

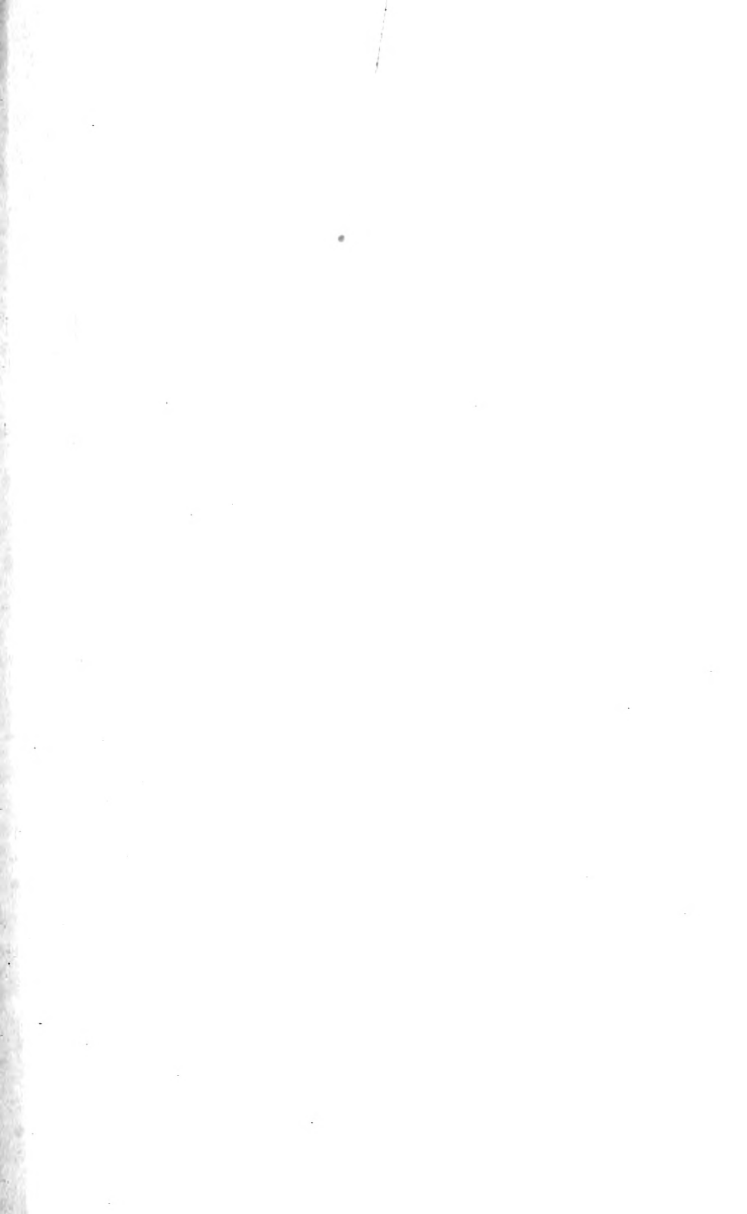
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REPORT

OF THE

BIGELOW FAMILY REUNION

AT

LINCOLN PARK,

(WORCESTER, MASS.)

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1887.

BY

GILMAN BIGELOW HOWE,

SECRETARY OF THE BIGELOW FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

UTAH COUNTY GENEALOGICAL
AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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THE BIGELOW FAMILY.

This wide-spread and eminently well-known family appears to be found in nearly every state in the Union, as well as in many portions of the Dominion of Canada, and in every instance may be traced to John Bigulah, or Biglo, as the name appears on the early records of Watertown, Mass., which seems to have been the only residence of the first ancestor of the family in this country, and where the marriage of John Bigulah and Mary Warin is recorded as having taken place October 30, 1642; being the first marriage recorded in that town.

The early ancestry of the above-mentioned John is somewhat uncertain, and only a careful investigation can settle it satisfactorily. The first John, according to the early records, was the father of thirteen children, from whom are descended this widely scattered family, of which about two hundred attended the family gathering at Worcester, June 2, 1887.

The origin of this family reunion may be said to have been in the ever active brain of that enterprising and well-known member of the family, Horace H. Bigelow, Esq., of Worcester, Mass., and to him more than to all others are we indebted for the success of the undertaking. Through the kindness and liberality of Mr. Bigelow the members of the different branches of the family were invited to meet at Lincoln Park, Quinsigamond Lake, Worcester, Mass., on Wednesday, June 2, 1886. The invitation was accepted by about two hundred of the family, and the day was spent in a social and informal manner. The

question of holding another reunion a year thence, and also the question of gathering material and data for the compiling of a family history, were discussed, and the following Committee was chosen to take the whole matter in charge, and make all necessary arrangements for a family reunion on Thursday, June 2, 1887:

Horace H. Bigelow, of Worcester, Mass., *Chairman*.
Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Wellesley, Mass.
William P. Bigelow, of Natick, Mass.
John K. Seaver, of Malone, N. Y.
Gilman Bigelow Howe, of Northboro, Mass., *Secretary*.
Leslie Hastings, of Cambridge, Mass.
Horace P. Bigelow, of Waterville, N. Y.

Soon after the first meeting the Committee issued circulars to send to any member of the family asking for information concerning the family, with addresses, and extending the notice of the intended reunion. Directories were searched, and every source of information was carefully gleaned. The result of this circular was several hundred letters in response, manifesting an unusual amount of interest, many signifying a desire or intention of being present at the reunion, and nearly all containing information regarding their branch of the family; and in every case the best of interest was manifest.

As the day drew near the committee completed their arrangements for the gathering, and selected Hon. Jonathan Bigelow, of Watertown, Mass., as the president of the day, and Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Wellesley, Mass., to deliver the address. For several days previous to the reunion the weather was decidedly stormy, and the night before, it being very bad, it was decided to hold the reunion in the Skating Rink at Bigelow's Garden instead of in the Park.

The morning opened no better than its predecessors, the roads leading into the country being in such a condition as to make traveling by carriage a matter of serious consideration, and for a time it looked as though the proposed gathering would have to be deferred.

But true to the family traits of character the descendants of John Biglo were not to be deterred by storm, and by twelve o'clock about two hundred of the family were present, and as will be seen by a reference to the list of those who registered their names, a very large section of the country was represented. Although the weather outside was gloomy and unpropitious, those present did their best to have an enjoyable time.

- F. H. Biglow, Plainfield, N. J.
 Mrs. Frances C. Biglow, Plainfield, N. J.
 Isaac S. Bigelow, M. D., Dubuque, Iowa.
 Russell A. Bigelow, 32 Nassau street, New York City.
 Edgar L. Bigelow, Norwood, Mass.
 Will A. Bigelow, " "
 A. R. Bigelow, Colchester, Conn.
 Jonathan Bigelow, Watertown, Mass.
 Lewis S. Bigelow, St. Paul, Minn.
 James Russell Bigelow, Blackstone, Mass.
 Berta E. Bigelow, " "
 Helen M. Bigelow, " "
 Mrs. C. S. Perry, " "
 J. E. Bigelow, Colchester, Conn.
 H. W. Bigelow, Toledo, Ohio.
 J. D. Bigelow, Terre Haute, Ind.
 C. B. Biglow, Springfield, Mass.
 O. F. Bigelow, Amherst, Mass.
 Mary H. P. Bigelow, Amherst, Mass.
 Geo. Bigelow, Concord, "
 Lucius A. Bigelow, Boston, "
 Nelson Gordon Bigelow, Toronto, Ont.
 David Bigelow, West Lebanon, N. Y.
 Harriet E. Bigelow, " "

- Lucy Bigelow Husted, New Lebanon, N. Y.
 Amelia Bigelow Waite, Chatham, "
 Lucy Bigelow, Brainerd, N. Y.
 Edward B. Bigelow, Littleton, Mass.
 Mrs. Mary J. Priest, " "
 Miss Sarah A. Priest, " "
 Frank Bigelow Priest, " "
 F. L. Bigelow, Hartford, Conn.
 Mrs. Abigail Russell, Prescott, Mass.
 Mrs. Mary P. Bigelow, North Brookfield, Mass.
 Jason C. Bigelow, " " "
 Miss L. Adda Nichols, Nashville, Mich.
 Levi Bigalow, Port Henry, N. Y.
 Mrs. Levi Bigalow, Port Henry, N. Y.
 Mrs. Amos Bigalow, Northfield, Mass.
 Julia M. Stowe, Worcester, "
 Mrs. Addie M. Hamilton, Spencer, Mass.
 Mrs. Nancy Bigelow Stoddard, North Brookfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Maria H. Poland, " " "
 Frank W. Bigelow, 35 Mt. Vernon street, Charlestown, Mass.
 Geo. B. Bigelow, 34 School street, Boston, Mass.
 Jonas S. Bigelow, Northboro, Mass.
 Mrs. Ann Eliza Bigelow Dodge, Worcester, Mass.
 Mrs. T. W. Sawyer, Marlboro, Mass.
 Mrs. Effie G. Temple, " "
 Mrs. Jennie Bigelow Dacatur, Worcester, Mass.
 Wm. P. Bigelow, Natick, Mass.
 Mrs. W. P. Bigelow, " "
 Florence Bigelow, " "
 Mrs. Louisa Bigelow Edwards, Natick, Mass.
 Ozro M. Bigelow, Boston, Mass.
 Elmer S. Bigelow, Athol, "
 Mrs. Elmer S. Bigelow, Athol, Mass.
 Warren T. Bigelow, North Brookfield, Mass.
 Geo. W. Bigelow, Framingham, "
 Mrs. G. C. Bigelow, " "
 Chester Adams Bigelow, Wellesley, "
 Mary M. Bigelow, Grafton, "
 Maria Bigelow Morse, Worcester, "
 Edwin S. Bigelow, East Cambridge, "
 Edwin A. Bigelow, " " "
 Mary A. Bigelow, East Cambridge, "

