MARCH MEETING, 1880.

The stated meeting was held at the Society's rooms in Boston, on Thursday, the 11th instant, at 3 o'clock P.M.; the President, Mr. WINTHROP, in the chair.

The Recording Secretary read the record of the last meeting, and it was approved.

The Librarian read the monthly list of donors to the Library.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, accepting his election as a Resident Member.

The President then said: —

Since our last monthly meeting, Gentlemen, two of the small remaining number of Honorary and Corresponding Members of this Society, elected before the amendment of our Charter in 1857, and whose names have a separate place in our printed lists, have died: Hon. Samuel Greene Arnold, of Rhode Island, and James Lenox, Esq., of New York. They were chosen, within a month or two of each other, in 1855, and their names had thus been for nearly twenty-five years on our rolls.

Mr. Arnold had twice been Lieutenant-Governor, and, for a short time, one of the United States Senators, of Rhode Island. He had volunteered as an *aide-de-camp* to Governor Sprague, and had taken the field in command of a battery of artillery, in 1861. He will be specially remembered by us as the author of a valuable History of his native State, and as, for some years, the President of the Rhode Island Historical Society. He died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, highly respected and greatly regretted.

In the death of Mr. Lenox, in his eightieth year, the City of New York has lost one of her largest benefactors, as well as one of her most estimable and excellent citizens.

Inheriting an ample fortune, and having never married, he was able to indulge without stint his early taste for books and for the fine arts, while he was at the same time a liberal contributor to still better things. The noble library and charming pictures and marbles, which he had collected from

time to time, at home and abroad, were long the treasures of his own dwelling-house. I cannot forget how often I was privileged to see them there, and how great a privilege I felt it to be. Those wonderful editions of the Bible, which he prized himself above all other books; those rare maps and manuscripts connected with the earliest history of our own continent and country; that unique autograph of Washington, — the original of the Farewell Address, as it went to the printer in September, 1796; the grand portraits of Washington by Stuart and Peale; the admirable bust and portrait of Dr. Chalmers, for whom he had a special reverence, and with whose religious views he had the warmest sympathy; — these and a hundred other things, almost equally choice, made up a collection such as could be found in no other private mansion in our land, and such as made a visit to him in New York a memory for a lifetime.

Meantime, he was spending not a little time and money in preparing and publishing sumptuous volumes in connection with these treasures, — a History of the Editions of King James's Bible; Syllacius, with the Letters of Columbus; the Farewell Address of Washington, with all its original additions and erasures; and many other smaller works.

But within the last ten years of his life, all this costly accumulation of books and manuscripts and works of art had been transferred to a spacious marble building, erected at his own expense, on the margin of the Central Park of New York, and dedicated by him to public use. There, under the charge of two of our accomplished Corresponding Members, Dr. George H. Moore and Dr. S. Austin Allibone, these precious things are now displayed freely to the public eye. It is worth a special journey from Boston to New York, if it were only to see the various publications of John Eliot, with all the manifold editions of his Indian Bible, so worthily arranged within large glass cases, as a memorial of his philanthropy and apostleship.

I may not dwell longer on the character or career of Mr. Lenox. As he was long a Vice-President of the American Antiquarian Society, at Worcester, he will doubtless be noticed more in detail in their Semi-Annual Report next month. But this brief sketch of his life would be without its crowning feature, if I did not recall the Protestant Temple which he was largely instrumental in having built in Turin, at the earliest moment when such an edifice was tolerated in Italy, and the noble "Presbyterian Hospital," to which he was the largest contributor, not far from the Lenox Library in New York.

Religion, charity, literature, history, and the fine arts were alike the subjects of his generous endowment. His example is not the less valuable in these days, in that Religion and the Bible stood first in his regard.

He died on the 17th of February last, at the age of seventy-nine years and six months.

The Recording Secretary stated that he had lately received information that Mr. G. B. Faribault, of Quebec, Can., whose name was on the same list with those of Messrs. Arnold and Lenox, had been dead for some years. The date of his death, kindly furnished by the Secretary of the "Literary and Historical Society of Quebec," was Dec. 22, 1866.

Frederic De Peyster, LL.D., President of the New York Historical Society, was elected an Honorary Member.

The regular day for the Annual Meeting having been appointed by the Governor of the Commonwealth as the Annual Fast, it was voted to hold the Society's meeting on Tuesday, April 6th.

The following Committees were appointed to prepare for this Annual Meeting: to examine the Treasurer's accounts, Messrs. A. A. Lawrence and Chase; to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year, Messrs. Warren, Chamberlain, and Upham.

Mr. R. C. WINTHROP, Jr., communicated two letters written to Hon. Jeremiah Mason, in 1797, by Joseph Dennie, who was perhaps the best-known man of letters of his day in this country, and whose essays earned for him the sobriquet of "the American Addison." A native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard in 1790, he at first practised law in Walpole, New Hampshire, where he edited a periodical called the "Farmer's Museum." Removing to Boston, he, for a short time, edited the "Tablet"; but being tempted to Philadelphia by the offer of a government clerkship, he there, for twelve years, conducted the "Portfolio," a magazine widely celebrated for scholarship and wit. He was a man of convivial habits and a great favorite in society, but died in 1812, at the early age of forty-four. An interesting notice of him will be found in a paper on "Newspapers and Newspaper-writers in New England, from 1785 to 1815," read by our associate member, Mr. D. A. Goddard, before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society in February last.

The letters of Dennie, found among the papers of the late Robert M. Mason, here follow: —

BOSTON, Aug. 6, 1797.

From the *ennui* which you apprehended I should experience in a counting-room I was relieved, the day you left town, by the company of Jos. Barrell and a Mr. Morewood, a youthful Englishman of some promise. But greater things were reserved for me. For at five o'clock I found myself, by Barrell's civility, at his chateau and by his daughter's side.* Be assured I was very eloquent on this joyful occasion. I am not much in the habit of tacking on the epithets, angelic and divine, by way of fringe to a petticoat, but am willing to allow that Miss B. is a very perfect mortal, and "as pretty a piece of flesh as any in all Messina."

I have arrayed myself in sables and prattled history with Belknap. I have spoken softly to Miss Buck and loudly to Miss Knox. I have lounged on the sofa of Philenia and have darted federalism at her French spouse. But, Jere, I find this mode of wearing away life intolerable. Daily noon and evening parties, half festal, half formal, begin to tire. With the exception of a few days here, I shall pass the rest of the period allotted for amusement at Morton's, Ames's, and at home.

The house of our Lady of Loretto, at Dorchester, is as fantastic as a Chinese temple: still very fine and convenient. I doubt not a man might be very happy there, both up and abed. She is in highly exhilarated spirits and much handsomer than when in the old house.

When my *little* printer arrives, which will be in ten days, I shall leave the subscription-paper with him and repose and converse two days at Portsmouth with you. On Sunday I almost arranged a ride to P. the middle of this week. But among the many great little events which agitate this puddle called Boston, the arrival of John Adams is one. People here tell me it is wise to make my rustic bow to the great man, and I must dine with the king to-morrow and drink some two dozen of such perplexed toasts as the bungling creatures here give.

The other evening I was an involuntary visitant at Tom Amory's,† and found myself embarrassed by more than forty females. Williamson was there, and as dissatisfied as myself, so we stole to a corner and damned ceremonial. There is great parade of *ease* in these mixed parties, but it is one of the most mawkish affectations in life. Men and women in such situations wish each other to the devil. I made my escape at eleven from their filberts and their folly, and sat up gayly till two with a brace of friends. [*Here the letter is torn and a part of it missing.*]

whom I have often mentioned to you, appears to combine information and merchandise more gracefully than the ma-

* Mr. Barrell built in 1792 an elegant mansion on Cobble Hill, Somerville, where the McLean Asylum now stands. The house forms a part of the Asylum buildings. — EDS.

† Mr. Amory built and occupied the large house at the head of Park Street, afterward the home of Mr. George Ticknor. — EDS.

jority of the Long Wharf men. At Vila's,* with one of them, I found liberality, good sense, and taste.

After moving from the corporation-feast of to-morrow I shall detail again these idle hours and make a remark or two on man in the throng. Write, by all means, next post, and inform me of the nature of your establishment, the men, and particularly the women, with whom you consort. If your New York receipts give leave, you will please to comply with my expressed wishes, at any time and in any manner you please.

JOSEPH DENNIE, JUNR.

JEREMIAH MASON, ESQ., Portsmouth, N. H.

BOSTON, 25 August, 1797.

The witches and magicians of Boston do not wholly enchant me. I pass most of my time at M.'s, and visit George Cabot and J. Swan. Jews and Gentiles you will say; true. Men of all *party* colors; but no low people, Jere, no hewers of wood nor drawers of water.

I have had the honor of making two bows to the President and receiving three. About three hundred guests were bidden to the feast, and I am sorry to say that the toasts were followed by clamorous hootings and applause quite in the French style. All this is suited to the taste of the Bostonians, who are unquestionably the merest boys at all kinds of play.

I find strong sense, urban manners, and *Elsworth's* energy in Cabot. He amuses me by his political zeal, and instructs me by his worldly wisdom. Moreover, he giveth good dinners, and, sinner that I am, I think partridge at least as palatable as politics.

There is here a kind of would-be literary club. It meets each Wednesday, and consists of certain lawyers, divines, quacks, and merchants. I have seen these people, who are mostly fools; Minot, Clarke, and Kirkland are exceptions. *Our* historian, Belknap, appears to be buried in plethora, and his genius is as much palsied as his limbs. They are all lazy: and reversing the ancient rule of the symposium, they convene rather to *eat*, than *talk*, together.

In my last I praised the bewitching Barrell, and lo! another gypsy hath arisen, mightier than she. Swan's second daughter, Christiana, vulgarly called Kitty, is all charm.

> "Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree,
> The fair, the chaste, the *inexpressive* she!"

She looks and talks exquisitely, has a strong mind, and some fortune, *if her mother please*. Now, could I cheat the last and gain the first, I think it would be a summary way to be rich and happy.†

Yesterday I dined with Williamson and Citizen *Mustard*, the French

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* James Vila was the landlord of the well-known "Concert Hall." See "Recollections of Samuel Breck," p. 122 *n*. — EDS.

† Col. James Swan lived in Roxbury. See Drake's "Town of Roxbury," pp. 135–138. — EDS.

barber's boy consul,* at Morton's. Williamson was pleasant, but the Frenchman looked and talked so much like an assassin that I verily apprehended that, by some cursed Parisian mistake, he would stick his fork into my breast, rather than into the chicken on his trencher.

I am extremely obliged by the cordiality of your invitation. I cannot, with precision, state that I will be with you on such a day. But within a *fortnight* I shall certainly meet you. Your wish respecting St. Loe shall be complied with, if the time will allow. Short notice for the *long* merits of our friend L.

I am, &c.,

JOS. DENNIE.

JEREMIAH MASON, ESQ., Portsmouth, N. H.

Mr. WINSOR exhibited a map of Boston, not mentioned, he thought, in any of the lists of old maps. It measures 37×40 inches; extends from the end of Long Wharf on the east to the Cambridge shore on the west; from the Charlestown shore on the north nearly to the Roxbury line on the south; and is entitled, "An Accurate Plan of the Town of Boston and its vicinity, exhibiting a ground plan of all the streets, lanes, alleys, wharves, and public buildings in Boston; with the Names and Description thereof; likewise all the Flats and Channels between Boston and Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury, and Dorchester, with the two Bridges and Causeway; and the boundary lines between Boston and the above-mentioned Towns, from the actual surveys of the Publisher. Also, part of Charlestown and Cambridge, from the surveys of Samuel Thompson, Esq., and part of Roxbury and Dorchester from those of Mr. Whitherington (all which surveys were taken by order of the General Court). By Osgood Carleton, teacher of Mathematics in Boston. I. Norman sc."

It purports to have been "Published as the Act directs, May 16, 1797."

Carleton made the small map for the Directory of 1796, used for several years afterward, and he made a larger map of the peninsula only, issued in 1800. It would seem that this last was simply a portion of the present plate.

A *fac-simile* of the 1800 map was made in 1878 from a copy owned by Mr. George B. Foster, and this *fac-simile* is in the Society's Library.

The President exhibited a contemporary miniature of Oliver Cromwell, ascribed to Cooper, and once the property of Thomas Jefferson, to whom it was given by Mr. George

* Theodore Charles Mozard was French Consul at this time. — EDS.

W. Erving. It descended to the late Mr. Joseph Coolidge, who married Mr. Jefferson's granddaughter. His family transferred it, a few days after his death, to Mr. Winthrop, with the understanding that its final resting-place should be in the Cabinet of this Society.

Mr. DEANE communicated an original petition of Roger Conant, saying: —

Mr. President, — I have here an old paper, which was placed in my hands some weeks ago by the Rev. Robert Folger Wallcut, a nephew of one of the founders of this Society, to be communicated to its archives. It is a letter or petition, to the General Court of Massachusetts, from one of the "old planters" so-called, so often spoken of in the early records of the State; those pioneers on our soil, whose claims to the consideration of the later comers under the authority of the Massachusetts patent were ordered to be acknowledged and respected. The special old planter of whom I speak — by one enthusiastic writer regarded as the first governor of Massachusetts * — is Roger Conant, who wrote the paper to which I now call your attention, in 1671, when he was eighty years old. As it has never been printed, and is brief, I will read it: —

To the Honored Magistrates and Deputies of the General Court.

The humble petition and request of Roger Conant, planter in New England these forty-eight years and three months; who was with the first (and I think I may safely say the very first) under God, that was in this wilderness, an instrument, though a weak one, of founding and furthering this colony — whose eyes have seen the first stones laid in the foundation thereof, and now again to see the unparalleled growth thereof through the great blessing of our great God.

I did put up a former request concerning the change of the name of our town of Beverly, and what your worships' pleasure is therein I do not fully know. I had thoughts and purposed to move your worships, that you would be pleased to grant me some small portion of land in some convenient place, where it may be found without prejudice; and this I thought to do by word of mouth, if I had come before your worships, as I hoped I should do, and was bashful to put up two requests in one paper. Wherefore if I have erred and forgot myself in this matter, pardon my indiscretion, who am old and weak; and be pleased now, out of your favorable respect, to grant and give me some portion of land as shall seem meet and good in your eyes. God

* See "The Landing at Cape Anne." By John Wingate Thornton. Boston, 1854.

To the honored magistrats & deputies of the generall …

The humble petition and request of Roger Con…
in new England theise fortie eight yeers, and upw…
who was with the first and I think I may safely …
first under god, that was in this wildernes an…
those a weake one, of founding and furthering th…
which I have seen the first stones laid in …
there of; and now againe to see the unparalled …
throughe the great blessing of our great god.
I did put up a former request concerning the …
name of our town of Beverly, and what your …
pleasure is therein I do not fully know. I have …
posed to move your worships that you would be …
grant me some small portion of land in some con…
where it may be found without hindrance, and th…
is doe by word of mouth I had come before you…
as I hoped I should doe, and was bashfull to …
quests in on paper: wherefore if I have erred a…
selfe in this matter, pardon my indiscretion, wh…
and be pleased now, out of your favorable res…
& give me some portion of land as shall seem …
your eyes. god hath given me children & grand…
that although I am old and cannot improve land…
my children can, and so both they with my selfe…
for your loves and I hope our prayers shalbe …

In ans[wer] to this pet[ition] [illegible]

Consented to by [illegible] deputies
William …

the honored maiestrates & deputies of the generall court

the humble petition and request of Roger Conant, planter
in newEngland theise fortie eight yeers, and three monethes,
who was with the first and I thinke I may saffly say the very
first under god, that was in this wildernes an instrument
there a weake one, of founding and furthering this Collony.
which have seene the first stones laid in the foundation
thereof, and now againe to see the unparaleld groweth thereof
throwe the great blessing of our great god.
I did put up a former request conserning the changeing the
name of our towne of Beverly, and what your worships
pleasure is therein I do not fully know: I have thought and pur
posed to move your worships that you would be pleased to
graunt me some smale portion of land in some convenient place,
where it may be found without prejudice, and this I thought
to doe by word of mouth if I had come before your worships
as I hoped I should doe, and was bashfull to put up two re
quests in one paper: wherfore if I have erred and forgot my
selfe in this matter, pardon my indiscretion, who am an old man,
and be pleased now, out of your favorable respect, to graunt
& give me some portion of land as shall seeme meete & good in
your eyes. god hath given me children & grandchildren, so
that although I am old and cannot improve land my selfe, yet
my children can, and soe both they with my selfe, shall be ingaged
for your loves and I hope our prayers shalbe continuall for

those a weake one, of founding and first setting ...
which both have seen the first stones laid in ...
thereof; and now againe to see the unparalleled ...
through the great blessing of our great god.
I did put up a former request concerning the
name of our towne of Wenderly, and what your
pleasure is therein I doe not fully know. I have ...
posed to move your worships that you would be ...
grant me some smale portion of land in some con...
where it may be found without hindrance, and th...
is doe by word of mouth I had come before you ...
as I hoped I should doe, and was bashfull to ...
quest in on paper: wherefore if I have erred a...
selfe in this matter, pardon my indiscretion, wh...
and be pleased now, out of your favorable res...
give me some portion of land as shall seeme ...
yours &c. god hath given me children grac...
that although I am old and cannot improve land ...
my children can, and see both they with my self ...
for your love, and I hope our prayers shallbe ...
the blessing of god on your persons and weig...
and for the prosperity of this whole Collony and ...
England, dated this first of the fourth month 1671.

your umble ...

In Ans'r to this petition the magists judgement is to graunt the petitioner two hundred acres of land where it is to be found out free from any former graunt: their brethren the deputies hereto consenting.

Edward Rawson Secrety

2 June 1671

Consented to by the Deputies
William Torrey Cleric

thereof a wealth ones of founding and first being of the Colony:
whereby I have seene the first stones laid in the foundation
thereof; and now againe to see the unparalelled growth thereof
through the great blessing of our great god.
I did put up a former request concerning the changing of the
name of our towne of Beverly, and what your worships
pleasure is therein I do not fully know: I have thought and pur
posed to move your worships that you would be pleased to
grant me some smale portion of land in some convenient place:
where it may be found without prejudice, and this I thought
to doe by word of mouth if I had come before your worships
as I hoped I should doe, and was bashfull to put up two re
quests in one paper: wherefore if I have erred and forgot my
selfe in this matter, pardon my indiscretion, who am an old servant,
and be pleased now, out of your favorable respect, to grant
and give me some portion of land as shall seeme meete and good in
your eyes. god hath given me children and grandchildren, so
that although I am old and cannot improve land my selfe, yet
my children can, and so both they and my selfe shall be ingaged
for your loves, and I hope our prayers shallbe continuall for
the blessing of god on your persons and waighty agitations
and for the prosperity of this whole Collony and countrie of new
England, dated this first of the fourth month 1671.

your umble petitioner and servant
Roger Conant

In Ans' to this petn the magists
judge meet to grant the petitioner
two hundred acres of land where it
is to be found out free from any former
grants: Their brethren the deputies hereto
consenting Edward Rawson Secrety

Consented to by the dep[...]

hath given me children and grandchildren, so that although I am old and cannot improve land myself, yet my children can, and so both they with myself shall be engaged for your loves, and I hope our prayers shall be continual for the blessing of God on your persons and weighty agitations, and for the prosperity of this whole colony and country of New England. Dated this first of the fourth month [June] 1671.

Your humble petitioner and servant,

ROGER CONANT.

In answer to this petition the magistrates judge meet to grant the petitioner two hundred acres of land where it is to be found out, free from any former grants: their brethren the Deputies hereto consenting.

EDWARD RAWSON, *Secretary.*

2d JUNE, 1671.

Consented to by the Deputies.

WILLIAM TORREY, *Cleric.**

Conant here speaks of a former request he had made "concerning the change of the name of our town of Beverly." This was embodied in a well-known document of which the original is among the State archives, in his own handwriting. It was first published in 1838, in a volume of this Society's Collections (3d ser. vol. vii. pp. 252, 253). It is an interesting paper, and, taken in connection with the eighteenth chapter of Hubbard's History, a large part of which must have been written from material furnished by Conant himself, contains most valuable information of the pioneer settlement on Cape Anne, and of the removal, after the breaking up of that settlement, of Conant and his few friends to Naumkeag, where they were found by Endicott on his arrival there on the 6th of September, 1628. I will read a part of this first petition, written only four days before the other, as they have a sort of connection: —

"The humble petition of Roger Conant, of Bass River, *alias* Beverly, who hath been a planter in New England forty-eight years and upward, being one of the first, if not the very first, that resolved and made good my settlement, under God, in matter of plantation, with my family, in this colony of the Massachusetts Bay, and have been instrumental both for the founding and carrying on of the same; and when, in the infancy thereof, it was in great hazard of being deserted, I was a means, through grace assisting me, to stop the flight of those

* See Records of Massachusetts, vol. iv., pt. ii., p. 504. The two hundred acres of land granted to Conant at this time were afterward surveyed near Dunstable. See "Notice of Roger Conant," in Hist. & Geneal. Reg., vol. ii., pp. 233, 329.

few that then were here with me, and that by my utter denial to go away with them who would have gone either for England, or mostly for Virginia, but, thereupon, stayed to the hazard of our lives.

"Now my humble suit and request is unto this honorable court, only that the name of our town or plantation may be altered or changed from Beverly, and be called Budleigh. I have two reasons that have moved me unto this request.

"The first is, the great dislike and discontent of many of our people for this name of Beverly, because (we being but a small place) it hath caused on us a constant nickname of beggarly, being in the mouths of many; and no order was given, or consent by the people here to their agent for any name, until they were sure of being a town granted in the first place.

"Secondly, I being the first that had house in Salem (and never had any hand in naming either that, or any other town), and myself, with those that were then with me, being all from the western part of England, desire this western name of Budleigh, a market town in Devonshire, and near unto the sea, as we are here in this place, and where myself was born." *

This petition, in which Conant was joined by thirty-four others, was not granted by the court, the magistrates and deputies (as appears by the writing appended by the secretary and the clerk to the petition itself) seeing "no cause to alter the name of the place as desired." The petition is not noticed in the records, and our only knowledge of it is afforded by the existence of the paper itself on file at the State House.

In the petition which I first read it will be noticed that the writer says he has been a planter in New England "these forty-eight years and three months." This fixes the time of his arrival at about the 1st of March, 1623. It was never known precisely when Conant came. In the other paper he says he has "been a planter in New England forty-eight years and upward." We first find him in Plymouth, which place he left about the year 1625 and took up his residence for a time at Nantasket, in company with Lyford and Oldham, who in that year were ignominiously sent away from the sober pilgrim community. While residing at Nantasket, it is supposed that he made use for some purpose of the island in Boston harbor early called "Conant's Island," which subsequently was conveyed by the government to Governor Winthrop. Conant could not have come over in the "Anne," which arrived later in the year, in July, and in which Oldham

* Massachusetts Archives, Towns, vol. i., p. 217. In printing Conant's petitions here the spelling has been modernized.

and his people came. The "Jonathan of Plymouth" — the "Mayflower" of the Pascataqua, — which brought over David Thomson, arrived, as I conjecture, about the time Conant says he came. He may have come in that vessel, or in some other fishing vessel of whose arrival we have no record. If he had come with Thomson, I think Hubbard would have mentioned it.

The story of Conant's removal to Cape Anne, to take charge of the fishing station there, belonging to the Dorchester Company, in England, as its governor or overseer, and of the subsequent removal of himself and friends to Naumkeag, where they formed the nucleus of the settlement of that ancient town, is too well known to be repeated here.

Those of us who listened to the admirable oration of Judge Endicott at Salem, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing there of his distinguished ancestor, may remember a passage which he introduced from a speech of Dr. Palfrey, made in 1852, at the centennial celebration in Danvers. Dr. Palfrey related this incident as connected with the arrival of Endicott at Salem: —

"When the vessel which bore the first Governor of Massachusetts was entering the harbor of Salem, she was anxiously watched from the beach by four individuals, styled in the quaint chronicles of the time, as 'Roger Conant and three sober men.' The vessel swung to her moorings and flung the red cross of St. George to the breeze, a boat put off for the shore, and, that the Governor might land dry-shod, Roger Conant and his 'three sober men' rolled up their pantaloons, — or rather those nether garments which we, in these degenerate days, call pantaloons, — waded into the water, and bore him on their shoulders to the dry land." *

* Account of the Cent. Celebration in Danvers, June 16, 1852, p. 130: "Roger Conant and his sober men," continues Dr. Palfrey, "had been here a long time, but how long it is unnecessary to state, but so long that the houses they had built sadly needed repair. Now these three sober men were, Balch, Woodbury, and the third bore a surname which I forbear to mention, but will only say that it was one which it becomes *me* not to disgrace." It is unnecessary to say that this third name was Peter Palfrey. In Hubbard's account of the efforts of the Rev. John White, of Dorchester, England, to establish a settlement at Cape Anne, he says that Mr. White had had a favorable account, among others, of Roger Conant, "a religious, *sober*, and prudent gentleman," whom the Dorchester Company selected "to be their governor in that place." And that, subsequently, on the breaking up of the Cape Anne Colony, and the removal of Conant and his friends to Naumkeag, Mr. White "did write to Mr. Conant not so to desert his business; faithfully promising that, if himself, with three others, whom he knew to be honest and prudent men, viz., John Woodberry, John Balch, and Peter Palfreys, employed by the adventurers, would stay at Naumkeag, and give timely notice thereof, he would provide a patent for them," &c. See Hubbard's New England, pp. 106, 107.

When Judge Endicott was preparing his oration for the occasion referred to, he was very desirous of ascertaining whether the pleasant incident related by Dr. Palfrey in his speech twenty-six years before, and which Judge Endicott, as a young man, had listened to, was really authentic, and had been drawn from some chronicle of the early time, or was a picture of the imagination. Diligent search could not discover it. Dr. Palfrey's subsequent "History of New England" contained no such incident, and he himself was in a state of health too feeble to be consulted. But the picture, from such a distinguished source, was too good to be omitted.

At a visit which I made to Dr. Palfrey some months ago, finding him more than usually animated, and quite disposed to talk on historical subjects, and to indulge in reminiscences, I drew his attention finally to the subject of his speech at Danvers, in 1852, and to the passage in it to which I have referred; telling him at the same time of Judge Endicott's wish to know whether the incident related was genuine history, or a pleasant picture of what might have occurred on the landing of Endicott. Dr. Palfrey smiled, and said, "If you are unable to find the passage, you may safely believe it was a picture of the imagination."

The Rev. E. E. HALE presented a Memoir of the Hon. Lorenzo Sabine, which he had been appointed to write.

Dr. GEORGE E. ELLIS communicated a Memoir of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, which he had prepared agreeably to the wish of the Society.

These Memoirs are here printed.

MEMOIR

OF THE

HON. LORENZO SABINE, A.M.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

LORENZO SABINE was born in the little town of Lisbon, in the State of New Hampshire, on the 28th of July, 1803. His father, Elijah H. Sabin, was a minister in the Methodist Church. He was of Huguenot blood, if the family tradition may be relied upon; but the name appears in our own annals as early as 1643, when William Sabin lived in Rehoboth. He afterward appeared as an energetic citizen in the conduct of Philip's War, and was a representative in the Government of the Old Colony. The name also appears on the earliest records as Saben. Mr. Lorenzo Sabine seems to have chosen the earliest spelling he found in the records.

