

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW AND HIS SON,  
THOREAU'S CLASSMATE HENRY JACOB BIGELOW**



**JACOB BIGELOW**



**HENRY JACOB BIGELOW**

**“NARRATIVE HISTORY” AMOUNTS TO FABULATION,  
THE REAL STUFF BEING MERE CHRONOLOGY**



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

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**1787**

 February 27, Tuesday: [Jacob Bigelow](#) was born in Sudbury, Massachusetts.

**NOBODY COULD GUESS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN NEXT**





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**1806**



The 1st Boylston Professor of Rhetoric, Oratory and Elocution began to serve [Harvard College](#), John Quincy Adams.

[Jacob Bigelow](#) graduated from [Harvard](#). He would go on to study medicine.



(To see him graduate, rub a clove of garlic vigorously over the entire surface of the above image.)



PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

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1810

→ [Dr. Jacob Bigelow](#) graduated from the medical school at the University of Pennsylvania and hung out his shingle in downtown [Boston](#).



→ One of Sarah Alden Bradford's (Sarah Alden Bradford Ripley's) early mentors was the Reverend John Allyn of the First Parish in Duxbury, Massachusetts, who helped her bridge from her knowledge of Latin to the study of Greek. His daughter Abigail "Abba" Allyn became her lifelong friend. By this point she was botanizing.<sup>1</sup> Her father wrote to one of his sons, at [Harvard College](#), that

*Sarah and Abba are studying Botany, and one would think they hold converse only with the flowers for they in a manner seclude themselves from human observation & from communication with animal nature. I dont know what flower they affect to emulate but I dare say they are known to each other under some order or class of the Linean system – if you or John [Abba's brother] should write to them I would advise you to take all your ideas from the groves & fields – talk about calyx, corolla, & petals & I will engage you will be read.*

1. In those years, studying animals was felt to be indelicate, and females were discouraged from embarking on this sort of investigation. But flowers were pretty and delicate, and plants didn't fuck. For instance, [Dr. Jacob Bigelow](#), in his American edition of James Edward Smith's INTRODUCTION TO PHYSIOLOGICAL AND SYSTEMATIC BOTANY (London 1807), had opined that:


The natural history of animals, in many respects even more interesting to man as an animated being, and more striking in some of the phenomena which it displays, is in other points less pleasing to a tender and delicate mind. In botany all is elegance and delight.



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**1811**

 August 29, Thursday: [Jacob Bigelow, M.D.](#) delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa society “A Poem on Professional Life,” and afterward this was printed by J. Belcher in [Boston](#).



“The following Poem considered as a general view of its subject, is incomplete. This is owing in part to the short time allotted for its preparation, and in part to the limits prescribed by the occasion.”

“...Ripe for his task, and to his calling true,

“With books well read, and well digested too;

“He rents a room on first, or second floor,

“And hoists his gilded name above the door;

“Ready on this, and each succeeding day,

“To do a world of good, and take a world of pay....”

### **ON PROFESSIONAL LIFE**


**LIFE IS LIVED FORWARD BUT UNDERSTOOD BACKWARD?  
— NO, THAT’S GIVING TOO MUCH TO THE HISTORIAN’S STORIES.  
LIFE ISN’T TO BE UNDERSTOOD EITHER FORWARD OR BACKWARD.**



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**1814**

 [Dr. Jacob Bigelow](#) along with William Dandridge Peck delivered the initial lectures on [botany](#) offered at [Harvard College](#). In this year he produced *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, a text dealing with plants growing within a 10-mile radius of Boston (published by Cummings & Hilliard of Boston, printed by Hilliard & Metcalf of Cambridge). Gradually this would be extended, 1840 edition upon 1824 edition, to cover all of the plant life of New England. It would become the standard flora for the region up to the appearance in 1848 of Professor [Asa Gray](#)'s MANUAL. (In this year the good doctor, busy as a bumblebee in clover, also prepared an edition, with notes, of Sir J.E. Smith's work on botany.)

***FLORULA BOSTONIENSIS***


**DO I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION? GOOD.**



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

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**1815**

 [Dr. Jacob Bigelow](#) became Professor of *Materia Medica* for the Medical School of [Harvard College](#). He would serve in that capacity until 1855.

**BOTANIZING**





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1816

➡ [Professor Sylvestre François Lacroix](#)'s *TRAITÉ ÉLÉMENTAIRE DE CALCUL DES PROBABILITÉS* (Paris: Mallet-Bachelier). With the prompting of Babbage's Analytical Society for the translation of Differential and Integral Calculus, Professor Lacroix's DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS was translated into English by George Peacock.

[Professor Jacob Bigelow](#) received the Rumsford Chair in Application of Sciences to the Useful Arts at [Harvard College](#). He would hold this chair until 1827, lecturing on the application of science to the useful arts. These lectures would be published in 1829 as ELEMENTS OF TECHNOLOGY, TAKEN CHIEFLY FROM A COURSE OF LECTURES DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE, ON THE APPLICATION OF THE SCIENCES TO THE USEFUL ARTS (Boston: Hilliard Gray, Little and Wilkins), and then again as USEFUL ARTS CONSIDERED IN CONNECTION WITH THE APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE (2 volumes, New-York, 1840).



THE SCIENCE OF 1816

We know that these materials were familiar to [Henry Thoreau](#), for he would refer to them during February 1838 in a letter to his brother.

ELEMENTS OF TECHNOLOGY

CHANGE IS ETERNITY, STASIS A FIGMENT





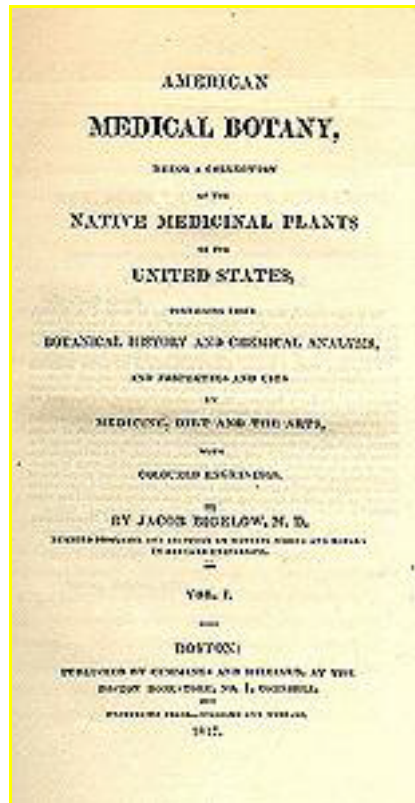
**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**1817**



From this year into 1820, the three volumes of [Dr. Jacob Bigelow](#)'s AMERICAN MEDICAL BOTANY, 1817-1821, BEING A COLLECTION OF THE NATIVE MEDICINAL PLANTS OF THE UNITED STATES, CONTAINING THEIR BOTANICAL HISTORY AND CHEMICAL ANALYSIS, PROPERTIES AND USES... would be being published in Boston by Cummings & Hilliard, at the Boston bookstore, no. 1 Cornhill. University press.... Hilliard and Metcalf, 1817-1820:



**BOTANIZING**

- AM. MED. BOTANY, I**
- AM. MED. BOTANY, II**
- AM. MED. BOTANY, IIIA**
- AM. MED. BOTANY, IIIB**



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Thoreau would check these volumes out of the Harvard Library on April 30, 1851 and copy materials into his Indian Notebook #4.<sup>2</sup> He would refer to this work in his journal on May 29, 1851, June 6, 1851, and June 14, 1851.

[ALERT: This is obsolete science. Nobody should self-medicate on the basis of such 1817 plant knowledge. If you poison yourself do me the favor of leaving a note: "It's not Austin's fault."]

**WHAT I'M WRITING IS TRUE BUT NEVER MIND  
YOU CAN ALWAYS LIE TO YOURSELF**

[Professor Jacob Bigelow](#)

["Stack of the Artist of Kouroo" Project](#)


2. The original notebooks are held by the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, as manuscripts #596 through #606. There are photocopies, made by Robert F. Sayre in the 1930s, in four boxes at the University of Iowa Libraries, accession number MsC 795. More recently, Bradley P. Dean, PhD and Paul Maher, Jr. have attempted to work over these materials.



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1818

 March 11, Wednesday: [Henry Jacob Bigelow](#) was born, a son of [Dr. Jacob Bigelow](#) and Mary Scollay Bigelow.

Sarah Elizabeth Shattuck was born in [Concord](#), 2d child of [Daniel Shattuck](#) and Betsey Miles Shattuck.

Official date of publication<sup>3</sup> of the story by [Mary Godwin Wollstonecraft Shelley](#) about the birth of a monster out of dead bodies with the help of [Dr. Erasmus Darwin](#)'s electricity, FRANKENSTEIN; OR, THE MODERN PROMETHEUS, with a preface ostensibly authored by the author but, for some reason, actually written for her by her spouse [Percy Bysshe Shelley](#):

"The event on which the interest of the story depends is exempt from the disadvantages of a mere tale of spectres or enchantment."

This husbandly evaluation was accurate. You should notice that there is simply no "antiscientism" to be found

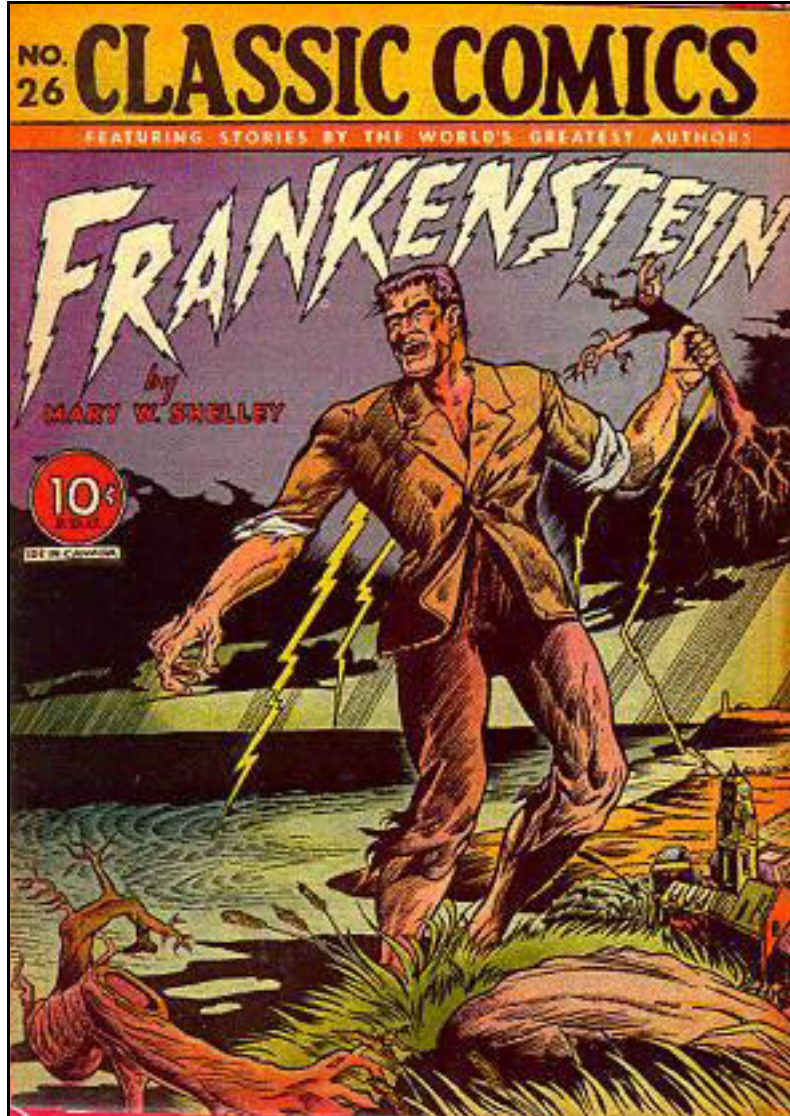
3. Actually, copies of her book had begun selling in December of the previous year.

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in this romance which might have given a 19th-Century person such as [Henry Thoreau](#) pause.



The antisocialism with which we are so familiar actually is all stuff which Hollywood has imported into the tale during the 20th Century! The 1931 [original](#) movie would begin with an anonymous authoritative lecturer setting the scene by informing us that we are to learn of “a man of science who sought to create a man after his own image without reckoning upon God.” This movie’s 1935 [sequel](#) “Bride of Frankenstein” would be even more explicit, in presenting an actress portraying the author engaged in conversation with Mr. Shelley and [George Gordon, Lord Byron](#), going:

“My purpose was to write a moral lesson of the punishment that befell a mortal man who dared to emulate God.”

But where had the real Mary Shelley ever expressed such an attitude? In fact she had placed in Dr. Victor Frankenstein’s mouth, as his dying words, the hope that although he had failed in his scientific objective to “renew life where death had apparently devoted the body to corruption,” there was still room for hope as



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“another may succeed.”

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**1820**

 [Dr. Jacob Bigelow](#) was one of a committee of five selected to form the “American Pharmacopoeia.” It was he who came up with the nomenclature scheme for *materia medica* of substituting a single for a double word whenever practicable, a scheme which afterward would be accepted by the British Colleges.




**BOTANIZING**



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**1824**

 [Professor William Jackson Hooker](#)'s ACCOUNT OF SABINE'S ARCTIC PLANTS.

Publication of an enlarged edition of Dr. [Jacob Bigelow](#)'s 1814 *FLORULA BOSTONIENSIS*, A COLLECTION OF PLANTS OF BOSTON AND ITS VICINITY. (A further enlarged edition of this localized [botanical](#) sourcebook would appear in 1840. [Henry Thoreau](#) would make extensive use of it.)



***FLORULA BOSTONIENSIS***



**BIGELOW**

**GINSENG**

May 29: It is evident that the virtues of plants are almost completely unknown to us— And we esteem the few with which we are better acquainted unreasonably above the many which are comparatively unknown to us. Bigelow says —“It is a subject of some curiosity to consider, if the knowledge of the present *Materia Medica* were by any means to be lost, how many of the same articles would again rise into notice and use. Doubtless a variety of new substances would develop unexpected powers, while perhaps the poppy would be shunned as a deleterious plant, and the cinchona might grow unmolested upon the mountains of Quito.” ... He says Ginseng, Spigelia, Snake-root, &c. form considerable articles of exportation.... At one time the Indians above Quebec & Montreal were so taken up with searching for Ginseng that they could not be hired for any other purpose. It is said that both the Chinese & the Indians named this plant from its resemblance to the figure of a man

**THE FUTURE CAN BE EASILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT**





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1825



According to Dr. [Edward Jarvis](#)'s TRADITIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS 1779-1878, from the turn of the century up to this point there had been regulations in effect as to the sustenance of the communal mill pond in the center of [Concord](#):



By law the proprietor of the mill on the dam was allowed to flow the pond indefinitely from the 12th September to the 12th of May. From May to September he was allowed to have but one flush daily at the outlet that then (1800-1825) ran under Deacon Jarvis's house and under the road through land belonging to the tavern, then under the jail and to the brook [Mill Brook] back of the schoolhouse.

Jarvis would have been paying attention to such things, as during this period, while he had been attending [Harvard College](#), he had been doing a great deal of [botanical](#) study: "And many a time when [I] should have been getting [my] appointed lessons, [I] was roaming the fields and swamps in pursuit of plants, or analyzing and pressing them in [my] room.... And thus botany may be said to have been [my] chief accomplishment when [I] left College."<sup>4</sup>

After having studied medicine with Dr. Hurd and [Dr. Josiah Bartlett](#) of [Concord](#), and [Lemuel Shattuck](#) of [Boston](#), [Charles Jarvis](#) received his medical degree. He would settle in South Bridgewater and practice there as a physician.

Dr. William Dewees's TREATISE ON THE PHYSICAL AND MEDICAL TREATMENT OF CHILDREN, America's 1st pediatric guide. The doctor recommended that a pregnant woman ought to obtain access to "a young but sufficiently strong puppy" just after her 7th month, and allow the puppy to suck her breasts in preparation for her infant. (By his 7th edition, in 1838, Dr. Dewees would be adding the advice, that a nurse or other experienced person could just as well provide such a service, that it was not one that **necessarily** needed to be performed by someone of the canine persuasion.)

4. Even at this early date he would have been carrying with him Dr. [Jacob Bigelow](#)'s *FLORULA BOSTONIENSIS*, A COLLECTION OF PLANTS OF BOSTON AND ITS VICINITY, which he had purchased when it had appeared in 1824. His copy of the volume is now at the Concord Free Public Library with his annotations in the margin.





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**1831**



Dr. [Jacob Bigelow](#) founded Mount Auburn Cemetery in Watertown MA,<sup>5</sup> as the first garden cemetery in the United States, and personally designed its stone tower, chapel, gates, and fences.

**BOTANIZING**

Among the corpses now installed there are those of (in alphabetical order by family name — of course so that the founder of the cemetery may be awarded the honor of being first on the list):

- Jacob Bigelow (1787-1879), MD and LLD
- Nathaniel Bowditch (1773-1838), navigator and mathematician
- Phillips Brooks (1835-1893), Episcopal Bishop
- Charles Bulfinch (1763-1844), architect
- Mary Baker Eddy (1821-1910), religious leader
- Buckminster Fuller (1895-1983), visionary
- Isabella Stewart Gardner (1840-1924), art patron
- Charles Dana Gibson (1867-1944), artist
- Asa Gray (1810-1888), botanist
- Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), author and poet
- Winslow Homer (1836-1910), artist
- Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910), reformer and author
- Harriet Jacobs (1813-1897), author and abolitionist
- Henry Cabot Lodge (1850-1924), statesman
- Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. (1902-1985), U.S. Senator
- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), poet
- Amy Lowell (1874-1925), poet
- James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), poet
- Bernard Malamud (1914-1986), novelist
- Josiah Quincy (1772-1864), politician
- Josephine St. Pierre Ruffin (1842-1924), civil rights leader, journalist

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- Charles Sumner (1811-1874), abolitionist and senator



According to the Oneida Daily Dispatch on September 3, 2005,<sup>6</sup> “The first rural cemetery in the United States was the Egyptian Revival-style Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, Massachusetts, established in 1831. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry David Thoreau and Julia Ward Howe are buried there. On November 3, 1997, an arrest was made stemming from the theft of seven of the cemetery’s Victorian-era iron gates. Four of the gates were found in a Cape Cod antique shop.”


6. *Pigsgusset* was renamed Watertown MA because the first white people to arrive there arrived there with water on their brain — or because they already had uses for the word “pig” and the word “gusset.” Something. Now this *Pigsgusset* is a good place to “go deading,” for you find that the earth of their cemetery not only encompasses about twice as many stiffs as the present population of Watertown, but there seem to be at least 170 times as many famous names.



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**1833**

 [Henry Jacob Bigelow](#) would be [David Henry Thoreau](#)'s classmate at [Harvard College](#), until first receiving a “public admonition” and finally being dismissed from the college on April 24, 1837, the Saturday prior to the commencement in that year, for having been in possession of firearms and ammunition in his dormitory room and repeatedly discharging a firearm inside the room (MH-Ar Faculty Records UAIII 5.5.2.IX, 311). Evidently he was able to resume his studies, at Dartmouth College.



In 1795 a *Conservatoire des Artes et Métiers* had been established for France, and in this year that system of trade museums was introduced into [Germany](#) (the 1st efforts to accomplish anything of the kind in England would not come until 1837 with the Museum of Economic Geology, in 1848 with the Museum of Economic



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Botany at Kew, and in 1851 with the Museum of Practical Geology and the School of Mines).

At [Harvard](#), under instructor Hermann Bokum (who was filling the place left vacant by the departure of [Charles Follen](#)), [Thoreau](#) began four terms of study of the [German](#) language. Bokum had just come to Harvard from the University of Pennsylvania, where he had just prepared a new edition of BERNAYS' COMPENDIOUS GERMAN GRAMMAR, WITH A DICTIONARY OF PREFIXES AND AFFIXES, AND WITH ALTERNATIONS, ADDITIONS, AND REFERENCES TO AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE (60 pages; Philadelphia: Hogan and Thompson, 139½ Market Street, 1832). This, presumably, would have been used in Thoreau's classroom.<sup>7</sup>

### COMPENDIOUS GERMAN

[Heinrich Heine](#)'s *ZUR GESCHICHTE DER NEUREN SCHÖNEN LITERATUR IN DEUTSCHLAND* (PHILOSOPHY AND LITERATURE IN [GERMANY](#)). Also in this year, his *FRANZÖSISCHE ZUSTÄNDE* (FRENCH AFFAIRS).

Twelve year-old future philologist George Adler was brought to the USA from Leipzig, [Germany](#).

A projected uprising in the Piedmont was betrayed before it had begun, and a number of its idealistic and ruthless ringleaders committed suicide or were executed. The [Italian](#) government put a dead-or-alive price on [Giuseppe Mazzini](#)'s head, and he had to move to [Switzerland](#) to get out of the jurisdiction of the French police. In Switzerland he tried to raise an army to invade Savoy, but not enough young men were willing to die, so instead he founded organizations named Young [Germany](#), Young [Switzerland](#), Young Poland, and Young Europe.

7. Interestingly, both Charles Follen and Hermann Bokum would be instrumental in bringing the Christmas Tree tradition to America.



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**1835**



Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#) delivered A DISCOURSE ON SELF-LIMITED DISEASE as an address before the Massachusetts Medical Society. (He was during many years the president of that society, as well as serving as the president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.)






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**1836**

 September 6, Tuesday: Having lived a long and productive life despite the most severe and debilitating attacks of vertigo, [Friend Moses Brown](#) died just before his 98th birthday.

