.*
16. An English Poem. "The Stone Face."
HORACE HOPKINS COOLIDGE, *Boston.*
19. A Dissertation. "Neglect of Tragedy among the Romans."
DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER, *Portsmouth, N. H.*
20. A Dissertation. "Commerce in the Middle Ages."
JAMES BRADLEY THAYER, *Northampton.*
22. A Dissertation. "The Dukes of Athens."
JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, *Salem.*
23. An English Oration. "Unsuccessful Great Men."
ADDISON BROWN, *Bradford.*

THE MOCK PARTS

On the assignment of the Parts for the first Exhibition in which the Class participated, the members amused themselves by providing the Programme for the customary Mock Parts which follows. It is dated 7 September, 1850.

The parts assigned by the President and Faculty of the College to the members of the Junior Class not having met with the approbation of the Class generally, the following have been selected from a host of volunteers by the committee appointed for that purpose.

The following distinguished musical amateurs have generously proffered their services.

<i>1st Violin</i>	Signor Famdatti (Waring)
<i>2nd Violin</i>	Silsbee
<i>Flute</i>	Richardson
<i>Banjo</i>	Sears

Accordeon with vocal accompaniment, Page.
Mr. Haven will also play — upon words.

The performers will speak in the order of their names.

1. Greek Oration. *Περὶ τῆς ἀληθείας.*
JOHN TAYLOR PERRY.
2. Disquisition. On the Immortality of Boot Soles.
HORATIO ALGER.
3. Dissertation. The Gospel of Mark as a guide for the Scholar.
BONNEY.
4. Latin Oration. "Quous-que tandem abutere patientia nostra?"
JOSIAH COLLINS.
5. Dialogue. Love of dress.
HOOPER AND HUNTINGTON.
6. Essay. Shaving for a beard.
PETER C. BROOKS.
7. Colloquy. The Culinary Art.
COOK, FOWLE, BROWN.
8. Essay — at a Pun.
SAMUEL FOSTER HAVEN.
9. Essay. Finger nails as an article of food.
JEROME BONAPARTE KIMBALL.

Harvard Class of 1852

10. Dialogue. Chapel Worship.
NEAL AND REVERE.
11. Essay. Temperance. The character of rum (room) sellers.
RODGERS.
12. Essay on Earthquakes.
TRIMBLE.
13. Expectatur oratio in lingua Anglo-Saxonica.
A. DARWINO ERASTO WARE.
14. Essay. The dangers around us.
B. WARE.
15. Discussion. The law of rotation.
HOOPER AND WHEELER.
16. Disquisition. The Golden Fleece.
JOSIAH COLLINS.
17. Dialogue. The creature comforts.
FOWLE AND PORTER.
18. Greek Version. De Corona.
KING.
19. Essay. Striking Sparks. "How great a matter a little fire
kindleth."
PAUL JOSEPH REVERE.
20. Latin Metrical Version. "All in the downes the fleet was
moored."
DOWNES.
21. French Version. "Scotts who have with Wallace bled."
SCOTT AND A. WALLACE THAXTER.
22. Latin Poem. "Poeta nascitur non fit."
GORHAM THOMAS.
23. Dissertation. Jenny Lind.
JENNISON.
24. Latin Poem. "Alma Mater."
J. W. SPRAGUE.
25. Disquisition. How long can a man be suspended and yet live?
DWIGHT.
26. Dialogue. The safety of our harbors.
GALE AND HAVEN.
27. English Poem. The Eloquence of Beauty.
VINAL.
28. Dialogue. Rabbit Warrens.
LEVERETT AND BONNEY.

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29. English Oration. Verbosity.
HORATIO HANCOCK FISKE WHITTEMORE.
30. Dissertation. Personal Charms and an unlimited control of
money sure passports to aristocracy.
G. E. HEAD.
31. Metrical Version. Diseases of the Throat.
QUINCY.
32. Disquisition. Minor results of intestine wars.
G. W. NORRIS.
33. Poem. Great head and little wit.
COOLIDGE.
34. Disquisition. In vino veritas.
DANA.

CLASS DAY

CLASS MEETING

ON the twenty-ninth of March was held the Class Meeting for the election of Class Day officers. The hour set was 2.15 in the afternoon, and Frank Hurd occupied the chair, with H. W. Brown as Secretary of the meeting. The elections were as follows:

THAYER	<i>Orator</i>
WILLIAMSON	<i>Poet</i>
ALGER	<i>Odist</i>
SWIFT	<i>Chaplain</i>
UPHAM	<i>Chief Marshal</i>
TRIMBLE	<i>Assistant Chief Marshal</i>
PAGE	<i>Class Secretary</i>
GURNEY	}
D. E. WARE with	
H. W. BROWN	
J. H. CHOATE	<i>President of the Class Supper</i>
JOSIAH PORTER	<i>Senior Vice-President</i>
QUINCY	<i>Second " "</i>
STEDMAN	<i>Third " "</i>
FISHER	<i>Fourth " "</i>
THAXTER	<i>Odist of the Class Supper</i>
NEAL	}
ROBERT WARE	
ADDISON BROWN	<i>Chorister</i>

It was voted that a handsome Baton should be purchased from the Class Day Fund, to be kept as a memento of the occasion. A fund of \$300 was appropriated for the purposes of Class Day, and on the motion of Oliver a separate fund of fifty dollars was appropriated for the Class Cradle, twenty-five dollars for the Jack-knife, and twenty-five dollars for the Class Book.

A vote that the Navy Club celebration should be renewed was not carried, as the Faculty strongly disapproved of parties down the Harbor. The subject was brought up again later, and it was voted that they might at least have an excursion. Sprague was chosen Surgeon for the occasion.

Wheeler and Willard were both candidates for Ensign; on

comparing heights Wheeler was found to be the taller, but he resigned his claim in favor of Williamson.

Chauncey Wright and Bill Choate competed for the Jack-knife; it was finally given to the former.

The Jack-knife was supposed to be awarded to the plainest man in the Class, but in the case of Wright, it was rather a humorous tribute of affection.¹

It was Upham who suggested the idea of having the Class Pictures taken, and '52 was the first Harvard Class to set the example which has ever since been followed. But three in the whole Class of eighty-eight are lacking, — Arnold, Gardiner and Kimball. The pictures were of course daguerreotypes and most of them were taken by Whipple of Boston, the leading artist in his line; it is a significant fact that eighty-five men should have thought it worth while to make the trip to town for the purpose of sitting.

The following program was arranged:

THE Class will meet in front of Holworthy at 10 o'clock. Attend prayers at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. Leave the Chapel at 11 o'clock. The hour following to be spent at the President's house and in marching. At 12 o'clock the Exercises will begin. At about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, Harvard Hall will be opened to the holders of Collation tickets. Dancing will begin on the green at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4. At 6 o'clock the Class will form again to salute the buildings. Meet round the old tree at about twenty minutes past 6 o'clock.

Chapel will be open at 11 o'clock for Collation ticket holders, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past eleven for the public.

¹ "At Harvard College it has long been the custom for the ugliest member of the Senior Class to receive from his class-mates a Jack-knife, as a reward or consolation for the plainness of his features" (College Words and Customs, by B. H. Hall, p. 267).



Harvard Class of 1852

Class Day invitations read as follows:

HARVARD COLLEGE.

The pleasure of

.....
Company is requested on Class Day, June 25, 1852.

COMMITTEE,

C. W. Upham, Jr. C. G. Page
D. C. Trimble E. W. Gurney
 D. E. Ware

The Class Day Exercises took place in the Chapel of University Hall.

CLASS DAY ended with the dance in Harvard Hall. The Tickets of Admission, printed on highly glazed cards, read:

HARVARD COLLEGE

— — — — —
Admit the Bearer

— TO THE —

COLLATION AND DANCE

In Harvard Hall

CLASS DAY, JUNE 25th, 1852

ORDER OF EXERCISES

FOR

CLASS DAY,

AT

HARVARD COLLEGE,

FRIDAY, JUNE 25,

1852.

I. MUSIC.

II. PRAYER. BY THE REV. JAMES WALKER, D.D.

III. ORATION. BY JAMES BRADLEY THAYER, NORTHAMPTON.

IV. MUSIC.

V. POEM. BY WILLIAM CROSS WILLIAMSON, BELFAST, ME.

VI. ODE. BY HORATIO ALGER, MARLBOROUGH.

“Fair Harvard.”

FAIR HARVARD! the ties that have bound us so long
In childlike affection to thee,
Are severed at last, and as pilgrims we stand
On the shore of Life's perilous sea!
Yet ere we embark on its doubtful expanse,
A blessing from Heaven we implore
For thy motherly care which has guided our steps
In the paths that shall know us no more.

Harvard Class of 1852

As we turn our last gaze on the time-honored courts
That have echoed our footsteps for years,
That have witnessed full many a scene in the Past
Which fond recollection endears,
A shadow of sadness we cannot dispel
O'er the prospect will silently steal,
And the sigh and the tear which unbidden escape
The heart's deep emotions reveal.

Once more, Alma Mater, our voices unite,
Hand in hand as we circle thy shrine,
And the song of our farewell we mournfully breathe
To the friends and the joys of Lang Syne.
To these scenes of past pleasure we ne'er may return,
But, though guided by Destiny far,
Our hearts shall be gladdened, our pathway be cheered,
By the pale light of Memory's star.

O, soft be the sunlight that warms this fair scene,
When the dream of our youth shall have flown,
When the counselling voice and the arm that sustained
Shall have left us to struggle alone.
May the wreath of fresh flowers which our hands have entwined
And lovingly placed on thy brow,
When the twilight of years darkly shadows our life,
Be as fresh and unfading as now.

ORATION

CLASSMATES,—The day to which we have been looking forward with such varying feelings, has at last arrived. Four years ago we met, most of us for the first time. Brought together thus suddenly, and knowing before so little of each other, we have lived since then in daily fellowship. The forms of classmates, which in the bewildered vision of our early college days were undistinguishable, have become separate and distinct. Those faces, which were then strange and blank, now speak, each its own story, reminding of friendships and college pleasures and bringing up a thousand treasured associations. To-day we meet, not as strangers, but as friends and brothers. The Mother that has nourished us has imposed the last of her duties; she waits now to bestow her blessing and her last rewards. We are here in the interval to indulge those feelings of sadness, and joy, and hope, which the occasion cannot but call up within us, to review the happy years passed under her kind control, and to think for a moment, amid the festivities of the day that is to separate us, upon the Future, full of bright anticipations, but full, also, of grave and serious duties.

You would not pardon me, if I should weary you, on this occasion, with any dry and labored discussion of topics, alike beyond our years and foreign to the true spirit of the day. Let me speak on subjects, if less weighty and less generally interesting, yet more accordant, on this our Class Day, sacred to reminiscence and to social enjoyment, both with your feelings and with my own.

It is difficult to comprehend the truth in all its force, but we have seen the whole of college. As we look back over our life here, it does not appear like what we had expected; like those old college days of which we had read and heard,—that old Saturnian reign of fun and license, of collegiate demigods and their fabled deeds. This, in our dreams, was to be a place of unbroken happiness. Here, by some painless process, in days of unlaborious ease, a vast amount of knowledge was to be pleasantly acquired. The labor and anguish experienced in preparing for it, were to have no part in our existence here. A new power of comprehension was to attend the birth into this sphere, a pair of mental lungs wherewith to imbibe knowledge

in the air. The college course completed, we expected to be in possession of a very copious fund of learning; — not perhaps to have travelled the rounds of human knowledge, and to be beyond the acquisition of anything more, but to have arrived at a very advanced, and, to an unambitious mind, very satisfactory stage.

We have been disappointed. Our life has been one of enjoyment mingled with irksome labor. We are here to-day, farther on in studies and in mental development than when we entered, and that is all. If we have the memory of many happy days and nights in college, and of many pleasant pursuits, we have also the recollection of hard work, of tedious recitations, and of early morning prayers. Those profound and varied acquirements, associated with the idea of a graduate, we find not in ourselves. It seems plain enough now, however inconsistent with our Pre-Freshmen dreams, that a thorough education is not to be obtained in college; that, at most a foundation only can be laid. The truth dawns upon us, that the longest life is none too long for what we thought to crowd into the four years here.

Besides disappointments of this nature, there have been others. We have learned much which had not been expected. The required studies of college have been pursued with every variety of diligence and success, but whatever we have done or failed to do in respect to these, all of us must have been taught other great lessons, whose acquisition, though not inconsistent with the successful pursuit of college studies, is not yet inseparable from it and is hardly less important. We have learned much of our common nature, of the principles and prejudices that govern men in the affairs of life, and the manner of their operation. Of human nature in some of its particular developments, we have perhaps learned less than might have been gained in some other station in life; but the knowledge obtained here is more extended and valuable. In our small world of two or three hundred, we have one not too large to be contemplated in all its parts and not too small to furnish to the contemplation a great variety of character in widely different situations. We have learned something of the elements of success, of the nature and real value of public opinion, of its healthful restraints and its frequent injustice. We have, too, been taught these valuable lessons by experience,

on which all the great practical opinions of life have to be based. Friendship, in its true nature, has been revealed to us. Our minds have become more enlarged; our notions of ourselves and of others more just. We are better able to comprehend minds differing from our own.

It is not necessary, however, to rehearse farther what we have learned and unlearned, in order to show how different college is in the retrospect from what was anticipated. Yet, in contrasting them, it is not meant that our present view is less pleasing than the former. The illusions of our younger days have passed away, and impressions of college life have succeeded no less delightful, only more sober, more enduring, and of a less unmingled character. Still, it is difficult to speak of college without falling into the old vein; and we shall doubtless, in our turn, give to those who come after us the same ideas that the stories of our predecessors conveyed to us. The happiness of college will still be our theme, and our adventures will be related in that jubilant strain which immemorial usage has sanctioned. Even now, as remembered merely, and as related, these have a very different aspect. Words seem to give a new glory to them. And hereafter the effect of time will be added, which, obscuring everything else, shall only magnify the deeds we tell.

It is not strange that, in the immature state in which our minds must have been at the remote period to which I have referred, we should not have comprehended the scenes through which we were to pass. College is a very singular institution. It can hardly be fully understood except by those who have lived in it, and they, though never forgetting many of its pleasures, are apt soon to lose its real spirit. Even those who, having passed through it, are afterwards most intimately connected with it, sometimes forget the tone, the real nature and standard of collegiate society. This peculiarity of college is not to be traced to the laws by which it is governed. These are what might be expected from the talents, the benevolence and the ingenuity of the gentlemen who frame them. With one or two exceptions, they might be made on *a priori* grounds by any man of requisite ability.

It is the youth of its inhabitants and their always continuing young wherein the difference of college from all other known forms of human society consists. It must always bear the

peculiar stamp of their age and tendencies. Before we enter, we are too young to appreciate it, when we get through, we are too old. The same remark applies to each of the four divisions of college life, as to the whole. The peculiar pleasure of each year arises from the stage of development just then attained. No person can have a greater scorn for another kind of existence than the newly-entered Freshman feels for the schoolboy life from which he has just emerged. His present state seems to him, on the other hand, the full glory and perfection of life. The contempt of the Sophomore, again, for that condition in which a few months before he was himself, is comparable with nothing. The sports and pleasures of the previous year he can neither understand nor tolerate now; his indignation must find vent on the innocent sharers in those puerile pursuits. So it is with the other two classes; each looks on the follies of those below with impatience and rejoices in its own.

The adaptation of each of the four years of college life and of the whole to the youthful student, its corresponding so exactly to his age and desires, its being so natural an expression of himself, constitutes its charm. Hence the enthusiasm with which it is entered into, and the delight with which it is always remembered. Herein the reason that it is so often misunderstood by persons more advanced in life, that its absurdities are so often viewed with unreasonable impatience and its faults with disproportionate concern.

The collegian, as such, lives in a temporary suspension of most of the ordinary physical and moral laws. Many of the best established rules of society are rejected by him, whose fitness for people in general, for himself, when he gets through college, he does not pretend to deny. His theory of life is made up of propositions the most paradoxical and inconsistent. It has come down to him, however, from the earliest ages of the college world; it has received the assent of the fathers of his republic; it commends itself to him with all the force which the respect of ages and natural inclination can give, and it meets with his unhesitating approval and loyal support. As he is a human being his theory must needs be imbued with all the essential principles of humanity. He is, however, young. His ancestors were young, and, as such, were never otherwise. Little, therefore, can have been gained from experience, and the collegian must, in many points of his development, resemble

the men of the earliest periods. We find, accordingly, among his received ideas a number of the crudest notions of barbarous times. But living, as he does, in the broad sunshine of the nineteenth century, it is impossible that he should be entirely barbarous. The improvements which civilization has wrought in the world around him, have effectuated their changes in his form of society. Many of the most benevolent and peculiar ideas of the age are found incorporated into his system.

It is a very strange medley. Withal, his laws are entirely unwritten. The basis of this society consists of maxims, handed down by oral tradition from ancient times, together with certain great first principles, truths that are self-evident to his mind, though in some cases, it would appear, to that of no one else. He seems, indeed, to have a hatred of all forms of written law; and it is probably to this hereditary sentiment, quite as much as to evil tendencies, that we are to ascribe his frequent overstepping of the prescribed statutes.

He has, it is to be remembered, a profound conviction, handed down from antiquity and ingrained into all his mental processes, that he is the victim of oppression. He therefore scents it from afar, and looks with suspicion on every addition to that beneficent code under which he lives. He is at frequent and considerable pains to show his admiration of independence. Interpreting too literally the words of the poet, he follows it with his bosom bare, nor heeds the storm that howls along the sky. The consequence is that he becomes a martyr, expiates his generous, but misguided zeal in various ways, and perpetuates the prevailing belief that he is under a tyranny of the most galling description.

The various forms of civil and social law are as repugnant to him as the law of college. Separated from female society and surrounded always by familiar faces, he feels few of the ordinary restraints of social life. Removed from the direct action of the civil authorities and trusting to the protection of Alma Mater, he indulges in manifold unlawful freaks. His right to pursue this course, he is surprised to hear questioned, and it sounds strangely when he is criticised by the usual rules of gentility and propriety. In answer to such a criticism, he would admit the general justice of the rules, proceeding, however, to lay it down as an axiom that a student is essentially different from an ordinary citizen, to be judged of on different

principles. His license to unhinge gates, carry off poultry and rob orchards, as well as to wear very singular garments, he would argue, in the language of the English House of Commons, to have been "always his undoubted right and privilege."

He looks at most questions in a point of view entirely different from that of mankind in general. It would strike most persons as quite obvious that an individual who had gone through a long course of preparation, had exiled himself from friends and the world at large, and was at present paying out a considerable sum, all for purposes of education, ought to improve as much as possible the advantages placed within his reach. He thought so once, himself. Not so, however, now. A sudden discovery has been made that there are many objects more deserving his attention than the required studies. The struggle now is to learn as little, in the prescribed manner, as possible; and a recitation omitted by an instructor, or the successful delivery of a lesson which was never studied, are among the greatest events in life.

The student's whole standard of conduct and character is very different from that of the world without, and with him "a moral character, above suspicion or reproach," may have a signification quite unlike its usual one. The highest crimes known to his code are meanness and dishonor; while some things, as severely condemned in society, are viewed with liberal forbearance. On the whole, however, it cannot be denied that the standard in college is high, and does its inmates honor. If it allows some excesses, it is because its true, sympathizing spirit perceives them — to be allied with what is noble and generous. To whatever is really vicious and degrading, to excesses that are not the offspring of those generous affections, which youth may be pardoned for not always limiting aright, it is distinctly and heartily opposed.

And, in general, the student's life and manners are not things to be condemned or to be merely laughed at and treated lightly. There is something besides. We feel to-day that there is. If college is dear to the young, and bears in its customs the marks of youthful immaturity, it has also elements that enter into all after life, and bind together the hearts of men, never more strongly than when they are old. It is imbued with all the generous impulses of youth. It is filled with its warm sympathies, and beautified by its genial friendships. It is here,

the empty joys of childhood ceased, the feverish troubles of after life not yet begun, that youth walked under the hoary shades, and rested in the cool retreats of classic wisdom. Here he looked wonderingly into the mysteries of the human mind, and opened his eyes for the first time upon its grandeur; and here his own mind, awakening to the great truths of life, first received answers to its earnest questions. Here it was, that he took his first survey of science and was invited by nature to explore her wonders. It was at this time he began, with sensibilities all fresh and keen, his ascent up that fair eminence, whose sides it is the great business of our life to climb. At first, as he looked out, he saw little but the great beetling facts that hemmed him in. A higher ascent, and the landscape showed a broader and a clearer view. The mist that was spread over life began to be dissipated, and its common and ugly objects to assume their proper places and add beauty to the whole. To this, the true home of its birth and its development, the mind ever fondly returns. Its daily troubles and vexations vanish, and all its little follies are forgotten, or serve only to render the whole more dear.

Of the essential benefits of a collegiate education, there can be no doubt. In our times, indeed, it is by no means so indispensable as formerly to success in literary or professional life. The tendency of our age is to render the means of instruction less exclusive, and distinguished and learned men who have never enjoyed a liberal education, are not rare. Still, collegiate education is in no danger of being abandoned. It will yet be necessary in order to place the student on terms of equality with the great mass of scholars and literary men throughout the world. It will be needful, in order to furnish that harmonious development of all the powers and that thorough elementary acquaintance with various branches of knowledge, that may form a good foundation for successful study in after years.

In reference to our own system, it is unnecessary to claim for it that it is not susceptible of improvement. It doubtless might be made more efficacious, and it doubtless will be. Its faults are those which time, and experience, and, more than all, an increase of wealth, will correct. In a country so new as ours, it could not be expected that the colleges should compare in all respects favorably with the venerable institutions

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of the old world. The wonder is rather that they should have existed so long and advanced so far. The period of struggle, the most purely material part of our country's career, is past, or will be soon. Yet, even during this time, how much has she not done for learning and the arts! With her growth, and the improvement in everything else, our Alma Mater and her sister institutions will keep pace. We may expect for them in future times, a more extended, more efficient, and a grander action. Their early sons will look on, and while they regret the passing away of the dear old customs, and beg those who would touch them to do it with a reverent hand, will yet learn to rejoice in their success.

The changes, however, which the growth of our country and the genius of her liberty may demand in institutions of learning, will not make the instruction they give less broad and complete. The spirit of republican liberty is not inconsistent with a devotion to learning, as ardent and exclusive as has ever been manifested in barbarous and despotic ages. They misunderstand it, who, in professed conformity to the spirit of the times, would abandon studies consecrated by the admiration of many centuries, — a delight and a storehouse of instruction to every age. If the years to come are to be more truly democratic and alive than the past, they are not to be the less imbued with the spirit of classical learning. New and neglected fields are doubtless to be explored, but this will not demand a less assiduous cultivation of the old. Science and the practical arts are to receive greater attention, but they are to advance, not in opposition to the old studies, but in company with them.

Liberty, let us not forget, belongs to the same Pantheon with the Muses. The true worshippers of the noble goddess cannot turn their faces upon her inspiring presence in vain. The benignant majesty of her mien must elevate and enlarge their minds. Her ideal beauty must refine their taste. With them the Muses and the Graces will find their readiest reception.

In proceeding to speak, Classmates, of the events of our own college life, I feel how meagre and unworthy an idea my bare words will convey. But your memory will come to their aid and bring up pleasant scenes of which I can say nothing. You will think of jolly summer days; of these old college

Annals of the

buildings with windows wide open, and Seniors reclining in happy indolence therein. Of convivial winter evenings, with all thought of care and the next day's recitations vanished; of pleasant confidential chats before the glowing grate; of familiar voices, and inextinguishable laughter sounding through the entries. You will think of summer nights, of the trees under our windows glorified in the moonlight and quiet voices coming up from under them; of lounging on the grass under their beautiful shade, when the labors of the day were over, though, alas, such is the rigor of the bye-laws, the poetic dream of Virgil is reversed,

*"mollesque sub arbore somni
" * absunt."*

In many respects, college must have been a different thing to each of us. Our reasons for coming here were different and so have been our motives for study. We have looked at college, each from his own point of view, and have made it, in a great measure, whatever it has proved to us. We came together with very different experiences of life. With some of us, college was only reached by long and earnest labor, through struggles and many difficulties. Others came in conformity with the wishes of friends, rather than their own. Some have viewed it as the place for vigorous and unremitting study, and there are those among us who have made it that. In the progress they have made, in the mental discipline they have gained, in the applause of friends, in the honors of their Alma Mater, they have their happy memories of college and their reward. With others, its social enjoyments have had a larger place or have predominated, and their recollections are different.

There remain to us, however, many things in common. In the matter of study, it is probably true that most of us came here with the intention of avoiding the common mistakes of students, applying ourselves diligently, and never forgetting the great object of our being here. High academic distinction flitted before our eyes; the first part was fondly anticipated by our excited imaginations. We gained great victories on this stage of imagination, on which, as Dr. Reid has since informed us, "more great exploits have been performed in every age than upon the stage of life from the beginning of the world." But our strict ideas gave way. Our chance for the first part

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grew poorer and poorer every day. We lapsed into every variety of free-thinking on college duties. We became, in short, like every other class.

But let us pass from these last bright days, far back to the Freshman year. College, differing from the world, as has been said, in many points, has, nevertheless, like the world, its period of adversity and discipline. Its glories and full fruition are not to be attained without struggle and mortification. After traversing all the regions of schoolboydom, we passed on from its highest elevation to the lowest place in college; much as we are stepping now, from the most exalted position here, forward to the lowest in active life. After all, Classmates, we may as well take up the first year tenderly. Perhaps there may be something which the college Freshman has to teach the Freshman in life.

Four years ago, the converging streams of our lives met here at Cambridge. To drop the figure, we arrived and entered the Freshman class. I will pass over those two days of examination, the same dreadful occasion to us as to every class. Our vision, as we look back at them, is like those of Dante in the *Inferno*. In their lurid light, we discern a confused whirl of dictionaries, grammars, mathematical papers, the stern eyes of college officers, and here and there, the strange and unhappy face of one since grown familiar as a classmate.

Our Freshman year was one of vigorous and, in some respects, remarkable development. We have scarcely witnessed anything like it since. The studious propensities, however, were by no means the ones which predominated, — this being but in accordance with that healthy and philosophical growth for which we have been eminent. During this early period of life, we indulged in those youthful sports and diversions which serve to harden the frame, and prepare it for future labor in the fields of learning. The vigor and animal spirits thus induced, soon began to find vent in various ways, transcending, at times, the limits which tradition, and custom, and the common law of college has assigned to Freshmen. Difficulties presently overtook us, and our ardor was somewhat cooled. But, upon the whole, we gained a great name during this year; that this was not as students, in the strict use of that word, is partly explained by the fact that the early and unnatural glory, which the class immediately preceding

had acquired in this point of view, seemed to leave no chance for us. Preferring, like Cæsar, to be first in any place rather than second at Rome, we were, in a manner, forced to win our laurels in other fields. The popular college poetry of that day is exceedingly rich in panegyric upon our course, while, in its exalted language, the authorities of the University are represented as viewing our gigantic development with surprise and dread.

At the same time, for all this glory, we had to pass through the many little annoyances and humiliations incident to our position. With all the exaltation which the Freshman feels in really belonging to the University, in seeing his name in the catalogue, and in thinking of the glory wherewith these distinctions must invest him in the eyes of every person he meets, — with all this, his life is in a great degree forlorn and full of disappointment. The glories of his former state, as oracle and sage at school, contrast sadly with his present “humble joys and destiny obscure.” From the neighborhood where he was well known he has come among strangers. From the society of friends and relations, who viewed him as destined to be, in some way, very distinguished, and treated him accordingly, he has changed to the rigid and mortifying impartiality of college, and he deems himself an unappreciated and injured man. There are times, to be sure, when he forgets his troubles, and sometimes, as he sits in recitations, or at prayers, the novelty and dignity of his position strike him with surprising force. The whole year is one of vicissitudes, of formation. In it the ground is cleared for happy times to come, but, considered by itself, it is not a happy period.

The first striking event connected with our college life, was the Water Celebration in Boston, occurring a few weeks after we had come together. In the ceremonies of that important, but fatiguing occasion most of us participated with considerable pride. That, however, which makes it worthy of particular notice here, is the fact of its being the origin of our first class meeting. This was a successful one. But our second attempt in the deliberative capacity, was not entirely so. Here lay the source of our first woe. Happy would it have been, had that “*forensis strepitus*,” so dreaded by the great orator of antiquity, inspired its salutary terror in our minds.

The great event of our second Freshman term, of our whole

college life, indeed, was the Inauguration. That distinguished gentleman who had filled the Presidential chair for nearly three years, had found its labors too arduous for his failing health, and they were assumed by its present honored occupant, "*nostrarum decus, columenque verum.*" We are the last of seven classes who, during a part of their college course, enjoyed the administration of the former President. I should do injustice to your feelings, did I fail at this time to express our remembrance of his faithful and self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of the University, and of the kindly and paternal interest, which even our limited period under him served to show, that he took in all its members.

Inauguration was a very great occasion. The imposing ceremonies of the day and the illumination and festivities of the evening, made a great impression on our minds. Nor was the pleasure of the day at all marred, for us, by the disturbance which took place between the students and certain officials, whom the tenure of their office, rather than their demeanor, entitled to the epithet of *urbane*. It would be treasonable in me to deny what is undoubtedly true, that the students had the right of it. The poetry of the time has described those events with all the fire which enthusiasm in a good cause could furnish, and all the justice which the tropical language of the day would permit. The scene of combat was elevated into a great battle-ground of principles. The old sons of Harvard, the worthies of the Revolution, were represented as hovering above the plain, bending over their children and animating them to the contest. And the Freshman class was stated to have rushed forward into the fray, with unexampled intrepidity, and saved the sinking fortunes of the day;—a poetic license, which the example of other classes with reference to themselves, rendered pardonable. However this may have been in point of fact, the exigency was one well calculated to excite the peculiar spirit of our class.

The Freshman year, with all its absurdities, was a very beneficial one. Most of us got an idea of our true position in the scale of human excellence that we might otherwise have failed to receive. For all our turbulence, we had some thorough drilling; and we passed a year which has strengthened by its reminiscences, the ties of friendship since, and will afford many pleasing memories hereafter.

The beginning of the Sophomore year was marked by important additions to our number, — some passing the Freshman year at other colleges, others avoiding it altogether and thinking to leap at once into the meridian glory of college existence. This was much the hardest year in point of study, and during it our reputation in that respect improved a good deal. We still had, however, all the well-known peculiarities of Sophomores, so familiar that it would be tedious to enumerate them now. The world, happily or the reverse, is in no danger of forgetting what a Sophomore is. For the instruction of more remote mankind, college legends and accredited anecdotes abound. For those who live anywhere near him, the Sophomore in the concrete, with all his striking characteristics, is present. Tradition, a normal development, and the necessities of his position combine to make him what he is. College would not be college without him, while he, so natural a production here, would be a monster anywhere else. He is, after all, only an overgrown Freshman, — appearing to himself, it is true, lifted infinitely above his former position, but to no one else; a Freshman, — destitute, however, of all the artlessness and humility of his earlier days, which made him then so pleasing an object to contemplate.

During this year, our first division occurred, arising from those two societies (the Institute and the Iadma) that, taken together, embraced nearly all the class. This difference afforded some salutary excitement at the time, but, like all our feuds, it was never very serious and has long been a joke. The magnanimous voracity with which one of the societies afterwards swallowed all its old opponents, showed the good feeling that prevailed and was characteristic of our class.

Our Sophomore year was rendered memorable by the fall of that ancient institution of Commons, which had been a part of the college ever since its foundation. For two hundred and fourteen years it had coöperated with the other branches of the University in satisfying the natural cravings of youth. It had ministered with varying success to the physical wants of succeeding classes, and had been the occasion and the theatre of some of their most famous exploits. But the increasing luxury of the time, the course of events, and the ruinous generosity of its purveyors, proved too much for this venerable establishment. Let us not be unjust to its memory. In its

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day and generation it did great service. But when, at last, it fell, it was probably more regretted by those to whose view distance may have lent some enchantment, than by such as had of its dismal blessings a more recent recollection.

The latter part of the Sophomore year was especially pleasant. Full throughout of its usual pleasures, its closing days partook of those wider ones that mark the last two years. It ended, leaving us closely united, and all ready for the good times to come.

In passing to the second half of college life, we entered upon its really happy period. We had by this time acquired a good reputation as scholars. The class just in advance began to bestow its applause upon our efforts which formerly it had despised; and the rumor got about that we were considered, by those whose opinion was of the most importance, to be an uncommon class. This is a species of praise, which, we have since learned, is quite sure, at one time or another, to get in circulation about every class,—its source being, not infrequently, the brain of some enthusiastic member. In our case, however, this eulogism was considered authentic, on the broad ground that, even if not uttered by the Faculty in point of fact, it would have been, had occasion called for it.

The strong opinion of its excellence, generally entertained and expressed by the members of our class, has at times been the occasion of remark. Without attempting to defend the peculiarity alluded to on the principle that great and acknowledged worth renders self-praise pardonable,—without resorting to this invidious argument, we may say, that love of class is to be placed on the same ground with love of country, and the expression of the one is as proper as that of the other. Among the moral powers of the student, it takes rank as an affection; and when it is not manifested, either the absence of the ordinary faculties is proved, or a class and a position very unfavorable to their development.

Our course during the Junior year was one, in every respect, to be remembered with pleasure. It was one of quiet and agreeable study and of almost uninterrupted enjoyment. We had been long enough together to become well acquainted, and close friendships had been formed. The manners and customs of college had become familiar, and studying was easier. The year brought with it a feeling of permanency that

augumented every pleasure. The memory of the past bound us together and two years more of constantly increasing enjoyment spread before us. The atmosphere was one of lettered ease, and dignity, and independence. The lower classes were contemplated with a comfortable feeling of superiority, the upper one with a sentiment of pity that it must so soon leave this happy region, and the ruling power with complacence and self-gratulation. We believed ourselves to be held in some estimation; we were, at any rate, conscious of deserving it. In reference to the few discords that occurred, their existing at all, testified to the healthy vitality that accompanied our harmony, and the shortness of their duration to its depth and solidity. No great events happened during the Junior year, and the golden days, strung on the homely thread of college duties, slipped quietly by.