Rev. Elijah H. Sabin was the somewhat intimate friend of Rev. Lorenzo Dow, well known, before his adventurous life closed, as an eccentric preacher. Dow was but twenty-six years old when Elijah Sabin's oldest son was born, to whom his father gave the name "Lorenzo," in regard for his friend in the ministry. Mr. Elijah Sabin was highly respected in the Methodist Church and in the communities in which he lived.

He had a literary taste and an ability of expression above the average of the preachers of his day. A series of curious papers, afterward published in a volume, called the "Travels of Charles Observator," will well reward the careful student who seeks to recall the forgotten manners and customs of New England at the beginning of this century. Several of his sermons on public occasions are preserved in print. He was at one time stationed in Boston at the Bromfield Street church, and was afterward Chaplain to the House of Representatives, — the first chaplain chosen from the Methodist pulpit. One of his printed addresses was delivered by request before the Legislature of Massachusetts, in February, 1812,

on the destruction of the Richmond Theatre, an event so tragical that it excited very general attention through the whole country. At the time of Lorenzo Sabine's birth, his father resided in Lisbon, a poor man, his son says, but as rich in wise sayings and precepts as Franklin himself. It is evident that the early training he gave to this oldest son had a permanent value. He died, comparatively young, at Savannah,* whither he had gone in the vain hope of arresting pulmonary illness. By his death, Lorenzo Sabine was left to extreme poverty in early life, and also to the responsibility of sharing with his mother the care of a large family of younger children.

In a humorous lecture which he read before the Farmers' Club of Framingham, he gave this account of his boyhood in Lisbon: —

"A top, a ball, a hoop, a knife, and a fishing-rod, Weems's Life of Washington, — a queer book, — Gulliver's Travels, and Robinson Crusoe, comprised every article of property which I could call my own. Except that, at long intervals, my mother gave me a few cents, I had no spending money from one month's end to another. My father at times could hardly provide us with bread, and had nothing to give me. Still, my playmates, though I could offer no rewards beyond the loan of some plaything, or the division of a pound of raisins whenever I had the means to purchase, were very kind; and I still look back to the hours made light and merry by their help in accomplishing my daily '*stent*,' or task."

In the same address he says of his father: —

"My father was a man remarkable for his common sense, and was as full of wise sayings and maxims as was Franklin himself. He was a poor clergyman with a large family of sons, and was painfully impressed with the conviction that he could bequeath them nothing beyond his good name. . . . As he looked out into the world, he saw that the tillers of the soil were the most virtuous, the happiest, and physically the most vigorous class in the community." With this view he hoped to bring up his oldest son and probably his other sons as farmers. But there is more than one reason why farming should not appear in a very attractive light to an intelligent boy in Lisbon, New Hampshire. There were more reasons in the extreme poverty of those days; and in one or two of the allusions of his papers there seems to be reference to the disastrous famine of 1816, which was quite enough to cure any

* May 4, 1818.

New Hampshire farmer of undue enthusiasm. Leaving Lisbon, the boy Lorenzo Sabine came again to Boston, and found employment as an apprentice with the publishing firm of Lincoln & Edmands, — being an inmate of the family of the senior partner, in the admirable habit of those simple times. His passion for books was here indulged to a certain extent, and, in one or two instances, he here made friends whom he retained through life.

From this period of his life we have his own history in a sketch so honorable to himself that we present it entire. It was written on the evening of his election to Congress, when he did not know the result of the election. It is addressed to Mr. Hazewell, who had been a candidate of the opposite party, but had withdrawn in Mr. Sabine's favor.

FRAMINGHAM, Dec. 11, 1852.

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"A native of New Hampshire and the son of a humble Methodist preacher, I was left an orphan at an early age. Without education, friends, or decent apparel, and with just ten dollars and fifty-six cents in money, I departed from the roof of my mother to push my fortunes on the eastern frontier of the Union. I knelt in thankfulness to God, and wept the night long, after engaging a clerkship in a wretched shop or store at ten dollars the month, to take my meals in a sad boarding-house, and to sleep in the unfinished garret of the store among old barrels, boxes, and other rubbish. I was so ignorant as to be unfit even for *this* situation. With my first earnings I bought three horse-rugs, of which I made a sort of carpet, a pair of 'fire-dogs,' shovel and tongs, and some wood, and devoted my evenings to self-education. Progress was slow; for I was embarrassed on every hand, and at times was almost ready to despair and drown my anguish in dissipation. But I kept on, and in the cheapest clothing, participated in no amusements whatever, and expended every thing I could spare in books. Meantime, my mother died, and five younger brothers and sisters were to be provided for. I commenced trade on my own account, and was a bankrupt before the expiration of a single year. Yet I was engaged to a lovely girl, who was an orphan and nearly as homeless as myself; and so, with no enviable fortunes before us, we united our destiny, and thus gave the younger members of my father's family a home. My sisters were educated, my brothers were fitted one by one to start in business. Alas! my dear sir, the trials and sorrows of an elder brother, who with all the responsibilities of a parent is without a parent's authority!

"Well, a week did not elapse after the sheriff shut up my store before I entered a counting-room as clerk, and engaged besides to keep a set of bank-books. With the wreck of my property, with my earnings, and the kind offices of friends, I was a free man in the course of some fourteen months, and engaged in commercial pursuits a second

time. I built and owned vessels, fitted out fishermen, and was a 'petty dealer in codfish and molasses,' as John Randolph said of the merchants of North Carolina generally."

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Sabine did not prepare at more length a full account of his whole life, and the various matters of public interest in which he was engaged.

A letter from Dr. Isaac Ray, at one time his fellow-townsman in Eastport, gives to us a valuable picture of the course of personal development and of work for the public to which that life was given.

3569 BARING STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
4 March, 1880.

. . . . . .

I first made Mr. Sabine's acquaintance in 1829, in Eastport, where he was a small shopkeeper and I a fledgling of a doctor. I soon found that he was a great reader, a shrewd observer of men and things outside of his business, and with strong intellectual tastes. His opportunities for mental improvement had been of the smallest, and what he knew he seemed to have picked up by the wayside. He was the oldest child of a Methodist minister, who died leaving his widow with some half dozen children. . . . His father's means were always very straitened, and once he had to detain his people after morning service to tell them that when he should get home, he would not find a morsel of food in the house. The famous Lorenzo Dow was one of his familiar friends, and he showed his regard for the eccentric preacher by giving his name to his own first-born son. Not long after his death, his widow married again, and Lorenzo Sabine went off farther down East, to seek his fortune, stopping finally at Eastport. Here he began at the lowest round of the ladder, in fact, as the humblest sort of shop boy, under a master whose kicks and curses were more plentiful than any softer endearments. However, he endured it all quietly, performing his duty in the shop faithfully, and at night, in his little garret, earning a quarter by filling out the MS. dates, &c., in bank bills, kindly furnished by the cashier. In a few years he had a shop of his own, got married, and lived contented with moderate gains. All the while, much of his leisure was given to books, and he was deeply interested in purely literary matters. After a while he began to put his thoughts on paper, and often brought the product to me for examination. He was exceedingly desirous of excelling in writing, but so distrustful of himself under the sense of the deficiencies of his education, that the gentlest friendly criticism, solicited by himself, would overwhelm him with dismay, and, for months, put a stop to any further effort. Many an evening we spent together over his pieces, sentence by sentence, scrutinizing the grammar, the phraseology, and the construction. At last, after much misgiving on his part, and much persuasion on mine, he consented to accept the invitation of the authorities to deliver the Fourth of July

oration, which he very creditably accomplished, though the pangs of veritable childbirth could hardly be more severe than he endured between the first conception and the final expulsion. That was about 1838 or 1839. Next, he conceived the idea of writing an article for the "North American Review," and that, after some years, was accomplished, and from that time forth he contributed frequently to that journal. And his articles certainly were a remarkable illustration of the reward of patient, persevering endeavor, animated by an honest ambition. The nature of his business, and his associations with various people of the Provinces, furnished him the opportunity of becoming acquainted with our fisheries, — their modes, their history, their *morale*, and material, — and the information thus obtained, more extensive, exact, and original than had ever before been obtained by any single individual, was given to the public in several articles in the "North American Review." While Mr. Webster was Secretary of State there occurred one of those fishery flurries on the eastern coast which required prompt and intelligent diplomacy, for which Mr. Webster was about as well prepared as he would have been to take command of an ocean steamer. In this dilemma he was advised to send for Sabine, as the man capable above all others of giving him efficient help, and he was wise enough to do it. Mr. Webster received him in his high and mighty way, and Sabine departed smarting under the feeling that he had been snubbed. Mutual friends succeeded in healing the sore and establishing amicable relations.

His favorite reading was in American history, especially of the Revolutionary period. His business brought him into intercourse with the neighboring provincials, many of whom were descendants of American loyalists. From them he learned much of the fortunes of their fathers that had been entirely unwritten, and which led him to a course of inquiry in a field full of interest to him. He interviewed every old man and woman, though it took a journey to do it; searched parish records and explored graveyards. Thinking the unique information thus obtained was worth preserving in permanent shape, and that the public would properly appreciate it, he looked around for a publisher. And he might have looked long, had there not been then in Boston a firm, who were often influenced by a regard to the intrinsic rather than the pecuniary value of the offered book. I need not enlarge to you on the merits, historical or literary, of the work. You know that it fills a gap in our political and social history, which would otherwise, in all probability, have remained open for ever. The work was a labor of love to him, — the darling and delight of his soul. Few men, indeed, have pursued historical research as a passion, so exclusive of other considerations.

I cannot close these recollections of my friend without adverting to his habitual admiration of naval prowess. Surrounded as he was in Eastport by a peculiar race of seamen, rough, resolute, and fearless, inured by a life-long struggle with the elements to the sharpest use of their faculties and the strongest forms of self-reliance, he was led to place a high estimate on the value of the mental constitution thus

developed. He loved to dwell on the doings of this or that specimen, and most emphatically declared that with equal opportunities he would have added another to our list of Prebles and Porters. The Life of Preble, contributed to Mr. Sparks's Biography, was written, as you may suppose, *con amore*.

The same spirit of exactness, thoroughness, and fidelity to trust, which marked all his business and social relations, was no less dominant in his writings. Historical inquiries he pursued according to the modern methods as rigidly, I dare say, as Bancroft or Motley. He spared no pains to reach the original sources, and days, perhaps weeks, would be spent in verifying a date or a name.

As a citizen, a man of business, a friend, a husband, brother, and father, he exhibited a remarkable endowment of those qualities of character which engage the respect and love of men. But I need not dilate on his perfect integrity and uprightness, his honorable and generous courses, his painstaking benevolence, his readiness to help and relieve, and his attachment to his friends. If you have learned any thing of his history, you must have heard of all this.

I doubt whether you can turn what I have said to much account, but you may rely on its implicit correctness.

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Yours truly,

I. RAY.

Mr. Sabine himself has left of his early life in Eastport the following interesting memorandum. It refers to one of his earliest writings which is fortunately preserved: —

"This is the *first* paper saved among my early writing, and as it is addressed to the 'Quoddy * Forum,' must be one of the very earliest written to be read to others. When I went to Eastport in 1821, dissipation was almost too general to cause remark.

"The young men employed in stores, with hardly an exception, resorted evenings either to 'Carlow's,' in rear of the fort, or to 'Traveller's Rest,' further up the island, for drinks and games, and used stimulants freely when about their business in the daytime.

"A few, after talking over the great evils of this sort of life, determined to quit it, and meet evenings for mutual improvement. A club was accordingly formed, and called the 'Quoddy Forum.'

"So popular did it become that married persons applied for admission; and, in time, the doors of the club-room were opened to the public; and as soon as the ladies ventured to become auditors, every thing like disorder and discourtesy disappeared.

"This Address, as appears in the opening, was delivered at the first meeting of the 'New Forum,' when our discussions were free to all, and when we removed to the schoolhouse, corner of Green and Boynton Streets."

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* Quoddy, as the expert in New England history knows, is the spelling which the unromantic English fishermen of the seventeenth century gave to the Indian root which in French lips took the more classical sound of "Acadie."

This little reference to what may be called his first work for the public may be taken as an illustration of the character and purpose of the man as it showed itself all through his life. He speaks with modesty of his life as a merchant, saying once, in the passage which has been cited, in a joking way, that he was a petty dealer in codfish and molasses. But, as Dr. Ray's letter shows, he soon acquired the confidence of the people, and in the club he has here described, in the foundation of the Lyceum ten years later, as a member of the legislature, as a justice of the peace, and in various public offices he was constantly rendering loyal service to the public. For several years he edited the "Eastport Sentinel," and the work he did in that charge gave it importance among the country papers of New England. His intimacy with the British provinces of the neighborhood led to the inquiries which turned his attention to the lives of the loyalists, who had emigrated from the thirteen colonies to Nova Scotia in the Revolution. Some newspaper articles relating to them showed to historians that at last some of the dropped stitches of history were to be picked up and knit together. In 1847, the first edition of the "American Loyalists" was published. It is amusing now to remember that, at the time, he was seriously charged with a lack of national feeling because he chose to preserve these memorials of men who had suffered every thing in their devotion to what they supposed to be their duty. But the real students were delighted. Mr. Sabine received such encouragement on every side as induced him to continue his collections and studies, and in 1860 he published the second edition, which is now a handbook for all our students of the Revolutionary history.

His occupation and the place of his residence gave him particular opportunity for studying, both as a naturalist and as an historian, those remarkable sea fisheries on our eastern coast, which have been said to have drawn the Basque fishermen hither before the days of Cabot, and which have played so important a part in our history to the date of the last despatch of Mr. Secretary Evarts to our Minister in England. On the subjects connected with the fisheries, Mr. Sabine came to be regarded as an expert. When Mr. Webster engaged in the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty he summoned Mr. Sabine to Washington in a letter which is so characteristic in its language, and so honorable to the receiver that we preserve it here. It will fix the date of the amusing interview, of which Dr. Ray's letter preserves the record.

BOSTON, August 7, 1852.

DEAR SIR, — I learn from the best sources that you have a very thorough acquaintance with the subject of the Eastern Fisheries. We need at Washington, at the present moment, all the information we can command on that important branch of the national interest; and the object of this letter is to request that, if your duties and engagements will allow, you will proceed to Washington immediately that I may consult you. . . .

Mr. Sabine, in his own letter to Mr. Hazewell, describing his life in Eastport, says: —

"For fifteen years I was prospered, and I then retired from business; but whatever the cares of trade, I never suffered the great work of self-education to be suspended for a moment. As I now look back at what I accomplished in business hours, and the whole nights devoted to study, I wonder that both body and mind did not become a perfect wreck.

"A reading club, mainly for the English and American periodicals, was started, and I was admitted a member. This club in time became an incorporated institution, and now has a large and valuable library, which I used so freely that the common impression was that I knew something of every book in it. My ambition soared to write one, just one, article for the 'North American Review.' One paper from my pen in it, and I promised myself to drop all further plans, in the literary way, and repose on my laurels. The design was accomplished in 1843, but I became more anxious to write than ever. In fine, some dozen articles have appeared in the 'Review'; the 'American Loyalists' soon followed, and 'A Life of Commodore Preble,' in 'Sparks's Biography.' The materials for the 'Loyalists' cost me years of labor, and many journeys to Tories' houses and Tories' graves. Three or four volumes are now in progress. During the whole of the present year [1852] I have been employed on a report on our sea fisheries, for our Treasury Department. It will make about five hundred printed pages. Congress, I suppose, will order its publication, and I am anxious to superintend the printing. Thus you have an outline of the story of your Whig competitor in the Old Fourth district in the last trial."

The series of articles in the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner" relating to the subjects of the fisheries and the New England Indians and the Revolutionary history, appeared at intervals between the years 1843 and 1857. The subjects are: The Fisheries; Our Commercial History and Policy; The Forest Lands and the Timber Trade of Maine; Simcoe's Military Journal; British Colonial Politics; Chalmers's History of the American Colonies; The American Fisheries; The Past and Present of the American People; British Colonial Politics; Eaton's Annals of War-

ren; French Calvinists in North America; Life and Works of John Adams; Indian Tribes of New England, three articles.

Among other papers of value, published in other journals, are a prize essay on Banking, in "Hunt's Merchant's Magazine," and various communications to literary and historical societies. The writer of this memoir has to acknowledge, not for the first time, Mr. Sabine's kindness and care in preserving the scanty memorials of Albert Gallatin's early life in Eastport. These may be found in the "Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society," in 1849.*

The public recognized gratefully such unselfish services. Whatever offices he would accept in the public administration were conferred upon him. His first commission of Justice of the Peace is dated in 1835. The same year he went to the legislature for the first time. Under the national government he was appointed by the Harrison administration inspector of customs and deputy collector in 1841. He had steadily opposed the Democratic party under Jackson and Van Buren. As has been said, Mr. Webster availed himself of his advice in the fisheries in the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty. He had been led to study with care the intricate questions relating to the north-eastern boundary, — questions which began, indeed, half a century before in the determination which river was the true Saint Croix. The whole discussion began on ground which was his home.†

After a residence of more than twenty-five years in Eastport, Mr. Sabine returned to Massachusetts, and established social and public relations here more agreeable than those of the lonely apprentice boy. He first established his residence at Framingham, but Framingham was already a suburb of the

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* Memoir of Albert Gallatin. By Edward E. Hale. Prepared for the American Antiquarian Society, 1859.

† The final determination of the compromise line in the Ashburton treaty had to be agreed upon, before the treaty was concluded, by Lord Ashburton and eight American negotiators; these were Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, four commissioners from Maine, and three from Massachusetts. The presence of these commissioners at Washington, and their assent to the treaty, were necessary, because lands belonging to Maine and Massachusetts were to be ceded. The gentlemen from Maine gave their assent with extreme reluctance. The paper in which they gave it was prepared as an argument for refusing assent, and the clauses which give an unwilling consent at the close were added to the original paper only as an evidence "of the patriotic devotion of their State to the Union," in yielding "to the conviction of their sister States." It is a rather curious fact, mentioned by Lord Ashburton to my father, that of the nine negotiators thus concerned in the compromise line, the Englishman was the only one who had ever visited the territory in dispute. Lord Ashburton crossed it when a young man on his first visit to America.

city, and here his books were published, and his daily work done. He was elected a Resident Member of our Society in 1854,* his name standing on the record just before Colonel Aspinwall's. In the year 1852, he was appointed a confidential agent of the Treasury to study and report in full on the intricate fishery questions. The result of his study is embodied in his masterly report on the "Principal Fisheries of the American Seas," which was published in Washington in the next year. It is an exhaustive examination of the whole subject, running back to the very infancy of American history, and will long be the leading authority. In the autumn of the same year he was nominated by the Whigs, and chosen member of Congress, to fill the place left vacant by the death of Benjamin Thompson. This district was largely a Middlesex district, and, in accepting the nomination, Mr. Sabine refers with pride to his pleasure in receiving the votes of Lexington and Concord, and the other historic towns: "To represent in the councils of the nation, even for a brief period, the children of those who commenced the war which not only broke the bonds of colonial vassalage in the 'old thirteen,' but which shattered the colonial system of government everywhere in this hemisphere, is a great honor." These are his own words in the letter accepting the nomination.

In the year 1857, Mr. Sabine was appointed secretary of the "Board of Trade," an association of the merchants of Boston, which was then in its third or fourth year. For several years he fulfilled the duties of this office in the comprehensive view of our commercial relations for which all his experience prepared him. The principal active work of the Board, at that time, was done by the secretary. His annual reports became important studies of matters bearing on the industry and commerce of Massachusetts. He went, however, much further than even a full discharge of official duties required. His second report, printed in 1859, contains a careful study of the history of the English "Board of Trade," from its establishment by Charles I., in 1636. The report of 1860 treats the subject of "Weights and Measures." The report of 1861 is full of suggestion as to the work and duty of merchants in the war; and, until the series ends in 1867, every report must be examined by the careful student who wishes to understand the real power of the commercial and manufacturing interests of New England in the work of that extraordinary decade of her history.

* December 14.

His personal interest in the national struggle is evinced in an interesting way by a letter of his to Vice-President Hamlin, which has been preserved. It will be observed that it was written on that celebrated 19th of April which for the third time distinguished that date in the history of Massachusetts.*

BOSTON, April 19, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR, — In old Whig times, I used to be in confidential relations with governors, cabinet ministers at home, and ministers abroad, and I wish to be employed in some way now. You know all about me, what I am, and what I can do to help the country in this awful emergency. You know, too, how intimate my acquaintance once with affairs in the British colonies, and with official personages there. I venture to hope, also, that you are willing to say to the President and to the Secretary of State, that, as far as faithfulness is concerned, I may be intrusted with any mission and any secret. I have tendered my time to Governor Andrew and Governor Washburn, and, a stranger to every member of the administration, beg now, through you, an old friend, to offer my services to the federal government. I want no public employment, no newspaper notoriety, no emolument beyond the payment of my expenses. All I seek is to do what good I can to my native land in this hour of its great calamity.

As I have reflected upon passing events, it has seemed almost wicked for a man of my years and of my pursuits, to be idle. You yourself will allow, that, save in defence of my home, I should not enter the military, because I am better fitted for civil duties.

My Board, at a special meeting yesterday, with one loud acclaim, granted my request to be absent whenever any public functionary should give me work, and continue my salary.

Will you do the right thing in this matter? Remember that I want neither honor nor money. Surely something must "turn up" for just such a man as I am, in the course of affairs.

Very truly your friend,
LORENZO SABINE.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN,
Vice-President of the United States.

The government did not, at the moment, avail itself of his service. But the next year, when it was hoped that a tripartite commission might be appointed by England, France, and America to consider all the entanglements which surrounded the question of the fisheries, Mr. Seward appointed Mr. Sabine the American commissioner, without any solicitation on the part of himself or his friends. It is a misfortune to our modern international code, that the plan of this commission failed from the refusal of France to enter into the agreement.

* Palfrey's Hist. New England, vol. iii., p. viii.

From this period until his death, Mr. Sabine was as busily occupied in his literary and historical work as when he was most actively engaged in the service of the State. In his addresses before public bodies, in his papers prepared for our own Society and other learned associations, in constantly enlarging his lives of the Loyalists, and in studies, the results of which are not yet published, on an interesting period of French history, he filled full the hours of the close of life. His valuable and beautiful library in Roxbury became the favorite resort of a small circle of attached friends. Its treasures and the unbounded stores of his ready memory were always at the command of the fraternity of students of history. He died peaceful and happy, on the 14th of April, 1877, fitly closing a life which had been crowded with service to his fellow-men.

Mr. Sabine was a devout and earnest member of the Unitarian Church. Among his other public services must not be forgotten his personal work in its missions and charities.

Mr. Sabine was three times married. First, to Matilda F. Green at Eastport, Nov. 20, 1825. Second, to Abby R. D. Deering at Portland, July 13, 1829; and third, to Elizabeth M. Deering at Eastport, Sept. 17, 1837. His daughter, Mrs. McLarren, of Eastport, the first of five children, survives him.

The following is a list, nearly complete, of Mr. Sabine's published works, exclusive of his contributions to Reviews and Magazines enumerated on pages 378, 379: —

An Address before the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, Sept. 13, 1859. The hundredth anniversary of the death of Major General James Wolfe, with passages omitted in the delivery, and illustrative notes and documents. Boston, 1859. 8vo.

Address delivered before the Middlesex County Agricultural Society. In its Transactions, 1853. 8vo.

American Loyalists, or Biographical Sketches of Adherents to the British Crown in the War of the Revolution, with a preliminary historical essay. Boston, 1847. 8vo.

4th–13th Annual Report of the Boston Board of Trade. 1858–1867.

Biographical Sketches of Loyalists of the American Revolution, with an historical essay. 2 vols. Boston, 1864. 12mo.*

Life of Edward Preble. In Sparks's Library of American Biography. 1847. 16mo, 2d series, vol. xii., pp. 1–192.

Notes on Duels and Duelling, with a preliminary historical essay. Boston, 1855. 12mo.

Report on the Principal Fisheries of the American Seas: prepared for the Treasury Department of the United States. Washington, 1853. 8vo.

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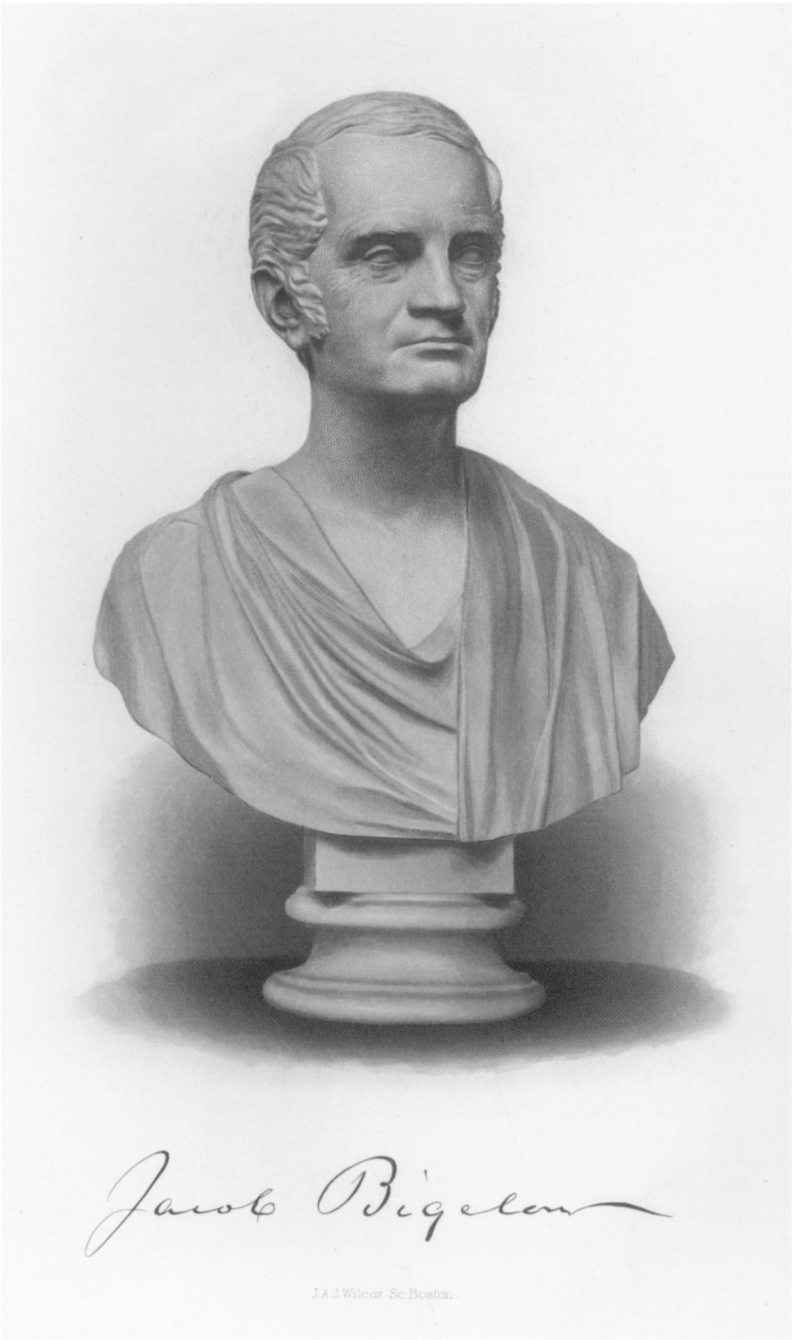
* A revised and enlarged edition of the American Loyalists.


Jacob Bigelow
J.A.J. Wilcox Sc. Boston.

MEMOIR

OF

JACOB BIGELOW, M.D., LL.D.