This would go into Quaker records as: “*Moses Brown was born in Providence the 12<sup>th</sup> day of the Ninth month 1738 old Stile now recond the 23 day of the 9<sup>th</sup> m<sup>o</sup> 1738. Moses Brown died the 6th day of 9<sup>th</sup> m<sup>o</sup> 1836.*”

He bequeathed \$15,000 and two acres of land to the [Yearly Meeting School](#) in [Providence, Rhode Island](#), in addition to his library. We now have, at the Rhode Island Historical Society, eight boxes of books said to have been in the joint library of Obadiah and Moses Brown. Here is the list of the books that are now in those eight boxes:

**OBADIAH AND MOSES BROWN’S LIBRARY**

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER	DATE	NOTES
An Account of the Gospel Labours and Christian Experiences of <i>John Churchman</i>	John Churchman?	Philadelphia: Benj. & Tho. Kite	1818	
A Journey Through Albania	J.C. Hobhouse	Philadelphia: M. Carey and Son	1817	Volumes I and II
The Domestic Encyclopedia	AFM Willich, MD	Philadelphia: Wllm Young, Birch and Abraham Small	1804	(loose boards) Volume V of V (only)
Elements of Chemistry	James Woodhouse, MD	Philadelphia: Benj. & Thos. Kite	1807	Volumes I and II
Italy by Lady Morgan	Lady Morgan	New York: J. Seymour	1821	Volumes I and II
Junius	?	?: T. Bentley	1797	Volumes I and II (rebound)
The Substance of some letters by an Englishman written during the reign of Emperor Napoleon	?	Philadelphia: M. Thomas	1816	
Universal Biography	J. Lempriere, DD	New York: 86 Broadway, New York, F. Sargent	1810	Volume II



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**OBADIAH AND MOSES BROWN'S LIBRARY**

<b>TITLE</b>	<b>AUTHOR</b>	<b>PUBLISHER</b>		<b>DATE</b>	<b>NOTES</b>
Varieties of Literature		London:	J. Debrett	MDC-CXCV (1795)	Volumes I and II
Voyages and Travels	Pinkerton	Philadelphia:	Kimber and Conrad	1810	Six Volumes
Brown's Answer to Nocutt, An Examination of Wllm Notcutt's Reply to H.B.'s vindication etc.	H.B.	London:	J. Sowle	1735	
A Collection of the Works of Thomas Chalkley	Thomas Chalkley	London:	Luke Hinde	1766	
An Answer to the Speech of Declaration by the Great Turk	?	London:	A. Sowle	1688	
The Modern Practice of Physic	Robert Thomas, MD	New York:	Collins and Co.	1811	
Brief Narrative of Life and Death of Gilbert Latey	?	London:	J. Sowle	170 (?)	
A Collection of the Christian Writings, Labours ... of Roger Haydock	Roger Haydock	London:	T. Sowle	1700	
Lawson's Works	Lawson?	London:	T. Sowle	1703	
Truth Exalted, Writings of John Burnyeat	John Burnyeat	London:	Thomas Northcott	1691	
The New Testament		Boston:	F. Ingraham and J. Putnam	1827	
The Book of Martyrs (abridged)		New York:	Sam'l Wood	1810	
The Design of Christianity, epistles and manuscripts of John Crook	John Crook?	London:	T. Sowle	1701	
Guthries Grammar	Guthrie?	?:	?	1782	
Life and Posthumous Works of Richard Claridge, collected by Jo. Besse	Richard Claridge?	London:	J. Sowle	1726	two copies
Edmundson's Journal	Edmundson?	London:	sold and printed by Mary Hinde	1774	



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**OBADIAH AND MOSES BROWN'S LIBRARY**

<b>TITLE</b>	<b>AUTHOR</b>	<b>PUBLISHER</b>		<b>DATE</b>	<b>NOTES</b>
Journals and Travels of Samuel Bownas and John Richardson	?	London, reprinted in Philadelphia:	Wllm Dunlap	1759	
Kerseys Treatise	?	Concord:	Dan'l Coolege	1818	three copies
Keith's Works	Keith?	?:	?	1678	
Ellwood's Sacred History	Ellwood?	London:	James Phillips	1783	Volumes I and II
An Account of the Gospel Labours etc. of John Churchman	?	Philadelphia:	Jos. Cruckshank	1729	
Hints on Scriptural Instruction	?	Philadelphia:	T. Kite	1831	
Thorp's Letters	Thorpe?	Liverpool:	Printed by James & Johnathon Smith	1820	
The Way to Bromley on the Sabbath		London/Ger- mantown:	?	1759	
Popery Exposed	Henry Moll- ineux	London:	T. Sowle	1718	
Life and Labours of Samuel Neale	?	Philadelphia:	James Parke	1806	
Law's Address	Law?	New Bedford:	Benj. Lindsey, printer	1818	
Memoirs	William Lewis	Philadelphia:	B & T Kite	1821	
Catalogue of books printed and sold by James Philips	?	London:	James Philips?	?	Pamphlet
Memoirs, Isaac Penington	Isaac Pening- ton, and Joseph Gur- ney Bevan	London:	Wllm B. Sewell	1807	includes review by Joseph Gur- ney Bevan
The Friend	?	Philadelphia:	J. Richardson	1829	
Holy Bible		Philadelphia:	Bible Associa- tion of America	1831	Volumes I, II, and III?
Life of William Reckitt	?	Philadelphia:	Joseph Cruck- shank	1783	





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<b>TITLE</b>	<b>AUTHOR</b>	<b>PUBLISHER</b>		<b>DATE</b>	<b>NOTES</b>
Life of Ambrose Riggs	?	London:	T. Sowle	1710	
The Centaur not fabulous		London:	A. Millar	1755	
The Book of Disciplines	?	Providence:	John Carter	1785	
Bevans Defence of Friends	?	London:	Phillips and Far- don	1805	
Memoirs and Life of Sarah Stephenson	Sarah Stephen- son?	Philadelphia:	Kimber, Conrad	1805	
History of the New York African Free Schools	?	New York:	Mahlon Day	1830	
Memoirs of Isaac Penington	William Gro- ver	Philadelphia:	Thomas Kite	1831	Friends Family Library, Volume I
Prynne on Plays	?	?:	?	1776	
Means of Preserving Health ...	Shadrach Ricketson, Physician in New York	New York:	Collins and Per- kins and Sons	1806	
An Apology for the True Christian Divinity...	Robert Barclay	London:	J. Phillips	1780	
An Essay on Slavery	Granville Sharp	Burlington:	Isaac Collins	1773	
A Confutation of the Charge of Deism wherein the Christian and Orthodox Sentiments of William Penn are ... demonstrated	Joseph Besse	London:	J. Sowle	1734	
An Introduction into the making of Latin	John Clarke	London:	Strahan, Living- ton, et al	1780	
The Anthology of Religion	Jos. Butler, Bishop of Dur- ham	?:	?	printed 1754	
Collection of some papers of William Crouch		London:	T. Sowle	1712	
John Churchman, Gospel Labours	John Church- man?	Philadelphia:	Skerret	1818	



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**OBADIAH AND MOSES BROWN'S LIBRARY**

<b>TITLE</b>	<b>AUTHOR</b>	<b>PUBLISHER</b>		<b>DATE</b>	<b>NOTES</b>
Lux Evangelica ... A reply to George Keith's Cen- sure	Richard Clar- idge	London:	T. Sowle	1701	
Gospel Labours, etc.	Stephen Crisp	Philadelphia:	Benj. and Thos. Kite	1822	
Elwood's Life	?	London:	Luke Hinde	1765	
Cotton's Reply to Williams, 1647-1652	?	?:	?	?	
The Life of David, a sacred poem	Thomas Elwood	London:	Luke Hinde	1763	
The Foundation of Tythes Shaken	Thomas Ell- wood	London:	T. Sowle	1720	
Dictionary of the Bible		London:	Beecroft and Strahan et al	1759	Volumes I?, II?, III?
A letter to a Friend	Joseph John Gurney	Philadelphia:	Benj. and Thos. Kite	1824	
Statutes of Connecticut		Hartford:	Elisha Babcock	1786	
A Faithful Testimony ...		London:	Andrew Sowle	1689	
Works of William Dell	William Dell?	London:	John Kendall	1773	
Treatise concerning the Fear of God	John Field	London:	T. Sowle	1713	
Treatise concerning Baptism	?	London:	T. Sowle	1695	
Life of Joseph Coale	?	London:	T. Sowle	1706	
An Account of ... Richard Davies	?	London, Phila- delphia:	Jos. Cruckshank	1770	
Principles and Precepts	Samuel Fuller	Newport:	S. Southwick	1769	
Necessity of a life of purity...	Samuel Fothergill	Philadelphia:	Cruckshank	1780	Pamphlet included
Of Religious Declention	Andrew Fuller?	Manchester?:	?	1829	
Reflections	George Dill- wyn	Burlington, New Jersey:	David Allison	1815	



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**OBADIAH AND MOSES BROWN'S LIBRARY**

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER		DATE	NOTES
Sermons by Dewsberry, Barclay etc.		Philadelphia:	Benj. and Thos. Kite	1825	
Home's Principles: The Principles of Agriculture and Vegetation	Francis Home	London:	A. Millar	1762	
Degge's Law of Tythes	?	London:	Richard and Edw. Aytkins	1695	
The Trials of the Spirit	William Dell	London:	Mary Hinde	1770	
Treatise on Baptism and the Lord's Supper		London:	T. Sowle	1695	
Brief Memorials of Davidworth, being sketches of his character; Life and Death of Hannah Logan Smith by her daughter Rebecca		Philadelphia:	Sherman?	1847	
Friends' Tracts, Volume I: Memoirs and Essays		Philadelphia:	Kite, published by the Tract Association of Friends	n.d.	
Testimony concerning Sufferings and Death of James Parnel	Ellis Hookes	London:	?	1695	three volumes in one
Miscellaneous Repository	Elisha Bates	Mount Pleasant, Ohio:	?	1829	Volume 2 and 3
Compendium of the Impending Crisis in the South	Hinton R. Helper	New York:	Burdick	1860	Clearly, this has crept into the boxes while in storage
No Cross, No Crown	William Penn	Philadelphia:	Kinber, Conrad and Company?	1807	
The Correspondence between committee of the Yearly Meeting of Friends and Isaac Crowdson		London:	Hamilton	1836	
A History of the People Called Quakers, in four volumes	John Gough	Dublin:	?	1789	
AN INTRODUCTION TO PHYSIOLOGICAL AND SYSTEMATICAL BOTANY, with notes by <a href="#">Jacob Bigelow</a>	James Edward Smith	Boston:	Bradford and Ready?	1814	
ESSAYS	Joseph John Gurney	Philadelphia:	Kite	1829	



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<b>TITLE</b>	<b>AUTHOR</b>	<b>PUBLISHER</b>		<b>DATE</b>	<b>NOTES</b>
IMMEDIATE REVELATION	George Keith	?:	?	1676	2d Edition
EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, LATE OF GEDNEY, WITH A BRIEF NOTICE OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER		London:	Phillips	1835	
SOME BRIEF MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF DAVID HALL		London:	Hinde	1758	
LETTERS OF WILLIAM GROVER		London:	Harvey and Danton	1828	
Catalog of the Books Belonging to the Library of the three Monthly Meetings ...		Philadelphia:		1813	
A CLASSIC TOUR THROUGH ITALY	Reverend John Chetwode Eustace	Philadelphia:	M. Curry	1816	
A VIEW OF THE PROPHECY BY THE REVEREND GEORGE STANLEY FABER		Boston:	William Andrews	1809	
THE PUBLIC LAWS OF THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND		Providence:	Miller and Dutchers	1822	
THE PUBLIC LAWS OF THE STATE OF RHODE ISLAND		Providence:	Carter and Wilkinson	1798	MB stamp
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND GOSPEL LABOURS OF WILLIAM RICKETT ... ALSO, MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE ... OF JAMES GOUGH		Philadelphia:	Joseph Cruksank	1783	Mary Brown signature, MB stamp
LECTURES ON SCHOOL-KEEPING, with advertisements for school books sold by A. Shearman.	Samuel R. Hall	Boston	Richardson, Lord and Holbrook	1829	MB stamp
OBSERVATIONS ON THE RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS	Joseph John Gurney	Philadelphia	S. Potter and Co.	1825	
OBSERVATIONS ON THE RELIGIOUS PECULIARITIES OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS	Joseph John Gurney	London		1824	2d Edition
AN INQUIRY INTO THE ACCORDANCY OF WAR WITH CHRISTIANITY	Jonathan Dymond	Philadelphia	I. Ashmead and Co.	1834	
ELEGANT EXTRACTS		Dublin	P. Byrne	1793	Second Edition



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TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER		DATE	NOTES
A COLLECTION OF MEMORIALS CONCERNING ... DECEASED ... QUAKERS		Philadelphia	Joseph Cruks-shank	1787	
A COLLECTION OF THE EPISTLES OF THE YEARLY MEETING IN LONDON TO QUARTERLY MEETINGS AND MONTHLY MEETINGS ... 1675-1820		New York	Samuel Wood and sons	1821	
EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS BY MARGARET JACKSON		Philadelphia	B. and T. Kite	1825	
AN EPITOME OF THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD	John Hoyland	Philadelphia	B. and T. Kite	1816	Two Volumes
AN ... ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY	William Law	New Bedford	B. Lindsey	1816	
EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF <a href="#">FRANCIS FENELON</a> , ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY		Philadelphia	Kimber, Conrod and Co.	1804	edited by John Kendall
EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES AND ADVICES OF THE YEARLY MEETING IN LONDON		London	James Phillips	1783	
THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER, CONDUCTED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH FOR THE YEAR 1804		New York	T.B. Wait and Sond	1814	Volume 3
A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE HOLY SPIRIT	Reverend G.S. Faber	New York	Eastburn, Kirk and Co.	1814	
ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF INFIDELITY	George Stanley Faber	New York	D. Cooledge	1829	
SERMONS PREACHED BY SEVERAL OF THE PEOPLE KNOWN AS QUAKERS		London	Mary Heade	1775	
WORKS	Isaac Pennington	London	James Phillips	1775	
<i>MAGNALIA CHRISTI AMERICANA</i>	Cotton Mather	Hartford	Silas Andrews		two volumes
Collected Writings by various authors		London	?	1690?	
A NARRATIVE OF EVENTS THAT HAVE LATELY TAKEN PLACE IN IRELAND	?	London	?	1804	
HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR	John Entick			1766	Volumes 1-5



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<b>TITLE</b>	<b>AUTHOR</b>	<b>PUBLISHER</b>		<b>DATE</b>	<b>NOTES</b>
A DEFENSE OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF THE FRIENDS	Elias Hicks	Philadelphia	?	1825	
LETTERS BY ISAAC PENINGTON	Isaac Penington	London	Holdsworth and Ball	1829	
THE GREAT CASE OF TITHES	Anthony Pearson	London	?	1730	
A BRIEF VIEW OF THE DOCTRINES OF FRIENDS	John Bevans	Philadelphia	Kimber and Conrod	1810	
MISCELLANIES, MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE ... FOR SCHOOLS AND ... YOUNG PERSONS	?	Philadelphia	Henry Sweitzer	1802	
AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF MARY ROWLANDSON ...	Oliver Sanson	London	J. Sowle	1710	
A BRIEF JOURNAL	Thomas Wilson	London	James Phillips	1784	two copies
THE DOCTRINE OF THE PASSIONS EXPLAINED AND IMPROVED	Isaac Watts	London	J. Phillips?	1770	
STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS MANIFEST IN THE LIFE ....	Elizabeth Stirredge	Philadelphia	B. and T. Kite	1810	
A SCRIPTURE CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN	Ambrose Rigge	London	?	1772	
HINTS, CHIEFLY SCRIPTURAL ... RESPECTING REGENERATION	Richard Phillips	Philadelphia	B. and T. Kite	1810	
ESSAYS ON PEACE AND WAR	Philanthropus	Exeter, New Hampshire	J. Burnham	1827	
AN ABSTRACT OF ... THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE	Michael de Molinos	London	?	1774	
SION'S TRAVELLERS COMFORTED	Charles Marshal	London	T. Soule	1704	
TWO DISCOURSES AND A PRAYER		Bristol	S. Farley	1768	5th edition
THE GREAT AUDIT, OR GOOD STEWARD	Matthew Hale	London	John Kendell	1775	
A JOURNAL OF THE LIFE	John Gratton	London	James Phillips	1779	



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## OBADIAH AND MOSES BROWN'S LIBRARY

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER		DATE	NOTES
A BRIEF COLLECTION OF REMARKABLE PASSAGES ...	Margaret Fox	London	J. Somes	1710	

At his home in Newport, Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*3rd day 6th of 9 M 1836 / This forenoon I went down town with a view of attending to some buisness but being disappointed I walked further on till I came to the street which leads to the place where Harrisons Mill used to stand Walked thro' it, & across the fields till I came to the Ocean & so round to the Beech & while there stood & had many serious recollections on my rambly to that place when a child & in younger life - from the Beech I walked across the fields to Thos B Goulds Mill where I sat a while & then returned home.*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



October 13, Thursday: Before this date [David Henry Thoreau](#) had renewed Volume I of [Professor Adam Ferguson](#)'s THE HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS AND TERMINATION OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC from the library of the "[Institute of 1770.](#)"

### THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, I

On this day he obtained from that source the 2d volume of John Hoole's translation of Torquato Tasso's JERUSALEM DELIVERED (London, 1764, 1783, 1797; Exeter, New Hampshire: 1810).

He also checked out, from the [Harvard Library](#), Volume 9 of the [The North American Review](#), containing the June and September issues of 1819:

- [The North American Review](#). / Volume 9, Issue 24, miscellaneous front pages (pp. i-iv)
- Hogg's WORKS (pp. 1-23)
- [Bigelow](#)'s AMERICAN MEDICAL BOTANY (pp. 23-26)
- Milman's SAMOR (pp. 26-36)
- Dubois' MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF INDIA (pp. 36-58)
- Brown's LIFE AND WRITINGS (pp. 58-77)
- Lambrechtsen's NEW NETHERLANDS (pp. 77-92)
- Pickering on Greek Pronunciation (pp. 92-113)
- Gorham's ELEMENTS OF CHEMICAL SCIENCE (pp. 113-135)
- Hall's TRAVELS IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES (pp. 135-155)
- [John Gotlieb Ernestus Heckewelder](#)'s INDIAN HISTORY, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS (pp. 155-179)
- Duponceau and Heckewelder on the Languages of the American Indians (pp. 179-188)
- School Education (pp. 188-192)
- Translation of Wyttenbach's Preface to the *SELECTA PRINCIPIUM HISTORICORUM* (pp. 192-206)
- Essay on Happy Temperament (pp. 206-211)



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- Quarterly List of New Publications (pp. 211-216)
- Seybert's STATISTICAL ANNALS (pp. 217-240)
- State of Learning in the United States (pp. 240-260)
- Rambles in Italy: –Foreign Travel (pp. 260-276)
- Montgomery's POEMS (pp. 276-288)
- Buxton on PRISONS: –PREVENTION OF CRIMES (pp. 288-322)
- SKETCH BOOK I. II. (pp. 322-356)
- Sanford's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (pp. 356-376)
- Novanglus and Massachusettensis – ESSAYS ON THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN G. BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES (pp. 376-412)
- Translation of Wytttenbach's Preface to the *SELECTA PRINCIPIUM HISTORICORUM* (pp. 412-426)
- Trisyllabic feet in Iambic verse (pp. 426-432)
- Quarterly List of New Publications (pp. 432-436)

**1837**



April 24, Tuesday: [David Henry Thoreau](#)'s classmate [Henry Jacob Bigelow](#) was dismissed from [Harvard College](#) for having been in possession of firearms and ammunition in his dormitory room and repeatedly discharging a firearm inside the room (MH-Ar Faculty Records UAIII 5.5.2.IX, 311).

[Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), Sir [George Back](#)'s just-published NARRATIVE OF THE ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION TO THE MOUTH OF THE GREAT FISH RIVER, AND ALONG THE SHORES OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN, IN THE YEARS 1833, 1834, AND 1835.

**THE FROZEN NORTH**

**NARRATIVE OF THE ARCTIC...**

"There is no Frigate like a Book  
To take us Lands away"  
– Emily Dickinson





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THE  
NORTH AMERICAN  
REVIEW.

—  
VOL. XLII.  
—

BOSTON:  
CHARLES BOWEN, 141 WASHINGTON STREET.

—  
1836.

HDT

WHAT?

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Copyright Book N. N. Brown 11/1/1914

Engraved by E. Pinder.

*View to Seaward from Montreal Island.*

Published by John Murray, London, 1836.

HDT

WHAT?

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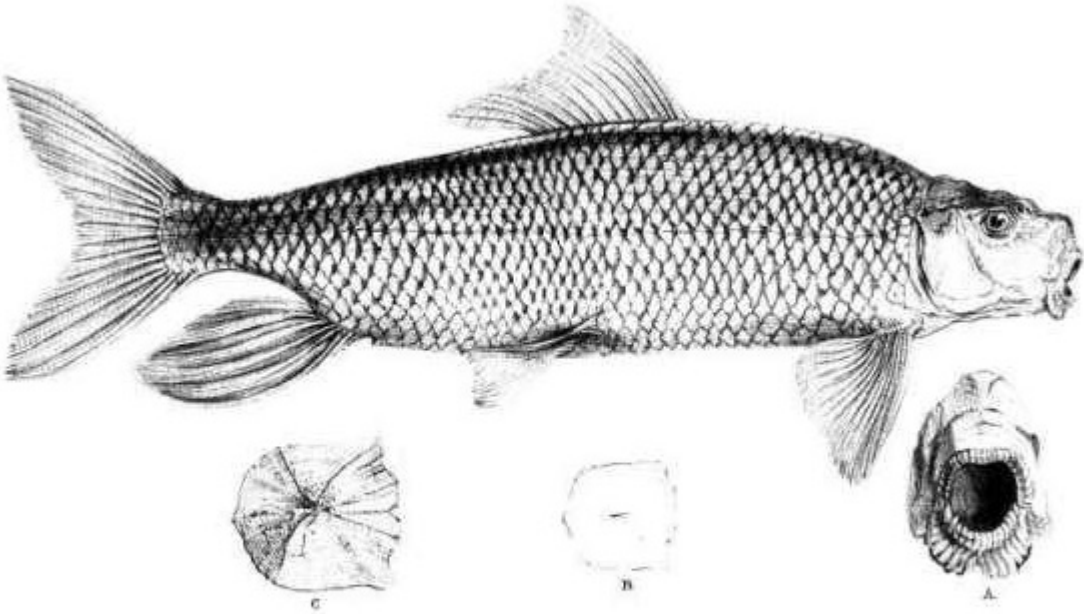
PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW



*Esquimaux Woman.*  
*of the Thlinchochisath.*



*Esquimaux Man.*  
*of the Thlinchochisath.*



THE FISH.  
(A Salmon.)  
A.B. Not. Size. C. Scale Magnified.  
J. Murray. America's Sport, 1836.