At the end of the preceding year, our college was called upon to part with one of its most honored instructors (Dr. Beck), a gentleman whose great attainments, whose accurate scholarship and admirable success in imparting this to others, had long reflected credit upon our University and upon the country.

At the end of this year, she lost the services of another distinguished professor (Mr. Channing¹), one who for more than thirty years had done his Alma Mater honor. During his long connection with the college, his genial manners had endeared him to all, while his valuable instructions had trained up some of the purest and most vigorous writers of the time. Our relations with him will be among the pleasantest reminiscences of our college life. He retired, bearing with him the respect and gratitude, not of our class only, but of all the many classes who have enjoyed his instruction.

The Senior year came in due time, a fitting climax to the whole. It is but just over, and there is little that I need say of it. How tranquil it has been, and how fully it has been enjoyed, I need not remind you. To the pleasures of the last year, there are always many things to contribute. As far as college life is concerned, this is its pinnacle. No person is possessed of larger experience than the Senior, no one has greater authority. He receives from all below him a marked respect, sincere, in some cases, though in others, it is to be feared, yielded only from selfish motives, in obedience to a

¹ Edward Tyrrel Channing.

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custom which it is for the interest of each to maintain. Some, by this time, are tired of the restraints of college and anxious to go out into larger life. They rejoice in the nearness of the time of deliverance, and as they give themselves up to what remains with a more appreciating enjoyment, the last day finds even them regretting that it has come so soon. Others would fain stay here forever. Ignorant what is to be their future, they fear to leave the protection of college; yet resigning themselves to necessity, all the pleasures of the closing days are heightened by the feeling of sadness, the luxurious melancholy, that pervades them.

But among the circumstances that have made the year peculiarly pleasant to us, there is one which must not be passed over, — that we have had to mourn the loss of no departed classmates. We have numbered at one time and another, no fewer than one hundred and five, and of all who have ever belonged to us, not one has been taken away. Few classes have been so favored, and as we think of the sadness that has sometimes mingled with festivities of this occasion, a feeling of gratitude must arise within us that our class day is darkened by no shadow from the wing of Death.

As a whole, our class life seems peculiarly healthy and vigorous. It shows growth throughout, and that, in no one-sided direction. Though our early days were somewhat violent,

“Techy and wayward our infancy,” —

this natural effervescence soon passed away, and we showed a creditable attention to study. But our most marked, as it has been our most pleasing characteristic has been the harmony that has prevailed. Though we have been always an uncommonly large class, there has existed as little discord probably, as any class has ever had. That we should agree always in an intimate association of four years, could not be expected. It would argue a degree of stupidity or of excellence which we are not authorized to claim. But we have not suffered our disagreements to make any wide or lasting breaches; and college societies, — often the source of so much trouble, could scarcely have made less among us than they have.

In regard to societies, it is to be said that they are always attended with more or less real or apparent injustice, and there-

fore must need cause difficulties. These seem to be some of the necessary evils in college. It is a safeguard against them to some extent, to increase the number of societies, according to the different objects and dispositions of different persons. But this can be carried to a limited extent only, and is but a partial defence against the evils referred to. Besides, when they increase, rivalry begins; with all its train of unfortunate consequences.

As to societies in general, it seems to be proved that no large number of young men could be brought together, as we are in college, without forming them, — with permission, if it be granted, if not, without. The only influence that can be exercised, is one calculated to control the tendency, not to crush it. If societies are not authorized, those which must spring up, being illegal in one point of view, will have a tendency to be so in others. Their character will be likely to be bad. At the same time, they cannot be permitted without some discrimination, or the college becomes the patron of those whose character it should not endorse, and is turned into a scene of political contention and society quarrels.

We owe it to the liberal judgment of those whose authority it has been our privilege to be under, that our Alma Mater has been so free from these unhappy troubles, and that the character of our societies has been, and is now, so high and honorable. Their tone is unmistakably higher than that of college societies in general. There is among them a law of honor, which proves more effectual in guarding them than the iron doors, "*turres aheneae, robustaque fores,*" that exist in some institutions. A view of good sense pervades them that is somewhat peculiar. It is to this we owe it, that our more serious societies do not always confine themselves to solemn discussions and grave literary labors; that they do not wear uniformly a face of austere dignity, forgetful of our age, losing sight of the natural disposition of youth, and "expelling Nature with a fork;" — that with their gravity, they mingle mirth and genial humor. It is this good sense, which in more convivial clubs recognizes limits, and does not suffer conviviality to degenerate into what is merely coarse and bacchanalian.

Classmates, I have said enough of the past. Its good we will treasure up; its faults and follies we will leave behind us, or

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will rise above. There is room but for one word with reference to the future.

A wider and more serious life now spreads before us than we have yet known. No longer irresponsible, we are to plan, to act, to study for ourselves. That our efforts will meet with sympathy and encouragement, the faces of the friends whom we welcome here to-day, assure us. That we shall sometimes receive rough usage, that our lives will frequently be tedious and wearisome, the experience of others and our own reflection should teach us. Let it be ours, mindful of the advantages we have enjoyed, to carry into all our future labors and studies a manly and an honorable spirit that shall elevate and transfigure them. Our education imposes high obligations. It assigns us a place, at this time, when the world is travailing with great events, in that noble company whom it behooves to act from large and generous views; into whose hands the great interests of mankind are committed; on whose enlightened judgment the march of civilization depends.

We entered here in the midst of a stormy political contention. As we go out, our country is again agitated by the strife of parties. Around our peaceful seclusion, the tumult of the world has raged. It followed us as we entered, and seemed to die away. It intrudes now upon our last moments, as if impatient of this delay. We obey the summons with gladness, for we feel there is something for us to do in life, and it is time we were about it. Yet these scenes cannot be left without a pang of regret.

We go forth from this ancient college, the Mother of great men, our minds filled, and our hearts warmed, by her generous teachings; our noblest desires quickened, and our resolutions renewed, by the example of her earlier sons. She has nourished in her fostering arms some of the founders of our liberty. She has trained up many who in all the walks of professional life, in the domain of literature and of science, and in the haunts of business, have been the glory of our country. She sends us forth, a little band, weak in ourselves, but strengthened by the lessons she has taught, by the gratitude we feel for her, and by the bond that binds us together. Her blessing, we receive with reverent head. Her command that we prove worthy of her, and strive to fill the places of the great children whom she has lost, we hear and will obey.

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And in after years, Classmates, we will not forget our connections here, nor suffer our early friendships to be dimmed. When we are separated from one another, far away on distant shores, or scattered over our own land, we will sometimes withdraw

“beneath the umbrage deep
That shades the world of memory.”

Amid the dull drudgery of daily toil and the turmoil of active life; in calm hours of contemplation and in weary old age, we will think at times of these four green years. A beautiful light shall shed itself over them. Under these trees we will walk again with the companions of our youth. Within these ancient halls, we will meet once more. The old rooms, — they shall own with us, no new inhabitants, — shall shine again with the same light as in the years that are gone; the same faces shall gather about the hearth, the same voices shall fall upon our ear, the same merry laugh shall sound through the entries, as of old. Again we will come back and live over our early friendships; again pass through our happy college days.

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CLASS POEM

Four times the violet eyes of Spring
Have smiled in blossoms, wept in rain,
The Autumn thrice on purple wing,
Has brought his golden offering,
Slow sailing from the western main. —

Since we were first transplanted here; —
O Classmates! I do well remember
How shrieked the bell on morning ear,
Each hand how steeped in humid fear,
Each face a pale, red, dying ember.

Ah, what weak blossoms then were we
Collars like double leaves, turned over,
Some brought the flavor of the sea,
Some brought the city's nicety,
But I was fresh with country clover.

Well have those blossoms thriven and grown
Weaving their twigs athwart each other,
Today the mellowing fruit is shown,
One warm hour more — and all are blown
From thy fair trunk, propitious Mother!

When our young country called her loving sons
To aid her in her life's extremest woe,
Her stalwart farmers seized their rusty guns,
Left mid the growing corn the patient hoe,
And while the feverish throbbing of the drum
Sent quicker throbbings through the heart — that day —
Her soldiers torn from many a tearful home
Marched through the green fields glittering on their way.

But white-winged Peace flew back — O happy hour! —
When the worn soldiers took their homeward track,
From field, from farm what floods of welcome pour!
The battered musket and the buff-knapsack
Were food for tears as heart clasped loving heart,
Twice blest the pleasure, sired by ancient pain!
Yet had they one great sorrow they must part —
Comrade from comrade, and ne'er meet again!

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So come we here upon this festal day
That spans our long road like an arch of flowers
Here break our ranks and each man goes his way —
Our march is ended and the day is ours!
Then let the day plead for me, if I fail,
For words are heartless — like a tissued veil
Drawn darkly over what my heart would say
To you, my Classmates, on this parting day —

Here have we strolled together arm in arm
Beneath the elms; we've heard the midnight psalm
Of winter in its branches, heard the tune
Breathed through their young leaves by the lips of June,
O happy evenings — when in Classmate's room,
Bright island in a sea of deepening gloom,
The flickering firelight sent our shadows all,
To dance a hornpipe on the ancient wall,
While some Prometheus stealing from above,
Lit in our hearts a kindred glow of love!

O pardon, friends, and judge me not awrong,
Though I confront you with a trite old song,
The muse has donned no ill-affected guise
To spout an essay, or to moralize,
No, dear old lady, it were much amiss
To "sing the sofa" at a time like this!
Then, pardon, though we trot a beaten course,
On no winged charger, but a college horse,
The poet-child, while dunces ride and roam,
Sees splendid pictures in the fire, at home.

The student leads a Crusoe life. The breeze,
That feeds on ships, and grins in ghastly seas,
To him brings booty; — wrecks of ages dead,
Driven on his shore, are wafted to his head!
While like a Crusoe — happy Robinson!
The night stockades him with its walls of fun.
The dawn shall see him issuing to the air,
Down the rope-ladder of a morning prayer.
Of sea-born wrecks he frames a little boat
Each daily timber gives it strength to float.
Each bolt and trunnel makes him strong and brave
To launch and breast it on the world's wide wave.
Each day he toils and — as his nature bids —

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He sleeps at night, or dances with his kids!
Oft as he wanders where with ceaseless roar,
Time's solemn surges rib the narrow shore,
Burying in sand or deep in drifting weeds,
All human grandeur and all human creeds,
How like the grasp of sympathetic hand,
Our kindred foot-print in the ancient sand!
O kindred heart, that, wheresoe'er we roam —
In earliest Argos, or in latest Rome —
No age too hoary, and no youth too young,
Glows in all faces, throbs in every tongue!

When the Sub-Freshman quits his rural home,
For college orchards, and our classic loam,
The first bright hour that finds him entered here,
Is far the happiest of the Freshman year.
Then young ambition flies with painted wings
O'er beds of roses — that conceal their stings.
Shows him this stage and all the sweet renown
Of doing honors in a rented gown.
Fired with the thought and pacing up the yard,
Again, again resolved to study hard,
Some new-fledged Sophomore happening to pass,
Shall say — "Oh, Freshman, cease to tramp the grass!"
And with feigned eye of grand Proctorian gloom,
Send the poor fellow packing to his room.
There shall he sit, and ere his spirits fall,
Write a proud letter, dated, "Harvard Coll."

When, in the evening of the first long day,
Our freshman hies him through the twilight grey,
With hat and spirits crushed, and ankles lame,
From the rough handling of the foot-ball game;
When he sits down in that unfurnished room,
Vast, damp and cellarish, — a dismal tomb,
Feels in his sides the blows, while still his ears
Smart with the cry of "Lurk" and Sophomore cheers,
Feels that he has no friend with whom to speak
And how that morning he was snubbed in Greek,
Recalls the pleasant home, and thinks how blind
He was to kindness there, where all were kind,
Reflects that this is but one single day,
Of some nine hundred that he'll have to stay;
Search through the prisons! Hardly will you see
Mortal more rich in wretchedness than he!

Annals of the

Thus with our timid steps we journeyed on,
Happier at night for one more day was gone,
One more long day — it was a mighty strain
That broke one short link of our prison chain.
But time blew over us his breath of change,
Faces of classmates grew less dull and strange,
They brightened by much seeing! new esteem
Ripening to friendship; did not that redeem
The heart's lost riches back again — allay
The homesick pain? Ye, who have felt it, say!
Time breathed a change on outward vesture too,
For though the leopard cannot change his hue,
Nor yet the Freshman — mount on each a hat,
Draw round each throat a fleur-de-lis cravat,
Let, just as steeples rise from Christian leaven,
Dickeys from collars spring and point to Heaven,
And though by nature they are still the same,
'T were hard to find them out or whence they came,
So wore our first and doleful term away,
Our second brought less penance, and more play,
O pleasant freshman days, come back once more!
O come in memory back! Ye are a store
Of happy dreams, glad mornings, moonlit nights,
And jovial midnight songs! — of all delights
Which Horace gave us taste of in those lines,
Fragrant with blossoms and Falernian wines!

Exit the Freshman. When six months are o'er
He'll dawn on chapel through yon Eastern door,
He'll dawn a Sophomore, that great age of flam
Not much he learns, though much he learns to cram.
That age of babbling tongues and lengthening ears,
Of splendid neck-cloths and sublime ideas!

Up Hollis stair-case let us take our way,
The scene — his room; the time — the first spring day.
That day in weeks of Cambridge rain-storms set —
A jewel pendent from a rose of jet!
At open window, when the bland sunshine
Adds tender passion to her kiss divine,
The young spring finds him; and I well espy,
While in the quiet waters of his eye,
Thought chases thought, like waves along the strand,
That's not a text-book in his dexter hand!

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No more he runs when Latin Syntax becks,
Nor dances after that coquettish X!

O ye who grumble through this world of sin,
Release your casement — let yon poet in!
Yon poet, Wind, who wandering all day long,
Translates the pine-tree, cons the robin's song,
Tuning each mellow tint, each silver tone
To far surpassing music of his own!
O man — he says — the breeze that busiest blows
Stoops to the fragrance of the way-side rose!
O maid — he sings — whom many suitors woo,
Breathe passing love to all — to one be true!

There reads the Sophomore, and his fancies stray,
With those he reads of, wandering far away.
In some romance, perchance, he takes a part,
And clasps the heroine to his bursting heart,
Or sees, where mosses stain the southern pine,
Thy angel face, O our Evangeline!
And the great elms rock sadly to and fro,
Walking in shadows on the grass below,
The sun's cloud-heirs in purple majesty,
Blacken and fade and leave blank anarchy,
The darkness comes, but not upon his eye,
He soars and revels in the clear blue sky.

'T was hard to come from scenes, where thus we soared,
To graft the chalk upon the jetty board;
The "dead" might testify to that campaign,
'T wixt too much conics, and too feeble brain,
They were the snow, — and we a rocky hill,
They pelted, melted — we were stony still.

Here, as the traveller on the king's highway,
Muddy and road-worn, at the shut of day,
Grows happy-faced, and reins his horses in,
When the red curtains of the half-way inn,
And sign-board creaking to the dismal blast,
Sweeten the thought that half his journey's past.
We paused half-way, like him, and to the cheer
Gave ourselves up, and drank our social beer.
In speeches lived again the journey gone,
And took sweet counsel for the morrow morn.

Annals of the

That was our culmination! we had rolled
To our meridian; carelessly had strolled,
Like truant school-boys in a summer field,
Where fancy beckoned, feet were swift to yield.
We passed our noon, we took our downward grade
Our faces deepening with a thoughtful shade,
Still deepening as we rolled, and drew more near
This dim horizon of our new career!

That was our age of toil, for all essayed,
To inter the Junior terms with busy spade,
A year lived by! one gracious night in spring
’T was thus I heard a theme-rid classmate sing:

O Robin, cease thy liquid note!
I cannot work if thou singst on!
From thy confiding, crimson throat
Such golden streams of cadence float.
I cannot work till thou art gone!

Soft sinks the twilight through the trees,
The air is breathless — faint with balm.
Clouds overhead, like fleecy seas,
Roll stately on the western breeze.
But all below is deep, deep calm.

Shall duty now, with brow austere,
Forbid me in thy love rejoice?
Slam down my window! shut mine ear?
Begone dull theme! I will revere
The soaring angel of that voice!

My gentle Junior, in the lanky hair,
Whose matin labor and whose evening prayer,
Is for the feet Æonian steeps to climb,¹
To lisp in numbers, and to make ’em rhyme,
Whose words — like worms — slime every verdurous thing,
And take such dreadful measures with the spring.
Whose prose, long-hyphened trains of varnished phrase,
Runs like the rail-car, over flattest ways.
What was thine anguish, when, from corded ream,
That ruddy hand drew forth thy pampered theme!
Thy pauper thought, in tinsel garb arrayed,
A bloomer costume on a beggar maid, —;



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Thy melancholy's sick and brainless brood —
Abnormal spawn of ill-digested food —;
Thy soaring fancies, callow, bald and lean.
Thy scenes from Nature, unlike nature, seen;
Oceans of sentiment, common sense in drops.
Stops without meaning, meaning without stops,
Ideas, poor ghosts, thick huddled in the dark,
How they all scampered at that pencil's mark,
While, as if wailing their untimely close,
Down either margin shrieked remorseful "O's!"

Honor to him whom Juniors meet no more
At sea-green desk, on yonder sanded floor!
Honor to him, who knew so well to blend,
The grave professor with the genial friend!
Whose arrowy words in such quaint feathers came
That there was pleasure even in his blame,
Whose face, whence gleams of kindest humor stole,
Was but the affluence of a generous soul!¹

Sons of Melpomene and brothers mine!
Shall not Pieria claim a single line?
Slyly she laughed, when in slow serenade,
Indignant catgut wailed the sleeping maid,
"Till the crazed wind, recovering from its "blue,"
Put out our candles and our music too!
Yet one request, Pieria, ere we go,
O smile forever on the brass and bow!

When round our yard, as you remember well,
Long chains, in gentle billows, rose and fell,
Pleasant it was, on early summer nights,
To anchor there, cigars our signal lights,
On those long chainy waves to drift and swing,
To fire the pun, or sweet sea-song to sing.

Alas! when Seniors, we sailed back once more,
Each bark was stranded on a separate shore!
There was no intercourse from coast to coast,
No chains to ride on, and no evening post!
As the old outcasts from the French bastille
Wept for their granite walls and links of steel,
We cried, — "O while our brief old life remains,
Just give us back parietals and chains!"

¹ Edward Tyrrel Channing; he retired in 1851.

Annals of the

Four by the clock! Deep, in his easy chair,
The Senior lolls before his sleepy fire,
German to write and Werther to be learned,
Rest in their cases still unsought, inurned,
The Senior's eyes are closed! this fitful gleam
Of sun through sudden cloud-rifts, is — his dream.

The hill-top trembles with the brooding heat!
Sunlight and shadow drift along the wheat,
Down yellow hill-sides and the vale between,
March the young corn-ranks in their plumes of green.
Far down a mill-stream wanders silently,
Dreaming of willows, to the far-off sea.
O summer sound — the ring of mower's scythe!
O Christ-like flowers! — forgiving, while they writhe.

Before that iron wing that swoops them down, —
He sees them wither, turning sere and brown,
O well he knows the mill-stream and the mill,
O well he knows that great house on the hill!
The great house on the hill — the vine-clad door —
The spreading elm — that seems for aye to pour
A benediction over it, — the well
With its long sweep — its bucket like a bell.

Now, left behind the mill and glimmering stream,
Through the wide door he glides in wayward dream.

High o'er the portal of the windy hall,
A musket, glowering from the panelled wall,
Tells patriot stories! Fifty years have flown,
Children have come, have gambolled and have grown,
In the old mansion, since their glorious sire,
Marched home from war, and hung his fire-lock there!

The blinded light falls greenly through yon room,
The warm wind panting under sweet perfume,
Joins with the audible gesture of the trees
A drowsy murmur from the droning bees,
There is the mantel like a shrine of flowers.
The clock-case trampling down the laggard hours.
The opened book, the music, and the bird —
What something is there, still unseen, unheard?
Like music, that, a child, we've loved to hear,

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Now, half-remembered, dallying with our ear.
Mysterious sleep! Thine is the kindly art —
Though mountains intervene and bridgeless streams —
Thou buildst a road from every heart to heart,
Opening to them thine ivory door of dreams!

Now on the sofa, snowed with summer white,
She sits beside him, while the brooding night
Gathering her black-winged myriads down the hill
Sails slowly upward, sad, serene, and still,
The moon-beams ripple in their silver flood,
Over the steepled arches of the wood.
Here pour their weltering argent o'er the field,
There, on the mill-stream, drop a burnished shield.
The stars swarm out; night, in her jewelled crown,
Reigns sovereign — looks with heavenly patience down.

Silent they sit, her soft white hand in his,
And eyes drink eyes — at such a time as this,
The rarest language is a mockery!
The voice of passion lives from eye to eye!
Silent they sit. What is it he would tell?
Answer, O Man! O Maid, thou knowst too well!
Silent they sit — and now upon his ear,
Trickles a soft sweet chime — I almost fear
To tell you what it was — louder it comes, —
And ever louder — like the crash of drums!
Is it her voice, low-answering? Ah! too loud!
It palls his spirit like a wailing cloud.
He starts — he trembles — farewell moon-lit stream
And thou, O Maiden! — 't is a senior dream.
Farewell, sweet dream and fond delusive hope, —
'T is evening prayer-bell, and Mills¹ tugs the rope!

The Senior has grown humble; on his face,
The lines are marked more sharply, and you trace
A more serene expression in the eye
That four years since sparkled in revelry,
He has grown wiser; in the dying leaf
He reads no more a sorrow and a grief,
But a far deeper joy; the flowers' decay
Preaches of larger life that lives for aye.

¹ Mills was the College bell-ringer: see page 391, footnote.

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That antique language he has made his own
Which God has hieroglyphed on leaves of stone
Deep in the midnight caverns of the earth,
The same he reads each day — continual birth —
Continual death, — but now, with inward eye,
He views the glory through the mystery!

And silent lips are preaching everywhere;
In all the ravelled secrets of the air;
In lightning, whispering to the listener's ear;
In all the fitful phases of the year: —
Its sun and storm, its seasons in their flight.
The eloquent beauty of the winter night.
Sweet wind, that, like a wand the summer wilds, —
The carnival of happy autumn fields,
And the great history of his kindred race,
Wearing the future on its God-like face!

All life, save one, is mortal, and must tend
Towards that Life whence it came, and there must end!
One Life; — the same that in the hush of day,
Breathes in the fire-fly one poor hour of play,
And the same Life with which the heavenly spheres
Roll the vast anthem of ten-thousand years!

O Classmates! though we've met to say good-bye,
I scarce can bear to say it; looking on
The past, its white fields gleam so pleasantly,
And the bleak future seems so drear and wan,
'T is but a brief dejection! 'T is soon gone, —
And let it come and go! there is no foil
Against it while it lasts, there is not one
Whose heart, though stout, will not sometimes recoil
At leaving dewy groves for roads of dusty toil.

We have walked on in friendship, — now we go
From these old scenes, and to return no more —
But other tongues shall talk, and feet shall flow
Down the same steps and through the chapel door.
We have been kindly dealt with — we deplore
No comrade rudely snatched — and yet we crave
Some absent voices — some who trod this shore
In kindness with us — hearts still warm and brave,
Now proffer cordial hands from o'er the western wave.

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The years shall melt like dreams, Classmates, this day
So rich in heart and hope! when the sad star
Shall shine through broken ranks on locks of grey,
Telling of comrades that have soared afar, —
O then come hither where youth's play-grounds are,
For dear old memories, — like the plaintive strain
That dwells 'round lonely ruins, — shall not jar,
But pour a music sweet as silver rain.
And the old vanished forms shall all throng back again!

Farewell! Farewell! Ours is the widest wreath
That ever circled round the old class tree,
Ne'er have its leaves their shadows cast beneath
On forms more frankly sad to part than we.
Long hang the happy past in memory!
Still glancing back, and still advancing on!
Short be our partings, full our meetings be!
Then, like old vintage be the scenes bygone,
Bubbling from cob-webbed cells, but sparkling in the sun!

CLASS DAY

JUNE 25TH, 1852

From the Class Book

THE morning of Class Day ushered itself in with lowering clouds threatening rain. Our first scholar replied to an anxious inquirer in the third story that it would probably pour during the day, and the Class Secretary had in his possession an umbrella taken by mistake from the Chapel, these two circumstances undoubtedly prevented any serious inconvenience from the weather. It is said also that the beautiful Iris captured Jupiter called Pluvius and incarcerated him in the cave of Aeolus situated under Niagara Falls, and there kept him a prisoner for many days, thus very properly punishing him for attempting to interfere with us on Class Day, and the thunder-bolts forged by Vulcan were carefully laid on the shelf for another occasion.

The Class formed in front of Holworthy at ten o'clock in full numbers and marched to Professor Longfellow's lecture-room in University Hall at ten and a half o'clock, where they

listened to highly appropriate readings from the Scriptures and an impressive prayer by the Chaplain, Elijah Swift. Our Chief Marshal, Mr. C. W. Upham, Jr., then read an anonymous ode, supposed to have been written by Mrs. Sparks, dedicated to the Class of 1852. This ode may be found in its proper place in the Class Book.¹ After these exercises the Class sang one verse of the Class Ode and then proceeded in a body to the President's House where they arrived at quarter past eleven. Mr. Upham presented to Mrs. Sparks a fine bouquet (*sic*) which she received with much pleasure, and acknowledged the next day by a magnificent one made up of flowers from her own garden. Some slight refreshment was spread before us, and lemonade was served in the old College Punch-Bowls presented to the College in 1701 by Hon. William Stoughton. After spending about half an hour at the President's, the Class, escorting the Faculty, proceeded to the Chapel where the exercises commenced at twelve o'clock. After music by the Brigade band, followed by a short and appropriate prayer by the Rev. James Walker, D.D., the Class listened to the oration from James Bradley Thayer of Northampton. This was a fine production. It sustained the reputation of the Class and did great credit to the orator.

After a short interval filled by music, Mr. J. H. Choate arose, and after stating the melancholy bereavement which had prevented our poet from being with us, read Williamson's poem. Mr. Choate did as well as anyone could have done under similar circumstances, yet something was wanting, and that was the presence of the poet himself. The ode written by Horatio Alger of Marlborough was sung with feeling in correct time, and much better than it had been sung for several years.

At two and a half o'clock P. M. the doors of Harvard Hall were thrown open and the invited guests entered the banquet-room preceded by Mrs. Sparks leaning on the arm of Assistant-Marshal Trimble. The sight on entering the Hall was extremely beautiful. The tables, extending nearly its whole length, were loaded with every delicacy of the season, and were ornamented with a profusion of beautiful flowers. The long array of pictures of good men departed which adorned the

¹ It is not in the Class Book, however, but may be read in "Hymns, Home, Harvard" by M. C. S. (Mary Crowninshield Sparks), p. 241.

Harvard Class of 1852

walls of Harvard Hall seemed to cast down their eyes, to move their lips, and smile on the sight beneath as if desirous to partake of the dainties before them. Nothing further need be said of the collation than that Mr. J. B. Smith, the caterer, surpassed himself.

The dancing on the green commenced at four o'clock. The lawn was in a better condition than on any previous year. Two cotillions and the Ladies-triumph were gone through with, when the hall was thrown open for dancing, and several sets were performed.

At six o'clock the Class formed again to cheer the buildings, which was done enthusiastically. At about half past six "Auld Lang Syne" was sung around the tree and bunches of flowers from the wreath prepared by the fair hands of the ladies of Cambridge were distributed to each member of the Class.

The ceremonies of the day concluded by enthusiastic cheers for the members of the Faculty, and the audience dispersed highly delighted with what they had seen and heard.

The evening was spent at Mrs. Sparks's, who received the Class with the greatest courtesy. A brilliant assembly of ladies and gentlemen graced the drawing-rooms of the lady of our beloved President, and the Class of 1852, the largest ever graduated at Harvard, the most distinguished ever graduated anywhere, were ushered into the world on that occasion for the first time, as liberally educated young men.

CALVIN G. PAGE,
Class Secretary, 1852.

CLASS DAY EXPENSES

Collation	\$200.00	Wreath for tree	\$8.00
Band	150.00	Printing	8.00
Cradle	50.00	Breakage	10.00
Knife	25.00	Batons	10.00
Class Book	25.00	Bouquet	10.00



COMMENCEMENT

Harvard Class of 1852

A breathing space followed before the Commencement festivities, which took place on the twenty-first of July. The exercises were held in the First Church, in Harvard Square.

*The President of Harvard College
in behalf of the Corporation
requests the favor of the Company of*

*at the Exhibition, and at dinner in the
Hall, on Commencement day, (July 21st).
Cambridge, July 15th, 1852.*

Denny, and very possibly others, celebrated the day by a reception for friends. Denny's invitation, printed on a sheet of paper $6\frac{1}{4}$ by 4 inches in size, is worded thus:

*Henry G. Denny will receive
his friends on the afternoon
of Commencement Day, the 21st
instant, at No. 27 Massachusetts
Hall.*

Cambridge, July 16th.

Illustrissimo GEORGIO-SEWALL BOUTWELL, LL. D.,
GUBERNATORI,

Honoratissimo HENRICO-WYLES CUSHMAN,
VICE-GUBERNATORI,

REIPUBLICÆ MASSACHUSETTENSIS;

CÆTERISQUE COLLEGII HARVARDIANA CURATORIBUS

Honorandis atque Reverendis;

JARED SPARKS, LL. D.,
PRÆSIDI;

Toti SENATUI Academico;

Allisque omnibus, qui in Rebus Universitatis administrandis versantur;

VENERANDIS ECCLESIARUM PASSIM PASTORIBUS;

Universis denique, ubicunque terrarum, Humanitatis Cultoribus, Reique Publicæ

nostræ Literariæ Fautoribus;

Harvard Class of 1852

JUVENES IN ARTIBUS INITIATI.

Horatius Alger	Franciscus-Saltonstall Howe
Elbert-Ellery Anderson	Jacobus Huntington
Howard-Payson Arnold	Samuel-Hutchins Hurd
Johannes-Ellis Blake	Franciscus-Gulielmus Hurd
Carolus-Thomas Bonney	Benjamin-Flint King
Caleb-Davis Bradlee	Gulielmus-Cole Leverett
Petrus-Chardon Brooks	Fredericus-Percival Leverett
Addison Brown	Gulielmus-Duncan McKim
Henricus-Gulielmus Brown	Edvardus-Horatius Neal
Edvardus-King Buttrick	Georgius-Walter Norris
Carolus-Taylor Canfield	Henricus-Kemble Oliver
Georgius-Lovell Cary	Calvinus-Gates Page
Reginaldus-Heber Chase	Georgius-Augustus Peabody
David-Williams Cheever	Johannes-Taylor Perry
Gulielmus-Gardner Choate	Gulielmus-Henricus Phipps
Josephus-Hodges Choate	Josias Porter
Josias Collins	Edvardus-Ellerton Pratt
Alfredus-Wellington Cooke	Samuel-Miller Quincy
Horatius-Hopkins Coolidge	Paulus-Josephus Revere
Johannes-Aloysius-Colman	Horatius Richardson
Crowley	Edvinus-Aldrich Rodgers
Thomas-Jacobus Curtis	Knyvett-Winthrop Sears
Carolus-Franciscus Dana	Nathanael-Devereux Silsbee
Henricus-Gardner Denny	Georgius-Brimmer Sohier
Henricus-Hill Downes	Almon Spencer
Johannes Dwight	Josephus-White Sprague
Gulielmus-Miller Esté	Carolus-Ellery Stedman
Edvinus-Hedge Fay	Austin Stickney
Georgius-Huntington Fisher	Elijah Swift
Johannes-Sylvester Gardiner	Adam-Wallace Thaxter
Levi Gray	Jacobus-Bradley Thayer
Augustus-Goodwin Greenwood	Gorham Thomas
Edvinus-Smith Gregory	Samuel-Lothrop Thorndike
Ephraim-Whitman Gurney	David-Churchman Trimble
Samuel-Foster Haven	Carolus-Wentworth Upham
Georgius-Edvardus Head	Carolus-Carroll Vinal
Jacobus-Seneca Hill	Johannes-Singer Wallace
Franciscus-Gulielmus Hilliard	Darwin-Erastus Ware
Sturgis Hooper	Gulielmus-Robertus Ware
Johannes-Emory Horr	Robertus Ware

Annals of the

Gulielmus-Henricus Waring
Andreas Washburn
Gulielmus-Fiske Wheeler
Horatius-Hancock-Fiske
Whittemore

Sidney Willard
Russell-Mortimer Williams
Gulielmus-Cross Williamson
Chauncey Wright

HASCE EXERCITATIONES

humillime dedicant.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

FOR

C O M M E N C E M E N T,

XXI JULY, MDCCCLII.

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin.
JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, *Salem.*
2. An Essay. "The Civilization of the Mediterranean."
HENRY GARDNER DENNY, *Boston.*
3. A Disquisition. "Changes in the Character of
Ulysses by the Greek Tragedians."
HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD, *Cambridge.*
4. A Dissertation. "The Bearing of Progress in Science
on Faith in Revealed Religion."
WILLIAM COLE LEVERETT, *Grafton.*
5. A Disquisition. "Anna Comnena."
CHARLES ELLERY STEDMAN, *Boston.*

MUSIC.

