



JOHN M. GLIDDEN, JR., OF NEWCASTLE.

BUNKER HILL and long before; way, way back to Plymouth's shore,
 First old settler of his stock; jumped ashore and sat on the rock;
 Does no harm, in pride to trace colonial granddads of your race
 If you try, in grace, to be good fruit of the family-tree.
 Harvard—close to Boston Bay, trained him in the scholar's way;
 Trained him in the Freshman crew; in the Harvard track-team, too;
 Timed him, at a winning pace, to start forward in the race:—
 When he doffed the classman's gown might have hankered for the town,
 Might have sought the great white light; left the old home out of sight,
 He did nothing of the kind; never had such thought in mind;
 Early made it full and plain, best he loved the State of Maine;
 Proud to take it at its best; cast his fortunes with the rest.
 Go you down Newcastle way—you will find him any day
 'Mid the books and law reports, of his office—Clerk of Courts,
 Or he'll take you o'er his grounds; following behind the hounds,
 Large in friendships, fond of life; free from taint of petty strife,
 He finds joy in all that yields comfort in the woods and fields.