J. Waterhouse. Engraver. New York.

Printed by Jay & Hodge.



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[Thoreau](#) also checked out the four volumes of a William Mason (1724-1797) edition of [Thomas Gray](#) (1716-1771)'s poetry, THE POEMS OF MR. GRAY. TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS BY W. MASON, M.A. (York: printed by A. Ward; and sold by J. Dodsley, London; and J. Todd, York, 1775) (since this is four volumes, it is presumably the 1778 reprint).



**THE POEMS OF MR. GRAY**



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1838

 February 10, Saturday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote from Concord responding to a question from [John Thoreau, Jr.](#) as to how “flints” are made:

*Dost expect to elicit a spark from so dull a steel as myself, by that flinty subject of thine? Truly, one of your copper percussion caps would have fitted this nail-head better.*

*Unfortunately, the "Americana" has hardly two words on the subject. The process is very simple. The stone is struck with a mallet so as to produce pieces sharp at one end, and blunt at the other. These are laid upon a steel line (probably a chisel's edge), and again struck with the mallet, and flints of the required size are broken off. A skilled workman may make a thousand a day.*

*So much for the "Americana." Dr. Jacob Bigelow in his "Technology" says, "Gunflints are formed by a skillful workman, who breaks them out with a hammer, a roller, and small chisel, with small repeated strokes."*

Thoreau would here be referring to Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#), the Rumsford Chair in Application of Sciences to the useful arts at [Harvard College](#), and to his [ELEMENTS OF TECHNOLOGY](#), published in 1829.

### ELEMENTS OF TECHNOLOGY

Friend [Stephen Wanton Gould](#) wrote in his journal:

*7th day 10th of 2nd M 1838 / Mother Rodmans funeral was largely attended by friends & others - the sitting at the House was a solid season & Father had a short lively & feeling testimony to bear she was interrd by the side of her son Caleb C Rodman who died about 29 Years ago in the upper burying ground in friends Medow field. -*

RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

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**1840**

Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#)'s lectures at [Harvard College](#) on the application of science to the useful arts had been previously published as ELEMENTS OF TECHNOLOGY, and in this year they were published again as USEFUL ARTS CONSIDERED IN CONNECTION WITH THE APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE" (New-York).

**USEFUL ARTS, VOL. I**

**USEFUL ARTS, VOL. II**

Publication of an even more enlarged edition of [Dr. Bigelow's](#) 1814 and 1824 *FLORULA BOSTONIENSIS*.

**BOTANIZING**



***FLORULA BOSTONIENSIS***



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

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**1841**

[Henry Jacob Bigelow](#), who had been a classmate of [David Henry Thoreau](#) until being dismissed on April 24, 1837 for having been in possession of firearms and ammunition in his dorm room and repeatedly discharging a firearm inside that room (MH-Ar Faculty Records UAIII 5.5.2.IX, 311), had completed his studies at Dartmouth College. He was granted the degree of M.D. at [Harvard College](#).

After graduating at [Harvard](#) 2d in his class, the impoverished Charles Stearns Wheeler had needed to stay on for a salary. In September 1838, following the “nervous collapse” of Jones Very, he had taken over as Greek tutor under Professor of Greek Literature [Cornelius Conway Felton](#), and in January 1839 he added to this the duties of instructor in history under Professor of Ancient and Modern History [Jared Sparks](#). As a member of the Parietal Committee (a permanent standing committee made up of proctors and officers of instruction who resided within the college walls, or in buildings over which the college had superintendence), Wheeler had some difficulties in managing the students; for instance they broke out the windows of his room. He would come to regard this task of disciplining the general student rowdiness as incompatible with teaching, and eventually he would urge Harvard President Josiah Quincy, Sr. to implement a number of reforms, including eliminating mandatory worship, elevating the study of English literature, and loosening the disciplinary code.

In his “autobiography,” [John Shepard Keyes](#) would reminisce about a “Harvard rebellion” created by an attempt by Wheeler to discipline a student, Simmons — from which he had been rescued in the nick of time by his family, which rescue had enabled him to avoid detection and continue as a “student” to his graduation:

But all this was lame to what was coming an old friend of mine Stearns Wheeler of Lincoln who had fitted for college in the [Concord Academy](#), and a thoroughly good but obstinate fellow was Greek tutor and chairman of the Parietal Committee. His room in the east end of Holworthy was the place of their meeting, and they looked after the discipline of the students. Wheeler was conscientious and some small escapades of a set of our class coming to his knowledge, he set out to catch them, and in so doing had a personal collision with Simmons on the Delta I think, spying on him For this Simmons was expelled, and his set of fellows severely punished in other ways. The class took it up and bore Simmons off in a barouch and four white horses after prayers at night, with half a dozen of the best scholars as his companions in open defiance of the authorities— That night the college was in an uproar and all rules were openly violated in the yard and buildings. The Parietal met in Wheelers room and occasionally sallied out to stop some disturbances My sober and sedate chum, one of the first eight in scholarship got greatly excited and vowed to lock them into their room when they returned to their session Watching from our window we saw them go back in squads to Hy 20 in the east entry stealing up the stairs Farnsworth quietly turned the key in the lock of the door and he thought he had them fast, but the door was ajar, and they sprang after him. He rushed up stairs hoping to find an open room or an escape but none offered and in the fourth story there was only the open window of the entry. Desperate but bold the



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got out of the window and held on to the ledge by his hands. Not seeing him his pursuers returned for a light to make a closer search, when he kicked his feet through the sash of the 3d story window and with this support he climbed back into the entry. The noise of the breaking glass drew the Parietals out into the yard in a pursuit of the stone throwers, and my chum walked coolly down by them and up to our room unsuspected- It was a feat of nerve and strength few collegians then would have dared and it made him quite a hero for the nonce. That night a meeting of the class was called for the next morning under the Rebellion tree, and with no debate and but little noise and great firmness we decided to attend no exercises until Simmons was returned, the others let up and Wheeler dismissed, and sent it as our ultimatum to the faculty. Every member with the exception of Higginson signed the paper, and we sent it to the President by a committee. The faculty met and refused it, and threatened- But the other classes joined with us and for several days the college was in full Rebellion, no prayers, no recitations, no anything - but gatherings in the yard cheers of defiance, groans for any officer seen in the yard, and general rowdiness. How it ended I never exactly knew for 'Uncle David' Jr. going home from Cambridge and stopping to leave my washing that he always carried, gave such a wildly exciting account of matters there, that Father started in the moonlight and drove to Cambridge to bring me home. Arrived after midnight a knocking at my door though it waked me yet as I thought it some fellow wanting me for some deviltry I slept on tired with the excitement of the day while poor Father finding the college all quiet was forced to try Willards who wasnt easy to rouse up after he had retired at the call of belated students, and I am inclined to the belief kept the old gentleman cooling his wrath and his heels all night- Any way he knocked again before sunrise and after finding Farnsworth, and I quietly abed, and very cool and unexcited over the Rebellion insisted on carrying me home to keep me out of mischief, and as that avoided examinations if there were any I unwillingly consented, and we drove home to a late breakfast. Thus I got an additional vacation of a week or more while the Rebellion simmered down & at last petered out. So after a good time at home I came back to hear my name read out among those having parts at commencement, my first last and only college honor. The class graduated forty four in number, and twenty three or one more than half had parts assigned them Mine was a dis something sertation or quision I dont remember which with two other fellows Minot and [in pencil, possibly in another hand: Rice] subject Rome Athens & Jerusalem. I was utterly astonished, and so was everbody else, none more so than Father who feared much I should lose my degree. The only way I could ever account for it was that the theme I mentioned carried my marks higher than Minots and as he must have a part, I couldnt be left out of one. Any way I got it, wrote it in the 6 weeks before vacation that the senior class then had without lessons for the purpose, and enjoyed those weeks too in many ways till





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Class Day came. Ours was a failure. Orne the orator was drunk over night and the oration a muddle with out sense or declamation in which he excelled. The poem I dont remember, and the spreads few and poor. The dancing on the green I had anticipated as so many of my lady friends were to be there but it didnt go off well, and the cheering and tree were unenthusiastic. The class supper at the Maverick House East Boston was the best part. Farnsworth and I drove over sat it out and got back at sunrise!! I packed my trunk, said goodbye to my room and college and without a regret left for home in the mail stage that stopped at the same gate as I entered at, and landed me in Concord to breakfast How some trifling incidents cling to the memory I can see that morning and the yard and room as distinctly now after more than forty years while all else even of these recollections are blurred and hazy as was the morning I left home to enter. Why this is thus who can say?

**J.S. KEYES AUTOBIOGRAPHY**



PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

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1843

October 1, Sunday: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote from Staten Island to [Cynthia Dunbar Thoreau](#) in Concord, telling of his publication effort at [The United States Magazine and Democratic Review](#):

As for Eldorado that is far off yet. My bait will not tempt the rats; they are too well fed. The Democratic Review is poor, and can only afford half or quarter pay –which it will do– and they say there is a Lady’s Companion that pays – but I could not write anything companionable.... The Mirror is really the most readable journal here. I see that they have printed a short piece which I wrote to sell in the Dem. Review, and still keep the review of Paradise that I may include in it a notice of another book by the same author, which they have found, and are going to send me.

“PARADISE (TO BE) REGAINED”

([John L. O’Sullivan](#)’s magazine was currently at its October issue.)

US MAG & DEM. REV.

Contrary to the very thing that every person on the street thinks they know about Thoreau, he never lived the life of a [hermit](#). At Walden Pond, a retired place but open and public, he set up an inn for all pilgrims without distinction, being himself the landlord, a “spherical” man, “a man of such universal sympathies, and so broad and genial nature, that he would fain sacrifice the tender but narrow ties of friendship, to a broad, sunshiny, fair-weather-and-foul friendship for his race; who loves men, not as a philosopher, with philanthropy, nor as an overseer of the poor, with charity, but by a necessity of his nature, as he loves dogs and horses; and standing at his open door from morning till night, would fain see more and more of them come along the highway, and is never satiated.” Not considering himself to be a man of genius, but instead a genial man, he could afford to live without privacy:

The man of genius, like a dog with a bone, or the slave who has swallowed a diamond, or a patient with the gravel, sits afar and retired, off the road, hangs out no sign of refreshment for man and beast, but says, by all possible hints and signs, I wish to be alone –good-bye –farewell.

DOG

*Staten Island Oct 1<sup>st</sup> 43*

*Dear Mother,*

*I hold together remarkably well as yet, speaking of my outward linen and wool-en man, no holes more than I brought away, and no stitches needed yet. It is marvellous. I think the Fates must be on my side, for there is less than a plank between me and–Time, to say the least. As for Eldorado that is far off yet. My bait will not tempt the rats; they are too well fed. The Democratic Review is*



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*poor, and can only afford half or quarter pay—which it will do—and they say there is a Lady’s Companion that pays — but I could not write anything companionable. However, speculate as we will, it is quite gratuitous, for life never the less, and never the more, goes steadily on, well or ill fed and clothed, somehow, and “honor bright” withal. It is very gratifying to live in the prospect of great successes always, and for that purpose, we must leave a sufficient foreground to see them through. All the painters prefer distant prospects for the greater breadth of view, and delicacy of tint.— But this is no news, and describes no new condition. Meanwhile I am somnambulic at least — stirring in my sleep — indeed, quite awake. I read a good deal and am pretty well known in the libraries of New York. Am in with the Librarian, one Dr Forbes, of the Society Library—who has lately been to Cambridge to learn liberality, and has come back to let me take out some un-take-out-able books, which I was threatening to read on the spot. And Mr Mackean, of the Mercantile Library, is a true gentleman — a former tutor of mine — and offers me every privilege there. I have from him a perpetual stranger’s ticket, and a citizen’s rights besides — all which privileges I pay handsomely for by improving.*

H. S. MCKEAN

*A canoe-race “came off” on the Hudson the other day, between Chippeways and New Yorkers, which must have been as moving a sight as the buffalo hunt which I witnessed. But canoes and buffaloes are all lost, as is everything here, in the mob. It is only the people have come to see one another. Let them advertise that there will be a gathering at Hoboken — having bargained with the ferry boats, and there will be, and they need not throw in the buffaloes.*

*I have crossed the bay 20 or 30 times and have seen a great many immigrants going up to the city for the first time—Norwegians who carry their old fashioned farming tools to the west with them, and will buy nothing here for fear of being cheated.— English operatives, known by their pale faces and stained hands, who will recover their birth-rights in a little cheap sun and wind, — English travellers on their way to the Astor House, to whom I have done the honors of the city.— Whole families of imigrants cooking their dinner upon the pavements, all sun-burnt—so that you are in doubt where the foreigner’s face of flesh begins — their tidy clothes laid on, and then tied to their swathed bodies which move about like a bandaged finger—Caps set on the head, as if woven of the hair, which is still growing at the roots—each and all busily cooking, stooping from time to time over the pot, and having something to drop into it, that so they may be entitled to take something out, forsooth. They look like respectable but straightened people, who may turn out to be counts when they get to Wisconsin—and will have this experience to relate to their children.*

*Seeing so many people from day to day one comes to have less respect for flesh and bones, and thinks they must be more loosely {MS torn} of less firm fibre, than the few he had known. It must have a very bad influence upon children to see so many human beings at once—mere herds of men.*

HENRY BIGELOW

*I came across Henry Bigelow a week ago, sitting in front of a Hotel in Broadway, very much as if he were under his father’s own stoop. He is seeking to be*



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*admitted into the bar in New York, but as yet, had not succeeded. I directed him to Fuller's store, which he had not found, and invited him to come and see me, if he came to the island. Tell Mrs & Miss Ward that I have not forgotten them, and was glad to hear from George, with whom I spent last night, that they had returned to C.— Tell Mrs Brown that it gives me as much pleasure to know that she thinks of me and my writing as if I had been the author of the piece in question; but I did not even read the papers I sent. The Mirror is really the most readable journal here. I see that they have printed a short piece which I wrote to sell in the Dem. Review, and still keep the review of Paradise that I may include in it a notice of another book by the same author, which they have found, and are going to send me.— I dont know when I shall come home— I like to keep that feast in store— Tell Helen that I do not see any advertisement for her—and I am looking for myself— If I could find a rare opening, I might be tempted to try with her for a year till I had payed my debts; but for such I am sure it is not well to go out of N. Eng. Teachers are but poorly recompensed even here.— Tell her and Sophia (if she is not gone) to write to me— Father will know that this letter is to him as well as to you— I send him a paper which usually contains the news—if not all that is stirring—all that has stirred—and even draws a little on the future. I wish he would send me by and by the paper which contains the results of the Cattleshow. You must get Helen's eyes to read this—though she is a scoffer at honest penmanship — yr affectionate son Henry D. Thoreau*



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**1846**

[Henry Jacob Bigelow](#) became a physician and instructor at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

October: [Dr. Henry Jacob Bigelow](#) arranged a demonstration of an operation performed on a patient who had inhaled [ether](#) to put him into a deep sleep. His “Insensibility during Surgical Operations Produced by Inhalation” would eventually be hailed as “the most important article in the history of the [New England Journal of Medicine](#).”



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**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**1848**

[Nicholas Marcellus Hentz](#) relocated from Tuskegee, Alabama to Columbus, Georgia.

[Gregor Mendel](#), in his 4th year of studies at the Theological College, attended additional lectures on agriculture at the Brünn Philosophical Institute. The teacher was Professor Franz Diebl (1770-1859). In June, Mendel received a certificate of completion from the College, and in early August he became a parish priest in the collegiate church at Altbrünn.

The [Boston Society of Natural History](#), which had been organized in 1830 out of what remained of the Linnaean Society that had flourished from 1813 to 1823, moved into its new quarters on Mason Street in the building known as the Massachusetts Medical College.

**PROCEEDINGS, FOR 1848**

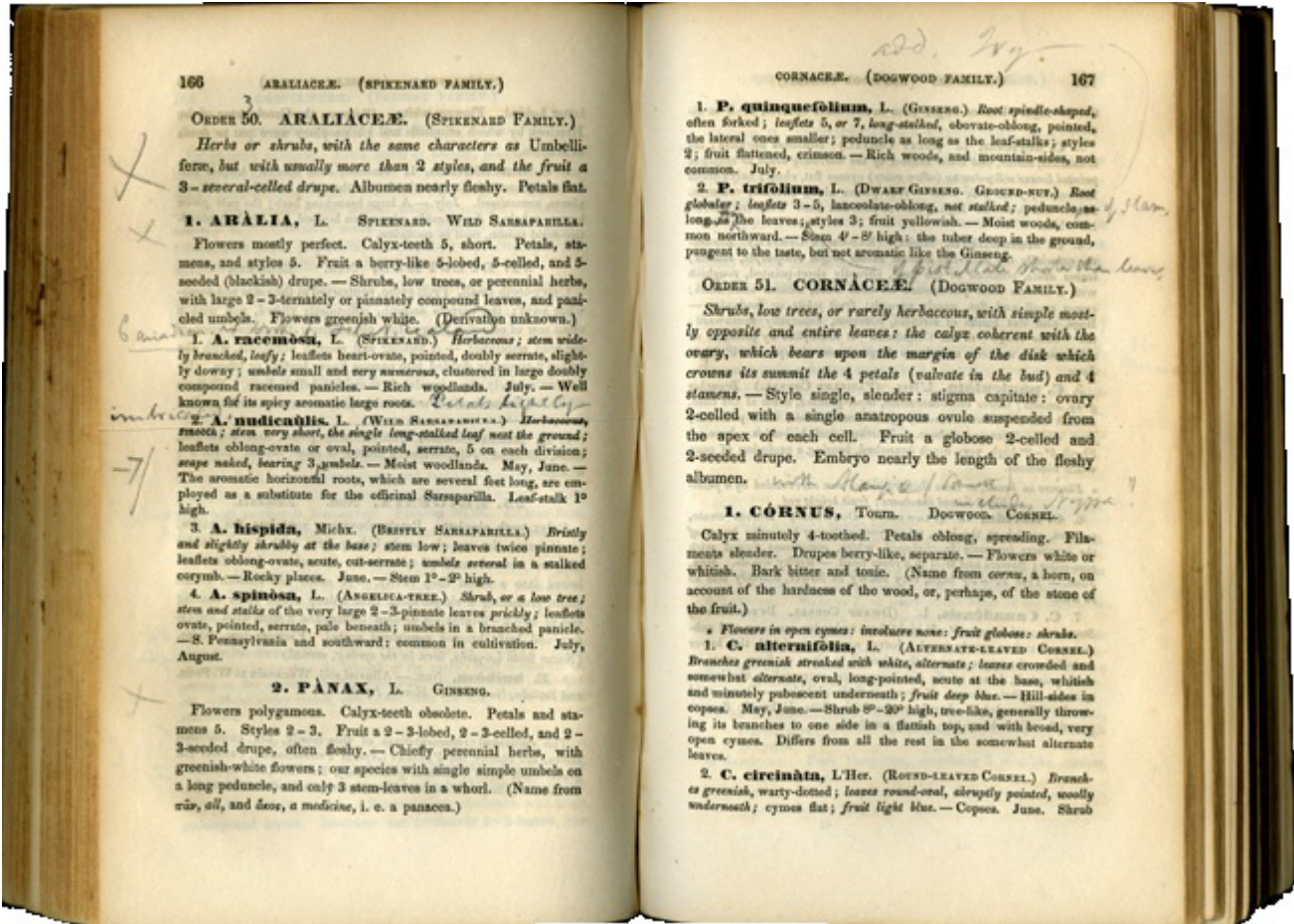
[Dr. Henry Jacob Bigelow](#) got married with Susan Sturgis (1825-1853), a daughter of William Sturgis and Elizabeth Davis Sturgis of Boston.

Up to this point [Professor Jacob Bigelow](#)'s *FLORULA BOSTONIENSIS*, A COLLECTION OF PLANTS OF BOSTON AND ITS VICINITY had been the standard flora for the New England region. With the publication of [Fisher](#) [Professor of Natural History in Harvard College Asa Gray, M.D.](#)'s A MANUAL OF THE [BOTANY](#) OF THE

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NORTHERN UNITED STATES, FROM NEW ENGLAND TO WISCONSIN AND SOUTH TO OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA INCLUSIVE, (THE MOSSES AND LIVERWORTS BY WM. S. SULLIVANT,) ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE NATURAL SYSTEM; WITH AN INTRODUCTION, CONTAINING A REDUCTION OF THE GENERA TO THE LINNÆAN ARTIFICIAL CLASSES AND ORDERS, OUTLINES OF THE ELEMENTS OF BOTANY, A GLOSSARY, ETC. (Boston & Cambridge:



James Munroe and Company, London: John Chapman),<sup>8</sup> Professor Bigelow's contribution had been made

8. This volume would be owned by [Henry Thoreau](#) and by [Ellery Channing](#), and Channing's copy, with his typical scrawling all over it, is now at the [Concord Free Public Library](#).



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

obsolete.



**MANUAL OF THE BOTANY**

In this year [Professor Gray](#) also put out the 1st volume of his GENERA OF THE PLANTS OF THE UNITED STATES (you can now purchase a polyester necktie, guaranteed not to eat you alive, printed with [Isaac Sprague's](#) illustration of the Venus Flytrap *Dionaea muscipula* from this volume).