6. An Essay. "Gradations in Shakespeare's Female
Characters."
FREDERIC PERCIVAL LEVERETT,
Prince William's, S. C.
7. An English Oration. "Cicero's Return from Banish-
ment."
HORATIO ALGER, *Marlborough.*
8. A Disquisition. "Reaction of European Civilization
on Asia."
WILLIAM DUNCAN MCKIM, *Baltimore, Md.*

Annals of the

9. A Dissertation. "Religious Toleration of the Ancient Romans."
AUSTIN STICKNEY, *Cambridge.*
10. A Dissertation. "The Suppression of the Order of the Knights Templars."
EDWARD HORATIO NEAL, *Newton Lower Falls.*
11. An Essay. "Division of Labor as affecting Mental Culture."
GEORGE HUNTINGTON FISHER, *Oswego, N. Y.*

MUSIC.

12. A Disquisition. "Latin Poetry of the Christian Church."
ROBERT WARE, *Boston.*
13. A Dissertation. "The Iphigenia of Goethe compared with that of Euripides."
EPHRAIM WHITMAN GURNEY, *Boston.*
14. An English Oration. "Livy as an Historical Painter."
REGINALD HEBER CHASE, *Cambridge.*
15. A Dissertation. "The Empire of Trebizond."
THOMAS JAMES CURTIS, *Boston.*
16. A Disquisition. "Raymond Lully, the Crusader and the Alchemist."
ANDREW WASHBURN, *Newton.*
17. A Dissertation. "Self-Respect considered as an Element of Republican Character."
CHARLES TAYLOR CANFIELD, *Ithaca, N. Y.*
18. An English Poem. "The Death of Moore."
WILLIAM CROSS WILLIAMSON, *Belfast, Me.*

MUSIC.

19. An Essay. "The Poetical Element of the Scotch Character."
DAVID CHURCHMAN TRIMBLE, *Baltimore, Md.*

Harvard Class of 1852

20. A Disquisition. "Ancient Geometry."
CHAUNCEY WRIGHT, *Northampton.*
21. A Latin Oration. "De Corinθο Capto."
WILLIAM ROBERT WARE, *Milton.*
22. A Dissertation. "The Travels and the Traveller of
Goldsmith."
HORACE HOPKINS COOLIDGE, *Boston.*
23. An English Oration. "The Literature of Iceland."
HENRY WILLIAM BROWN, *Worcester.*
24. A Dissertation. "The Alexandrian Philology."
ALFRED WELLINGTON COOKE, *Cambridge.*

MUSIC.

25. A Disquisition. "Roman Hereditary Virtues and
Vices."
ELIJAH SWIFT, *Falmouth.*
26. An Essay. "James Fenimore Cooper."
WILLIAM HENRY WARING, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
27. A Dissertation. "The Prospects of Art in America."
CHARLES THOMAS BONNEY, *Rochester.*
28. An Essay. "Science in Russia."
EDWIN ALDRICH RODGERS, *Wells River, Vt.*
29. An English Oration. "The Pythagorean Theory of
Numbers with Reference to the Problem of
Science."
DARWIN ERASTUS WARE, *Salem.*

MUSIC.

30. An Essay. "Ethnological Studies."
FRANCIS SALTONSTALL HOWE, *Haverhill.*
31. A Disquisition. "The Services of Berzelius to
Chemistry."
HORATIO HANCOCK FISKE WHITTEMORE,
West Cambridge.

Annals of the Harvard Class of 1852

32. A Dissertation. "Thomas De Quincey."
DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER, *Portsmouth, N. H.*
33. An English Poem. "The Discipline of Life."
FRANCIS WILLIAM HILLIARD, *Roxbury.*
34. An English Oration. "Works of Fiction as Weapons
of Controversy."
JOSIAH COLLINS, *Scuppernong, N. C.*
35. A Disquisition. "The Dramatic Power of Mozart."
ELBERT ELLERY ANDERSON, *New York, N. Y.*

MUSIC.

36. An Essay. "The Scientific Character of Pliny."
JOSEPH WHITE SPRAGUE, *Salem.*
37. A Disquisition. "Robert the Second of France."
GEORGE WALTER NORRIS, *Boston.*
38. A Disquisition. "The Prospects of Australia."
GORHAM THOMAS, *Cambridge.*
39. An English Oration. "Henry Clay."
ADDISON BROWN, *Bradford.*
40. A Dissertation. "The First Greek Philosophers."
JAMES BRADLEY THAYER, *Northampton.*

MUSIC.

41. An English Oration. "A National Literature."
WILLIAM GARDNER CHOATE, *Salem.*

ANNALS

THE FACULTY

A FEW personal recollections of the Faculty as known to the Class of 1852 may not be without interest to generations to whom they are but names.

Edward Everett was President when the Freshman Class entered College; as his tenure of office was within a few months of its end, he naturally made small impression upon the lads, although the writer remembers hearing one of the Class speak of the feeling of tremulous timidity with which he was ushered into Everett's awe-inspiring presence soon after his arrival at Cambridge, and the utter absence of graciousness on the great man's part, or of any effort to set the shy and frightened boy at his ease.

The Inauguration of President Sparks is described elsewhere. "President Sparks," says Judge Brown, . . . "was modest and undemonstrative, though in appearance noble and impressive." His suave and sympathetic manner sometimes conveyed unintentional assent, as in the case of the founding of the Psi Upsilon Chapter. The elect (twelve in number) in the Class who were members of the Alpha Delta Phi, resenting the proposed establishment of another Greek Letter Society, visited Sparks, primed with arguments against the scheme, with a view to taking the wind out of the sails of the Psi Upsilon promoters. The President's bland courtesy led them to withdraw feeling that their cause was won, and the doom of the rival club sealed. But not at all — permission was granted for the Psi Upsilon Chapter, and, alas! for the members of the Alpha Delta Phi, it appealed to some of their strongest men. The students came in contact with Sparks but little, however, and his influence on them was slight. He resigned in 1852 on account of ill health.

Dr. White mentions the attendance of President Sparks at Evening Prayers, after an absence of two months, caused by illness, and the warm reception given him by the students.¹ The following account of the occurrence is given in a letter by William Robert Ware, of date 12 November, 1850, to Darwin E. Ware:

¹ James Clarke White, *Sketches From My Life*, p. 25.

Mr. Sparks appeared at prayers for the first time, last Wednesday evening. I passed the word along to the Freshmen to stop after prayers and there was a tacit agreement among the Sophomores. The Seniors at first walked off, but seeing they were not followed, came back in large numbers. Students collected in front of the chapel, standing on the grass as if it were Exhibition day. The tutors looked rather dismayed at such an array and seemed to feel some compunctions at letting it pass, but they were none of them quite up to sending off a *group* of 250, so they went slowly off looking very glum indeed. At last the "talented but eccentric Sophocles" appeared at the top of the steps, enveloped in the classic folds of blue broadcloth, which he has rendered so famous. He stopped for a minute, then grimly smiled and descended the steps one foot after another, *suo more*, and joined the crowd below. All this while the President did not appear and we began to think that he, little thinking of our disappointment, had retreated to his office. Murmurs of "Sold! sold!" began to be heard, "*tum quoque videres stridere secretâ divisos aure susurros.*" At last he appeared with Dr. Noyes, who saw what was in the wind and could not conceal his satisfaction. He was evidently smiling in his sleeve, while the President tried to look unconcerned, while Sophocles made no pretence at restraint, and rubbed his hands with delight. When he had about got to the foot of the steps we gave "Three cheers for President Sparks" in the true Harvard style. Everyone used their lungs with a will, and they told well. As Patty Cannon expressed it, "There never was a President got such cheers before, they all went up and round." The President walked slowly along in front and the ninth cheer left him just in the centre. Then he took off his hat and said that "he was glad to see us so cheerful on his return, but it was not in order to make a noise coming out of Chapel." Then he smiled and we laughed and gave him three more before our hats went on to our heads again. It is always pleasant to cheer, but this night the shouts were more unanimous and in better time than ever, and it is altogether one of the pleasantest occasions I remember.

Judge Brown wrote that

Professor Peirce seemed like a poet in a mathematical dream, his mind so preoccupied, as it were gazing at the stars.

Professor Agassiz was a man of great power, inspiring enthusiasm by his magnetic qualities. He gave us one course of most interesting lectures on Geology, during which he conducted the Class on two excursions, one to all red pudding stone formation at Dorchester.

Another of the Class recalls the not uncommon trick played

Harvard Class of 1852

on the Professor during the passing from hand to hand of illustrative specimens. The mischievous Thaxter substituted a common pebble picked up on the way to Class for one of the professorial stones, and the narrator of the incident relates that he should never forget the expression on Agassiz's face when it reached him after having gone the round of the students, nor the angry words which he hurled at the Class, Thaxter's face meanwhile expressing entire innocence.

Armed with a miniature sledge hammer [Dr. Oliver tells us], we went through the rural parts of Cambridge and adjoining towns hammering geological specimens to study their internal structure. One of these excursions was to Roxbury to see the pudding stone of that place. I had not seen it before, and to my mind it was perfectly clear how the formation occurred. Here were stones of a size varying from that of a walnut to an egg scattered throughout a homogeneous rock like plums in a pudding. It was evident, therefore, that the stones were embedded in a molten mass which in cooling had held them in position. Purely as a matter of form, however, I asked Professor Agassiz how the formation occurred, and his reply was "I don't know." This is another proof of how much ignorant people know.

Another of the Class¹ says:

The greatest of all teachers was Agassiz. His enthusiasm in communicating information was boundless. The process was evidently a joy to himself, and the lectures are among the choicest memories of my college life. He was liberal in the use of the rare specimens he had gathered together. At one of his lectures on geology he passed round some stones with fossils, among them some trilobites, little fossil scales on smooth stones. I cannot think of it now without a feeling of mortification for the Class of '52, though I am not sure it was one of that Class who was at fault. But at any rate somebody through whose hands the stone passed must have set his thumb against the edge of this little film on the stone, and it was never seen again. The specimens were passed back to Agassiz, who received and examined them, and when he came to this denuded stone he looked at it. His countenance instantly changed from the intensely interested and interesting lecturer which he always was to one who had suffered a serious loss. All he said was "My trilobite! My trilobite!" The tone was one of dismay. It was reproachful, too. It was the end of the lecture. I cannot now think of it without a

¹ Judge Choate.

sense of shame for my Class. He was indeed a wonderful man. I remember his taking us once down to examine the rocks at Nahant. His out-of-door lectures were great treats.

Professor Longfellow [says Judge Brown], besides his instruction in Italian, gave us all our course of lectures in Dante. In appearance, Longfellow seemed the ideal poet, with perfection of manners and of gentlemanly bearing, faultless in taste, dress and elocution! His features finely modeled, and with a heavy growth of hair worn somewhat long, and at that time turning gray, and with a pleasant kindly face often wreathed in smiles.

Miss Crowley writes that her father cherished the memory of seeing Edward Everett, then Harvard's President, Charles Sumner and Longfellow crossing the College Yard arm in arm, and also, that Mr. Crowley recalled with pleasure Longfellow's giving the Class "his version of Dante, as the translation came day by day from his pen."

Longfellow was considered something of a dandy, a fact that has been perpetuated in the lines of the College poem —

Longfellow, Longfellow, Longfellow, fellow, fellow
In blue coat and brass buttons
Is Professor Longfellow.

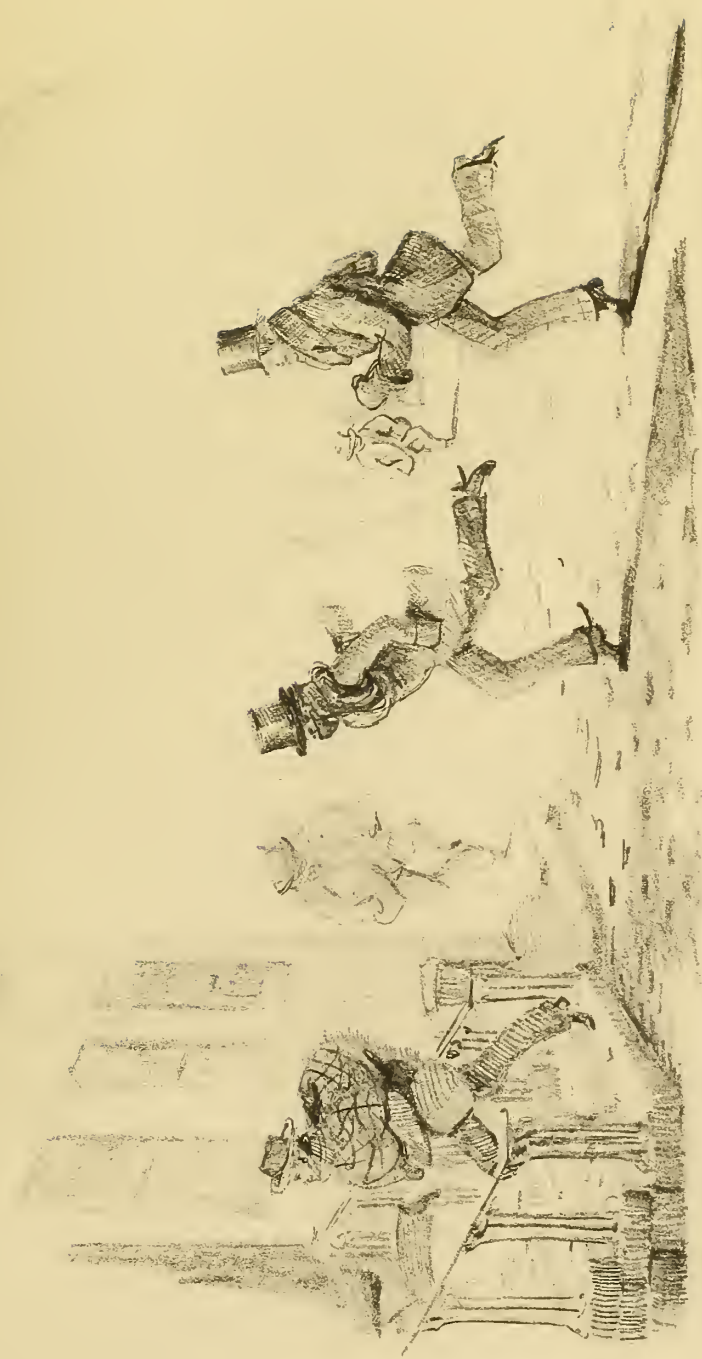
Francis Sales (H. C. *h*1835), instructor in Spanish and French from 1816 to 1854, came from a part of France near the Spanish border, and wore his hair in a long queue, both queue and coat collar being profusely powdered. He was an odd figure, but if his appearance were strange, his manners left nothing to be desired; one ¹ of the Class of '52 writes

I can see him now meeting a lady of his acquaintance on the street; he always remained uncovered while speaking with her, and his low bow on leaving was a thing to shame off-hand doffing of hats of that and the present time.

Among our great teachers, [writes Judge Choate], was Professor Channing, to whom I think was largely due the fact that the Harvard English of that period was singularly pure and undefiled. It was he who was known by the boys as "Potty." He had a fine sense of humor, as was shown in his criticisms on our themes and forensics. It made no difference that the joke was on himself. One morning he hid himself behind the door in his recitation room in University Hall and the boys came tumbling in. The room filled up and one of the Class cried out "Potty is n't here." The door swung out and the

¹ Dr. Oliver.





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voice of our Professor of Rhetoric was heard saying "Potty is here," and the Professor himself walked out and up to his desk and sat down and proceeded with the appointed exercise as if nothing had happened.

I remember that I was very weak in spelling when I began my courses with him. His usual form of criticism in such a case was to make a small "sp" in the margin of the manuscript submitted to him against the misspelled word. I suppose I failed to give due heed to this form of admonition in my first few productions submitted to him. At any rate, after the second or third of my papers so treated I found this method discontinued, and a large "SP" covered the entire margin of the paper from top to bottom. It is needless to say that I took the hint, although nothing was said.

Felton affected an old cloak and fur cap, which furnished much mirth for the students; and Sophocles was always a noticeable figure with throat guiltless of "dickey," short trousers, blue stockings and unpolished shoes.¹

¹ Cf. pp. 331, 387 and note.

THE CLASS

SEVENTY years have passed since the eighty-eight members of the Class of 1852 were sent forth into the world to try their fate, but the chasm that separates those days from ours is as nought in point of time compared with the infinite change which has transformed all the ways and customs of life. So great is the difference that it may not be out of place to sketch briefly the surroundings in which '52 played out the drama of its day.

The lads who assembled for the dread ordeal of the entrance examinations in the August of 1848 came by steamer, stage and railway from North and South, East and from what in those days was the Far West, — Ohio, gathering around a College as unlike the Harvard University of today as were the modes of transport by which they traveled.

Cambridge was then a pretty, sleepy village shaded by over-arching trees, and bounded by green hedge-rows of lilac and syringa, sloping on one side to the lazy waters of the Charles, with its clumps of pollard willows, and stretching out by pleasant country roads to "northward-lying farms." In the West, approached on one side by "Love Lane," was Fresh Pond, a favorite resort, where the members of the Rumford and Natural History Societies collected specimens.

Harvard Square was hardly more than a village green, its quiet little disturbed by the arrival and departure of the "Hourlies." These were the Boston omnibuses, so called because at first they went but once an hour; they soon ran more frequently. The vehicles were built on the pattern of a horse stage or omnibus with seats inside and also on top, their starting signaled by the ringing of a large bell kept under one of the seats beside the door, and their stopping announced in the same manner. The terminus of the route was in Scollay Square, Boston.¹ At one time there was a branch station of the Fitchburg Railroad on the spot where the Hemenway

¹ Addison Brown wrote his father, when urging him to visit Harvard's classic shades, "The omnibuses which start from Brattle Square will bring you to the door here (Divinity Hall) if you tell them they must, fare 15 cts."

Harvard Class of 1852

Gymnasium now stands, but the branch was not successful, and therefore was discontinued. On the site of the present Austin Law School was a frog pond, from whose stagnant waters, as one of the Class tells us, he procured the necessary batrachian food for his pet screech owls.¹

At the junction of Brattle and Mt. Auburn Streets, in 1848 or 1849, was erected the hostelry known as the Brattle House; an enterprise of the sort was supposed to be needed in Cambridge, and President Everett presided at the housewarming given by the owners. It proved a failure, however, although the students who returned for postgraduate courses sometimes boarded there.

There were no buildings on the Delta, except perhaps a small one occupied as a Gymnasium, and the ground itself was chiefly used for the annual Foot-ball game between the Sophomores and Freshmen, which took place after the beginning of the Autumn term.

The well-known inn, called "Porter's," was situated at North Cambridge, and was not infrequently visited by the Harvard boys who desired a stronger beverage than that furnished by the College Pump.

The only Cambridge bridge over the Charles River was the predecessor of the one now traversed by the Elevated Railway, and a toll-house stood on the Cambridge side, but no toll gate. Some of the Class kept their own horses, among them Dana, who drove in and out of town frequently (his mother lived in Boston) and finding it inconvenient to stop and "fork out" change each time, he made an arrangement to commute his dues, and by calling out his name was allowed to drive by without challenge; the advantages of the plan appealed to other students who availed themselves of the opportunity to pass through after dark, and by calling out "Dana" their dues were charged to his account. History does not say how Dana greeted his bill at the end of the month!

The President's House, now known as Wadsworth House, was the old-fashioned yellow and white mansion, still standing on Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the head of Holyoke Street, although now curtailed of the fair proportions of its doorway. The hospitable doorway opens into a hall running

¹ See Sketch of Henry Kemble Oliver, p. 126, *ante*.

through the house with a door at the other end and the College Yard encloses it on either side.

But this is a lengthy description of what were only the surroundings of the College itself, the little jewel framed in its filigree setting of interlacing elms. In 1848 the Yard was surrounded by stone posts connected by iron chains, a popular seat with the boys, whose wrath and lamentation were deep on their removal during the Senior year, and they requested that special mention should be given them in the Class Poem:

When round our yard as you remember well,
Long chains, in gentle billows, rose and fell,
Pleasant it was, on early summer nights
To anchor there, cigars our signal lights,
On those long chainy waves to drift and swing,
To fire the pun, or sweet sea-songs to sing.

Alas! when Seniors, we sailed back once more,
Each bark was stranded on a separate shore!
There was no intercourse from coast to coast,
No chains to ride on, and no evening post!

As the old outcasts from the French bastille
Wept for their granite walls and links of steel,
We cried,—"O while our brief old life remains
Just give us back parietals and chains!

Outside Hollis Hall stood the College Pump, where the students supplemented the supply of water provided by their "goodies," and during an abstinence movement, that failed to meet with universal sympathy, tradition tells us that the Pump was blown up.

The rooms of those who occupied the College Halls were simple enough. Students, many of whom worked their way through the four years' course, had little money to spare for luxuries, but dreary indeed must be the spot which an open fire can fail to render homelike, and the stanzas of an Institute poem prove that the boys themselves found nothing lacking:

On wintry evenings when the frosty breeze
Sighs chill and mournful through the leafless trees,
The students' fire pours out a ruddy light,
Piercing the darkness of the sombre night!

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Classmates are met, the social glasses ring,
The pipes are lit, and college songs they sing,
From mouth to mouth the everlasting puns
Flash, and reverberate like minute guns,
How flit their shadows on the dim old walls
As with the gusts the red flame leaps and falls!

The picture of Norris's room, No. 19 Holworthy, lived in the memories of those who loved its occupant as the *ne plus ultra* of a college chamber, and in the classmates' letters we find more than one reference to its comforts, the red-curtained windows, the old couch by the cavernous fireplace, the glowing fire and the many pipes. The "old clothes" men, one of whom was familiarly known as "Poco," who were a feature of college life, brought with them various articles of "virtu" to exchange for discarded raiment; a member of '53 tells of "the red Bohemian glass vases" thereby acquired,¹ while one of the '52 men long prized a pair of tiny bisquet dancing girls whose ruffled and voluminous petticoats might well put to shame the abbreviated "jupons" of the present day.

The acme of luxury in chairs was represented by the one which Oliver's father gave him for his college room, an arm-chair with right arm so extended as to form a shelf for book or writing materials. Lent by him on graduation to Emmerton² of '55, it returned later to its first owner, and accompanied his nephew, Thomas Edward Oliver (1903), through his college career.³

During Freshman year "Commons" were held in the basement of University Hall. The space was divided into two sections, a more expensive bill of fare consisting of beef and pudding being served, on one side, while the cheaper menu, served on the other, provided beef and pudding on alternate days.⁴ Dinner was of course a midday meal. Many of the

¹ Sketches of my Life by James Clark White, M.D., p. 30.

² James Walter Emmerton.

³ The chair, still in perfect preservation, is now in the Harvard Union, having been presented to the Society by Dr. Henry Kemble Oliver of 1852. The history is painted on the reverse side of the seat.

⁴ In his speech at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Harvard Club of New York, Mr. Choate says that the weekly price for the more elaborate bill of fare was two dollars and a half, the cheaper one, known as "Starvation Hollow," being two dollars. (Quoted from "Joseph Hodges Choate" by Langdon Parker Marvin, Harvard Graduates Magazine, September, 1917, p. 27.)

students had rooms outside the College grounds, and boarded where they roomed, license being granted by the Faculty to a long list of the town residents of sufficient standing and respectability to warrant their position as landlords and landladies to students.

The boys who composed the members of the Class of '52 were all American born, and with four exceptions all of English lineage; the four who were otherwise descended being Esté and Revere, whose ancestors were of course of French extraction; Crowley, whose parents emigrated from Ireland shortly before his birth, and Wallace, whose Scotch father and mother came hither in 1812.

The average age of the entering class of 1848 was seventeen; the youngest was only fifteen. The lads were many of them the sons of farmers, and more than one was obliged to work hard and to "live lean," but always with a glad and willing heart, to procure the wherewithal to carry him through the college course, for to the youth of those days, Harvard was "the consecration and the Poets' dream," and a Harvard degree, the greatest asset with which he could set forth to seek his fortune.

The Academic Year was divided into two terms, one from September first to the middle of January, and one from March first to mid-July. There were vacations of six weeks' length in both summer and winter, and two recesses of four days each, one in the Spring and one in the Autumn. It was customary for the Faculty to give leave of absence from Thanksgiving to about the first of March to any of the students who wished to provide themselves with funds by teaching for three months in some country District School. The number of those who availed themselves of the privilege was always large.

The Entrance Examinations were held in University Hall, and lasted about eight hours. One of the Class of '52 writes that if he had been examined as hard "on leaving college as when entering, he should have left his bones in Cambridge." The legend survives that another member of '52 approached Professor Sophocles, on entering the examination room with the question, "Here, old Cock, where do we put our hats?" having mistaken Sophocles for the janitor, a not unpardonable error, for the professor's neatness of apparel

was in inverse ratio to his learning, and his unpolished shoes, blue yarn hosiery, abbreviated pantaloons and collarless throat hardly conformed to the student ideal of professorial attire.¹

The Connecticut Blue Laws pale in comparison with the strenuous Rules and Regulations which awaited the entering Freshman. That the boys, for they were nothing more, should find perennial satisfaction, unalloyed by fines, in carving their names on the benches, was not perhaps strange. They were strictly forbidden to smoke outside their rooms and the sinful wight who lay coatless and smoking on the grass on Sunday afternoon at an hour when the godly were passing by on their way to church, no doubt met with the chastisement his heinous offence deserved.

Nevertheless the observation of the Sabbath seemed very lax to one fresh from the more Orthodox atmosphere of Amherst, as may be seen from a letter written by Addison Brown to his father in September, 1849. He had passed his Freshman year at Amherst.

Sunday is not very strictly kept by the students. Most themes are written on Sunday. Nine tenths of the students study or write as they choose as on other days, indeed the day is not in general considered of any binding importance.

The difference in a religious point of view between the habits of thought here and at Amherst is remarkable. There are not more than six professors of religion among all the students, and not a religious meeting from the beginning of the term to the close, except the Chapel service.

In many of the poems written for meetings of different Societies, reference is made to the Rebellion Tree, situated near the College Pump, around which it was usual for Sophomores to hold a midnight dance on New Year's Eve,² which sometimes led to serious and rustivating consequences, as did the custom of "groaning" at Class-meetings for tutors who failed to meet with the approval of their pupils.

The "hazing" of Freshmen was then in full force; descrip-

¹ Cf. pp. 325, 387 and note.

² See Poem delivered before the Institute of 1770, p. 386, *post*; and Sketches of my Life by Dr. White (p. 25), "1855, Jan. 1. A dance around the Rebellion Tree last night."

tions may be found in the poem read¹ before the Iadma Society by Thaxter.

The relations between the Students and the Professors and Tutors in the days of '52 were almost those which exist in a large family circle; all were known to one another, and the attitude of the boys toward their elders and betters was that of mischievous, and sometimes affectionate rebellion, although for some reason their feeling toward their tutors was occasionally really virulent, perhaps because they resented the authority exercised by men who were often only a year or two older than themselves. The unfortunate Josiah Shattuck Hartwell² was the object of their especial rancor, but for Child they cherished no unkindness.

The College bell was rung twelve times, daily, the ringer being yclept Mills;³ the first call of course was for compulsory prayers, and at the jocund hour of 6 A. M. winter and summer, the unwilling lads were dragged from their morning slumbers. One of Stedman's best drawings represents them storming up the stairs of University⁴ in their effort to get in before the closing of the doors, the signal for which was the rising of the clergyman, whereupon the monitors made a record of all present, and we can scarcely wonder that frequent admonitions were delivered for undignified and slumbrous attitudes on the part of the sleepy boys, or even that they sometimes kept themselves awake by unseemly noises of the feet.

Francis and Noyes were the divines who officiated at the matutinal orisons, and perhaps found it as hard to tear themselves from the arms of Morpheus as did their hearers, for it is related that on one occasion when invoking the Deity, Dr. Francis was heard to pray "that the intemperate may become temperate and the industrious dustrious." There were afternoon prayers also. Addison Brown played the College organ for two years while at Cambridge, and both he and Williamson sang in the College Choir.

Horatio Alger was President's Freshman; his duties were to do the President's errands, in return for which a room was

¹ See Iadma Society, p. 360, *post.*

² H. C. 1844 — First Scholar. He subsequently dropped the name of Josiah.

³ See Institute Poem and footnote on p. 391, *post.*

⁴ The Chapel was then in the present Faculty Room on the second floor of University Hall.

Harvard Class of 1852

assigned to him without charge, and he may have received other perquisites as well.¹

An effort was made in November, 1849, to introduce the wearing of mortar board caps.² Page seems to have been chief instigator, and many adopted the headgear, but it was soon abandoned on account of its extreme discomfort.

Fashion then as now, was king, and ordained at that time that young men should wear shawls instead of overcoats; long boots were universal and so difficult to draw on that an especial instrument was invented to facilitate the process. The protection afforded by the long boots was no doubt necessary, for Cambridge mud and dust have ever been proverbial.

"We used to take a tramp over the country," Norris writes to one of the Class after graduation, and "methinks I can scent even now the richly-compounded dust we inhaled and can feel the exquisite 'squish' with which our polished(?) boots sank deeply in the mire."

Deturs were assigned in November of the Sophomore year to thirty-four members of the Class, the prizes awarded consisting of handsome editions of well-known authors, and at the end of the Sophomore year, on 12 July, 1850, a Class Supper was held, to which Coolidge contributed an Ode. The allusions to the Professors may be easily recognized.

ODE

Air, — *Auld Lang Syne*

Our work is done, and now we bow
Before great Bacchus' shrine;
Thanksgiving to the jolly god,
The patron of the vine!
And Momus, mayst thou too preside
O'er this our maiden feast;
For all the cares that we have borne
With Soph'more days have ceased.

¹ Memories of a Hundred Years by Edward Everett Hale, ii. 234.

² The firm of Bent and Bush, prominent hatters of the day, whose firm name is still in existence, provided the members of the Class with the caps, sending out an emissary who took the measurement of the individual heads for their new apparel.

Annals of the

To Mathematics now we bid
A long and last farewell;
For Curves and Functions now defunct
We sound a parting knell!
For *Benny's* Curves have never *Peirced*
The brains of mortal man,
And to digest them, though they're *Cooked*,
We doubt if any can.

No more in Learning's devious ways
Shall we be *Beckoned* on;
We've laid all hope on that score down,
Just as the *Chase's* begun.
No more shall Hartwell at the sound
Of hurdy-gurdies run,
But quietly remain at home,
And tend that darling son.

No more as Soph'mores shall we cause
The Freshman's heart to quake,
But now as Juniors dignified
The ladies' hearts we'll break.
And if they yield we'll find excuse,
For we still do the same;
We love the *Sparks* as well as they,
The diff'rence's but in name.

We're half way up the golden hill
Of these our College days,
The star of Friendship cheers us on
With brilliant gladsome rays.
And when at length we're forced to part
And different paths pursue,
Let's ne'er forget our College days,
And the Class of '52.

Whene'er in after life we meet,
And grasp a classmate's hand,
The thoughts of earlier days shall rise
At Memory's glad command.
Let us then strive our Class to bind
In friendship firm and true,
That after years sweet thoughts may bring
Of the Class of '52.

Harvard Class of 1852

During May and October of the Junior and Senior years, were held the Exhibitions, which Mr. Rantoul aptly terms "a sort of dress rehearsal for Commencement . . . to test their quality before an audience in the Chapel."¹ The parts were assigned to eight members of each Class, respectively, and the exercises took place in the Chapel.

Kossuth's arrival in Boston in April, 1852, was celebrated by a half-holiday, that the students might go in to see him.² There was discussion as to whether he should be officially received at Harvard, the matter being finally settled by a message from the Common Council of Cambridge to the effect that if the Faculty did not invite him to visit the College, they should offer him the hospitality of the City. Kossuth was therefore bidden to attend the Exhibition, which was held on the fourth of May in the Chapel, and he arrived during the closing oration delivered by Addison Brown on "Unsuccessful Great Men." Kossuth was introduced by President Sparks, addressed the company in English, and departed after the applause had subsided, whereupon Brown finished his oration.³

Mrs. Charles Russell Lowell gave on the evening of the day of the Exhibition a reception at her house on Quincy Street for "the Hungarians," as they are called in the invitation, to which many of the students were asked, and Kossuth was the object of much hero worship.

In July, at the end of the Senior year, twenty-five of the Class shared in a dinner at the Winthrop House; the bill of fare for the occasion is decorated with garlands of pink roses, and offers a liberal list of fifty different viands!

It was during the Senior year that rooms in the East Entry of Holworthy were occupied by a band of good comrades, whose affection for one another ended only with their lives. Coolidge and Dana, the two Choates, Norris and Waring, Williamson and Thayer, Stedman and Robert Ware, Ware

¹ Personal Recollections by Robert S. Rantoul, p. 63.

² See Sketches from my Life by Dr. James C. White, p. 37.

³ The description given by Mr. Robert S. Rantoul in his *Reminiscences* (p. 63) of Kossuth's Reception is so pretty that we regret it is not authentic, but Mr. Choate's part in the Exhibition had been delivered before Kossuth's arrival, and his Latin address to the Hungarian is a charming fiction. Mr. Choate and his brother, Judge Choate, were greatly amused by the undeserved honors attributed to him by Mr. Rantoul's facile pen.

No. 1 and No. 3 were bracketed together in "chummage" and their letters in after years show how close and long-remembered was the tie.

Sadly enough did Robert Ware write to Williamson of their former quarters in the September of 1852: "the dear old fourth story, it's very much changed, they've white-washed over Charley's [Stedman's] pictures on the walls, and those poosky seniors rule supreme over the East Entry . . . I miss you and Jim [Thayer] and Dave [Trimble] most of all."

Their nicknames for one another were varied: the Choates were called by the inevitable "Joe and Bill," Norris was known as "Noddy" and Waring as "Fandatte" and "Fan," a sobriquet arising from the accidental transposition of one of the boys who intended to dub him Dam Fatty, and stumbled into Fam Datti instead. Bill Williamson was the "Belfast Giant" and "Patrick," while W. R. Ware was universally known as "Billy Bobby."

Many of the Class were fascinated with the approved method of M. Richter, who invented machinery to aid in the drawing of landscapes and of faces, and Bill Choate writes that he and Norris therein wasted a large part of their Senior year.