BY GEORGE E. ELLIS.

DR. BIGELOW died in this city on Saturday, Jan. 10, 1879, at the age of ninety-two years, less about a single month. With the exception of his early boyhood, his protracted life, with few and brief periods of absence, had been passed here, — in the steady performance of all the duties of his chosen profession, in a widely extended practice; winning all its highest honors; rising to the head and Nestorship of it; the wise and revered teacher of many pupils. As the leader, guide, and promoter of several of the most valuable and beneficent institutions and improvements among us; eminent citizen, philosopher, sage, skilful expert, and universally esteemed and revered for his personal and public virtues, his attainments, accomplishments, services, and impress of character, — his memorial is left by himself where it will always be fresh, and the monuments which he has reared for others compose his own.

As an honored member of this Society for more than a score of years preceding his decease, — he was elected Feb. 18, 1858, — he has, by our usage, a claim for a biographical and personal Memoir in our Proceedings. And such a contribution, if only worth and service are to measure its compass, must needs be regardless of stint of space.

It was with much misgiving and hesitation that the writer, by appointment of the Society and the added request of the family of its subject, undertook to prepare the following Memoir. The face and form of Dr. Bigelow, as a near neighbor of my home in the same street in Boston, had been most familiar to me from my earliest years. An incident in my childhood had associated him in my mind with a sentiment of profound wonder and awe, which, though relieved of all solemnity as I met him in later years, always invested him

with reverence for his benignity and skill. A brother, now the minister of the First Church in Boston, then an infant of one year, was choked by a plaything deep in his throat, and at the most critical moment his life was saved by the intervention of Dr. Bigelow, called in as he happened to be passing along the street. I saw the scene then, and it came back to me as I looked upon the reposing form of the venerated physician.

The high privilege of intercourse and an increasing intimacy with him, and many kind offices and favors received from him, had often brought me closer to him for nearly the latter half of his life. But of that very lengthened term, the earlier portion was wholly unknown to me. That was the forming period of his honored and eminent career, the laborious seed and planting time of his rich fruitage, the season of his struggles, toils, and ambition to win his place, to train his powers, and to lay the foundation of his full success. The incidents of public and private life and experience that have interest for us, and which are always with most difficulty brought faithfully before us, are those which were occurring during the half century before we ourselves became intelligent observers of men and things. They have not yet been set down on the pages of biography and history, but have to be gleaned and gathered and certified, from a variety of scattered sources and fragmentary records. Dr. Bigelow's protracted life, and what was substantially his self-education, began when the materials and the helps even for elementary instruction in the subjects which in his maturer years he especially distinguished himself by greatly advancing, were most scant and meagre. Many of the interests and pursuits, and of the professional, scientific, and philanthropic activities, in which he had so conspicuous a share, as an original and progressive pupil and teacher, had scarcely been recognized in this community. He had to guide and instruct his own inquisitiveness of mind, to make his own tools, to send abroad for books, to initiate his own experiments, to answer his own questions. In most of his acquired knowledge he had been his own teacher. Keen and curious observation and investigation in nature and life manifested themselves in his earliest childhood. His subsequent taste and skill in botany began in childish wonder at the diversities in the things that sprouted from the earth. Such are the promptings and methods of men who, being wiser than their teachers, become the lights of their own times, and furnish the most helpful and quickening inspiration for their successors.

The benevolent schemes and improvements and the professional and scientific advancements in which the foremost leadership of Dr. Bigelow has been recognized, in the fact that he held the highest official positions connected with them, exhibit the fruits and honors of his career. These were awarded by and are familiar to the present generation.

But how did this career begin, in childhood, youth, and early manhood? Under what circumstances of aid or hindrance, with what surroundings and companionships? How did he obtain and how did he use opportunities? In several pleasant interviews with him, during the period of his physical enfeeblement, the writer had put many questions to him concerning his early years and his first professional education. The answers were often communicative, and generally toned in humor and drollery. As, for instance, to the question how, in the lack of all our modern means in medical schools, hospitals, &c., he obtained his first professional training and knowledge, he replied, "Oh, from my patients."

In the brief memorial sketch of his career prepared by his admiring friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, for the Council of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the following is the introductory sentence: "It is greatly to be regretted that the subject of the following brief notice had not just enough of pardonable egotism and serviceable vanity to induce him to leave some record of himself in the shape of an autobiography." Yes, something of that kind was precisely what the writer of these pages especially craved, if not as a substitute, at least as a most needful help, for his own work. Happily for him and for his present readers, after the decease of Dr. Bigelow, his family found in one of his repositories what, so far as it extends, answers to that title, though they were not aware of its existence. It is contained in three common, blue-covered, school writing-books. It must have been written after the year 1867. The conciseness and modesty of its method and contents require that it be expanded by personal and local information to be obtained from other sources. It will, therefore, be introduced here by sections, with such additional matter as may seem needful or suitable to fill out the narrative.

"It appears from Bond's 'History of Watertown' and Barry's 'History of Framingham,' that the ancestor of all the race who bear my name was John Bigelow, who came to this country from England in the early part of the seven-

teenth century, and was married in Watertown, in 1642, to Mary Warren, this being the earliest marriage found in the records of that town. It appears from the will of Richard Bigelow, recorded in Wrentham, in the county of Suffolk, England, that he bequeathed to his 'brother John, now in New England, ten pounds, provided he return within two years to take it.' It would seem that John suffered the legacy to lapse, that he might become the founder of a race in America.

"John Bigelow lived in the upper part of Waltham, then included in Watertown, and appears to have been a respected and respectable freeholder in that town, and for several years selectman. He died in 1703, aged 86, having had twelve children.

"Samuel Bigelow, fourth son of John, was born in 1653, died 1731, aged 78. He was for several years selectman of Watertown.

"Thomas Bigelow, third son of Samuel, was born in 1683, died 1756, aged 73; lived in Waltham and in Marlboro', and was a militia officer and selectman of Watertown.

"Jacob Bigelow, fifth son of Thomas, was born in 1717, and died 1800, in New Braintree, aged 83. He was for several years selectman of Waltham.

"Jacob Bigelow, oldest son of Jacob, was born in 1742, graduated at Harvard College in 1766, was ordained minister of Sudbury in 1772, and died in 1816, aged 74.

"Jacob Bigelow, second son of Jacob, was born [Feb. 27] 1787.

"My father was clergyman of a country parish, which post he occupied, without schism or division among his parishioners, for about forty years. He was liberal, kind, social in disposition, and divided his time between the duties of his parish and the cultivation of a farm of thirty or forty acres. My mother was born in Boston, daughter of Gershom Flagg, and was a widow. Her first husband was Henry Wells, a sea-captain, and brother-in-law of Governor Samuel Adams of Revolutionary fame. Mr. Wells died in a few months after marriage. His name descended to my only brother, Henry Bigelow, afterward a merchant in Boston, and who was killed by an accident in Baltimore in 1815."

The ancient farmhouse of Jacob, the grandfather of Dr. Bigelow, stood, until 1798, on the main road, now Weston Street, of that part of Watertown which was set off as

Waltham. The site of the house is now occupied by another, built near the close of the last century. Sudbury was a "new plantation" granted in 1637, by extension of territory, to Watertown. An object of historic and poetic interest in the town of Sudbury is the famous "Wayside Inn," formerly known as the "Red Horse Inn," which has weathered more than two centuries, which was spared by the Indians in their attack on the town, in King Philip's War, and was kept as a hostelry, by members of the Howe family, from 1666, for more than a century. The Rev. Jacob Bigelow was ordained as the minister of the church and town in 1772, succeeding the Rev. Israel Loring, who died in his ninetieth year, and in the sixty-sixth of his long ministry. Mr. Bigelow's health failed him in 1814, from which time till his death, in 1816, he was aided by a colleague. Like all the country ministers of the time, his pecuniary reward was very slender, and the support of himself and family was largely derived from labors on his farm. Occasional visits to Boston on election week and at the Convention of the ministers, kept him in connection with a part of the world. Having himself received his education at Harvard College, though he does not appear to have held any prominent position as a scholar, he would desire for his sons such education as he could secure. As a general rule, the sons of country ministers at that time began to keep school for other pupils as soon as they left off attending one for themselves. Only a portion of the year, usually less than half of it, — two intervals between the planting and the harvesting seasons, — was granted for the privilege. For the rest, physical education was abundantly provided for in the natural gymnastics of field and barn and forest labor, and the athletics of boyhood, while in the close converse with scenes and objects out of doors the mind received the activity and nutriment to be improved upon within doors. We have the testimony of that foremost of teachers, Mr. George B. Emerson, that boys educated as was Dr. Bigelow, were favorably placed for securing from their outward conditions a better mental training than is derived from all our modern methods and appliances. That young Bigelow appropriated and assimilated knowledge from all the sources opened to him in a simple, rural life, that he brought to bear all the keenness of his inquisitive curiosity and all his fertility of inventiveness in seeking the meaning of things and contriving appliances, while it is intimated in his own account of his childhood, was abundantly illustrated in his whole subsequent career. Lessons in the Latin Grammar, learned as he learned

his, are learned for service in life. It does not appear that there was any urgent reason for his being sent a few miles from home to the charge of a neighbor minister, skilled in dealing with "refractory boys." The object doubtless was to secure him advantages and companionship.

"My childhood, until thirteen years old, was spent in attending a country school five or six months of the year, performing minor duties about the farm, reading in such books as the house and village afforded, and wasting my time in roving about the woods, puzzling myself with speculations on natural objects, and taking intense delight in the construction of miniature saw-mills, machinery for entrapping rats and squirrels, and rude attempts at drawing and carving. My mother, a most excellent and sensible lady, possessing a degree of cultivation beyond that of the average of persons around her, did her best to preserve me from the contaminating influence of bad boys, and to inspire me with elevated expectations in life. Stimulated by the hope of a collegiate education, a privilege rendered uncertain by the limited circumstances of my parents, I aspired at an early age to make myself in some degree proficient in the learned languages. My father, whose views of education were more rational and methodical, discouraged my precocity of taste, and locked up his Latin books, recommending me to perfect my deficient chirography and arithmetic, and leave the pursuit of classical studies for riper years. This caution, however, did not prevent me from clandestinely providing myself with a Latin Grammar, with which, in the woods and other solitary resorts, I made myself a respectable proficient in declensions and conjugations. So true is it that forbidden fruit is sought and devoured with avidity, while the same thing, supplied and exacted by duty, becomes irksome, if not hateful.

"At thirteen I was sent from home for the first time to 'fit for college,' under the tuition of the Rev. Samuel Kendall of Weston, a man of powerful frame and military antecedents, much renowned in his parish as a breaker of unruly horses and refractory boys. A few of us, who constituted a domestic school under his roof, found him genial, kind, and indulgent. He was liberal in his theological views, but not particularly relenting toward political adversaries, or heretical poachers on his parochial domain."

Young Bigelow would doubtless have been sent to college even had he not exhibited that large measure of the desire and aptitude for the privilege which he had so strongly manifested in his boyhood. That he made such a profitable use of his opportunities there is rather to be referred to his own fidelity of purpose and his love of study than to any incentives or exactions forced upon him by the instruction or the discipline of the institution. His academic course fell upon one of those occasional intervals in the long history of the college when its internal affairs and condition were unsettled and unsatisfactory. Professor Sydney Willard, in his delightful "Memories of Youth and Manhood," has given a most frank relation of his own personal experience and his knowledge of affairs during the period between 1802–1806, when Bigelow was an undergraduate. The excellent and venerated President Joseph Willard, then in failing health and energy, died in 1804. For the eighteen following months, Professor Eliphalet Pearson, acting as President, and confidently expecting to fill the office, was the zealous champion of the rigid and losing side in the heated religious controversy then opened between the Orthodox and the Liberal parties in this community; and in his disappointment he resigned, and went to the Andover Seminary. President Webber was inaugurated four months before Bigelow's class graduated. It was regarded by a clergyman of Massachusetts in those days, even in the rare case of his not being himself a graduate of Harvard College, as a part of the law of nature that one, at least, if not all his sons — except where the labor of the others was needed to maintain the favored brother — should have what was called a liberal, or college education. Under the necessities of the case, in those frugal times, when as yet beneficiary funds had hardly been provided, students of limited means did what was in their power towards eking out their own resources. For this purpose, they were allowed to extend their absence from the college beyond the allotment for the winter vacation, that they might teach in the country schools. President Sparks, who, as a student, followed a few years after Bigelow, was absent from Cambridge for this purpose more than half of the whole four years' course. The institution was but slowly recovering the moderate prosperity which it had reached before the Revolutionary War, which had dispersed its students, its library, and apparatus, and almost wrecked its scanty treasury. The academic staff was a slender one in number and in ability. Dr. Bigelow names of his class, — which graduated with forty-two members, of

whom he left at his decease but one survivor, — two who attained much distinction in life; while there were two others, Dr. Daniel Oliver and William Pitt Preble, judge of the Supreme Court in Maine and ambassador to Holland, who were also eminent in their professions. "The Jingler," in which the clever associates exercised their perhaps unfilial spirit towards their *Alma Mater*, not having got beyond a circulation in manuscript, is not known to survive to bear witness against them. Young Bigelow seems to have shown his catholicity of spirit by joining all the societies and clubs then existing in college, and doubtless got the good from each, with harm from neither. His membership of the Phi Beta Kappa marked his superiority in scholarship. His self-depreciation as to his constancy or fidelity in college is to be referred simply to his lack of self-esteem or self-confidence. All the evidence of his subsequent attainments, his versatile and comprehensive culture, and the range of services in which he won the highest honors, would prove that he got from the college and its officers all that they could impart, appropriated and supplemented by his own powers and efforts. The alternative for each graduate, as to his improvement or neglect of the opportunities offered to him in his course, is generally adjudged as being decided by his subsequent retrospect of the period as pleasant and gratifying, or otherwise. Dr. Bigelow enjoyed that retrospect, and though he seems to have wondered why others did not, he could probably have readily solved the mystery in any case. His Commencement honor at graduating was a poem. The offer to him — which he declined from a mistrust of his oratorical powers — of the English oration, on taking his Master's degree, three years afterward, marks him as among the first scholars in his class.

"In college, I was sometimes idle and sometimes studious. The discipline of the college was at that time very lax, and absences, misdemeanors, and shortcomings were abundantly overlooked. I think I must have ranked among my classmates as either a negative or a very versatile character, for I find I was enrolled among the members of different, and sometimes opposite institutions, — a Theological Society, which was very good, and a Porcellian Club, which was very bad, a Phi Beta Kappa Society, intended to be composed of the best scholars, and a 'Navy' Club, which was above suspicion, as containing the worst. In conjunction with my classmates, J. G. Cogswell and A. H. Everett, I was instrumental in

conducting a poetic periodical called 'The Jingler,' which was devoted mainly to strictures and facts connected with the social and parietal regulation of the college, and which enjoyed for a time a limited circulation in manuscript within the walls of the institution. Having received from the college government what was probably my just share of rewards and penalties, I was graduated in 1806, with a poem at Commencement. Three years afterward I was offered by President Webber the English oration for the Master's degree, which I declined, from mistrust of my oratorical abilities.

"I have often looked back on my collegiate career as embracing a very happy portion of my life, and I have often wondered at the discontent of many classmates who looked forward with impatience to the termination of their college life. At an age when care sits light, when social pleasures are abundant and cheap, when a good joke is paramount and overrides all sublunary considerations, with the despotism of the *vox populi* in the contagious and irrepressible laugh — it is not wonderful that the graver pursuits and conflicts of life should be postponed and subordinated to the excitements of the present hour.

"In selecting a profession, college graduates of that day were mostly limited to the three then called 'learned professions,' Divinity, Law, and Medicine. Of these, the legal profession was considered as affording scope for the highest intellectual qualifications, and was most resorted to by those who aspired to distinguished social position. On the other hand, the duller class of candidates for the future favor of the public, were content to limit their ambition to a quiet, though sometimes precarious tenure in a country parish, where they might, in one case, dispense wholesome light from a central pulpit, or in another, perhaps, less wholesome advice in the individual domiciles of a sparse and agrestic population.

"Little temptation was at that time offered by the various liberal pursuits which have since grown with the increasing opulence and cultivation of our community into learned and remunerative professions. Few young men would then have cast their fortunes on the uncertain chance of finding occupation and livelihood in the almost unexplored paths, since successfully pursued by multitudes of educated aspirants, in the capacity of engineers, mechanical and chemical manufacturers, artists, authors, editors, lecturers, and teachers of the higher class. Is it not probable that future learned professions will spring up from the future wants, luxuries, and perversities of mankind? Why should not cookery, which

caters to the gratification of one sense, take its place as a fine art, by the side of music and painting? And why should not a refined and cultivated anæsthesia be so varied in its applications and degrees, as to exempt mankind from their griefs and grievances, moral and physical, by an artistic application? I believe that my original distaste for the profession of medicine was removed by the eloquence of Dr. John Warren, the oldest of a line of distinguished physicians, who, at that time, lectured on anatomy to the senior class of undergraduates. I thought I discovered that a physician might be fluent and accomplished, and serve his generation in other ways than as a mere vehicle of pills and plasters. I began to think that if a man could obtain foothold in a city, and diversify his calling with the additional function of a lecturer or professor, he might find his position agreeable and advantageous."

There is much that is suggestive of a state of things here, now vanished into the past, in Dr. Bigelow's lively comments on the choice of a profession. Looking back in his eightieth year, amid the multiplied, the useful, and the rewarding range of pursuits to engage the talents, the ambition, and the enthusiasm of young men, — a result which he had done so much to secure and advance, — he repeats for us the old-time assumption, that a Harvard alumnus had then to decide when he graduated, having generally made up his mind before, whether he would be a lawyer, a minister, or a physician. The two latter professions he thinks worthy only of being grouped in a single sentence; both of them being duller than that of the law, he courteously declines to decide which is the dullest. We consult traditions and facts on this point. A country minister's son, on leaving college, having to decide under which of those professions — very moderate in their demands and standards they all then were — he would range himself, it would appear that less than half of the sons of country ministers followed the profession of their fathers. Others, who had seen the ministry under the aspect which Dr. Bigelow intimates that it had for him, reasonably thought that they could do better — either as regarded those who would have been their flocks, or for themselves. The ministry had seen its palmy period in Massachusetts before young Bigelow grew up in a country parsonage, and though there was just then a quickening of a new intellectual activity and spirit, chiefly in the direction of contention, the profession did not as of old attract. But if

Dr. Bigelow had chosen to pause upon the suggestion, he might well have reminded us how many of the most eminent, prospered, and honored men, as jurists, physicians, scientists, and princely merchants, even among his own associates in life, had been reared in country parsonages, and having, through frugality and sacrifices, received a training at Harvard, or won their own unaided way in the world, had made deposits from their wealth and fame to enrich the old wilderness college. The youth who was now deciding upon his vocation confesses an original distaste for that which he finally chose. But that reason for his aversion which he specifies, as disinclining him to be a "vehicle for pills and plasters," was one which he very early in his practice invalidated. Still, under no circumstances, would he be a "country doctor." He was born for a city practitioner, and beside that, for a lecturer and professor, as for much else.

But whatever he was to be, he was now an impecunious youth, who had already in his nineteenth year drawn more than he felt was fair from the resources of the rural parsonage. He must stand in shoes and garments of his own earning, win his bread, and train his wits for learning and advancement. The only open treasury to him was from teaching pupils. The following, with the humorous episode which it relates, bridges a brief interval in his pupilage.

"My first year after leaving college was spent in Worcester, where I began my professional study, having been previously invited to superintend the education of a small class of boys, by which I was enabled to support myself without embarrassment. The town of Worcester was at that time an eminently gay place. In court weeks it was the common resort, not only of gentlemen of the bar, but of many of the prominent citizens of the county. The ladies' society was attractive, and derived a part of its characteristics from family connection with some of the notabilities of Boston.

"A turnpike from Worcester to Boston was undertaken about this time, furnishing employment to a few scores of turbulent and disorderly workmen. To the presence of these men may be ascribed an example of the enforcement of Lynch law, probably the last which has been witnessed in Massachusetts. An offending couple had been convicted of transferring to each other the attentions which legally belonged to their respective partners in wedlock. The public morals were thought to be in danger, and the vindication of the maj-

esty of the law was promptly assumed by a multitudinous assembly composed of the lower orders, who were found willing to institute a holiday in aid of the conservation of the decorum of the village, which was deemed to have been unjustifiably outraged. The offending pair were arrested, and induced to mount a sorry-looking hack, with a cow-bell under his neck and other appropriate trappings. A long and orderly procession formed in front and rear, discoursing appropriate music on horns, drums, and tin kettles. The bells of all the churches tolled in solemn concert, and even the bell of the court-house gave forth its reluctant assent to the irresistible decree of the public will. One magistrate was found bold enough to threaten to read the Riot Act; but on due consideration he came to the prudent conclusion that *qui facit per alium facit per se*, and sent by his servant an order for dispersion to be served upon the mob. The servant, being unable to reach the head of the procession, contented himself with falling into the ranks and joining in the cheers. The procession marched and counter-marched through the principal streets, stopping at every grog-shop to levy a pitcher of refreshment, which in every instance was first presented in a deferential manner to the mounted couple in whose honor the pageant was understood to come off. Three cheers were then given in the same honorary intention, and the *cortége* resumed its as yet unfaltering advance towards the next liquor station.

"After the tormented culprits had been marched under a broiling sun for some four or five hours, it was at length voted to conclude the ceremonies by a ducking in Long Pond. But by this time the more spirited of the rioters had subsided into various gutters, the prisoners managed to effect their escape, and order once more reigned in Worcester. At the next session of the Supreme Court the ringleaders of the mob were indicted. They were wittily defended by Francis Blake, Esq., and finally were mulcted in nominal damages, as a warning to future disturbers of the public peace."

As will appear farther on, the young man, having decided upon the study of medicine, found it desirable to seek some of his preparation from a distant city. It was only in the spring of 1782 that the authorities of Harvard College first entertained the proposition to establish a Medical School as a distinct department. A medical library, chemical apparatus, and anatomical preparations were all lacking. There

was then no American Pharmacopœia. Ten years before this date there had been paid to the college a legacy from Dr. Ezekiel Hersey of one thousand pounds, to found a professorship of Anatomy and Physic. The corporation, in its poverty, hopeful of what was to come, disposed this foundation deposit between two professorships, one of Anatomy, the other of the Theory and Practice of Medicine. The eminent and gifted Dr. John Warren, the brother of the most distinguished among the earliest victims of the Revolutionary War, and who had himself found service in the army of Washington, began in 1782 to deliver lectures on anatomy to the senior class in college, and was next year made Professor of Anatomy. Dr. Bigelow used often through the remainder of his life to speak in glowing and delighted language of the power and fluency and eloquence with which Dr. Warren lectured, wholly without notes. It seems to have been through the charm and sway of this eminent anatomist that our subject was won to his profession.

Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse had returned to this country in 1782, after having pursued his medical studies for seven years in London, Edinburgh, and Leyden. His gifts and abilities were not regarded as commensurate with his opportunities. He was made Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic, and was distinguished for introducing here Jenner's process of vaccination. The lectures on botany delivered by him are reported by tradition to have been more vivacious and amusing than scientific. He pleased his listeners by his anecdotes and humor.

In 1791, William Erving had given to the college one thousand pounds to found a professorship of Chemistry, to which Dr. Dexter was appointed. No medical degree was conferred by the college till 1788, and then only that of Bachelor of Medicine, the receiver of which had to wait seven years more for a full degree. The change to a full degree for graduates in medicine from Harvard was made in 1810, because a Medical School in Philadelphia had been conferring the full degree where Harvard had given only that of Bachelor. In 1811, all who had received this latter title were made full Doctors.

The Boylston Fund of five hundred dollars — the interest to be given, as money or in a medal, as a prize for a successful essay on an assigned medical subject — was founded in 1803. Such being at the time the public aids offered for a student of medicine in Boston, of course an essential part of his professional training was to be derived from pupilage

in the office of an established physician. The following will show how Dr. Bigelow drew from both helps.

"After leaving Worcester, I attended a course of medical lectures then given at Cambridge by Drs. John Warren, Dexter, and Waterhouse, who were professors in Harvard College, and gave their medical instructions and demonstrations in Holden Chapel. I was impressed by the eloquence and earnestness of the first, Dr. Warren, and came to the conviction that no professional situation could be so desirable as that of a successful practitioner in a large city, with a collateral professorship to extend and gratify his ambition.

"In this year, 1808, I for the first time became resident in Boston, and entered as a pupil the medical office of Dr. John Gorham, then a lecturer on chemistry, and physician of some of the city charities. He was a young man of rising reputation in medicine and in science, — handsome, genial, and attractive, — who was destined to rise rapidly in professional eminence and occupation, and to die prematurely of acute disease, which he did in 1829.

"It has often been remarked that the mere accident of taking one street or meeting one man instead of another may have an important influence on our subsequent life. Soon after my arrival in Boston I met a physician of some note, whose face was known to me, and who was driving rapidly through the street. I had contemplated applying to be enrolled among his pupils. I therefore attempted in my inexperience to interrupt his progress, while I made my application. But I failed to attract his attention, and thereby was saved from a subsequent inauspicious connection with a disreputable party.

"Finding the expense of living in Boston likely to exceed my means, and being unwilling farther to tax the resources of my parents, already overburdened by the cost of my previous education, I obtained the situation, fortunately vacant, of assistant teacher in the public Latin School, where I remained for a year and a quarter. In the routine of this office I could not help but improve in my familiarity with the Greek and Latin classics, and to open a fountain of pleasure which has not ceased to gratify my taste through many years of subsequent life. Like many other specialists, I then regarded classical learning as the paramount object of human cultivation. I felt pride and pleasure in the number of Latin passages and of Greek and Roman verses which, by a sort

of pre-emptive right, had occupied the wilderness of a sparsely cultivated brain. But during half a century which has now elapsed, the territory occupied by human knowledge is more than doubled. New sciences and arts, new truths and fictions, new absorbing pursuits of happiness and fame, have crowded their irresistible claims into the already overloaded curriculum of primary and professional education. Our youth can at most obtain a current and convenient knowledge of the rudiments, and perhaps the nomenclature of great systems of embodied knowledge: but human life is too short for an individual to master even the recorded facts of a single science. Still less can he follow the hundred creations of literary men into their labyrinth of theory and fiction."

It was the privilege of Dr. Bigelow through his whole lengthened life from his earliest youth, following the direction of his own refinement, pure tastes, and elevated aims in the choice, to have the confidence, the intimate companionship, and, so far as he needed it, the encouragement of friends in the highest social and professional classes around him. Indulging his just ambition in this respect, and always keeping the esteem and love of every friend whom he won, he was still of a thoroughly independent spirit, and might well trust, as he did, to his own exertions and conscious abilities for the attainment of the successive ends which were to him the highest aims of life. To one acquainted by name and repute with the social and literary history of Boston since this century opened, it will be interesting to note that from this time forward in his career, Dr. Bigelow numbered among his selectest friends the men and women whose names and deeds are held in highest regard among us. He forbearingly spares the designating the "physician of note," but afterwards "disreputable," from a connection with whom he was saved by an accident, perhaps his father would have called it a providence. His meagre salary as an usher in the Boston Latin School met his necessary personal expenses while he was a student in the medical office of Dr. Gorham. True to his own way of combining with service for others the opportunity of self-improvement, he verified the saying that the best learning is gained through teaching. So he made his ushership in the Latin School a means of further pupilage for himself. Advancing upon the imperfect results of his classical acquisitions at the college, he used his term of occupation as a tutor to secure a more accurate and extended knowledge

of the Greek and Latin languages and authors, charging his memory with passages which ever after came so aptly to his service for felicitous quotation. The classical taste which he thus cultivated was a refreshment and a solace to him in his busy and at last shaded life. It will be observed by and by that, in connection with his zeal and labor in the last great public interest which engaged him, — the aiding in inaugurating the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, — he was inconsiderately charged with relatively disesteeming classical education. This whole community did not contain an individual to whom what there was of censure in the reflection could have been less applicable. He could well have vindicated himself in a demonstrative oration in Greek or Latin. But the same reason which soon led him in his botanical publications to simplify the technical terminology of plants, and to do the same service afterward in the Pharmacopœia, led him to subordinate pedantry to utilitarianism. From the accurately stored treasures of his memory, when his closed eyes no longer helped him to use lexicon or grammar, he found an old scholar's plaything in a feat, of which further mention will be made in its place.