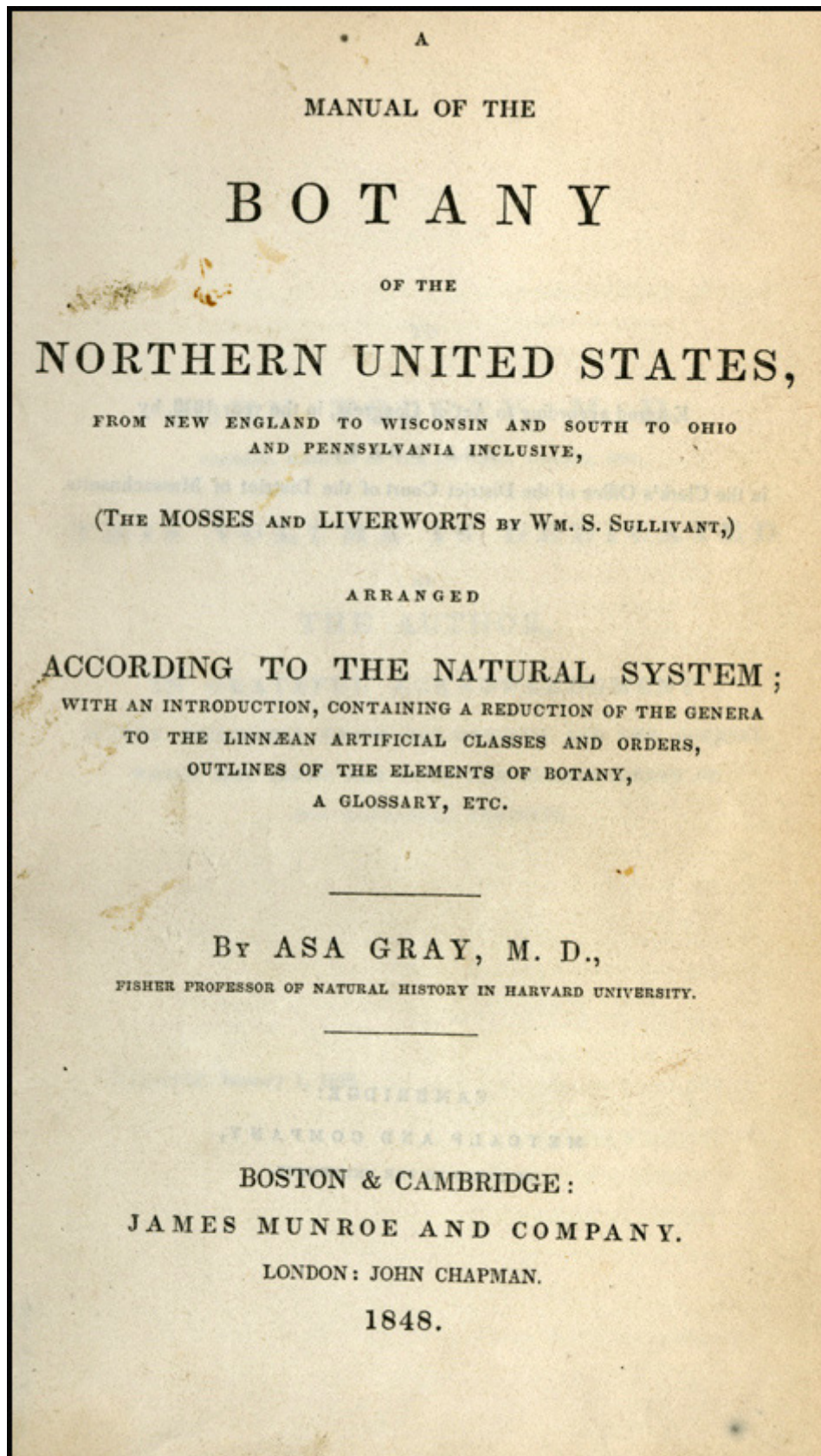






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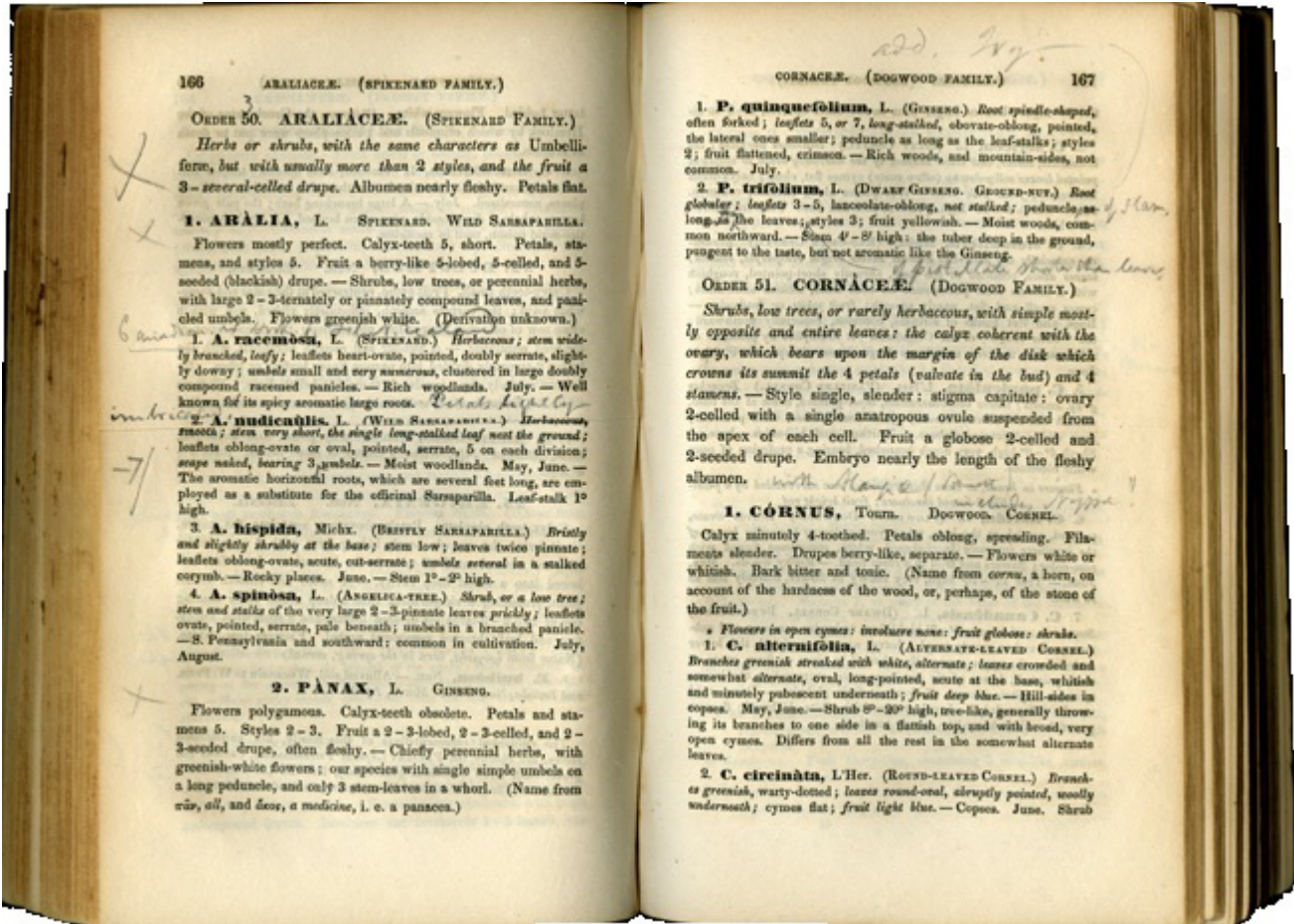
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**MANUAL OF THE BOTANY**

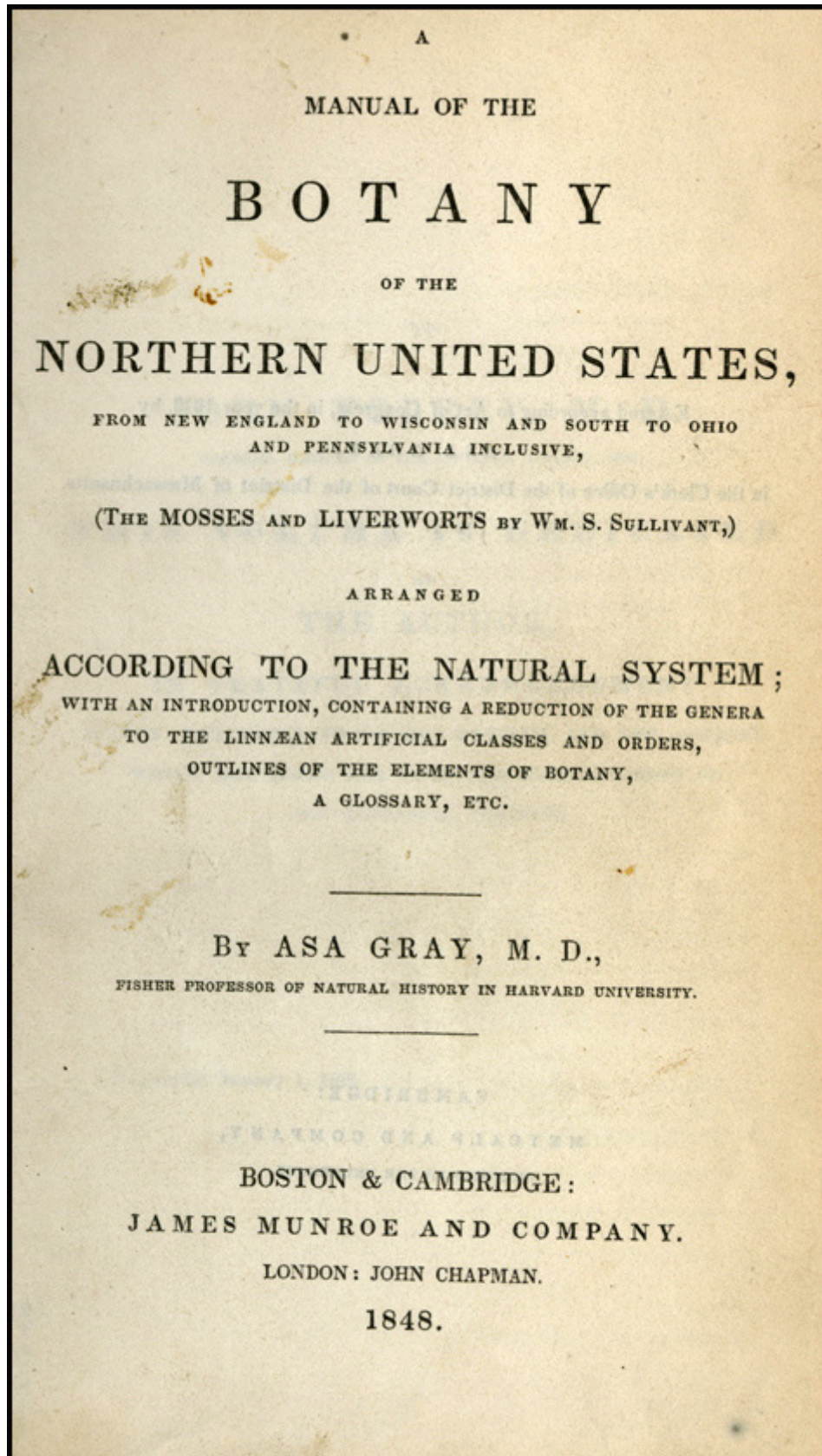
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**1850**

[Dr. Henry Jacob Bigelow](#) had brought [Phineas Gage](#) to Boston for observation. His “Dr. Harlow’s case of Recovery from the passage of an Iron Bar through the Head” appeared in [American Journal of the Medical Sciences](#) (20:13-22).





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PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

1851

April 29, Tuesday: Opposite the courthouse grounds, [Henry Thoreau](#) helped the County Commissioners plan a series of monuments and burying-ground tracts.



[Thoreau](#) wrote to [Dr. Thaddeus William Harris](#)<sup>10</sup> at the [Harvard Library](#):

*Concord Ap. 29<sup>th</sup> 1851*  
*Dear Sir,*  
*I return, herewith,*  
*Young's Chronicles of the*  
*Pilgrims — Hawkins's*  
*Quebec — & Silliman's*  
*Tour of Quebec.*  
*Will you please send*  
*me by the bearer — the*  
*2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>d</sup> vols of the Forest*  
*Trees of North America,*  
*by F. Andrew Michaux, — of*  
*which I have already had*  
*the 1<sup>st</sup> vol — also*  
*Bigelow's Medical Botany.*  
*Yrs respectfully*  
*Henry D. Thoreau.*

BIGELOW



April 29: Every man perhaps is inclined to think his own situation singular in relation to Friendship. Our thoughts would imply that other men *have* friends, though we have not. But I do not know of two whom I can speak of as standing in this relation to one another— Each one makes a standing offer to mankind— On such & such terms I will give myself to you —but it is only by a miracle that his terms are ever accepted. We have to defend ourselves even against those who are nearest to friendship with us. What a difference it is! —to perform the pilgrimage of life in the society of a mate —and not to have an acquaintance among all the tribes of men! What signifies the census —this periodical numbering of men— to one who has no friend? I distinguish between my *actual* and my *real* communication with individuals. I *really* communicate with my friends, and congratulate myself & them on our relation —and rejoice in their presence & society —oftenest when they are personally absent. I remember that not long ago as I laid my head on my pillow for the night I was visited by an inexpressible joy that I was permitted to know & be related to such mortals as I was then related to — & yet no special event  
 {*One leaf missing*}  
 that I could think of had occurred to remind me of any with whom I was connected —and by the next noon perchance those essences that had caused me joy would have receded somewhat. I experienced a remarkable gladness in the thought that they existed— Their existence was then blessed to me. Yet such has never been my actual relation to any.

10. Franklin Benjamin Sanborn reported that “one of [Harvard College](#)'s natural historians” (we may presume this to have been Dr. Harris, Thoreau's teacher in natural science in his senior year) had remarked to Bronson Alcott that “if Emerson had not spoiled him, Thoreau would have made a good entomologist.”





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Every one experiences that while his relation to another actually may be one of distrust & disappointment he may still have relations to him ideally & so really — in spite of both He is faintly conscious of a confidence & satisfaction somewhere. & all further intercourse is based on this experience of success,  
The very dogs & cats incline to affection in their relation to man. It often happens that a man is more humanely related to a cat or dog than to any human being. What bond is it relates us to any animal we keep in the house but the bond of affection. In a degree we grow to love one another.



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April 30, Wednesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) checked out, from [Harvard Library](#), the multiple volumes of Professor [Jacob Bigelow's](#) AMERICAN MEDICAL BOTANY (Boston, 1817-1820).<sup>11</sup>



BOTANIZING

- AM. MED. BOTANY, I**
- AM. MED. BOTANY, II**
- AM. MED. BOTANY, IIIA**
- AM. MED. BOTANY, IIIB**

This resource is now available on CD-ROM: <http://www.octavo.com/collections/projects/bgwamb/>

Having already checked out the 1st volume of [Francois André Michaux's](#) THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND NOVA SCOTIA ... TO WHICH IS ADDED A DESCRIPTION OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE EUROPEAN FOREST TREES ... TR. FROM THE FRENCH BY F. ANDREW MICHAUX, [Thoreau](#) checked out the 2d and 3d volumes of this work.<sup>12</sup>

May 29, Thursday: The Worcester [Spy](#) was keeping its eye peeled for the more daring ladies:

11. Professor [Bigelow](#) had, from 1815 to 1827, been the 1st Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts at [Harvard College](#). He would be one of the founders of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

The New Costume.  
The first Bloomer made its appearance in our city yesterday.



**SAMUEL JOSEPH MAY**

At the Berry Street Conference in Boston, debate began over the Reverend May's resolution condemning [Daniel Webster](#), Millard Fillmore, [Edward Everett](#), Samuel A. Eliot, the Reverend Professor [Jared Sparks](#), the Reverend Ezra Stiles Gannett, and the Reverend Orville Dewey as "traffickers IN HUMAN FLESH." May charged that Gannett was acting in a manner "utterly subversive of Christian morality and of all true allegiance to God." The question became how much the Federal Union was worth, compared with for instance the Laws of God. The Reverend Theodore Parker rose to assert that if and when George Ticknor Curtis, a member of the Reverend Gannett's Unitarian assembly and an officer charged with local administration of the Fugitive Slave Law, came to his parsonage to take a black fugitive from slavery into custody, he would defend not only with an open Bible but with the sword, the brace of pistols, and the musket which his father had carried at Lexington Green on April 19, 1775. → He was, he declared, no "foolish nonresistant," and one wonders whether he would have had that "open Bible" open to one or another of the same Old Testament passages that would be firmly underlined, while in prison awaiting execution, by Captain John Brown in 1859. → This controversy would not be over until 1853, → and when it was concluded, it was concluded by instructions to Unitarian ministers that the debate over slavery was driving away potential converts to Unitarianism, and that therefore they should avoid discussion of the peculiar institution of slavery, avoid discussion of Webster, and avoid discussion of the merits of the Fugitive Slave Law — and that those unable to avoid such discussion would be find themselves no longer recognized as Unitarian ministers.

At the Woman's Rights Convention in Akron, [Ohio](#), the letter of May 20th from [Henry C. Wright](#) was read:

12. [François André Michaux](#). THE NORTH AMERICAN SYLVA, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FOREST TREES, OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND NOVA SCOTIA. CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY WITH RESPECT TO THEIR USE IN THE ARTS AND THEIR INTRODUCTION INTO COMMERCE; TO WHICH IS ADDED A DESCRIPTION OF THE MOST USEFUL OF THE EUROPEAN FOREST TREES ... TR. FROM THE FRENCH BY F. ANDREW MICHAUX. Philadelphia, 3 volumes, 1817

(This is an amended translation of his 1810-1813 *HISTOIRE DES ARBRES FORESTIERS DE L'AMERIQUE SEPTENTRIONALE*, and contains that work's illustrations.)



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

FLUSHING, Long Island, May 20, 1851.

TO THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

*Dear Friends;*—

\* \* \*

The effort being made by yourselves and others to secure to woman her rights as a human being, and her true position in reference to the customs and institutions of society, ought to be, and ere long will be, regarded as one of the most important movements of the age. It involves all that is pure, elevating and endearing in domestic life; all that is lovely, good and great in social life; all that is useful and enduring in religious and social institutions. The abolition of intemperance, war, slavery, and all the individual and social wrongs of mankind, and the regeneration and redemption of the race from the physical, intellectual, social and moral evils that now crush it, must be associated with this movement. I see not how any being, whose destiny is linked with that of human-kind, can treat this subject lightly, or remain indifferent to it.

Man and Woman cannot be separated in their destiny. Where woman goes, man must go; where man goes, woman must go; as the one rises or sinks in intelligence, in wisdom and virtue, so must the other rise or fall.

\* \* \*

Man cannot be saved without the aid of woman; woman cannot be saved without the aid of man. United in love, in counsel and effort, progress in wisdom and goodness, towards the heavenly and divine, is certain; disunited in affection, in interest, in plans or in their execution, degradation and ruin must follow. This should be settled as a fixed fact in the minds of all who take part in this movement.

\* \* \*

Whatever right of property or person, of government or religion; in the family, in the market, in the church, the court, the cabinet, legislative hall, or in the public assembly, belongs to man, belongs also to woman. In arranging and conducting the affairs of life in regard to our domestic, pecuniary, social, religious and civil concerns, this fact is denied or disregarded. To enlighten the understanding and consciences of men, and to arouse their moral nature in regard to this great law of our being, should be one great aim of all who are interested in this enterprise. In asserting your Humanity, you assert the fact that whatever right belongs to one human being, belongs to each and every one, without regard to sex, complexion, condition, caste or country. Woman is a human being; and it is a self-evident truth that whatever right belongs to man by virtue of his membership in the human family, belongs to her by the same tenure. This truth is not to be reasoned about; it is self-evident. No power in the universe can have the right to put woman in a position of subjection to man, or man in subjection to woman. As regards their relations to each other, they are equals; and neither can justly be held responsible, as subject to any power but the Divine. It is not right or expedient



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to submit this question to the contingency of a discussion, for you could not submit it if the decision were against you. Why appeal to a tribunal at all, whose decision, in this matter you have determined not to abide by, if it is against you? To do so would be neither dignified nor honest.

Dear friends, permit me to remind you not to be disheartened though few join you. There are tens of thousands interested in this movement who have not courage to become a part of it. Be more anxious to plant yourselves on the rock of eternal truth, and to abide there, than to increase your numbers. Truth goes not by numbers, but is instinct with divine life, and it must triumph.

\* \* \*

May truth, in regard to the rights and position of woman, and to her connexion with the true development and destiny of our nature, be your aim, and uncompromising fidelity to that truth, your endeavor.

Yours truly,

HENRY C. WRIGHT

HDT

WHAT?

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**BIGELOW**

May 29: It is evident that the virtues of plants are almost completely unknown to us— And we esteem the few with which we are better acquainted unreasonably above the many which are comparatively unknown to us. Bigelow says —“It is a subject of some curiosity to consider, if the knowledge of the present *Materia Medica* were by any means to be lost, how many of the same articles would again rise into notice and use. Doubtless a variety of new substances would develop unexpected powers, while perhaps the poppy would be shunned as a deleterious plant, and the cinchona might grow unmolested upon the mountains of Quito.” Sawyer regards *Nux vomica* among the most valuable.

B. says 1817 “We have yet to discover our anodynes & our emetics, although we abound in bitters, astringents, aromatics, and demulcents. In the present state of our knowledge we could not well dispense with opium and *ipicacuanha*, yet a great number of foreign drugs, such as gentian, columbo, chamomile, kino, catechu, *cascarilla*, *canella*, &c. for which we pay a large annual tax to other countries, might in all probability be superceded by the indigenous products of our own. It is certainly better that our own country people should have the benefit of collecting such articles, than that we should pay for them to the Moors of Africa, or the Indians of Brazil.”

The Thorn apple *Datura stramonium* (Apple of Peru —Devil’s Apple —Jamestown Weed) “emigrates with great facility, and often springs up in the ballast of ships, and in earth carried from one country to another.” It secretes itself in the hold of vessels —& migrates —it is a sort of cosmopolitan weed —a roving weed —what adventures— What historian knows when first it came into a country!