The announcement of the Commencement Parts was followed by the issue of the Mock Parts, which may be found on a previous page, with the account of the Class Meeting.

As we turn the pages of the Class Book, the pictured faces look out at us, perennially young and full of hope, even as they looked out on "that new world which is the old" in those long-past days of July, 1852.

The account of Class Day has been given¹ as related by the Secretary, and here our story of the Class in its entirety ends.

To but few of the Class of '52 was it granted to find the pot of gold at the rainbow's end; not all of them "hitched their wagon to a star," but we think there was none who in after life, failed wholly to hear some whisper of

"the voices of the 'Good and Great'
Who walked beneath these shades, whose lives sublime
Stand monuments along the stream of time.
Come up with memories of long ago

¹ See pp. 305-307, *ante*.

Harvard Class of 1852

And on *our* lives their sacred lustre throw; —
Bidding us gird our spirits for the strife
Which waits us on the battle-field of life.”

Eager, but with a deep religious faith, the more serious of the Class of '52 looked forward to the life that lay before them, almost as the knights of old watched beside their armor, and thus it was that their great White Mother

“Sent them forth to life as to a quest
To seek the highest, holiest and best.”

Eight of the Class of '52 gave their lives for their country; thirty-eight responded when she called on them, for whether he wore the blue or the gray, each man fought for the salvation of his country as he saw it. Even one who had cared least for Harvard in his College days, wrote in his old age: “If I have added little to the lustre of 1852, I have done nothing to disgrace her,” showing that to the last there abode with him the sense of allegiance to his Alma Mater and to his Class, and can a tie of such strength fail to be a man's safeguard?

“Class feeling,” said one of the Class of 1844, is “the mystic bond which unites classmate to classmate, — a sentiment which none can appreciate but those who have felt it, who have been the members of a College Class; a sentiment which we all ought to cherish.”¹ And cherished it was, indeed, by the men of '52.

All knowing one another as they did then, shut in together within the narrow confines of the College Yard, when a trip to town was an event, intimacies were very close, the four-year friendship was very precious to those who had dreamed together the rosy dreams and shared the long, long thoughts of youth beneath the College elms.

My personal history . . . can be summed up in a few lines [wrote Joe Choate in 1872]. I have lived always in the steady faith in which we grew up together, that the Class of 1852 is the best thing that Harvard has yet produced. There have doubtless been larger classes, and perhaps vainer ones, but none whose appreciation of their own merits had so solid and deep a foundation. I am bringing up my four children in the same faith.

¹ The Class of 1844, prepared by Edward Wheelwright, in *Sketch of Warren Tilton*, p. 234.

Some of the men never met after their Class Day, many fought on opposite sides in the Civil War, but the conflict over, all bitterness faded, and only the old bond of brotherhood remained, for "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Stricken down in the first flush of his manhood, through years of life-long invalidism, one of the brightest spots in Kimball's life was the news from his Classmates, Gregory's last years of slow decline were cheered by the pleasant memories of the Fortieth Anniversary, which he attended, and his chief interest centred in the bulletins of the Class sent him by the faithful Denny.

When Thayer received from Harvard the Degree of LL.D. his chum said that "no honor he could receive himself would give him the pleasure of the degree conferred on Thayer by the College which they both loved," and he meant it, too, for to the end their feeling for one another was that of brothers, and the honor of one was the honor of all. In this sense did those of the Class who could not otherwise have attended the Fortieth Anniversary, accept of the fund which was raised for the purpose and offered by Denny with tender delicacy. "I catch myself calling the Roll as it used to be every now and then," wrote Hilliard. He had seen only two classmates in nineteen years, but his heart was with them still; and Joe Choate tells us in his Autobiography that many a night he put himself to sleep by repeating the same old Roll. Thordike pinned Denny's greeting to his youngest grandchild on the family Christmas Tree, and to more than one of the children of the Class have the old College Melodies served as a lullaby.

The waves of life were to drift them far asunder, through many a chance and change, yet who can doubt that somewhere in the Harvard Valhalla the

"old companions trusty
Of early days"

will meet together once more, perennially young?

"But O blithe breeze, and O great Seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last!

Harvard Class of 1852

“One port methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold, where'er they fare,
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
 At last, at last, unite them there.”

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE CLASS

	BORN		BORN
Huntington	10 December, 1822	Downes	24 November, 1830
Canfield	13 April, 1823	Pratt	24 December, 1830
Rodgers	20 October, 1824	Thayer	15 January, 1831
Hill	3 March, 1825	Sprague	18 January, 1831
Gray	2 February, 1827	Buttrick	23 January, 1831
Gregory	20 April, 1828	Wallace	29 January, 1831
Spencer	21 September, 1828	Williamson	31 January, 1831
Hoar	22 November, 1828	Willard	3 February, 1831
Gurney	18 February, 1829	Head	4 February, 1831
Page	3 July, 1829	Waring	7 February, 1831
Oliver	26 October, 1829	D. E. Ware	11 February, 1831
Thorndike	28 December, 1829	Bradlee	24 February, 1831
Richardson	7 January, 1830	Stedman	23 March, 1831
Whittemore	15 February, 1830	F. W. Hurd	5 April, 1831
A. Brown	21 February, 1830	Brooks	8 May, 1831
S. H. Hurd	7 April, 1830	Haven	20 May, 1831
Cary	10 May, 1830	H. W. Brown	25 June, 1831
Wheeler	24 June, 1830	Esté	25 July, 1831
Porter	28 June, 1830	F. P. Leverett	10 August, 1831
Collins	19 July, 1830	Peabody	23 August, 1831
Upham	19 August, 1830	Vinal	17 September, 1831
Washburn	23 August, 1830	Curtis	9 October, 1831
Cooke	25 August, 1830	Arnold	12 October, 1831
Dwight	28 August, 1830	Blake	20 October, 1831
W. G. Choate	30 August, 1830	Howe	11 November, 1831
Dana	6 September, 1830	Swift	19 November, 1831
Wright	20 September, 1830	Stickney	25 November, 1831
Williams	27 September, 1830	Cheever	30 November, 1831
Gardiner	5 October, 1830	Norris	30 November, 1831
King	12 October, 1830	Kimball	4 January, 1832
Silsbee	22 October, 1830	Alger	13 January, 1832
W. C. Leverett	29 October, 1830	Thaxter	16 January, 1832

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BORN			BORN		
J. H. Choate	24 January,	1832	McKim	27 June,	1832
Coolidge	11 February,	1832	Hilliard	18 July,	1832
Phipps	26 February,	1832	Crowley	22 August,	1832
Fay	17 March,	1832	Thomas	7 September,	1832
Chase	25 March,	1832	Revere	10 September,	1832
Perry	5 April,	1832	Greenwood	12 September,	1832
Sears	9 April,	1832	Neal	23 October,	1832
Trimble	18 April,	1832	Sohier	19 November,	1832
Bonney	28 April,	1832	Hooper	3 March,	1833
Fisher	7 May,	1832	Denny	12 June,	1833
W. R. Ware	27 May,	1832	Robert Ware	2 September,	1833
Quincy	13 June,	1832	Anderson	31 October,	1833

The average age at graduation was twenty-one years.

THE PROFESSIONS

CLERGYMEN

Horatio Alger	Francis William Hilliard
Caleb Davis Bradlee	William Cole Leverett
Henry William Brown	Charles Carroll Vinal
Charles Taylor Canfield	John Singer Wallace

LAWYERS

Elbert Ellery Anderson	Benjamin Flint King
Howard Payson Arnold	Edward Horatio Neal
Charles Thomas Bonney	George Walter Norris
Addison Brown	George Augustus Peabody
Edward King Buttrick	Josiah Porter
Joseph Hodges Choate	Edward Ellerton Pratt
William Gardner Choate	Samuel Miller Quincy
Josiah Collins	Edwin Aldrich Rodgers
Horace Hopkins Coolidge	Nathaniel Devereux Silsbee
John Colman Crowley	George Brimmer Sohier
Charles Francis Dana	Adam Wallace Thaxter
Henry Gardner Denny	James Bradley Thayer
Henry Hill Downes	Samuel Lothrop Thorndike
George Huntington Fisher	Charles Wentworth Upham
Levi Gray	Darwin Erastus Ware
Augustus Goodwin Greenwood	William Henry Waring
Francis Saltonstall Howe	Sidney Willard
Francis William Hurd	Russell Mortimer Williams
Jerome Bonaparte Kimball	William Cross Williamson

PHYSICIANS

John Ellis Blake	Henry Kemble Oliver
David Williams Cheever	Horace Richardson
Samuel Foster Haven	Charles Ellery Stedman
George Edward Head	Robert Ware
James Seneca Hill	Horatio Hancock Fiske Whitte-
Samuel Hutchins Hurd	more
Frederic Percival Leverett	

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS WHO CHANGED
THEIR NAMES

John Aloysius Colman Crowley	<i>to</i>	John Colman Crowley
John Dwight	<i>to</i>	Jonathan Dwight
John Emory Horr	<i>to</i>	John Emory Hoar
Joseph Augustus Peabody	<i>to</i>	George Augustus Peabody
Edwin Aldrich Rogers	<i>to</i>	Edwin Aldrich Rodgers
Winthrop Sears	<i>to</i>	Knyvet Winthrop Sears
Erastus Darwin Ware	<i>to</i>	Darwin Erastus Ware

HARVARD SONS OF HARVARD FATHERS

Horatio Alger	<i>son of</i>	Horatio Alger, 1825
Peter Chardon Brooks	<i>son of</i>	Gorham Brooks, 1814
Edward King Buttrick	<i>son of</i>	Ephraim Buttrick, 1819
David Williams Cheever	<i>son of</i>	Charles Augustus Cheever, 1813
Joseph Hodges Choate	} <i>sons of</i>	George Choate, 1818
William Gardner Choate		
Thomas James Curtis	<i>son of</i>	Charles Pelham Curtis, 1811
Edwin Hedge Fay	<i>son of</i>	Edwin Fay, 1817
John Sylvester Gardiner	<i>son of</i>	William Howard Gardiner, 1816
Augustus Goodwin Greenwood	<i>son of</i>	Francis William Pitt Greenwood, 1814
Samuel Foster Haven	<i>son of</i>	Samuel Foster Haven, 1826
George Edward Head	<i>son of</i>	George Edward Head, 1812
Francis William Hilliard	<i>son of</i>	Francis Hilliard, 1823
Francis Saltonstall Howe	<i>son of</i>	Isaac Reddington Howe, 1810
Benjamin Flint King	<i>son of</i>	Daniel Putnam King, 1823
Frederic Percival Leverett	<i>son of</i>	Frederic Percival Leverett, 1821
Henry Kemble Oliver	<i>son of</i>	Henry Kemble Oliver, 1818
George Augustus Peabody	<i>son of</i>	George Peabody, 1823
John Taylor Perry	<i>son of</i>	William Perry, 1811
Samuel Miller Quincy	<i>son of</i>	Josiah Quincy, 1821
Knyvet Winthrop Sears	<i>son of</i>	David Sears, 1807

Harvard Class of 1852

Nathaniel Devereux Silsbee	<i>son of</i>	Nathaniel Silsbee, 1824
George Brimmer Sohier	<i>son of</i>	William Davies Sohier, 1805
Joseph White Sprague	<i>son of</i>	Joseph E Sprague, 1804
Charles Ellery Stedman	<i>son of</i>	Charles Harrison Sted- man, M.D. 1828
Gorham Thomas	<i>son of</i>	Alexander Thomas, 1822
Charles Wentworth Upham	<i>son of</i>	Charles Wentworth Up- ham, 1821
Robert Ware	<i>son of</i>	John Ware, 1813
William Robert Ware	<i>son of</i>	Henry Ware, 1812
Sidney Willard	<i>son of</i>	Joseph Willard, 1816

HARVARD FATHERS OF HARVARD SONS

Peter Chardon Brooks	<i>father of</i>	Lawrence Brooks, 1891
Addison Brown	<i>father of</i>	Ralph Gascoigne Brown, 1918
David Williams Cheever	<i>father of</i>	David Cheever, 1897; M.D. 1901
Joseph Hodges Choate	<i>father of</i>	{ Ruluff Sterling Choate, 1884 ¹ Joseph Hodges Choate, 1897; LL.B. 1902
Horace Hopkins Coolidge	<i>father of</i>	William Williamson Cool- idge, 1879; J.B. Boston University, 1903
Jonathan Dwight	<i>father of</i>	Jonathan Dwight, 1880; M.D. Columbia, 1893
George Huntington Fisher	<i>father of</i>	George Chichester Fisher, 1881
John Emory Hoar	<i>father of</i>	David Blakely Hoar, 1876
William Cole Leverett	<i>father of</i>	William Leverett, 1885
Calvin Gates Page	<i>father of</i>	Calvin Gates Page, 1890; M.D. 1894
Austin Stickney	<i>father of</i>	{ Joseph Trumbull Stickney, 1895; Class. D.-ès-Let- tres, University of Paris, 1903 Henry Austin Stickney, 1900; LL.B. Columbia, 1903

¹ Ruluff Sterling Choate died before graduation, April fifth, 1884.

James Bradley Thayer	<i>father of</i>	{ William Sydney Thayer, 1885; M.D. 1889; LL.D. Washington (Md.), 1907 Ezra Ripley Thayer, 1888; LL.B. and A.M. 1891; LL.D. Brown, 1912
Samuel Lothrop Thorndike	<i>father of</i>	
Darwin Erastus Ware	<i>father of</i>	Albert Thorndike, 1881 Richard Darwin Ware, 1890; LL.B. 1893
William Henry Waring	<i>father of</i>	William Bernard Waring, Temporary member of 1882 from September, 1878 to February, 1879; LL.B. Columbia, 1887

HARVARD SONS OF HARVARD FATHERS

Temporary Members

Coddington Billings Farnsworth	<i>son of</i>	Ralph Farnsworth, 1821; A.M. (Hon.) Dartmouth, 1825; M.D. 1826
Robert Rollins Fowle	<i>son of</i>	William Holmes Fowle, 1826
John Clark Howard	<i>son of</i>	John Clark Howard, 1825; M.D. 1828
Charles Henry Stickney	<i>son of</i>	Jeremiah Chaplin Stickney, 1824
Russell Sturgis	<i>son of</i>	Russell Sturgis, 1823

HARVARD FATHERS OF HARVARD SONS

Temporary Members

Russell Sturgis	<i>father of</i>	{ Russell Sturgis, 1878; M.D. 1881 Richard Clipston Sturgis, 1881 William Codman Sturgis, 1884; Ph.D. and A.M. <i>Nat. Hist.</i> , 1890; Dean (S. Forestry) Colorado Coll. 1905- Edward Sturgis, 1890 Sullivan Warren Sturgis, 1890 James McCulloch Sturgis, 1896

Harvard Class of 1852

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS WHO SERVED
IN THE CIVIL WAR

UNION ARMY

Elbert Ellery Anderson	Josiah Porter
Edward King Buttrick	Samuel Miller Quincy
Charles Taylor Canfield	Paul Joseph Revere
David Williams Cheever	Charles Ellery Stedman
Henry Hill Downes	Elijah Swift
William Miller Esté	John Singer Wallace
Samuel Foster Haven	Andrew Washburn
George Edward Head	William Fiske Wheeler
William Sturgis Hooper	Horatio Hancock Fiske Whitte- more
Samuel Hutchins Hurd	Sidney Willard
Benjamin Flint King	Russell Mortimer Williams
Calvin Gates Page	

CONFEDERATE ARMY

Josiah Collins	William Duncan McKim
Edwin Hedge Fay	Almon Spencer
Frederic Percival Leverett	David Churchman Trimble

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS WHO WERE
KILLED IN THE CIVIL WAR

UNION ARMY

Henry Hill Downes
Samuel Foster Haven
Paul Joseph Revere
Robert Ware
Sidney Willard

CONFEDERATE ARMY

Frederic Percival Leverett
William Duncan McKim

TEMPORARY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS WHO
SERVED IN THE CIVIL WAR

UNION ARMY ¹

Samuel Pearse Jennison
Charles Henry Stickney
Henry Stone
Russell Sturgis

CONFEDERATE ARMY

Robert Robbins Fowle
Guignard Scott ²

¹ George Washington Horr volunteered but was refused on account of physical disability.

² Scott was killed in action.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES

ALPHA DELTA PHI

Motto: *Manus Multæ Corunam*

THE Social Meetings were held in the rooms of the members, the literary exercises in the rooms of the Society.

<i>Presidents</i>	D. E. WARE, '52 W. G. CHOATE, '52
<i>Vice-President</i>	ORMOND HORACE DALTON, '53
<i>Treasurer</i>	G. W. NORRIS, '52
<i>Secretaries</i>	W. R. WARE, '52 T. J. CURTIS, '52

MEMBERS

Choate, J. H.	Norris, G. W.
Choate, W. G.	Thayer, J. B.
Coolidge, H. H.	Ware, D. E.
Curtis, T. J.	Ware, W. R.
McKim, W. D.	Waring, W. H.

Williamson, W. C.

From contemporary letters we learn that in 1853 the members of the Society had badges in the shape of pins.

Edwin Smith Gregory, Almon Spencer and Russell Mortimer Williams belonged to the Hudson College (Western Reserve) Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi and were of course received as brothers by the Harvard Chapter on their arrival at Cambridge.

At the Twenty-fifth Anniversary and Annual Convention of the Fraternity, which was held in New York on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of July, 1857, the Oration was delivered by Donald G. Mitchell and the Poem by William C. Williamson, '52. Joseph H. Choate, '52, was Chairman on the occasion. The exercises were printed at the time.

CHI PI FRATERNITY

In the Spring of the Sophomore year, March, 1850, an effort was made by Page, Richardson, Coolidge, Dana, Upham, Williamson, Waring, Norris, J. H. Choate and D. E. Ware to establish a Chapter of the Chi Pi Fraternity, chapters of which

Harvard Class of 1852

already existed at Bowdoin and at Union College. The suggestion arose apparently from the fact that Stone, one of the members of the Freshman Class of 1852, had been elected to membership at Bowdoin College, where he was then a student, in 1850, and also, perhaps, because the Harvard boys felt that their own election into the Sophomore Societies was unduly delayed.

A petition was drawn up addressed to the Chapter of the Fraternity at Union College, requesting permission to form a Harvard Chapter. There was more or less correspondence on the subject, but events moved too slowly to satisfy Sophomore impatience, and before any official affirmative reply was received, their ardor was cooled by election and absorption into Harvard Societies, and the Chi Pi proposition died a natural death.

HARVARD BOAT CLUB

THE Harvard Boat Club was founded in 1844, but so far as we can judge in the absence of early catalogues the only members of the Class of '52 who belonged to it were those who participated in the Harvard-Yale Race which took place on the third of August, 1852, at Lake Winnepisaukee. These were Curtis (Stroke), Dwight and Willard.

The story of the race has been pleasantly told by James Morris Whiton (Yale 1853), Bow Oar of the Yale crew, and from his sketch the following details have been collected.¹

The race was supposed to be a frolic, and no idea was entertained of establishing a precedent.

The Harvard boat was named Oneida; she was manned by

Joseph Mansfield Brown, '53 (Coxswain)

Thomas James Curtis, '52 (Stroke)

Jonathan Dwight, '52

Charles Henry Hurd, '53

Sidney Willard, '52

Charles Jackson Paine, '53

William Henry Cunningham, '53

Charles Frederick Livermore, '53

Charles Appleton Miles, '53 (Bow)

¹ "The Story of the First Harvard-Yale Regatta by a Bow Oar," published in *The Outlook* of 1 June, 1901, and privately printed with photographic illustrations of Lake Winnepesaukee and the course of the Race. The Race was commemorated by a breakfast at the University Club, New York, on 10 December, 1903.

John Willson Hutchins, '53, and Horace Oscar Whittemore, '53, were ready to act as substitutes. Their uniform consisted of white shirts, trimmed with blue.

All met at Concord, New Hampshire, whither excursion trains conveyed crowds of spectators. There were six judges: Franklin Pierce,¹ Col. Nathaniel Bradley Baker (H. C. 1839) of Concord, afterward Governor of New Hampshire, Julius Catlin (Yale 1853) of Hartford, Connecticut, N. A. M. Dudley of New York, S. H. Quincy of Rumney, New Hampshire, and Abel Herbert Bellows (H. C. 1842) of Concord, New Hampshire. The general management of the day was given to Colonel Baker.

Willard, who was a man of tremendous strength, broke his oar, but the race, notwithstanding, was won by Harvard.

Many of the College boys stayed at the Pemigewasset House, Plymouth, and it occurred to them that it would be pleasant to give a "hop," and invite the rural beauties of the town to the festivity. With this end in view, they applied to the landlord of the hostelry and received the following reply:

"Ye can hev the hall, young men, if ye want a gander dance, but ye won't get no gal timber there, I tell ye."

HARVARD LODGE
OF THE
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS

MOTTO: "*Procul Este Profani*"

A FRESHMAN Society.² The meetings were held in the rooms of the different members. During the season of 1848-49, when in the hands of the Class of '52, the President was Francis Winthrop Palfrey, '51,—a Sophomore who was accustomed to appear at the meetings in cap and gown.

The Invitations to join the Society read:

"Bring thy unholy body to No ————— Hall
as the midnight clock strikes the hour of eight and it
shall be done unto you as you desire."

The Secretary was William Robert Ware.

¹ Bowdoin College, 1824, afterward President of the United States

² See Sketch of H. K. Oliver, p. 127, *ante*.

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MEMBERS

Calvin Gates Page	I.G.A.S.S.
Charles Ellery Stedman	S.I.A.S.S.
William Robert Ware	D.C.A.S.S.
William Cross Williamson	S.S.A.S.S.
Robert Ware	I.S.A.S.S.
George Edward Head	S.D.A.S.S.
Horace Hopkins Coolidge	R.V.A.S.S.
William Fiske Wheeler	C.S.A.S.S.
Horace Richardson	J.O.A.S.S.
Samuel Lothrop Thorndike	M.T.A.S.S.
Henry William Brown	C.I.A.S.S.
George Walter Norris	A.S.S.
Samuel Miller Quincy	A.S.S.
Thomas James Curtis	A.S.S.
Joseph White Sprague	A.S.S.
Henry Kemble Oliver	A.S.S.
Josiah Porter	A.S.S.
Guignard Scott	A.S.S.
Robert Rollins Fowle	A.S.S.
Augustus Goodwin Greenwood	A.S.S.

NOTICE

*The annual Literary meeting of the Harvard Lodge will be held at the room of S. L. Thorndike, M.T.A.S.S., in the Appian Way, on the evening of July 10th, at eight o'clock
W.R.W., D.C.A.S.S.*

[In the corner is the seal representing a skull and cross-bones with the motto of the Society]

The above summons was to the closing meeting of the Freshman year, at which the following Oration, Poem and Ode were delivered.

The Society was abolished by order of the Faculty in 1850.

ORATION.¹

By G. E. HEAD, Jr., S.D., A.S.S.

Most Grand and Reverend Master, Most Ignoble Grand, and Brethren:

Can an ass speak? Can a dumb animal utter articulate sounds? All the experience of the present day goes to prove the contrary; but in an old book written many thousand years ago, a story is told of an ass, who, as this book says, did actually address his master in words to this effect: — “Am I not an ass upon whom thou hast ridden ever since I was thine?” A wise animal truly, who knew enough to speak and yet did not know whether he was an ass or not; although the fact of his speaking might well have caused him to doubt his identity.

The universal opinion in regard to this story is, that a miracle took place by which this quadruped was enabled to speak, and inform his master that he could n't pass as somebody was stopping the way. And this view of the subject has been taken by all the prophets from Isaiah and Jeremiah to the Wonderful Girl now exhibiting in Boylston Street, admittance 6¼ cents, whose opinion has been procured at immense expense on behalf of this lodge; by all the great divines from Ecclesiastes to Father Miller² and Elder Lamson; by all the greatest men of the last 3000 years, from Joab and Judas Maccabeus to the Emperor Napoleon and Captain Sturgis³ of the revenue cutter *Hamilton*; and last, but not least, by citizens generally. And in this opinion they have perversely continued to the present day, in spite of all the arguments by which some philosopher has shown to their benighted understandings that this book is a stupid collection of old women's tales, *not* founded on fact.

It has been reserved for an A.S.S. to overthrow this mass of authorities, to drive away these darkening fogs, — it has been

¹ An Oration, Poem and Ode, delivered before the Members of the H. L. of I. O. of O. F. on the Tenth Day of July, 1849. “Procul Este Profani.” Printed for the Members of the Society.

² Father Miller was William Miller, the founder of a Sect called by his name, who believed in the second coming of Christ, and adopted the name of the Adventists. They built a church on Howard Street, Boston, which was subsequently converted into a theatre. Elder Lamson was also a Millerite.

³ A Salem worthy overheard by Oliver, '52, to say that he never drank liquor.

reserved for a member of this holy lodge to burst forth and astonish everybody with an explanation so deep that it cannot fail to satisfy the most transcendental, so plain that it must enlighten even the dullest. His labors and trials have been intense on the subject; he has read three entire verses of the 22d chapter of Numbers, and has nearly annihilated a vile hand-organ man, and quite cut the throat of an atrocious monkey who interrupted his labors; he has been tried for his life for "maiming, mauling, pounding, scratching, and cutting the throat of said monkey till he died," as the indictment now in the right hand pocket of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court states, and has been brought in guilty of only manslaughter by a humane anti-capital punishment jury; but he has labored on, and now lays at your feet the fruit which he has gathered.

It is evident that the speaker in the above story must have been a man, from the very fact of his speaking; and it is evident from what he says that he must have belonged to the Harvard Lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The transcribers must have left out the dots between his title of A.S.S., and the mistake must have arisen from that. So clear is the proof, that we are enabled to ascertain with perfect accuracy the very position which he occupied in the lodge: he was the Sublunary Doomster. For do not the words "Upon whom thou hast ridden," or, translating the Hebrew literally, "Who hast ridden thee," or "caused thee to ride," evidently refer to the Infernal Machine?

The last and greatest reason of my proof is, that those who hold the opposite opinion are actually guilty of having brains. O, generation of vipers! For, who ever heard of an ass with brains?

I suppose that the world, in its piggish obstinacy, will reject this clear and open explanation, and persevere in their old error. Let them do so. Let them abide the fearful consequences of their neglect. Until our lodge shall have accomplished its destiny, I see nought but tribulation for the children of men, nought but pestilence and desolation for the nations. I see the earth wrapped in the darkness of ages. I see but the light of our lodge burning dimly in the gloom; until that light increase, the darkness must remain; until our lodge encompass the whole earth, society can never be regenerated.

It appears, then, that our lodge must have existed in the primeval times of the patriarchs, when old gentlemen of 500 or thereabouts used to indulge in bigamy to a shocking extent, marrying their wives' chamber-maids, and cutting up similar capers, which would have brought their careers to an untimely close if they had lived in these degenerate times.

How long the lodge might have existed before this period, I am unable to state. That some dreadful circumstance must have caused its destruction before the fall of the Roman Empire, or the winter night of the dark ages, there can be no doubt, for neither of those events *could* have happened if it had been in existence. Dreadful indeed must have been the day which witnessed the spectacle of our lodge in ruins. And yet the world lived on unconscious of its loss, not even preserving a vestige of that which might have saved it.

And now there was nothing to oppose the torrents of Ignorance, Tyranny, and Bigotry, which swept Europe from end to end. And had not the spirit of our institution survived her name, the Reformation, and the steady improvement of mankind for the last three centuries, would never have occurred. But the work was not yet accomplished. After the career of Napoleon had finished, men waited as if in expectation of another more important incident. A prophecy was current in France that the greatest event of modern times would take place in 1848.¹ While the nations of the earth stood in expectation, while crowned heads were trembling in doubt and dismay, the mighty genius of a Mead² conferred that greatest blessing on the human race, by calling into new existence the Harvard Lodge, by renewing its pristine splendor, and by sending it forth a triumphant conqueror in the path of Liberty and Fun.

Place him by the Father of our Country! Crown him with the laurel of victory, as the greatest of resurrectionists! May his name be as lasting as the Medes of old, as widely extended as the mead we have so often drank! May his domestic life be crowned with bliss! May Heaven give him on this earth his meed of happiness, and may a whole legion of little Meads

¹ Revolutionary uprisings of 1848 and the *coup d'état*.

² John Noyes Mead, a Temporary Member of the Class of 1851, and a former member of this Society.

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cluster round his knees, fondly calling him father! Let us sing with Hippocrates, —

Σοῦνδ θῆ Βυζφύζ, βεᾶτ θῆ Τόνιον,
"Ἄμμερ θῆ Τιωτίν, στρίκε θῆ Γονγόνγ;
Λέτ θῆ λοῦδ Βύμφυγγιν ρίνγ,
Δίνκομ φίζζλεδῆβανγ δυγῶ βίνγ!!!

No sooner was the lodge once more on its legs than it began its glorious work; the same year which witnessed its revival, saw the French king driven from his capital, and all Europe convulsed from end to end; it saw the renowned Sullivan falling beneath the blows of Hyer;¹ and it heard the groan of scorn which rung on the ears of the caitiff J * * *.² It heard the war-cry resounding through Old Harvard, calling her sons to battle; and it heard the thundering response of our lodge as they rushed to meet the armed minions of arbitrary power; it saw us turn the wavering scales of victory, and drive back the overwhelming odds of the enemy by our headlong charge.

Envious cavillers have indeed asserted that only one member of our lodge was there, and that he was observed ignominiously creeping out from the fray, nearly crushed by the weight of his fears and an enormous hat, and looking very much annoyed. To such I make no reply, but appeal to the pages of history for the truth of my account.

This is the history of our lodge, so far as it is possible to ascertain it, up to the present time. Let us now turn to other matters.

Brethren, the day has at last come which we have been accustomed annually to celebrate through a long series of one year. You have conferred on me the honorable task of composing your oration; a task indeed! for it takes a prodigious genius to write anything funny, and a still greater one to see it after it is written; besides the writer of the first anniversary oration has nothing to say, and leaves still less to those who come after.

Alas, my brethren, I pity you; for you have consigned the writing of your oration to an A.S.S. who brays too loud to permit you to go to sleep, too long and wearily to permit you to

¹ Two well-known Prize-fighters who fought somewhere near Boston, using only their bare fists as was then the custom. Sullivan, who bore the sobriquet of Yankee Sullivan, was defeated by Hyer who was half a head taller.

² Jopy, the sobriquet of Josiah Shattuck Hartwell (H. C. 1844).

do anything else. His only consolation is that you are A.S.S.ES yourselves.

Tonight is our night of revelry; but the ensigns of woe are upon our arms; we mourn two brothers torn from our fraternal embrace by the ruthless mandates of the Faculty, and banished to the realms of rustication, where they can drink no more punch, smoke no more cigars, where sherry-cobblers are only met in dreams, and oysters are an ideality. Perhaps this very night they are turning their parched eyeballs to the south, thinking of us and of our orgies. May the Faculty who condemned them to their hard fate suffer all torments! May the monster B * * *¹ visit them in their dreams, and, like a foul vampire sitting upon their suffocating chests, insist upon their getting ninety-six pages of his Syntax before breakfast! May they be obliged to do interminable sums in Peirce's Algebra, article, common divisor! May they have no peace by day — no rest by night!

But, not all; I would exclude our revered President from the curse. We honor him as a father, we love him as a friend. He it is who curbs the fiendish animosity of B.,¹ the serpent-like venom of J * * *.² He it is who has shown that it takes Old Sparks to govern young sparks, that Sparks alone can quench the fires of a student's disposition.

Doubtless you have seen trudging about the buildings, a low swarthy man, with large shoes, no dickey, and *the* hat. He is the talented but eccentric S——; ³ who deserves the sobriquet of the "Student's Friend." What must have been the presence of mind which prompted him to say when nearly crushed by an enraged policeman, "Stand back, insolent fellow!"

Why was not the justice informed of his celebrated opinion? "Some men when they get sticks into their hands feel very big." Could any one have been convicted in the face of that? Ah! S——! S——! ³ If you had only belonged to our lodge and rushed in with those shoes, what a clattering there would have been among the shin-bones! May you have all the wishes of your heart gratified; may you always live where shoe-leather and broad-brimmed hats are abundant, and lamp-

¹ Charles Beck.

² Jopy, Josiah Shattuck Hartwell.

³ Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles.

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light scarce; and may no ghost or bogie pester you or bite your boots! But let me not pass over in silence him who nobly dared to face the collected hatred of J * * *,¹ and the ferocity of B——,² and P——;³ the martyred Tom,⁴ he who lifted up his voice, and, amidst the crowds of his admiring comrades, gave the cry "Three groans for——!" who first publicly vindicated the claim of our class for being the spunkiest in college; and who conferred the greatest honor on our most sacred lodge. Never, I will answer for it, has an A.S.S. done a braver deed. Even the chains of death could hardly prevent our Cadaverous Spectre from giving three cheers, and drinking a rum punch, so much was he delighted.

Our brother went into exile amid the tears and regrets of the whole college; sadly he turned his back on the old halls where he had enjoyed himself so well; but he will return in triumph; our lodge will remember him till the end of the world with respect and admiration, and on his tomb will be engraved that simple epitaph, more expressive than the longest oration,

"Here lies Tom y^e groaner."

Our lodge is now as high in prosperity as it can possibly be, and it is daily climbing higher; its very name is a watch word of safety: he who belongs to it can suffer no harm. When hundreds and thousands of our fellow men are withering in the blast of the pestilential wind which has blown upon us from Asia, has a single member of the Harvard Lodge fallen? Has not the very State which contains this precious treasure been free from its ravages? And can this be referred to anything else than the existence of a band of social A.S.S.ES so near its capital?

Some envious railers indeed say that it is the absence of lime which occasions the absence of cholera. O, childish subterfuge! They are only base slanderers who wish to detract from the glory of our sacred lodge.

A calculation has been made by our most learned and wise Medical Tormentor, by which he shows that one purification by smoke is equal to five grains of morphine, by fire to ten grains, and one oration to three quarts of laudanum. There-

¹ "Jopy"

³ Benjamin Peirce.