"In 1809 I went to Philadelphia, and became a pupil in the University of Pennsylvania, attending the medical lectures of Drs. Rush, Wistar, Physick, Barton, Coxe, and others. With Dr. Barton, to whom the Eastern students generally attached themselves, I became a private pupil, and got from him the rudiments of a botanical taste which adhered to me for many years afterward. In 1810 I returned home, having received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in Philadelphia, and having formed many agreeable acquaintances and associations in that city."

It was exceptional to the lead which Massachusetts has generally taken in the interest of academical and professional studies and opportunities, that any one of its youth should have needed to go to another State of the Union for the medical instruction which he could not find here. The helps offered at Harvard have already been specified. Of these the young student had availed himself. There was no anatomical school or hospital here till after this period. The corner-stone of the Massachusetts General Hospital was laid in 1818, the charter and organization having dated from 1811. The

"University" in Philadelphia was in 1779 superinduced upon an earlier academic foundation, and was moved from old to new quarters in 1802. The medical department of the institution had attained a high character at the time when young Bigelow attended it as a student. The social advantages of the city were pre-eminent, and in these he shared. Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, whose special instruction he enjoyed, while hearing the lectures of the distinguished physicians whom he names, had studied in Edinburgh, London, and Göttingen. Following the taste of one of nearly the same name, the famous John Bartram, the pioneer of the science, he was Professor of Botany in the university, and, as it seems, communicated its rudiments and a love of it to his pupil.

The following letter to his parents, after receiving his degree, is written in his characteristic vein: —

"PHILADELPHIA, March 6, 1810.

"DEAR PARENTS, — As my friends Bemis and Channing leave this place to-morrow for Boston, I cannot let the opportunity of writing escape. I have been not a little engaged this month or two past in preparing for an examination (the last, I trust, to which I shall ever be subjected in the medical line) for a degree of M. D., that is to say, Doctor in Medicine. The medical lectures being concluded, our professors have set their mill a-going for manufacturing doctors. Happening to pass by the university to-day, I got one foot entangled in the mill, and not being able to disengage myself, was drawn in and ground over for about an hour, and then came out Dr. Bigelow. I have now to wait only for the Commencement, which takes place the last of April, after which I flatter myself with the prospect of seeing home speedily. During the rest of the time I shall employ my time in attending the practice of the hospital, and looking round the city, which as yet I have seen very little of.

"I can now see no obstacle in the way to my coming and settling with Dr. Mosman and laying siege to *part* of the practice of Cedar Swamp and Dungy Hole. As the Doctor's wagon is pretty capacious, I think I might, with a little persuasion, induce him to allow me a seat at his left hand, besides learning me to make bullets, pills, and sleeve-buttons.

"Upon looking back for a few years I cannot but consider myself as having been peculiarly fortunate thus far. After being three years out of college, two and a half of which I had kept school, and two of which, properly speaking, I had studied medicine, I found myself in possession of a certificate of license from the medical society, and also of two dissertations which, I learn, have been so fortunate as to obtain prizes. In this place I have obtained a degree after four months' residence, a thing very uncommon, as most students spend two or three winters in the city before obtaining it.

"Should I ever be so successful as to obtain a competent establishment in business, it will afford me no small satisfaction to reward

in part the kindness of my friends, and to contribute as far as is in my power to support and console the declining age of my parents. But as it would be improper to presume on future events, I can only at present assure you of my best wishes and unaltered affection.

"JACOB BIGELOW.

"Remember me particularly to Betsey and husband and to all friends.

[Addressed on the outside to] Rev. JACOB BIGELOW, Sudbury."

The autobiography goes on as follows.

"A few years before this time a foundation had been made by the liberality of Ward Nicholas Boylston, Esq., of Roxbury, for the annual adjudication of prizes for the best dissertations on medical subjects, to be proposed and the awards determined by a committee appointed by the Corporation of Harvard College for the purpose. Although a medical student in my second year, my presumption was excited to become a competitor for one of these premiums. Yet so great was my diffidence at the thought of presuming at a mark far beyond my reach that I concealed my purpose from every one, and wrote a long essay on 'Cynanche maligna'* in winter time, in a cold chamber, being obliged to wear a glove on my right hand to preserve the flexibility of my fingers. At length, the work being completed, I sallied out in a dark evening, and left it at the door of Dr. Lemuel Hayward, Chairman of the Committee. Anxiously did I wait for days and weeks, expecting to see the success of some person announced in the newspapers. But at length appeared a notice from the Committee, announcing no award, but simply continuing the same subjects for another year. Mortified, but not exactly disappointed, I sent to reclaim my unworthy dissertation, and found within, on the envelope, 'Received Jan. 2, too late for examination.'

"Thus although my ambitious dream was not realized, yet I felt relieved rather than rebuked, for it at once occurred to me that I could now devote a whole year to perfecting my production, and offer it at the end of that time with a more reasonable prospect of success. This vision, however, was succeeded by a better one, to wit, that I might again offer the same dissertation as it was, and add to it another essay on one of the other subjects proposed by the Committee, thus

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* A form of throat disease.

taking my chance for two premiums instead of one. A new dissertation was therefore undertaken on 'Phthisis pulmonalis,' and that the two might not appear to be written by the same individual, I procured the former essay to be copied in a different hand. And this time I took care that the manuscripts should both be sent in some months before the requisite time. In the following winter I received letters in Philadelphia informing me that each of my dissertations had been successful in carrying off its prize. This little event was of unspeakable value to me at the time. Literary prizes, which at the present time have become too common to attract much notice, were at that day a novelty, and did not fail to entail upon the author a degree of éclat which, though small, was nevertheless far beyond his desert, and more than cancelled any debt which the world might have incurred to me on the occasion. I am constrained to add that the small remittance of cash which followed this award was of far more consequence to me than the optional substitute of a gold medal, which I should have been unable to eat."

He gained a third Boylston prize in the following year, 1812, his subject being the "Treatment of Injuries occasioned by Fire and Heated Substances." This dissertation he published in his essays on "Nature in Disease." His competitors may have thought, as he thus monopolized the annual interest of the prize fund, that it would have saved trouble had the trustees of it made over the principal to him on condition that he would write an annual medical essay.

"On returning to Boston I had to meet the anxious question which has exercised many a young man before, the alternative of starving in an agreeable city, like Boston, or of seeking earlier and more frugal bread in some narrower and less attractive sphere. In Boston I had few friends or acquaintances, and these were mostly college contemporaries, or occasional persons with whom I had accidentally been brought in contact. Among the first was Alexander H. Everett, who was my most intimate college friend, and afterward a continued correspondent for many years. He was a law student in the office of John Quincy Adams, and afterward accompanied that eminent statesman as private secretary in his diplomatic residence at the court of St. Petersburg. Afterward he became *Chargé des Affaires* of the

United States at the Hague, and subsequently United States Minister to Spain. Finally, he was appointed by Mr. Polk Minister to China, for which place he sailed with his family, and died soon after his arrival at Canton.

"At college, Mr. Everett was the youngest member of his class, having entered at the age of twelve, and graduated at sixteen. Such, however, was his precocity of talent that he became the acknowledged head of his class, and graduated with its highest honors. Mr. Everett, as his various productions show, was a brilliant and accomplished writer, in breadth of acquirement, comprehensiveness of thought, and felicity of expression, resembling and equalling his younger brother, Edward Everett. But in public speaking he was much the inferior, having a certain heaviness in his manner, and a habit, consequent upon near-sightedness, of fixing his eyes on vacancy rather than upon his audience.

"Another prominent classmate was Thomas Martin Jones, son of T. K. Jones, an eminent merchant and auctioneer in Boston. He was my chum in the senior year at college. He was a young man of talents, good appearance, and graceful manner, and though not a little addicted to amusements, he contrived to study enough to keep up a college standing, which enabled him to graduate as the second scholar in his class, the requirements of the college government being not so exact as they are at the present day as to the virtues of diligence and punctuality. Mr. Jones was amiable and genial, caressed by society and presumptive heir to a fortune. But like many other inheritors of spontaneous wealth and position, he became indolent and extravagant, and after living some years in an expensive style in Boston and in London, he became bankrupt, ruined his father, and died in England in abject poverty, leaving a wife and children dependent on the charity of friends.

"Among my earliest Boston friends was George Ticknor, since widely known by his 'History of Spanish Literature' and his 'Biography of Prescott.' Mr. Ticknor at that time enjoyed the best literary society in Boston, and afterward signally improved the advantages of extensive foreign travel and of residence in various universities and cities, under the most favorable introduotions.

"Some half a dozen contemporaries, including Messrs. H. D. Sedgwick, Nathan Hale, Edward T. Channing, William P. Mason, and others, were in the habit of meeting on Saturday nights in Mr. Ticknor's study, where we essayed a variety of literary exercises, sometimes of translation or of

composition, but more commonly we contented ourselves in reading aloud some of the poetical works of the day, such as those of Scott, Byron, Crabbe, and others. A weekly record was kept in Latin and regularly read, but severer studies were left for more quiet seasons. During one summer Ticknor brought his books to my study, and, as he has since reminded me, we dug out Greek together in the hot weather, by lying on the floor with a lexicon between us.

"In those days flourished the Anthology Club, an institution whose mission was to support the 'Monthly Anthology,' a short-lived periodical summoned into existence to develop and sustain the latent literary talent believed to exist in Boston. To this club belonged the Revs. J. T. Kirkland, Buckminster, J. S. J. Gardiner, William Emerson, and S. C. Thacher, with Messrs. A. M. Walter, J. Savage, W. S. Shaw, William Tudor, William Wells, J. Stickney, A. H. Everett, Ticknor, and Bigelow. The meetings were held weekly, at the house of Mr. Cooper, who was Dr. Gardiner's clerk. With the assistance of a small and frugal supper, these gatherings were always agreeable and sometimes hilarious."

The preceding extract is an artless revelation of the anxieties and longings with which the young man, furnished with such an outfit for the struggle, first for a support, and then for professional success, as public helps could afford him, turned now to full dependence on himself. He yielded as far as he could indulge it to the desire, so strong in the hearts of many youths under similar circumstances, that the scene of his life's work might be in Boston, with the friends whom he had already found there. Doubtless he had a more or less clear foresight of the sure development and progress which would rapidly increase the population and extend the prosperity and mental activity of the then small but thriving town. In many volumes published within recent years, as in the Life and Letters of Mr. Ticknor, we can trace the early tokens of the literary culture which soon resulted in the formation of reading clubs and libraries, the publication of magazines, and the organization of societies, scientific, humane, and educational, engaging the talents and zeal of the few who already had the start in those directions. There was wealth in the community, but before it could be turned to patronage it needed to be engaged in sympathetic relations with those who had only generous spirits as their capital towards a common progress. Dr. Bigelow pays a fond tribute

to the friends of his first fellowship. They were his friends as long as they lived, and always headed the list as it lengthened. But they could not advance him except as they advanced together. The reference which he makes to the misfortunes of one of his classmates — his chum — has not been suppressed because, in connection with it, he is wholly silent about a most kindly office with which he charged himself. As soon as he was informed of the condition of the family of his early friend in a foreign land, when he had reached a stage of prosperity himself, he was the medium of transmitting to them his own bounty and that of many generous sympathizers.

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences had received its Charter in 1780. The Massachusetts Historical Society was instituted in 1792. The two associations have from the first until this time faithfully and zealously pursued their appropriate objects. In due time, Dr. Bigelow and some of his most intimate friends found their places in, and contributed their time and interest to the one or the other, or to both of these institutions. But they were too solid, and perhaps too exacting, for the aspirants in the first tentative experiments in the field of classical scholarship and of *belles lettres*. "The Anthology Club," said to have been first the product of accident, and organized in October, 1805, with fourteen members, is generally regarded as the *fons et origo* of the now abundant supply and flow of our local literature, our periodical publications, and our general libraries. From that little fellowship of congenial and ambitious young men, gathered only by an affinity which neutralized many unlike interests and pursuits, came the first scholarly periodical, the first reading-room, and the first, and, saving that which has the patronage of the city's treasury, the best of our libraries, — the Boston Athenæum. Very delightful sketches of the Club, its members, and their generous toils, may be found in Professor Sydney Willard's "Memories of Youth and Manhood," in President Quincy's "History of the Boston Athenæum," in Mrs. E. B. Lee's Life of (her brother) Rev. J. S. Buckminster, and in the Life of George Ticknor. Dr. Bigelow, not one of the original members of the Club, came into it by election as soon as he was a resident in the town, and, as appears, was a most congenial worker.

"The expensiveness of living in a city like Boston had excited grave doubts in my own mind as to the possibility

of fixing my professional residence here, and holding my breath until something encouraging should turn up. I had, in the mean time, made various reconnoissances in smaller towns, and had, at one time, nearly made up my mind in favor of becoming a fixture in Newburyport. In this course I was reasonably sustained by the kind encouragement of my excellent and cultivated kinswoman, Mrs. White, wife of Judge D. A. White, of that place. But circumstances ruled otherwise. My faithful and devoted brother Henry, then a merchant in Boston, had been my friend and counsellor in the occasional perplexities of my education. In my present indecision he generously offered to guarantee my support for one year in Boston, if I should determine to make the experiment of the city. This was quite sufficient to decide my vacillation. After consulting a few friends, I proceeded to rent an office at the corner of Washington and Harvard streets, and ordered without delay the customary tin sign for its designation. My friend Ticknor insisted on nailing up the emblem with his own hands, and thereby nailed me permanently as a fixture in Boston."

The one year in which friendly aid was still required by the young professional aspirant might possibly have been struggled through with his fertility of resource, had not the kindness of his only brother been so warmly manifested. That brother, with an only sister and the parents in the parsonage, was concerned to see him secure his foothold. Mr. Henry Bigelow, moderately prosperous as a merchant, was killed by the plunge of a horse upon him, in Baltimore. His name, united with that of our subject, designates the only surviving son of Dr. Bigelow, Henry Jacob Bigelow, most eminent among our surgeons.

The "tin sign," nailed up by Mr. Ticknor, was affixed to an apartment in No. 89 Orange Street, then a southerly section of the present Washington Street. Dr. Bigelow's name appears in the Boston Directory for 1810 on the list of physicians. Of these, thirty-nine are starred as approved by the Massachusetts Medical Society, twenty-eight of them being members of it, while six more names are given of those not so approved. The town did not then furnish one thousand of inhabitants for each of these practitioners, but practice was then heroic, and druggists were in sympathy. Dr. Bigelow had been *licensed* by the Censors of the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1809, before he went to Philadelphia.

"So long as a young man is holding on upon a post which he feels to be desirable and at the same time precarious, he has no time to go to sleep; nor is he likely, if faithful to himself, to overlook any opportunities that may tend to his honorable progress. My old friends, the prize questions, continued to be repeated, and I had the good fortune to carry off the only one awarded in the following year. At the same time, I was striving to extend my available acquaintance, and was building castles in the air, formed of various publications and lectures.

"I have an unqualified belief, that by far the most happy form of life is that which proceeds through difficulties to success, and in which the candidate, after beginning at the bottom of the ladder, finds himself to be a little raised in position, ability, and usefulness, during the successive years of his life. In this way only does he appreciate the value of little acquisitions and of small advances in the social scale. Difficulty is the best antidote for satiety, and is needed by multitudes who begin life in the early possession of things for which others must wish and labor and wait.

"About this time (1811), I was invited by Dr. James Jackson to become connected with him in professional practice. This gentleman had then, and long afterward, a very large and desirable circle of patients. Being appointed to fill the office of Professor of Theory and Practice in Harvard University, he required some leisure to prepare his course of lectures, which leisure he hoped to obtain through the assistance of a younger partner. An arrangement was proposed by which I was to be at hand at all needed times, to attend to such cases as he might require, to perform certain practical duties, such as keeping books, making out bills, and, in a word, render such services as were supposed not to transcend the capacity of a novice in medicine. I was not long in accepting this proposal, when I reflected that I brought nothing to the concern except a limited character for industry, while I was placed in close relations with one of the most amiable and intelligent of men, with whom my intimacy did not terminate till his death, more than fifty years afterward. It was my fortune not only to succeed, from time to time, to a part of the professional business which he had declined, but also to be his successor as President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences."

Dr. Bigelow need hardly have reminded himself, or his readers, if he should have them, that he did not go to sleep beneath the protection of his "tin sign." Evidence enough there is in his own versatility of genius, and in the varied experimental knowledge which he soon proved that he had acquired, that he had diligent employment for every moment of his time. If the truth could be known, it would probably appear that there was not then in the town of Boston a youth more stirred than was he by the craving of "a meek, inquiring mind." He was a born artist, artificer, draughtsman, mechanician, and inventor. He exhibited the aptitudes and faculties of these various accomplishments as soon as he had occasion to exercise them in his different professorships and productions. It is not known that he ever had any practical instruction from others in certain ingenuities, contrivances, and mechanical processes in which he afterward became an adept and an expert. When occasion came for the illustration of his Medical Botany by colored engravings, — before our modern methods had been invented, — he knew how to be his own artist, as early as the year 1817. When he wished for models and drawings to illustrate his lectures as Rumford Professor, he knew how to make some of them. When he was called upon to lay out and adorn Mount Auburn, to designate its avenues and paths, to draft its lodges, gateway, and fences, and to plan its tower and chapel, he had, not experience, but taste and skill, and knowledge of materials, an eye for proportions, and a judgment of construction, qualifying him for the serious trusts committed to him. When he presided over the American Academy, he could fitly introduce and accompany those who, as they read their papers, used the technical and special terminology of their various arts and sciences. It might be safe to affirm that, following up the proclivity which in his boyhood had given him "delight in the construction of miniature saw-mills, machinery for entrapping rats and squirrels, and rude attempts at drawing and carving," he was wont to peer into every work-shop, factory, garret, and cellar in Boston, where artist or mechanic would allow him entrance and answer his questions. He knew what was done and how done, by the black and white smith, the glass-blower, the clock-maker, the type-caster, the printer, the turner, the moulder, the engraver, and the jacks of all trades.

Among Dr. Bigelow's papers is the agreement of partnership drawn up between him and Dr. Jackson. The relation was a delicate one, requiring considerate and respectful

regard from the parties to it; and it proved a wise and good one because its terms were so carefully defined, and those whom it brought together were so sensitive of honor. Dr. Jackson, whose friendship was a boon, because of the love and confidence and reverence in which he was held in this community, was Dr. Bigelow's friend and confidant through life, always intrusting to him such responsibilities as he had to share or transfer. Dr. Bigelow not only succeeded Dr. Jackson in the two offices which he names, but also in the Nestorship of trust and professional position.

"Finding, in 1812, that a successful course of popular lectures on chemistry was being given in Boston by Dr. John Gorham, it occurred to me that a similar course on botany might find some favor in the same place, and that thus the unoccupied portion of my time might be turned to some account. I consulted my friends, and among the rest, John Lowell, Esq., a very distinguished member of the bar, an amateur of botany, and a member of the Corporation of Harvard College. Mr. Lowell informed me that he had proposed a similar undertaking to Professor Peck, of the Botanic Garden at Cambridge, and he suggested that I should unite with that gentleman in a joint course, for the benefit of the funds of the Garden, as well as of myself. I joyfully acceded to this proposal, and with it began a career of botanical studies which, as a collateral pursuit with my professional vocations, lasted for more than a dozen years. My acquaintance with botanical science began with a love of plants conceived during my earliest education in the country, and afterward improved by an attendance on the lectures of Dr. B. S. Barton, in Philadelphia, and of Professor Peck at Cambridge. The joint course now given by the latter gentleman and myself was fully attended, and a like course was afterward, in two subsequent years, repeated by myself alone. Finding that a considerable taste had sprung up among my pupils for the study of plants, I began to collect materials for a description of the native plants of Boston and its vicinity, which I published in 1814, under the name of 'Florula Bostoniensis.' This limited volume passed through three editions with enlargements, and was for several years the principal book employed by herborizers in New England. Dr. John Torrey, of New York, then about to commence a Flora of North America, generously offered me his collections and assistance if I would undertake that task. Fortunately for botanical

science I shrank from the task, and left him to complete the undertaking, which he afterwards did, with the assistance of Professor Asa Gray, in a most able and satisfactory manner. The subsequent works of Professor Gray have placed the botany of the United States on a par with that of the most cultivated countries of Europe.

"Dr. Henry Muhlenberg, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was at this time a most prominent authority on American botany, and had contributed largely to the great work of Willdenow on the 'Species Plantarum,' then publishing in the capital of Prussia. I was happy in forming a correspondence with Dr. Muhlenberg, then in his old age, which enabled me to send him my interesting or doubtful plants for his solution. My last letter from him was received after his final attack of paralysis.

"The Abbé Correa de Serra, Portuguese or Brazilian Minister to the United States at that time, visited Boston. He was a universal scholar, and had spent most of his life in the society of scientific men, in Lisbon, Rome, London, and Paris. From the first and last of these cities he had been obliged to flee from religious or political persecution. M. Correa, being a great lover of botany, made various excursions with me in the environs of Boston, and did me the honor to peruse my *herbarium*, and aid me with his explanations. He afterward gave me letters to some of the most eminent botanists of Europe, among whom were Sir James Edward Smith, Desfontaines, Jussieu, and De Candolle, with all of whom I was afterward able to open a correspondence and an exchange of specimens.

"In 1814, having published the 'Florula Bostoniensis,' which was extended so as to include plants of all the New England States, my botanical correspondence was increased, and genera of plants were named for me by Sir J. E. Smith in the supplement of Rees's Cyclopædia, by Schrader in Germany, and by De Candolle in Paris. Of these the last only stands, the two others having been previously appropriated to other botanists.

"In 1815, I was appointed Lecturer on *Materia Medica* and Botany in Harvard University, with the duty of delivering lectures in the winter time to students of the Medical Class in Boston. The medical lectures had just been removed from Cambridge to Boston, and a medical college was being erected in Mason Street. In a year or two my title was changed to Professor, and I became the colleague of Drs. James Jackson, J. C. Warren, J. Gorham, and W. Channing. The class was

at first small, and I thought myself fortunate in being able to command an audience of twenty or thirty students. I continued afterward to lecture on *Materia Medica* and on Clinical Medicine at the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which I was a physician, until I resigned both offices in — [1855]."

Dr. Bigelow delivered the Phi Beta Kappa Poem at Cambridge, Aug. 29, 1811, which was published. Its theme is "Professional Life." He transfers to its thoughts and lines his own experiences of struggle and hopefulness in the way to independence and fame, as he describes the *ardua et difficilia* of youth whose needs and aims are their spur. Spurning some of the prizes, the methods of obtaining which he touches with sharp satire, he takes his place with those of

> "Generous soul,
> Whose high ambition marks a loftier goal;
> Whose settled eye awaits a distant scene,
> Heedless of narrower fields that intervene.
> His sure resolve and firm, unbending soul,
> No luring hopes nor threatening fears control;
> Fixed in the high but rough ascent to fame
> With ardent step and undivided aim,
> Nor bars nor years his progress can abate,
> Firm to excel, and patient to be great."

A Botanic Garden, in connection with the college, was established in Cambridge in 1807, and put under the charge of William Dandridge Peck, the Professor of Natural History. The botany of the United States, rich and inviting as was its field, had then found but few to cultivate it. The amiable Swede, Peter Kalm, had travelled over the northern portion in 1748, and had published some of the fruits of his gathering. The Bartrams, father and son, Dr. Muhlenberg, and Dr. Barton of Pennsylvania, and a few students scattered over the South, had espoused the science. The earliest reference which I have been able to find to any efforts in it in the neighborhood of this city, is in a letter addressed, by that somewhat notorious Scotch physician, Dr. William Douglass, then resident here, in 1721, to Governor and Dr. Cadwallader Colden, of New York, also a Scotchman and a botanist, who introduced the Linnæan system into America. Douglass, who by the way affirms that there was then no barometer nor thermometer in this town, writes, "Last year I made a collection of about 700 plants within the compass of four or five miles from Boston. This year I think of extending ten

or a dozen miles." * The pioneer of the science here, whose guidance alone was then offered to new pupils, also the pioneer to the settlement of Ohio, was the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, pastor of Ipswich Hamlet. He published in 1785 a singularly able and instructive paper, of a hundred quarto pages, in the first volume of the transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, as "An Account of some of the Vegetable Productions naturally growing in this part of America, botanically arranged." In 1791, Dr. Peter John Buck, of Hamburg, had opened a correspondence with President Willard of Harvard, seeking exchanges with a supposed botanical professor in the college, where there was none. In the repeated delivery of his lectures in Boston, which were very popular, Dr. Bigelow excited tastes and inquiries which were then without the means of satisfaction. Botanical works were hardly known by name in our bookstores, and when obtained, with their Latin and unnecessarily complicated nomenclature, they were not adapted to the use of pupils. Such as could be had were also defective in American plants. These facts induced Dr. Bigelow to prepare and publish a book with the following title: "Florula Bostoniensis. A Collection of Plants of Boston and its Environs, with their Generic and Specific Characters, Synonyms, Descriptions, Places of Growth, and Time of Flowering, and Occasional Remarks, — by Jacob Bigelow, M.D., 1814." 8vo., 268 pages. It was dedicated to the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture. The volume contained only plants growing in a wild state, and of these the system and nomenclature were simplified. A second edition appeared in 12mo, in 1824. On the title-page of the third edition, 12mo, extended to 468 pages, Dr. Bigelow could add to his titles, "Member of the Linnæan Societies of London and Paris," to the former of which he was elected in 1819. So attractive had he made his lectures, especially to pupils and young persons in our advanced schools, that he excited quite an enthusiasm for botanical studies. The subject was for the time "the rage" in the town, and the pursuit of it greatly advanced here refinement of taste, and promoted healthful physical exercise in pleasant excursions for study. On the bookshelves of many of our excellent matrons who have shared family homes for two or three generations here, may be found a pleasant reminiscence of their school-days, in the Boston Botany.

* 4 Mass. Hist. Coll. vol. ii. pp. 165.

The mention by Dr. Bigelow of the visit made here by the Abbé Correa, prompts to a further notice of that highly cultivated and much honored man. He was held in the highest regard wherever he was personally known, alike for the virtues of his character, his vast attainments, and his suffering from political disabilities. He was an old and feeble man when Dr. Bigelow, in the vigor and vivacity of youth, enjoyed the rich privilege of intercourse and excursions with him. The elder noticed the zeal and enthusiasm of the younger, and frankly told him that he could see what there was in him, and what would come of it. Great was the privilege of having the instruction of such a companion as the Abbé Correa. The following letter addressed by him to Dr. Bigelow may fitly be copied here from the original now before me: —

"WASHINGTON, 1 March, 1819.