He quotes Beverly’s Hist. of Virginia as saying that some soldiers in the days of Bacon’s rebellion —having eaten some of this plant —which was boiled for salad by mistake —were made natural fools & buffoons by it for 11 days, without injury to their bodies??

**BIGELOW**

The root of a biennial or perennial will accumulate the virtues of the plant more than any other part.

B says that Pursh states that the sweetscented Golden Rod *Solidago odora* “has for some time (i.e. before 1817] been an article of exportation to China, where it fetches a high price.” And yet it is known to very few New Englanders.

**BIGELOW**

“No botanist, says B. even if in danger of starving in a wilderness, would indulge his hunger on a root or fruit taken from an unknown plant of the natural order *Luridae*, of the *Multisiliquae*, or the *umbelliferous aquatics*. On the contrary he would not feel a moment’s hesitation in regard to any of the *Gramina*, the fruit of the *Pomaceae*, and several other natural families of plants, which are known to be uniformly innocent in their effects”

**GINSENG**

The aromatic flavor of the Checquer Berry is also perceived in the *Gaultheria hispidula*; in *Spiraea ulmaria* and the root of *Spiraea lobata* —and in the birches.

He says Ginseng, *Spigelia*, Snake-root, &c. form considerable articles of exportation.

The odor of Skunk cabbage is perceived in some N.A. currants —as *Ribes rigens* of MX on high *mts*—

At one time the Indians above Quebec & Montreal were so taken up with searching for Ginseng that they could not be hired for any other purpose. It is said that both the Chinese & the Indians named this plant from its resemblance to the figure of a man

**BIGELOW**

The Indians used the bark of *Dirca palustris* or Leather Wood for their cordage. It was after the long continued search of many generations that these qualities were discovered.

Of Tobacco, *Nicotiana Tabacum*, B. says after speaking of its poisonous qualities “Yet the first person who had courage & patience enough to persevere in its use, until habit had overcome his original disgust, eventually found in it a pleasing sedative, a soother of care, and a material addition to the pleasures of life. Its use, which originated among savages, has spread into every civilized country; it has made its way against the declamations of the learned, and the prohibitions of civil & religious authority, and it now gives rise to an extensive branch of agriculture, or of commerce, in every part of the globe.”

Soon after its introduction into Europe —“The rich indulged in it as a luxury of the highest kind; and the poor gave themselves up to it, as a solace for the miseries of life.”

Several varieties are cultivated.

**BIGELOW**

In return for many foreign weeds we have sent abroad, says B. “The *Erigeron Canadense* & the prolific families



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of Ambrosia & Amaranthus.”



“The Indians were acquainted with the med. properties of more than one species of Euphorbia”

Night shade is called bitter sweet.

Poke also called Garget

V root of Arum Triphyllum –Dragon Root or Ind. turnip

V Gold Thread Coptis trifolia

V sanguinaria Canadensis or Blood Root

V Conium Maculatum Hemlock

V Cicuta maculata Am. Hemlock

V Asarum Canadense Wild Ginger snake root–colt’s foot–

V Hyoscyamus Niger Henbane

V sweetscented Golden rod

V Panax quinquefolium Ginseng.

V Polygala Senega Seneca snake root

V veratrum viride Am. Hellebore

V Dirca palustris Leather Wood.

**GINSENG**

I noticed the button bush May 25th around an elevated pond or mudhole –its leaves just beginning to expand–

This slight amount of green contrasted with its –dark craggly naked looking stem & branches –as if subsiding waters had left them bare –looked Dantesque –& infernal. It is not a handsome bush at this season it is so slow to put out its leaves & hide its naked & unsightly stems.

The Andromeda ligustrina is late to leave out.





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malus excelsa –amara –florida –palustris –gratissima –ramosa –spinosa ferruginea –aromatica –aurea –rubigenosa –odorata –tristis –officinalis!! herbacea –vulgaris –aestivalis –autumnalis riparia –odora –versicolor –communis –farinosa –super septa pendens malus sepium virum Nov. Angliae –succosa saepe formicis preoccupata –vermiculosa aut verminosa –aut a vermibus corrupta vel erosa –Malus semper virens et viridis viridis –cholera –morbifera or dysenterifera –(M. sylvestrispaludosa –excelsa et ramosa superne –difficilis conscendere (aut adoeperere), fructus difficillimus stringere –parvus et amara.) Picis perforata or perterebata –rupestris –agrestis –arvensis –Assabettia –Railroad apple –Musketaquidensis –dew apple rorifera. The apple whose fruit we tasted in our youth which grows passim et nusquam,– Our own particular apple malus numquam legata vel stricta. (Malus cujus fructum ineunte aetate gustavi quae passim et nusquam viget) cortice muscosâ Malus viae-ferreae

June 3, Tuesday: The 1st mention of Theophilus Brown, whom [Henry Thoreau](#) had met in April 1849 in Worcester, in Thoreau's journal:



June 3, Tuesday: Lectured in Worcester last Saturday –& walked to *As* or *Hasnebumskit* Hill in Paxton the next day. Said to be the highest land in Worcester County except Wachusett Met Mr. Blake –Brown –Chamberlin –Hinsdale –Miss Butman? Wyman –Conant. Returned to Boston yesterday –conversed with John Downes –who is connected with the Coast Survey –is printing tables for Astronomical Geodesic & other uses. He tells me that he once saw the common sucker in numbers piling up stones as big as his fist. (like the piles which I have seen) taking them up or moving them with their mouths.

Dr. Harris suggests that the Mt Cranberry which I saw at Ktaadn was the *Vaccinium Vitis-idea* cowberry because it was edible & not the Uva Ursi –or bear berry – which we have in Concord.

Saw the *Uvularia perfoliata* perfoliate bellwort in Worcester near the hill –an abundance of Mt Laurel on the hills now budded to blossom & the fresh lighter growth contrasting with the dark green An abundance of very large chequer berries or partridge berries as Bigelow calls them on Hasnebumskit –sugar maples about there. A very extensive view but the western view not so much wilder as I expected. See Barre about 15 miles off & Rutland &c &c Not so much forest as in our neighborhood –high swelling hills –but less shade for the walker–

The hills are green –the soil springer & it is written that water is more easily obtained on the hills than in the valleys.– Saw a Scotch fir the pine so valued for tar & naval uses in the North of Europe.

Mr Chamberlin told me that there was no corporation in Worcester except the banks (which I suspect may not be literally true) & hence their freedom & independence. I think it likely there is a gass company to light the streets at least.

John Mactaggart finds the ice thickest not in the largest lakes in Canada nor in the smallest where the surrounding forests melt it.

He says that the surveyor of the Boundary line between England & US on the Columbia River saw pine trees which would require 16 feet in the blade to a cross cut saw to do anything with them.

I examined today a large swamp white oak in Hubbards Meadow which was blown down by the same storm which destroyed the Light House.

At 5 feet from the ground it was  $9\frac{3}{4}$  feet in circumference The first branch at  $11\frac{1}{2}$  feet from ground –and it held the first diameter up to 23 feet from the ground. Its whole height measured on the ground was 80 feet. & its breadth about 66 ft. The roots on one side were turned up with the soil on them –making an object very

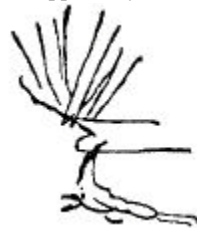
**BIGELOW**



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conspicuous a great distance off, the highest part being 18 feet from the ground –and 14 ft above centre of trunk. The roots which were small and thickly interlaced were from 3 to 9 inches beneath the surface (in other trees I saw them level with the surface) and thence extended 15 to 18 inches in depth (*i.e.* to this depth they occupied the ground) They were broken off at about 11 feet from the centre of the trunk –and were there on an average one inch in diameter, the largest being 3 inches in diam. The longest root was broken off at 20 feet from the centre, and was there  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch in diameter The tree was rotten within. The lower side of the soil (what was originally the lower) which clothed the roots for 9 feet from the centre of the tree, was white & clayey to appearance –& a sparrow was sitting on 3 eggs within the mass. Directly under where the massive trunk had stood and within a foot of the surface you could apparently strike in a spade & meet with no obstruction



–to a free cultivation. There was no tap root to be seen. The roots were encircled with dark nubby rings. The tree which still had a portion of its roots in the ground & held to them by a sliver on the leeward side was alive and had leaved out though on many branches the leaves were shrivelled again.

*Quercus bicolor* of Big. *Q. Prinus discolor* MX.f.

I observed the grass waving to day for the first time –the swift Camilla on it– It might have been noticed before– You might have seen it now for a week past on grain fields.

Clover has blossomed

I noticed the Indigo weed a week or two ago pushing up like asparagus. Methinks it must be the small Andromeda? that the dull red mass of leaves in the swamp mixed perchance with the Rhodora –with its dry fruit like appendages as well as the *Andromeda paniculata* else called *ligustrina* & the clethra– It was the Golden Senecio *Senecio aureus* which I plucked a week ago in a meadow in Wayland The earliest methinks of the aster and autumnal looking yellow flowers. Its bruised stems enchanted me with their indescribable sweet odor –like I cannot think what

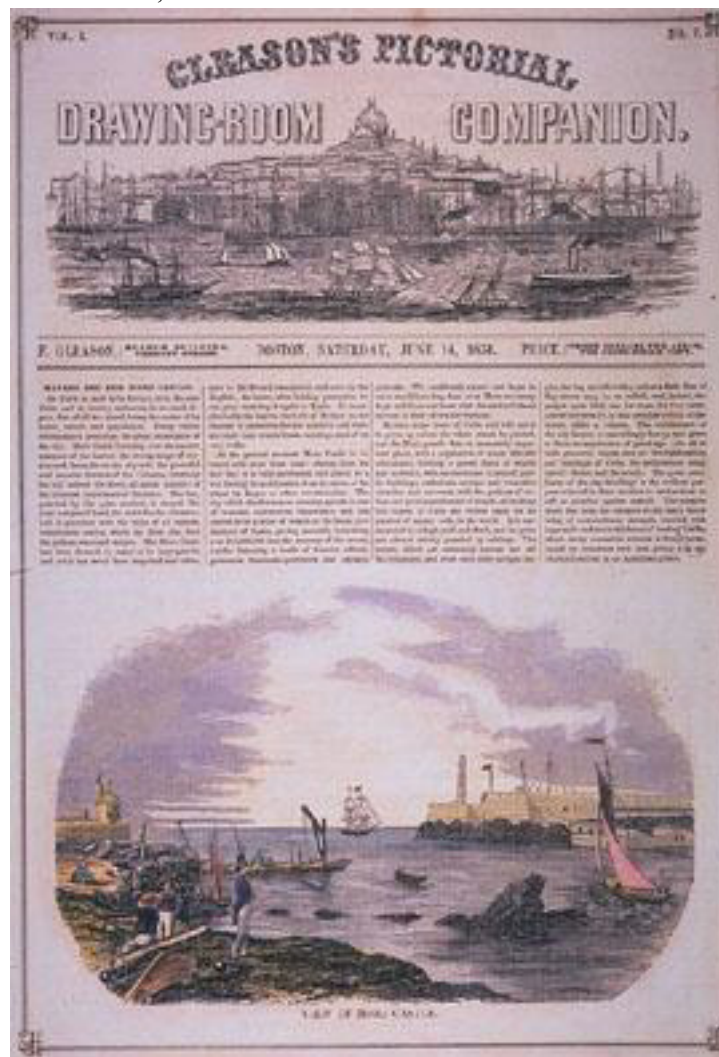
The *Phaseolus vulgaris* includes several kinds of bush beans of which those I raised were one.

**THE BEANFIELD**

**THE FUTURE IS MOST READILY PREDICTED IN RETROSPECT**



June 14, Saturday: [Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion](#) published a nicely colorized picture of Morro Castle in the harbor of Havana, Cuba:



CONSULT THE WIKIPEDIA

[John James Babson](#) got married a second time, with Lydia Ann Mason, daughter of Alpheus Mason. The couple would produce a son, [John James Babson](#).



June 14, Saturday: Full moon last night. Set out on a walk to Conantum at 7 pm. A serene evening – the sun going down behind clouds, a few white or slightly shaded piles of clouds floating in the eastern sky – but a broad clear mellow cope left for the moon to rise into– An evening for poets to describe. Met a man driving home his cow from pasture and stopping to chat with his neighbor.– Then a boy who had set down his pail in the road to stone a bird most perseveringly –whom I heard afterward behind me telling his pail to be quiet in a tone of assumed anger because it squeaked under his arm.– As I proceed along the back Road I hear the lark still singing in the meadow. &the bobolink –& the Goldrobin on the elms & the swallows twittering about the barns. A small bird chasing a crow high in the air who is going home at night All nature is in an expectant



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CAT

attitude— Before Goodwin's House —at the opening of the Sudbury Road The swallows are diving at a tortoise shell cat who curvets & frisks rather awkwardly as if she did not know whether to be scared or not— And now having proceeded a little way down this Road, the sun having buried himself in the low cloud in the west and hung out his crimson curtains How quietly we entertain the possibility of joy —of —re creation, of light into our souls —we should be more excited at the pulling of a tooth.

I hear while sitting by the wall the sound of the stake driver<sup>13</sup> at a distance —like that made by a man pumping in a neighboring farm yard —watering his cattle —or like chopping wood before his door on a frosty morning — & I can imagine him driving a stake in a meadow— The pumper— I immediately went in search of the bird —but after going  $\frac{1}{3}$  a mile it did not sound much nearer —and the two parts of the sound did not appear to proceed from the same place— What is the peculiarity of these sounds which penetrates so far on the keynote of nature. At last I got near to the brook in the meadow behind Hubbard's wood, but I could not tell if were further or nearer than that— When I got within half a dozen rods of the brook it ceased —and I heard it no more— I suppose that I scared it. As before I was further off than I thought —so now I was nearer than I thought. It is not easy to understand how so small a creature can make so loud a sound by merely sucking in or throwing out water —with pump-like lungs— As yet no moon but downy piles of cloud scattered here and there in the expectant sky. Saw a blue flag blossom in the meadow while waiting for the stake driver.

It was a sound as of gulping water.

Where my path crosses the brook in the meadow there is a singularly sweet scent in the heavy air bathing the brakes where the brakes grow— The fragrance of the earth —as if the dew were a distillation of the fragrant essences of nature. When I reach the road The farmer going home from town invites me to ride in his high-set wagon —not thinking why I walk —nor can I shortly explain— He remarks on the coolness of the weather. The angelica is budded a handsome luxuriant plant. And now my senses are captivated again by a sweet fragrance as I enter the embowered willow causeway —and I know not if it be from a particular plant or all to together— Sweet-scented vernal grass —or sweet briar— Now the sun is fairly gone —& I hear the dreaming frog & the whipporwill [*Caprimulgus vociferus*] from some darker wood. It is not far from 8. & the cuckoo. The song-sparrows sing quite briskly among the willows —as if it were spring again —& the blackbirds harsher note resounds over the meadow, and the veery's comes up from the wood. Fishes are dimpling the surface of the river —seizing the insects which alight —a solitary fisherman in his boat inhabits the scene. As I rise the hill beyond the bridge, I found myself in a cool fragrant dewey up country mountain morning air —a new region— (When I had issued from the willows onto the bridge it was like coming out of night into twilight the river reflected so much light) The moon was now seen rising over fair haven & at the same time reflected in the river —pale & white like a silvery cloud —barred with a cloud not promising how it will shine anon Now I meet an acquaintance coming from a remote field in his hay-rigging with a jag of wood —who reins up to show me how large a wood chuck he has killed, which he found eating his clover. But now he must drive on, for behind comes a boy taking up the whole road with a huge roller drawn by a horse —which goes lumbering & bouncing along —getting out of the way of night, and making such a noise as if it had the contents of a tinker shop in its bowels —& rolls the whole road like a newly sown grain field.

In conants orchard I hear the faint cricket-like song of a sparrow —saying its vespers —as if it were a link between the cricket & the bird— The robin sings now though the moon shines silverly —and the veery jingles its trille I hear the fresh & refreshing sound of falling water —as I have heard it in new Hampshire— It is a sound we do not commonly hear.

I see that the white weed is in blossom which as I had not walked by day for some time I had not seen before. How moderate —deliberate is nature —how gradually the shades of night gather & deepen giving man ample leisure to bid farewell to day —conclude his day's affairs & prepare for slumber.— The twilight seems out of proportion to the length of the day— Perchance it saves our eyes. Now for some hours the farmers have been getting home.

Since the alarm about mad dogs a couple of years ago —there are comparatively few left to bark at the traveller & bay the moon.

All nature is abandoned to me.

You feel yourself your body your legs more at night —for there is less beside to be distinctly known —& hence perhaps you think yourself more tired than you are.— I see indistinctly oxen asleep in the fields —silent in majestic slumber —like the sphinx —statuesque Egyptian reclining. What solid rest —how their heads are supported! A sparrow or a cricket makes more noise. From conants summit I hear as many as 15 whipporwills —or whip-or-I-will's at once —the succeeding cluck —sounding strangely foreign like a hewer at work elsewhere. The moon is accumulating yellow light & triumphing over the clouds —but still the west is suffused here & there with a slight red tinge —marking the path of the day. Though inexperienced ones might call it night, it is not yet—

Dark heavy clouds lie along the western horizon exhibiting the forms of animals and men —while the moon is

13.The "stake driver" is the American Bittern *Botaurus lentiginosus*].



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behind a cloud. Why do we detect these forms so readily –? Whales or giants reclining busts of heroes –Michael Angelic. There is the gallery of statuary the picture gallery of man –not a board upon an Italian's head but these dark figures along the horizon. The board some Titan carries on his head– What firm & heavy outlines for such soft & light material!

How sweet & encouraging it is to hear the sound of some artificial music from the midst of woods or from the top of a hill at night –borne on the breeze from some distant farm house –the human voice or a flute– That is a civilization one can endure –worth having– I could go about the world listening for the strains of music. Men use this gift but sparingly methinks. What should we think of a bird which had the gift of song but sang but used it only once in a dozen years! like the tree which blossoms only once in a century. Now the daw bug comes humming by the first I have heard this year. In 3 month It will be the harvest moon –I cannot easily believe it. Why not call this the Traveller's Moon? It would be as true to call the last (the May) the Planter's moon as it is to call Septembers the Harvest moon– For the farmers use one about as little as the other. Perhaps this is the Whippoorwill's Moon. The bull-frog now which I have not heard before this evening –it is nearly 9– They are much less common & their note more intermittent than that of the dreamers.

I scared up a bird on a *low* bush –perchance on its nest– It is rare that you you start them at night from such places.

Peabody says that the Night Hawk retires to rest about the time the whippoorwill begins its song– The whippoorwill begins now at 7<sup>1/2</sup> I hear the Night Hawk after 9 o'clock. He says it flies low in the evening – but it also flies high as it must needs do to make the booming sound.

I hear the lowing of cows occasionally –& the barking of dogs. The Pond by moonlight which may make the object in a walk, suggests little to be said– Where there was only one firefly in a dozen rods –I hastily ran to one –which had crawled up to the top of a grass head & exhibited its light –& Instantly another sailed in to it showing its light also –but my presence made them extinguish their lights –the latter retreated & the former – crawled slowly down the stem. It appeared to me That the first was a female who thus revealed her place to the male who was also making known his neighborhood as he hovered about –both showing their lights that they might come together It was like a mistress who had climbed to the turrets of her castle & exhibited there a blazing taper for a signal –while her lover had displayed his light on the plain. If perchance she might have any lovers abroad.

Not much before 10 o'clock does the moonlight night begin. When man is asleep & day fairly forgotten –then is the beauty of moon light seen over lonely pastures –where cattle are silently feeding. Then let me walk in a diversified country –of hill and dale with heavy woods one side –& copses & scattered trees & bushes enough –to give me shadows– Returning a mist is on the river. The river is taken into the womb of nature again.

Now is the clover month –but haying is not yet begun.

Evening

Went to Nawshawtuct by North branch –overtaken by a slight shower The same increased fragrance from the ground sweet fern &c as in the night –& for the like reason probably.

The houstonias still blossom freshly as I believe they continue to do all summer –. The Fever root in blossom –pictured in B's Med. Bot. *Triosteum perfoliatum* near the top of Hill under the wall looks somewhat like a milkweed. The *viburnum dentatum* very regularly toothed just ready to blossom sometimes called arrow wood. Nature seems not have designed that man should be much abroad by night and in the moon proportioned the light fitly. By the faintness & rareness of the light compared with that of the sun she expresses her intention with regard to him

**BIGELOW**



August 16, Saturday: Some of López's [filibusters](#) having been captured at sea, they had been taken to Havana, and on this day the last 51 members of the regiment (excepting Narciso López himself) were executed by firing squad.



August 16, Saturday: Agrimonia Eupatoria small flowered (yellow) plant with hispid fruit 2 or 3 feet



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### BIGELOW

high turnpike at Tuttle's peatmead. Hemp—*Cannabis sativa* said by Gray to have been introduced not named by Bigelow—is it not a native?

It is true man can and does live by preying on other animals, but this is a miserable way of sustaining himself—and he will be regarded as a benefactor of his race—along with Prometheus & Christ—who shall teach men to live on a more innocent & wholesome diet. Is it not already acknowledged to be a reproach that man is a carnivorous animal?