² Charles Beck.

⁴ Thomas James Curtis.

fore methinks we are safe, and our traducers buried in cerulean and night-glimmering darkness.

My brethren, I have trespassed on your patience too long, and I must come to an end. Our Freshman year is closing. Its sun is just setting in the west, even yet brilliant in its fading glories. It will never rise again; but in its place the sophomore luminary is already reddening the dawn. The officers of the college stand trembling before its approaching rays. Pale with terror, they think of the dying year, and they whisper, "If this is the Freshman, what must be the Sophomore class?"

But one more orgie, brethren, and we shall be among the things that were. We shall never re-assemble in dread conclave to celebrate the horrid rites of initiation. We shall never more hear the freezing chorus, or the voice choked with emotion, in which our insane parson administers the oath. But a new and splendid vision is opening before me. I see our class, now Sophomores, renewing scenes of inauguration every night; I see our whole lodge desperately striving to dead,¹ by doing that hardest of all work — nothing. I see them shaking their fists in the face of the parietal tutor, and cultivating the fiercest of moustaches. I see them drinking, fighting, spreeing, roaring, the admiration of servant girls, the everlasting foes of the Freshmen. In fine, I see them Sophomores.

POEM

By H. H. COOLIDGE, R.V., A.S.S.

THE moon was pouring down her pale clear ray,
Rivalling in splendor the sun-god of day;
In all her beauty moved the Queen of Night,
While round her shone the stars with paler light;
Each as if subject to her sacred will,
And striving each some office to fulfil, —
To serve on her, their peerless queen of love,
They seemed about her in a dance to move.
But she, as though she would deserve their praise,
Gladdened the earth still more with brilliant rays;

¹ "Dead, to be unable to recite; to be ignorant of the lesson; to declare one's self unprepared to recite" (College Words and Customs, by B. H. Hall, who quotes as illustration of the use of the word from the above passage, p. 148.)

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It was an hour when e'en the wise would muse,
And, midst their thoughts their sophistry would lose;
And I was sitting, lone, within my room,
Watching the moonlight glancing midst the gloom
Shed by the trees upon their mother earth,
Unkind to her, the author of their birth, —
When all at once my room is filled with light,
And, looking up, I saw a wondrous sight;
Within the moonlight stood a form so fair,
So noble, and majestic, in its air,
I knew of mortal birth it could not be,
For none so beauteous on this earth we see.
He stood beside me, and I felt his power;
And even as the weakest, frailest flower,
Bends 'neath the blast by savage Eurus blown,
In awe, and trembling, at his feet sank down.
Then, stretching forth his hand, he sweetly said: —
“Fear not, my son, I am no power to dread,
I came to beg a favor at thy hands, —
And hence to bear thee to mine own fair lands;
Come, wilt thou go with me upon the blast?
For know, I am the Genius of the Past!
I o'er fair Harvard hold unbounded sway,
And, in her name, I charge thee to obey
My mandates. Come, I wait no longer here,
Let's now away, there is no cause for fear.”

Charmed by the silvery sweetness of his voice,
I ceased to fear, and bade my heart rejoice.
Then, rising up, I placed me at his side,
And in a low, but steady voice, replied: —
“I fear no longer, since I know thee now,
And to thy will most cheerfully I bow.”
He smiled, and now I felt his warm embrace
As he bent o'er me with his beauteous face.
We rose from earth, and soaring through the air
I clung the closer to his garments fair.
Onward we go over our moonlit way,
And round our path the gentle zephyrs play;
Onward, still onward, midst the stars so bright,
Pouring around us their effulgent light.

At length we came to a dense mass of cloud,
And, pausing here, the Genius cried aloud: —

Annals of the

“Roll back, ye clouds! It is thy lord’s commands,
Waiting to enter, at the gates he stands.”
The clouds roll back, and to our view disclose
Gates of bright gold, which quickly now unclose;
Up the dim vista gleamed the path of gold,
Rich in its splendor, wondrous to behold.
On either hand of this broad, splendid street,
Lofty and beauteous halls the vision meet;
Far as the eye can see the way they line,
Each with its motto or appropriate sign.

Up this bright pathway went my noble guide,
And I pressed closely to his sacred side.
Onward we went by many of these halls,
Blazing with ’scutcheons on their lofty walls.
At length we stopped, and stood before a door
On which there glistened symbols of deep lore;
And, looking up, I saw one simple word
Dear to all hearts, by many e’en adored;
That word was HARVARD, and above was placed
The ancient seal, so beautiful and chaste, —
Made of rich stones of wondrous size and hue, —
Such brilliant gems ne’er shone to mortal view;
They blazed like fire, and blazing, shed around
Beams that lit up the glittering golden ground.

I paused a moment at the golden door,
My eyes were fastened on the brilliant floor,
But the reflection was so dazzling bright,
It seemed to sear and blast my eyeballs’ sight;
The door flew back into the jewelled wall
And lo! I saw upon a purple pall
In silver letters, an inscription gleam,
Bright as the wavelet ’neath the moon’s pale beam;
“Within this hall dim visions do appear,
Visions to every son of Harvard dear;
For here are seen the deeds of ancient date
Wrought out and fashioned by the hand of fate.
Whate’er has happened at the Muses’ seat,
Within this hall is chronicled complete.
Enter, O mortal! and perchance ’t will be
A lesson to thee what thou here dost see;
For ’t is the appointed lot of man, to learn
To judge the Future from the Past’s dark urn.”
We entered, and around the hall I saw

Harvard Class of 1852

Visions that filled my very soul with awe;
There, midst the darkness of this spacious room,
Shone forth these visions, lighting up the gloom,
They seemed all brighter from the darkness round,
And I gazed on them in mute wonder bound.

I saw the tyrant Eaton,¹ on whose face
Every bad passion found a fitting place;
His was a stony heart, unmoved by tears;
He hates the students, and his hate appears
In each and every action of his life, —
For every action with revenge is rife.
His soul delights in low ignoble deeds,
Whate'er is cruel, his deep malice feeds.
I saw him standing in his height of power,
That was his proudest, his triumphant hour.
But the scene changes — he's o'ercome by woe,
For from his Paradise he's forced to go;
Discharged from office, laden with a fine,
No more round students' backs the birch he'll twine.

Another vision met my watchful eye,
I gazed upon it, not without a sigh;
Before me, then, I saw the noble form
Of pious Dunster,² battling with the storm
Of persecution, raised by men who sought
To bind and fetter liberty of thought.
Alas! he fell — the oppressors conquered then;
He fell, to live fore'er in minds of men.

I gazed again, and lo! before me rose
The form of Chauncy,³ yielding to his foes;
He had not strength to engage in fearless fight,
Contending for the thoughts he knew were right;
Perhaps he'd this excuse — that he was poor —
And money was to him temptation sore;
Therefore, he yielded, and received his pay —
He kept his office to his dying day.

Once more I looked; and now, before me stood,
Great Increase Mather,⁴ stern was he in mood,

¹ Nathaniel Eaton, "Schoolmaster," 1637-1639, fined and dismissed.

² Henry Dunster, President, 1640-1654.

³ Charles Chauncy, President, 1654-1671.

⁴ Increase Mather, President, 1692-1701.

Annals of the

The Statesman-Scholar, who for glory strove —
He, midst the wisest of the land did move;
Of those who held the highest power of state
He was the leader, not the common mate;
His was the hand that highest power did give,
Ah! little thought he then that he should live
To see himself from his high place expelled —
Longing to gain what he then lightly held.
Such is the fate of man — and he but shows
How the great men raise 'gainst themselves great foes.

The faithful Leverett ¹ rose before my view,
He takes his place among the noble few
Who care for duty more than fickle fame;
An easy conscience is their highest aim.

Another picture rises into sight,
Surpassing all in brilliancy of light.
'T is night — the storm-king rages through the trees —
They creak and clash together at his breeze,
Groaning and sighing with a noise most dread;
While dense black clouds obscure the sky o'erhead,
Draping the moon in solemn suit of black,
As she, all sad, sails on her wonted track.
The tempest roars, the hail comes plashing down,
No foot is stirring in the sleeping town,
When, suddenly, a blaze illumes the sky —
It glares and flashes as it mounts on high,
And as its light illumes the darkness round,
It seems to show its density profound.

“'T is Harvard Hall on fire!” ² The alarm spreads wide
Above the tempest; which, as though defied,
Raged still more fiercely, and with greater force,
Roaring and howling in its headlong course.
Quickly the church-bell rang its loud alarm,
And young and old came hurrying through the storm;
Men of all stations, of all ages meet,
To save from ruin Learning's favorite seat;
They worked like heroes, but they worked in vain,
For Harvard Hall sank level with the plain.
Then a strange gloom the Colony o'erspread,
They felt as though their fondest hopes lay dead;

¹ John Leverett, President, 1707-1724.

² 24 January, 1764.

Harvard Class of 1852

That Learning crushed, might ever prostrate lie,
And ne'er again raise her proud head on high;
But they with zeal rarely if e'er outshone,
Resolved to struggle as before they'd done,
With every danger that their path beset,
With every trial their hard fate had met.
The men of genius, leaders of their race,
With noble ardor took the foremost place,
And by their conduct influenced those who strove
To work still harder in this work of love.
Each man contributed whate'er he could;
His sole reward, the thought of doing good.
The rich man gave his pounds, the poor, his mite —
For all men felt the loss sustained that night.
Nor was there labor in this land alone;
Others, across the seas, heard our low moan
When Harvard fell, and by their active zeal
Showed that for others' losses they could feel;
With lavish hand their treasures forth they pour,
And send them gladly to our own sad shore.
At length a ray of gladness came to all,
When from its ashes rose the ancient hall —
Then joy once more resumed her pleasant sway,
And 'neath her glance all sorrow fled away.
The vision vanished into darkness whence it came,
And now indeed comes one of greater fame,
For in it moves the stately form of one
Dear to all nations — valiant Washington!
Before old Harvard's walls he takes command
Of all the forces of our injured land.
There, before Harvard, stood the sainted man,
There his far-famed career he first began.
Then came the clash of steel, and war's alarms,
The rush of men, the cry "to arms! to arms!"
Then Learning took from off her beauteous brow
The branch of peace, and kneeling, laid it low,
Before the feet of Freedom, on her throne
Raised and supported by true men alone;
Content in pausing from her proud career,
To save from thralldom base her country dear,
She left her ancient halls and wonted haunts
To minister to zealous patriots' wants.
At last, when Freedom gained, from war they cease,
And welcome once again the reign of peace;

Annals of the

Then she returns to her old haunts once more,
To strive again in her pursuit of lore.

Lo! other visions rise and disappear,
Each showing something in the proud career
Run by fair Harvard in the days of old —
Sung of in ballads, and by firesides told;
I scanned with eager eye the vast array
Of deeds which happened in a former day;
Until the last faded to empty air:
In silent wonder I stood gazing there.

And now, once more, I heard my noble friend
In silvery accents bidding me attend;
“Thou now hast seen,” he said, “a noble mass
Of visions of great deeds before thee pass,
And as reward for this I only claim
That you should cite some deeds of lesser fame
Which your own class achieved in the past year,
To add to this my vast collection here.”
Although astonished at his strange request,
I knew I must comply with his behest;
“Your kindness,” I replied, “deserves reward
Greater than we poor mortals can accord.
Since you command, I surely will obey,
Yet fain would I your kindness better pay;
For midst the visions which I now have seen
Our humble deeds would seem but small, I ween.
No feats of learning, or of genius great,
Or patriotism, can I now relate —
But only deeds which in themselves are nought,
And yet we Freshmen them most noble thought;
True, they were bold for Freshmen to attempt,
And in this light are far above contempt.

“When the old year was drawing towards its close,
And in its place the gladsome new one rose,
Then members of each class with spirits free,
Went forth to greet her round Rebellion Tree.
Round that old tree, sacred to students’ rights,
And witness too of many wondrous sights.
In solemn circle all the students passed;
They danced with spirit, until tired at last,
A pause they make, and some a song propose.
Then ‘Auld Lang Syne’ from many voices rose.

Harvard Class of 1852

Now as the lamp of the old year dies out,
They greet the new one with exulting shout.
They groan for Hartwell; and each class they cheer;
And thus they usher in the fair new year.

“Time passes on, the Freshmen bolder grow,
As by their actions they most plainly show;
For in old Massachusetts, time renowned,
The proctors heard a most unwonted sound,
(All honor to the class of fifty-two!)
There in broad daylight stood they brave and true.
Nine cheers for Sparks ¹ they give with ready will,
Those cheers re-echo in my memory still;
They from the inmost heart with ardor came —
They cheered the noble man, and not his name;
‘Three groans for Hartwell!’ ² next I hear them cry;
Three heartfelt groans the Freshmen raise on high.
Nor was this all; on Hollis steps they meet,
And with three more the hated tutor greet.

“Three days passed by, and now in solemn state
The Faculty the luckless Freshmen wait;
Sixteen in number are the noble band,
As in suspense without the door they stand.
They enter one by one and meet their doom,
With brave, stout hearts, and faces free from gloom.
Four are suspended, and among them one
Who boasts himself of Harvard Lodge ³ a son —
He was the one who for the groans did call,
When they resounded in the ancient hall;
We honor him as one who bravely fought
For the free utterance of his own free thought.
But one scene more I’ll trouble thee to hear,
For with this scene they end their short career;
Before old Harvard Hall the scene occurred,
Which now perchance deserves a parting word.
The students stand around the open doors,
While through the entrance the procession pours,
And now impatient strive to force their way;
But the police are there in full array,
They with officious zeal refuse the path,
Which only serves to excite indignant wrath.

¹ Jared Sparks, President, 1849-1853.

² Shattuck Hartwell, Instructor, 1846-1850.

³ Thomas James Curtis.

Annals of the

Upon a student's head a blow descends,
And after this all peace, all quiet ends;
The well-known war cry then the students raise,
That war cry heard on many former days,
They rush upon them as the famished hound
Springs on a stag and bears him to the ground;
At last by Quincy's¹ means the affray was stopped,
And Quiet o'er the scene her mantle dropped.

“My tale is told, kind Genius, this is all
That from our exploits I will now recall;
If these seem humble when compared with those
Which yon collection all so brilliant shows,
Remember we were Freshmen, and as yet
We hope our sun of glory has not set,
Perchance hereafter we may place our name
Through noble deeds within the halls of Fame.”
The Genius smiled, and raised me in his arms,
And there I nestled free from all alarms.
As through the air on his strong wings we fly,
We leave above us the bright starry sky;
He bore me back unto the place we left,
When to his bright abode our way we left.
I gazed from out my window on the scene,
Bathed in the moonlight liquid and serene;
The stars were pouring down their brilliant rays,
As round their queen they moved with songs of praise;
The trees upon the earth their shadows cast,
Flickering as mid their leaves the breezes passed.
I turned to find the Genius; he was gone,
And I was standing in my room alone.

Here ends my vision and my poem too,
For your approval I most humbly sue;
And though it wants the classic lore of Haynes,
Smile on my efforts and reward my pains.
Pass o'er my errors with a lenient eye,
And strive my merits rather to descry;
If in the whole some few you chance to find,
Treasure them only with indulgent mind.

¹ Was this Samuel Miller Quincy? He was not a member of the Odd Fellows.

ODE

By W. C. WILLIAMSON, S.S., A.S.S.

“*Gaudeamus igitur
Dum sumus juvenes.*”

TUNE — *Crambambuli.*

ODD, but united Fellows! “we’ll review”
The varied phrases of the waning year;
Sing first of all the Class of ’52!
Our Brethren next, tonight assembled here.
The chorus swells from every lip,
Hail, and bid adieu to it;
Hail to Odd Fellowship!
Odd Fellowship!

Three times we greet our most Ignoble Grand,
May his long shadow never be the less!
The living Page,¹ we clasp him by the hand,
“Examine all” — the rest you all can guess.
If Richardson² — his martyred chum,
Don’t kill him by some horrid pun,
He *long* shall live a Page of fun,
A Page of fun!

Within our walls one Sted(y)man³ is seen,
His chum, a sober Head,⁴ accounts for that;
Our lodge has Greenwood⁵ too, though Fresh not green,
Καὶ γάρ this Greenwood’s destitute of sap.
With Porter⁶ and wild Fowle⁷ we’re blest,
Hard Ware and stout Ware⁸ with the rest,
And Brown,⁹ “in parvo multum est,”
Sed *pullus* est!

No heart will tremble more at H——’s¹⁰ screw,
With Beck¹¹ and Eschenburg¹² we let him rest,

¹ Calvin G. Page.

² Horace Richardson.

³ Charles Ellery Stedman.

⁴ George Edward Head.

⁵ Augustus G. Greenwood.

⁶ Josiah Porter.

⁷ Robert Rollins Fowle.

⁸ Darwin E. Ware, Robert Ware, William Robert Ware.

⁹ Henry William Brown.

¹⁰ Shattuck Hartwell, Instructor.

¹¹ Charles Beck, Latin Professor.

¹² Johann Joachim Eschenburg.

Annals of the

Of S——'s¹ we've had "suffeeshent" too,
Amen to them, and let the dead(s) be blest!
We leave the jocund Gray,² and while
We lose his haze-inspiring smile,
To Fresh we leave our clorophylle!
Our clorophylle!

We leave the glories of inauguration,
Scenes none of us can ever all forget,
The groans, cheers, dust, heat, thirst, illumination,
One brother too, we honor him for it.
Three hearty cheers! one glorious roar!
More light see Alma Mater pour
From Sparks³ than ever it before,
Than Everett⁴ before!

Ye Sophomores who honor us tonight,
The august founders of this sacred band;
Long ages hence when ours are wrapped in night,
In Harvard's annals bright your names shall stand!
And Freshman classes yet to come,
Partakers of your wit and fun,
Shall cheer the Class of '51!
Of Fifty-one!

The time has passed cum vino et cum joco;
We've learned and followed too our Horace's lines,
For "dulce est desipere in loco,"
To quaff "Falernian" and Sicilian wines.
And moonlight rambles made by night
Have proved that god's inspiring might
Who puts corroding care to flight,
Puts care to flight!

Never regret the unreturning Past,
The Future we'll encounter without fear,
And hope that we, while college days shall last,
May be a merry band of brothers here.
Forever let us deem it right,
To chase dull care and gloom from sight,
Of darkness always to make light,
To make all light!

¹ Evengelinus Apostolides Sophocles, Tutor in Greek.

² Asa Gray, Natural History Professor.

³ Jared Sparks, President.

⁴ Edward Everett, President.

Harvard Class of 1852

Classmates! the Freshmen day is flying past,
Its sun is sinking in the western sky,
Piercing all clouds, grown brighter towards the last,
A glorious Sophomore day to prophesy.
Farewell to J——'s¹ frowns and sneers,
To Soph's "Romaic," and gentle Sears;²
The light of Sophomore dawn appears!
The dawn appears!

HARVARD NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

THE rooms of the Natural History Society were on the ground floor of Massachusetts Hall, in what was very nearly the centre of the building. There was a collection of specimens (comprising birds only) in cases in the room. The meetings were held on Friday evenings, alternating with the meetings of the Hasty Pudding Club. Reports were read, lectures delivered, and new specimens set up.

- Presidents* HENRY K. OLIVER
WILLIAM G. CHOATE
- Vice-President* JOSEPH H. CHOATE
- Recording-Secretaries* WILLIAM G. CHOATE
WILLIAM H. WARING

MEMBERS

- | | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Horatio Alger, Jr. | W. Sturgis Hooper | S. L. Thorndike |
| Charles F. Bonney | J. E. Horr | David C. Trimble |
| Henry W. Brown | F. W. Hurd | Charles W. Upham, Jr. |
| Edward K. Buttrick | Samuel H. Hurd | D. E. Ware |
| George L. Cary | E. H. Neal | Robert Ware |
| D. W. Cheever | George W. Norris | W. R. Ware |
| Josiah Collins, Jr. | Calvin G. Page | William H. Waring |
| Horace H. Coolidge | Horace Richardson | Andrew Washburn |
| John C. Crowley | N. D. Silsbee | William F. Wheeler |
| Thomas J. Curtis | Joseph W. Sprague | H. H. F. Whittemore |
| Charles F. Dana | Charles E. Stedman | William C. Williamson |
| George H. Fisher | E. Swift, Jr. | Chauncey Wright |
| Francis W. Hilliard | J. B. Thayer | |

¹ Jopy, nickname for Shattuck Hartwell.
² Philip Howes Sears (H. C. 1844), Instructor, 1848-9.

THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB

MOTTO: *Concordia Discors*

THE meetings were held on alternate Friday nights, and were of a social nature. There was a library, and in 1849 the Club occupied the room at No. 29 Stoughton Hall, an additional adjoining room being granted them a few years later.

<i>Presidents</i>	S. LOTHROP THORNDIKE WILLIAM DUNCAN MCKIM
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	DAVID C. TRIMBLE CHARLES ELLERY STEDMAN
<i>Secretaries and Poets</i>	JOSEPH H. CHOATE WILLIAM C. WILLIAMSON
<i>Treasurer and Orator</i>	DARWIN E. WARE
<i>Orator and KP.</i>	JAMES B. THAYER
<i>Chorister</i>	WILLIAM G. CHOATE
<i>Librarians</i>	WILLIAM H. WARING WILLIAM R. WARE
Kπ	THOMAS J. CURTIS

MEMBERS

John E. Blake	George A. Peabody
Peter C. Brooks	Edward E. Pratt
Horace H. Coolidge	Samuel M. Quincy
Charles F. Dana	Paul Joseph Revere
George H. Fisher	Knyvet W. Sears
Augustus G. Greenwood	George B. Sohier
George W. Norris	Charles W. Upham, Jr.
Calvin G. Page	Robert Ware

HONORARY MEMBER AFTER GRADUATION

Chauncey Wright

The daintily written program of the revels of 17 October, 1851, tells us that

Miss GEORGIANNA SOHIER

The Black Swan of Senegambia

respectfully announces her first grand Soirée Musicale Ethiopienne

She will be assisted by

Messrs. BLAKE, <i>Tambourine</i>	WILLIAMSON, <i>Violin</i>
TRIMBLE, <i>Banjo</i>	SEARS, <i>Banjo</i>
THORNDIKE, <i>Banjo</i>	BROOKS, <i>Bones</i> etc.

ending with the announcement that

Harvard Class of 1852

MISS SOHIER will give lessons on the Triangle daily in the Mathematical Recitation Room.

A dinner was given by the Club on 12 January, 1852, at the Winthrop House, whereat Thayer delivered an oration, Williamson a poem and Coolidge an ode.

THE IADMA

THE IADMA was a debating Society, before which poems and orations were delivered. The name was derived from the words

INVENTION
ARRANGEMENT
DELIVERY
MEMORY
ACTION

the translation of Cicero's definition of the requisites of an orator: 1, *Inventio*; 2, *Dispositio*; 3, *Elocutio*; 4, *Memoria*; 5, *Actio*. Thaxter, who was one of the chief founders of the Club, suggested it. There were fifty-two members and weekly meetings were held. As no Catalogues were printed, we know with certainty the names of only eight members, which are appended. It is supposed that the Society did not survive the graduation of the Class of '52.

The notice of election reads —

DEAR SIR:

I have the honor of informing you of your election to "The Iadma."

You are requested to be present at the next meeting and sign the constitution.

EDWIN H. NEAL
Sec'y.

MEMBERS

Anderson, Elbert Ellery
Jennison, Samuel Pearse
Kimball, Jerome Bonaparte
Neal, Edwin Horatio
Thaxter, Adam Wallace
Upham, Charles Wentworth, Jr.
Ware, Robert
Williamson, William Cross (*President*)

Annals of the

A

P O E M

DELIVERED BEFORE

T H E I A D M A

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE,

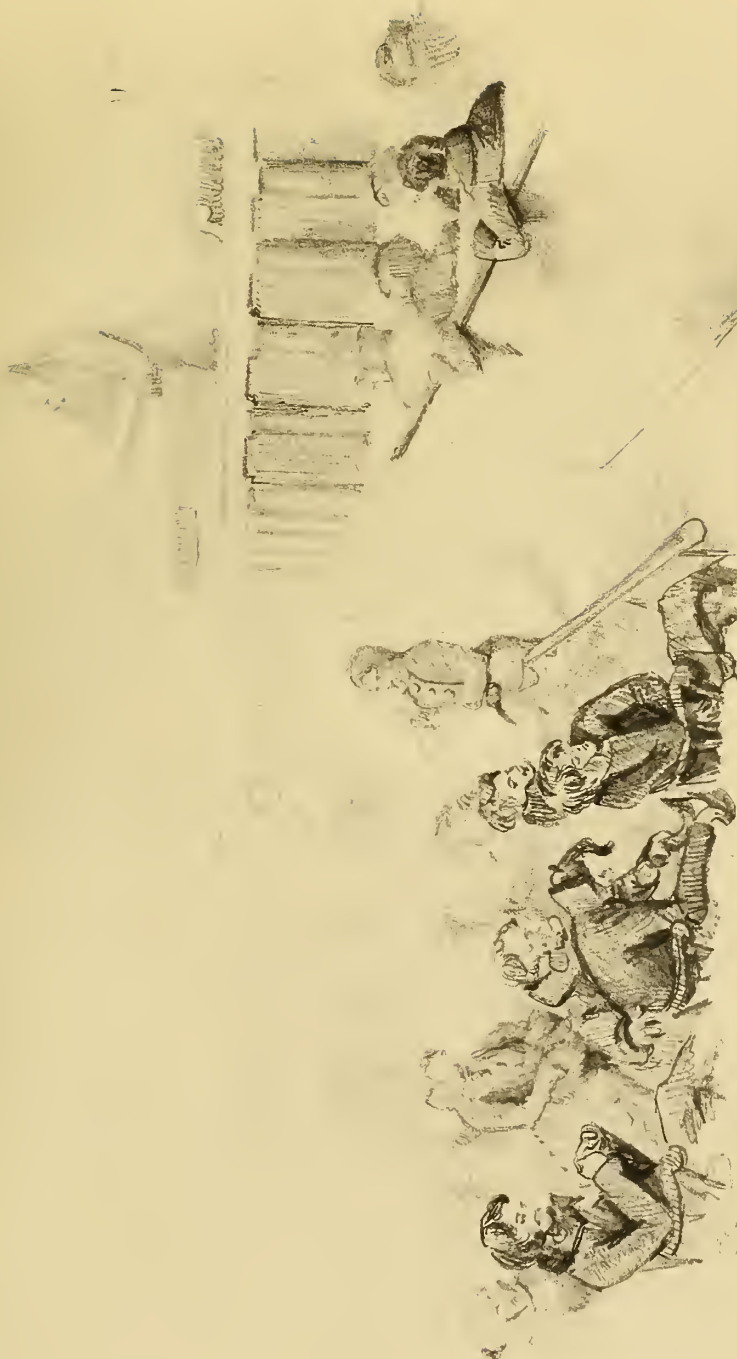
THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1850.

BY

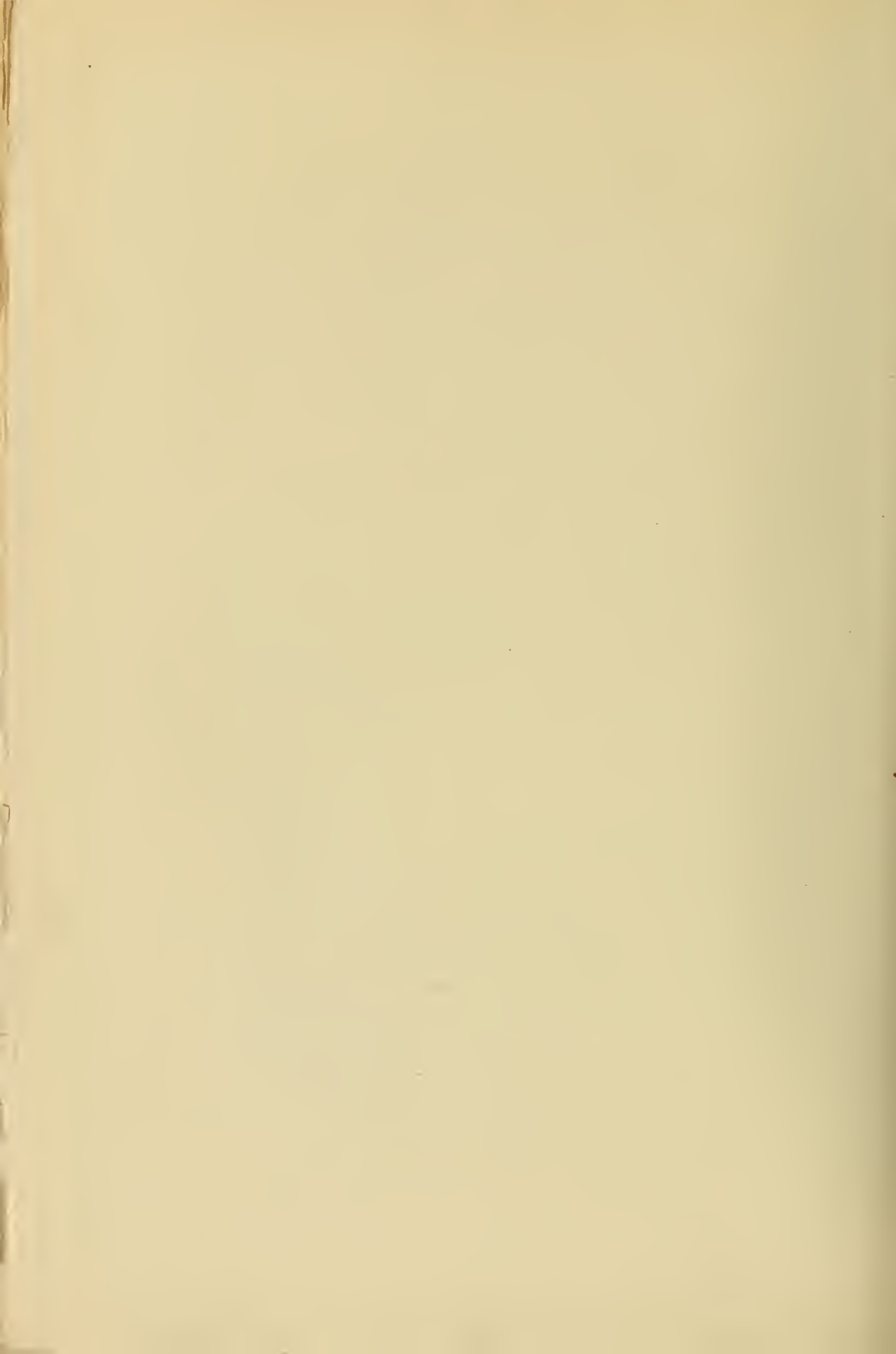
A. WALLACE THAXTER.

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

1850.



1891-92 THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



Harvard Class of 1852

CAMBRIDGE, June 28, 1850.¹

DEAR SIR: —

At a meeting of the Iadma, holden June 27th, it was voted to solicit for publication copies of the first annual oration and poem before that Society.

We are most happy, as committee for the purpose, to fulfill the order of the Society by requesting of you a copy of the poem for the printer.

With feelings of delight and gratification, we are, Sir, &c., &c.

E. E. ANDERSON,
E. H. NEAL,
S. P. JENNISON.

Mr. A. WALLACE THAXTER

CAMBRIDGE, July 2, 1850.

GENTLEMEN: —

I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your courteous note, asking a copy of a poem delivered before the Iadma, on the evening of June 27th, 1850, for publication.

Conscious that it will not stand the test of a critical perusal, allow me, in complying with your request, to ask some indulgence for it as a "first attempt."

I have the honor to remain, &c., &c.

A. WALLACE THAXTER.

Messrs. E. E. ANDERSON, }
E. H. NEAL, } *Committee.*
S. P. JENNISON, }

In reply to a similar communication made to Mr. J. B. Kimball, the committee received a note refusing to allow the publication of the Oration.

¹ Under date of 27 June Dr. White notes: "Heard an oration and poem delivered before 'The Iadma Society'" (Sketches from My Life, p. 23). Dr. White was not a member of the Society.

POEM

I WAS breakfasting one morn, half asleep and half awake,
Endeavoring to masticate a very tough beefsteak,
And sipping what the waiter denominated tea, —
What tasted more like dishwater than real old Bohea, —
When suddenly the door was oped. Immediately appeared
A Sophomore with fierce moustache and an incipient beard;
A Regalia in his mouth, a dicky huge and tall,
And a hat ¹ whose rim terrific concealed his person small.
He sat him down beside me and smiled a ghastly smile,
Then, taking it from off his head, began to brush his "tile";
And knowingly he winked to me; — quite a peculiar wink;
Not the jolly one inviting a friend to take a drink,
But a sympathizing wink, a compassionate grimace,
A queer, uncouth, Bob Logic like contortion of the face.
A peal of laughter followed; with a loud, stentorian roar,
Prostrate he fell for very glee, and rolled him on the floor.
And when he had recovered, and once again was still,
I asked him what had rendered him so gay, — so volatile.
"Wherefore this joy ecstatic? Hast spent the livelong night
In smoking Esculapios, — in getting jolly tight?
Hast gone astray unwittingly? Hast fallen into error?
Hast pummelled guardians of the night? Hast 'punished that
Madeira'?"
Hast been with beauteous maiden by moonlight gleam a rambler?
Hast ta'en a 'smile' at Brigham's, — a punch at the Alhambra?
Hast 'liquored up' at Parker's, — at Davenport's hast 'bled'?
Hast imbibed a sherry-cobbler at the famous Garrick Head?
Hast made a call at Baker's with other jolly blades?
To drink a Tom-and-Jerry hast visited the Shades?
Didst relieve thyself at Morgan's of thy superfluous cash?
Or didst thou at the Pemberton absorb a brandy-smash?
Sub rosâ art engaged to furnish arms and ammunition
To 'Los Libertadores' for the Cuban expedition?
Or yet, — though 't were incredible, — say, hast obtained a detur?"
Making a reverence, quoth he, "*O salve nunc, poëta!*
Prepare to be astonished! 'Stand firmly in your shoes,'
And repress your agitation when you hear the fatal news;
Last evening the Iadma its orator elected,
And, to fill the poet's onerous post, yourself, my friend, selected."
I incontinently tried to faint, but 't was of no avail;
My limbs still did their duty, though my spirit 'gan to quail.