- David H. Bigelow, Melrose, Mass.
 Mrs. David H. Bigelow, " "
 Mrs. Geo. Huntley, " "
 Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
 Abram Bigelow, Northboro, Mass.
 Levi S. Brigham, Ayer, "
 Frank E. Bigelow, Northboro, "
 Geo. H. Bigelow, Dover, "
 Lambert Bigelow, East Lake, Worcester, Mass.
 Leander Bigelow, Worcester, Mass.
 Julian F. Bigelow, " "
 Mrs. Adelaide Bigelow, Worcester, Mass.
 Miss Althea Bigelow, " "
 Miss Glennie D. Bigelow, " "
 Miss Lucy Bigelow, " "
 L. E. Hill, North Brookfield, "
 Carrie L. Bigelow, Marlboro, "
 Mrs. H. W. Bigelow, Worcester, "
 Ezra H. Bigelow, Northboro, "
 Abel M. Bigelow, West Boylston, "
 William H. Bigelow, Dunkirk, N. Y.
 Mrs. Anna M. Burbeck, San Diego, Cal.
 F. Ellsworth Bigelow, Northboro, Mass.
 G. A. Bigelow, Southboro, "
 E. B. Greenlaw, Hudson, "
 Mrs. H. H. Bigelow, Worcester, "
 Frank H. Bigelow, " "
 Silas Howe, Northboro, "
 A. N. Ayres, North Brookfield, "
 Fannie Bliss, " " "
 Henry W. Bigelow, Newtonville, "
 S. W. Phelps Bigelow, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.
 H. E. Felton, Westerly, R. I.
 Geo. A. Stevens, Worcester, Mass.
 Mrs. Geo. A. Stevens, " "
 I. E. Bigelow, " "
 John Paul Bigelow, " "
 Minnie M. Bigelow, West Brattleboro, Vt.
 Herbert M. Hazelton, Marlboro, Mass.
 Mrs. T. Hazelton, " "
 Mrs. M. B. Chipman, " "
 Mrs. Julia Bigelow, 208 Austin street, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Eleanor J. Bigelow, Austin street, Worcester, Mass.
 Mrs. Alice J. (Bigelow) Knowles, Worcester, Mass.
 Gracie H. Bigelow, Worcester, Mass.
 Irving E. Bigelow, " "
 Mary E. Bigelow, " "
 Mrs. Anna M. Bigelow, " "
 Lucy Bigelow Cutting, Framingham, Mass.
 Mrs. Angie E. Sawyer, 88 Park street, Worcester, Mass.
 Henry Bigelow, Sherborn, Mass.
 Mary C. Bigelow, " "
 Grace F. Bigelow, Chicago, Ill.
 Mrs. W. W. Bigelow, " "
 Miss Jennie Bigelow, Northboro, Mass.
 Lewis B. Wheeler, Berlin, "
 Mrs. L. B. Wheeler, " "
 Charles F. Morse, Marlboro, "
 Edward P. Howe, Northboro, "
 James F. Bigelow, Marlboro, "
 Mrs. Dr. Andrew Bigelow, Southboro, Mass.

At twelve o'clock, Hon. Jonathan Bigelow, of Watertown, as president of the day, called the meeting to order and spoke as follows:

THE PRESIDENT'S REMARKS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Uncles, Aunts and Cousins:

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements I greet you all and bid you welcome. The sentiment, the instinct, of consanguinity has a lodgment in every human breast, and it is that feeling that has brought so many of us together from many different states, from Canada and Nova Scotia, and I trust the occasion will be of such a pleasant character that none will regret the fatigue and expense of the journey to this delightful spot. We all realize what this feeling of kinship is. It is born in us, an inspiration from our Creator, and stimulates to deeds of love and sacrifice for those nearly related to us. It is this feeling that enables us to look back nearly two hundred and fifty years to the old town of Watertown in Massachusetts and in imagination see our progenitor, John Biglo,

at his forge, his brawny arm swinging the hammer that made the sparks fly from the white-hot iron. Bond's History informs us that John Biglo was selectman of the town in 1655, 1670 and 1671, was twice married, and died in July, 1703, aged eighty-six years; consequently he must have been born in 1617. Sir Richard Saltonstall with his company was the first to settle in Watertown, on the banks of Charles River, in July, 1630. Bond tells us it was the fourth town settled in the Massachusetts Bay Colony; Salem being the first, Charlestown the second, and Dorchester the third.

But I must not anticipate what the historian of the day has to say. I expect many warm and lasting friendships will be formed this day, and one day seems hardly time enough for us all to become acquainted. I have no doubt many of us may meet again in our journeyings in different parts of the country on business or pleasure, and I am sure we shall all endeavor to make the name of Bigelow an honored and respected name. In the course of the day we are to have the pleasure of listening to interesting addresses prepared for the occasion. And we will now listen to Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Wellesley, Massachusetts:

ADDRESS OF REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Brethren and Friends: It is really pleasant to find one's-self in "the bosom of his own family"! In this blossoming season it is fine to see you all, the fruit of one ancestral tree planted on American soil two hundred and fifty years ago. For you have observed that the time of beginning our family union, this year or the last, cannot be far from two centuries and a half since our original progenitor came over. I venture to salute you all, and every one, this morning. I congratulate you on the family name, honored and beloved, by which we are drawn together; and on the public spirit that has devised this family gathering. We may differ on politics, on religion, on business, on literature,—but this company assembled here is supposed to be a unit in its appreciation of the Bigelow name.

The oldest genealogy is in the oldest and best Book in the world. And those who seek to follow their family back as far as they can, do but imitate an example set us in some of the earliest books of the Bible, both in the Old Testament and the New. When a man gets to talking of his ancestors of centuries ago, it is a long subject. I hope that, after I am started, you won't be compelled to fear I'm going to keep on till some future generation actually comes upon the scene! It is astonishing with what rapidity the descendants of one man may multiply. The lonely John Bigelow, of Watertown, in 1637, has become, in 1887, thousands and tens of thousands.

To undertake to trace out even the principal heads of this widely-scattered house owning a common origin, though only since they touched American soil, is no part of my purpose. I could not do it if I would. Such details fill volumes and require, in order to be accurately done, years of attention. It is to be wished that some one with the taste, skill and leisure for it might be induced to make such a record, which would be of permanent value.

Any one curious as to his own descent from the original John Bigelow will find, in Bond's History of Watertown, not less than three hundred names of Bigelows from which to select; and if he or she cannot pick out a good grandfather or grandmother there, he must be hard to please. I can only expect to retouch for an hour the fading outline of the picture of long gone-by years; to revive remembrance of the times of the man in whom we all have a common proprietorship; to impress, if I may, the worth of these family ties; and to express for you all the hearty greetings of the occasion.

Nothing is more easy, or less satisfactory, than from a few plausible data to jump at conclusions concerning one's forefathers. But I think we can hardly be mistaken in those chief points that have been agreed upon about our ancestor, viz., that John Bigelow was born at Wrentham, Suffolk, England, in A. D. 1617, as appears both from his baptismal register and from his oath made as to his age when a witness in court; that

he came to America somewhere about the year 1636 and settled at Watertown,—being, after Rev. Geo. Phillips (ancestor of the Phillips family of Massachusetts) and those of his company, among the earlier founders of that ancient town, in which he passed sixty-seven years of his life,—that he continued to live in Watertown,—a landholder, a blacksmith, a farmer, a well-to-do and highly respected citizen,—till his death in 1703, at the age of 86 years.

Bond states that he left a good estate; was constable; also selectman for three years (as were two of his sons after him—Samuel and Thomas—for twelve years); and was evidently of sturdy and vigorous character. He married in 1642, August 30, at the age of twenty-five, Mary Warren, also of English birth, and this is the first marriage on the town records of Watertown.* After her death, he married again, in his seventy-seventh year, Sarah Bemis. By his first wife he had thirteen children, of whom the last two died within a month of birth. Is it any token of a well rounded and balanced character that as near as possible half of these were sons and half were daughters? Of these children, the first son, John, had no offspring. The remaining five sons continued to perpetuate his name in nearly fifty children (forty recorded by Bond) that were born to them, twelve children to one couple recurring in repeated instances.

By intermarriage his family has become connected in all directions, of which I have seen stated this one notable example: in the year 1706 Mercy Bigelow, granddaughter of John Bigelow, the Settler, married, when twenty years old, Lieut. Thomas Garfield, from whom, the fourth or the fifth in descent, was James Abram Garfield, the late lamented president of the United States.

In Watertown the site of the first (or second) meeting-house is still pointed out; opposite to it is the oldest burial ground; and close by stands to-day the ancient house which

* The record gives it thus: "1640, 30th day, 8th mo., John Bigulah and Mary Warin joyned in marriage before Mr. Newell."

tradition says was built by the first minister, Rev. George Phillips. This is the part of Watertown almost bordering on the noted and beautiful Mt. Auburn Cemetery, near which it seems probable John Bigelow's homestead was placed. His children soon removed to various localities—to Weston, to Natick, to Marlboro, to Worcester County, and other Massachusetts towns, and further away; the two oldest sons, John and Jonathan, to Hartford, Connecticut; and several years ago, thirty-nine Bigelows were said to lie in one Hartford cemetery; later, to New York, to Nova Scotia, Canada and many other parts.

Let us turn back a moment from our modern times and habits of thinking, to that England from which our ancestor came out. He left a county, Suffolk, on the eastern coast of New England, bordering on the sea. We know something of the land here where he lived; we would also like to recall the scene which this young man of twenty years left behind. Queen Elizabeth had died fourteen years before he was born. He entered the world in the reign of the first James, and eight years before Charles the First was to begin his troublous career on the throne. Cromwell was eighteen years old; Shakspeare had died the year before, and Milton was in his ninth year. The Pilgrims were to sail for Plymouth when he was three years of age, and sixteen years later he would follow them. Twenty years after he came to Massachusetts arrived in Virginia the first American ancestor of George Washington. And, most significant of all, having, we may believe, an influence on his character far greater than might be suspected, our King James' version of the Bible preceded our ancestor's birth by only seven years.