August 25, Monday: The Redick McKee expedition progressed through northwestern California, as recorded by interpreter George Gibbs, a Harvard graduate of the Class of 1838:

We crossed the east fork of the [Russian] river, and thence, by a high and steep ascent, gained the divide between that and the west fork; keeping, however, along the left side of the range, and looking down upon the valley of the latter. This is apparently narrow and broken, but is said to contain some good land and is well wooded. Water, however, is scarce during the summer. From these hills we could look back to a great distance, the peak at the entrance of the canon below Feliz's standing up distinctly, with a back-ground of mountains, part of the Coast range, the continuation of which bounded on the other side the valley to our left. Near us, one point formed a very noticeable landmark, resembling, as it did in many respects, the basaltic formations on the upper Columbia. We found on our route the hills well clothed with bunch grass and wild oats, as also water in springs, but not in quantities sufficient for any considerable number of animals. The culminating point on the divide between Russian and Eel rivers, may be considered as marked by an isolated rock, about thirty feet high, standing in a level plat of grass. From here our course ran northerly down a succession of hills, till about twelve miles from our last camp we descended into a valley running north-west and south-east. At the foot of the hills we found running water, in a branch under an alder thicket; but the grass had been burnt off by Indians, for the purpose of collecting aniseed with greater ease, and we were obliged to proceed some four miles further down, and finally to encamp without water in our immediate vicinity, sending the animals back to it. This valley, which the Indians called Betunki, or big plain, is eight or ten miles long and four or five wide. Two streams come into it, which form the heads of the middle fork of Eel river, here called the Ba-ka-wa, These are not, at this season continuous, but lose themselves in the plain. At the foot of the valley, a lagoon of a mile or two long forms in the winter, and thence the river passes out through a canon. The valley is level, fertile in soil and sufficiently wooded, particularly in the upper or southern end. Although its elevation is very considerable, the hills around are well clothed with grass and timber. As being more distant, from any probable settlement of the whites, this and the next valley might have been considered as more advantageous points of reserve than the Clear Lake country. It, however, is destitute of water sufficient for a numerous population; is too inclement in the winter season for a southern population to exist in it,



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and would not furnish enough of the natural productions on which they live.

In leaving Russian river, it may be proper briefly to state its general extent, and that of the country upon it. Taking its general course without reference to windings, it is less than a hundred miles in length, and the aggregate amount of tillable land upon it is not great. The largest single body of prairie country is that lying between Santa Rosa and Fitch's ranch; which, though not altogether upon the river, may yet be considered as a portion of the valley, and which embraces a tract of some fifteen miles in length, by as much in extreme width. Above Fitch's, the bottom consists of detached valleys, of at most a few square miles in extent, separated by wooded hills. Small basins are also scattered among the mountains, which, however, do not greatly add to the quantity. This country, like that around the bays of San Francisco and San Pablo, generally required irrigation for the production of green crops, but is admirably adapted to the small grains. Beyond this its great value is for pasturage, the ranges on either side being very extensive and rich. Large herds of cattle were formerly kept there, but the improvidence of the owners has allowed them to be almost entirely destroyed.

The precaution had been taken of sending Indians on from Parker's to bring in those of this valley; and, with some trouble, they succeeded in collecting part of the men. The families abandoned their rancherias, and fled to the mountains on our approach. There are here five small bands, corresponding in appearance with those on Russian river, with whom, as well as those on Clear Lake, they are connected. They are much wilder than the others, having generally but little communication with the whites, though a few are said to have been employed as vaqueros. We found that they could make themselves understood by the Russian river Indians, and generally understood them; but their dialect is still different. A portion of their vocabulary was collected, and will be found in the Appendix. [IX. Language.]

We remained in this camp two days. A considerable number of men were brought in, but all attempts to assemble their families served only to excite their suspicions. In fact, the object of the agent, in the process of double translation through which it passed, was never fairly brought before them. The speeches were first translated into Spanish by one, and then into the Indian by another; and this, not to speak of the very dim ideas of the last interpreter, was sufficient to prevent much enlightenment under any circumstances. But the truth was, that the gentlemen for whose benefit they were meant by no means comprehended any possible motive on our part but mischief. That figurative personage, the great father in Washington, they had never heard of. They had seen a few white men from time to time, and the encounter had impressed them with a strong desire to see no more, except with the advantage of manifest superiority on their own part. Their earnest wish was clearly to be left alone.





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To the last arguments brought forward, red flannel shirts and beef, their minds were more open, and they willingly performed many offices about camp, running for water, making fires, and waiting on soldiers, who are sure to get work enough out of them always.

These men, like the other mountain tribes we afterwards met, though small, were well formed, with prominent chests, and the muscles of the legs and body well developed. Their arms, on the contrary, were diminutive. Some of them had shaved the hair from the person, and they almost all wore bits of stick, four or five inches long, through the ears. A few carried bows and arrows, and one had a spear, headed with obsidian, which is found scattered over these hills. The names of the bands in this valley were the Naboh, Chow-e-shak, Chau-te-uh, Ba-kow-a, and Sa-munda. One or two others were said to be absent. The numbers given by those who came in amounted in all to 127 men, 147 women, and 100 children. The total, including those absent, probably does not exceed 450 to 475.

From a high point to the west of our camp I obtained a fine view over the valley and surrounding hills. These are well timbered with oak and fir; which latter timber as now prevalent, and interspersed with fields of bunch grass and little valleys affording good pasturage. Water, however, is scarce.



August 25, Monday: What the little regular rounded light blue flower in Heywood Brook which I make Class V—ord 1


Also the small purplish flower growing on the mud in Hubbard's meadow perchance C. XIV with one pistil.

What the bean vine in the garden Class 8 ord 1

I do not find the name of the large white polygonum of the river Was it the filiform ranunculus which I found on Hubbards shore?

Hypericum Virginicum mixed yellow & purple

The black rough fruit of the skunk-Cabbage—though green within—barely rising above the level of the ground—You see where it has been cut in two by the mowers in the meadows.

Polygonum Amphibium red—in river— Lysimachia Hybrida still. Checquer berry in bloom —blue-eyed grass still.

**BIGELOW**

Rhus Copallinum Mt or Dwarf sumach I now know all of the Rhus genus in Bigelow—we have all but the Staghorn in Concord. What a miserable name has the Gratiola aurea hedge hyssop? Whose hedge does it grow by pray in this part of the world.

November 24, Monday: The federal treason trial for the accused ringleaders of the Christiana Riot began in Philadelphia before Supreme Court Justice Robert Cooper Grier, sitting in circuit. The opening argument by prosecutor John W. Ashmead was to the effect that “a great number of persons, armed and arrayed in a war-like manner, with guns, swords and other weapons, assembled and traitorously combined to oppose and prevent by intimidation and violence, the execution of the laws of the United States,” whereupon defense attorney Theodore Cuyler responded by mocking the seriousness of the event: “Blessed be God that our Union has survived the shock.”



November 24, Monday: Setting stakes in the swamp (Ministerial) Saw seven black ducks fly out of the peat hole. Saw there also a tortoise still stirring. The painted tortoise I believe.

Found on the S side of the swamp the Lygodium palmatum which Bigelow calls the only climbing fern of in our latitude—an evergreen called with others—snake tongue as I find in Loudon.

**BIGELOW**



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The Irishman who helped me says when I ask why his country men do not learn trades—do something but the plainest & hardest work—they are too old to learn trades when they come here

1852

March 15, Monday: [Henry Thoreau](#) again inspected the flowing sands in the Deep Cut. He made some remarks about bluebirds, and their warble that was in the air liquid, that remind one ever so much of the “Song of the Telegraph” painting by [Charles Ephraim Burchfield](#):



BIGELOW

March 15, Monday: R R to Walden 3 Pm. I see the populus (apparently) tremuloides not grandidentata at the end of the RR causeway showing the down of its ament. Bigelow makes it flower in April – the Grand.– in May.

I see the sand flowing in the Cut & hear the harp at the same time– Who shall say that the primitive forces are not still at work? Nature has not lost her pristine vigor– Neither has he who sees this.– To see the first dust fly is a pleasant sight. I saw it on the East side of the Deep Cut.

These heaps of sand foliage remind me of the lacinated –lobed –& imbricated thalluses of some lichens – somewhat linear lacinate– It cannot make much odds what the sand is – for I have seen it in the soil of our garden– They come out from the interior of the earth like bowels – a rupture in the spring – & bury the snow– The crust of the snow is completely concealed with the sand. for  $\frac{1}{8}$  of a mile.– They also remind me sometimes of masses of rock weed on the rocks. At any moment the creative stream will be seen flowing in a restricted channel –or artery– but it is forming new lobes & at last in the ditch it forms sands as at the mouths of rivers in which the outlines of the different lobes are almost lost are dissipated into mere shaded outlines on the flat floor. Bent has left the chestnuts about Walden till the sap is well up that the bark may peel – he has cut the other trees. I saw the ants crawling about torpidly on the stump of an oak which had been sawed this winter. The choppers think they have seen them a fortnight.

The whistling of the wind which makes one melancholy inspires another.

The little grain of wheat triticum is the noblest food of man – the lesser grains of other grasses are the food of passerine birds at present – their diet is like man’s.

The gods can never afford to leave a man in the world who is privy to any of their secrets – they cannot have a spy here. They will at once send him packing. How can you walk on ground when you see through it?


The Telegraph harp has spoken to me more distinctly and effectually than any man ever did. ...

AEOLIAN HARP



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This afternoon I throw off my outside coat A mild spring day– I must hie to the great Meadows. The air is full of blue-birds [Eastern Bluebird  *Sialia sialis*] The ground almost entirely bare. The villagers are out in the sun – and every man is happy whose work takes him out doors– I go by sleepy Hollow toward the Great Fields– I lean over a rail to hear what is in the air liquid with the blue-bird’s warble. My life partakes of infinity.<sup>14</sup> The air is as deep as our natures. Is the drawing in of this vital air attended with no more glorious results than I witness? The air is a velvet cushion against which I press my ear– I go forth to make new demands on life. I wish to begin this summer well – to do something in it worthy of it & of me– To transcend my daily routine–& that of my townsmen to have my immortality now – that it be in the **quality** of my daily life. To pay the greatest price –the– greatest tax of any man in Concord – & enjoy the most!! I will give all I am for **my** nobility. I will pay all my days for **my** success. I pray that the life of this spring & summer may ever lie fair in my memory. May I dare as I have never done.– may I persevere as I have never done. May I purify myself anew as with fire & water – soul & body– May my melody not be wanting to the season. May I gird myself to be a hunter of the beautiful that naught escape me– May I attain to a youth never attained I am eager to report the glory of the universe.– may I be worthy to do it– To have got through with regarding human values so as not to be distracted from regarding divine values. It is reasonable that a man should be something worthier at the end of the year than he was at the beginning.

Yesterday’s rain in which I was glad to be drenched has advanced the spring – settled the ways & the old footpath & the brook & the plank bridge behind the hill are suddenly uncovered which have buried so long–– As if we had returned to our earth after an absence & took pleasure in finding things so nearly in the state in which we left them

We go out without our coats saunter along the street look at the aments of the willow beginning to appear & the swelling buds of the maple & the elm. The great meadows are water instead of ice– I see the ice on the bottom in white sheets. & now one great cake rises amid the bushes (behind Peter’s). I see no ducks.

Most men find farming unprofitable– But there are some who can get their living any where If you set them down on a bare rock they will thrive there. The true farmer is to those who come after him & take the benefit of his improvements – like the lichen which plants itself on the bare rock & grows & thrives & cracks it and makes a vegetable mould to the garden vegetable which grows in it.

14. William M. White rendered this as:

*This afternoon I throw off my outside coat.*

*A mild spring day.*

*I must hie to the Great Meadows.*

*The air is full of bluebirds.*

*The ground almost entirely bare.*

*The villagers are out in the sun,*

*And every man is happy*

*Whose work takes him outdoors.*

*I go by Sleepy Hollow toward the Great Fields.*

*I lean over a rail to hear what is in the air,*

*Liquid with the bluebirds’ warble.*

*My life partakes of infinity.*



## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

June 15, Tuesday: [Henry Thoreau](#) made an entry in his journal that he was later to copy into his early lecture “WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT” as:

[Paragraph 35] The aim of the laborer should be, not to get his living, to get “a good job,” but to perform well a certain work; and, even in a pecuniary sense, it would be economy for a town to pay its laborers so well that they would not feel that they were working for low ends, as for a livelihood merely, but for scientific, or even moral ends. Do not hire a man who does your work for money, but him who does it for love of it.



BIGELOW

June 15: Tuesday. *Silene Antirrhina*, sleepy catch-fly, or snapdragon catch-fly, the ordinarily curled-up petals scarcely noticeable at the end of the large oval calyx. Gray says opening only by night or cloudy weather. Bigelow says probably nocturnal, for he never found it expanded by day. (I found it June 16th at 6 A.M. expanded, two of its flowers, - and they retrained so for some hours, in my chamber.) By railroad near Badger’s. Yesterday we smelt the sea strongly; the sea breeze alone made the day tolerable. This morning, a shower! The robin only sings the louder for it. He is inclined to sing in foul weather.

To Clematis Brook, 1.30 P. M.

Very warm. Now for a thin coat. This melting weather makes a stage in the year. The crickets creak louder and more steadily; the bullfrogs croak in earnest. The drouth begins. The dry z-ing of the locust is heard. The potatoes are of that height to stand up at night. Bathing cannot be omitted. The conversation Of all boys in the streets is whether they will or not or who will go in a-swimming, and how they will not tell their parents. You lie with open windows and hear the sounds in the streets.

BIGELOW

The seringo sings now at noon on a post. has a light streak over eye.

The autumnal dandelion (*Leontodon*, or *Apargia*). *Erigeon integrifolius* of Bigelow (*strigosus*, i. e. narrowleaved daisy fleabane, of Gray) very common, like a white aster.

I will note such birds as I observe in this walk, beginning on the railroad causeway in middle of this hot clay. The chuckling warble of martins heard over the meadow, from a village box. The lark. The fields are blued with blue-eyed grass, - a slaty blue. The epilobium shows some color in its spikes.

How rapidly new flowers unfold! as if Nature would get through her work too soon. One has as much as he can do to observe how flowers successively unfold. It is a flowery revolution, to which but few attend. Hardly too much attention can be bestowed on flowers. We follow, we march after, the highest color; that is our flag, our standard, our “color.” Flowers were made to be seen, not overlooked. Their bright colors imply eyes, spectators. There have been many flower men who have rambled the world over to see them. The flowers robbed from an Egyptian traveller were at length carefully boxed up and forwarded to Linnaeus, the man of flowers. The common, early cultivated red roses are certainly very handsome, so rich a color and so full of blossoms; you see why even blunderers have introduced them into their gardens.

Ascending to pigeon-place plain, the reflection of the heat from the dead pine-needles and the boughs strewn about, combined with the dry, suffocating scent, is oppressive and reminds me of the first settlers of Concord. The oven-bird, chewink, pine warbler (?), thrasher, swallows on tire wire, cuckoo, phoebe, redeye, robin, veery. The maple-leaved viburnum is opening with a purplish tinge. Wood thrush.

Is not that the *Primus obovala*, which I find in fruit, a mere shrub, in Laurel Glen, with oval fruit, and lone, pedicels in a raceme? And have I not mistaken the *P. Virginiana*, or northern red cherry, for this? *Vide Virginiana* and also vide the *P. depressa*. Golden and coppery reflections from a yellow dor-bug’s coat of mail in the water. Is it a yellowbird or myrtle-bird? Huckleberry-bird. Walden is two inches above my last mark. It must be four or five feet, at least, higher than when I sounded it. Men are inclined to be amphibious, to sympathize with fishes, now. I desire to get wet and saturated with water. The North River, Assabet, by the old stone bridge, affords the best bathing-place I think of, -a pure sandy, uneven bottom, -with a swift current, a grassy bank, and overhanging maples, with transparent water, deep enough, where you can see every fish in it. Though you stand still, you feel the rippling current about you.

First locust. The *pea-wai*.

There is considerable pollen on the pond; more than last year, notwithstanding that all the white pines near the pond are gone and there: are very few pitch. It must all come from the pitch pine, whose sterile blossoms are now dry and empty, for it is earlier than the white pine. Probably I have never observed it in the river because it is carried away by the current. The umbelled *pyrola* is just ready to bloom.



## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

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Young robins, dark-speckled, and the pigeon woodpecker flies up from the ground and darts away. I forget that there are lichens at this season.

The farmhouses under their shady trees (Baker's) look as if the inhabitants were taking their siesta at this hour. I pass it [sic] in the rear, through the open pitch pine wood. Why does work go forward now? No scouring of tubs or cans now. The cat and all are gone to sleep, preparing for an early tea, excepting the indefatigable, never-resting hoers in the corn-field, who have carried a jug of molasses and water to the field and will wring their shirts to-night. I shall ere long hear the horn blow for their early tea. The wife or the hired Irishwoman steps to the door and blows the long tin horn, a cheering sound to the laborers in the field.

The motive of the laborer should be not to get his living, to get a good job, but to perform well a certain work. A town must pay its engineers so well that they shall not feel that they are working for low ends, as for a livelihood merely, but for scientific ends. Do not hire a man who does your work for money, but him who does it for love, and pay him well.

On Mt. Misery, panting with heat, looking down the river. The haze an hour ago reached to Wachusett; now it obscures it. Methinks there is a male and female shore to the river, one abrupt, the other flat and meadowy. Have not all streams this contrast more or less, on the one hand eating into the bank, on the other depositing their sediment? The year is in its manhood now. The very river looks warm, and there is none of that light celestial blue seen in far reaches in the spring. I see fields a mile distant reddened with sorrel. The very sight of distant water is refreshing, though a bluish steam appears to rest on it. Catbird. The waxwork is in blossom and groves [of] hickories on the south of Mt. Misery.

How refreshing the sound of the smallest waterfall in hot [weather]! I sit by that on Clematis Brook and listen to its music. The very sight of this half-stagnant pond-hole, drying up and leaving bare mud, with the pollywogs and turtles making off in it, is agreeable and encouraging to behold, as if it contained the seeds of life, the liquor rather, boiled down. The foulest eater will bubble purely. They speak to our blood, even these stagnant, slimy pools. It, too, no doubt, has its falls nobler than Montmorenci, grander than Niagara, in the course of its circulations. Here is the primitive force of Egypt and the Nile, where the lotus grows.

Some geraniums are quite rose-colored, others pale purplish-blue, others whitish. The blossom of the *Lentago* is rather sweet smelling. *Orobanche uniflora*, single-flowered broom-rape (Bigelow), [or] *Aphyllon uniflorum*, one-flowered cancer-root (Gray), grows by this brook-side,- a naked, low, bluish-white flower, even reminding you of the tobacco-pipe. Cattle walk along in a brook or ditch now for coolness, lashing their tails, and browse the edges; or they stand concealed for shade amid thick bushes. How perfectly acquainted they are with man, and never run from him! Thorn bushes appear to be just out of blossom. I have not observed them well. Woodchucks and squirrels are seal and heard in a walk. How much of a tortoise is shell! But little is gone with its spirit. It is well cleaned out, I trust. It is emptied of the reptile. It is not its exuviae.

I hear the scream of a great hawk, sailing with a ragged wing against the high wood-side, apparently to scare his prey and so detect it, -shrill, harsh, fitted to excite terror in sparrows and to issue from his split and curved bill. I see his open bill the while against the sky. Spit with force from his mouth with an undulatory quaver imparted to it from his wings or motion as he flies.<sup>15</sup> A hawk's ragged wing will grow whole again, but so will not a poet's. By half past five, robins more than before, crows, of course, and jays. Dogsbane is just ready to open. Swallows. It is pleasant walking through the June-grass (in Pleasant Meadow), so thin and offering but little obstruction. The nighthawk squeaks and booms. The *Veratrum virile* top is now a handsome green cluster, two feet by ten inches.

Here also, at Well Meadow Head, I see the fringed purple orchis, unexpectedly beautiful, though a pale lilac purple,-a large spike of purple flowers. I find two, -the grandiflora of Bigelow and fimbriata of Gray. Bigelow thinks it the most beautiful of all the orchises. I am not prepared to say it is the most beautiful wild flower I have found this year. Why does it grow there only, far in a swamp, remote from public view? It is somewhat fragrant; reminding me of the lady's-slipper.

Is it not significant that some rare and delicate and beautiful flowers should be found only in unfrequented wild swamps? There is the mould in which the orchis grows. Yet I am not sure but this is a fault in the flower. It is not quite perfect in all its parts. A beautiful flower must be simple, not spiked. It must have a fair stem and leaves. This stem is rather naked, and the leaves are for shade and moisture. It is fairest seen rising from amid brakes and hellebore, its lower part or rather naked stem concealed. Where the most beautiful wild-flowers grow, there man's spirit is fed, and poets grow. It cannot be high-colored, growing in the shade. Nature has taken no pains to exhibit [it], and few that bloom are ever seen by mortal eyes. The most striking and handsome large wild-flower of the year thus far that I have seen. Disturbed a company of tree-toads amid the bushes. They seemed to bewilder the passer by their croaking; when he went toward one, he was silent, and another sounded on the other side. The hickory leaves are fragrant as I brush past them. Quite a feast of strawberries on Fair Haven, -the upland strawberry. The largest. and sweetest on sand. The *first fruit*. The night-warbler. There are

CAT

BIGELOW

BIGELOW



## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

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few really cold springs. I go out of my way to go by the Boiling Spring. How few men can be believed when they say the spring is cold! "There is one cold as the coldest well water. What a treasure is such a spring! Who *divined* it? The systoles are all closed. Is it because of the heat, and will they be open in the morning? C. found common hound's-tongue (*Cynoglossum officinale*) by railroad.

8 PM - On river.

No moon. A deafening sound from the toads, and intermittingly from bullfrogs. What I have thought to be frogs prove to be toads, sitting by thousands along the shore and trilling short and loud, - not so long a quaver as in the spring, - and I have not heard them in those pools, now, indeed, mostly dried up, where I heard them in the spring. (I do not know what to think of my midsummer frog now.) The bullfrogs are very loud, of various degrees of baseness and sonorousness, answering each other across the river with two or three grunting croaks. They are not nearly so numerous as the toads.

VENUS

It is candle-light. The fishes leap. The meadows sparkle with the coppery light of fireflies. [The evening star](#), multiplied by undulating water, is like bright sparks of fire continually ascending.<sup>16</sup> The reflections of the trees are grandly indistinct. There is a low mist slightly enlarging the river, through which the arches of the stone bridge are just visible, as a vision. The mist is singularly bounded, collected here, while there is none there; close up to the bridge on one side and none on the other, depending apparently on currents of air. A dew in the air it is, which in time will wet you through. See stars reflected in the bottom of our boat, it being a quarter full of water. There is a low crescent of northern light and shooting stars from time to time. (We go only from Channing's to the ash above the railroad.) I paddle with a bough, the Nile boatman's oar, which is rightly pliant, and you do not labor much. Some dogs bay. A sultry night.