¹ The Sophomore referred to was Coolidge, who at that time sported an enormous hat.

Harvard Class of 1852

I sought some hope to borrow by thinking it a "sell,"
By fancying it a fiction, my anguish to dispel;
But when I made inquiries, I found that he's asserted
A simple, "round, unvarnished tale," and not one word perverted;
That 't was no deceitful story with which I'd been surprised;
In short, to use a classic phrase, that I was "victimized."
I felt the honor, and I ceased my fortune to deplore,
Yet still I thought the compliment a most decided bore.
As THE IADMA willed it, I cheerfully obeyed;
"The greatest poet for ideas more earnestly ne'er prayed."

And now I've ta'en the office, and must woo the Muse poetic,
Grant me a slight excuse, — allow a word apologetic.
To the title of a poet I've not the slightest claim, —
Have perpetrated naught but trash most "impotent" and "lame";
And I've a dread of rhyming, — 't is very dangerous fun;
By trying it some years ago, I was regularly "done."
'T was when I first was deep in love; systematically smashed;
"When, like comet, by my fancy's glass the imaged fair one flashed."
When of Andrews' Latin Grammar I was a firm peruser,
And after many nights of woe at last had mastered "*musa*."
In my "Dealings with the ——" *Living*, a girl I chanced to meet,
With the tastiest bonnet of the day, the neatest black *visite*,
With the sweetest smile that ever a mortal could ensnare,
With provoking, kiss-inspiring lips, and the darkest raven hair,
And, as if she were determined all breastworks to assail,
She had no pseudo-modesty and did n't wear a veil.
(When a holiday procession by her window chanced to pass,
She a student could distinguish without an *opera-glass*.)
Instantly I was "smitten"; I resolved to press my suit,
And, could I see her once again, to address her *coûte que coûte*.
That evening in my chamber I wrote some amorous verses,
Swearing I'd love her ever, through troubles, griefs, reverses,
And if from odious spinsterhood she wished me to purloin her,
When next she saw me on the street to bow, and I would join her.
O, how I tugged and worked and strove those verses to compose,
And how I cursed all poetry and wished I'd taken prose.
And how full often in despair I threw away my pen,
And, when I'd gained a new idea, — resumed it once again!
When I had sent the verses, and waited for the morrow
Which was to fill my heart with joy, or burden it with sorrow,
How slowly seemed to wear the time! — each hour appeared a year,
And the long-desired to-morrow I thought would ne'er be here.
And when the fatal day arrived when I was to know my doom,
Which was to crown my ardent hopes or crush them in their bloom

I took a port wine sangaree just to keep my temper mild;
But 't was so strong, that schoolmates asked what made me look so
wild.

When twelve arrived, the dreaded hour when I was to meet my fair,
No artful "dodge" to leave my school could I just then prepare,
Till my ever-ready genius did a "fancy" one propose, —
A complaint that's very common now, — a bleeding at the nose.
I saw her on the street, but with a sneering, pitying gaze,
When I doffed my hat and bent me low before her beauty's blaze,
She curled her lip that I might see how much I was derided,
And responded to my bow by a cut the most decided.
That night I was quite frantic; I thought of poisons, drugs,
Of charcoal, arsenic, laudanum, and the stuff for killing bugs,
But on second thoughts concluded to die a natural death,
And "throw physic to the dogs," like that nice young man, Macbeth.

And since that time to woo the Muse I have never been inclined; —
"For this night only," since you wish, I'm induced to change my
mind; —

I must say 't is a "grind," though — (perchance I spoke too loud) —
I should have recollected *here* no *grinding* is allowed.

Yet to try my hand at scribbling why should I be a coward?

I may in time, perchance, become another "Waldo Howard."

If I plagiarize unconsciously, pray do not criticize

My unpretending doggerel with Aristarchian eyes, —

Think a new poetic *débutant* unused to fiction's style,

"As you know me all, a plain, blunt man," requests your favoring
smile.

I sing of HUMBUG, — not that which t' amuse some scores of dummies
Imports a Swedish Nightingale or opes Egyptian Mummies, —
Which hears "Mysterious Knockings," — which gloats o'er each
new mystery, —

But Humbug as connected with a Cambridge Student's history.

The Student's now in embryo, counting the weary hours
Before the next Commencement; praying his guardian powers
To assist a poor "Sub Fresh" at the dread Examination,
And free from all "conditions" to insure his first vacation.
For many weeks he "crams" him, — daily does he rehearse
"Incomprehensibilities" writ by Professor P*****.¹
He cons the College Bible with eager, longing eyes,
And wonders how poor students at six o'clock can rise.

¹ Benjamin Peirce, Professor of Mathematics.

Harvard Class of 1852

He reads concerning punishments with great deliberation,
And thinks that he would rather die than suffer "rustication."

The awful day at last has come; he dresses in his best,
And with eager, anxious, bloodshot eyes, — (for not an hour of rest
The night before has blest his couch,) — at four o'clock he rises,
And on the "Latin Scanning Rules" his memory exercises
For half an hour "by Shrewsbury clock": then, mounting on his
beast,
Betakes him to a hair-dresser, — I beg pardon, — an *artiste*.
And when the curling's finished, he leaves his native glades,
And wends his weary pilgrimage towards Harvard's classic shades;
Inquires for "University," and, when he's safely in it,
Considers carefully his age up to the very minute,
And when 't is safely registered, to breakfast swiftly hastes,
And, gloating o'er the smoking cup, the Mocha (?) coffee tastes.
Perchance in haste he burns his mouth, greases his Sunday vest,
Or else he nearly chokes himself in trying to digest
A chicken, dead of age alone, — that is to say, a hen;
But he thinks there's "better luck next time"; he'll even "try again."
He wonders at the custom, to which he's yet unused,
Of leaving without asking if one may be "excused";
When his fellow-boarders twig him, and can't conceal their laughter,
Considers if those wicked youths e'er think of an hereafter;
And if a wicked Sophomore at the waiting-maid e'er winks,
Of warning her of masculines most seriously thinks.
And when the first day's over, he considers how to spend
The coming stupid evening; which way his steps to bend
Long time his thoughts engrosses; but in misery and gloom,
He's compelled to pass that evening in his solitary room.
And then that home-sick feeling which ne'er can be expressed! —
In which, as in Pandora's box, all evils are compressed! —
Our "Sub Fresh" has that feeling; — in grief and in despair
He reads the Pilgrim's Progress; then whistles Rob Adair;
Then on a well-known instrument, formed of paper and a comb,
Expresses his conviction that there *is* "no place like home."
At last to bed he hies him, and soon his senses loses,
And till the bell awakes him he most profoundly snoozes.

The second day is over, — he's admitted on probation;
It behooves him to indulge in a little dissipation.
So carefully he locks his door, that no one may invade,
And then, like Toots, he drinks a glass of the strongest — lemonade;
And, growing bold with courage, assumes a dashing, jaunty air, —
Has an idea of learning how to smoke and how to swear.

And, filled with self-importance, he boldly seeks the road
That reconducts his footsteps to his fondly loved abode.
He spends his long vacation there; he strives himself to render
The idol of the village belles; he is a warm defender
Of his own loved Alma Mater. If he sees his former friends,
His new-born Freshman dignity not a tittle e'er descends,
But he instantly begins to cut whomever now he meets, —
Himself the most egregious ass that walks the village streets.
And when vacation's over, and he returns to College,
His father sagely counsels him to acquire naught but knowledge; —
Smoking, swearing, drinking, must be eschewed for ever,
And to "study hard and take a part" he must earnestly endeavour.
He prepares for his departure, — but he must, ere he repair
To the "classic shades," et cætera, — visit his "ladye fayre."
He makes his farewell call, and in her gentle ear
He swears that in his "heart of hearts" she ne'er shall have compeer.
Taking his farewell kiss, swearing that he'll be true,
Vowing fidelity for aye, he bids his love adieu.
She waves her 'kerchief to him as he gallops down the street,
And sings a woful ditty about dying at his feet.
But the poor, hapless maiden would of reason be bereft,
If, thinking it "all right," she found it "over the left";
Could she but view her lover's heart and read the falsehood there,
Could his perfidy but be exposed, his treachery laid bare,
'T would her pictured happiness destroy, her brightest dreams
dispel, —
Show her HUMBUG as love's essence, — ever a potent spell.

Arrived at Harvard, straightway he adopts the bulletin's advice,
And buys his books at the College Store, all "at the lowest price"(?);
Since all his cash in buying them he has managed to exhaust,
He sells his old clothes to Πόχω¹ for a tenth of the prime cost;
Then devotes himself to study, with a steady, earnest zeal,
And scorns an "Interlinear," or a "Pony's" meek appeal;
Resolves that he will be, in spite of toil or of fatigue,
That humbug of all humbugs, the staid, inveterate "dig";
And though to mar his enterprise no one will e'er attempt,
Yet still there is a torture whence no Freshman is exempt.
At midnight treacherous Sophomores, in conspiracy convening, —
But hold! — perhaps a parody will best express my meaning.

¹ The orthography of this word being doubtful, I have preferred to use the Greek character.

Harvard Class of 1852

Under sheets of clean linen lay the young Fresh;
The hole in the window let in the night wind,
Yet watch-worn and weary he lustily snored,
And visions of college life danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his pa and his ma,
And the loaf of plum-cake they sent him that morn;
Of the rooster, whose meals he was wont to prepare,
And the little Scotch terrier, now sad and forlorn.

Then Gammon her quizzical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young Freshman in ecstasy rise;
A mind's panorama oped, free of expense,
And his governor's brick domicile blesses his eyes.

The geranium-pots bloom in the window-seat still,
And the cats make a noise on "the top of the roof,"
The little pigs squeal to hail the young heir,
And the mare in the stall paws the ground with her hoof.

A father surveys him through silver-bowed specs;
A mother low courtesies, "in style," — *à la Française*;
He flies to the maiden his bosom holds dear,
He kisses, embraces, and — "*je vous laisse penser*."

The heart of the Freshman beats high in his breast;
He thinks the term's over, — vacation has come, —
And, kicking the bed-clothes, exultingly cries,
"Mint-juleps and Principes! is n't this 'rum'?"

Ah! whence is that light which now dazzles his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now startles his ear?
'T is the Sophomores rushing the Freshmen to haze!
'T is the Sophomores' wild, demoniac cheer!

He springs from his bedstead; he flies to the door;
Amazement confronts him with Sophomores dire;
Torpedoes are ruthlessly thrown on the floor, —
His matches and candles are flung to the fire.

Like maniacs let loose, his tormentors still yell;
In vain the lost Fresh calls on Proctors for help;
Unseen boots of Sophs attack in the rear,
And their clamor is drowning the poor victim's yelp.

Annals of the

O Freshman! O, woe to thy dream of delight!
Like ice in the sun melts thy frostwork of bliss!
Where now is the vision thy fancy touched bright
Of thy sire "shelling out," — thy loved one's fond kiss?

O victimized Freshman! never again
Leave unbolted your door when to rest you retire,
And, unhazed and unmartyred, you proudly may scorn
Those foes to all Freshmen who 'gainst thee conspire.

No Soph shall e'er plead to his classmates for thee,
Or redeem thy poor frame from their merciless rage,
But the smashing of glass shall thy serenade be,
And the creaking of leather thy foemen presage.

By the cool college pump shall thy corpus be laid,
And on thy nude limbs the free water shall pour,
Till, worn and exhausted, they carry thee back,
And deposit thy carcass inside of thy door.

Perchance on a sick-bed for weeks thou mayst lie,
And thy doctor *ex more* thy torture prolong;
Still thy anguish perhaps will a lesson convey, —
Thou'lt have learnt how to "suffer," — if not to "be strong."

About this time to his father his first letter he indites,
And somewhat in this style the verdant, serious Freshman writes:—
"Dear Pa: I write, 'as in duty bound,' to say that I received
Your letter of the twenty-first, and 'its import I perceived.'
You wish that I should write to you a full and complete account
Of my life thus far at Harvard; with pleasure will I recount
All that as yet has happened; *imprimis* at the foot-ball sport,
Where I anticipated pleasure, I was severely hurt;
And when I did remonstrate, and asked them why 't was done,
They said that my anxious mother should have warned me of such fun,
And with a pitying, sneering laugh, and with a haughty stare,
Remarked that boys must stay at home, nor taste the evening air.
I've been assaulted in my room, — my matches have been wasted;
For quoting Scripture to my foes, I've been severely basted.
Drinking is very prevalent, and oaths are free and plenty;
As for cigars, some Sophomores can daily smoke their twenty.
Church-members are like 'angels' visits,' and tracts are seldom seen;
And sober, moral men, like me, are reckoned rather 'green.'
To heed your fostering counsels I'll earnestly endeavour.
Permit me to subscribe myself,

Your loving son, as ever."

Harvard Class of 1852

Our hero's not long verdant; when his eyes are opened wide,
He "makes up" for past "digging"; and then, ah! woe betide
The pockets of his governor! The serious, steady youth,
Last year a mere epitome of temperance and of truth,
Becomes, by Humbug's influence, the veriest, saddest rake,
That e'er tried to make night hideous, or watchman's head to break.
The fall is never sudden, but 't is effected by degrees;
As gradually as fall the leaves stirred by the autumn breeze.
We'll view the initial step in sin, — "the first gleam of evil's star";
We'll observe our erring hero as he smokes his first cigar.
With fearful agitation, with a pale, cadaverous face,
He smokes, if not with awkwardness, most certainly not with
grace.

He wonders if it ever entered Sir Walter Raleigh's head,
(Who first used the "filthy weed" 'gainst which the Author-King
inveighed)

That by his fell discovery full many a luckless wight
Would feel the tortures of the damned; that every proselyte
That bent before tobacco's shrine, that rejoiced to take a smoke,
The "stomach demons" by that act did unwittingly provoke;
That those horrible sensations, which we call *ventri dolores*,
Would be propagated chiefly by Manuel Amores.
And when his smoking's over, and his toilette he's adjusting,
His inner man begins to feel a pain that's quite disgusting.
But why relate a twice-told tale? He's in trouble for an hour,
And then, as drooping plants revive after a hearty shower,
He feels relieved, and banishes all remembrance of his pain;
Having passed the fatal ordeal, Fresh is "himself again."

We'll inspect our Freshman hero when first himself he shaves;
How at each deep cut the razor makes he furiously raves!
He loudly curses Sheffield steel as mortals' worst affliction,
And on "Macdaniel's best improved" he mutters malediction.
He cuts and scrapes and pulls and hacks; his face the while still
bleeding, —
Each fearful gash the one before by half an inch exceeding.
And when the awful job is o'er, he can't find the wished court-
plaster;
Fortunio's fairy-given slave, Lightfoot, ne'er ran faster
Than runs our hero swiftly to the neighbouring druggist's store;
2-40-like he rushes in, and commences to implore
For the assuaging plaster, and his sufferings to recite,
Boasting as "rueful" a "countenance" as famed La Mancha's
knight, —

While the "lookers on in Venice" survey the mirth-fraught scene,
And quiz the verdant Freshman, and joke his saddened, downcast
mien.

The soft emollient purchased, he returns his room to seek,
Nor once again he shaves him for full many a long, long week.
Perhaps our hero feels inspired, and fain would woo the Muses, —
And metre, rhyme, and reason he most horribly misuses.
His theme at first, of course, is love; he inscribes some verses poor
To some love-gift from his chosen fair, — some Freshman's *gage*
d'amour.

His sad experience well could tell what nonsense 't is to rhyme;
'T is indeed a "waste of patience," but much more a "waste of time."
Perchance he hails *that* "conscious moon," or salutes the evening
star;

Sings of some most daring lover, — some Italian Lochinvar.

'T is usually written in a state of desperation;

'T is very soft and flowery; — I'll try an imitation.

"Wilt come with me, fair lady?
Wilt share a soldier's lot?
Wilt leave thy lordly palace
For poor and lowly cot?
No luxury can I proffer,
Gold-bought from choicest mart, —
One only gift I offer, —
An undivided heart."
The while amid the greenwood
Whistled the summer breeze,
Thus wooed fair Mantua's maiden
The gallant Genoese.

"Thy father proud may chide thee,
And repulse his daughter fair, —
But with thee, my love, beside me,
His reproaches I can bear.
Meet me at eventide, love;
Come to my lowly cot,
And swear, whate'er may chance thee,
Thou 'lt share a soldier's lot."
The while amid the greenwood
Whistled the summer breeze,
He kissed fair Mantua's maiden, —
That daring Genoese.

Harvard Class of 1852

“I’ve no ducats nor no rent-roll
Wherewith to claim thee, sweet;
No vassals nor no handmaids
Their lady fair will greet;
But a heart that is no truant
Is dedicate to thee, —
That from its beauteous lady liege
Sweareth it ne’er will flee.”
The while amid the greenwood
Whistled the summer breeze,
Thus vowed to Mantua’s maiden
That loyal Genoese.

“Though Milan’s maid may tempt me,
Or Padua’s dame invite,
Their favors and caresses
For thee, my love, I’d slight, —
Would scorn the gemmed tiara,
The diadem pass by;
Thine eye their boasted beauty,
Their lustre, can outvie.”
The while amid the greenwood
Whistled the summer breeze,
Thus sued to Mantua’s maiden
That earnest Genoese.

“I fear no foe’s stiletto,
No coward’s threat I heed;
No danger can appall me, —
No peril e’er impede.
Swear on the holy cross, love,
To share my poor career,
Through weal or woe to prove thyself
Still trusting and sincere.”
The while amid the greenwood
Whistled the summer breeze,
Besought fair Mantua’s maiden
That ardent Genoese.

She kissed his dagger cross-hilt,
Her holy vow she breathed,
And trustingly upon his lips
Her bridal kiss she wreathed;
And to her lover’s keeping,

Annals of the

In sight of highest Heaven,
With all a maiden's purity
Her virgin heart was given.
The while amid the greenwood
Whistled the summer breeze,
Fair Mantua's maiden swore to wed
Her loving Genoese.

That even to the trysting-tree
The maiden gladly hied;
The cavalier on swiftest steed
Bore off his Mantuan bride.
And as they passed her father's halls,
Loud rose her lover's shout
O'er all the furious wassail din: —
"Call all thy vassals out!
Arm thy retainers, dotard!
Fling thy banner to the breeze!
For Mantua's maid has fled her sire
To wed her Genoese!" —

He now affects the opera; says Snooksini is his pet;
Wears immaculate white kids, and sports a double-sized *lorgnette*;
Says at Snooksini's benefit her "troops of friends" must "rally";
Perchance he ardently admires the sweet, seductive *ballet*;
Talks of *tours de force* and *pirouettes*; he quotes from each new play;
He catches an operatic air, and hums it all the day,
While some Italian gallows-birds, some scoundrel lazaroni,
Some friendless, houseless vagabonds add to their names an *oni*,
Let their mass of hair make up for brains, daily "salute their glass,"
And, slightly skilled in "silver sounds," but endowed much more
with *brass*,
Humbug our Fresh, who little thinks, unsophisticated dupe,
That who's a *primo basso* here, in Italy's a "supe,"
Or a *claqueur*, paid to applaud at every new concoction, —
But here, the lion of the day, his tickets puts at auction;
His fame is duly trumpeted to all Boston's eager ears;
Even the Bite Tavern¹ wakens from its lethargy of years; —
And the Italian charlatan, versed in naught save to deceive,
And very "sharp" to catch a "flat," laughs exulting in his sleeve, —
Henceforth to glorious Humbug his sole allegiance gives,
And, protected by her sage advice, he like a — Barnum lives.

¹ The famous Bite Tavern stood in the south-east corner of Faneuil Hall Square, Boston.

Harvard Class of 1852

'T were useless to note his progress through the Sophomoric year;
As well search for Sir John Franklin, — trace Lola Montés' career, —
Ask why religious jurymen themselves to praying yield, —
Or S. P. Townsend¹ in despair has given up "the field";
It were an oft-repeated tale, and to our theme irrelevant.
To shorten a long story, our hero "sees the elephant."
To show how great, how fell, a change o'er the student's mind has
passed

Since we have seen his first epistle, shall we peruse his last?
"Dear Governor: How're you off for cash? How stands it with the
stumpy?

Why have n't I received the tin? Hast got the blues? Art dumpy?
Please 'pony up,' — I'm rather short. Why art so long about it?
I've pledged my word so oft, that creditors begin to doubt it.
Art growing careful of the ready? Will the supplies e'er fail?
'Because thou art grown virtuous,' are there 'no more cakes and ale'?
Just think 'on all my glorious hopes and all my young renown,'
And by the very next express the needful send to town, —
For I've many scores of duns who're anything but lenient.
Your used up son.

P. S. As soon as is convenient."

And thus he enters college, and thus at last he takes his leave;
Though rosy bright at morning, there are gathering clouds at eve.
'T is HUMBBUG guards his destiny, henceforth, as heretofore;
We'll drop the mystic curtain, — and, like Cawdor, "see no more."

'T is time that I should finish this crude and most imperfect strain,
"Cut off the water" [of Helicon], — descend to prose again.
Let me speak a heartfelt wish ere this doggerel I conclude; —
Believe me, 't is an honest one, though expressed in sentence rude.
All hail to our IADMA! — its course be onward ever!
Be it like Gonzalo's falchion, "contaminated never."
Be it no brief ephemeral, decayed as soon as born,
A "peerless flower" at midnight, and withered at the morn: —
May a congenial spirit unite us when divided: —
Be we faithful to OUR "Union," though we're perchance "mis-
guided";
Be the "even tenor of our way" like the unruffled stream, —
Undisturbed by "rude commotion," — sweet as midsummer dream.

¹ S. P. Townsend, a Quack doctor, produced a specific to which another Dr. Town-
send laid claim and brought suit on the ground that the remedy had already been
produced by himself. The contestants were said to be father and son, and the case
aroused much public interest; at the height of the excitement it was suddenly dropped
and proved to be entirely an advertising scheme, the two Drs. Townsend being one
and the same person.

And like the exhausted sailor, — the veteran of the seas, —
Who for many tedious years “has braved the battle and the breeze,” —
May we, like him, “laid up in port,” sow the fruitful seed betimes,
And, when “life’s fitful fever’s o’er,” meet we in happier climes! —
And since we’ve hailed the fraction, O, let one earnest wish ensue: —
Prosperity to the integer, — THE CLASS OF ’52!

INSTITUTE OF 1770

MOTTO: *Haec studia adolescentiam alunt*

THE Institute of 1770 was a literary and debating Society. The meetings were held in a room on the ground floor of Massachusetts Hall, which was occupied in conjunction with other Societies. The library was kept in the sleeping room of the librarian, Henry K. Oliver, at No. 2 Holworthy Hall.

From one of the tiny envelopes of the day, sealed with a wafer, we draw forth a notification of election to membership; it reads:

DEAR SIR:

*I have the honor of informing you
of your election to the*

“Institute of 1770.”

*You will become a member by attend-
ing the next meeting and paying to the
treasurer the sum of two dollars.*

HENRY W. BROWN

Sec’y,

<i>Presidents, 1849</i>	HENRY WILLIAMSON HAYNES, '51
	SAMUEL LOTHROP THORNDIKE, '52
1850	JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, '52
	EDWARD HOLMES AMMIDOWN, '53
<i>Vice-Presidents, 1849</i>	GEORGE BRADFORD, '51
	JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, '52
1850	CALVIN GATES PAGE, '52
	JOHN DAVES
<i>Librarian</i>	HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER
<i>Secretary</i>	HENRY WILLIAM BROWN
<i>Treasurer</i>	HORACE HOPKINS COOLIDGE

Harvard Class of 1852

MEMBERS

Alger, Horatio	Norris, George Walter
Brooks, Peter Chardon	Oliver, Henry Kemble
Brown, Addison	Page, Calvin Gates
Brown, Henry William	Richardson, Horace
Cary, George Lovell	Scott, Guignard
Chase, Reginald Heber	Silsbee, Nathaniel Devereux
Choate, Joseph Hodges	Sprague, Joseph White
Choate, William Gardner	Stedman, Charles Ellery
Collins, Josiah	Swift, Elijah
Coolidge, Horace Hopkins	Thayer, James Bradley
Curtis, Thomas James	Thorndike, Samuel Lothrop
Dana, Charles Francis	Trimble, David Churchman
Greenwood, Augustus Goodwin	Upham, Charles Wentworth
Gurney, Ephraim Whitman	Ware, Darwin Erastus
Head, George Edward	Ware, Robert
Hilliard, Francis William	Waring, William Henry
Hooper, William Sturgis	Wheeler, William Fiske
Huntington, James	Whittemore, Horatio Hancock Fiske
	Williamson, William Cross

Lectures were delivered — one on the English Drama still survives — and poems; the opening stanzas of one of the latter are given on account of the allusions to contemporaneous events and professors.

“Old Goody Muse, on thee I call,
Pro more, as do poets all.”¹

“Oh for the golden age of Auld lang syne
When students, and not proctors ruled in college,
The spade and midnight oil I’d soon resign,
And ‘send the devil in pursuit of knowledge!”

Thus sighs the modern Sophomore, when he hears
The stirring tales of ancient Sophomore glory,
The thrilling legends of forgotten years,
Sent down to us in many a Goody’s story; ²

When, should the “laws” and students disagree,
(For then the fire of seventy-six was glowing,)

¹ *Rebelliad*, Canto 1st.

² *Confer* the account of a rebellion which is annually narrated by the Holworthy goody to the gaping Freshmen, when the tree was discovered one morning to be blossoming with the vessels of the Thunderer, blue, white and yellow.

Annals of the

They met in council at "Rebellion Tree," —
Its leaves were greener then, its limbs were growing —

Speeches were made, and effigies were hung,
Soaked were its roots in punch 'mid song and revels,
While through the yard the students' war-shout rung,
No *Hartwell* dared to say "Disperse ye rebels!"

But have not we at this degenerate day
Some glorious deed, some victory to recall,
To point the jovial song or poet's lay,
Of vanquished proctor, or grim tutor's fall!

Have we? Ye Gods! — it flatters me to say
That to this question I may answer yea!
We are the cause which drove our tutors three
To shape their flying course across the sea.¹

Just at the evening of our Freshman year
When Fresh had groaned² and tutors quaked to hear,
Upon a sofa, in a proctor's room,
Three tutors sat, and wept upon their doom;
'T was dead of night; the old clock's solemn chime
With twelve sound blows had struck the passing time.
Trembling with fear, and wasted to the bone,
Hearing, with every breath, a Freshman groan,
How gaunt and pale! How shook each palsied knee!
They see a lurking *Fresh* in every tree.
While thus in sad and sorry tone
A gentle tutor³ made his moan.

"I cannot bear it; I am falling
Into the 'sere and yellow leaf,'
Voices of the 'dead' are calling,
Calling on me for relief.

¹ A significant fact; — at the end of the Freshman year all of our tutors sailed for Europe.

² At a class-meeting in June, 1849, Hartwell, tutor, was *groaned* "thrice in Massachusetts, once on Hollis steps," which groaning resulted in the suspension of five members.

³ The meek and lowly Sears was our first tutor in Mathematics. It was but seldom he attempted to remonstrate, and it was always to no purpose, for the students *would* "copy at the board" in spite of him.

Harvard Class of 1852

“In my dreams I hear them groaning,
Hear them jeer and curse my name,
‘Ponies,’ too, and horrid nightmares
Riding roughshod through my frame!

“To myself I put the question,
(Not without a muttered curse),
Shall I brave the wicked Freshmen,
‘Cut’ the Freshmen, or — cut Peirce?

“To a foreign land I’ll hasten —
To a land across the sea,
Where the god-forsaken Freshmen
Ne’er again can trouble me.”

He ceased, and wiped his long, thin nose,
And in the dark another speaker rose.
In gentle accents, soft and mild,
Spoke the curly-pated Child,¹
But sudden stopped! — he heard a sound
Of squeaking shoes that shook the ground.

As in the calmness of a summer sky,
While Twilight draws her star-wrought veil around,
When all is changed and softened to the eye,
And Nature slumbers in repose profound, —
The sullen cloud comes up with muttering thunder
Threat’ning to rend the firmament asunder; —

’T was thus then on the meeting, the shiny-shoed Sophocles² broke in,
Bursting with heart-taming spleen³ and panting with death-dealing
fury;
Swarthy his face, and smooth, as the leaves of his often-thumbed
grammars,
Studied, and hated and cursed by none but incipient Freshmen.
Curly his hair as the tail of a cur, and high in his right hand
Grasped he his long-shadowing hat, and aloft in the other
Waved he his blood-red bandanna; his neck was unconscious of
dickey.

¹ Tutor in History and Elocution; a dapper man, in stature small; large and curly as to his head.

² Tutor in Greek. His brightly polished shoes and broad-brimmed hat, or in winter his blue cloak and cap, were continually to be seen perambulating the yard in all times and seasons. This, of course, is sarcasm! See pp. 325, 331, *ante*.

³ See Homeric Lexicon.

Annals of the

“I’ve ground them with my ‘Alphabet,’
I’ve choked them with ‘Romaic,’
I’ve scowled, and tried to screw ’em down,
And all for Hartwell’s sake.

“Where is the gallant Shattuck gone?
He, too, is struck with fear,
He dares not venture out alone,
Proctor Johnson guards his rear.¹

“Think you I will shrink and cower,
Have my soul torn out by jerks,
Help maintain *his* sinking power?
No! I’ll go and fight the ‘Turks!’”

Thus in despair and fell dismay
Our tutors all had fled away,
And last and least for love and money
Followed, too, the Horse-shoe “Johnny.”²

It was n’t very long ago,
The time — I don’t exactly know —
I had a hideous, horrid *dream*,
Such fancies in my caput teem
And tumble round my dizzy head,
I think I *must* have made a dead ³
In Mathematics, for I swore
“By Jupiter and Polydore,”
By dagger, bowie-knife, and sword
To be no more by black-boards bored!
It might have been — I will not question —
The “wretchedness of indigestion.”
I saw upon a blasted heath
Mysterious with the gloom of death,
A cauldron, boiling hot and fast,
Its foul breath kissed me as I passed,
It seethed and hissed, the blue flames burn,
(I knew the cause, — I saw them turn
Some “Curves and Functions” on the fire,
Well might they rave and roar with ire!)

¹ So unpopular was Shattuck Hartwell at this time that he took up his quarters for several nights with a gigantic proctor, yclept *Johnson*.

² The Horse-shoe, a Poem by John Brooks Felton, H. C. 1847, Cambridge: 1849.

³ See note on page 356.

Harvard Class of 1852

Gods! — Here the "Faculty" were met,
A raging, fighting, devilish set,
I saw each face, I knew each name,
They seemed — and yet seemed not — the same.
Some still looked young, some had grown old,
And some had *tails*, though that must not be told.
And round about the pot they go,
Now hurrying fast, now treading slow,
Now leaping high, now crouching low,
They fanned the embers to a living glow;
And some one says — I won't say who —
"Of students' brains we are making a stew!"

In a short jacket "Potty"¹ came,

I heard him ever and anon
Sing "Jopy,"² put that kettle on!"
And "Corney,"³ too, was there *αὐτότατος*,
Majestic, like a huge rhinoceros,
Except that he was very thin
Because they'd managed to keep him in
The "Regent's Office," where his cares,
Fixing "excuses," and looking up "prayers,"
Getting out books and "Tabular views"
(The last were never intended for use),
Racking his brains and spoiling his eyes
To find an *unfindable* "Exercise."⁴
Spending his time in hunting up Greek
To play an old game called "Hide and go seek," —
"And other things together with these,"
Reading such speeches as "Pericles'
Over the Dead" (in more senses than one),
But then, especially when it is done,
Unhelped by a certain blue "poney" —
These, I say, got the "hegemony"⁵

¹ Sobriquet of Edward Tyrrel Channing, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, fat, and bloated. When visited after dinner in his study he is always found in a short jacket of white linen.

² Sobriquet of Josiah Shattuck Hartwell, H. C. 1844. He subsequently dropped his first name.

³ C. C. Felton, Regent.

⁴ As the Greek exercises were always translations from some Greek author, no sooner was one given out to the Class than someone set to work to find the passage; "when found" it was "made a note on" and copied by the whole class "verbatim" et *accentatim*.

⁵ Isocrates, *ἡγεμονία*.

Annals of the

Over poor Corney and shrunk to a dot
His rotund belly, inclining to pot.
Just here our friend "Benny"¹ in very long hair
With "Polar coördinates"² stirred up the fire.
All the tutors and proctors, too,
With shouts and yells had come to view
This horrible, cannibal "stew."
Hooper came divested of hat,
Tower with the tread and tail of cat.
"Lowe, the poor proctor, whose untutored"³ mind
Has scarcely left the primal green behind,
"Crown him, crown him king of the dead!"
The voice of the jiggering multitude said,
Then Beck came up with horns on his head!
But now the simmering broth was done
Everyone flourished a "Commons" spoon.
Ah! there swam the Freshman's soft brains,
Streaked with his thousand cares and pains,
Who from his rural school had come
In all the pride of Freshmandom;
He's first at prayers; with downcast eyes
To please his tutor meekly tries,
And all his thoughts are fixed on getting "eight,"
But Sophomores break his panes, sometimes his pate.
And all the tutors grinned a ghastly grin,
To see the poor devil so taken in.

Oh! then I saw the horrid throng
Pull out the brains with shout and song,
Oh! then I saw our Potty strain
To swallow down a "fresh-Soph's"⁴ brain.

Now flitting through the murky air
With weeping and with wail,
In naked feet and flying hair,
With dusting rag and pail,
Like Harpies all the goodies come
Each mounted on her magic broom!