How unlike the life we lead were all the outward surroundings, even in the old land, and of course vastly more in the new wilds where he pitched his tent. While we are now whirled along our thirty to fifty miles an hour, even the mails in his England still jogged by, on horseback, at the rate of five miles an hour. In his old home, no steamboat, no postage

stamp, no lighted town streets, no friction match, almost no carpet on a floor, no common schools, and no newspaper,—for the earliest English newspaper (if such you would call an occasional budget of news printed in a pamphlet form), was issued in 1619, two years after John Bigelow was born, and was entitled, "News from Holland."

The old England that he forsook would seem to us in many of its aspects a barbarous land; but what a wilderness must have been his New England! This prosperous and proud Worcester was not begun till ten years after our ancestor had died, and the "Great West" of his time—untraveled and distant and unknown—hardly reached so far as this rich and fertile county. The town of Westminster near us was so far away that it was made a grant of wild lands to the soldiers of King Philip's war, and John Bigelow's son Joshua was the first man who died there, at the age of ninety, one hundred and nine years after his father had landed at Watertown. How well we should all of us like to have this first settler in America look in upon us here to-day—the one grand grandfather of us all! I wish at least we could have a portrait of him. Vain wish! I am sure he would say to us, "Glad am I that you, my hundreds of children, and representatives of thousands, remember me: blessings go with you, and may you send down the old name with flying colors to the coming years!"

Perhaps I may be permitted to suggest a few of the traits of character that belong to these old time families. *Homes* they made, and loved them, and worked hard for them, and honored them so much that their children after them built up home-loving generations of noble men and women. It seems to me they had a very marked degree of *energy and enterprise*. They would hardly otherwise have plucked up vigor enough to abandon the old seats and push off into such an untried life, in a land so little familiar and across an ocean that even now, with all the speed and lessening of modern travel, makes a good many voyagers hesitate. It certainly required force

and grit to set one's stake among the forests, and to go to work without grumbling to hold it fast; good sense; sound judgment; a persevering temper; an ability to take things by the right handle; a steady determination for the wrestle of life—these, and united with them, in men who would leave home and country behind and push out into the solitudes, there must have been a care to obey one's conscience, and to find, or rather to make, a new home where should be "freedom to worship God."

These forceful qualities have been repeated often, we cannot doubt, in our subsequent generations. Some of those of whom I have known, or have heard, have clearly proved themselves "chips of the old block." Let me allude to a few examples, in part gleaned by myself, in part by others, or recorded in town histories, sources from which such instances might easily be multiplied.

You were told, last year, of the Bigelow of Marlboro, who, with a comrade, was carried captive by the Indians to Canada. Instead of pining away in hopeless regrets, the one being a carpenter and the other a blacksmith, they offered to build for the Governor a sawmill in return for their freedom, said to be the first sawmill ever seen in all that region. It procured them their release, and, after returning to his home, Mr. Bigelow named two of the children that were born to him Comfort and Freedom, in memory of his trials and escape.

— A Bigelow, whom I well knew, of the fourth generation from the original John (one of the Connecticut branch), showed, all his life long, strongly developed, these qualities of persistent pluck and force. I go somewhat minutely into this particular biography because I happen to be acquainted with it, and because it may perhaps be taken as a specimen of the times of our fathers' fathers. Such homely narratives at least may tell us that a good deal of solid work had to be done in those days, and may help us not to draw back for trifles.

This Bigelow was born fifty-two years after the original John (his father's great-grandfather) had passed away. He

was born seven months after his own father died, and, within the space of about three weeks, a few months previous to his birth, had lost father, grandmother, brother and a sister! When twelve years of age he is said, with two men, to have cradled a piece of rye of twelve acres, he taking his turn in going before all the day. At fourteen years he was bound apprentice to a carpenter and joiner, and served, as the custom then was, seven years. At one time a builder, in a great hurry to finish a new house, offered him a pistareen a night if he would add night-work; he did so, working till day-light, then lying down on the shavings and sleeping till sunrise, when he would get up to the day work. This he did many nights, but when the house was done the builder neglected to pay him, though often requested, until after the young man married, when the pay being offered, Bigelow refused to take it, saying that "a pistareen (a coin of about twenty cents, is it not?) at the time it ought have been paid was worth more to him than five dollars then.

Speaking of his marrying day, "courting" had to be compressed in close quarters. Being employed at a distance from his own, but near the home of the young lady, he would work till night, then go (without supper) to her home, where was "a quilting," dance till one o'clock, then to a house near by till morning, and back to the work of the day with his master's cold pork and potatoes, left over from yesterday's dinner, for breakfast. At twenty-one he was drafted in the revolutionary army, and served on "Dorchester Heights" at the siege of Boston. While quartered there in the house of a woman who had a sick child that was badly worried by the noise, he stationed himself at the foot of the stair and persuaded his fellow soldiers to favor the invalid by keeping quiet. For this the mother was most grateful, and some time after, hearing that he lay sick (I think with the small-pox) and in a stable where, in his feebleness, he was in danger of being trampled by the horses, she insisted on his being conveyed to her house and nursed him to his recovery. Like so many soldiers of the Revolution

he lost his money by the depreciation of "the continental currency," so that he paid thirty pounds for the buttons on his wedding vest. Shortly after his marriage the shop where he worked took fire, and he was compelled to see the articles he had toiled hard to manufacture fall down one by one into the flames. But the Bigelow motto was not to give up. Appointed constable and collector, he came to do a large business; up and off at day-light; riding all day without dinner; home a little before midnight; while looking over the day's accounts eating a hungry man's supper, such as would compel us to see several grandfathers at once; but he, lying down, would sleep soundly a tired man's sleep till another daylight put him again on his horse. As such men will, he plucked success through courage and toil, and died at seventy-five years in the fine home he had won for his household of eleven children.

Another Bigelow,—one from the State of New York,—presents a life singularly mixed of sweetness and vigor. Fearing God and loving men, starting from poverty he toiled with un-failing content; obtained by his blended kindness and decision a remarkable control over those around him; though having the fewest advantages of early schooling he educated himself and would sit up almost the entire night to read a new book. Of this love of learning the amusing instance is given that, when nearly at the age of eighty-nine, he was almost incensed because his son could not be persuaded to join him in the entertainment of working out some intricate mathematical problem. Dying at an advanced old age he left behind him a saintly name fragrant through the whole vicinity where he had lived.

Another,—of the Canada branch of the family,—famed for a large and robust frame, held the office of sheriff in Toronto for twenty years. His way to this place had been opened by his personal courage: "A desperate criminal had broken goal and almost killed two of his pursuers. On the third day when two hundred men had surrounded him in a forest, they halted, and 'Uncle Levi' advanced to make the arrest. The convict

first threatened, then aimed a pistol and pulled the trigger at a distance of six feet! He was instantly seized and, though the pistol missed fire, it was well and heavily loaded." This Bigelow was an officer in the battle of Lundy's Lane, and was in later military expeditions.

These strong traits, too, have been repeated in our own day, as witness is borne in the struggles of business, in the prizes won by distinguished inventors, and wherever manly faculties are tested. The fearful battle of Gettysburg bore witness, in the heroic courage with which the old family name was carried to the very front by a scholar of Harvard, on that eventful day. Our family, like so many another, is now found scattered from the British Provinces to the "Golden Gate"; and some, as you well know, have brought honor to the name in private, and in high public, service in distant and foreign lands.

One Bigelow, born in Nova Scotia—I wish he were here and hope he may be—has written us from three thousand miles away of his interest in this day. He is one of the "forty-niners" of California, having sailed in '49 all the way around Cape Horn, the six thousand miles, a voyage of one hundred and ninety-three days,—without stopping anywhere and without speaking a single vessel in the six and a half months.

A few years since the *New York Observer* published an account of three remarkable Bigelow chairs on exhibition in Chicago, said to be two hundred and sixty-three years old, brought from England in 1648 by one Dow, and given to his friend John Bigelow, of Watertown. To trace the pedigree of a family, even with records before you, is often difficult enough, as any of you who have attempted it will testify; but to trace the descent of ancient chairs may be more puzzling still, and I am not going to stake my reputation on their exact number of centuries. It is evident they attracted great attention in the northwestern capital, and they must have been veritable antiques. Whether there be some virtue in associating with such ancient historic heirlooms to grant longevity to their

owners, or not, surely it is something remarkable, the long lives of many of our family. The first owner is asserted to have lived ninety-five years, his wife eighty-one, and the next owner ninety-six. Our first John, of Watertown, died at eighty-six, his son Joshua at ninety, and his son John at the age of eighty-nine years. In 1870 the one hundredth birthday was celebrated of John Day Bigelow, of Marlborough, Hartford County, Connecticut.

I might read you a curious scrap on the philological origin of the name Bigelow, written by a student from Trieste, Italy, Mr. A. W. Thayer, himself also of our household. He says: "Many years ago Prof. C. E. Stowe" (who, by the way, was also of the Bigelow descent) "wrote me that the great philologist, Jacob Grimm, told him the name Biglow or Bigelow was derived from '*Aberglaube*.' The German word '*glaube*' means belief, faith, and '*oberglaube*' is '*overmuch faith*.' The changes in the form of the word are in part German and in part English; in part the result of writing according to the sound, etc. * * How common the fault in ordinary conversation of dropping an initial vowel, say 'a': thus *Aberglaube* became *Berglaube*, or *glo-be*. *Aberglaube* is now *Berglo-be*. Now pronounce 'b' without quite closing the lips, and it is 'v.' The German w is our v, and *Aberglaube* is now *Berglo-we*, or, by a change in division of syllables, *Berg-lo-we*. Contract, in speaking, *Berg* into '*Beg*' or '*Big*' and *Berg-lo-we* became *Big-lo-we* and then *Biglow*."