"DEAR SIR, — I profit of the departure of Mr. d'Artiguenave from this to your town, to write to you a few words about botanical negotiations. Mr. Lamouroux, Professor at Caen, whose noble work on the marine plants you have perhaps seen, wishes to have a botanical correspondence in America. Mr. Lamouroux has advanced that branch of science far beyond any present or past botanist. If that is convenient to you, write me a word at Philadelphia, where I will be in a short time, and this affair will be settled.

"I am sure by this time you have investigated every corner of New England. I wish you would do for the Northern States what Mr. Elliot is doing for the Southern ones. Nuttall is now exploring the Arkansas country at my expense, and of two other friends we shall have a good harvest before the end of the year.

"All those persons of cultivated understandings who are in this town have been delighted with Mr. d'Artiguenave's exhibitions. I am very glad your countrymen show the good sense and taste they are possessed of in knowing how much declamation is useful in a republican form of government, and by [inviting?] him to your University.

"Pray be so kind to remember me to all those excellent persons that formed our societies and whom it is impossible to forget. They are so many that I avoid particular mention for fear of omission. Judge Davis, in the quality of a brother botanist, the only one among the American lawyers, deserves commemoration in a letter to one of the brotherhood. Accept the assurance of the esteem and friendly sentiments with which I remain, Sir, your obedient, faithful servant,

"J. CORREA DE SERRA."

Among Dr. Bigelow's papers are preserved many interesting and cordial letters from his botanical correspondents in this country and in Europe. Of these the Rev. Dr. Henry Muhlenberg, then in declining health, writes to him his last

letter from Lancaster, Pa., in 1814, the year before his death. De Candolle writes from Geneva in 1817 and 1818 most voluminous and scientific French letters, full of the information most valued by Dr. Bigelow, who is affectionately addressed by his correspondent as "Monsieur et cher Collègue." Dr. Vincenzo Tineo writes in Italian from Palermo in 1819. A series of letters from 1815 to 1823 are addressed from Norwich, England, to Dr. Bigelow, by Sir J. E. Smith, of the Linnæan Society, with whom Dr. Francis Boott, of Boston, had been in close intimacy while in England in botanical studies. To these correspondents Dr. Bigelow sent specimens of his own collections, with copies of his "Florula Bostoniensis" and "Medical Botany," his account of his White Mountain trip, &c., receiving returns in kind. The following extract from a letter of the last-named correspondent, dated Jan. 6, 1818, is a contribution to the history of the "Sea Serpent," of which Dr. Bigelow had sent him an account, soon to be referred to in these pages: —

"As to the marine snake, I cannot help having some doubts. We hear from Scotland so many stories of mermaids so well vouched, that it teaches me great caution. I confess I have no knowledge of any snake answering to the plate and description, though the authority of these is indubitable. I wait with eagerness for more observations. There are animals which might wander into your seas, and give sufficient grounds for the appearances described. In speaking of your 'Medical Botany' I feel myself on *sure ground*. I beg leave to offer you my most hearty congratulations on its appearance, and my thanks for your present of the work. I hope nothing will impede its completion. One thing I would request of you is to favor us in every possible instance with the *fruits* as well as *flowers* of your plants, especially of American genera, with dissections, by which you will render great service to scientific botany."

Dr. Bigelow's correspondence with this gentleman had been opened by the friendly agency of the Abbé Correa, as appears from these sentences from a letter of Sir J. E. Smith, dated Norwich, Jan. 12, 1815: "You could not come to me with any recommendation more prepossessing than that of my worthy friend, Correa, one of the first of men for understanding, heart, and information, as well as for a genuine taste for nature and for the works of art. I love and honor him more than I can express, and far more than I dare tell him."

Dr. Bigelow, as we have seen, referred his taste for botanical studies to the prompting of his teacher, Dr. Barton, in

Philadelphia. But that it was native to him would appear from the account which many of his friends will remember to have heard from him of its manifestation in his boyhood. He said that from his earliest years he had watched and wondered over the variety in form and tint of the things that sprouted from the earth. His first lesson in botany, as he once playfully told me, was from "the most learned inhabitant in Sudbury," to whom he inquiringly carried a stalk of what is familiarly known as the Star of Bethlehem. The lesson was conveyed in the reply, "Why, you little fool, that's grass!"

Professor Asa Gray, in his tribute to Dr. Bigelow in the American Journal of Science and Arts, says of the "Florula": "What a popular and satisfactory work this Manual of Botany was, especially to hundreds of amateur botanists, some still living may testify. This is the last Flora or Manual of this and perhaps any other country, arranged upon the Linnæan artificial system." Later in life the author contemplated a revision of the work, but other tasks and avocations fully occupied him. He brought out an American edition of Sir J. E. Smith's Introduction to Botany. Professor Gray adds: "More than thirty North American species of *Bigelovia*, besides one of Mexico and two of the Andes of South America, now commemorate him." Most of them were introduced to the genus by Gray himself.

Reference has been made in the letter of Sir J. E. Smith to a certain "Sea Serpent." The matter will find explanation in what follows.

"The only publication by which the Linnæan Society essayed to promote its reputation was an account of a phenomenon which at that time excited much interest and inquiry under the name of the 'Sea Serpent.' This object appeared in the harbor of Gloucester, Cape Ann, and was visible for successive days, exhibiting a long row of protuberances, projecting above the water and moving with great rapidity. It was seen by scores of witnesses, many of whom testified that they saw a head and neck projecting eight or ten feet above the water; the whole resembling the figure of a sea serpent figured in Pontoppidan's history of Norway. By a singular coincidence, a small snake about three feet long was killed by some haymakers in the salt marsh or beach adjacent to the water in which the supposed large ophidian had been seen. The small serpent was brought to Boston and subjected to anatomical

examination. In size and general structure it corresponded closely with the common black snake, the *coluber constrictor* of Linnæus. But its color was brown, and its back was furnished with a row of protuberances, each of which projected upwards a third part of the diameter of the body at the place of each protuberance. The cause of these inequalities was not apparent until the body was laid open."

[Examination was not allowed at the time by the discoverer and exhibitor, but many years afterward this specimen was accidentally found by Dr. Bigelow's son in a museum at New Haven. One of the protuberances proved to be a distortion of the vertebral columns of the black snake. For a mass of evidence bearing on the subject of a sea serpent, see "American Cyclopædia," article "Sea Serpent," also Pamphlet of Linnæan Society.]

"Several journeys were made to collect plants for the Botany of New England. The most interesting of these was a tour to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, made in 1815, in company with Francis C. Gray, Esq., Dr. Francis Boott, Mr. Nathaniel Tucker, and Lemuel Shaw, Esq., afterward Chief Justice of Massachusetts. Our party ascended the Monadnock in New Hampshire, the Ascutney in Vermont, and finally the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The ascent of the last-mentioned mountains was at that time an arduous undertaking, owing to the rough state of the country and the want of roads or paths. We were obliged to walk about fifteen miles and to encamp two nights in the brushwood on the side of the mountain. Each man of the party having carried up a dry stick for the purpose, we were enabled to build a fire on the summit, boil our kettle, and prepare a repast from such material as our guides had brought up. It being the Fourth day of July, Mr. Gray was invited to deliver an impromptu address; and the celebration having terminated successfully, we were able to reach our encamping place in season for the night, and got back to Conway in the course of the day, stopping on the way for a bath in the Saco River. Some account of this journey, and a list of the Alpine plants collected, was published in the New England Medical Journal, vol. v."

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, the writer, in conversation with Dr. Bigelow, had the prompting to question him as to his maturer views about this sea-monster. But a misgiving lest there might be some sensitiveness on the subject checked

the prompting. There has been much of banter and marvel connected with the almost annual re-appearance ever since, of this mysterious visitor, as testified to by the summer residents along the shores of our Bay. Never, it is believed, has there been a more thorough effort made than that in which Dr. Bigelow was a leading actor, to take evidence in the case. Before me is an already time-stained pamphlet of fifty-two pages, with engravings, with the following title: "Report of a Committee of the Linnæan Society of New England, relative to a large Marine Animal, supposed to be a Serpent, seen near Cape Ann, Massachusetts, in August, 1817." The committee charged with this grave responsibility consisted of the Hon. John Davis, Jacob Bigelow, and Francis C. Gray. They went to their work systematically and with intense earnestness. A trustworthy citizen of Gloucester, the Hon. Lonson Nash, was furnished with a series of scrutinizing questions to be asked as he took under oath the depositions of eight witnesses who had seen the monster. Correlative information was sought from other places, and anatomical science and skill were brought to bear upon it. The following is an extract of a letter, chiefly botanical, addressed to Dr. Bigelow from London, in July, 1818, by Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society: —

"I beg leave to thank you, Sir, for the Report of your committee on the appearance of the Great Serpent (Scoliophis), a copy of which I present, in obedience to your directions, to the Royal Society. Of the appearance of the parent serpent, no one here, I believe, entertains a doubt. My valuable friend, the late Colonel Humphries, was indefatigable in obtaining and transmitting to me all the information he could meet with on the subject of the Great Serpent. I confess, however, that I am not so entirely convinced of the little one being its offspring, much as I am inclined to be guided by the opinions of the very respectable persons who examined the animal, and the accounts of the manner in which it was found. The anatomical structure seems to me to bear great signs of monstrosity, and the circumstance of only one having been found of the hatch of the eggs which the Scoliophis came on there to lay, leaves a doubt on my mind which future observation will no doubt clear up. The appearances of sea snakes this season do not give me any hopes of its being the same serpent returned to its old haunts. Before this time, however, the question is most probably set at rest."

In the same letter, Sir Joseph thanks Dr. Bigelow for a copy of his "Florula," and adds, "It proves to us here that your proficiency in the science of Botany renders you more than able to do justice to your intended work, 'Flora Novæ

Angliæ,' to the publication of which I shall look forward with much hope of gaining additional knowledge of the vegetable productions of your country."

"In 1816 I was clothed with the additional appointment of Rumford Professor in the university. Count Rumford, lately resident in Paris, on his decease had bequeathed a legacy to Harvard College for the purpose of establishing a professorship of the application of the Sciences to the Useful Arts. Only a part of this legacy was to accrue to the college until after the decease of his daughter, who was to be an annuitant during life.

"In 1817, I married Mary Scollay, daughter of the late Colonel William Scollay, by whom I have had five children. After more than fifty years of uninterrupted domestic happiness, I regard the most fortunate event of my life to be the connection which has given me an earnest, devoted, and loving wife."

The father of Dr. Bigelow died Sept. 12, 1816, at the age of 74, and his mother followed, Dec. 13, at the age of 71. The parents had lived to have the assurance of their son's distinction. He procured monumental tablets inscribed with filial respect and affection, and himself planted them over their graves in the village burial-ground.

On his inauguration as Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts, at the college, Dec. 11, 1816, Dr. Bigelow delivered an address on the Life and Works of the Count, delineating the character and career of that remarkable man, of New England origin and of European distinction, while of service to the whole civilized world.

In acknowledgment of a copy of his address, which he sent to the venerable ex-President, John Adams, then in his eighty-third year, Dr. Bigelow received the following most characteristic reply, in a chirography as strong as its sentiments: —

"Quincy, Jan. 28, 1817.

"Sir, — Accept my thanks for your Inaugural Oration. It would have been a great pleasure to me to have heard it, but at my age all such pleasures are forbidden me. The Edinburgh Reviewers have said that 'if the whole of American literature were annihilated, with the

exception perhaps of something of Franklin, the world would lose nothing of the useful or agreeable'!

"These gentlemen have merited a great reputation: but they ought to beware. Their honors and glories and constant good fortune may make them giddy, as well as Napoleon.

"Your inaugural discourse, Mr. Bigelow, is a sufficient refutation of that puerile flight of those great men. You may challenge the three kingdoms to produce a character, in the last hundred years, more useful to his species than the founder of your professorship.

"With the best wishes for your success, I am, Sir,

"Your obliged Servant,

"JOHN ADAMS."

"Professor BIGELOW."

It will be noted farther on that Dr. Bigelow's alleged depreciation of classical studies was assumed to be aggravated by the fact that he himself, not an *outside* contemner of the old learning, was a privileged lover and disciple of it, attacking from the *inside*. It is but proper, therefore, to inscribe here from his own manuscript a copy of the brief inaugural which he delivered in Latin on this occasion: —

"Non animo ingrato, dignissime Praeses, sed viribus parum fidenti, munera hæc nova, vocatus, aggredior. Cum enim has sedes circumspicio, hunc cætum doctissimorum virorum, non me fugit, quantulum aut famæ aut utilitatis corpori tam insigni possim afferre. Per multos annos floruit hæc sedes philosophiæ, dives opûm, ingenii dives, nominibus præclaris illustrata, et nunc demum *te* præsente et præsidente, malas supereminet omnes. Liceat mihi, academiæ soboli ultimæ et humillimæ tantis auspiciis crescere, et me quoque parvum sub ingenti matris subjicere umbrâ; felicem, si quando tam fausta cultura fructum vel exiguum dedero.

"Vigeat in longe futurum nutrix communis nostra, ossibus medulla et uberibus læte repletis. Videat ingenuas artes, doctrinam humanam, moresque pios, his sedibus orientes, longe lateque diffundi. In singulis annis adaugeantur vires suæ, in ultimis patriæ oris audiatur fama suorum, domi circumsurgant filii, et beatam appellent, et dum hæc ædes domicilium philosophiæ atque arcem literarum præbebunt, nomina illorum qui memores se nostri benefactis suis præstiterunt laudem promeritam ferant et memoria grata conserventur."

The foundation for the Rumford Professorship consisted of a bequest by the Count of an annuity of one thousand dollars, from an investment in Paris, which has been regularly received by the college since 1816, and the reversion of an annuity to his daughter of four hundred dollars, which became available after her decease in 1852, in her seventy-ninth year. The objects designated by Rumford were, "For

the purpose of founding a new institution and professorship, in order to teach by regular courses of academical and public lectures, accompanied with proper experiments, the utility of the physical and mathematical sciences, for the improvement of the useful arts, and for the extension of the industry, prosperity, happiness, and well-being of society."

That Dr. Bigelow, not then thirty years old, and at the same time discharging arduous duties as a professor in the Medical School, and soon, also, one of the physicians of the Massachusetts General Hospital, devoted, besides, to the demands of a steadily increasing private practice, should have been qualified, as he proved himself to be, to assume this new trust, is an evidence of what has already been asserted of his native ingenuity and versatility of talents, and of the marvellous inquisitiveness and diligence by which he had accumulated practical as well as book knowledge. The authorities of the college required of him for the first two years only four lectures annually, on the history of discoveries and improvements, that he might have time for preparation for his full duties. He resigned the office in 1827. Many of the models and much of the apparatus for illustrating his lectures were constructed by his own hands, and, with some of the books and drawings needed by him, were provided at his own charges. The college purchased the most of them from him on his resignation.

Parts of his course of Rumford Lectures were delivered in Boston to large audiences. In 1829 he published an octavo volume of five hundred pages, under the following title: "Elements of Technology, taken chiefly from a Course of Lectures delivered at Cambridge on the Application of the Sciences to the Useful Arts, now published for the use of Seminaries and Students." Worcester, in his dictionary, gives Dr. Bigelow as authority for the word "technology"; but the latter, in the advertisement of his volume, says, "I have adopted the general name of technology, a word sufficiently expressive, which is found in some of the older dictionaries, and is beginning to be revived in the literature of practical men at the present day." Dr. Bigelow was to have the privilege, as the last great public service of his life, of aiding in inaugurating one of the noblest and most useful institutions of our city, under that title. In turning over the pages of this volume, — having before us a well-used copy belonging to one of Mr. Emerson's school-girls of the time, — we recall the remembrance of listening to some of the lectures as delivered by the earnest and lucid speaker, helped

by his ingenious illustrations. They deal with the appliances, the ingenuities, and contrivances of all practical arts as facilitated by the wonderful inventions and resources of science. They describe the materials used in the arts, — their form, condition, and strength; the arts of writing, printing, designing, and painting; of engraving and lithography; of sculpture, modelling, and casting; of architecture and building; of heating and ventilation; of illumination and locomotion; the elements of machinery; the moving forces used in the arts; the arts of conveying water, of dividing and uniting solid bodies, of combining flexible fibres, of horology, of metallurgy, of communicating and modifying color, of vitrification, of induration by heat, and of the preservation of organic substances. Abstruse and intricate principles and methods, alternating with lessons of the homeliest counsel, make the volume almost a scientific encyclopædia, and suggest the thought that the philanthropic philosopher, Count Rumford, would have found the man after his own heart in his professor.

Dr. Bigelow was privileged in his marriage connection and in the lengthened and happy domestic companionship which it gave him. Colonel Scollay was one of the most public-spirited and esteemed of the citizens of the town. His father had held the place among the Selectmen afterward held under the city organization by the Mayor. Colonel Scollay, like his son-in-law, was zealous for improvements, and many of the plans and measures which developed and beautified this locality were suggested and advanced by him. The family name is perpetuated in our Scollay Square. After a happy observance of his golden wedding in a modest way, congenial with the tastes and wishes of both parties, Dr. Bigelow left his surviving partner at his decease when twelve more years had passed since their union.

"In 1818, I began to publish a work on American Medical Botany, to consist of six half-volumes, with colored engravings. My attachment to botany and exaggerated estimate of therapeutics led me at that time to attach greater value to such an enterprise than I have since done. At any rate, I involved myself in the difficult responsibility of investigating the whole subject and of furnishing sixty plates and sixty thousand colored engravings, which were to be engraved in outline and the impressions separately colored by hand.

"At that time the state of the arts was low and imperfect in

this country, and I soon found that I had greatly overrated the ability of my artists and underrated the time and labor necessary to oversee the proceeding of the work. I experienced a considerable struggle between the pride which forbade the abandonment of the undertaking and the apparent impossibility of carrying it to completion. At that period both lithography and photography were unknown. I came to the conclusion that the only mode of extricating myself from the difficulty was to invent some new mode of printing the impressions at once in colors from the copperplates. After many trials and experiments a tolerably successful mode was discovered, which consisted in engraving the plates in *aqua tinta*, thus producing a continuous surface, to the parts of which separate colors could be applied, and the surplus wiped off in different directions, so as not to interfere with each other. In this way the simple plates, or those with few colors, could be delivered from the press complete, without requiring to be retouched. But those which had small or insulated spots were obliged to be finished with the pencil.

"The principal difficulty was found in the surface of green leaves, which required a pigment sufficiently viscid to cause the constituent points or dots to adhere, or become fused together, and at the same time sufficiently transparent to admit the requisite shading, which was deepened in the proper places by lining or stippling as in common engravings. After many trials, a compound of gamboge and Prussian blue ground in nut oil was found to answer the purpose sufficiently well, and a workman could strike off a hundred complete copies in a day. Although these copies had a respectable appearance, and were sufficient for all scientific purposes, yet from the neutralizing effect of this oil they wanted the brilliancy of water colors laid on by the pencil. The aquatinting of colors, when duly improved, I have no doubt would have passed into profitable use, had not the invention of lithography soon afterwards superseded its employment."

Dr. Bigelow held his professorship of the *Materia Medica* in the Medical School, from 1815 to 1855. His attention was of course engaged to provide something better than the then existing manuals of medical botany. In 1817 appeared the first volume, in 1818 the second, and in 1820 the third of the work whose preparation and illustration the author so ingeniously describes. It bears the following

title: "American Medical Botany, being a Collection of the Native Medicinal Plants of the United States, containing their Botanical History and Chemical Analysis, and Properties and Uses in Medicine, Diet, and the Arts, with colored engravings. By Jacob Bigelow, M.D., &c., &c." The work is dedicated to Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard College, in recognition of the flourishing state of the institution under his charge. Looking through the volumes now before me, the impression is strongly made that the style and method of their contents, the distinctness, finish, and beauty of their illustrations, and the excellence of their mechanical appearance in paper and typography, would make them creditable productions at the present day. The work was greatly praised and highly valued on its appearance, and will engage an unprofessional reader, because the author always sought as much as possible to avoid the verbal technics of his themes. Copies of it are now very rare, and draw large prices from collectors.

The following is an extract of a letter to Dr. Bigelow from the Earl of Mountnorris, a distinguished English botanist, dated Arley Hall, near Bewdley, England, Jan. 20, 1820: —

"SIR, — I beg leave to return you my best thanks for the honor you have done me in sending me a copy of your work on the Medicinal Plants of America, which arrived perfectly safe, and I beg leave to assure you that I shall receive the continuation with the greatest pleasure. In return I have requested Messrs. Bingham and Richards and Co., to forward to you a copy of my Travels in the East by the first safe hand, which I hope you will do me the honor of placing in your library.

"I shall ever feel obliged to my friend, Mr. Storer, for having opened for me a communication with you, and to yourself for the very kind manner in which you have offered to assist me in obtaining the produce of your country. The plants you have sent me are a proof that you do not mean this offer as an empty compliment, and I am therefore induced to enter into a more full explanation of my wants and wishes," &c.

The Earl proceeds to act upon this understanding in an extended enumeration of his plans and needs, and states that he is "forming an American garden of five acres in a glen through which a small stream runs, and in which I mean ultimately to have the produce of no other country."

The following extract of a letter to Dr. Bigelow from the distinguished botanist, François André Michaux, author of the "North American Sylva," shows that the latter had been

consulted about the preparation of engravings. It is dated Paris, August 13, 1819: —

"SIR, — I learn with a great deal of pleasure of the continued success of your useful work on American Medical Botany. I expect to receive in a few days the fourth number, for which be pleased to accept my thanks.

"The different numbers of your interesting work I have communicated to the rédacteurs of our Medical and Pharmaceutical Monthly Review, to give an account of the contents. Respecting your wishes to be informed of the expenses for to engrave and print," &c.

After very minute details on this matter, the letter refers to one in which Dr. Bigelow, with a view to his Rumford Lectures, had asked about models of buildings. Michaux writes: "I had not time yet to inquire about the models of great edifices, but I believe not such thing is to be had in Paris."

Ex-President Jefferson addressed to Dr. Bigelow the following letter, dated Monticello, April 11, 1818: —

"I thank you, sir, for the comparative statement of the climates of the several States, as deduced from observations on the flowering of trees in the same year. It presents a valuable view, and one which it is much to be desired could be extended through a longer period of years, and embrace a greater number of those circumstances which indicate climate. I closed the year before last a seven years' course of observations intended to characterize the climate of this State, which, though very various in its various parts, may be considered as reduced to a mean at this place, nearly central to the whole. In return for your favor I transcribe the heads of observation which I thought requisite, and some of the general results, with the assurance of my high respect and esteem.

"TH. JEFFERSON."

Very carefully prepared and extended series of observations are then presented, showing the ranges of the thermometer, the number of freezing nights and days, how long fires in apartments were necessary, the appearance of frost and ice, the number and quantity of rain-storms, the amount of snow-falls, the number of fair days, the direction of the wind, the flowering of plants, the ripening of vegetables and fruits, &c. These observations indicate the inquisitive and pains-taking mind of the distinguished philosopher and statesman in his keen study of nature.

"In 1820 was published the first edition of the Pharmacopœia of the United States. It was the result of a convention of delegates from the various medical colleges and societies in the United States, who agreed upon the general plan and features of the work, and assigned its publication to a committee of five members, Drs. Spalding of New York, Hewson of Philadelphia, Bigelow of Boston, Ives of New Haven, and De Butts, of Baltimore. This committee afterwards met in New York, and divided the labor of preparation among themselves. The part assigned to myself was the list and nomenclature of the *Materia Medica*. In executing this duty I found it expedient to depart from the existing usages of the British colleges, and in all possible cases to employ a single name for each drug instead of the double or triple names then used in the Pharmacopœias of Edinburgh, London, and Dublin. Thus, *Gentiana* was introduced to express the drug Gentian, instead of *Gentiana lutea* and *Gentiana radix* of the Edinburgh, London, and Dublin Pharmacopœias. This simple and convenient nomenclature continues to be used in this country, and seems likely in time to supersede all others, at least so long as medicine continues to be made a mystery, and pharmacy a trade, and therapeutics almost a pseudo-science.

"In 1825, I called a meeting of about a dozen gentlemen at my house in Summer Street to consider the expediency of instituting an extra-urban, ornamental cemetery in the neighborhood of Boston. This meeting, after several years of discussion and delay, eventually resulted in the creation of Mount Auburn, the first institution of its kind in the United States, and by several years the predecessor, as it was the example, of all that have since followed it."

Professor Asa Gray says of Dr. Bigelow's part in the Pharmacopœia: "His botanical knowledge, along with that of the *Materia Medica* generally, and his classical scholarship, placed him at the head, or at the laboring oar, of the committee, which, in 1820, formed the American Pharmacopœia. The writer used this volume in his medical-student days, and remembers dimly how the account of minor preparations, coming down to jams and conserves, ended with the classical *Jam satis est mihi*."

Dr. O. W. Holmes says: "In performing the task assigned to him in the list and nomenclature of the *Materia Medica*, Dr. Bigelow departed from the common usage of the British

colleges, and in all possible cases employed a single name for each drug in place of the double or triple names they had always used, — a plan which is still adhered to in our National Pharmacopœia. He followed up this labor by publishing his practical treatise, long familiar to the profession, under the name of 'Bigelow's Sequel,' a succinct, judicious, and perspicuous commentary on the characters, qualities, and uses of the remedies adopted by the national medical representatives."

"In 1832, the Asiatic cholera broke out extensively in New York City. This was considered its first epidemic appearance on this continent, except that a few days previously it had been found to exist in Montreal. The excitement occasioned by the accounts of its devastations in many cities of Europe caused a general alarm in all parts of the United States. The city council of Boston voted to send a medical delegation to New York, to inquire into the character of the epidemic, and the preparations to be made in case of its approach to Boston. A commission, consisting of Drs. Bigelow, Ware, and Flint, was sent to New York to investigate and report on the state of the disease in that place. In pursuance of their duty, this committee at once proceeded to New York, and spent several days in that city, most of the time being occupied in the cholera hospitals. The disease was then at its height. Most of the cases proved fatal under every variety of treatment, insomuch that in making the daily reports none but fatal cases were for a time counted as being those of genuine cholera. The hospitals were all crowded, the attendance of suitable nurses could hardly be obtained, and the dead remained for a long time unremoved. In the hospital at Bellevue, we counted at one time thirty-one unremoved dead bodies. They were lying as chance might direct, in beds or on the floor, and in several instances a double bed was occupied by a living and a dead patient.

"The mortality from cholera in New York that season amounted to about 3,000. In some other American cities it was 2,000. In Boston, a comparatively healthy place, it was less than 100.

"On our return from New York, in one of the Sound steamers, we were stopped a mile below Providence by the health officers of that city, and forbidden to land. We learned that the whole population was in a state of panic from imagined contagion. After waiting a whole day, and sending various remonstrances to the city council, we were at last

permitted to land at Seekonk in Massachusetts, from which place we made our way in stage-coaches, as we might, to Boston. My opinions on the alleged contagiousness of cholera have been repeatedly published, and an abstract may be found in my 'Modern Inquiries,' published in 1867."

The three Boston physicians sent on this professional philanthropic errand, besides leaving their important and lucrative practice, cheerfully encountered the risks to which they were exposed. In the Board of Commissioners of Health, of the City of Boston, July 7, 1832, it was "Ordered, that Drs. Jacob Bigelow, John Ware, and Joshua B. Flint, be, and they are hereby appointed to visit the City of New York, and ascertain the nature of the disease now existing there, supposed to be Spasmodic Cholera; and to ascertain and report to this Board any information they can obtain in relation thereto, or to the disease as it has prevailed in other places." The mayor, Charles Wells, furnished the commission with an official letter addressed to Walter Bowne, mayor of New York. They received thanks on their return, and compensation — as those were economical times, of two hundred dollars each — on July 13, "for the prompt and very satisfactory manner in which they have executed the trust reposed in them, by visiting the City of New York, and for the full and instructive reports made by them."