¹ Benjamin Peirce, the students' curse.

² See an instrument of torture prepared by the before-mentioned, called "Curves and Functions."

³ Compare Pope, "Lo, the poor Indian," &c.

⁴ The title of one who enters a year in advance.

Harvard Class of 1852

Crowding and crowding on they came!
And shrieking as they flew,
Every old hag and sweeping dame,
The antique and the new,
Some in ancient and quaint costume,
Each astride of her magic broom!

I heard a loud voice, it sounded like Beck's,
"Please to review, and prepare for the nex'!"¹ —
I awoke with a start, and in some agitation,
To find it all changed to a dull recitation.
The vision ended well;
God grant I have no more
While Mills² shall ring the Chapel bell,
And Cannon³ ope the door!

One of the debates dealt with the attack on the nunnery in Somerville, the opponents being Oliver, in justification of the attack, and D. E. Ware against it. The latter bore off the palm.

That the position of Librarian was not one of unmeasured bliss may be gathered from the description given by the holder of the office,⁴ in the Class Book:

"The library to which I had the privilege to be attached, was accessible at all hours of the day and night, upon certain conditions established by custom. These conditions, which were kept to the letter, especially by that modest and unobtrusive set of individuals called Sophomores, were, step carefully over the mat outside and open the door without knocking. If in the winter time, leave the door open, if in summer, shut carefully with a loud slam. In either case, before walking across to enter the library, wipe the feet carefully on the carpet. . . . Then commence a shuffling across the room, with the hat on, and whistling a popular air vehemently. If the librarian is working out a mathematical problem, or writing a theme, accompany the whistle with sundry thumps on the wall as

¹ These were the stereotyped phrases of Professor Beck at the end of each recitation.

² No student of the last dozen years will forget the indefatigable Mills, bellringer to the University. Who that roams in the College yard can avoid seeing him carrying his "father-long-legs" body by seven-league strides to ring that accursed bell twelve times a day? On his weasel face is stamped an expression of nervous anxiety, a kind of *horror* lest the hour should come and he forget to ring! The pride of his life is not to forget it, and on dark December mornings he seems to pull with demoniac fury.

³ The grey-headed janitor whose name is thus corrupted from *Kiernan*.

⁴ H. K. Oliver.

you pass along. After entering the library proper, take down as many books as possible, put those you do not want back in the wrong places, upside down, wrong side before, and if you can spare the time inside out. Take away twice the number of books allowed you, without recording any of them. Leave as nearly as possible as you entered. When you return the books you do not intend to steal, walk up to the librarian's window and throw them in violently, tipping over his inkstand and entirely ruining a book given by George Washington to the librarian's grandmother."

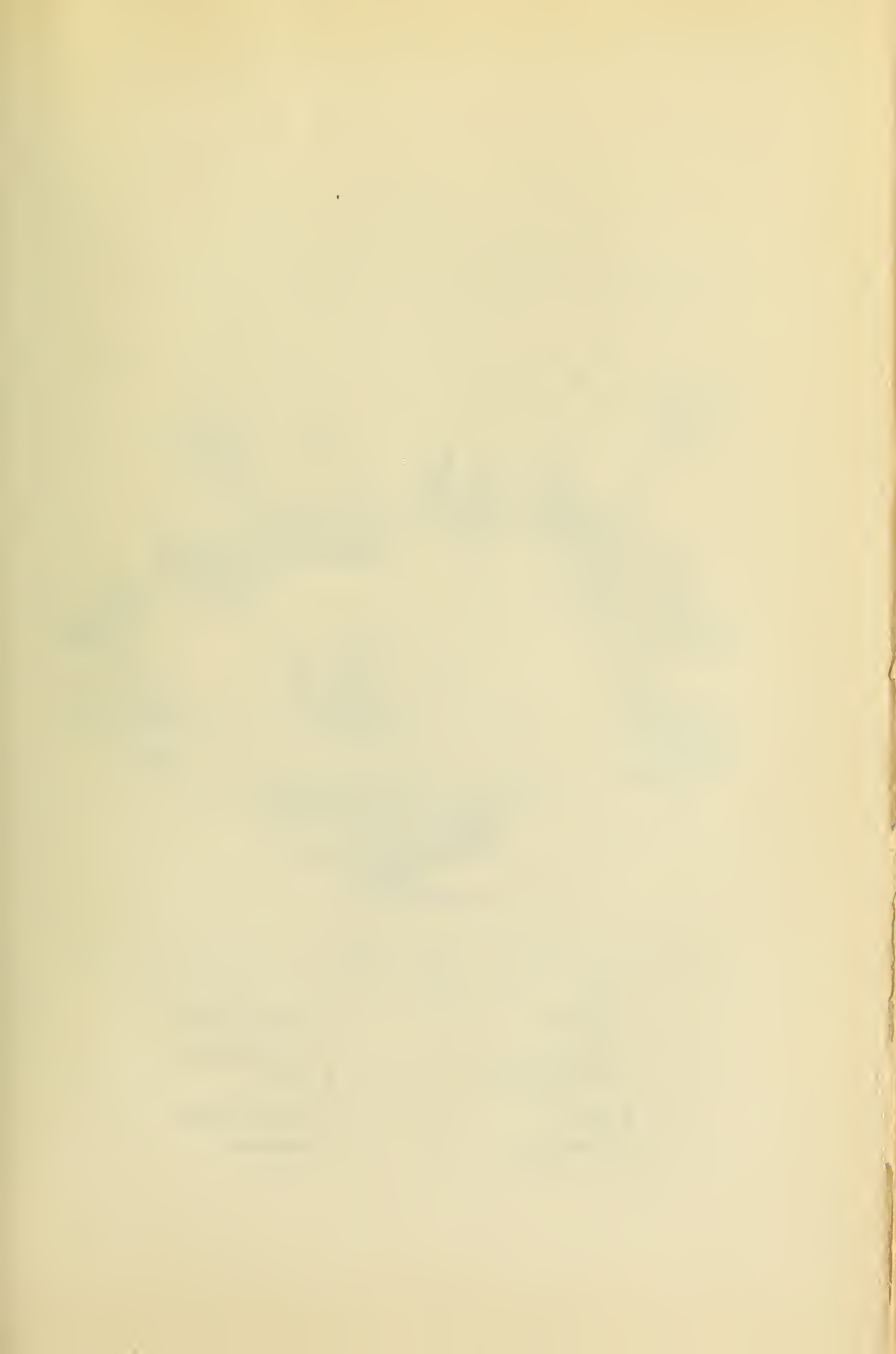
THE KNIGHTS' PUNCH BOWL

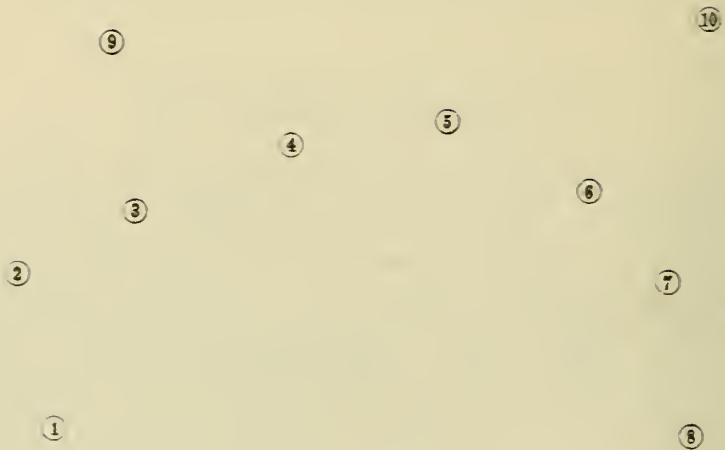
As the first volume of the records of the society known as the "K. P. B." has disappeared, we have no way of learning the year in which it was founded by ten members of '52, but a poem written by Williamson shows the Club to have been in existence in May, 1851. The members were Coolidge, Head, Frank Hurd, Norris, Page, Richardson, Stedman, Whittemore, R. Ware and Williamson. Their insignia was undoubtedly the bowl¹ itself, which still survives, of generous proportions, and of fair and flowered china. The tale of each meeting held at the rooms of the members in turn, was written by the scribe appointed for the evening, often in rhyming parody, and adorned with sketches and sometimes illuminations by the witty Stedman.

The nine young men (Norris was never with them after graduation), who were studying for their respective professions in Boston, continued their meetings, assembling first at hotels or clubs, and later, as one after another entered into the state of matrimony, holding their revels at the home of the proud householders in alternation with the re-unions at Young's or Parker's of the bachelor hosts.

As we turn the pages, the graphic records, accompanied as they are by Stedman's clever sketches, bring the "fellows" so vividly before us that we feel as if we too had been present at the hilarious gatherings and listened to the tales, sometimes sad, but always humorous, of the progress of the young men just beginning life.

¹ With other relics of the Class, the bowl will eventually be given to the College.





K. P. B.

1	STEDMAN	6	ROBERT WARE
2	HEAD	7	WILLIAMSON
3	WHITTEMORE	8	HURD
4	PAGE	9	RICHARDSON
5	COOLIDGE	10	NORRIS

See the way the angels are
Blessed with a love that's holy and true



and the angels that look to the highest world
are the KIP - master. (25)



Harvard Class of 1852

“The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace
Around the board they take their places
And smoke and drink their Bouillabaisse.”

Page was the first to marry, and the first meeting, possibly the fifth since graduation, of the K. P. B. recorded in the second volume, was at his fireside in 1855, where Calvin the Patriarch (his sobriquet) exhibited the baby, who was promptly elected an “honorary member,” a scene duly depicted by Stedman under the title of “Charge of Infantry.” Another drawing represents a blinded Cupid with four arrows and a cigar in his mouth bending over four headstones which bear the names of Page, Whittemore, Norris, and Coolidge, respectively, and below

“Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice?”

all the four named having succumbed to Eros. A farewell dinner was given to Coolidge on the eve of his marriage, whereat his toast was “Here’s to the K. P. B. in our houses with the mississes upstairs and likin’ it.”

A later meeting, on 26 October, 1860, elicited the following lines:

Again we meet around the rose-wood tree —
A strong, long bumper to the K. P. B.!
Summer is fled. From all the golden plain
Toil’s sturdy sons have stripped the ripened grain,
No more the breezes skim the bending wheat,
The trees have dropped their glories at our feet,
Bob Ware comes back, — I don’t know where he’s been —
And gallant Francis, if not heard, is seen —
Charley — on civic or on rural ground
He ne’er was wanting where old friends are found —
And would that from the old red sandstone’s bed
One bird had come, the ante-deluge Head!
Thy cheery visage, Coolidge! warms, with light
Of glowing friendship radiate and bright,
Sire by brevet, and *ex officio* sage,
I kiss my cup to thee, Commander Page!
Nor am I reck’ning here without our host,
High o’er this glassy sea’s extremest crest,
Shine out with songs and quips and wanton gibes,
Thou least of Pharisee and best of Scribes!

Annals of the

Yet, if I might, to this round table's roar
I'd add one Whit — just one — one Whit-the-more.
Stay yet! I drink to him whose chair's unfilled,
Whose voice keeps silence when the song is trilled, —
Dear, gentle ghost! if, hovering in this air,
Thy loving consciousness our joy do share —
Come in the pause that follows song and jest,
With reverent heart I bid thee to our feast.

See, 't is complete! The wind, that wastes the leaves,
Brings their last juices to the autumn sheaves.
Blest be autumnal blasts and wintry cold,
That lead our wanderers to this jolly fold,
Dear Brothers all! With thrills of joy and pain
I feel the glad old days all back again,
Joyous I see the years, with changes fraught
To our bright fellowship no cloud have brought!
True 't is, no more we walk the College ways,
No more we see the College chimneys blaze,
No more at sound of proctors' boots we quake,
The night's unhaunted by the morn's Romaic.

I love to think that wheresoever fame
Or fortune takes us, here we're still the same,
Whate'er the rugged paths of life we roam,
Here, at this board, we find our student home,
Keep green the custom of the K. P. B.,
Seated and merry round the rose-wood tree.

The last meeting recorded took place in January, 1865, and mentions that a third volume of the records had been started, but it is not forthcoming. Dana and Denny had in the meantime been recruited into the ranks thinned by the matrimonial and paternal engagements of the members, but even with these additions the doom of the K. P. B. had sounded. Death took Norris, Page and Robert Ware. Head and Whittemore were rarely able to be present, and the gay little club came to a natural end.

Harvard Class of 1852

PHI BETA KAPPA

ΜΟΤΤΟ. Φιλοσοφία Βίου Κυβερνήτης

<i>Presidents</i> , 1880-1884	JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE
1887-1889	JAMES BRADLEY THAYER
<i>Vice-Presidents</i> , 1878-1880	JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE
1884-1887	JAMES BRADLEY THAYER
<i>Treasurer</i> , 1869-1907	HENRY GARDNER DENNY
<i>Recording Secretary</i> , 1851-1852	WILLIAM GARDNER CHOATE

MEMBERS

Alger, Horatio	Cooke, Alfred Wellington
Bonney, Charles Thomas	Coolidge, Horace Hopkins
Brown, Addison	Denny, Henry Gardner (1867)
Brown, Henry William	Gurney, Ephraim Whitman
Cary, George Lovell (1891)	Hilliard, Francis William
Chase, Reginald Heber	Thayer, James Bradley
Cheever, David Williams	Thorndike, Samuel Lothrop
Choate, Joseph Hodges	Ware, Darwin Erastus
Choate, William Gardner	Ware, William Robert
Collins, Josiah	Williamson, William Cross (1901)
	Wright, Chauncey (1858)

Edwin Smith Gregory, who came to Harvard from the Western Reserve College in the second term of the Senior year, was a member of the Western Reserve Chapter.

The following songs were evidently written by Alger and Hilliard on their admission into the Society:

SONG

(ALGER)

AIR. — *Crambambuli*.

1. Come, Brothers, lift the song of gladness,
Let mirth and music rule the hours,
Far hence be every thought of sadness,
At length the golden prize is ours.

We gladly join your noble band,
And while we grasp each proffered hand
Our hearts with friendly warmth expand,
With warmth expand.

Annals of the

2. A night of festive joy and pleasure
May well succeed a day of toil,
In delving deep for Learning's treasure
Tonight we'll burn no midnight oil.

Full long we've knelt at Learning's shrine,
Tonight the laurel and the vine
About our brows shall intertwine,
Shall intertwine.

3. The hours of Youth on rapid pinions flying
Soon fade into the silent Past,
Then let us seize the joys around us lying,
Ere yet our sky is overcast.

Then while our hearts with joy are light,
We will not heed Time's rapid flight,
But greet with songs the morning bright,
The morning bright.

SONG

PHILOSOPHY THE GUIDE OF LIFE

(HILLIARD)

AIR. — *Auld Lang Syne.*

Philosophy — that ancient word,
Turns every visage grave,
The sound old Greek full often heard
When Stoic sage would rave.

Philosophy, invoked to guide,
If only she will steer
Each bark adown the stream shall slide
Nor rocks nor quicksands fear.

Philosophy, the guide of life,
Oh! — may she ever be,
When passions war in deadly strife,
A true Philosophy.

God-given, Conscience-blest, illumed
With reason's lightning ray
And oh! still clearer in the dawn
Of Revelation's day.

Harvard Class of 1852

Sweet is the tie that binds in one
Reason and jollity,
Learning in marriage joins with fun,
Leads Science on a spree.

Then let us dream of coming days
When torrid suns shall burn,
And learned men, by dusty ways,
To college scenes return.

Across the groaning board behold
Two trembling hands unite,
Two voices now grown weak and old,
Eyes half bereft of sight,

And shout aloud to think that so,
As after years roll on,
With us the love shall ever go
That college scenes have won.

PIERIAN SODALITY

MOTTO: *Sit Musa Lyræ Solers*

Friday, April 13th, 1849

*I have the honor to inform you that you
have been chosen into the "Pierian Sodality."*

*Your attendance is requested this evening
at their room over Mrs. Dana's store opposite
the house of Edward Everett, at quarter before
eight precisely.*

Please bring your violin.

STEVENS PARKER
Pres. P. Sodality

Thus reads the summons to a new member!
We give the only offices held by the members of 1852:

- President, 1851-52* AUSTIN STICKNEY
- Vice-Presidents, 1850-51* AUSTIN STICKNEY
- 1851-52 HORATIO H. F. WHITTEMORE
- Secretaries, 1849-50* AUSTIN STICKNEY
- 1850-51 H. H. F. WHITTEMORE

Annals of the

MEMBERS

Samuel H. Hurd	<i>Counter basso</i>
Horace Richardson	<i>Flute</i>
Austin Stickney	<i>Violin</i>
H. H. F. Whittemore	<i>Flute, Octave and Horn</i>
William C. Williamson	<i>Violin</i>

PI ETA

A SOCIETY called the Pi Eta existed for a few years, of which, as in the case of many other short-lived clubs, no records are to be found. It was composed chiefly, President Eliot remembers, of undergraduates, who were not elected into the Institute of 1770, and consequently, most of its members failed to be taken into the Hasty Pudding Club. Dr. Oliver recalls that Sidney Willard¹ belonged to the Pi Eta, because he recollects seeing him attach the notice of a meeting to the outside of University Hall, where it was the custom to post the announcements of Club gatherings.

The existence of this Society was unknown to the founders of the Pi Eta Society of the present day (1919), which was established in 1866.

PSI UPSILON

IN October, 1850, a petition was sent to the Faculty by the Senior and Junior Classes asking for permission to establish a Harvard Chapter of the Psi Upsilon. The request was granted in November, 1851.

Addison Brown was chiefly instrumental in the founding of the new Chapter, and the story is told in his own words:²

At the beginning of my Junior year (at Harvard) Justus Smith of Ashfield, Mass., who had spent three years at Amherst College and was one year in advance of me, joined the Senior Class at Harvard. I had known him as an ardent "Psi Ups." at Amherst, and his enthusiasm for that society continued unabated. He was a born organizer and of much social attractiveness. He was very urgent that a chapter of that Society should be established at Har-

¹ At a Class Supper after graduation, Sidney Willard toasted the Pi Eta.

² From Autobiographical Records of his College Days left in manuscript by Judge Brown. His Freshman year was passed at Amherst College.

Harvard Class of 1852

vard, and that I should undertake the selection of desirable members from my Class while he should from the senior class.

This was carried out, each of us selecting about 20 or 25 members from our respective classes and the chapter was called the Alpha Chapter, as that name had not been previously appropriated. The Society was very successful for some 10 or 15 years. Smith was president or archon the first year; Collins and myself the second year, that is while I was a Senior; and Edward King during the following year (1852-3). He has become a prominent banker; was president of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, and has been for 35 yrs. past President of the Union Trust Company. A very considerable library was gathered in the Society rooms, facing on Harvard Square; but several years afterwards, through some reasons never learned by me, the Chapter was dissolved and the Library scattered, I know not where.

In October and November, 1851, the Alpha Delta Phi applied to the College Faculty to suppress the Society, but after hearing D. E. Ware and myself as opposed, we were sustained.

As no catalogue of the Alpha Chapter has been found, the names of the following members only are known, who were in '52:

Addison Brown
George Lovell Cary
Josiah Collins
Calvin Gates Page
Darwin Erastus Ware

Archons (or Presidents) in 1851-2

Addison Brown and Josiah Collins

Members of the Society were known to one another by an especial handclasp.

PORCELLIAN CLUB

MOTTO: *Dum Vivimus Vivamus*

Deputy Marshal SAMUEL LOTHROP THORNDIKE
Librarian. GEORGE AUGUSTUS PEABODY
Secretary SAMUEL LOTHROP THORNDIKE

Annals of the

MEMBERS

John Ellis Blake	George Augustus Peabody
Peter Chardon Brooks	Edward Ellerton Pratt
John Sylvester Gardiner	Paul Joseph Revere
William Edward Howe	Knyvet Winthrop Sears
(Honorary Member, LL.B. 1853)	Nathaniel Devereux Silsbee
Samuel Lothrop	George Brimmer Sohler
Thorndike	

The interesting story of the origin of the Porcellian Club may be found in the Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, x. 247-252; and a description of a satirical Coat of Arms appears in xix. 156-158.

RUMFORD SOCIETY

THE Rumford Society was founded on the sixteenth of November, 1848, by a few members of the Junior Class who were interested in Chemistry and who wished to enlarge their opportunities for the study of Natural Philosophy. It was named, of course, in honor of Count Rumford. A room in the basement of Massachusetts Hall (No. 3) for a laboratory was granted by the Faculty, and the new Society was further presented with all the apparatus which had formerly belonged to the Davy and Hermetic Clubs. It was equipped with appliances suitable for the pursuit of the aims of the Society.

The laboratory was the scene of chemical experiments, and there were probably no officers nor regular meetings, except an annual lecture delivered by some distinguished chemist. Dr. Charles Thomas Jackson (H. C. *m*1829) was the lecturer for one year, and the meeting was probably held in the Common Room of Massachusetts Hall, which was at the westerly end of the building.

The Catalogue, issued in 1851, tells us that the nucleus of a library had been formed. The lists of members in the Catalogue comprised men in the Classes of 1850, 1851, 1852, and 1853. The Society probably did not survive the last named year.

Harvard Class of 1852

<i>President</i>	WILLIAM FISKE WHEELER
<i>Vice-President</i>	CHAUNCEY WRIGHT
<i>Secretary</i>	HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER
<i>Curator</i>	JOSEPH WHITE SPRAGUE
<i>Secretary and Curator</i>	HORATIO HANCOCK FISKE WHITTEMORE

MEMBERS

Horace Hopkins Coolidge	Paul Joseph Revere
Charles Francis Dana	Horace Richardson
Henry Hill Downes	Joseph White Sprague ¹
George Edward Head	Charles Ellery Stedman
Frederic Percival Leverett	Charles Wentworth Upham
Edward Horatio Neal	Robert Ware
Henry Kemble Oliver	William Fiske Wheeler
George Augustus Peabody	Horatio Hancock Fiske Whittemore
Samuel Miller Quincy	Chauncey Wright

THE '52 DINING CLUB

IN February, 1890, Dr. Stedman gave a dinner at his house on Monadnock Street, Dorchester, at which were present the following members of the Class:

Coolidge
Denny
Hurd, F. W.
Pratt
Stone
Thorndike
Williamson

It was agreed that the eight there assembled should form a Dining Club to meet monthly during the season, the number being limited to eight as forming the most agreeable size for a table.

The plan was carried into immediate effect, a month being assigned to each; on the resignation of Stone, Thayer was elected to take his place, and later Oliver.

The Club was discontinued in 1911, when but three of the members were living.

¹ Sprague was so much addicted to chemical experiments that one of the Class wrote after graduation that he wished he could ever think of him without the inevitable accompaniment of "a horrid smell."

WATER CELEBRATION

THE installation of the Cochituate Water Supply in Boston was celebrated by a procession and appropriate exercises. The Harvard undergraduates marched in the procession. The following is a copy of the Program:

WATER CELEBRATION

BOSTON, OCTOBER 25, 1846.

EXERCISES AT THE FOUNTAIN.

I. HYMN By George Russell, Esq.

To be sung by the Handel and Haydn Society, and the Audience.

TUNE, *Old Hundred.*

Eternal! uncreated God!
Source of our being! Fount of love!
Our songs ascend to thine abode;
Thou art the joy of worlds above.

The Sea is thine: — at thy command,
From darkness deep, its waters came:
The "Sons of God" beheld thy hand,
And in loud chorus praised thy Name.

Rivers, and lakes, and springs declare,
That Thou art wise, and kind, and good;
Both man and beast thy bounties share;
Thou givest *drink*: — Thou givest food.

Behold! from yonder distant lake,
A stream our city now supplies!
We bid it welcome: — come partake:
Today its waters greet our eyes!

Let old and young, and rich and poor,
Join in one full harmonious song!
Let every tongue its praises pour,
And swell the Anthem loud and long!

II. PRAYER By Rev. Daniel Sharp, D.D.

III. ODE By James Russell Lowell, Esq.

To be sung by the School Children

Harvard Class of 1852

I.

My name is Water: I have sped
Through strange dark ways untried before,
By pure desire of friendship led,
Cochituate's Ambassador;
He sends four royal gifts by me,
Long life, health, peace, and purity.

II.

I'm Ceres' cupbearer; I pour,
For flowers and fruits and all their kin,
Her crystal vintage, from of yore
Stored in old Earth's selectest bin,
Flora's Falernian ripe, since God
The winepress of the deluge trod.

III.

In that far isle whence, ironwilled,
The new world's sires their bark unmoored,
The fairies' acorn cups I filled
Upon the toadstool's silver board,
And, 'neath Herne's oak, for Shakspeare's sight,
Strewed moss and grass with diamonds bright.

IV.

No fairies in the Mayflower came,
And, lightsome as I sparkle here,
For mother Bay State, busy dame,
I've toiled and drudged this many a year,
Throbb'd in her Engine's iron veins,
Twirled myriad spindles for her gains.

V.

I, too, can weave; the warp I set
Through which the sun his shuttle throws,
And, bright as Noah saw it, yet
For you the arching rainbow glows,
A sight in Paradise denied
To unfallen Adam and his bride.

Annals of the

VI.

When winter held me in his grip,
You seized and sent me o'er the wave,
Ungrateful! in a prison-ship;
But I forgive, not long a slave,
For, soon as summer south winds blew,
Homeward I fled disguised as dew.

VII.

For countless services I'm fit,
Of use, of pleasure, and of gain,
But lightly from all bonds I flit,
Incapable as fire of stain;
From mill and washtub I escape
And take in heaven my proper shape.

VIII.

So free myself, to-day, elate
I come from far o'er hill and mead,
And here, Cochituate's Envoy, wait
To be your blithesome Ganymede,
And brim your cups with nectar true
That never will make slaves of you.

IV. REPORT OF HON. NATHAN HALE IN BEHALF OF THE
WATER COMMISSIONERS.

V. ADDRESS BY THE MAYOR.

VI. WATER LET ON.

VII. CHORUS FROM THE ORATORIO OF ELIJAH.

Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land. The waters gather;
they rush along; they are lifting their voices.
The stormy billows are high, their fury is mighty; But the Lord is
above them, and Almighty.

THE RAILROAD JUBILEE

THE extension of the Canadian Railroad to Boston was celebrated by a Jubilee and procession on September seventeenth, 1851. The Harvard undergraduates marched in the procession. A big tent was erected on the Common near the head of Winter Street and the Governor General of Canada, who was present, made a speech. Thaxter was one of the Marshals and invited all the Harvard men to his house after the celebration was over to partake of refreshments. He also gave a dinner to the other Marshals on the second of October, 1851, for which he wrote an Ode.

ODE

AIR — *Fair Harvard*

We'll pledge in a bumper of sparkling Champagne
A health to old Harvard once more,
And the golden-hued glass to the dregs we will drain
As the Bacchanals drained it of yore.
No lotus-crowned goblet invites us to sip
The draught th' Egyptian ¹ bespoke,
Yet the nectar of mortals we hold to the lip,
And the Lares of Harvard invoke.

A health to dear Harvard! The pledge we'll renew!
Affection our homage demands,
And the God of the vine-leaves, still loyal and true,
The throbs of the heart ne'er withstands.
Here's to thee, Alma Mater! for thee we beseech
Thy children the orison raise,
Let a paean from leal hearts th' empyrean reach,
Our tribute of honor and praise.

As we pledge to our Mother the roseate draught,
We'll swear that our friendship's for aye,
And a prayer from the heart shall sincerity waft
That like Time it may never decay.
No conqu'ror can sever the Gordian knot
That our hearts shall forever entwine,
And tho' oceans divide us, 't will ne'er be forgot
When we are joined in the banquet lang syne.

¹ Cleopatra.

CLASS ANNIVERSARIES

No record is to be found of any Class Meeting or Class Supper in 1853, although Thorndike told Denny that he remembered attending a supper in that year.

The Class Suppers or Dinners took place thereafter as follows; a fuller record being given of those which fell on especial anniversaries:

1854	Winthrop House	27	present
1855	" "	30	"
1856	No regular dinner, but seven met at Young's Coffee House		
1857	Parker's	22	"
1858	Harvard Hall	20	"
1859	" "	19	"
1860	Parker's	13	"
1862	Union Club	10	"
1863	" "	10	"
1864	Parker's	14	"
1865	Young's Hotel	10	"
1866	Parker's	11	"
1867	Joshua B. Smith's, 13 Bulfinch Place, Boston	10	"
1868	Joshua B. Smith's, 13 Bulfinch Place, Boston	10	"
1869	Parker's	8	"
1870	"	3	"
1871	Union Club	7	"
1872	Parker's	11	"
1877	Union Club	28	"
1882	Young's Hotel	12	"
1883	" "	10	"
1884	" "	6	"
1885	" "	7	"
1886	" "	7	"
1886 ¹	" "	20	"
1887	" "	7	"
1888	" "	10	"
1889	" "	10	"
1890	" "	9	"

¹ An additional Dinner, in December, to celebrate the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the College.

Harvard Class of 1852

1891	Young's Hotel	10	present
1892	“ “	21	“
1893	“ “	9	“
1894	“ “	11	“
1895	“ “	10	“
1896	“ “	8	“
1897	“ “	8	“
1898	“ “	7	“
1899	“ “	4	“
1900	“ “	7	“
1901	“ “	5	“
1902	“ “	14	“
1903	“ “	5	“

ESPECIAL ANNIVERSARIES

1852

THE graduation Class Supper was held at the Winthrop House,¹ Boston, at quarter after ten o'clock on July twenty-first, 1852. Joseph H. Choate had been already chosen President of the occasion, as we have shown, — Josiah Porter, Senior Vice-President, Quincy, second, Stedman, third, and Fisher, fourth Vice-President. Thaxter, odist, and Neal and Robert Ware were toastmasters, with Addison Brown as chorister.

The first toast of the evening was of course to the Class of 1852; those who will, may read the record of the other toasts in the Class Book. Thaxter's Ode was sung as given below.

AIR — Fair Harvard.

A tear dims the eye as we speak our farewell
 In sadness, dear Mother, to thee,
 And a sigh shall our heartfelt emotion foretell
 That from thy loved thralldom we're free.
 Yet "there's truth in the wine cup" the moralist swore,
 And with melody witching and light,
 In the silver-crest foam we will pledge thee once more, —
 Here's to thee, Alma Mater, to-night!

¹ The Winthrop House was on the northeast corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets, opposite to where the Hotel Touraine now (1918) stands.

Annals of the

Oh! the Future's dim Phantoms young hearts may appall,
And its Shadows may seem to dismay,
But our Lethe, — the grape-juice, — shall conquer them all
As the Night is o'ercome by the Day.
As when Troubadour-minstrelsy summoned the Knight
His leader's commands to obey,
Will we drain our last "Stirrup Cup" roseate and bright
Ere we plunge in the world's fearful fray!

Our star may gleam darkly, our sky be o'ercast,
As we enter the Battle of Life,
Yet the Rainbow we'll hail when the tempest has passed,
And the Dove tells the end of the strife.
But the Future has gold-tints, and oft for the shrine
Of the Ocean-born Goddess, Love's Queen,
The Rose and the Myrtle we'll tenderly twine,
When Beauty presides o'er the scene.

A health to Old Harvard! Let fancy renew
The Vision to Memory dear:
To the fairy-hued Present a love-pledge is due,
Yet the Past claims its tribute, — a tear.
Then drink to Old Harvard again and again!
Let our greeting be heard from afar,
Till the echo is startled at sound of our strain,
And drowned by our wild Hip Hurrah!

When we meet once again, though 't were years since we clasped
The hand of a classmate of old,
Our hearts shall still throb as when last it was grasped
With a joy ne'er the Sybarite told.
Boon welcome to brother then! Fair be the breeze
That wafts to our roof-tree a friend!
Bright burn the hearth-fire! Drained to the lees
Be the glass where the ruby-tints blend!

Farewell to thee, Harvard! We leave thy dear halls,
And vain the attempt to conceal
The tear drop that starts as we turn from thy walls,
Or the sighs that our sadness reveal.
We may wander through fairer and lovelier climes
More meet for the poet's fond lay,
Yet a souvenir still of these happier times
Shall memory cherish for aye.

Harvard Class of 1852

And oh! let this grasp of the hand seal our vow,
We are firm in love's chains as of yore,
And swear by this cup, that united as now,
False Discord shall part us no more.
We are Friends, — we are Brothers! And oft as we think
Of the Past with its pleasure and pain,
To the days of our boyhood a health we will drink, —
We will pledge "Fifty-Two" yet again!

Silsbee's oldest Madeira was brought forward and passed from hand to hand, each one tasting and stating his future profession in life, so far as he could judge, in the following order as they sat at table:

Williams, Law	Porter, Uncertain
R. Ware, Medicine	Cheever, Minister
McKim, Merchant	Willard, Law
Trimble, Uncertain	Buttrick, Law
Stedman, Medicine	Richardson, Medicine
H. W. Brown, Teacher	Sprague would not drink or say what
Coolidge, Law	Gardiner, Uncertain
W. G. Choate, Law	Revere, Merchant
Crowley, Law	Curtis, Merchant
Downes, Merchant	Esté, Farmer
Howe, Law	Dwight, Engineer
Washburn, Teacher	Page, Medicine
Chase, Uncertain	Anderson, Law
Cary, Minister	Head must do something
Thaxter, Law	Wheeler, Manufacturer
A. Brown, Medicine or Ministry	King, Law
Greenwood, Law	W. R. Ware, Teacher
Quincy, Law	D. E. Ware, Law
Stickney, Teacher	Upham, Law
Whittemore, Medicine	Oliver, Medicine
F. W. Hurd, Law	Bonney, Medicine
Fisher, Law	Hilliard, Teaching and Ministry
Alger, a middle man, was undecided between Teaching and Divinity	Swift, Merchant
Horr, Teacher	F. P. Leverett, Medicine
Thomas, Medicine	Collins, Law
	Neal, Law
	Thayer, Teacher and Law
	J. H. Choate, Law

A bouquet from the table was sent to Cooke, already on his death-bed. After many more toasts and songs they separated at 4.30 A. M., having all joined in "Auld Lang Syne."