We are indebted to one man of our family name, resident here in Worcester, for the beginning of this family gathering and for the conveniences of this spacious spot. I read with interest, as perhaps you did, not long ago, an account of "a grand mechanical, industrial, electrical exhibition" of Massachusetts, opened by the Governor of our State, here, last March. The distinguishing feature was said to be that "all the vast array of machinery was run by electricity, furnished by a *single wire* from dynamos in an adjoining building." Can we not see in this a figure of our family life? The first one of

our name who, two hundred and fifty years ago, came from the old home over the great sea, a young man of nineteen,—might you not describe him as the “single wire” that brought a great amount of human electricity across from an adjoining realm,—electricity that courses to-day through your veins and mine, and serves to keep the now widely scattered and most various machinery of a thousand minds and hearts and hands in full play, from the furthest east to the Pacific shore.

Before closing this rambling Bigelow talk, pardon me a word upon *the value of such reunions as this in strengthening the family idea*. Is not the family bond in this country, and in our time, in danger of being rather rudely treated, sometimes quite severed? Brothers and sisters are sundered for so many years, so far apart, they almost forget each how the other looks. Years go by, vast spaces intervene; and if their hearts are not parted they themselves are. Any call like that of to-day is good that blows a silver trumpet and summons the wandering tribe to be one again. Besides, *the family bond may be a help to all*. “Blood is thicker than water.” Those who own one origin and spring from one stock have, and must have, and should have, interests in common. The sign of one family continued through several generations ought to be “a helping hand.”

It was God himself who, at the first “set the solitary in families,” and it were stupid indeed, and heedless, not to acknowledge his goodness in the enlargement and guidance of a family relationship now so widely extended as ours. Unto Him who has guarded and sustained us through these centuries, we commend the children and the children’s children.

Your committee thanks you, kinsmen, for the pains you have taken to come together in so large numbers to-day, and wishes you all joy and every blessing.

At the close of the address of Mr. Edwards, the President introduced Miss L. Adda Nichols, of Nashville, Michigan (a descendant of a western branch of the family), who recited the following poem, of which she was the author:

POEM BY L. ADDA NICHOLS.

WHEN ancient Greece in glory shone,
 In wealth of splendor and renown,
 The mother, all the world avers,
 Of poets and philosophers,
 The source to which our wealth we owe
 Of culture, that her hands bestow,
 Herodotus with well-earned fame
 As father of all history, came
 To entertain Olympia's guests
 With records of far-reaching quests.
 Of topics wide and manifold,
 Of countries and of heroes bold.
 Between the games and heated race,
 They listened with attentive grace
 To all the wonders of the age
 As told them by the honored sage.
 And as all Hellas older grew
 In wealth of art and letters too,
 With culture that ne'er fails to please,
 Came the historian Thucydides,
 Thro' art and literature shone,
 Worthy the record, handing down
 To generations yet to be,
 A rich and lasting legacy;
 With treasures rare to search and find,
 One theme alone filled all his mind;
 Naught could attract from near or far,
 Save the Peloponnesian War.

And so dear friends, we gather here,
 Drawn by one theme from far and near;
 From north and south, from east and west,
 From every home that each loves best,
 We gather here a kindred host,
 From Maine to Californian coast,
 To form acquaintance new, tho' late,
 'Mid glories of the Old Bay State;
 That justly claims with glowing pride,
 Much that has made her fame world-wide,
 Birth-place of many of true worth,
 Whose zeal and wisdom bless the earth.

And ancient land-marks here abound,
 Our fathers made historic ground;
 An open door to freedom's land
 Dear Plymouth Rock for aye shall stand.
 The Old South Church in peace and war
 Shines out an ever guiding star;
 Your hearts with patriotism thrill,
 When thoughts arise of Bunker Hill:
 While old and young delight to hear
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
 You boast all things as "done up brown,"
 E'en to the witches of Salem town;
 Rejoice in progress of to-day,
 With superstition passed away.
 Now 'round the fire-side love to tell
 Of what in olden times befell;
 How in seventeen-hundred-seventy-three
 In Boston Harbor they steeped the tea;
 So strong they made it Old Britain shrank,
 Nor called the nectar sweet she drank.
 The greatest Tea-party e'er was known,
 In any country or any zone;
 It proved a nation strong for right,
 That dares oppression with her might.

Now lest the prelude longer be
 Than all the line of ancestry,
 We leave these thoughts and hasten on
 To descendants numerous of John;
 Who first into New England came,
 And here diffused the honored name.
 And further back we still may go
 To trace the name of Bigelow;
 When Henry Third on England's throne
 Did reign, e'en then the name was known;
 'Tis changed somewhat from Baguley
 To the Yankee style it wears to-day.
 Richard, Lord of Baguley, came,
 His race per custom took the name.
 When Henry Seventh affairs controlled,
 Ralph De Baguley, we are told,
 Was then the Lord of Allerton Hall;
 The history we with pride recall;

And then we read that later on,
 His great-grandson, the aforesaid John,
 At an early day sailed o'er the sea,
 Curious to explore this "faire countrie."
 He closely followed the Pilgrim band,
 And made a home in the same fair land.
 Now from the broad Atlantic's foam
 To the far Pacific, where e'er you roam
 That name you'll meet; and often find
 In places of trust and honor enshrined
 That name; and may it ever be
 Unsullied by impurity.
 With honest pride the name we own,
 As handed down from father to son;
 May each esteem the privilege dear,
 To keep the record shining clear.
 We boast a royal ancestry;
 But that makes neither you nor me;
 On individual worth alone
 We build a structure all our own;
 And for its failures more or less
 Responsibility must confess.
 As well might each and all begin
 To plead excuse by Adam's sin,
 As that a noble ancestry
 Makes up a life's deficiency.

O! lasting prize of valor, won
 By Massachusetts' noble son!
 Time-honored Worcester proudly gave
 Colonel Timothy Bigelow the brave;
 Man of strong heart and iron will,
 Who nobly fought at Bunker Hill,
 With Revolutionary fame
 For aye shall shine the cherished name.

Now thanks to him whose generous hand
 Has welcomed this fraternal band;
 The anniversary of whose birth,
 We celebrate with songs and mirth.
 May this meeting emblematic be
 Of the great home-gathering, where we
 With all the loved ones gone before
 From Father's house go out no more.

At the close of the above poem, the announcement was made that dinner was waiting to be served. An intermission was taken at once, and soon all were busy at the bountifully laden tables so well superintended by caterer C. S. Yeaw, of Worcester.

The afternoon session was opened with a short address of an historical character, by Russell A. Bigelow, of New York City.

ADDRESS OF RUSSELL A. BIGELOW.

The weather to-day reminds me of a story I once heard about a knock-kneed, bow-legged individual, who stood warming himself before a red-hot stove, in a public place, after having been out in a drenching rain. A precocious boy came up to him, and after having surveyed him a moment, said so loud that every one around could hear: "Hi, mister, you'd better keep away from that hot stove. Your legs are a-warpin'." I hope that the mist and rain will not warp our interest in the lives and fortunes of our common ancestors, and that in future years we may again meet to honor their memories.

Thirteen years ago, a younger brother and I attended a French school in Paris. The contortions practiced upon our patronymic were distressing. The head of our department persisted in calling us Beejeeloo *un* and Beejeeloo *deux*. The master of the school boasted that he had once resided in England, and took pride in his pronunciation of our language. We were considerably amused when he dubbed us Bygöloave. It is not surprising, however, that foreigners are puzzled by our name, for the record seems to indicate that our good old ancestors were sometimes perplexed as to how they should designate themselves before the world.

Among the names published by the New England Genealogical Society, of those who took the oath of fidelity in 1652, we find that of John Bigolouh. A stray copy of the same list, found among some old papers, is also published by the same society. It is entitled: "Here is also the names of certain

men, whom upon this occasion have taken the oath of fidelity at Watertowne." John Biggalough is the last of the forty-one names given. The occasion referred to was the election of Lieut. Mason to be captain.

The first marriage recorded in Watertown is noted in these words: "John Bigulah and Mary Warin, joyned in mariag before Mr. Nowell the 30. 8. 1642." We learn, too, that John Bigulah, sr., was impressed for service in King Philip's war. Others say that the name is spelled Biggely and Biglow in the Watertown records, while the name of our English ancestors was quite probably Baguley.

Under date of March 4, 1651, appears the following entry in the Town Records of Watertown:

"Agreed wth John Biglo yt for ten trees the town allowed him for the setting up a shop for a smithes forge, yt he shall either goe on with yt his promise of setting up his trade, wh is the trade of a smith, wthin one twelf-month after the date hereof, or else to pay unto the towne ten shillings for these ten trees he acknowledged to have off the townes."

The *New England Genealogical Register* informs us that there was credited to Joshua Bigalo (a son of John Bigelow, of Watertown), on Feb. 29, 1676, for services in King Philip's war, under Capt. Davenport and Capt. Ting, £02 14d. 00s., a much larger sum in those days than it would be to-day. The same Joshua Bigelow was allotted twenty-five acres of land in Worcester, as appears by the records of the proprietors, for his services in King Philip's war. The name seems to have been repeated four times on the same page, in the descriptions of Bigelow's lot, and those adjoining. First, it is Bigoła, then Bigellow, next Bigolow and finally Bigolo.