The faithful and discreet manner in which this not wholly attractive commission was discharged, and the advice, counsel, and directions which these physicians distributed through the press, did much to reduce the excitement and the panic which had agitated this community.

This passionless account of the first visit of the dreaded cholera to our shores may be read with much calmness in these days. But those who may have heard Dr. Bigelow, at a later period, refer to his experiences and observations on that painful commission, were made to realize in a degree how intense and agonizing were the apprehensions even of our own community, much more the pall which was thrown over the cities stricken with the pestilence. Dr. Bigelow does not reveal the fact that some of his professional brethren, before he was selected, had positively refused, on various assigned reasons, to perform the service asked of them by the city government. During his life, he, with all the worthiest of his profession, had affirmed and acted by the rule, that no physician, under any circumstances, and in any case, should refuse

attendance upon a patient, however dangerous and infectious his malady — saving only that he should guard himself from carrying contagion to other subjects of his care. The heroic persuasion of the brotherhood seeming to be, that not only the fear, but the risk of taking the disease ministered to, was averted by the performance of duty. But this visit to New York was doleful in the extreme. A stillness as of death hung over the city on their arrival. The streets were free not only of public conveyances, but of people on foot. The well had in crowds left the city, and the death rate of the victims was larger than was disclosed. Dr. Bigelow always rejoiced to bear his testimony that the physicians clung faithfully to their posts in homes and in hospitals, though most of the nurses fled, and care could not be obtained for those who, taken down in the morning, died at evening. Nor was it strange that on the return of the commission by steamboat through the Sound, they should themselves have been regarded with dread, as the subjects of quarantine or non-intercourse. The boat that put off to them from Providence positively forbade their making a landing anywhere in Rhode Island, and they might have been left to float at their leisure had not the territory of Massachusetts run into the waters of the Bay, and afforded them a refuge. Nor does Dr. Bigelow put on record the truth which he otherwise communicated, that the report made by the committee was so full, and true to the facts of the case, that our city authorities would not allow it publicity.

"April 1, 1833, I embarked for Europe in a sailing ship from New York for London. I was accompanied by my wife and an agreeable party of Bostonians, among whom were Messrs. Thomas B. Curtis and wife, Sam. Whitwell and wife, Mrs. K. Boott and daughter, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Dr. Robert W. Hooper, Mr. Thos. G. Appleton, Rev. Alex. Young, Mr. Edward Blanchard, Mr. George Barnard, and as many more from New York and elsewhere. The tedium of a thirty days' sailing voyage was relieved by the wit and unceasing good humor of the party, most of whom were not so disabled by sickness as to be incapable of participating in the expedients resorted to to abbreviate the *ennui* attendant on calms and head-winds. Arrived at Portsmouth, we proceeded directly to London, mostly by stage-coaches. Here we stopped a few days to engage a courier and make preparations for a short continental tour. At Paris we delayed only ten days,

being anxious to reach Italy before the arrival of warm weather. We left Paris, May —, accompanied by our courier only."

The autobiographical paper left by Dr. Bigelow closes at this point. He went on this brief visit abroad at the very busiest period of his professional life, and when he had fairly earned the right to an interval of relaxation. So extended at the time was the range of his practice, that, as appears by a copy of a printed circular among his papers, he felt bound to notify his patients of his intended absence for four or five months, recommending to them a choice, if they should have need, of either of four physicians to whom he could trust them. He was for many years one of the consulting physicians of the town and city and was recognized, after the mid-period of his life, as the practitioner of highest experience, skill, and judgment among us. Nor was it in strictly professional directions only that he was thus a prominent adviser and oracle. In enterprises of general benevolence and improvement he was selected as especially qualified in giving counsel and devising plans. By brief communications to the newspapers, he showed that he was keeping a watchful eye on all public interests. He gave warning of dangers threatening the general health or morals of the community. He called attention to the risks attending the free sale and the incautious use of arsenic and other poisons. He helped to quiet seasons of panic about epidemics, — like the cholera, — by drawing the distinctions between them and contagious diseases, and suggesting needful measures of public security; and he relieved the fears of the community about the action of lead pipes on the Cochituate water. He opposed the removal from their homes of those suffering under the small-pox, at the risk of needless exposures and discomforts. He gave his valuable counsel before a legislative committee examining a disease among cattle. We find him, also, holding a leading position in plans and undertakings connected with artistic and monumental adornments and structures requiring discretion, taste, and practical skill. He was appointed by the directors of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, in 1825, on a committee on the plan and design of the monument. He held a similar place on the committee for the design and execution of the Everett statue. He was chairman of the building committee of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge. The occasion was a very impressive one,

when, on the day of the dedication of the edifice, Nov. 13, 1860, he presented the keys, with a felicitous address, to Governor Banks, as the representative of the State. In connection with his graceful performance of this office, it is fitting that a note received by him from Professor Agassiz should here find a place, as exhibiting the sensitive magnanimity of that eminent man, who would not depreciate his unselfish devotion to science by any personal profit. It seems that a proposition had been made, and had come to his knowledge, that he himself should share in the munificent gifts which had been contributed to found the institution in which he took such pride. He wrote to Dr. Bigelow to avert the intention.

"CAMBRIDGE, 12th April, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR, — I have just learned from a private source that your committee is considering a proposition to make some compensation to me for what I have thus far done for the Museum. Allow me to request you to leave me in the enviable position in which I am now placed with reference to that institution by the course followed by all parties connected with it. Everybody could hereafter accuse me of having been moved by mercenary motives in pressing the wants of the Museum, if I were myself to derive any personal advantages from it; while I am conscious of having been actuated solely by the interests of science. It is my only pride now to have devoted my whole life to the noble cause of knowledge, and it must for ever be a matter of anxiety for me to avert any thing that might impeach the purity of my course. I ask it, therefore, as a personal favor, that you will prevent any appropriation of the subscription to any object that could benefit me personally.

"Ever truly your friend,

"L. AGASSIZ."

"Dr. JACOB BIGELOW."

Besides his prominent agency and influence in such multiplied and varied forms of service for the general improvement and happiness of the community, Dr. Bigelow has assured his claims to perpetual remembrance and gratitude for three special contributions made by him to the public good in some of its most expansive interests and aims. His published writings make and will preserve the records of his zeal and success in these noble works, which now require somewhat extended notice.

First. He was the first — we may say, in Christendom — to conceive, propose, and earnestly and patiently to guide on to a most complete triumph, the plan of an extensive forest-garden cemetery, combining the wildness of nature with the

finish of culture, with all appropriate arrangements and adornments.

Second. He gave the whole weight of his acquired wisdom, experience, and distinguished reputation and authority, to advise and insure a most radical and effective reform in the practice of medicine.

Third. Under the somewhat paradoxical pleading on the theme of the Limitation of Education, he stood in the championship for the extension of the means and elements of education, so that its benefits might be enjoyed and its honors claimed, not solely by those who had monopolized them as to be gained only through ancient and classic lore, but by scientific studies and modern languages and learning.

In the exercise of his ever active and vigorous mind, — always by its original force and ingenuity turned toward advance and beneficent improvements, — it was the high privilege of Dr. Bigelow to perform for this community, and to prompt by example for countless others, a service of signal help for the public health, for humanity, and the culture and indulgence of refined sentiment. To him belongs the distinguished and gratefully accorded claim on public gratitude of having been the first person in this country — and, so far as is known, in any other — to suggest, and by earnest, persistent, and intelligent persuasion, to lead on to a most felicitous success the plan of a suburban garden-cemetery, complete in all its essential features, as it has been adopted by our cities and very many of our large towns.

> "The invention all admired, and each,
> How he to be the inventor missed;
> So easy that seemed once found, which still
> Unfound, most would have thought impossible."

It does, indeed, seem strange that that method for the disposal of the dead of populous cities, in somewhat remote rural sepulchres, among forest trees and with the adornments of a garden, should have waited so long for its effective trial, and that it should have found its first earnest and successful advocate in Dr. Bigelow, at the close of the first quarter of this century. One might have supposed that the oft hearing and reading of the Gospel sentence — "In the garden there was a new sepulchre" — would long before have prompted the blending of the two in highly cultivated communities. In the nature and necessity of things, the scheme would have been soon put on trial. But none the less, as full and minute records and dates of time confirm, Dr. Bigelow first sug-

gested, advocated, pleaded for, engaged a few but earnest associates in sympathy with, and sustained against direct opposition as well as chilling indifference, and finally carried to a most brilliant success, with no abating or qualifying condition, the plan of a rural garden-cemetery. The plan, as designed and carried out in all its features and details, in its arrangements, its necessary requisitions, and even in all its adornments, was from first to last pre-eminently his. And all that he proposed and effected was without aid or guidance from any similar device in this country, nor on the scale on which it was organized and carried out, had he any previous example in Europe to follow.

We have from his own pen and compilation of records, a modest volume with the following title: "A History of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, by Jacob Bigelow, President of the Corporation. Boston, 1860." In this memorial of him, the high and excellent service which he has performed for, we may say, so many millions of his fellows, in suggesting and completing his plan of that now beautiful and well-peopled place of repose, may fitly find a somewhat detailed notice. In that scheme were engaged the most conspicuous and admired qualities of Dr. Bigelow, as a wise and kind-hearted physician, a devoted benefactor of his fellow-men, and a fond lover of natural scenery, — the woods, shrubs, and flowers. Living in a city of very limited area, which was rapidly becoming populous and covered with buildings, his attention was fixed on the evils and dangers connected with the interment of the dead. With the exception of a very few cases, in which the bodies of the deceased might have been removed to the burial-grounds of their native places, the successive generations here had been in their turn committed to our ancient and small cemeteries, which had been in use from one to two hundred years. Their walls and tombs communicated with the cellars of dwelling-houses, and often gaped and tottered in decay. Earlier occupants had to make way for later comers. Besides these, there were tombs in the cellars of four churches and one meeting-house. Well-grounded reports there were of abuses practised by undertakers and sextons in turning to their own profit neglected tombs. Such a state of things, so threatening of risks for the public health, and otherwise objectionable, could not have been much longer tolerated. Yet no effective protest had been raised, no combined or even single plan or effort had been suggested for an alleviation.

After informing himself on the subject and meditating his

own plans, with private conferences with a few friends, Dr. Bigelow invited some of them to meet at his house, in Summer Street, in 1825. Seven gentlemen answered by their presence. He submitted to them a plan, which was afterwards substantially that realized at Mount Auburn, though that site was not at the time in mind. The result of the conference was the committing to two of the gentlemen the seeking out a location for the proposed cemetery. Their attention was drawn to a piece of territory in Brookline, which, however, could not be purchased for the purpose. At that point the whole subject stood in abeyance for the next seven years, — not, however, in the thought and purpose of Dr. Bigelow, who in public and in private urged attention to an object which he was tenaciously resolved should find a hearing. Considering how near it was to his heart, he was singularly calm, discreet, and patient in its advocacy. Not till 1830 could he secure for it a hearing, and then it was fortuitously favored. In the previous year the Massachusetts Horticultural Society had been instituted, one of whose objects was the securing of a large and elegantly adorned garden, with conservatories. The leading parties in this society were cautiously and happily led to combine with others who were intent upon a rural cemetery. A generous-minded gentleman, Mr. George W. Brimmer, whose interest and sympathy Dr. Bigelow had engaged, had previously purchased for his own investment and use several acres of wild-wood land between Cambridge and Watertown, about four miles from Boston, known as "Stone's Woods," from its original proprietor. To college students and the neighbors the spot was known as "Sweet Auburn." This the owner consented to part with at cost. Opposition and indifference to the project had by no means as yet been overcome. Many persons who had been used to interring their dead near to their own abodes, where they could see and watch their resting-places, were grieved and shocked at the proposal of carrying them far away across the river, and burying them in the wild, desolate woods, their graves exposed to violation. The number of public hacks and other conveyances was then comparatively small. It is instructive to read in Dr. Bigelow's modest narrative with what temperate and judicious tolerance of what he knew to be prejudice and misapprehension, he met and gradually overcame all this opposition, and turned it to acquiescence in, and a final patronage of, his scheme. By quiet interviews with selected friends of good judgment, of public spirit, and of high social influence, he secured a larger

attendance and a more earnest advocacy of his object at each of the many successive public meetings of citizens which he summoned. The aid of the newspapers was effectively enlisted in the cause. The result was the securing in 1830, for the purpose of a cemetery, of about seventy-two acres of land, for six thousand dollars, by a subscription of a hundred proprietors of sixty dollars each. A topographical survey of the area was at once made, with a view to a plan for its best disposal into lots of twenty by fifteen feet. Incident to the novelty of the experiment there were some imperfections and miscalculations in the original disposal of details, which required readjustment so far as they would admit of it. But substantially, the plan and all that was incidental to it were so intelligently conceived, that what we see to-day is but the realization of what was in the mind of the projector. He found his full reward and gratification when, under the most auspicious influences of a beautiful day of early autumn, as the tinted leaves had begun to fall, on Sept. 24, 1831, there were public exercises for consecrating the still virgin soil. Two thousand persons on rude seats in an amphitheatrical valley took part in the tender and impressive ceremonies, joining in the prayers and in singing the original hymns for the occasion. The address was delivered by Justice Story, who had been from the first one of the most constant and helpful friends of the enterprise enlisted by Dr. Bigelow.

It would have been altogether fitting that, even if the projector of the cemetery had had but moderate aptitudes and qualifications for the responsibility, a prominent privilege and authority should have been committed to him, in completing, supervising, directing, and perfecting all the still exacting conditions for the best disposal of what remained to be done. But it was the spontaneous and general sentiment of all interested parties that there was not an individual in our community whose intelligence, discretion, and good taste, with a most rare combination of all needed qualities, fitted him so admirably, even for autocratical authority in the case, as Dr. Bigelow. He was not, however, one to assert any such authority, while the full and serious range of trusts and duties committed to him hardly fell short of it. Seeing that by natural gifts and the most generous culture he was so accomplished for the work assigned to him, we may well affirm that, while there are beautiful and deserved monumental tributes on those consecrated grounds to very many men and women, the whole cemetery, with all its arrangements and adornments, its avenues, its paths and their names, its ponds

and dells, its fences, its gateway, its tower and chapel, constitute one comprehensive monument to him. His inventive and directing mind is inscribed on all of them. Well might he reply, as he did, to a friend who asked him why he did not provide himself with a summer rural residence as a relief from the heats of the city, that he had a large farm, with native woods and a beautiful garden, for his almost daily visits.

When a lithographic plan of the area was submitted to him that he might suggest the direction of its avenues and paths, and give names to them, as well as to the water deposits, the ridges, valleys, dells, and the summits of the beautifully undulating territory, true to his fine appreciation of all natural things, he attached to them the names of trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers. When the first lots had been laid out, they were put up for sale, at a premium for choice, the sum realized for the premiums making a considerable addition to the treasury. The connection which had from the first united the cemetery with the affairs of the Horticultural Society was found to be embarrassing. The relations of the two were finally amicably adjusted in 1835, and the proprietors of Mount Auburn were separately incorporated. The front fence, lodges, and gateway, originally of wood, were replaced as soon as the funds would admit, by substitutes in iron and stone, as at present, from designs and models by Dr. Bigelow; and, as already intimated, the designs of the tower and chapel were also his. Successive purchases of adjoining lands have enlarged the cemetery to its present area, which is nearly three times that of Boston Common. Up to this date about twenty-two thousand interments have been made there.

As has been mentioned, Mount Auburn was consecrated in 1831, seven years after Dr. Bigelow had first invited friends to confer with him at his house for the purpose which it finally realized. Laurel Hill Cemetery, in Philadelphia, the first copy of the original, was consecrated in 1836; Greenwood Cemetery, on Long Island, N. Y., in 1837. All our cities and many large towns have followed the example. But there are some natural features and arrangements about Mount Auburn, in which, for conditions of beauty, taste, and use, it has not been surpassed. Millions of money and inventive and designing skill have been lavished upon it.

Justice Story had been President of the Corporation for eleven years, till his decease, in 1845. Dr. Bigelow, who had always been one of the Trustees, succeeded him in the

highest office, which he filled for twenty-six years. He made his last report as such for the year 1870, when he resigned, though he still served as one of the Trustees.

The following action was taken on his resignation of the Presidency: —

"At a meeting of the Board held February 23, 1871, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Trustees request that the Proprietors will give them the authority to carry out the suggestion contained therein: —

"WHEREAS, At the meeting of the Trustees on the 15th of February, continued by adjournment to this day, Dr. Jacob Bigelow declined a re-election as President of the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, the Trustees are unwilling that the occasion should pass without an expression of their regard for him, and of their appreciation of his long-continued and valuable services; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That on this, the retirement of Dr. Bigelow from the office which for twenty-six years he has so worthily filled, and for which, by his knowledge and varied acquirements he has shown himself so singularly qualified, the Trustees desire to express their appreciation of his labors and services so long rendered to the Corporation of which he was one of the original projectors and founders, — labors and services which have impressed themselves upon the Cemetery, where every object, — its entrance gateway, its chapel, its beautiful avenues, paths, and fountains, all bear witness to his science, skill, and taste, and signally identify him with Mount Auburn.

"*Resolved*, That the Trustees tender to Dr. Bigelow the expression of their deep personal regard; and while they may not hereafter meet him at their Board as their presiding officer, they are gratified with the knowledge that they will still have the benefit of his experience and advice as one of their number.

"*Resolved*, That the Trustees in their next Annual Report ask of the Proprietors that they be authorized to procure a suitable testimonial to be presented to Dr. Bigelow as a token of appreciation of his long-continued and faithful services as President and Trustee.

"For the Trustees,

"JOHN T. BRADLEE, *President*.

"BOSTON, January, 1872."

The following action was taken by the Trustees and the Proprietors, at the annual meeting, January, 1873: —

"Some weeks since Dr. Bigelow transmitted to the Board a communication as follows: —

"'BOSTON, Dec. 10, 1872.

"'JOHN T. BRADLEE, Esq.

"'DEAR SIR, — I request you to communicate at the next meeting of the Trustees of Mount Auburn Cemetery, my resignation, by no means premature, of the office of Trustee of that institution.

"'On leaving the long familiar meetings of Mount Auburn, with which I have been associated for more than forty years, I would not fail to give utterance to the satisfaction which we must all feel that an enterprise which was new a few years since has become an object of successful imitation in all parts of this continent.

"'With sincere acknowledgments for the uniform courtesy and kindness which I have received from the Trustees and the Corporation,

"'Yours with respect and regard,

(Signed) "'JACOB BIGELOW.'

"At the unanimous and urgent solicitation of his associates, as expressed in a letter of which the following is a copy, he has consented to withdraw his resignation, and allow the use of his name for re-election at this time.

"'BOSTON, Dec. 14, 1872.

"'Dr. JACOB BIGELOW.

"'DEAR SIR,—The undersigned, members of the Board of Trustees of Mount Auburn, have received with deep regret your communication to the President of the Corporation, announcing your resignation of the office of Trustee.

"'Your name has been identified with the foundation and successful development of the Institution, and we are sure we express the wishes of every member of the Corporation in asking the withdrawal of this letter.

"'Believing that your resignation at any time would be premature, we sincerely hope you will accede to this request.

"'Truly and respectfully yours,'

(Signed by all the Trustees).

"The Trustees believe that the wishes of the Proprietors will be in full accord with their own, that the originator and founder of Mount Auburn, to whom the Cemetery is so largely indebted for its successful and honorable history, shall continue to benefit the Corporation by his experience and counsel as long as his life may be spared.

"For the Trustees,

"JOHN T. BRADLEE, *President.*"

But his fond and devoted interest in all that would enhance the attractiveness and deepen the moral impressiveness of the cemetery, was to be manifested by one more token in a most munificent and significant addition made by him to its instructive monuments and symbols. The following is extracted from the Report of the Trustees to the Proprietors in January, 1873:—

"TRUSTEES' REPORT.

"In August last a monumental statue, imitated from the Sphinx of antiquity, and designed to commemorate the great war of American conservation, was placed on its pedestal in front of the Chapel at Mount Auburn. It is cut from a single block of Hallowell granite, fifteen feet long, by about eight feet in height, the face alone measuring three feet in length. It is a gift to the Proprietors of the Cemetery

from the late President, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, and was executed under his direction by Martin Milmore, the distinguished sculptor.

"The pedestal is of a plain oblong form, with emblems and inscriptions. Its emblems are simple, being on the southern end a figure of the Egyptian Lotus, and on the northern the American Water Lily. On the two remaining sides are inscriptions, one in Latin, the other in English, as follows: —

AMERICA CONSERVATA
AFRICA LIBERATA
POPULO MAGNO ASSURGENTE
HEROUM SANGUINE FUSO.

AMERICAN UNION PRESERVED
AFRICAN SLAVERY DESTROYED
BY THE UPRISING OF A GREAT PEOPLE
BY THE BLOOD OF FALLEN HEROES.

"This beautiful work of art has been formally transferred to the Corporation, and the Trustees have caused the following inscription to be placed thereon: —

JACOB BIGELOW STATUIT ET DEDICAVIT.

"'At the last Annual Meeting the Trustees were instructed to procure a suitable testimonial as a token of appreciation of the long continued and faithful services of Dr. Bigelow as President and Trustee. After consultation, it was decided that the most desirable method by which the Board could execute the wishes of the Proprietors, was to cause a marble bust of their distinguished colleague to be placed in the Chapel at Mount Auburn.' This plan was assented to by Dr. Bigelow, and the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Henry Dexter, was intrusted with the execution of the work. His labors have been successfully completed, and the bust placed upon a bracket prepared for its reception in the Chapel."

Dr. Bigelow was in the eighty-fourth year of his age, when his still vigorous and inventive mind devised the purpose of which that beautiful and grand monumental gift is the result. While our civil war was in progress, he kept a steadfast heart of hope and conviction in the profound significance of its stern trial and in the overruling benedictive results of the only conclusion to which it could come. He knew that slavery was avenging on us its sum of wrongs, and that only the energy of a mastering force, intelligently and heroically devoted, could crush the evil, and save the nation. As the symbolism of the Sphinx has not come to us with any authoritative interpretation, he chose to assign to it a suggestive meaning, which would express the method and result of our national deliverance. After he had resolved upon his pur-

pose, and set his artist at work, he admitted but few to the secret of what he had in preparation. The writer of this memoir was privileged to share in it, and was taken by Dr. Bigelow to view the massive model of the Sphinx in a shed upon the southern flats of Boston, while it was under the hands of Martin Milmore. When the model was satisfactorily finished, it was removed by night to the railroad station, and transported to the fine granite quarry in Hallowell, Me., in order that the vast bulk in stone might be reduced as much as possible, for its return to Charles River by sea, and its carriage to its foundations. Dr. Bigelow bore the whole expense attending its execution and setting up on the ground. Those of his friends to whom he gave copies will always cherish a dainty little volume, anonymous though it be, in which, with photographs of a front and a side view of the Sphinx, is found a letterpress description and remarks. Before the monument had been planted on its site, Dr. Bigelow had been wholly deprived of the power of vision. But he wished as he said "to see it by feeling." Those who honored him and revered him will always associate the eloquent stone with the scene of his visit to it, when, with others' help, he was raised and aided slowly, inch by inch, to pass his hands over all its members and features. We copy from this book the "Remarks."

"REMARKS.

"It has at various times been proposed to erect at Mount Auburn Cemetery some monumental structure commemorative of the great events which have taken place in our country during the last ten years. It is also desired to express, though imperfectly, the gratitude felt to those of our countrymen who have given their lives to achieve the greatest moral and social results of modern times. A beautiful monument has been already placed in this Cemetery by the Company of Independent Cadets, in memory of their comrades fallen in the late war; but no general or comprehensive structure has been made to apply, either to the magnitude of these events, or to the greatness of their consequences.

"The wide range of architectural ideas and combinations exhibited in pillars, pyramids, obelisks, altars, sarcophagi, and mausoleums, have been produced and reproduced in inexhaustible variety. But the more significant creations of expressive sculpture have hitherto been less frequently attempted here, because they are more difficult of satisfactory execution. Nevertheless, in various instances, groups of monumental sculpture have been produced among us; and, in most countries of the old world, groups and single objects of heroic size express the conceptions of those who have designed to perpetuate the great achievements either of peace or of war. On the field of Waterloo,

the Belgic nation has erected a colossal statue of a lion on the summit of a hill or mound raised artificially for the purpose; and travellers in Switzerland visit with admiration the lion of Lucerne, carved from the natural rock of the place, in memory of the Swiss Guards who were massacred at Paris in 1792.

"As a partial and local innovation in the same department of art, it is now proposed to restore for modern application the image of the ancient Sphinx, a form capable of completing, in connection with its pedestal and accessories, the required associations of repose, strength, beauty, and duration.

"The Sphinx most known in antiquity was an ideal personification of intellect and physical force, expressed by a human head on the body of a lion. It was a favorite emblem in Egypt, and was variously copied by Greeks, Romans, and other nations of later times.

"The most stupendous work of sculpture which the world has seen is the great Egyptian Sphinx, near the Pyramids at Gizeh, carved out of a single rock at some period anterior to authentic history, and still standing in its full dimensions, mutilated by time and violence, and half buried in the shifting sands of the climate, yet still exhibiting its enormous length of nearly one hundred and fifty feet, and raising its head sixty feet above its foundation.

"The numerous Sphinxes of which remnants now exist in various parts of Egypt, and particularly in Thebes, differ greatly from each other in their constituent features and character. They are supposed by some of the best authorities to have been emblems and commemorations of royalty, and as such are represented as of the male sex. But the Sphinxes of Greece were more frequently female, and in this character their tradition has reached us through their early poets.

"The fable of the original Sphinx, of her savage nature, and her self-destruction after the solving of her riddle by Œdipus, is a classical myth dimly handed down by Greek tragedians, and deserving of notice only for the place which it holds in the fictions of the ancient drama. But the ideal image once created has descended through uncounted ages from barbarism to civilization, assuming in its progress every variety of physiognomy and expression, from the almost Nubian and sometimes brute profile to the most perfect Caucasian face. The sculptures of Egypt, though African in their locality, exhibit many examples of the most perfect intellectual human head. In the magnificent work of Lepsius on the antiquities of Egypt may be seen some of the finest examples of the Indo-European face; and nothing is more beautiful than some of the restored Sphinxes in Cassas' 'Voyage Pittoresque en Égypte et Syrie.'

"The imaginary forms which in all ages have carried out the conceptions of genius and fancy, have very frequently been impossible fictions, having no existing prototype in nature. The Elgin marbles — to which the whole world pays homage, and which, within this century, have been transported by British authorities from Athens to London — are most of them representations of Centaurs and Lapithæ, each metope presenting the incongruous combination of a man and a horse.

"The winged steed Pegasus, on which poets in all ages have sought recreation, was an aggregate of members suited to many purposes, but not to the avowed one of flying. Even angels, the accepted embodiments of beauty and loveliness, are human figures with birds' wings attached to their shoulders, serving the purpose of ornament, but not of possible use.