A tradition existed that a bottle of Madeira was put by from the original Class Supper to be opened by the last survivor. Mr. Denny enquired into the matter, writing to Dr. Page (son and namesake of the first Class Secretary), to ask whether the bottle might be among his father's effects, or any reference to it in his papers. Nothing relating to the occurrence could be found, and the question as to whether or not a bottle was sealed and preserved has never been satisfactorily decided.

1854

MANY of the Class gathered on Commencement Day in the rooms of Joe Choate, then studying Law in Cambridge, and called in a body on the Class Baby, as has been told in the sketch of its parent, Huntington. Also, they all kissed it! No wonder the infant's life was short!

The Class met in the evening at the Winthrop House, and sat down to a supper, Porter presiding. The following members were present:

Arnold, S. H. Hurd, Buttrick, Head, Stedman, Bonney, Swift, Quincy, H. W. Brown, F. W. Hurd, Fisher, Chase, Porter, Gurney, Page, W. R. Ware, Whittemore, Oliver, Williamson, Richardson, Upham, W. G. Choate, Wright, Crowley, Downes, Thayer, D. E. Ware. The speeches were good. The classmates were in excellent spirits, and the whole evening was passed pleasantly and agreeably. It was the unanimous opinion that the Class should have a good *dinner* next year, — something more than a collation.

1855

THE Triennial Class Supper was heralded by the following notices:

BOSTON, July 2d, 1855.

CLASS of '52!

Know by this, and remember that on next Commencement night, July 18th, at the close for most of us of our three years of professional

Harvard Class of 1852

study, there will be a grand jubilee and Class-Supper. Come one, come all! And tell us beforehand of your coming, that we may prepare accordingly. One night more for Auld Lang Syne!

C. G. PAGE,

E. W. GURNEY,

D. E. WARE,

Class Committee.

In a note from Darwin Ware, Joe Choate was asked to preside, Ware writing that "Once a President, always a President" was the doctrine of the Class.

There were thirty present, and Thaxter complied with the request for an Ode.

AIR. — Fair Harvard.

"The old time comes o'er us." The triad of years
Since we gave the last grasp of the hand
Seems forgot, with its offspring of joys and of fears,
As again with each other we stand.
The tear of our parting is changed to a smile,
As we view the old faces again;
And the cup which together we tasted erewhile,
Once more to the dregs will we drain!

Have we broken the idol that once we revered
With a spirit of honor and truth?
Is it vanished, that vision that brightly appeared
In the earlier days of our youth?
Does the flame of our friendship burn fast as of yore,
Ere unwilling we severed the spell?
Was that word but a vapor? No! from the heart's core
Came the tongue's all-unwilling "Farewell."

The eye seeks in vain for many a brow
Familiar long since to the sight;
But we pledge them a health and a happiness now,
And a destiny cloudless and bright.
A memory for those no more with us seen,
Who sleep in the night of the grave;
And a prayer that their souls, all calm and serene,
Returned to the Being who gave.

Annals of the

The brow will be furrowed, the frame will be bent,
As time steals apace on our path;
Yet that spirit of love, which its influence lent
Years ago, will still sit by our hearth.
We will mind our old covenant, — heart to heart plight, —
Whether joyful or saddened our day, —
By the roseate goblet that tempts us to-night, —
We are brothers — we swear it! — for aye!

1862

THE Tenth Anniversary brought together the appropriate number of ten, who met at the Union Club with Williamson in the chair.

Thorndike sang "Our Heroes," and proposed "the memory of Charley Upham," which was drunk standing and in silence, and Bonney gave "Our absent classmates in the field, may the Lord cover their heads in the day of battle."

The Ode was written for the occasion by Thaxter.

AIR — Fair Harvard.

The brow may be furrowed a little, so clear
When we stood in the hallowed tree's shade,
And sought not to stifle the boy's honest tear
As our oath of life-friendship we made.
A decade of years brings together again
The rovers who then met to part,
And the vow of the lads is held fast by the men,
For their covenant was of the heart.

Yet all are not here. Shenandoah's green vale,
Potomac's blue waves, break in view,
And there are our brothers who shrink not nor quail,
To honor and loyalty true.
On the field of the fray, in the keep of the South,
"52" had her patriot sons,
And her Cannoneer stands by his battery's mouth
Where the swoll'n Chickahominy runs.

Alma Mater! Our thoughts wander back to the past,
And again on thy greensward we stand;
On glides the dream-picture, too brilliant to last,
'Neath the spell of Memoria's wand.

Harvard Class of 1852

We're Freshmen once more! The blood courses quick
Through the veins! 'T is electric, the thrill!
But the old clock of Chronos with positive tick
Bids the dream and the dreamers be still.¹

One tear for the dead! That in regions above
Their spirits are dwelling, we pray,
Oh, green are their memories! God's holy love
Receive them, immortal, for aye!
One cheer for our soldier-lads! hip, hip, hurrah!
Now the cup of the wassail renew
Till in yonder blue sky burns the pale morning star!
But one toast — the best — "'52!"

1863

THE Class Supper of 1863 was brought to a premature end. A general fear of Draft Riots was in the air, and it increased almost to a panic. Judge Haven went to the room where '52 was holding revel, and urged the members of the Class to go to the State House, already garrisoned by the Cadets, to help in its defence in case of attack. The festive dinner was adjourned about eleven o'clock.

The Classes of 1849, 1852 and 1857 spent the night on the floor of the State House.

1864

To the meeting of the ensuing year, Williamson contributed a song in memory of the event:

The last time here this class did meet }
 Boo Hoo } *bis*
An awful riot filled the street
But here, within, the scene was sweet,
Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo!

¹ Another stanza was substituted for this, which so plainly indicated that the Class feeling was stronger than all else that we insert it:

In the ranks of the foe are our classmates of yore,
And to them we send greeting to-night,
For we love the warm hearts that we cherished before
Our land was ablaze with war-light.
In sorrow, not anger, their names we recall,
And long for the hour of the end,
When one grasp of the hand says, "Oblivion for all,
Dear Brother — bold Southron — true Friend!"

Annals of the

Into our feast in martial trim }
 Boo Hoo! } *bis*

Stalked R . . . ¹, a warrior grim.
All mirth was hushed, the lights burned dim,
Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo!

“Come out and man the city walls! }
 Boo Hoo! } *bis*

“Come out prepared for deadly brawls!
“Come out, ’t is William Barlow calls!”
Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo!

We left the platter and the cup; }
 Boo Hoo! } *bis*

We took of the rum a parting sup,
Then sadly marched to the State House up.
Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo!

’T was not until the morning broke }
 Boo Hoo! }

We first began to smell the joke,
How riots and suppers end in smoke,
Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo, Boo Hoo!

Moral

The glorious Class of ’52 }
 Boo Hoo! }

The glorious Class of ’52
Won’t leave this time till supper’s through!
Boo Hoo, *Boo Hoo*, Boo Hoo, *Boo Hoo*, *Boo Hoo*, Boo Hoo!

1877

THE Twenty-fifth Anniversary brought out twenty-eight of the Class. Joe Choate was in the chair; his brother, with Fisher and Waring, Anderson and Addison Brown, also came on from New York, and once more Williamson wrote the poem.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Class of 1852

Tomorrow comes Commencement-day,
Come too, thou simple swain,
Hunt up thy pipe, look in and play
That old, familiar strain.

¹ Richardson; one of his favorite songs was “William Barlow.”

Harvard Class of 1852

What matter though the air it sings
All sense, all music lack,
So much the better! if it brings
Old scenes, old faces back.

Though five and twenty years have past
Since this poor pipe I blew,
"Time's noblest offspring is the last,"
'T is good for fifty, two.

I see the dear, the dingy halls,
With umber walks between,
Just as of old the sunshine crawls
Along the close-clipped green.

As up yon steps in thought I go
What shadows haunt the place!
On every door the names I know,
Each window has its face.

Here, if I knock, I know what voice,
Will shout a bluff "Come in!"
It makes my inmost soul rejoice
To hear that cheerful din.

Come, let us join the mighty rush
That throngs the chapel stair,
And hear again the gentle gush
Of Doctor Francis' prayer.

Ah! honest mirth! what happy troops
Across the landscape sail,
The proctor with an eye for groups,
The goody with her pail.

Here still the studious wheel goes round
With its old buzz and clank,
And every year some corn is ground
By Joseph Lovering's crank.

The dear old Mother! Here she waits
In festive gown and cap,
A smile of welcome in her plaits,
She spreads her ample lap.

Annals of the

No infants will she have today
With all their rout and noise;
She sends the youngest-born away,
She wants her grown-up boys.

See, as they come, with eager view
Each manly face she marks;
These are her sons of fifty-two,
The ones she had by Sparks.

Classmates! upon a night like this,
While youth's gay dreams return,
Let no dark phantom mar our bliss,
No disappointment burn —

That heights whereon we strove to stand
Still in dim distance tower,
That when our rainbow came to hand
It proved to be a shower;

That homeward marching from life's strife,
With eyes a little queer,
We found the golden wine of life
Had turned out lager beer;

That joys and loves we thought to grasp
Have left us to deplore
Habe geliebet, bring the asp —
There lives no pleasure more —

The light that round this table flows
Time's darkest power o'erwhelms,
Back to its source youth's fountain flows,
Beneath the pleasant elms.

A health to all about this board
Whose merry tongues I hear,
And to those lips that speak no word
The unseen faces near.

Though many different, devious ways
Our vagrant feet may range,
God keep us all in honor's praise
And keep our hearts from change.

Harvard Class of 1852

1888

A RATHER singular feature of the Class Supper of 1888 was that four of those present were Presidents: J. H. Choate of the Alumni Association, Cheever of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Richardson of the Chess Club, and Williamson of the Boston School Committee.

1892

As the time for the Fortieth anniversary celebration drew near, it was realized that many of the Class who lived far away might be deterred from coming by the expense of the journey, and a fund was therefore raised which was accepted in the same brotherly spirit in which it was offered, the result being that twenty-one met together once more at the Class Supper at Young's Hotel. They were Alger, Bonney, Bradlee, Addison Brown, Cary, Cheever, Coolidge, Denny, Dwight, Fisher, Gregory, F. W. Hurd, S. H. Hurd, W. C. Leverett, Perry, Stickney, Thorndike, Vinal, Wallace, Darwin Ware and Williamson, and were seated as follows:

S. H. Hurd	Gregory
Bradlee	Williamson
Cary	A. Brown
Perry	Fisher
Stickney	D. E. Ware
Denny	Thorndike
	Coolidge
Bonney	F. W. Hurd
Leverett	Wallace
Vinal	Cheever
Alger	Dwight

Gregory and Leverett were present for the first time since the Twenty-fifth anniversary, Vinal for the first time since graduation, and deep was the regret of Hilliard that he could not be present. He sent a quatrain:

Though severed, some by bloody war,
By distance lost to view,
A band of brothers still have we
The Class of '52.

Annals of the

Again, as on their first Class Day, Alger wrote the Ode:

O friends and classmates, true and tried,
How long it seems, since, side by side,
With girded loins and earnest face,
We stood equipped for life's great race!
To us it seemed a happy dream,
The four years passed in Academe, —
Four happy years of calm content,
Our serious tasks with pleasures blent;
Four years that as they rolled along
On heart and brain left impress strong,
And kindled in each glowing eye
A hopeful fire, a purpose high.
When on the border-land we stood,
Life's serious duties yet untried,
The sun shone bright on hill and wood,
The landscape all seemed glorified.

Those vanished years, those happy days,
Seen through the dim, autumnal haze,
Leave in our hearts, remembered yet,
The shadow of a vain regret.
No longer boys, but toil-worn men,
We meet around the board again.
We meet and pass in calm review
The dreams that no fruition saw, —
Vague aspirations, lofty hopes,
Youth nurtured, that are now no more.

Grown older now, we will not mourn
Those exhalations of the dawn;
The heroes that we hoped to be
Will never live in History.
No knights or paladins are we,
Plain toilers only in the mart;
Yet let us hope on life's broad stage
That we have played a worthy part.
When Alma Mater, dear to all,
Her sons shall pass in glad review,
We trust her heart will thrill with pride,
As pass the boys of '52
Loyal in heart, in purpose true.
What we have learned be ours to teach;
And may an ever-strengthening tie
Bind each to all, and all to each.

Harvard Class of 1852

Chorus, in which all the Class joined, to the tune of "Highland Laddie," sung by Denny:

Oh where, tell me where, is the Class of '52?
Oh where, tell me where, is the Class of '52?
On their Fortieth anniversary, to Class and College true,
They're drinking to the College and the Class of '52!
Suppose, oh! suppose that some cruel, cruel fate
From their Class some good fellows the sea shall separate,
In London, Paris, Tokio, Canton, or Timbuctoo,
Tonight they are drinking to the Class of '52.
Now here's to the absent of the Class of '52.
When three short decades more shall bring the seventh
decennial round,
And but one, only one, of the glorious Class is found,
The staunch old last survivor, to Class and College true,
Shall pour the old Madeira and drink to '52.
Here's to the last survivor of the Class of '52.

Later in the evening, in answer to the Class, Denny sang to the air "White Cockade," the Class joining in the chorus.

In '48, the records say,
A brave young Class went Cambridge way;
With four years' work, and some play too.
They were full-grown alumni in '52.

Chorus— A jolly old Class is '52,
You drink with me, I'll drink with you;
Look the whole quinquennial through,
You'll never find a better one than '52.

At war's alarm and their country's call,
A score went forward, six to fall;
And the memory still of the boys in blue
Is fresh in the hearts of '52.
A jolly old Class, &c.

Though heads are bald and heads are gray,
And eyes and ears are giving way,
The hearts are young as when life was new
At the Class-day's tree in '52.
A jolly old Class, &c.

Annals of the

Though you are up and I am down,
In spite of Fortune's smile or frown
There are good times left for me and you,
When we meet as boys of '52.
A jolly old Class, &c.

Thorndike led the singing of "Our Heroes."

When Horace,¹ the colored headwaiter who for many years had looked after the comfort of the Class at its dinner, was called in to receive, in honor of the occasion, double the usual honorarium, the Secretary commended to his special care the last survivor of the Class, who a generation or more later, would be dining there alone, and prefaced his remarks with —

"'T is sweet to dissipate in place"
The flap-eared Horace said;
Another Horace here tonight,
He of the lanate head,
Helps dissipation in this place;
To him our thanks be paid.

1902

THE Fiftieth anniversary, in 1902, brought out fourteen members of the Class, many of whom met for the last time; before the next anniversary two of those present had died. It was of course the last supper of any size, and with 1905 Denny's record ends.

Those present in 1902 were Anderson, Addison Brown, Cary, Cheever, William G. Choate, Coolidge, Denny, Fisher, F. W. Hurd, Stedman, Thorndike, W. R. Ware, Washburn and Williamson.

Few classes have found greater happiness in their re-unions than the Class of '52.

"On the whole, it is strange how little men change," wrote Williamson to Denny after one of the meetings. "It is only on the surface. The lichen may obscure the face of the rock, but the rock is always there."

¹ Horace Hemsley entered the employ of Mr. George Young in 1860, possibly when the house, afterwards known as Young's Hotel, was called Taft's Tavern. He died at the Massachusetts General Hospital 7 April, 1910. Although his active service ceased several years before his death, he was under full pay for a half century, respected alike by his employers and their guests.

Harvard Class of 1852

To the end, the old tales retained their savor, the songs their charm. "William Barlow" was one of Richardson's favorites, Billy Bobby was addicted to "Longfellow," Williamson loved "Lauriger Horatius" and after the war Thorndike always sang "Our Heroes" in memory of their glorious dead.

What though the mellow tones grew fainter with the passing years, — no voices could ever sound so sweet in the ears of the faithful classmates as those which first trolled the familiar strains in the old College Yard.

Farewell! Farewell! ours is the longest wreath
That ever circled round the old Class Tree.
Ne'er have its leaves their shadows cast beneath
On forms more frankly sad to part than we.

Short be our partings, full our meetings be!
Then, like old vintage be the scenes bygone,
Bubbling from cobwebbed cells, but sparkling in the sun.

The last entry in the Class Book is a pencilled note in Dr. Cheever's writing. "No minutes of meetings or dinners between Commencement, 1903, and Denny's death, September, 1907. In February, 1908, a meeting was held to fill vacancies in offices held by him."

The Class Secretaryship was never again officially filled, although Dr. Cheever ably performed the duties as long as he lived. After his death the Class Book was, of course, sent to the College Library, among whose archives it now reposes, and the voluminous notes and records connected with the Class, including letters from many of the members which had been preserved by Mr. Denny, were sent to Dr. Oliver.

The collection was another instance of Mr. Denny's meticulous care in saving everything in any way relating to the Class. Dr. Oliver passed it over to the writer on her assuming her present task, and all records of any interest or value will be eventually sorted, mounted and placed in the Archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society as a Memorial of the Class of '52.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT SPARKS

THE Inauguration of President Sparks, which took place in February of the Freshman year, was of course the occasion of great festivity. A student crossing the College Yard in a "merry condition" in those days was no uncommon sight, Dr. White tells us,¹ and it is not, therefore, matter of surprise that the Inauguration was attended by a Bacchanalian revel. Many of the Seniors kept open house and open bottles all day long and far into the night, and the scenes in the College Yard were quite hilarious. That there were few attendants at Chapel the next morning it is safe to say, nor were aching heads perhaps confined to the students. No greater contrast than this could be given between the spirituous customs of those years and ours, and it is the more striking in that the members of the Class of 1852 were certainly not given to over-indulgence.

The invitation and program for the occasion are subjoined:

THE
Corporation of Harvard College

Request the favor of your Company at the Inauguration of
PRESIDENT SPARKS,

on Wednesday, June 20, 1849.

A Procession will be formed in GORE HALL at 3½ o'clock, P.M. and after the services in the Church, a COLLATION will be given in HARVARD HALL, to which this ticket will admit the bearer.

CAMBRIDGE,

JUNE 11, 1849.

¹ Sketches of my Life by J. C. White, M.D.

Harvard Class of 1852

INAUGURATION

OF

JARED SPARKS, LL. D.,

AS

PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE,

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1849.

CAMBRIDGE:

METCALF AND COMPANY,

PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

1849.

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ORDER OF PROCESSION FROM GORE HALL

Undergraduates in the order of Classes.
Resident Graduates and Members of the Scientific and
Professional Schools.
Music.
Librarian with the College Seal and Charter.
Steward with the College Keys.
Members of the Corporation.
Professors and all other Officers of Instruction and Gov-
ernment of the College and the Professional Schools.
Ex-President Quincy and Ex-President Everett.
Ex-members of the Corporation.
Ex-Professors and Instructors.
Sheriffs of Suffolk and Middlesex.
His Excellency the Governor and the President elect.
Governor's Aids.
His Honor the Lt. Governor and the Adj. General.
Secretary and Treasurer of the Commonwealth.
The Honorable and Reverend Overseers.
Trustees of the Charity of Edward Hopkins.
Committee of the Boylston Medical Prizes.
Committees of the Bowdoin Prize Dissertations.
Committees of Examination appointed by the Overseers
for the present year.
Members of Congress and other guests specially invited.
Presidents of other Colleges in New England.
Judges of the State and United States Courts.
Other Officers of those Courts.
Mayor, Aldermen, Clerk, and Treasurer of the City of
Cambridge.
Alumni of the College.

ORDER OF EXERCISES IN THE CHURCH.

I. VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN,

BY MR. WEBB.

II. GLORIA.

III. PRAYER,

BY THE REV. DR. WALKER.

IV. ADDRESS AND INDUCTION INTO OFFICE,

BY HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR BRIGGS.

V. REPLY,

BY PRESIDENT SPARKS.

VI. BENEDICTUS.

VII. ORATION IN LATIN,

BY CHARLES FRANCIS CHOATE, OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

VIII. LATIN HYMN,

BY FREDERICK ATHEARN LANE, OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Annals of the

I.

QUANTOS honores ferre nos
Debemus, O Deus,
Salutis et vitæ Dator,
Qui duxeris bene
Nostros patres in hæc loca,
Eos et anxia
Cura diu defenderis,
Magno a periculo.

II.

Deditque lenitas tua
Hæc multa commoda,
Quibus diu fructi sumus.
Ignosce crimina.
Fac ut bonus nobis hodie
Adsit favor tuus.
Augeto nos virtutibus
O Præpotens Pater.

III.

Divina sit Prudentia
Insignis ingeni,
In omnibusque dirigat
Hunc Præsidentem novum. —
Annos salubres transigat,
Possitque dicere
Se præstitisse munera
Honeste ad ultimum.

IX. INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

BY PRESIDENT SPARKS.

X. PRAYER,

BY THE REV. DR. FRANCIS.

XI. DOXOLOGY.

"OLD HUNDRED."

I.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

II.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

XII. BENEDICTION.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the Alumni and invited guests, gentlemen and ladies, will assemble at Gore Hall, and, after a recess of twenty minutes, will proceed to Harvard Hall, to partake of a collation. No person will be admitted to Harvard Hall without a card.

The vocal music will be performed, under the direction of Mr. Webb, by a choir composed of Undergraduates and Alumni.

A SCINTILLA.¹

THE TASK.

“Twelve well crammed lines, firm, juicy, marrowy, sweet,
No bone or trimmings, nothing there but meat,
With rhyme run through them like a golden skewer,
Taste might approve and patience may endure.”

THE EXECUTION.

LONG live Old Harvard! Lo, her rushing train
Greets a new sign-board stretched across the plain;
While the bell rings — (and that the bell shall do
Till Charles shall drop his worn-out channel through)
It gently hints to every cur that barks,
Here comes the engine, — don't you see the Sparks!

How changed this scene! The forest path is clear;
That mighty engine finds no *Indian here!*
The world's great Teachers quit their native Alps
To fill the skulls once trembling for their scalps,
When the red neighbours of our ancient School
Left their own wigwam others' wigs to cool!

¹ This poem was found among the papers of the Secretary of the Class of 1852; it evidently was written at the time of President Sparks' Inauguration. The name of the author is unknown. The stanzas are well printed on a half-sheet of linen paper, 8 by 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

CLASS FUND

A FUND of Three hundred dollars was contributed by the Class for the expenses of Class Day with an additional Fifty dollars for the Class Cradle, Twenty dollars for the Jack-knife and Twenty-five dollars for the Class Book, respectively.

The Fund was subsequently augmented from time to time, the necessary money often being advanced in the interim by the faithful Denny.

A sum was raised in 1892, as already mentioned, to defray the traveling expenses of members at a distance who could not otherwise have attended the Fortieth Anniversary.

MEMORIAL HALL

The Class contributed to the subscription for the building of Memorial Hall.

ENDOWMENTS

THE GEORGE B. SOHIER PRIZE of \$250 "for the best thesis presented by a successful candidate for Honors in English or in Modern Literature" was founded by Waldo Higginson (H. C. 1833) in memory of his brother-in-law George Brimmer Sohier.

THE ADDISON BROWN PRIZE. A bequest of \$2,500 was received from Addison Brown, the net income to be awarded annually or biennially for the best essay by a student in the Law School on the subject of Maritime or Private International Law.

THE ADDISON BROWN SCHOLARSHIP, with an income of \$325, founded by Addison Brown, to be awarded to "a needy, meritorious undergraduate student."

THE RULUFF STERLING CHOATE SCHOLARSHIP, with an income of \$275, founded by Joseph Hodges Choate, in 1884, in memory of his son who died while in College.

THE DANA SCHOLARSHIP OF THE CLASS OF 1852, with an income of \$250, founded by Mrs. Anne Finney Schaeffer in memory of her son Charles Francis Dana.

THE GORHAM THOMAS SCHOLARSHIP, with an income of \$250, founded, in 1865, by Dr. Alexander Thomas in memory of his son Gorham Thomas, to be awarded to a student in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences.

Harvard Class of 1852

THE DAVID WILLIAMS CHEEVER SCHOLARSHIP, with an income of \$275, founded, in 1889, by David Williams Cheever, to be awarded to a poor and meritorious student after three months' probation in the Medical School.

Under the will of Mrs. William Cross Williamson a SCHOLARSHIP is to be founded, at the termination of two lives, in memory of her husband, WILLIAM CROSS WILLIAMSON.

THE CHOATE MEMORIAL FELLOWSHIP. In 1919, Members of the Harvard Club of New York City gave to the College \$40,000 to establish the Choate Memorial Fellowship. The letter of gift provides that:

The income in each year is to be paid to a British subject who may come from the University of Cambridge, England, to study in any department of Harvard University, upon the appointment and recommendation of the then Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, or of such other officer of said University as may be duly authorized. The same person may enjoy the Fellowship for not more than three years in succession, provided he receives a separate appointment for each year.

The letter also recites that:

In establishing this Fellowship in memory of a distinguished graduate who was twice President of the Harvard Club of New York City and President Emeritus at the time of his death, and formerly Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, the members of the Harvard Club of New York City hope that the bonds will be drawn closer between the University at which John Harvard studied and the University which he helped to found; and they have further in mind that the precedent of this Fellowship will be followed by the establishment of other similar Fellowships at Harvard and at other Universities and Colleges of the United States and of Great Britain, and that such action will surely tend to strengthen and increase permanent relations of friendship between the two great nations.

THE STURGIS-HOOPER PROFESSORSHIP OF GEOLOGY. In 1865 Samuel Hooper, the father of William Sturgis Hooper, "placed fifty thousand dollars in the hands of trustees, to establish a School of Mines in connection with the Lawrence Scientific School, and for the foundation of a professorship to be called the Sturgis Hooper Professorship." In 1874 it "was constituted by the founder a separate chair." On the first of July, 1921, the fund amounted to \$108,476.69.

THE GURNEY PROFESSORSHIP OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE. Ellen Gurney, the widow of Professor Ephraim Gurney, died in 1888, leaving to the College the sum of \$158,544 to found a Professorship of History. This fund was allowed to accumulate to about \$200,000. From this bequest the Corporation established the Professorship in 1908.

THE GURNEY PROFESSORSHIP OF ENGLISH LITERATURE was established by the Corporation in 1916 from the income of Mrs. Gurney's bequest.

THE HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER PROFESSORSHIP OF HYGIENE. At various times between January, 1899, and May, 1913, Dr. Henry Kemble Oliver gave to the Corporation money and securities for the establishment of a fund the income of which is to be used for "the liberal maintenance in the undergraduate department of said College of a full professorship of hygiene." Dr. Oliver's gifts were made with the understanding that his name should in nowise appear in connection therewith during his lifetime. Known in 1914 as the PROFESSORSHIP OF HYGIENE, it was established by the Corporation under its present title in 1920. On the first of July, 1921, the fund amounted, with accumulations, to \$399,956.53. Dr. Roger Irving Lee is the first incumbent of this chair.

TRANSMITTENDUM

NEAR the end of the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the undersigned, being then a poor boy and a Freshman in Harvard College, received the sum of Thirty Dollars, with the request that he would expend it in the purchase of an overcoat. It came from the Honorable Edward Everett, then President of the college, who, having observed at morning prayers an obscure Freshman from the country coming in without an overcoat, at a time when most of the students had begun to wear them, suspected the reason and made this kind and thoughtful and generous provision for a remedy.

No conditions or suggestions, other than the one above mentioned, were connected with the gift. But it has seemed to the undersigned, being now for the first time able to gratify his wishes in this respect, that he could not in any better way express his gratitude for a gift bestowed upon him with such thoughtful kindness, than by transmitting the same sum of

Harvard Class of 1852

money, and providing for its perpetual transmission among persons in a similar situation to his own at the time when he received it, to be used for the same purpose for which it was given to him.

He wishes, therefore, that this parchment, together with the sum of thirty dollars (accompanying it) which is to be expended in the purchase of an overcoat, may be forever transmitted in succession to some undergraduate at Harvard College to whom such assistance would be of especial service. And the successive holders thereof are requested to write upon the parchment their name, the date when they received and delivered it and the place of their residence before entering college. They are also requested to transmit the parchment and the money as soon as their circumstances will comfortably permit, and not sooner. And they are especially requested to provide, by will or otherwise, against any possible failure in the transmission by them or their representatives.

And now the undersigned, gratefully recalling the kindness which first placed this money in his hands, delivers it to his successor, wishing for him and all who follow him the enjoyment of a thick and comfortable garment;—therewith also desiring for them the inward warmth of an innocent and virtuous life.

BOSTON, December 17, 1863.

JAMES BRADLEY THAYER.

Flavius J. Macmillan, the donee first below written, is requested, by his kind friend, Mr. Thayer, the donor, who first conceived the transmission of this happy little benevolence, to ask his successors to confine the said fund, to *students of noble natures and small means*, who are *Undergraduates* in *Harvard College*.

FLAVIUS J. MACMILLAN¹

Boston, Dec. 17th, 1863.

ALFRED GRADOLPH²

Toledo, Ohio, November 17, 1909.

JOHN COHEN³

Cambridge, Mass., January 14, 1916.

¹ Flavius Josephus Macmillan, *l.* 1864; died 1904.

² Alfred Peter Gradolph, *s.* 1913, *m.c.l.* (Engin. Sci.), M.M.E. 1915.

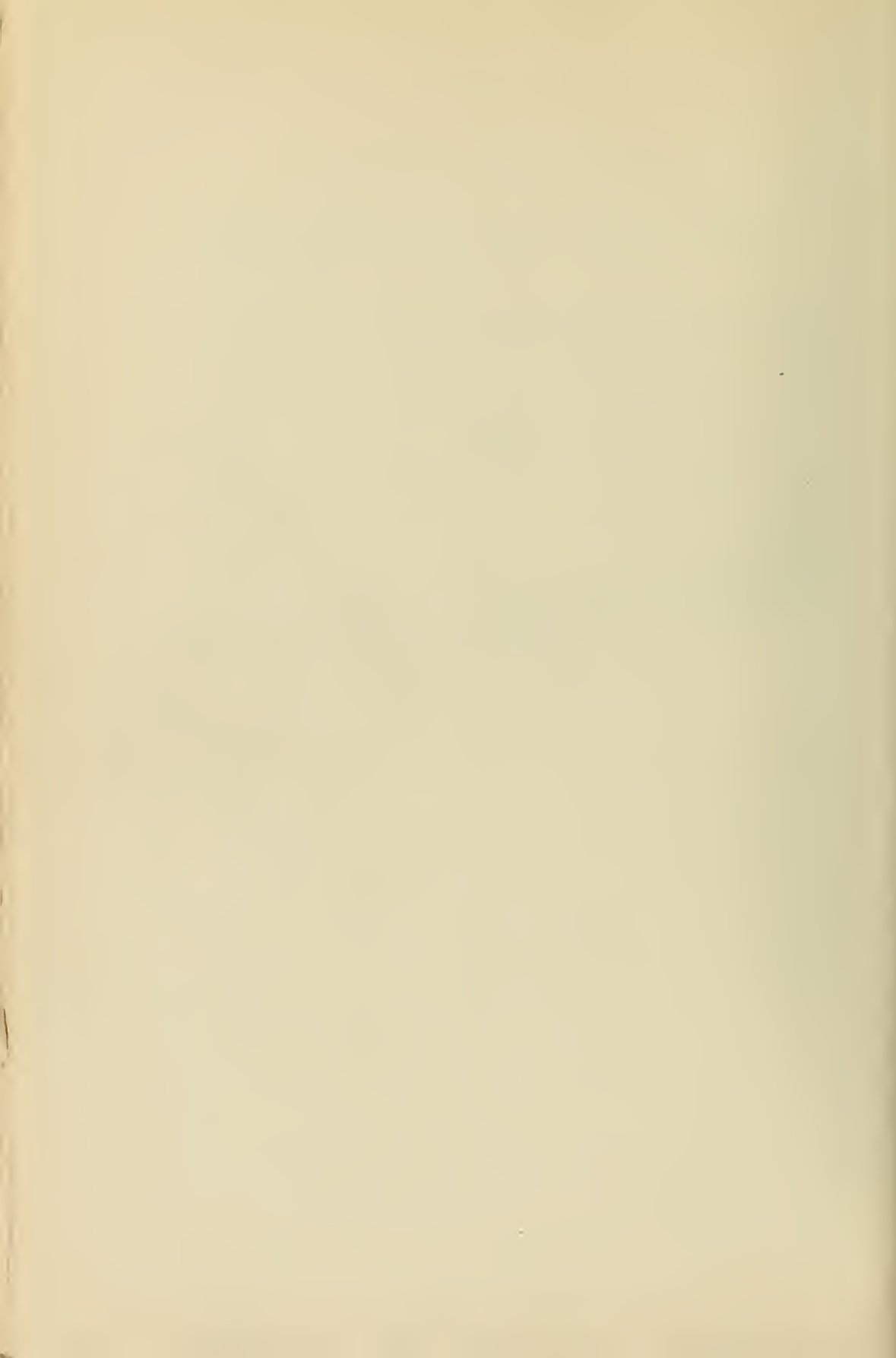
³ John Cohen, A.B. 1917.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FRONTISPIECE

The following description of the picture of the College Yard made in 1849 (the upper illustration in the Frontispiece) is from a letter of Addison Brown to his father:

The building at the extreme left is the new library building built of stone and in Gothic style, as you perceive. This is the only one which can be called handsome or particularly interesting. The building next to the right, called University Hall, contains the Chapel, recitation rooms etc., the ground story of which is occupied by the Commons Department. 'Tis built of a sort of white granite, I should think, and from its whiteness appears very neat and pretty. The low building next this appears small by its distance, although it is smaller than the others, and is the Law School building. The two next this are the oldest of all, Massachusetts and Harvard, the latter having a small belfry. Then follow three others, with a small old office building, seen through the vacancy left between the first two (of the three), and finally, upon the extreme right, the buildings of the Lawrence Scientific School. A street runs between this and the other buildings. The foliage of the trees is represented too high and the whole less shady in reality.

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