In this age of railroads and rapid communication we can hardly imagine the quiet, simple life of our ancestors. It is said that "little more than eighty years ago, there was only one stage coach between London and Edinboro, which started once a month from each place, and took a fortnight to complete the journey." We catch a glimpse of the difficulty of communication when we read that the accounts of the administrators of John Bigelow, of Watertown, contain a charge "of

2s. for a man and horse to notify John Stearns, at Bellerica, to attend the funeral"; also one of "3s. for a man and horse to Sherburne to notify Isaac Larned and wife to attend the funeral."

It early became the law in Watertown that only church-members could be freemen, with the full privileges of citizenship. Persons who had taken the oath of fidelity, however, could hold office or receive appointments from the court. We have seen that John Bigelow, sr., took the oath in 1652. He was selectman in 1665, 1670 and 1671, but he did not become a freeman until 1690, when he was seventy-three years of age. Thus it is probable that he did not join the church until he had had many a year in which to reap a good harvest of wild oats.

I find evidence that one other of our common ancestors was not an altogether exemplary Puritan. John Bigelow married Mary Warren. As she was the mother of all his children, her father, John Warren, is as much our common ancestor as is John Bigelow. We read that in October, 1651, John Warren and Thomas Arnold were each fined 20s. for an offence against the laws concerning baptism. April 4, 1654, he was fined for neglect of public worship, "14 Sabbaths, each 5s. = £3 10s." Thus the fine for neglecting public worship seems to have been greater than the pecuniary reward for service in King Philip's war. It is fortunate for some of us that we were born so late. March 14, 1659, John Warren was to be warned for not attending public worship, the quaint old record adding: "But old Warren is not to be found in town." May 27, 1661, the houses of "old Warren and Goodman Hammond" were ordered to be searched for Quakers. Henry Bond, in his history of Watertown, says: "He appears to have agreed in religious sentiments with Dr. John Clark, of Newport, Nathaniel Briscoe, sr., who returned to England, and Thomas Arnold, who moved from Watertown to Providence," and he adds: "They were probably all Baptists." Since Watertown was too severely puritanical for his friends, it is probable that it

did not lack much of being too hot a place for "old Warren."

This John Warren was one of those who came to New England with John Winthrop. He may have come in the same boat, the *Arbella*, which landed in Salem, June 12, 1630. John Winthrop was the leader of the settlers and their first governor. As the colony was that of Massachusetts Bay he is often called the first governor of Massachusetts. Some seven or eight hundred Puritans accompanied him—more, probably, than at any other time ever came over in one company. They all settled in Boston or its immediate vicinity. Watertown, for the first twenty years of its history, was as large and important as Boston. John Warren was forty-five years of age when he came to New England. His daughter Mary must have been born in England and accompanied him.

In a letter, evidently written soon after landing (probably in July, 1630), from John Winthrop to his "very loving son, Mr. John Winthrop, at Groton, in Suffolk," occurs the following passage: "John Warren hath appointed money to be paid to you by the bond he left with you. He owes beside £10, beside his present provisions." From this it would appear that John Warren had borrowed money from John Winthrop in England, for which he had given a bond, which had been left with John Winthrop, jr., and that either on the voyage, or soon after his arrival in New England, Warren had borrowed ten pounds more; and that the provisions on which he was living, when he first reached Salem, were supplied by John Winthrop.

The name of John Warren appears on the first list of 118 freemen of Watertown, May 18, 1631. He was selectman from 1636 to 1640. He was one of a committee of seven, appointed January 10, 1648, to consider the disputes "about lands in lieu of township." Bond tells us that the earliest reference to roads in the town records is in 1635, probably September 14, when it was "agreed, that John Warren and Abraham Browne shall lay out all the highways, and to see that they be sufficiently repaired." In an elaborate genealogy of his family,

Prof. John C. Warren, of Harvard, traced the descent of John Warren to William the Conqueror, through the Earls of Warren. He obtained the data for the elaborate family chart he gives from much personal research in England and correspondence with genealogists there.

During the last month, as I have had leisure, I have been reading the early history of New England, and tracing the lives and family connections of some fifty Puritan families, to whom I have traced my descent. My interest has been aroused; I may even say my enthusiasm kindled by the study. Probably there is not a county in England where the English blood is purer than was that of our New England ancestors of the last century. Immigration into New England continued from 1620 to 1641, during which period some twenty-one thousand Englishmen, bold, venturesome and pious men, landed on these rugged shores. From 1641 to the beginning of this century immigration into New England from any quarter almost entirely ceased. The people spread over the whole territory of New England, but did not begin to emigrate to the West until after the Revolutionary war. The inhabitants of New England were, therefore, at least up to the time of the Revolution, a homogeneous race of pure English descent. They were men whose memories we may well honor. We have just reason to be proud that the blood of such honest, steadfast, sturdy, liberty-loving hearts flows in our own veins. Their most uncompromising trait has been well called "a fierce spirit of liberty." They left comfortable homes in order to worship God in their own way. They suffered countless hardships during the first years of their residence on the bleak, cold, barren, homeless shores of New England. In later years they endured terrible afflictions in fighting Indians, and the yet more rigorous powers of nature, in their conquest of New England. During these long years, and as a consequence, perhaps, of these very hardships and afflictions, there were developing the solid foundations of New England grit, energy and common-sense, which to-day form the strength

and hope of the nation. It is surely the very highest distinction to be able to say of them that they were the founders of a government, a political system and a nation, that have already exerted a wonderful influence upon the world, and whose future supremacy in the world's history no man doubts.

These men believed in order and method, as their records attest. I have been amazed at the facility with which the connections of families and the births of children can be ascertained and verified by the records these careful people have left us. I do not believe there is among any people on the globe to-day a similar fund of information regarding the pedigrees of so many of its inhabitants. In our bustling America of to-day, with our sixty million people, and our constant migrations from one county and state to another, such precision of record would be well-nigh impossible, and we all know full well that it is not in fact attained or even attempted.

Among the many Puritan names, that of Bigelow has always held an honorable place. Even the more humble members of the family have been honest, sober, respected citizens. I can claim no greater distinction for my own ancestors, who were country farmers. John Bigelow, grandson of John, of Watertown, settled in Colchester, Conn., in 1706. His great-grandson, Erastus, moved to Easton, New York, which was the birth-place of his grandson, my father.

Of my own name I surely ought not to boast. The only scalawag of the Bigelow name of whom I ever heard, was R. A. Bigelow. He was a noted thief and highwayman of the southwest. I was never able to ascertain how nearly related he was to me. But perhaps I ought to mention this fact in a whisper, for I notice that one of the reverend gentlemen who follows me rejoices in the name of Russell Bigelow, and he might not care to have his parishioners know that there was a desperado in his family. But it is universally acknowledged that there must be some black sheep in every flock, and in spite of such representatives as R. A. Bigelow (of course I mean the other one), the name of Bigelow is an honorable one.

In Boston no name stands higher. In Worcester the descendants of Col. Timothy Bigelow may well cherish the traditions of the family. Every carpet on which we tread is a monument to the inventive genius of one of our own blood. The gentleman to whom we were to have listened to-day, who has so well represented our nation in the principal courts of Europe, the lifelong friend and the executor of Mr. Tilden, has shown that the blood of Colchester farmers is no impediment to an honorable career in the sight of many witnesses. But what need is there to speak of those who have made our name respected in the great world? We, ourselves, are a host of honest, earnest, active Bigelows, with work to do, and with a determination to do it worthily. Such men were our fathers. Such men shall our children be. So long as the name exists, it shall ever remain a true title of nobility.

After this very interesting address, Rev. Jonathan Edwards favored the audience by reading a poem by Allen G. Bigelow, of Lockport, N. Y.

POEM BY ALLEN GILMAN BIGELOW.

NORMANDY, A. D. 1066.

THE sun pours down his glorious rays,
The sea shoots back the dazzling blaze,
While, blazing sea and sky between,
Behold a marvelous scene!

Upon the sands, in glittering groups,
Gather the conquering William's troops
While on the flashing channel floats
His fleet of high-prowed boats.

Along the shining, shingley beach,
Far as the straining eye can reach,
A shifting throng of restless men
Come, go, and come and go again.
Huge stallions toss their angry manes,
Champ bits and jingling bridle-chains
And paw the sand with iron hoof,
Impatient of reproof.

Like silver gleams each steel cuirass,
Like gold each helm of burnished brass,
Like yonder Channel's spray and spume
Flashes each waving plume.

Metallic chink of chainéd mail
 Answers the flap of bellying sail;
 The rattle of the twelve-foot sweep
 Comes faintly o'er the deep.

Hoarse shoutings from the galley fleet
 The trumpet's notes in mid-air meet,
 While clash of arms and stern commands
 Ring out across the sands.

Here, 'mid this wild and warlike din,
 'Mid eager soldiers plunging in,
 Impatient at enforced delay,
 In haste to be away,
 Our Norman ancestor we find,
 A Knight, to all but conquest blind,
 Eager yon chalk-white cliffs to tread
 And streak them o'er with red.

His face with many a cicatrix
 Is deeply seamed; a gaunt hound licks
 His palm all hardened by the hilt
 Of that good sword wherewith he spilt
 In many a battle, tourney, tilt,
 On both sides of the Channel's flood,
 Much good, red, human blood.

Tanned, bearded, huge of lung and limb,
 We cannot but be proud of him
 Although not one of us would be
 The like of such as he;
 And of that blood he scorned to hoard,
 Despite the wars that he adored,
 Was treasured, in that little Isle
 Where Yorkshire's lovely valleys smile,
 Enough to keep the name alive—
 Aye, and to make it thrive.

And thus, in fancy, we have seen
 Exactly how it might have been
 When, from the Channel's eastern shore,
 Westward the Conquerer sailed it o'er
 And overran the British coast
 With all his mail-clad host.

And of that host there was not one
 More honored, when the deed was done,
 Than he who mingled in the fray—
 The Knight, DE BAGULEY.

ENGLAND, 1640.