"An image of obscure and immemorial antiquity is now reproduced to typify, in the present age of social transition, a result of greater magnitude in the history of the world than were all the revolutions and conquests of the primeval East. It essays to express the present attitude and character of a nation perhaps as far remote in time from the building of the Pyramids as was that event from the earliest constructions attempted by man. The same ideal form which, as it were, on the dividing ridge of time, has looked backward on unmeasured antiquity, now looks forward to illimitable progress. It stands as the landmark of a state of things which the world has not before seen, — a great, warlike, and successful nation, in the plenitude and full consciousness of its power, suddenly reversing its energies, and calling back its military veterans from bloodshed and victory to resume its still familiar arts of peace and good-will to man. What symbol can better express the attributes of a just, calm, and dignified self-reliance than one which combines power with attractiveness, the strength of the lion with the beauty and benignity of woman?"

It may be held as of general consent and approbation that the name which it bears was fitly bestowed on the new cemetery. When Dr. Bigelow occupied his own mind with the selection of a name, he consulted by word of mouth, or by writing, some of his associates, proposing to them the one which had already suggested itself to him. The following is found among his papers: —

"CHARLESTOWN, 20th June, 1831.

"DEAR SIR, — I think Mount Auburn a good name. Necropolis, you know, was a name given to a similar establishment in Egypt. The Elysian Fields would be a pretty name, open however, perhaps, to the same objection as Sweet Auburn; which, by the way, does not strike me as a powerful objection. Use diminishes surprisingly all such associations, as is seen in the case of several of the new towns in New York, such as Troy, Utica, &c.

"Yours with great regard,

"E. EVERETT."

Mr. Everett was on the committee for the cemetery, and had written and spoken to further the project.

The papers of Dr. Bigelow give proof of the deliberation which he exercised, while seeking suggestions from proper advisers, as to the choice of subjects for the statues which it

was proposed and decided should be set up in the chapel. Funds, which very soon accrued from the sale of lots, were set apart for this purpose, but the selection of subjects was not easy, and was the more embarrassed when many men of many minds gave in their preferences. A few raised objections to the proposition, preferring that all the money available should be devoted to the general perfection of the cemetery, and to accumulation for the future. But statues and busts were from the first intended for the chapel. After the noble statue of Judge Story, executed by his son, had been decided upon, it seems to have been assumed that the other three should be of the most distinguished characters in our Revolutionary history. President Quincy, in a characteristic letter to Dr. Bigelow, avowing that he was guided in his selection by exacting in the candidates for the honor the three tests of morals, motives, and intellect, of the loftiest grade, proposed the names of Jay, Marshall, and Pickering. Another adviser preferred the elect commemoration of men of an earlier era here, and proposed the names of three Johns, Harvard, Cotton, and Eliot. The compromise of opinions reached the result which we see in the chapel now, in the statues of John Winthrop, James Otis, and John Adams. The bust of Dr. Bigelow stands there alone.

As, in conformity with the earnest wish that he should do so, Dr. Bigelow had consented to continue on the Board of Trustees of Mount Auburn, he was in office when he died. On the day following his decease, his associates took the following action, which may fitly close this sketch of one of the many and chief of the services rendered to this community by Dr. Bigelow, in designing the resting-place, where his mortal remains now repose: —

"*Resolved*, That in the death of our associate Trustee, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, we recognize the loss of one with whom originated the idea of our Cemetery as a place of repose for the departed, far removed from city noise and turmoil, amid trees and flowers and the beauties of nature; as the founder, therefore, of the numerous garden-cemeteries which have sprung up all over our country in imitation of our example.

"We remember him also as connected with our Board from its first inception; as our President for twenty-six years, under whose fostering care, wise judgment, and love of nature, our Cemetery has been developed to its present beauty and attractiveness; as one who, as Trustee, continued to aid us with his judgment, experience, and advice, as long as advancing years allowed him to take any active part in the affairs of life.

"*Resolved*, That we tender our respectful sympathy to his afflicted wife and family.

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary transmit a copy of these resolutions to Mrs. Bigelow and family.

"Thus terminates a connection which has lasted for an unbroken period of nearly fifty years. In the year 1872, when Dr. Bigelow retired from active duty, resolutions were passed by the Trustees and Proprietors, recognizing his long and valuable services. His marble bust, placed by their order in the chapel, will preserve his memory in coming years.

"For the Trustees,

"ISRAEL M. SPELMAN, *President*."

In the popular opinion, Homœopathy has the credit of inciting and furthering that radical change in the methods of medical practice which has had prevalence among us for the last generation. Quite otherwise is the truth on this matter. Dr. O. W. Holmes writes of the delivery and publication of Dr. Bigelow's address on "Self-limited Diseases" before the Massachusetts Medical Society, in 1835: "This remarkable essay has probably had more influence on medical practice in America than any similar brief treatise, we might say than any work, ever published in this country. Its suggestions were scattered abroad at the exact fertilizing moment when public opinion was matured enough for their reception." The "strangling" of disease by heroic remedies, by blood-letting and drugging, had had its day, and was to be abandoned. The most impressive professional attitude in which Dr. Bigelow presents himself before us is that in which, with all his science and experience, he comes with empty hands to his patient, and standing calmly and thoughtfully by the bedside, witnesses and tries to interpret the action of a power higher than his own art, — Nature. Within a stone's throw of the home which he occupied the longest, in his full practice, were two or three apothecaries' stores, and such were sprinkled thickly over the town, where children and servants were sent in processions with cabalistic prescriptions written by himself and his brethren. A few barrels of alcohol or New England rum, for decoctions and tinctures of drugs and herbs, some large glass vases of colored water in the windows, bottles on the shelves, of various sizes, drawers filled with little phials, materials for blisters, plasters, and pills, were the stock in trade in these shops, from which the vendors made their fortunes. The only toothsome thing in them, on which the errand-boy could spend his penny, was "stick liquorice," and that was

odorized by ill-company. The pills and pellets which came from those shops were often little less mischievous than the shots from revolvers. The successors to that branch of trade, finding their drastic, emetic, and purgative compounds less in fashion, always excepting the dealers in quack medicines, supplement their business now by the sale of toilet and fancy articles, cigars, mineral waters, and comfits.

Dr. Bigelow was one of the very earliest and the most influential of our practitioners to abandon, to discountenance, and then to denounce the old methods of reliance upon and the use of drugs. As early as 1817, in the preface to his "Medical Botany," he indicated his wish to diminish, rather than to extend, the number of vegetable products put to medicinal uses.

But his discountenancing of the heroic treatment by drugs was but a small and incidental part of the radical change in the dealing with disease which is associated with the name and the weight of influence of Dr. Bigelow. His printed productions, lectures, addresses, and essays, which record his progressive views on paramount themes of professional interest, cover a period of more than fifty years. They are to be found in two volumes, bearing the following dates and titles: "Nature in Disease, illustrated in Various Discourses and Essays; to which are added Miscellaneous Writings chiefly on Medical Subjects, 1854," and "Modern Inquiries; Classical, Professional, and Miscellaneous, 1867." The earlier volume contains seventeen papers, nine of which reappear in the latter, which has twenty-one articles: so that eight of them are left in the former, not reprinted, while there are twelve fresh pieces in the latter. Such of these essays as are not concerned with medical subjects will be referred to by and by. It is to be observed, however, that while his prize essay dates from 1812, the most important and striking paper, that on "Self-Limited Diseases," or "Nature in Disease," was delivered as a lecture in 1835, and was published here nine years before Sir John Forbes, working in the same direction of experience and thought, had published, in 1846, in the "British and Foreign Medical Review," an article entitled "Young Physic," followed afterwards by his volume, "Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease." Besides this remarkable, and at the time of its delivery, startling production of Dr. Bigelow, the other published articles on professional themes by him bear the following titles: "On the Treatment of Disease"; "On the Medical Profession and Quackery"; "Brief Expositions of Rational Medicine"; "The Paradise

of Doctors: a Fable"; "Practical Views on Medical Education," and "Report on Homœopathy."

These papers have a singular quality of interest for all intelligent, unprofessional readers. They are lucid and incisive in style, free from technics and jargon, crossing all the bounds of the mystical and the oracular, into the unfenced territory of common sense. They are vitalized by sagacity, geniality, and often by quaint and suggestive humor. Bold and decisive, if not also positive in tone, when occasion calls for it, they are argumentative and conciliatory, while dealing tenderly with prejudices. Running through all the papers is matter and a tone which an inconsiderate reader might interpret as depreciatory of the writer's profession, and as indicating a radical scepticism as to its basis, authority, functions, and value. But it is the scepticism only of an enfranchised mind, released from all class narrowness, all superstitions, prejudices, and fondly weak traditions, that it might enjoy enlargement of view and comprehensiveness of charity. It is the scepticism which now distinguishes all the higher class of minds in every range of thought and interest.

Dr. Bigelow had to face the humbling fact that within the term of his professional career there had been radical changes in the methods of treatment of diseases, and that the methods which had the authority and prestige of ages, and their living voice in the text-books, had been abandoned for their direct opposites. Of course this involved the double confession that the profession had had imposed upon it a grievous burden of error, and that it might even now be still experimenting in the dark. In the mean while, all forms of quackery found their license in three opportunities, — the undue expectation of what medical treatment might and should effect, dissatisfaction with the practice of physicians, and the credulity of masses of the people. And even some of the most intelligent of the people did not draw the line as sharply as did the regulars, between them and the quacks; at any rate, the line was a blurred one. There was but one wise way of meeting the distrust, the ridicule, and the reproach thus cast upon a learned and close-banded brotherhood. It was by a most candid admission, indeed a positive avowal, that medicine is an inexact science, — advancing by tentative processes, gathering wisdom from its own mistakes and errors, sacrificing, or, at least, risking one generation of patients for the benefit of its successors, and therefore capable of only a progress conditioned upon the most varied, discreet, and slowly acquired practical experience. All these admissions Dr. Bigelow makes

frankly and with reiteration. He affirms that the knowledge of disease advances far more rapidly than do effective means of dealing with it; that some diseases are limited from their own nature and workings, having a course and an event which cannot be arrested or averted by art or science. He stands baffled by the obscurity and disguises of disease, doubting whether his intervention in some cases will be helpful or mischievous. The varying methods and practice of different professionals introduce mistrust and ill-feeling. Tenacity of hold upon discredited theories invalidates confidence. "No reasonable man," he says, "can be convinced that any general system of practice can be relied on for the cure of all cases." His full conclusion is, that disease is not so controllable by medical treatment as is generally supposed. Moreover, he takes into account the stern fact, so simply stated, that "the progress of all organized beings is towards decay."

The question still remained open, whether men might not more and more effectually protect themselves from harm, by umbrellas, lightning-rods, anæsthetics, or drugs, until disease and risk should be fully cured or averted. Dr. Bigelow's position was, that many diseases were then "self-limited." But they may in time be prevented, as small-pox, by inoculation, or limited by drugs, as is intermittent fever by quinine. His essay was directed against the then universally exaggerated faith in drugs.

It is easy to infer that this candid sage was wholly free of professional conceit or boasting. And from one of such a fair and hopeful spirit as was his, we can also infer the replies made by him to the fretting questions, "Is there, then, no use for a physician? Shall he in any case stand by and do nothing, *prescribe* nothing?" and like queries. The preventing of the doing of some things, he says emphatically, is often the highest form of service. There is also abundant use for a physician, in the discriminating study of a case, in careful interpretation of nature, in co-operation with it, in soothing and palliating appliances, and in averting incidental aggravations of disease. Besides which, science has really accomplished something.

The moderation and candor with which Dr. Bigelow dealt with his profession, as practised in his own school, appear in his references to irregular methods and pretensions. He was called upon in 1854 to report to the Counsellors of the Medical Society on Homœopathy, — a theme provocative in the profession of strong feeling and language. He deals mildly with it. He refers it to that side of medical practice which,

without interfering with the processes of nature, waits, expectant, on its unassisted course. This, he says, is the real reliance of Homœopathy, though not the avowed one; and its pretence in this respect marks it in his mind as charlatanry, as a visionary system; playing upon human credulity by beguiling its patients as with active treatment through the administration of inappreciable quantities of medical substances, such as we daily receive in solution in dust and vapor, without appreciable consequences. As for the rest, he is content to regard Homœopathy as one of many theoretical and conjectural methods, which will, in its turn, be superseded. So, also, in his address to the medical students in 1844, "On the Medical Profession and Quackery," the stress of his advice to young physicians is that they be cautious in remarking upon or criticising rivals or intermeddlers in the profession. He says: "I doubt if physicians do not sometimes injure themselves and their cause by showing too great a sensitiveness in regard to the temporary inroads of irregular practitioners." There is much in the same strain, indicating that the writer had not attained such a degree of satisfaction as to the certified position of his own profession and the demand which it might make with assurance of indorsement on the confidence of the community, that it would be wise to invite against it antagonism in any form. Besides, there was another factor in the success of quackery, — the infatuated credulity of dupes. "A certain portion of mankind," he says, "are so constituted that they require to be ridden by others; and if you should succeed in unhorsing a particular impostor, it is only to prepare the saddle for a fresh and more unflinching equestrian."

The bold and frank spirit, united with a discreet and moderate tone, and with a clear argumentative and demonstrative method, by which Dr. Bigelow, in these productions, disabled the forces of privileged error, and, by his wise championship of innovations, essentially changed the principles and course of medical practice among us, cannot now be fully appreciated in their present results. Few of those now living, in our community at least, have had experience of the old methods. So rapidly was a radical change effected, that we have only traditions of the old energetic exercisings of the heroic treatment. Dr. Bigelow took careful note of the reception and criticism which his advanced views met with from his brethren and their prospective patients in the community. He was ready at any time to supplement them, or, if need should be, — which, to any noticeable extent, there

was not, — to defend them. He carried his cause. He carefully preserved, loosely bundled, a miscellaneous collection of extracts and cuttings from magazines and newspapers recognizing his new views and his innovating doctrines. He might well be satisfied with the hearty and grateful tributes paid to him and his services from a very large number and variety of critics, commentators, and professional brethren.

Others of his medical essays which offer fresh materials on their themes are the following: "On Gout and its Treatment"; "Remarks and Experiments on Pneumothorax," communicated to the "American Journal of Medical Sciences," 1839; "A Plea for the Improvement of the Pharmacopœia of the United States," (a slight token of antagonism and rivalry with co-laborers in this object is found among his papers in a note from Edward Everett, then editor of the "North American Review": "Dear Dr., — I hear they bang your Pharmacopœia in Pennsylvania. Should you not like to review it defensorily in the 'North American Review'?") — "On the Poisonous Effects of the Partridge, or Ruffled Grouse"; "On Coffee and Tea, and their Medicinal Effects"; and "On the History and Use of Tobacco." He took a great interest in the objects of the National Quarantine and Sanitary Convention, attending its sessions at Richmond in 1852, and in Philadelphia in 1857, and presiding over it in Boston in 1859. He was elected a member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh in 1870. Not the least marked among the tokens of the respect and confidence of his professional brethren for this innovator and reformer among them, as shown especially at successive social meetings of the Medical Society, was the fact that, so long as he moved in the open world, he was looked to to pay the tribute of respect to the worthiest of them as they passed away. His memorial offerings to Dr. A. A. Gould, Dr. James Jackson, Dr. John Ware, Dr. George C. Shattuck, and others, are warm and discriminating. In the last named he recognizes a tenacious practitioner by the heroic treatment. In the tribute which he paid to the nearest and most endeared of all his professional friends, — Dr. James Jackson, — there is so much that has a full application to his own character and experience that it may be introduced here, in anticipation of what would justly be said of himself at the close of his life: —

"Our acquiescence in the just order of Providence alone tempers the solemnity and sorrow with which we regard the departure from life, even at its latest and maturest period, of one whom we have loved

and honored. It is the fate of most men to fall prematurely by the wayside of an unfinished career. A few, having reached the goal of ordinary old age, sink gradually into the shade of infirmity and seclusion. The end of the most protracted life is at best labor and sorrow. Yet we may esteem as fortunate the lot of one whose physical and intellectual strength have been so nearly commensurate with his great length of days; who has associated his own history with the hopes and fears, the affections, the joys and sorrows of more than one generation; whose intellect during more than fourscore years was never crossed by a cloud; whose energies during that long period never shrunk from the performance of all active duty; whose presence has been invoked as a blessing by the afflicted, and whose words of wisdom and experience have been oracles to his professional brethren.

"When some of us first knew Dr. Jackson, — now gratefully remembered as our earliest and longest professional friend, — he had been at least ten years engaged in active practice, and was then almost at the zenith of his professional reputation. He had rapidly risen to this point by the possession of qualities not common at that day, when medicine was less a liberal science than it now is; when the community were, perhaps, more exacting, while they were less discriminating, and when the judgment of a man's own peers could not always be depended on for impartiality, if, indeed, for competency. The qualities that distinguished him then, as since, were habits of unsparing application, a power of rapid acquirement, and of ready adaptation of knowledge to use. To these were superadded the high moral attributes of an uncompromising love of truth, of justice to the claims of others, of a deep sense of the responsibilities of his profession, and a devotion amounting almost to parental love towards those who had become the objects of his professional care. Excelling his contemporaries in the extent of his professional erudition; vigilant in observing the yearly progress of his science, as it tended to good or to evil; studious and retentive of the peculiar features of each succeeding case that passed under his observation; cheerful, hopeful, courageous, and buoyant in the presence of the sick, he received during his extended life, more than any man among us, the deference of his compeers, and the ardent, grateful, and almost filial reliance of those who in sickness leaned on him for succor, or in danger looked to him for rescue.

"The character of Dr. Jackson was naturally impulsive and sanguine. Coming in his early life from the schools of European erudition, he brought with him a deep respect for the labor and learning, the authority and conventional *prestige* of the then accepted luminaries of medical science. His methods of practice during the first half of his professional life were in a high degree energetic and decisive. He believed, in common with many others at that day, that most diseases were susceptible of control, and even of removal, by the active forms of medical interference then generally in use. These opinions and habits were greatly modified, if not subdued, in the subsequent portions — perhaps the last half — of his long and observing life; so that, although he never lost his professional fondness for the forms and

implements of his art, and sometimes carried their use to a scrupulous degree of exactness, yet he became more tolerant of nature, more humble in his expectations from art, and more distrustful of reckless interference whenever certain harm was to be balanced against doubtful good.

"Of his moral and affectional attributes it is difficult fitly to speak. Alike in the prosperous and adverse conditions of life, we have never seen his kindly heart give way to an unjust or ungenerous impulse. Under afflictions which might have prostrated a mind less disciplined by Christian energy and faith, we have known him cheerful, self-controlling, and unrepining. When, in a momentous period of his life, his parental hope was abruptly blighted, and an idol which he had fondly cherished until solicitude was lost in gratification, suddenly fell from his grasp, he did not sink nor for a moment forget that duty remained to be done. With an endurance exemplary as it was exalted, he stepped to the post made vacant by the death of his son, and for long succeeding years — reversing the apparent order of nature — carried out in his own person the career which had seemed destined to another of his race. He became the biographer, and, as it were, the continuer of his son. Who could so fitly eulogize the virtues which he himself had helped to form? Who could so well sustain the character which was but a reproduction of his own?

"It is now a third of a century since this great affliction was thus received and thus sustained. He sought for and found consolation in his communings with the memory of the dead, and the conscientious pursuit of his duty to the living. He resumed his professional activity, his interest in life, his relations with society, and his influence in the harmonious organizations of his own profession. For many years, and even up to a late period, he carried with him the respect, the attachment, and the tender regard of the many friends who had cultivated and loved him. Who does not even now remember his quiet step, his benignant smile, and his friendly greeting, long familiar in our streets, as they were welcome in our dwellings?

"At length the light of his gifted intellect slowly and fitfully faded out in the advancing shadows of physical decay. And now the light of his earthly presence is for ever withdrawn, leaving his memory alone to console and direct us. It is well that he has lived, to complete in his character a model of social and professional excellence. It is well that he has died, leaving in the history of his life the record of a task well finished, and a memory on which there is no stain."

The last of the great public services performed by Dr. Bigelow, having in view the largest and most important benefit for a vast community, was in the bold position assumed by him in the cause of Education, — claiming that the privileges and honors which it carried with it should no longer be restricted to the study of the ancient languages and literature, but should comprehend pupils in modern wisdom,

spoken tongues, and profitable science, natural and applied. In the stand which he took in this high and generous cause, and in the two admirable and energetic essays in which he advanced and defended his convictions, he came nearer to stiffened conflict and provoked opposition than in any other effort of his life. It is evident, also, that he threw into his plea and his defence of it the whole vigor and intensity of his mind, while he lavished upon it the wealth of his learning and thought. The foes, likewise, which he had to meet were able and worthy. The controversy was on a high plane. When he instigated the great reform in the method of disposing of the dead, he had against him only those who clung to old city tombs and graves. When he subverted the repute of drugs, the only doubt was whether he ought not to have given the apothecaries time to work off their stock. But when he pleaded that, in these days of expanding and precious practical wisdom, knowledge, and science, fresh throngs of pupils, ambitious of useful training, and to whom the community looked for all help and guidance, might be regarded as educated, as belonging to the privileged and honored fellowship of scholars, without passing through the old classical curriculum, he touched a very tender nerve in the academic organism. If the ancient languages were dead, they were proved to have living representatives. The Rumford Professor of 1816 presented himself half of a century afterward as all the more sage and earnest an exponent of the broadening compass and crowded fields of useful knowledge. He had taken a profound interest in the new institution incorporated by the State in 1861, as the "Massachusetts Institute of Technology." As it was about to take possession of its noble hall in this city, Dr. Bigelow was invited to deliver an address before it, on Nov. 16, 1865. His chosen subject was "The Limits of Education." His object was to break, or rather to extend those limits, in a way to make education "conduce most to the progress, the efficiency, the virtue, and the welfare of man." The preparatory training of a pupil, physical and intellectual, must, he said, be as thorough as possible. "But, after this is completed, a special or departmental course of studies should be selected, such as appears most likely to conduct him to his appropriate sphere of usefulness. Collateral studies of different kinds may always be allowed; but they should be subordinate and subsidiary, and need not interfere with the great objects of his especial education." "A common college education now culminates in the student becoming what

is called a master of arts. But this, in a majority of instances, means simply a master of nothing." He says a college education is a just object of ambition, but this is apt to carry with it "a cumbrous burden of dead languages, kept alive through the dark ages, and now stereotyped in England by the persistent conservatism of a privileged order." The value and interest of classical studies are fully allowed for by him. He could speak as one who knew and enjoyed them. "It is the duty," he says, "of educational institutions to adapt themselves to the wants of the place and time in which they exist." Dr. Bigelow assumed no extreme or one-sided view in this matter. His position was taken on grounds of absolute practical necessity and utility. It might be regarded, as those who apprehended it should choose, either as a rebuke of an established and conservative attachment to what was impracticable and useless, or as an encouragement of a change demanded by the special activity of our time, which the ancient world had never experienced. Life is no less short now than it was for the Roman poet; but art is vastly longer. As Dr. Bigelow presided for many years over the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he had from fifty to a hundred men around him, accomplished, erudite, skilled in and conversant with all practical affairs, experts and professors, representing, in their several acquirements and aptitudes, all the varied fields of special culture and utilitarian pursuits. It would be safe to say of those men that they had had a college education, or what he would have regarded as a full equivalent. How much of its classical element stood by a majority of them, it might have been difficult to estimate. The thought might or might not have come to the mind of Dr. Bigelow, that it was in the power and resource of each of those men to have risen and communicated to all the others of his associates, something of knowledge or interest which they would welcome as new and of value to them. So broad and teeming is the field, so rich the products, so varied the culture, so luxuriant the growth, so dispersed and severely tasked are the laborers with their special toils and tools, over it, that it is impossible that any one can even survey the whole of it. The demands of our own country, in its cities and mining regions, and factories and work-shops for skilled labor, for chemists, engineers, architects, constructors, overseers, as well as workers with the hand alone, are so numerous and exacting, that education must extend itself to meet them, and those who are educated, broadly and thoroughly to these ends, must not be

regarded as excluded from consideration and privilege because they lack a classical training, especially as now pursued into philology. There are those now who have no taste or aptitude for classical studies. They must be content to lack it as others submit to their lack of the musical sense. It would not repay them to seek it *invita Minerva*. They may acquire something at least just as good as a substitute. The world needs something else, and what it needs ancient languages and wisdom cannot supply.

As it proved, Dr. Bigelow, by this moderate, and it might seem axiomatic, exposition of his own clearly apprehended views, aroused a sharp antagonism. The issue, though contested within a narrow circle, was earnestly tried, and while the pleading was dignified, as became the parties to it, it engaged the ardor of protest and remonstrance. The position he had assumed was avowedly that of utilitarianism, for it was in that direction that we find the aim and range and outcome of his whole laborious and effective life. The writer has read with an interest animated by the liveliness of their contents, a file of letters received by Dr. Bigelow from very many correspondents, and also the clippings from the journals preserved by him, relating to the reception met by what was so absurdly parodied as his "assault upon classical education." With but very few exceptions, his correspondents and his critics are warmly responsive and commendatory of his production. But among the exceptions to this strain are the notes of two or three, votaries of classical lore and culture, who, stout and fervent in their protest, insist that their privileged training proves to them that it is the primary and indispensable basis and condition of any thing that can be called education. One of his correspondents yields himself to the ardor of his zeal and love for the old learning, so far as to tell Dr. Bigelow that the world and its inhabitants are none the wiser, happier, or better for all the illumination, and so-called progress that have followed upon the "dark ages" of mediæval Europe; that all modern inventions and appliances and facilities, steam, telegraphs, gas, apartment cars, lucifer matches, technological schools, and scientific processes and ingenuities, have simply fretted and harmed us, and that the ancient wisdom and classic literature are the most precious inheritance of our race to be entered upon by all our youth who seek an education. Dr. Bigelow was also publicly challenged on the arena of the American Academy. He took a year to prepare for the welcome opportunity of what he might call his own defence through a renewed

championship of his plea. Those who were privileged to be present on the occasion will keep in memory the scene when, at a social meeting of the Academy at his own house, on the evening of November 20, 1866 (it is misdated as in December, in the "Modern Inquiries"), he read his essay "On Classical and Utilitarian Studies." The walls and tables of his parlors presented their beautiful array of classical and artistic adornments, — the arch of Constantine, models of ancient columns, temples, and amphitheatres, *bas-reliefs* and bronzes, Apollo and the Muses, the busts of the Cæsars, the model of York Minster made by his own hands, and all the manifold gatherings of his trained and exact taste, — sufficient in themselves, had his voice been silent, to show that he was no contemner of classicism or æstheticism. He was verging upon his eightieth year. The film had begun to impair his vision. He stood beneath his central chandelier, his manuscript on a rest, a magnifier in his hand, and read what his hearers listened to with a rare delight. It seems to be the longest, the most elaborate, and the most learned of his written productions. The sparkle and brilliancy of its style, the exuberance of its playful humor, the keenness of its occasional satire, the compass and wealth of its scholarship, the cogency of its accumulating argument and demonstrative affirmations, may claim for that essay a very high distinction among the masses of our recent like productions. He states the matter in controversy to be, whether education is to be regarded as a privileged boon restricted to the few, or is to be offered freely to the many. If it is to be offered to the many, then there must be an extension of the terms and conditions which have entered into the definition of education, and assigned the means and the honors of it only to those who had attained such learning as the mass of pupils cannot now acquire, and could not profitably use where there is such need of quite other kinds of knowledge and skill. Dr. Bigelow lifts his theme out of its treatment, as concerned with mere variances of opinion and taste, and deals with it in its relations to matters of fact and demands of exigent necessity. "The wisdom of the ancients," he affirms, "was selfish in its privileges, inwrought with error, superstition, and vice, confined to a very few, inoperative and useless for the masses; it did not and could not advance any vast public and improving interests, nor conserve social prosperity and order." He positively denies the generally asserted and popularly accepted notion, that the so-called *Renaissance* in Europe, about four centuries ago, is to be

referred to the revival of classical learning, but claims that it is wholly attributable to an outgrowing and rejection of old conceits and superstitions, and to discoveries made in the field of the natural sciences, and inventions in the useful arts.