July 2, Friday: By early 1852 [Alfred Russel Wallace](#)'s health had collapsed, and he had made the long trip back down the Rio Negro and Amazon. When he reached Pará on this day he learned that his younger brother Herbert Wallace, who had worked in the area from 1849 until contracting yellow fever in 1851, had died. He also discovered that his packed specimens, which should have been shipped back to England, were still parked forlornly at the New World dock.

15. William M. White's version of [Thoreau](#)'s journal entry is:

*I hear the scream of a great hawk,  
Sailing with a ragged wing against the high wood-side,  
Apparently to scare his prey and so detect it,—  
Shrill, harsh,  
Fitted to excite terror in sparrows  
And to issue from his split and curved bill.*

*I see his open bill the while against the sky.  
Spit with force from his mouth  
With an undulatory quaver  
Imparted to it from his wings or motion  
As he flies.*



## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

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### BIGELOW



July 2: Bigelow tells me that saddlers sometimes use the excrescence –the whitish fungus on the birch to stick their awls in– Men find a use for everything at last I saw one nailed up in his shop with an awl in it– Last night as I lay awake I dreamed of the muddy & weedy river on which I had been paddling and I seemed to derive some vigor from my day’s experience like the lilies which have their roots at the bottom. I have plucked a white lily-bud just ready to expand and after keeping it in water for 2 days (till July 3d) have turned back its petals with my hand and touched the lapped points of the petals when they sprang open –& rapidly expanded in my hand into a perfect blossom with the petals as perfectly disposed at equal intervals as on their native lakes –and in this case of course –untouched by an insect. I cut its stem short –& placed it in a broad dish of water where it sailed about under the breath of the beholder with a slight undulatory motion– The breeze of his half-suppressed admiration it was that filled its sail. It was a rose tinted one– A kind of popular aura that may be trusted methinks– Men will travel to the Nile to see the lotus flower who have never seen in their glory the lotuses of their native streams.

(The “Bigelow” whom Thoreau refers to above would presumably be Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#), the Rumsford Chair in Application of Sciences to the useful arts at [Harvard College](#), although we do not know whether he is referring to his ELEMENTS OF TECHNOLOGY, that had appeared in 1816, or to its update, USEFUL ARTS CONSIDERED IN CONNECTION WITH THE APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE, the edition that had superseded this as of 1840.)



July 2nd continued The mollugo verticellata Carpetweed is just beginning in the garden & the polygonum convolvulus black bind-weed. The spikes of the pale lobelia –some blue some white passing insensibly from one to the other –& especially hard to distinguish in the twilight are quite handsome now in moist ground –rising above the grass. The prunella has various tints in various lights –now blue –now lilac as the twilight deepens into night –its color changes– It is always suggests freshness & coolness from the places where it grows. I see the downy heads of the Senecio gone to seed thistle like but small. The gnaphalium, & this are among the earliest to present this appearance.

On my way to the Hubbard bathing place –at sundown–

The blue eyed grass shuts up before night –& methinks it does not open **very early** the next morning. The cornus stolonifera red osier osier rouge –well out & probably has been **a day or two**. I have got the order of the cornels I think pretty well– I see plenty of the peltandra Virginica coming forward in Hubbards meadow & its lobes are more blunt than the sagittaria. Pogonias are very common in the meadows now. The seed vessels of the Iris Virginica are formed. At the bathing place there is hummock which was floated on to the meadow some springs ago –now densely covered with the handsome red-stemmed wild rose –a full but irregular clump –from the ground –showing no bare stems –below –but a dense mass of shining leaves & small red stems above in their midst –& on every side now in the twilight more than usually beautiful they appear– Countless roses partly closed of a very deep rich color— — as if the rays of the departed sun still shone through them –a more spiritual rose at this hour –beautifully blushing –and then the unspeakable beauty & promise of those fair swollen buds that spot the mass which will blossom tomorrow –& the more distant promise of the handsomely formed green

16. William M. White’s version of this portion of the journal entry is:

*It is candle-light.  
The fishes leap.  
The meadows sparkle  
With the coppery light of fireflies.*

*The evening star,  
Multiplied by undulating water,  
Is like bright sparks of fire  
Continually ascending.*

### VENUS





**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

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ones –which yet show no red— — for few things are handsomer than a rose bud in any stage –these mingled with some a few pure white elder blossoms & some rosaceous or pinkish meadowsweet-heads– I am confident that there can be nothing so beautiful –in any cultivated garden with all their varieties as this wild clump.– I afterwards found a similar though not so large & dense a clump of sweetbriars– Methinks their flowers are not so fragrant –& perhaps never of so deep a red– Perhaps they are more sure to open in a pitcher than the last. It is star light– Near woods the veery is a steady singer at this hour. I notice that the lowest leaves of my potamogeton are pellucid & wavy which combined with their purplish tinge on the surface makes me doubt if it be not the Pulcher Do the hardhack leaves stand up & hug the stem at night that they show their under- ? sides so? Nature is reported not by him who goes forth consciously as an observer –but in the fullness of life –to such a one she rushes to make her report– To the full heart she is all but a figure of speech. This is my year of observation, & I fancy that my friends are also more devoted to outward observation than ever before –as if it were an epidemic. I cross the brook by Hubbards little bridge Now nothing but the cool invigorating scent which is perceived at night in these low meadowy places where the alder & ferns grow can restore my spirits– (I made it an object to find a new parmelia caperata in fruit in each walk) At this season methinks we do not regard the larger features of the landscape –as in the spring –but are absorbed in details– Thus when the meadows were flooded I looked far over them –to the distant woods & the outlines of hills which were more distinct. I should not have so much to say of extensive water or landscapes at this season– You are a little bewildered by the variety of objects. There must be a certain meagreness of details and nakedness for wide views. (The obtuse galium shows its minute white flowers in the meadows–) If I remember the early part of June was cool –as also the latter –though we had some hot weather perhaps toward the middle.– The clover heads are drying up except in meadows

9 o'clock The full moon rising (–or full last night)<sup>17</sup> is revealed first by some slight clouds above the eastern horizon looking white The first indication that she is about to rise— — the traces of day not yet gone in the west –In the west similar clouds seen against a lighter sky look dark –& heavy– Now a lower cloud in the East reflects a more yellowish light– The moon far over the round globe travelling this way sends her light forward to yonder cloud from which the news of her coming is reflected to us. The moons aurora! it is without redness –or fieriness– Like the dawn of philosophy –& its noon too. At her dawning no cocks crow –how few creatures to hail her rising –only some belated travellers that may be abroad this night. What graduated information of her coming! More & more yellow glows the low cloud –with concentrating light –& now the moons edge suddenly appears above a low bank of cloud not seen before –& she seems to come forward apace without introduction after-all –& the steadiness with which she rises with undisturbed serenity –like a queen who has learned to walk before her court is glorious –& she soon reaches the open sea of the heavens. She seems to advance (so perchance flows the blood in the veins of the beholder–) by graceful sallying essays trailing her garment up the sky –

17. The moon was full on that night, the 2nd.



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**1854**

Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#)'s NATURE IN DISEASE, a volume of essays.





**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**1855**

Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#) was the reputed author of an anonymous volume of poems published in New-York and entitled *EOLOPOESIS*. The poems in this volume were imitations of the well-known styles of American poets.





PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

1856

The trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital ordered a marble bust of Dr. [Jacob Bigelow](#), who had been bringing in patients for some two decades.

December 4, Thursday: The Daughters of Providence departed from San Francisco, California on their way to Fort Vancouver in the Washington Territory.



Dec. 4. Ceased raining and mizzling last evening, and cleared off, with a high northwest wind, which shook the house, coming in fitful gusts, but only they who slept on the west sides of houses knew of it.

7.30 A.M. — Take a run down the riverside.


Scare up a few sparrows, which take shelter in Keyes's arbor-vita row. The snow has now settled, owing to the rain, and presents no longer a level surface, but a succession of little hills and hollows, as if the whole earth had been a potato or corn field, and there is a slight crust to it.

Dark waves are chasing each other across the river from northwest to southeast and breaking the edge of the snow ice which has formed for half a rod in width along the edge, and the fragments of broken ice, what arctic voyagers call "brash," carry forward the undulation.

I am pleased to see from afar the highest water-mark of a spring freshet on Cheney's boat-house, a level light-colored mark about an inch wide running the whole length of the building, now several years old, where probably a thin ice chafed it.

2 P.M. — By Clamshell and back over Hubbard's Bridge.

I notice that the swallow-holes in the bank behind Dennis's, which is partly washed away, are flat-elliptical, three times or more as wide horizontally as they are deep vertically, or about three inches by one.

Saw and heard *cheep* faintly one tree sparrow [**American Tree Sparrow**,  *Spizella arborea*], the neat chestnut crowned and winged and white-barred bird, perched on a large and solitary white birch. So clean and tough, made to withstand the winter. This color reminds me of the upper side of the shrub oak leaf. I love the few homely colors of Nature at this season, —her strong wholesome browns, her sober and primeval grays, her celestial blue, her vivacious green, her pure, cold, snowy white. An *F. hyemalis* also.

In the sprout-land by the road, in the woods this side of C. Miles's, much gray goldenrod is mixed with the shrub oak. It reminds me of the color of the rabbits which run there. Thus Nature feeds her children chiefly with color. I have no doubt that it is an important relief to the eyes which have long rested on snow, to rest on brown oak leaves and the bark of trees. We want the greatest variety within the smallest compass, and yet without glaring diversity, and we have it in the colors of the withered oak leaves. The white, so curled and shrivelled and *pale*; the black (?), more flat and glossy and darker brown; the red, much like the black, but *perhaps* less dark, and less deeply cut. The scarlet still occasionally retains some blood in its veins.

Smooth white reaches of ice, as long as the river, on each side are threatening to bridge over its dark-blue artery any night. They remind me of a trap that is set for it, which the frost will spring. Each day at present, the wriggling river nibbles off the edges of the trap which have advanced in the night. It is a close contest between day and night, heat and cold.

Already you see the tracks of sleds leading by unusual routes, where will be seen no trace of them in summer, into far fields and woods, crowding aside and pressing down the snow to where some heavy log or stone has thought itself secure, and the spreading tracks also of the heavy, slow-paced oxen, of the well-shod farmer, who turns out his feet. Ere long, when the cold is stronger, these tracks will lead the walker deep into remote swamps impassable in summer. All the earth is a highway then.

I see where the pretty brown bird-like birch scales and winged seeds have been blown into the numerous hollows of the thin crusted snow. So bountiful a table is spread for the birds. For how many thousand miles this grain is scattered over the earth, under the feet of all walkers, in Boxboro and Cambridge alike! and rarely an eye distinguishes it.

Sophia says that just before I came home Min caught a mouse and was playing with it in the yard. It had got away from her once or twice, and she had caught it again; and now it was stealing off again, as she lay complacently watching it with her paws tucked under her, when her friend Riordan's stout but solitary cock

CAT



## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

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### MIN THOREAU

stepped up inquisitively, looked down at it with one eye, turning his head, then picked it up by the tail and gave it two or three whacks on the ground, and giving it a dexterous toss into the air, caught it in its open mouth, and it went head foremost and alive down his capacious throat in the twinkling of an eye, never again to be seen in this world, Min, all the while, with paws comfortably tucked under her, looking on unconcerned. What matters it one mouse more or less to her? The cock walked off amid the currant bushes, stretched his neck up, and gulped once or twice, and the deed was accomplished, and then he crowed lustily in celebration of the exploit. It might be set down among the *gesta* (if not *digesta*) *Gallorum*. There were several human witnesses. It is a question whether Min ever understood where that mouse went to. Min sits composedly sentinel, with paws tucked under her, a good part of her days at present, by some ridiculous little hole, the possible entryway of a mouse. She has a habit of stretching or sharpening her claws on all smooth hair-bottomed chairs and sofas, greatly to my mother's vexation.

He who abstains from visiting another for magnanimous reasons enjoys better society alone.

I for one am not bound to flatter men. That is not exactly the value of me.

How many thousand acres are there now of pitched blue-curls and ragged wormwood rising above the shallow snow? The granary of the birds. They were not observed against the dark ground, but the first snow comes and reveals them. Then I come to fields in which the fragrant everlasting, straw-colored and almost odorless, and the dark taller St. John's-wort prevail.

When I bought my boots yesterday, Hastings ran over his usual rigmarole. Had he any stout old-fashioned cowhide boots? Yes, he thought he could suit me. "There's something that'll turn water about as well as anything. Billings had a pair just like them the other [day], and he said they kept his feet as dry as a bone. But what's more than that, they were made above a year ago upon honor. They are just the thing, you may depend on it. I had an eye to you when I was making them." "But they are too soft and thin for me. I want them to be thick and stand out from my foot." "Well, there is another pair, maybe a little thicker. I'll tell you what it is, these were made of dry hide."

Both were warranted single leather and not split. I took the last. But after wearing there round this cold day I found that the little snow which rested on them and melted wet the upper leather through like paper and wet my feet, and I told him of it, that he might have an offset to Billings's experience. "Well, you can't expect a new pair of boots to turn water at first. I tell the farmers that the time to buy boots is at midsummer, or when they are hoeing their potatoes, and the pores have a chance to get filled with dirt."

It is remarkably good sleighing to-day, considering the little snow mid the rain of yesterday, but it is slippery and hobbly for walkers.

### BIGELOW

My first botany, as I remember, was Bigelow's "Plants of Boston and Vicinity," which I began to use about twenty years ago, looking chiefly for the popular names and the short references to the localities of plants, even without any regard to the plant. I also learned the names of many, but without using any system, and forgot them soon. I was not inclined to pluck flowers; preferred to leave them where they were, liked them best there. I was never in the least interested in plants in the house. But from year to year we look at Nature with new eyes. About half a dozen years ago I found myself again attending to plants with more method, looking out the name of each one and remembering it. I began to bring them home in my hat, a straw one with a scaffold listing to it, which I called my botany-box. I never used any other, and when some whom I visited were evidently surprised at its dilapidated look, as I deposited it on their front entry table, I assured them it was not so much my hat as my botany-box. I remember gazing with interest at the swamps about those days and wondering if I could ever attain to such familiarity with plants that I should know the species of every twig and leaf in them, that I should be acquainted with every plant (excepting grasses and cryptogamous ones), summer and winter, that I saw. Though I knew most of the flowers, and there were not in any particular swamp more than half a dozen shrubs that I did not know, yet these made it seem like a maze to me, of a thousand strange species, and I even thought of commencing at one end and looking it faithfully and laboriously through till I knew it all. I little thought that in a year or two I should have attained to that knowledge without all that labor. Still I never studied botany, and do not to-day systematically, the most natural system is still so artificial. I wanted to know my neighbors, if possible, — to get a little nearer to them. I soon found myself observing when plants first blossomed and leafed, and I followed it up early and late, far and near, several years in succession, running to different sides of the town and into the neighboring towns, often between twenty and thirty miles in a day. I often visited a particular plant four or five miles distant, half a dozen times within a fortnight, that I might know exactly when it opened, beside attending to a great many others in different directions and some of them equally distant, at the same time. At the same time I had an eye for birds and whatever else might offer.



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**



## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

1857

April 10, Friday: Thoreau noticed among the decorations in [Friend Daniel Ricketson](#)'s shanty a wall-motto from [Horace](#)'s ODES. We note that although he jotted down several such conceits, this stands out as the only one for which it was unnecessary to also register the name of an author.



April 10: D.R.'s Shanty is about half a dozen rods S.W. of his house (which may be one hundred rods from the road), nearly between his house and barn, is 12 x 14 feet, with 7 feet posts, with common pent roof. In building it he directed the carpenter to use western boards and timbers, though some eastern studs (spruce?) were inserted. He had already occupied a smaller shanty at "Woodlee," about a mile S. The roof is shingled, and the sides made of matched boards, and painted a light clay color, with chocolate (?) colored blinds. Within, it is not plastered, and is open to the roof, showing the timbers and rafters, and rough boards and cross-timbers overhead, as if ready for plastering. The door is at the east end, with a small window on each side of it, a similar window on each side of the building, and one at the west end, the latter looking down the garden walk. In front of the last window is a small box stove with a funnel rising to a level with the plate, and there inserted in a small brick chimney which rests on planks. On the south side of the room, against the stove, is a rude settle with a coarse cushion and pillow; on the opposite side a large low desk with some bookshelves above it; on the same side by the window, a small table covered with books; and in the N.E. corner, behind the door, an old-fashioned secretary, its pigeonholes stuffed with papers. On the opposite side as you enter is a place for fuel, which the boy leaves each morning, a place to hang greatcoats. there were two small pieces of carpet on the floor, and R. or one of his guests swept out the Shanty each morning. There was a small kitchen clock hanging in the S.W. corner, and a map of Bristol County behind the settle. The west and N.W. side is well-nigh covered with slips of paper on which are written some sentences or paragraphs from R.'s favorite books. I noticed among the most characteristic Didbin's "Tom Tackle," a translation of Anacreon's *Cicada*, lines celebrating tobacco, Milton's "How charming is divine philosophy," &c., "*Inveni requiem; Spes et Fortuna valet: Nil mihi vobiscum est: laudite nunc alios.*" (Is it Petrarch?) this is also over the door, "*Mors pallida aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.*" Some lines of his own in memory of A.J. Downing, "Not to be in a hurry," over the desk, and many other quotations, celebrating retirement, country life, simplicity, humanity, sincerity, &c., &c., from Cowper and other English poets, and similar extracts from newspapers. There were also two or three advertisements of cattle-show exhibitions, and the warning not to kill birds contrary to laws, he being one of the subscribers notified to enforce the act, an advertisement of a steamboat on Lake Winnepiseogee, &c., cards of his business friends. The size of different brains, from "Hall's Journal of Health," and "Take the world Easy." A sheet of blotting paper tacked up, and of Chinese characters from a tea-chest. Also a few small pictures and pencil sketches, the latter commonly caricatures of his visitors or friends, as "The Trojan" ([Channing](#)) and Van Beest; I take the most notice of these particulars because his peculiarities are so commonly unaffected. He has long been accustomed to put these scraps on his walls, and has a basket full somewhere saved from the old Shanty, though there were some quotations which had no right there. I found all his peculiarities faithfully expressed, his humanity, his fear of death, love of retirement, simplicity, &c. The more characteristic books were Bradley's Husbandry, Drake's Indians, Barber's Hist. Coll., Zimmermann on Solitude, Bigelow's Plants of Boston, &c., Farmer's Register of the first Settlers of New England, Marshall's Gardening, Vick's Gardener, John Woolman, The Modern Horse Doctor, Downing's Fruits, &c., The Farmer's Library, Walden, Dymond's Essays, Jobb Scott's Journal, Morton's Memorial, Bailey's Dictionary, Downing's Landscape Gardening, etc., The Task, Nuttall's Ornithology, Morse's Gazetteer, The Domestic Practice of Hydropathy, John Bunclé, Dwight's Travels, Virgil, Young's Night Thoughts, History of Plymouth, and other Shanty books.

There was an old gun, hardly safe to fire, said to be loaded with an inextractable charge, and also an old sword over the door; also a tin sign, "D. Ricketson's office" (he having set up for a lawyer once), and a small crumpled horn; there I counted more than 20 rustic canes scattered about, a dozen or 15 pipes of various patterns (mostly the common), two spy-glasses, an open paper of tobacco, an Indian's jaw (dug up), a stuffed Bluejay, and Pine Grosbeak, and a rude Indian stone hatchet, &c., &c. There was a box with fifteen or twenty knives, mostly very large old-fashioned jack-knives, kept for curiosity, occasionally giving one to a boy or friend. A large book full of pencil sketches, "to be inspected by whomsomever," containing mostly sketches of his friends, &c.,

ANACREON

HORACE

COWPER

BARBER

BIGELOW

A.J. DOWNING

A.J. DOWNING

DWIGHT

PIPE



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**QUAKERS**

acquaintances, and himself, of wayfaring men whom he had met, Quakers, &c., &c., and now and then a verse under fence rail, or an old-fashioned house sketched on a peculiar pea-green paper. A pail of water stands behind the door, with a peculiar tin cup for drinking, made in France.

**JONATHAN DYMOND**

**FRIEND DANIEL RICKETSON**

August 17, day: [Henry Thoreau](#) wrote to Benjamin Marston Watson.