The scene has changed. Almost six hundred years
 Of war and peace, of trade and toil and tears,
 Have tamed and civilized the Norman blood
 That flowed across the turbulent Channel's flood,
 Mixed it with cooler Saxon, and behold!
 The English nation! Honest, sturdy, bold,
 Never by tyrants to be overawed,
 Faithful at home and fearless when abroad.

Like, yet unlike, the scene we saw before,
 The present view of sea and sky and shore;
 For here no warlike sights or sounds we find,
 No noise of weapons echoes in the wind,
 Instead of burly warriors, on the sands
 A group of peaceful men and women stands;
 Instead of arms and armor, o'er the ground,
 Boxes and bales lie heaped and scattered 'round;
 In place of stern commands and ringing cheers
 Are choking sobs, and sighs, and silent tears;
 No fleet of galleys in the harbor lies,
 A single ship her blood-red ensign flies;
 The impatient captain, from her high, carved poop,
 Calls loudly to the lingering, weeping group,
 And warns them of the quickly turning tide
 That neither waits for widow nor for bride.

And there, amid those westward emigrants,
 Bound for the New World's labor and romance,
 Again a common ancestor we see,
 Soon, like the first, a conquerer to be.
 But not, like him we saw so long before,
 To wade to glory through his brothers' gore:
 This ancestor is not a mail-clad Knight,
 With clanking sword, and spurs, and armor bright,
 Trampling upon all rights except his own,
 Owning no earthly power except a throne;
 He, leaving thus the halls of Allerton,

Upon another kind of conquest bent,
 Goes forth to help subdue a continent;
 There to secure that share of Mother Earth
 Denied him by the Island of his birth.

That courage surely is a higher kind
 Whose source is less in muscle than in mind.
 He who attacks the forest and the plain,
 Builds fleets for trade, and levies hosts of grain,
 Climbs not to glory over fallen men,
 But when they're prostrate, lifts them up again,
 Loves honest Liberty, but License hates,
 Erects, not thrones, but self-controlling states,—
He is a conquerer worthy of the name;
 His is a grander, more enduring fame
 Than that of him who gains less noble ends
 By bloody conquest, that to serfdom tends.

And so, while proud of the De Baguley—
 Rude product he of a still ruder day,
 We're prouder of JOHN BIGLO—he who came
 And cleared the land, and planted here our name.

AMERICA, 1887.

Behold the Third Act of our Family Drama:
 "View Three" of our Domestic Panorama!
 There has been much of "blood," though little "thunder";
 No mystery, and very little wonder;
 No sulphurous flash of lycopodium lightnings;
 No gibbering ghosts, or other ghastly frightenings.
 Nor do I now propose to raise your hair,
 Or freeze your vitals, or your spirits scare:
 This play, whose First Act gleamed with arms and armor,
 Whose Second showed the forest-fighting farmer,
 Has, in the Third, reached the high plane of PEACE,—
 Of anvil, plough and loom; of crop and fleece:
 In place of Wizard's wand, and Warlock's scream,
 The fairy, Electricity, the giant, Steam,
 Now work their spells; and labor-saving Thought
 Does what before by weary Toil was wrought;
 While, turning from mere abstract views of Right,
 Man ever keeps his brother man in sight;

Rules not by sword and battle-axe and mace,
 But by his love for the whole human race.
 In this grand progress toward a higher plane,
 With all its triumphs, all its toil and pain—
 This lifting heavenward of the human heart—
 Our emigrant's descendants bear their part.
 John Biglo—'t was a homely name I know;
 Nor Biglow, nor the longer Bigelow
 Is much improvement on the simple way
 They spelled it in that ruder, distant day.
 It matters not, so far as I can see,
 What the mere spelling of the name may be;
 For what would be the name without the blood?
 Some human flesh is clay, and some is mud!
 The pointed, old-time maxim, "Blood will tell,"
 Dispels the thought of magic in a "spell"!

Eight hundred years of uncorrupted flow
 Have failed to taint the blood of Bigelow
 With shame of any kind, or with the stain
 Of ignorant vice, or of ill-gotten gain.
 Instead, our name, even as it stands to-day,
 Has ever stood—as stand it ever may—
 For honesty, for duty squarely done,
 For purity unsullied as the sun,
 For patriotism of the loftiest kind,
 For high intelligence, and cultured mind,
 For industry that cannot idle sit,
 For serious wisdom and for ready wit.
 Among our ranks the Gentile often sees
 A. B.'s, M. D.'s, D. D.'s and LL.D.'s:
 Professors, versed in all that is profound,
 Surgeons, well-skilled in fracture and in wound,
 Soldiers, to duty and to country true,
 Attorneys sticking to their clients, too,
 Prose writers, and to give us all fair show, it's
 Just as well right here to mention poets!
 Statesmen and diplomats of high renown,
 Officials, both of county and of town;
 And though our name appears once and again
 Among the lists of City Aldermen,
 You'll never find (praise be to Yankee Doodle!)
 The name of Bigelow mixed up with Boodle!

Beside these honored ones, a noble host
 (I'm not sure but I value these the most)
 Who work at bench and anvil, till the soil,
 Honor our family with homely toil,
 And, quietly, in shop and on the farm,
 Build that strong edifice of brain and arm,
 That bulwark of the State, hard common-sense,
 Found ever in strong-limbed intelligence.

Right well it is to gather once a year
 This pleasant self-laudation thus to hear.
 So shall we tell our children of the shame
 'Twould be to smirch or sully such a name,—
 A name that, almost for a thousand years,
 Among the fairest of the race appears.
 Let this the lesson of our meeting be
 To every member of our spreading tree,
 From rugged trunk to tenderest baby bud:
 KEEP PURE OUR NORMAN, SAXON, YANKEE BLOOD!

Following this were addresses by Melville M. Bigelow, of Boston, Mass., the well-known law-writer; N. Gordon Bigelow, a prominent barrister of Toronto, Ont., and Dr. I. S. Bigelow, of Dubuque, Iowa; then was in order the reading of poems by Blake Bigelow, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y.; Frank Bigelow, B. L., of Malone, N. Y., and Martha L. Ames, Marlboro, Mass.

POEM BY BLAKE BIGELOW, M. D.

My Pedigree and a Horse's.

I HAVE a friend of wide repute, a clever man and proud,
 Who makes his thousands every year and sometimes boasts quite loud;
 An honest, genial man is he, and kind to sick and poor,
 And never known to drive away a beggar from his door.

In talk with him the other day, I mentioned, not in boast,
 That I could trace my lineage back eight hundred years almost.
 (You know it's over six at least, what odds about a score?
 I thought it sounded better to make it somewhat more.)

He shrugged his shoulders slowly before he answered me,
 Then said that he had never cared about his pedigree;
 And he advised that men should lay their records on the shelf—
 "A man is what he is through life, or what he makes himself;

'T is some like naming babies after men who had been great,
 A pedigree is but a tail a monkey well might hate;
 For a monkey's tail *is* useful in its own peculiar way,
 At least he can sit on it for a portion of the day."

His sarcastic wit was awful and it dampened all my pride,
 But with irony I asked him, when his own grandfather died?
 Though I knew to argue with him would not any good avail,
 I remarked that kites rose better sometimes if they had a tail.

He said he never knew nor cared who his grandfather was,
 Though doubtless he might easily if he had had a cause;
 But he could claim a pedigree as long as any man,
 For was not Adam the first one, from whom we all began?

This silenced me completely; I silent turned away,
 And adopted "Evolution" to my very dying day;
 For to have a man deride me and then claim kinship too,
 'Way back through Adam along down, is more than I can do.

Just yesterday I met this man behind a rattling horse,
 He asked me in beside him and drove out upon the course;
 "This colt will make a 'goer' that will make the boys look round,
 See, how he steps, and what a swing, and he is clean and sound.

He's only two years old, you know, but when I've trained him down,
 He'll trot inside the 'twenties' or I'm a blasted clown;
 How do I know? Why man alive, is your head made of mud?
 This colt was sired by 'Amber Cloud'; this colt has got the blood."

And then he showed the documents to prove the pedigree,
 And kept me dizzy following out the equine's family tree;
 And talked of strains of "racing blood" and English "thoroughbred,"
 "Morgan stock," "Kentucky horse," and styles of "tail" and "head."

And then he plainly showed to me that all the nobler strains
 Were mingled in the colt he drove and flowing in his veins,
 Until I thought if blood could have the power *he* thought was in it,
 With so much pedigree that colt would trot in half a minute.

I honor Charity, and hope it ne'er will be foresworn,
 But think this man would like to know, were he himself well born
 If noble strains of blood are good in any horse's veins,
 How much more with a man, who has the power of heart and brains.

POEM BY FRANK BIGELOW, B. L.

Our Name.

IN the ancient time, Baguley
 Was a name full proudly borne
 By our haughty island fathers,
 In that realm beyond the morn.
 Ere the Tudor swayed the sceptre,
 Ere Columbus sailed the sea,
 They had reached their fortune's zenith
 In that age of chivalry.
 All the land was full of nobles,
 Men of old and high renown;
 All the land was full of peasants
 Hoplessly forever down.
 Merit raised not man to honor;
 Toil could never lift to fame;
 They alone might hope for glory,
 Who could boast an ancient name.
 Norman blood and Norman valor,
 Norman insolence and scorn,
 Held a struggling nation under,
 Who were counted lowly born.
 Now four hundred years have vanished,
 Serf and peer have passed away;
 Where is Mowbry? Where is Warwick?
 Where Plantagenet to-day?
 What avail them now their titles?
 Where is all their glory now?
 Where the mirth, the pomp, the revel?
 Where the pride that would not bow?
 Gone like vapors of the morning
 When the sun is risen high—
 In the infinite azure melted
 Of the past eternity.
 And their names with none to bear them,
 Or, if borne, unworthy borne,
 Now are either half forgotten,
 Or are mentioned but with scorn.