Referring with complacency to the trite and obviously truthful remark that we use our own language more aptly when we know the classical derivation of words, he indulged in this sportive comment: —

"The derivation of words is often curious and interesting, but not always important. A man who suffers a calamity gets neither consolation nor useful knowledge from the fact that the word 'calamity' means a heap of corn; and a lady in a ball-room, who is apprised that she is the cynosure of all eyes, would not necessarily be raised in her own esteem had she been trained to understand that the word 'cynosure' means a dog's tail."

A more serious passage closes his former address: —

"Our country, with its vast territory, its inviting regions, its various population, its untrammelled freedom, looks forward now to a future which hitherto it has hardly dared to anticipate. Let us hopefully await the period when the world shall do homage to our national refinement, as it now does to our national strength; when the column shall have received its Corinthian capital, and when the proportions of the native oak shall be decorated, but not concealed, by the cultivated luxuriance of vines and flowers."

Dr. Bigelow, it must be admitted, had singular advantages and accomplishments in the championship of the views which he so intelligently advocated, and so ably defended. He had by natural endowment and genius the apt and facile powers of the mind, and the artistic and mechanical tastes and skill of paramount use in the directions of industry and service for which he was claiming the privileges of education. And these native powers seem to have been exercised wholly through his self-training. One might suppose that he must have re-read his Homer and Virgil and his classical dictionary, to furnish him afresh for all that discursive and playful revel of his wit and wisdom, about the misbehaving gods and goddesses, and the unheroic meannesses of the heroes of antiquity. But there was little variance of sentiment or conviction that he held his own ground and exposed the entrenched positions of his antagonists. The controversy as thus contested has not been publicly reopened. The modifi-

cations by a wide range of electives in our college curriculum, yield much that Dr. Bigelow claimed on his side.

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to Dr. Bigelow by the distinguished historian, William Edward Hartpole Lecky: —

"ROME, Feb. 12, 1866.

"SIR, — I beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of your lecture on 'The Limits of Education,' which I have read with great interest. With a great part of it I cordially agree. I believe that classical literature is peculiarly valuable as promoting delicacy of thought, refinement of expression, and purity of taste, and also on account of a certain elevation of thought and sentiment, by which it is pre-eminently characterized, and which is especially useful as a correction to the material tendencies of the present day. As far as the æsthetic side of things goes, I believe it has never been equalled. But at the same time, though valuing it a good deal more than you do, I quite agree with you that in England we devote a very disproportionate time to it, making that which ought to be the ornament and culmination of education, its basis and its main material. Our Latin and Greek verses are, I think, almost or altogether a waste of time. English schools and universities are, in my opinion, more successful in educating than in teaching. They fail to give even approximately the amount of useful knowledge that might be expected. But they seldom fail to form a type of character which, with all its failings, is, I think, not without beauty and greatness. On our side of the Atlantic you know we are more or less croakers, and I believe I am a croaker among croakers. So you must forgive me if I cannot quite echo your glorification of the gospel of machinery. My admiration of express trains is much less enthusiastic than yours. I own to an old world sympathy with the siege of Troy, and am, I confess, rather doubtful about Mr. Brownell's 'Fight of Mobile' (about which, however, I unfortunately speak in complete ignorance), superseding the story of that 'blind old man' which delighted so many generations when the greatness of both England and America were unborn, and which may still retain its freshness when that greatness may have passed away.

"Believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

"W. E. H. LECKY."

Sir Charles Lyell heartily thanks Dr. Bigelow for the "Modern Inquiries," and expresses great interest in the Technological Institute; adding, "Our universities and all the principal schools are, as you know, in the hands of the clergy, and hence we shall have more difficulty than you will have in introducing the elements of science and natural history." "The clergy, Romanist, Anglican, and Dissenting, have hitherto proved too strong for us reformers, and American and Continental rivalry must be brought to bear before

we shall succeed. Your book will be very useful at this moment in this country."

The Institute of Technology, by its comprehensive range of practical and utilitarian studies, by the number of pupils who have availed themselves so diligently of the education and training there offered to them, and the varied services in which its graduates are engaged, has fully assured the cogency of the plea advanced for it by Dr. Bigelow. In its curriculum, instruction is provided in the French, German, Spanish, and Italian languages, in all the branches of Mathematics, and in all the applied sciences, and arts of our complicated modern civilization. The two hundred and fifty young men who have, during the last twelve years, in steadily increasing numbers in each class, graduated from it, have found a demand and a profitable remuneration for their talents, knowledge, and skill, both at home and abroad. They may be found in our great manufactories, mills, and workshops, superintending vast interests, and giving them the benefit of their thorough training as experts. They are teachers and professors in many of our educational institutions. They are employed in Japan, China, and the Hawaiian Islands. They are scattered all over the regions between us and the Pacific, opening up the vast resources of the West, as engineers of all kinds, miners, metallurgists, draughtsmen, chemists, architects, bridge-builders, surveyors, electricians, assayers, geologists, astronomers, physicians, and lawyers; nor are all of them, by any means, lacking in classic lore.

Dr. Bigelow was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, May 26, 1812, in Section II., Botany, of Class II., Natural and Physiological Sciences. He was Vice-Treasurer from May 28, 1816, to May 26, 1829. Corresponding Secretary from May 26, 1829, to May 24, 1831. Member of the Rumford Committee, from Jan. 30, 1833, to May 26, 1846; Vice-President, from May 28, 1839, to May 26, 1846, and President from May 26, 1846, to May 26, 1863, when he declined re-election.

His communications to the Memoirs of the Academy were as follows: —

Some Account of the Life and Writings of Benjamin, Count Rumford. Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 1.

Facts serving to show the Comparative Forwardness of the Spring Season in different parts of the United States. Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 77.

On the Death of Pliny the Elder. Memoirs, N. S. vol. vi. p. 223.

He presided over the Academy with great dignity and courtesy of manner. The wide range of his own research, culture, and acquisitions, admirably qualified him to be the medium at its meetings of introducing the readers and subjects of the various communications made to the Academy, during some interesting years of its history, when fields of inquiry on themes appropriate to it had been widely extended and were diligently explored, and when the arts and sciences, multiplied in number, enriched by inventions and discoveries, and made so inviting and exacting in their study as to distribute themselves among special pupils, rendered the highest official position in the institution most honorable and conspicuous.

One of the most charming and instructive papers from Dr. Bigelow's pen is An Address before the Academy, Oct. 27, 1852, at the opening of their course of public lectures, suggested by Mr. Agassiz for a committee, as a means of increasing the Academy's publication fund. At the date appointed for the introduction of the course a heavy gloom hung over the community from the death of Daniel Webster, three days previous. To this sadness Dr. Bigelow made a touching reference. He then proceeded to report to his audience the character and condition of the Academy, more than seventy years after its incorporation, midway in our Revolutionary War. That such an institution should have been suggested and initiated at a time when the thoughts and resources of our community were engrossed by the distractions of public affairs, was a significant token of its claims and uses. The speaker traced the origin and development of philosophical and learned societies, in various ages and countries. He well knew how crude and tentative were the first efforts and contributions recognized on the early records of the Academy, when scientific and accurate investigations were making their first ventures, when methods and processes were unskilled, when instruments were rude and deficient, and means of communication and help from congenial inquirers abroad were infrequent and long delayed. He pays a deserved tribute to the "constellation of worthies enrolled as the first members" of the Academy, who carried it through its day of small things, and prepared a more attractive way for their successors. From his broad range of reading and study, and with his rich fund of most delightful humor, he illustrates the early empirical and sometimes ludicrous, methods and subjects which first engaged the complaisant fellowships of learned and curious inquirers in now famous academies, our own

among them. We began with a few papers on mathematics and astronomy, but the chief themes were homely and simple, — corn culture and the grafting of trees, diseases of cattle, caves, earthquakes, volcanoes, water-spouts and lightning, fossil frogs, and swallows hibernating in muddy ponds. Dighton rock was the great trophy of the time, though far more modestly dealt with then than it has been since. Dr. Bigelow plays deliciously with the stately and ambitious theory proposed by the much honored Governor Bowdoin when President of the Academy, of "the existence in the universe of an all-surrounding orb," as necessary to preserve it from the ruin to which gravitation would bring it. Dr. Bigelow says, "History is silent in regard to the extent of the impression made upon the world by the promulgation of this comprehensive theory. The orb is supposed to have been standing several years after the announcement of its character and office; and, when it fell, the Academy, nothing daunted, proceeded to prosecute its celestial investigations with a zeal and tenacity of purpose, prophetic of its future more elevated destiny." But parallel examples are adduced by Dr. Bigelow of the same gropings for truth in the early efforts of all other learned bodies, such as the transmutation of metals, perpetual motion, air-navigation, &c. The Royal Society gravely asked residents in foreign countries to certify to such matters as these: "Whether diamonds and other precious stones grow again after three or four years in the same places where they have been digged out?" "Whether the Indians can so prepare that stupefying herb Datura, that they may make it lie several days, months, years, according as they will have it, in a man's body, and at the end kill him, without missing half an hour's time?" "Whether there be a tree in Mexico that yields water, wine, vinegar, oil, milk, honey, wax, thread, and needles?" To this last question their correspondent answers, "The cocos-trees yield all this, and more." But Dr. Bigelow, before he closed his address, did not fail to give emphatic statement of the high and difficult achievements of the Academy in its broad province, by investigation, discovery, and application, by its more eminent Fellows, and to claim for it the respect, the gratitude, and the patronage of our country. On his resignation of the Presidency, the Academy, June 25, 1863, "Voted, That the members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences bear in grateful remembrance the eminent services of their retiring President, who has so long discharged every duty with dignity and honor, who has presided over their councils and deliberations

so courteously and justly, and who has adorned the office and the Academy with his varied attainments in literature and science." His membership of the Academy extended over a period of sixty-seven years.

His contribution of the paper, "On the Death of Pliny the Elder," is an exercise of his classical learning in the interpretation of a few important words in the accounts of it, and of his skill in diagnosis, brought to bear in questioning the common opinion that Pliny's death was caused by suffocation from sulphureous vapors at the eruption of Vesuvius, in the year A.D. 79. Apoplexy might have been, and, as Dr. Bigelow thinks, was the agency of his death.

During our civil war Dr. Bigelow communicated many pithy articles to the "Boston Daily Advertiser," full of sagacity in their views, practical in advice, and hopeful in spirit.

Many of Dr. Bigelow's associates will recall the impressive scene in which, as President of the Academy, at a meeting at the house of the venerable Josiah Quincy, Feb. 4, 1861, he addressed the honored host on the eve of his entering on his ninetieth year. Neither the address nor the reply represents extreme old age as especially to be longed for.

Some of the friends of Dr. Bigelow may have been on the occasion a little mystified when they received from him copies of an anonymous volume bearing the following title: "Eolopoesis, American Rejected Addresses. Now first published from the Original Manuscripts. New York: J. C. Derby, 1855." It is dedicated "To the Directors of the New York Crystal Palace." A note at the end explains the strange word of the title as compounded of the two Greek words, *αιόλος*, *various*, *ποίησις*, *poetry*. The volume contains sixteen humorous poems, professing to be choice productions of as many different writers. Attached to them are the initials of our best poets, — Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, Saxe, Willis, &c. That which bears the initials of Lowell is, "The Spirit Rappers to their Mediums." There is wit and wisdom in this *jeu d'esprit*, in which such spirits as Job, Julius Cæsar, Richard III., the Iron Mask, Torquemada, Robert Stephenson, John Gilpin, Warren Hastings, Talleyrand, Don Quixote, Benedict Arnold, Franklin, and Rip Van Winkle, are summoned to give an account of some secret of their lives. Perhaps Dr. Bigelow never in direct terms avowed the authorship of this amusing fabrication, and his friends, noting his preference of reticence, did not press him hard upon the secret, nor ask him to explain how he came to

be the distributor of a volume from a New York publisher. But if there was ever any mystery about it, his own papers solve it. The droll and spirited rhymed pieces had probably been gathering in his drawer for a considerable time as the effusions of his exuberant spirits, his jollity, and genial method of relief from the severe labors of his literary and professional life. His friend, Mr. George B. Emerson, in acknowledging the copy of the volume sent to him by Dr. Bigelow, writes, in July, 1861, "I beg you to present my respects to the authors of the 'American Rejected Addresses,' whenever they meet, and thank them for the honor they do me in presenting a copy of their valuable works. These authors are unquestionably right in thinking that they have surpassed their former selves in what they have now done. But I can easily understand why they should be unwilling to have these contributions appear among their recognized works. They have risen to a standard which it would be quite impossible for them to keep. I shall look, however, with some curiosity to O.W. H.'s new edition for the 'Address to a Tadpole.'"

When Mr. Winthrop, authorized by a committee, sought to procure an ode or hymn, in connection with his address at the exercises for inaugurating the Franklin Statue, he wrote to Dr. Bigelow for the purpose, and besought him to engage the pen of one of the authors of "Eolopœsis."

The sportive quality in the elementary exuberance of his make-up would doubtless have been allowed a fuller play had it not been for the gravity of his general tastes. It found, however, its license in the Latin song which he furnished, without his name, and which was sung with such a rollicking chorus under the broad tent by the *alumni* of Harvard, on its second centennial at Cambridge, Sept. 8, 1836. The direction, —

"In 'Doodle Yankee' Cantandum,"

opens the strain, —

"'Qui alicujus gradûs laureâ donati,' estis,"
&c., &c., &c.

This song has since been assigned to at least two other alleged authors, but it was the production of Dr. Bigelow. A sprightly poem of his appeared in April, 1837, anonymously in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," addressed to the Jingko Tree, on the occasion of its being transplanted from Gardiner Greene's garden to Boston Common, where it yet

stands. A more elaborate production of his bears the Greek title of "*XHNΩΔIA.*—Chenodia.—Or the Classical Mother Goose." Not published, but privately distributed among his friends, as a keepsake, by which he would have them to remember him as mirthful in his spirit to the end, this little book, printed in 1871, with a preface signed with the initials "J. B." contains twenty-three of Mother Goose's ditties for childhood in the nursery, turned, with exquisite drollery and classic grace, into Greek and Latin, — a marvellous feat for old age.

After the year 1835, Dr. Bigelow allowed himself almost annual excursions, near or far over the country, to all the places of popular resort and interest, and frequently to the successive multiplying cities of the distant West. He made a second voyage to Europe in 1848. His friend, Edward Everett, was thoughtful to provide him with letters, but he needed only his own name abroad. In 1870, when he was eighty-three years of age, as the gathering films had already begun to impair his vision, resolved to make the best possible use of his eyes while they still might serve him, he was induced to cross the continent to San Francisco. One might well pause here to reflect upon the strides of progress, and the marvels of human enterprise and achievement compassed within the span of his term of life. Born before the establishment of our national government over a region lying between the Atlantic sea-coast and the first great valley beyond the first range of mountains, he lived to avail himself of the comforts and luxuries of saloon and sleeping cars to and from the Pacific shores. He left Boston with his wife, on the last day of April, and they were again in "our dear home," on the 4th of June. In that brief interval, stopping at interesting points, going and returning, he had passed through Chicago, Council Bluffs, and Omaha. Leaving Omaha on May 4th, with a continuous course by night and day, the party reached San Francisco on the 9th, having a pleasant interview on the way in his parlor vehicle, with General Sheridan, who discoursed of his battles. Mr. George B. Emerson, Dr. Beach, and other Boston friends, joined him in excursions. He takes note of the Echo Canyon, the Desert and Alkali Plains, the tall pines, the oak groves, and the wild flowers, on which he continues his botanical studies, while all along the way he receives presents of gorgeous bouquets. He visits the Chinese quarters and the Joss House at San Francisco, and by drives and steamboat trips goes to the Cliff to see the Seals, to the Redwood Trees, to Oakland, to Stockton, to Copperop-

olis, and to the valley in which the gigantic Sequoia stand in their marvellous grandeur. On his way home, he stops at Salt Lake, and sees the Mormon Tabernacle, and has an interview with the much-married President of the "Latter-Day Saints."

Here, certainly, was gathered a store for thoughts and reveries in the shadowed and withdrawn interval of years still to be left to him. With his tenacious memory and his mental powers of combination, he, more than most of us, could spare the light, and yet live. He had still a degree of bodily vigor, on his return, sufficient for active exercise for three more years. A gathering of cataracts upon his eyes was his first disablement; then a partial dulness of hearing; then a gentle, but sensible dealing from paralysis. He gave over the study of the cases of other patients, and applied himself to his own, with a view to make the remaining three-fifths of his present self represent the former whole. For the last five years of his life he was sightless, and confined by physical helplessness, painless and patient, to his bed. No querulousness or regrets vexed him. He was placid and tranquil, occasionally speculating as to what he was or what he was waiting for. He reminded a friend that it was our human wont, as we lay down at night, to close our eyes before we actually fell asleep. He had complied with the preliminary, and now waited the result. The news of the day, the pamphlets and books which would interest him, were daily read to him. In watching the continued fidelity and alertness of his mind, one might recall the oft-spoken words of his long-time associate and friend, who preceded him a few years before, after the same long span — the stern, but noble old Roman, Josiah Quincy. When any one said any thing to him about the mind's decay preceding that of the body, he repelled the notion as if it were a personal reflection, insisting that in such cases there was no *mind*, or that it had not been kept in action. Dr. Bigelow was a more placid, but an equally positive witness to the same sentiment. Those who had come near to him were all familiar with the raciness and humor, the sly jocosity, and sometimes the sharpness of his tongue, when there was a possibly droll element or side for any thing, or when pretence or charlatanry provoked exposure. His vivacity was the last of these qualities to leave him. The writer recalls the incidents of a visit to him on the day when he closed his ninetieth year. He spoke in short sentences, distinct and emphatic, with deliberate pauses between them. Prompted, as the writer was, to pencil them

down, as the words came from his lips, some of them were precisely these: "They tell me I am ninety years old to-day. — I can answer for most of them, but not for all of them. — Most persons desire a very long life, but nobody enjoys it. — But as I look back upon mine, there is nothing I would have had different. — I have had all the success I ever aimed for. — And vastly more honors than I have deserved. — And now, I am not ill. — I have no ache, nor ail, nor pain. — But," — extending his hand to the edge of the couch, where he knew he should meet that which was dearest to him, he thus closed, — "But, my dear, if you should die, I should wish to die, too." Many of his latest visitors in his retirement must have taken from him each a memory, a word, a suggestion, characteristic of his thought, his experience, his temperament, or tone of being. Some of these, doubtless, were grave, earnest, morally, possibly devoutly, impressive. But he had no ghostliness of counsel, no anticipations of the sombre or the dreary. He knew there was much that he did not know or see. He had resources from what he had known and seen, and as they occupied the past, they visioned the future.

The professional eminence, the scientific and scholarly attainments, the range and fulness of his intellectual powers, could not fail of securing to him in his long and useful life the most profound respect of this whole community. He lacked no honor from it which it could bestow, and he might well have felt that he had won its regard, if he had not even brought it in debt to him, for his valuable public services. Nor could he have been what he was, or done what he did in these regards, without being also distinguished for his personal qualities and his private virtues. His character was a most attractive and lovable manifestation of a thoroughly upright, pure, and high-souled man. He certainly was favored in temperament, in facility of self-control, in equability and affability of nature. None but good passions were strong in him. His calm dignity and his old-school courtesy and urbanity commended his presence and his speech. He was reverent in sentiment and in expression. In him, as so markedly in his warm friend Agassiz, one might trace in memory and in influence the spell of early home life in the parental parsonage. Devoting the morning of Sunday to professional duty, he gave the afternoon to regular attendance in his place for worship. His religion, not for speech, discussion, or profession, was that of a serious and thoughtful man living very near to the realities and solemnities of exist-

ence, silently and profoundly meditating the problems of life, — with a calm and trusting attitude of spirit towards its mysteries. He had known the discipline of bereavement. What he wrote concerning the frame of spirit in his friend Dr. Jackson has been already noted as the expression of his own. He was without enemies, for he was gentle, conciliatory, and forbearing, though on occasion he was capable of positiveness and fixedness. It does not appear that he was ever ruffled or bruised by any of the jealousies, rivalries, or antagonisms incident to his profession when its ranks are numerous and of miscellaneous elements. In his lecture to his pupils on their threefold duties to themselves, their competitors, and their patients, he told them that "one of the most difficult virtues for a physician to cultivate is a just and proper deportment towards his professional brethren." His example taught them that virtue. Of course, he was a physician whom his patients loved, confided in, and held in loyal esteem. The more eminent and efficient in his profession any member of it may be, — as is naturally the case, — the more frequent and earnest are the demands made upon him for advice and attention to be gratuitously rendered. No remark is more frequently dropped by troublesome patients and their friends than this, "I have consulted all the doctors." Happily, our good physicians are our foremost philanthropists, and their free service does not always meet the return even of grateful words. Of course, Dr. Bigelow was ever the kind and faithful ministrant to the poor. But this was not all. His collector had his special instructions to be indulgent to those who might plead the strain of circumstances upon them. He assumed no professional air, or garb, or badge. He did not pass through the streets fur-wrapped and quilted, as if shrinking from the free air. He carried no gold-headed cane, — manifested no oracular symbols in gravity or speech. Far into old age there was an elastic vigor in his slenderly compact and lightly clad form as he went on foot. As a fancy of his own, a circular-plated ornament reappeared on the blinders of each successive set of harness on his horse, and it shows itself in a gilded ring on the binding of his books. His horse moved leisurely on his errands, seeming to know where his driver wished to go, and being perfectly willing to stand and wait. His professional brethren accredit him with the highest qualities of independence, candor, and rectitude of mind, and commend him for that singularly difficult achievement of acting in the *rôle* of radical reformer without bitterness of spirit. It was, indeed, a noteworthy fact that the author

of "Nature in Disease" should have been, twenty-five years before, the pupil of that magnate of the profession, — the patriot-philosopher, Dr. Rush. Of him, Dr. Bigelow said to his attached friend, Dr. H. I. Bowditch: "Rush was enthusiastic and eloquent; a great believer in medicine and drugs. He was an ultra practitioner. He often said, 'We can have no reliance on nature, gentlemen. We must turn her out of doors in our practice, and substitute for her efficient art.'" Under this pupilage, Dr. Bigelow told Dr. Bowditch, "When I began practice, I myself always felt obliged to give an emetic in every case of supposed commencement of fever, or I should have been held, and should have considered myself, as responsible for the death of the patient, in case he should unhappily have died under my charge."

Dr. Bowditch said of his honored friend, "I have ever acknowledged him as *facile princeps* of the medical profession of New England. He was naturally kindly. He had, at times, very decided opinions, and usually kept a complete control of his words in the expression of them. He had a great fund of genuine wit. He had always remarkably clear perceptions of things, and his opinion carried great weight, because his wise judgment prevented him from imprudent speech or action. I have at all times considered him one to whom I could appeal, and feel sure of an honest reply. Those who were his intimate friends have always loved him."

That last simple and truthful sentence might well lead on to a revealing of what such a man as Dr. Bigelow, whom all his friends loved, was in his own home to those who were dearest to him. Many strong and tender words and suggestions might be uttered here, were it seemly to enter into such privacy. Any one who should infer that a professional man, scholar, and philosopher, who was so occupied outside his dwelling, and so diligent and studious within it, could not have been a family man, companionable, genial, always at leisure for home delights and pleasing amenities of love and joy, would, in the case of Dr. Bigelow, at least, be wide of the truth. He had a most happy, indeed, a charmed home, and he was its central delight. His smallest fragments of time were festive moments there. With springing feet he would mount the stairs by couples, and take up, where he had intermitted, the home. He began with making his children's toys, and with the best of schools and teachers to train them, what they learned from him was more and better for heart, mind, and life, than book or academy had to teach them.

The artistic and classic adornments of his home have already been referred to. One of these, a faithful model in plaster, in all its Gothic detail, of York Minster, was the work of his own hands, made in the midst of active professional life, in the few occasional moments at his disposal. He took deep and never-failing delight in poetry and music. Even the cold and lonely walks at all hours of the winter night, from which he never shrank when his duty called him, were warmed and animated by the repetition to himself of some of the many sublime or pathetic passages stored in his memory. The same preference influenced his choice in music, which was to him an inexhaustible pleasure. In his home, all his drollery and spontaneity of spirits, physical, mental, and moral, had full indulgence, nor did age impair or reduce it. Strong and deep was the affection which bound him to wife and children, and it required all the processes of enfeeblement to reconcile them to the conviction that, as a release was blessing to him, separation should be endurable by them.

Of the five children born to Dr. Bigelow, two survive him, — the eminent surgeon, Dr. Henry Jacob Bigelow, and a daughter. Another daughter was the wife of Francis Parkman, the historian of France in the New World.

After funeral services in King's Chapel, Jan. 14, 1879, the most honored survivors of his life-long fellowship of friends attended his remains to their resting-place at Mount Auburn. As this record is of one who was a physician, it is but fitting that it should close with the tributes paid to his memory by his professional brethren.

At a memorial meeting held by them in Boston, on January 13, Dr. Bowditch, in behalf of a committee, offered the following resolutions, which were feelingly accepted: —

"*Resolved*, That this Society cannot permit this first meeting since the death of Dr. Jacob Bigelow to pass without recording its profound admiration of him as a man of rich literary and scientific culture, and as a physician of the highest rank; and the Society recognizes in his death the departure from among us of the greatest and widest-known leader of the medical profession in New England during the past century, — and this leadership is owing to his early writings and teachings upon the occasional self-limitation of disease, and in his reliance upon nature, as well as art, in the practice of our profession.

"*Resolved*, That the serenity with which he bore his many afflictions, for so many years, excites our warmest admiration."

The following letter was addressed and sent to Dr. Bigelow on his eighty-ninth birthday: —

"BOSTON, Feb. 27, 1876.

"DEAR DR. BIGELOW,—We, the undersigned, physicians of Boston and its vicinity, desire on this anniversary of your birthday to join with your more intimate circle of friends, in respectful remembrance of the occasion.

"Though for many years prevented by your infirmities from meeting with us, we all remember you with pride as one of the ornaments of our profession, and as a leader of medical thought in New England for the last half-century. Very many of us recollect you as a teacher and able instructor in the Medical School and at the Hospital.

"Those of us who, in past days, have met with you in professional life still hold grateful memories of your unwavering courtesy and kindness to us personally, and your honorable deportment as senior Consulting Physician.

"One and all of us, therefore, dear Dr. Bigelow, on this pleasant anniversary wish to send to you our congratulations on the fact that, although deprived of sight and unable freely to move, you have not suffered much pain during your long confinement; that you still enjoy a free communion with friends and that, while looking at past and present events with pleasure, you can still judge of them with the clear intellect of former days.

"That the remainder of your life may have the same peaceful accompaniments, so grateful not only to yourself, but to the many friends who watch around you in your more immediate family, is the sincere hope of Yours very faithfully" —

Attached are the autograph signatures of sixty-one of the leading physicians of Boston and the immediate vicinity, beginning with that of Dr. Edward Reynolds, who was next in years to Dr. Bigelow.