*CONCORD, August 17, 1857.*

*MR. WATSON, — I am much indebted to you for your glowing communication of July 20th. I had that very day left Concord for the wilds of Maine; but when I returned, August 8th, two out of the six worms remained nearly, if not quite, as bright as at first, I was assured. In their best estate they had excited the admiration of many of the inhabitants of Concord. It was a singular coincidence that I should find these worms awaiting me, for my mind was full of a phosphorescence which I had seen in the woods. I have waited to learn something more about them b[e]fore acknowledging the receipt of them. I have frequently met with glow-worms in my night walks, but am not sure they were the same kind with these. Dr. Harris once described to me a larger kind than I had found, “nearly as big as your little finder;” but he does not name them in his report.*

*The only authorities on Glow-worms which I chance to have (and I am pretty well provided), are Kirby and Spence (the fullest), Knapp (“Journal of a Naturalist”), “The Library of Entertaining Knowledge” (Rennie), a French work, etc., etc.; but there is no minute, scientific description in any of these. This is apparanetly a female of the genus Lampyris; but Kirby and Spence say that there are nearly two hundred species of this genus alone. The one commonly referred to by English writers is the Lampyris noctiluea; but judging from Kirby and Spence’s description, and from the description and plate in the French work, this is not that one, for, besides other differences, both say that the light proceeds from the abdomen. Perhaps the worms exhibited by Durkee (whose statement to the Boston Society of Natural His-*





**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

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*tory, second July meeting, in the "Traveller" of August 12, 1857, I send you) were the same with these. I do not see how they could be the L. noctiluca, as he states.*

*I expect to go to Cambridge before long, and if I get any more light on this subject I will inform you. The two worms are still alive.*

*I shall be glad to receive the Drosera at any time, if you chance to come across it. I am looking over Loudon's "Arboretum," which we have added to our Library, and it occurs to me that it was written expressly for you, and that you cannot avoid placing it on your own shelves.*

*I should have been glad to see the whale, and might perhaps have done so, if I had not at that time been seeing "the elephant" (or moose) in the Maine woods. I have been associating for about a month with one Joseph Polis, the chief man of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, and have learned a great deal from him, which I should like to tell you sometime.*

**LOUDON**



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

He reported that he was reading in [John Claudius Loudon](#)'s *ARBORETUM ET FRUTICETUM BRITANNICUM* (either in the Concord town library set or in a personal set he had acquired):

**CAPE COD:** Our way to the high sand-bank, which I have described as extending all along the coast, led, as usual, through patches of Bayberry bushes, which straggled into the sand. This, next to the Shrub-oak, was perhaps the most common shrub thereabouts. I was much attracted by its odoriferous leaves and small gray berries which are clustered about the short twigs, just below the last year's growth. I know of but two bushes in Concord, and they, being staminate plants, do not bear fruit. The berries gave it a venerable appearance, and they smelled quite spicy, like small confectionery. Robert Beverley, in his "History of Virginia," published in 1705, states that "at the mouth of their rivers, and all along upon the sea and bay, and near many of their creeks and swamps, grows the myrtle, bearing a berry, of which they make a hard brittle wax, of a curious green color, which by refining becomes almost transparent. Of this they make candles, which are never greasy to the touch nor melt with lying in the hottest weather; neither does the snuff of these ever offend the smell, like that of a tallow candle; but, instead of being disagreeable, if an accident puts a candle out, it yields a pleasant fragrancy to all that are in the room; insomuch that nice people often put them out on purpose to have the incense of the expiring snuff. The melting of these berries is said to have been first found out by a surgeon in New England, who performed wonderful things with a salve made of them." From the abundance of berries still hanging on the bushes, we judged that the inhabitants did not generally collect them for tallow, though we had seen a piece in the house we had just left. I have since made some tallow myself. Holding a basket beneath the bare twigs in April, I rubbed them together between my hands and thus gathered about a quart in twenty minutes, to which were added enough to make three pints, and I might have gathered them much faster with a suitable rake and a large shallow basket. They have little prominences like those of an orange all encased in tallow, which also fills the interstices down to the stone. The oily part rose to the top, making it look like a savory black broth, which smelled much like balm or other herb tea. You let it cool, then skim off the tallow from the surface, melt this again and strain it. I got about a quarter of a pound weight from my three pints, and more yet remained within the berries. A small portion cooled in the form of small flattish hemispheres, like crystallizations, the size of a kernel of corn (nuggets I called them as I picked them out from amid the berries). Loudon says, that "cultivated trees are said to yield more wax than those that are found wild." (See [Duplessy](#), *Végétaux Résineux*, Vol. II. p. 60.) If you get any pitch on your hands in the pine-woods you have only to rub some of these berries between your hands to start it off. But the ocean was the grand fact there, which made us forget both bayberries and men.

**PEOPLE OF  
CAPE COD**



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

CAPE COD: In the north part of the town there is no house from shore to shore for several miles, and it is as wild and solitary as the Western Prairies -used to be. Indeed, one who has seen every house in Truro will be surprised to hear of the number of the inhabitants, but perhaps five hundred of the men and boys of this small town were then abroad on their fishing-grounds. Only a few men stay at home to till the sand or watch for blackfish. The farmers are fishermen-farmers and understand better ploughing the sea than the land. They do not disturb their sands much, though there is a plenty of sea-weed in the creeks, to say nothing of blackfish occasionally rotting on the shore. Between the Pond and East Harbor Village there was an interesting plantation of pitch-pines, twenty or thirty acres in extent, like those which we had already seen from the stage. One who lived near said that the land was purchased by two men for a shilling or twenty-five cents an acre. Some is not considered worth writing a deed for. This soil or sand, which was partially covered with poverty and beach grass, sorrel, &c., was furrowed at intervals of about four feet and the seed dropped by a machine. The pines had come up admirably and grown the first year three or four inches, and the second six inches and more. Where the seed had been lately planted the white sand was freshly exposed in an endless furrow winding round and round the sides of the deep hollows, in a vortical spiral manner, which produced a very singular effect, as if you were looking into the reverse side of a vast banded shield. This experiment, so important to the Cape, appeared very successful, and perhaps the time will come when the greater part of this kind of land in Barnstable County will be thus covered with an artificial pine forest, as has been done in some parts of France. In that country 12,500 acres of downs had been thus covered in 1811 near Bayonne. They are called *pignadas*, and according to Loudon "constitute the principal riches of the inhabitants, where there was a drifting desert before." It seemed a nobler kind of grain to raise than corn even.



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

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When he went "a-[botanizing](#)" (and that was often) [Thoreau](#) made careful and frequent use of:

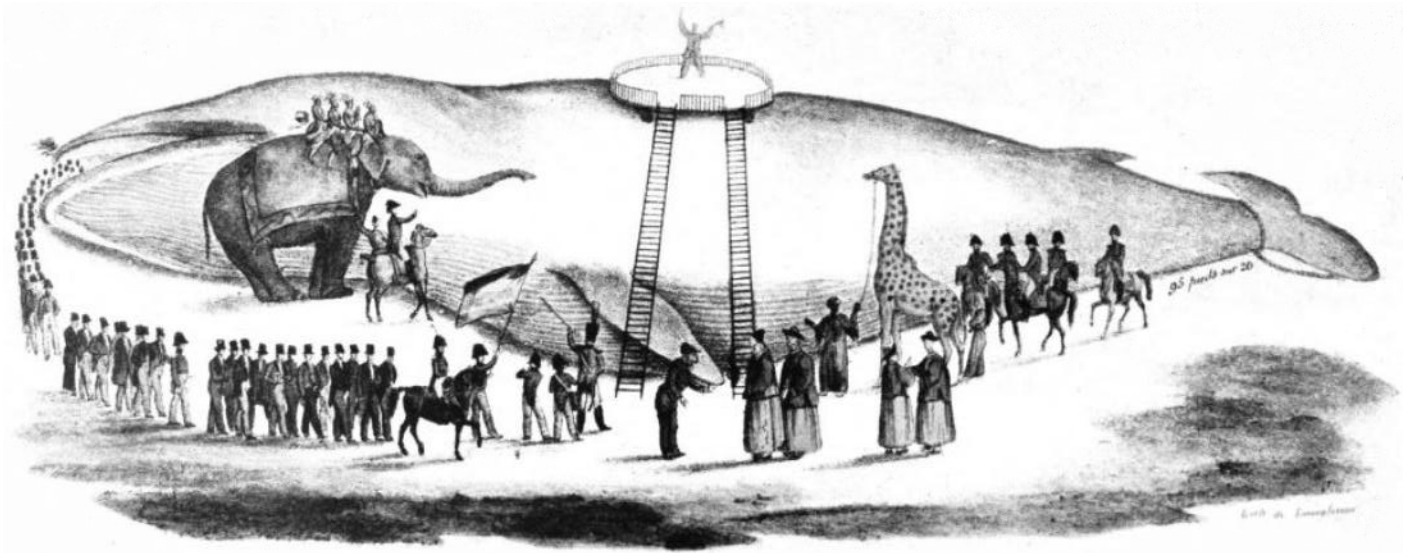
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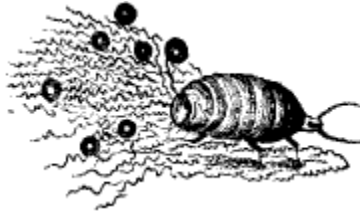
**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**



*La Baleine d'Ostende*  
Visitee par l'Elephant, la Giraffe, les Osages et les Chinois.

- [John Leonard Knapp](#)'s THE JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST, issued in London in 1829 and reprinted in Philadelphia in 1831



- [James Rennie](#)'s THE FACULTIES OF BIRDS, printed in London in 1835
- [James Rennie](#)'s INSECT ARCHITECTURE, printed in London in 1830, of which he owned a copy
- [James Rennie](#)'s INSECT TRANSFORMATION, printed in London in 1830, of which he owned a copy
- [James Rennie](#)'s INSECT MISCELLANIES, printed in two volumes in London in 1831, of which he owned a copy
- Various editions of Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#)'s *FLORULA BOSTONIENSIS. A COLLECTION OF PLANTS OF BOSTON AND ITS VICINITY, WITH THEIR GENERIC AND SPECIFIC CHARACTERS, PRINCIPAL SYNONYMS, DESCRIPTIONS, PLACES OF GROWTH, AND TIME OF FLOWERING, AND OCCASIONAL REMARKS*

**READ BIGELOW TEXT**



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

- Loring Dudley Chapin's 1843 THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM; OR, HANDBOOK OF PLANTS AND FRUITS



- Dewey's and Emmons's MASSACHUSETTS ZOOLOGICAL AND BOTANICAL SURVEY
- Various editions of Professor [Amos Eaton](#)'s A MANUAL OF BOTANY FOR THE NORTHERN AND MIDDLE STATES

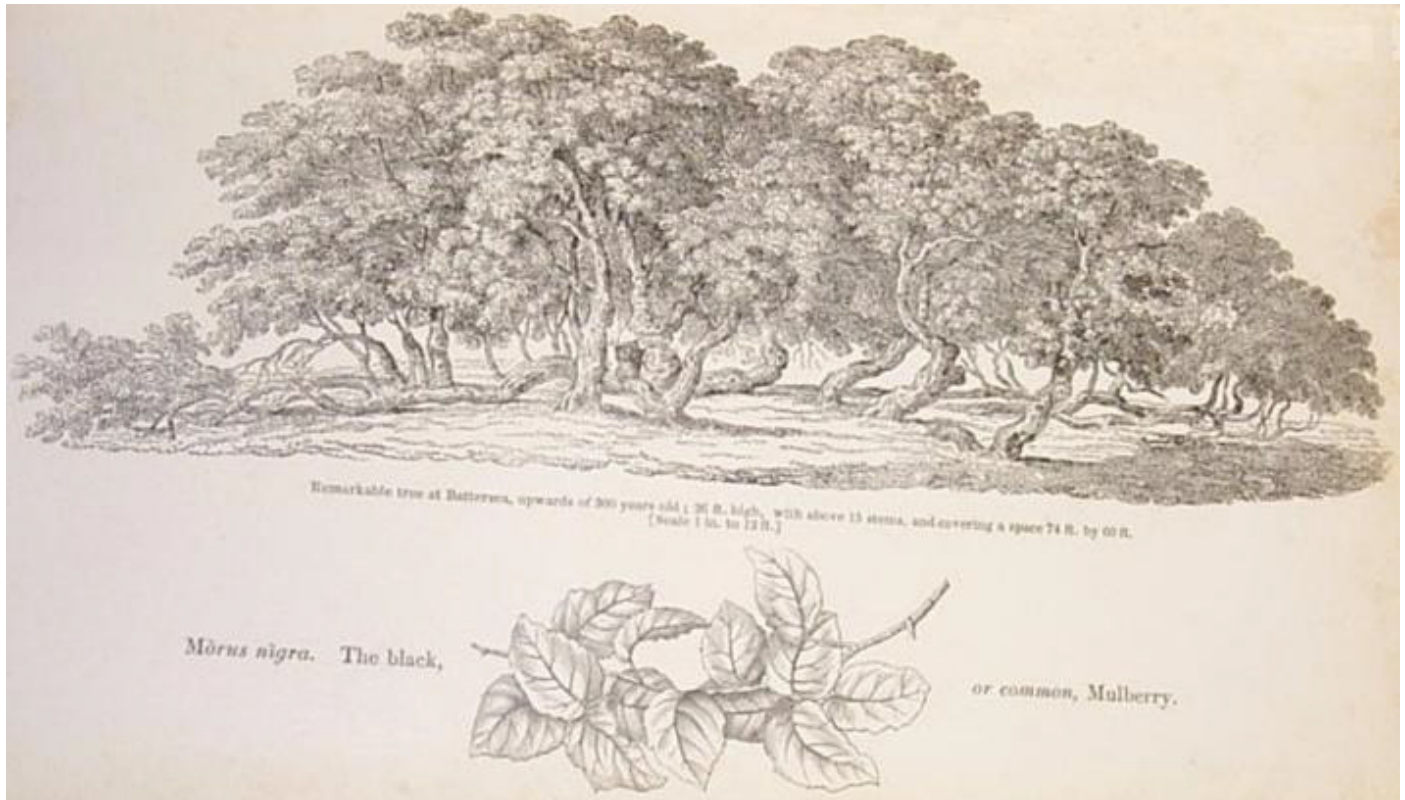


- Emerson's REPORT ON TREES AND SHRUBS GROWING NATURALLY IN THE FORESTS OF MASSACHUSETTS
- Flint's CULTURE OF THE GRASS
- Both the 1st and the 2nd editions of Professor Asa Gray's MANUAL OF BOTANY
- Lindsay's POPULAR HISTORY OF BRITISH LICHENS
- Lovell's *SIVE ENCHIRIDION BOTANICUM*, OR A COMPLETE HERBAL
- Sowerby's THE FERNS OF GREAT BRITAIN
- Stark's A POPULAR HISTORY OF BRITISH MOSSES
- The 1826 edition of John Torrey's FLORA OF THE NORTHERN AND MIDDLE SECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES
- The 1838-1843 edition of John Torrey's and Gray's FLORA OF NORTH AMERICA
- [John Claudius Loudon](#)'s ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PLANTS

PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

- [John Claudius Loudon](#)'s *ARBORETUM ET FRUTICUM BRITANNICUM*



August 22, Saturday: The New-York Tablet animadverted about some Irish female emigrants brought by *The City of Mobile*, “innocent country girls of unquestioned character in their own neighborhoods, which after a voyage of a few weeks contributed at least half a dozen souls to sailors’ boarding-house brothels, belched several on the streets, and sent other in-land with their maidenly robes tarnished forever, and all because ... libidinous captains and brutal sailors were forging arguments for our enemies out of the very innocence or thoughtlessness of Irish females.”



August 22, Saturday, 1857: Channing has brought me from Plymouth and Watson *Drosera filiformis*, just out of bloom, from Great South Pond, *Solidago tenuifolia* in bloom, *Sabbatia chloroides*, and *Coreopsis rosea*. Edward Hoar shows me *Lobelia Kalmii*, which he gathered in flower in Hopkinton about the 18th of July. (I found the same on the East Branch and the Penobscot); *staphylea* (in fruit) from Northampton, plucked within a week or so (Bigelow says it grows in Weston); also the leaves of a tree growing in Windsor, Vt., which they call the pepperidge, quite unlike our tupelo. Is it not the *Celtis crassifolia*? He says he found the *Uvularia perfoliata* on the Stow road, he thinks within Concord bounds.

ELLERY CHANNING

BIGELOW

NORTHAMPTON MA



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**1858**

Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#)'s A BRIEF EXPOSITION OF RATIONAL MEDICINE was printed with THE PARADISE OF DOCTORS, A FABLE in Philadelphia.



[George Cuyier Harlan](#) graduated at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania (in this year he also received the degree of MA at Delaware College) and became resident physician of St. Joseph's Hospital.






**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**



 Our national birthday, Sunday the 4th of July: [Nathaniel Hawthorne](#)'s 54th birthday.



In [Chicago, Illinois](#) Central Railroad workers were attempting to launch a balloon they were referring to as “The Spirit of ’76.” The record doesn’t state whether or not they did manage to get this “monster balloon” up into the air, or if they did, how long it stayed up or how high it rose.<sup>18</sup>

In Brooklyn, New-York, the corner-stone of the Armory was set in position with appropriate ceremony.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered an oration in Boston.

18. The Russian film “Burnt by the Sun” records a similar attempt near Moscow.



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

This is what the [Niagara Falls](#) looked like in this year, to Currier & Ives:



During the celebration of the opening of the associated hydraulic canal, the dam gave way (fortunately, no one was injured).



The [negrero](#) *Wanderer* sailed from the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina for the coast of Africa, disguised as a luxury cruise ship. There's now an entire book about this one remarkable vessel, Erik Calonius's *THE WANDERER: THE LAST AMERICAN SLAVE SHIP AND THE CONSPIRACY THAT SET ITS SAILS*, published by St. Martin's Press in 2006.

Jefferson Davis, delivering a 4th-of-July oration on board a steamer bound from [Baltimore](#) to Boston, predicted (it would seem :-)) the outcome of the Civil War, when he roundly declared that "this great country will continue united."

**CELEBRATING OUR B-DAY**



Overlooking Lake Winnepiseogee, now Winnepesaukee:



July 4. Sunday. A. M.—Clears up after a rainy night. Get our breakfast apparently in the northern part



## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

## PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW

### BIGELOW

of Loudon, where we find, in a beech and maple wood, *Panax quinquefolium*, apparently not quite out, *Osmorrhiza brevistylis* (or hairy uraspermum), gone to seed, which Bigelow refers to woods on Concord Turnpike, i. e. hairy sweet cicely. Also ternate polypody (?). Saw a chestnut tree in Loudon.

Leaving Loudoh Ridge on the right we continued on by the Hollow Road—a long way through the forest without houses—through a part of Canterbury into Gilmanton Factory village. I see the *Ribes prostratum*, or fetid currant, by roadside, already red, as also the red elder-berries, ripe or red. Strawberries were abundant by the roadside and in the grass on hillsides everywhere, with the seeds conspicuous, sunk in pits on the surface. (Vide a leaf of same kind pressed.)

The Merrimack at Merrimack, where I walked,—half a mile or more below my last camp on it in '9,—had gone down two or three feet within a few days, and the muddy and slimy shore was covered with the tracks I This only in the northern part of New Hampshire. of many small animals, apparently three-toed sandpipers, minks, turtles, squirrels, perhaps mice, and some much larger quadrupeds. The *Solidago lanceolata*, not out, was common along the shore. Wool-grass without black sheaths, and a very slender variety with it; also *Carex crinita*.

We continue along through Gilmanton to Meredith Bridge, passing the Suncook Mountain on our right, a long, barren rocky range overlooking Lake Winnepiseogee. Turn down a lane five or six miles beyond the bridge and spend the midday near a bay of the lake. *Polygonum cilinode*, apparently not long. I hear song sparrows there among the rocks, with a totally new strain, ending *whit whit, whit whit, whit whit whit*. They had also the common strain. We had begun to see from Gilmanton, from high hills in the road, the sharp rocky peak of Chocorua in the north, to the right of the lower Red Hill. It was of a pale-buff color, with apparently the Sandwich Mountains west of it and Ossipee Mountain on the right. The goldfinch was more common than at home, and the fragrant fern was perceived oftener. The evergreen-forest not frequently heard.

It is far more independent to travel on foot. You have to sacrifice so much to the horse. You cannot choose the most agreeable places in which to spend the noon, commanding the finest views, because commonly there is no water there, or you cannot get there with your horse. New Hampshire being a more hilly and newer State than Massachusetts, it is very difficult to find a suitable place to camp near the road, affording water, a good prospect, ~nd retirement. We several times rode on as much as ten miles with a tired horse, looking in vain for such a spot, and then almost invariably camped in some low, unpleasant spot. There are very few, scarcely any, lanes, or even paths and bars along the road. Having got beyond the range of the chestnut, the few bars that might be taken down are long and heavy planks or slabs, intended to confine sheep, and there is no passable road behind. And beside, when you have chosen a place one must stay behind to watch your effects, while the other looks about. I frequently envied the independence of the walker, who can spend the midday hours and take his lunch in the most agreeable spot on his route. The only alternative is to spend your noon at some trivial inn, pestered by flies and tavern loungers.

Camped within a mile of Senter Harbor, in a birch wood on the right near the lake. Heard in the night a loon, screech owl, and cuckoo, and our horse, tied to a slender birch close by, restlessly pawing the ground all night and whinnying to us whenever we showed ourselves, asking for something more than meat to fill his belly with.



**PROFESSOR JACOB BIGELOW**

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**1860**

Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#)'s HISTORY OF MOUNT AUBURN.



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**1865**

Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#) delivered ON THE LIMITS OF EDUCATION, an address emphasizing the need for specialization, before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



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**1867**

Professor [Jacob Bigelow](#)'s MODERN INQUIRIES and REMARKS ON CLASSICAL STUDIES were printed in Boston.

HDT

WHAT?

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**1879**

January 10, Friday: [Jacob Bigelow](#) died in [Boston](#). His remains would be appropriately interred in the cemetery he had founded:





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**1890**

October 30, Thursday: [Henry Jacob Bigelow](#) died after an accident at his country home in Newton, Massachusetts.

**“MAGISTERIAL HISTORY” IS FANTASIZING, HISTORY IS CHRONOLOGY**





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"It's all now you see. Yesterday won't be over until tomorrow and tomorrow began ten thousand years ago."

- Remark by character "Garin Stevens"  
in William Faulkner's INTRUDER IN THE DUST



**Prepared: May 22, 2014**



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## *ARRGH AUTOMATED RESEARCH REPORT*

### *GENERATION HOTLINE*



This stuff presumably looks to you as if it were generated by a human. Such is not the case. Instead, someone has requested that we pull it out of the hat of a pirate who has grown out of the shoulder of our pet parrot "Laura" (as above). What these chronological lists are: they are research reports compiled by ARRGH algorithms out of a database of modules which we term the Kouroo Contexture (this is data mining). To respond to such a request for information we merely push a button.



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Commonly, the first output of the algorithm has obvious deficiencies and we need to go back into the modules stored in the contexture and do a minor amount of tweaking, and then we need to punch that button again and recompile the chronology – but there is nothing here that remotely resembles the ordinary “writerly” process you know and love. As the contents of this originating contexture improve, and as the programming improves, and as funding becomes available (to date no funding whatever has been needed in the creation of this facility, the entire operation being run out of pocket change) we expect a diminished need to do such tweaking and recompiling, and we fully expect to achieve a simulation of a generous and untiring robotic research librarian. Onward and upward in this brave new world.

First come first serve. There is no charge.  
Place requests with <Kouroo@kouroo.info>. Arrgh.