Gone are they, but the Baguleys,
Whom we owe for name and blood,
Have they perished like the others,
Whelmed by time's all-sweeping flood?

Have they left behind no children,
Worthy to uphold their name?
Has the bright sun of their morning
Set amid dark clouds of shame?

Never yet:—Beyond the ocean,
John Baguley, long ago
Founded here our race, who proudly
Bear the name of Bigelow.

Homely, prosy name, we grant it,
But it is and long hath been
One we need not blush in owning,
Nor would change with other men.

Homely, prosy, but dishonor
Never yet hath stained that name;
Homely, prosy, but it hath been
Borne by some of deathless fame.

Well, the past has fled, my brothers,
And the virtues of the dead
Cannot make the living worthy,
Nor around them glory shed.

All the world has changed. No longer
Royal blood and rank alone
Rule the nations, but the People
Sit upon the monarch's throne.

All are equal born, and all men
May aspire to greatness now;
None so base, but may be noble,
None so lofty, but may bow.

Though we are so proud in owning
Sires that, in the far off times,
Kept our name unsoiled, though moving
In a world of greed and crimes,

We should but remember better,
That, if first to soil that name,
We shall only, by the contrast,
Sink the deeper in our shame.

As, of old, our warrior kinsman,
From the mountain, where he stood,
Gazed for fifteen leagues before him
On a still primeval wood—

Let us, standing on this mountain
Of the present, now survey
All the boundless future stretching
Years and centuries away.

Every year the world is crowding
With a denser living throng;
Every year the truth is truer,
Life is short, its tasks are long.

Every year the strife grows hotter
After place and power and gold;
Every year we're drifting farther
From the simple life of old.

In the strife let us be foremost,
Like our sires in other days;
Let us, if we may, carve fortunes;
Let us, if we may, win praise.

These are well, but yet remember
That of life they are not all;
Truth and love should count for something,
And in future times they shall.

If our hearts are pure and loyal,
If our minds are firm and high,
We may leave the proudest record,
Though unfamed and poor we die.

And whate'er in future ages
This old world of ours may be,
Those who bear our names shall never
Have to blush for you or me.

POEM BY MARTHA L. AMES.

TWO centuries have swiftly flown,
 On wings that never rest.
 To-day, those years are all our own;
 Each comes a welcome guest.
 As fancy seeks the distant shore,
 Or yon blue mountain nears,
 So our swift-flying thoughts bridge o'er
 The intervening years.

 We see a quiet, sturdy lad,
 Of twelve years old or so,
 In plain and homespun garments clad,
 His name—John Bigelow.
 He angles in the sedgy streams
 (Boyhood's perennial bliss),
 Nor in his wildest moments, dreams
 Of such a scene as this.

 Years pass, and childhood's days are o'er,
 And now a youthful bride,
 Who the fair name of Garfield bore,
 Stands at our hero's side.
 The world was pleasant; yet withal,
 Did no foreboding come,
 Of the dark shadow that should fall
 Upon their peaceful home.

 It came at last; ruthlessly torn
 From wife and children dear;
 Far in the dismal forest borne,
 What hope his heart could cheer?
 Yet brave in spite of all his woes,
 John Bigelow must be;
 He won respect e'en from his foes,
 And gained his liberty.

 Now life indeed was happiness,
 And when, as years rolled on,
 Two bonnie daughters came to bless
 The home of honest John.
 Comfort and Freedom were the names,
 Appropriately applied;
 The first my great-great-grandsire claims,
 To be his own fair bride.

At the great age of ninety-four,
 The patriarch passed away—
 Life's cares and perils safely o'er,
 Its victories won. To-day
 His numerous descendants come,
 From many a near and distant home;
 By fair Quinsigamond they meet,
 Old friends and new with joy to greet.

Though each must be the architect
 Of his own life and fame,
 Yet would we cherish with respect,
 A "high ancestral name."
 Wisdom and honor, length of days,
 Best gifts which on the human race,
 Kind heaven can bestow;
 These are the heritage most fair,
 Of those who share, and those who bear,
 The name of Bigelow.

The following letters were received by the Secretary to be read at the Reunion.

CLEVELAND, O., May 28, 1887.

Mr. Gilman Bigelow Howe, Secretary Bigelow Reunion:

MY DEAR SIR—Until within the past two weeks I have anticipated a very great deal of pleasure in meeting and shaking hands with the various and numerous members of the Bigelow family and descendants, who will gather June 2d, in Lincoln Park, at Worcester, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with and greeting each other.

As you are already aware, it has been our custom for a number of years to spend our winters in Florida and the south. Since our return in May this season, I have been on the sick list a considerable part of the time, which, in connection with various duties that have forced themselves upon me, has necessitated my abandoning the ardently cherished wish, which has possessed me ever since the reunion of last year, of attending the present one. Time and again these past months, my good wife has said to me, "You must go, we must let nothing prevent it, if possible, and you will regret it all your life, if you don't go"; to which I have readily assented at all times and on all occasions, adding, if it were feasible for me to do so, when the time came, I should go. Now that the time has come, I find it next to impossible to be with you this year. No one else feels the disappointment as much as myself. I believe in reunions, and especially family reunions, and above all in our own. Personally you know of the very deep interest I have taken in this matter, from the number of letters I have written you and a host of others of the connection on the subject, during the past fall and winter. My interest has not waned for a moment, but has constantly increased since I first learned of the project, and while I can not be with you in person on this occasion, my thoughts and best wishes will be there. I hope the enterprise, so favorably inaugurated, will become an established

annual affair. If the success be as great this time as has been anticipated, the temptation to come together next season and thereafter will be irresistible. So may it prove.

A prominent writer has wisely said, "We are the omnibuses in which our ancestors ride." Such being the case, it will be interesting to observe the style of equipage our great family supports, as the different members assemble from the various sections of our country. That it will compare favorably in all respects with the turnouts of other families, doubtless this occasion will fully demonstrate.

While John Biglo, our original ancestor in America, has not had so many namesakes as that other great Englishman and daring adventurer, John Smith, who came to this country in the early part of the same century and figured so conspicuously in the events of those times, his descendants, in numbers, respectability and general intelligence, have been surpassed by few settlers in this or any other land. From the first John down to the present generation, the injunction "to be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth," has been very generally observed by the Bigelows. Although the descendants of our forefathers are not as the sands of the sea, or even become as numerous as the English sparrows of our large cities of the present day, yet they may be found in surprisingly large numbers throughout the length and breadth of this vast domain. They have known "no east nor west, no north nor south," but have helped to people all sections. In a letter received in January last, from a cousin in an Ohio city, I find the situation briefly and truthfully stated as follows: "By the time you get to our day and generation, the Bigelow tribe will be as numerous as some we read of in the good Book; and as for names, I would like to see it excelled by any." This was in reply to a letter of mine, asking for information regarding that branch of the family. The records show that after all the pronounceable names of the Bible had been used and repeated again and again almost indefinitely, and all other names ever before heard of had been exhausted, our ancestors took to calling their progeny by such cheerful and comforting appellations as Increase, Mercy, Comfort, Thankful and Deliverance. One beauty about these names was their utility and adaptability to the circumstances—they would apply to both sexes equally well. There is everything in the fitness of things and much in a name after all. A generation or so back, the family that did not have from ten to twenty children was the exception, and of course our folks kept up with the times. They never did believe in being eccentric. When, how or by whom the surname Biglo became changed into its present form, I am not informed. Who, however, will gainsay the fact that the change is an improvement, and that the name, as now everywhere known and spoken, possesses more of beauty in appearance and music in sound, than the original.

Next to being a genuine Bigelow, is being a descendant by marriage into such good stock (this is Bigelow day and we are all privileged to believe in and talk about ourselves, as much as we like, without fear of being called to account). Your grandfather proved himself to be a man of good judgment and sound sense in marrying a Bigelow, and your parents showed their love and respect for the name by giving you the same for a middle name. It is safe to say it has been no discredit or drawback to you.

From my observation and knowledge, the Bigelow family seems to be essentially the same in its various branches, wherever found, as regards traits of character, powers of mind and qualities of heart. In the west, while its representatives are found in all kinds of business, professional life takes the lead. I have never heard of a saloon-keeper belonging to its ranks and personally know no patrons of saloons among its members. If doctors are, as aids, essential to sound bodies, teachers to cultivated minds and

ministers to pure, upright lives, then the Bigelows and descendants have filled a conspicuous place and been instrumental in doing much good among their fellow men. In religious belief, all denominations are represented, although the Methodists predominate. In politics, the republican and democratic parties divide the honors, but the former party takes the lead in numbers (there are no mugmumps in this direction). Of the female portion of the family, it can be truthfully said they represent the highest type of noble womanhood—being refined, cultured and attractive.

With hearty greetings and sincere regrets, I remain

Very respectfully yours,

ALPHEUS E. BIGELOW.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 1887.

Gilman Bigelow Howe, Secretary Bigelow Reunion.

MY DEAR SIR—The appointed time for the reunion of the descendants of John Biglow of Watertown, at Worcester, is now only three days off. I have looked for the coming of June 2, 1887, with lively anticipations. I have longed for the time to come when I myself might behold a multitude of people, all descendants of one common ancestor. To see, and to be a part of, such an assemblage, would be unique in my experience. I have been fascinated by the anticipation of meeting with you all. But at the eleventh hour I am decreed disappointment, and all my bright hopes, so fondly indulged in, wither and vanish. I find it impossible to be with you this time *in propria persona*, though I shall be present in spirit. I am bound by the inexorable "powers that be" to remain at my post of duty in the fulfillment of professional engagements. And just now I feel that I am not a free moral agent. I regret that it is so, but so it is, and I cannot help it. I trust, however, that this will not be the last of the reunions (this side of eternity) of the Bigelow family, but hope they may be of yearly recurrence until every Bigelow shall know his pedigree and be able to trace his origin to the Watertown Blacksmith. The Romans were delighted to trace their origin to the gods. Our ambition is more easily satisfied. We are content to trace our lineage, not back to the gods, but to John Biglo, who, as a blacksmith, forged the chain of title we hope to connect with. There are many reasons why this enterprise of collecting the Bigelow family history ought to succeed, and I hope all will be ambitious for its success. I promise to contribute a share of time, labor and money to that end.

I am very truly,

JONATHAN GORDON BIGELOW.

The Secretary received a vast number of letters of inquiry and regret, but time forbade further reading, and at the close of the literary exercises the business of the meeting was taken up, and the question of the publication of a family history was discussed. The Secretary informed the meeting that he had in his possession a large mass of material and data as a nucleus for a family history, and thought, with the assistance that had been promised him, that the work could be completed in two years more, but that he should need a financial backing. A sub-

scription paper was promptly started and the amount of \$110 was at once raised. Mr. H. H. Bigelow then informed the meeting that he and his brother Lambert Bigelow, of Worcester, would subscribe enough to make the total amount \$1,000, with which to carry on the work of compiling the family history, and Gilman Bigelow Howe, of Northboro, Mass., was authorized to commence the work immediately.

The following is the list of those who have subscribed to the guarantee fund:

The undersigned subscribe the sums set against their respective names, payable as called for, by and to Gilman B. Howe, the same to be used as a guarantee fund towards the expenses that he may incur in compiling and publishing a Genealogical History and Table of the Bigelow Family in America, the same to be returned to them *pro rata* from the proceeds of the sale of said history when published, after deducting the expenses therefor.

N. Gordon Bigelow, Toronto, Ont.....	\$10 00
George B. Bigelow, Boston, Mass.....	10 00
Wm. P. Bigelow, Natick, Mass.....	10 00
Chester A. Bigelow, Wellesley, Mass.....	10 00
Edgar L. Bigelow, Norwood, Mass.....	10 00
I. S. Bigelow, Dubuque, Iowa.....	10 00
J. F. Bigelow, Worcester, Mass.....	10 00
Jonathan Bigelow, Watertown, Mass.....	10 00
A. G. Bigelow, Princeton, Mass.....	10 00
Horace P. Bigelow, Waterville, N. Y.....	10 00
James R. Bigelow, Blackstone, Mass.....	5 00
Jason C. Bigelow, North Brookfield, Mass.....	5 00
David Bigelow, West Lebanon, N. Y.....	5 00
Russell A. Bigelow, New York, N. Y.....	5 00
Allen G. Bigelow, Lockport, N. Y.....	5 00
Horace H. Bigelow, Worcester, Mass.....	
Lambert Bigelow, Worcester, Mass.....	

The question of forming a permanent association was left in the hands of a Committee of Arrangements, as follows:

- Horace H. Bigelow, of Worcester, Mass.
- George B. Bigelow, of Boston, Mass.
- Allen G. Bigelow, of Lockport, N. Y.
- Gilman Bigelow Howe, of Northboro, Mass.
- Hon. Jonathan Bigelow, of Watertown, Mass.
- Nelson Gordon Bigelow, of Toronto, Ont.
- Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Wellesley, Mass.
- William P. Bigelow, of Natick, Mass.
- Lambert Bigelow, of Worcester, Mass.

The Committee organized by the choice of Horace H. Bigelow, of Worcester, as President, and Gilman Bigelow Howe, as Secretary and Treasurer. The time and place of the next reunion was left to the Committee of Arrangements, and the Secretary would invite all who have not done so to correspond with him, giving whatever information they may have in their possession regarding the history of the family, and especially to give such sketches of life and character as they can, thereby making a more complete history of the family.

Among the incidents pertaining to this reunion nothing could cause such a feeling of pain and sorrow as did the announcement of the death of one of the members of the former committee, Mr. Leslie Hastings, of Cambridge, Mass., who died just two days previous to the reunion, after a short illness of about ten days. He was the son of C. S. and Cordelia (Bigelow) Hastings, of Berlin, Mass., and was born April 15, 1849; was graduated at Harvard University in the Class of 1872, and married Mary Grace, daughter of Hon. S. Henry Howe, of Bolton, Mass., March 9, 1882. He studied law with his uncle Edwin M. Bigelow, of Boston, and at the time of his decease was engaged in legal practice. He was a very amiable, genial and popular young man. His mother was a daughter of Levi Bigelow, of Marlboro, who was a son of Gershom, son of Lieut. Ivory, son of Gershom, son of John, of Indian captivity fame, who was son of Samuel, son of John, the first ancestor in this country.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

To the Bigelow Cousins far and near:

In answer to the main questions that have been asked during the past few months, I will take this opportunity to make such answers as lie in my power to make at this time. The first and most common question is: Are there to be annual reunions of the Bigelow family? If there appears to be a sufficient amount of interest manifest by the members of the family to warrant the success of annual meetings, no doubt such will be held.

Inquiries are frequently made regarding membership in the family association, and how to become members, and what are the fees. In answer, I would say that the committee have not yet fixed any amount for membership fees, but as one of the committee I would suggest (in view of the fact that there is quite an expense attending a meeting of this character) that to all who contribute the sum of twenty-five cents or more I will send a copy of the report of the reunion and see that they have due notice of the meetings of the association; and to those who would like to contribute to the guarantee fund I will (as Treasurer of the Committee having the family history in charge) receive any amount that may be sent and give credit on the books of the association for the same.

The family history is now in course of preparation, and is intended to be a carefully written work, and as such, a work that can be used as a book of reference by future generations. It will contain as complete a history of the Bigelow family as can be obtained, from the time of the marriage of John Biglo, October 30, 1642, down to the present day; and those who have the book in charge will leave no stone unturned to obtain all the information in regard to the family that is known to exist.

Sketches of such as have in any way distinguished themselves in art or science, literature, military or political life, or in any of the learned professions, together with accounts of adventures, trials and misfortunes, peculiarities and reminiscences pertaining to the family, are to be introduced in the

- work, and it is intended that it shall contain some illustrations, portraits of some of the members of the family, etc.

The labor of preparing such a work containing some six hundred or more pages of very compact matter will be very great, and it is therefore hoped that every member of the family will take a lively interest in the work and send to the Secretary as full an account of his own family as possible, and also send his name to the same person as a subscriber to the book, the price of which will probably not exceed five dollars per copy.

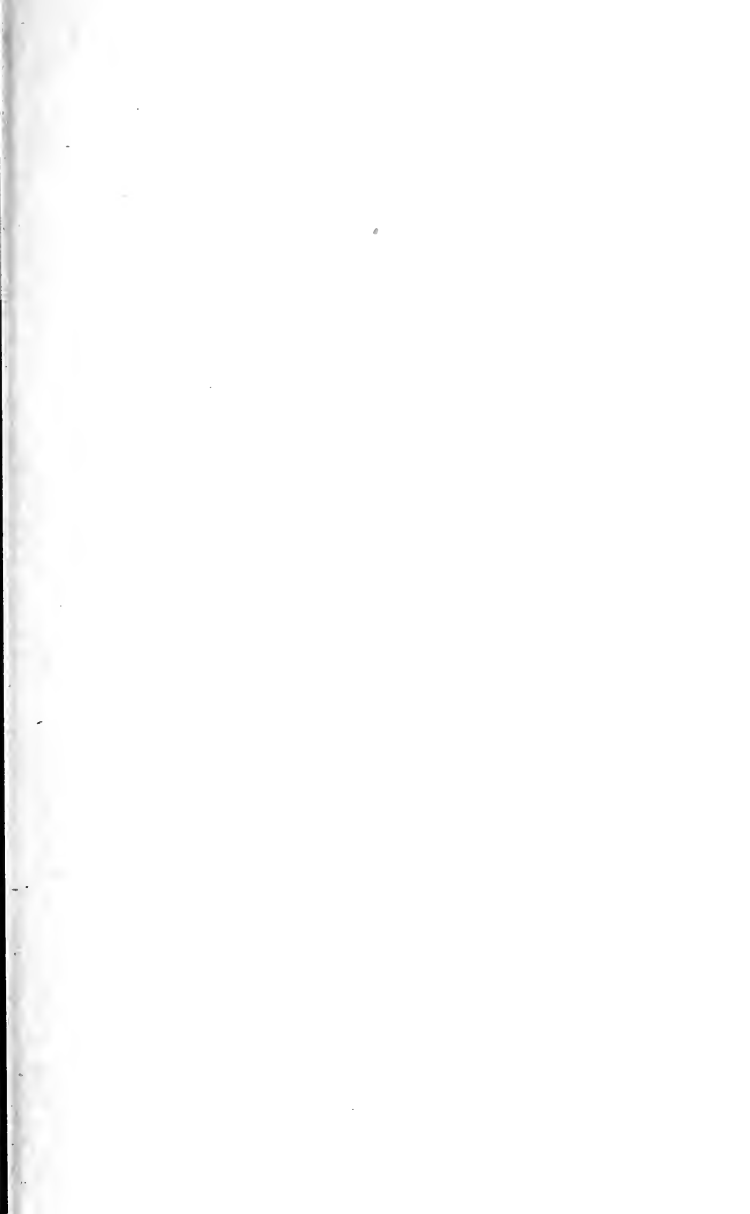
Books, papers and records relating to our family, sent to the Secretary, will be used with care and duly returned to the owner. In directing please to address him at Northboro, Massachusetts, being careful to put on the state, as some letters have been delayed a long time in consequence of no state being included in the address.

Allow me here to thank the cousins of the Bigelow family for the assistance that they have rendered me in the past, and to wish them, each and every one, health, peace and prosperity, and to subscribe myself their affectionate cousin,

GILMAN BIGELOW HOWE,

Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Bigelow Family Association.

NORTHBORO, July 1, 1887.





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