

PENIKESE. A REMINISCENCE

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Penikese. A Reminiscence by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**PENIKESE. A
REMINISCENCE**

PENIKESE

A

REMINISCENCE

BY

ONE OF ITS PUPILS



"Yea, it becomes a man

To cherish memory, where he had delight."

Sophocles: Ajax.

1885

FRANK H. LATTIN, PUBLISHER,
ALBION N Y

DEDICATION.

TO

ALL

TO WHOM THE MEMORY OF

PENIKESE

AND OF

ITS MASTER

IS DEAR.

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General library
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PREFACE.

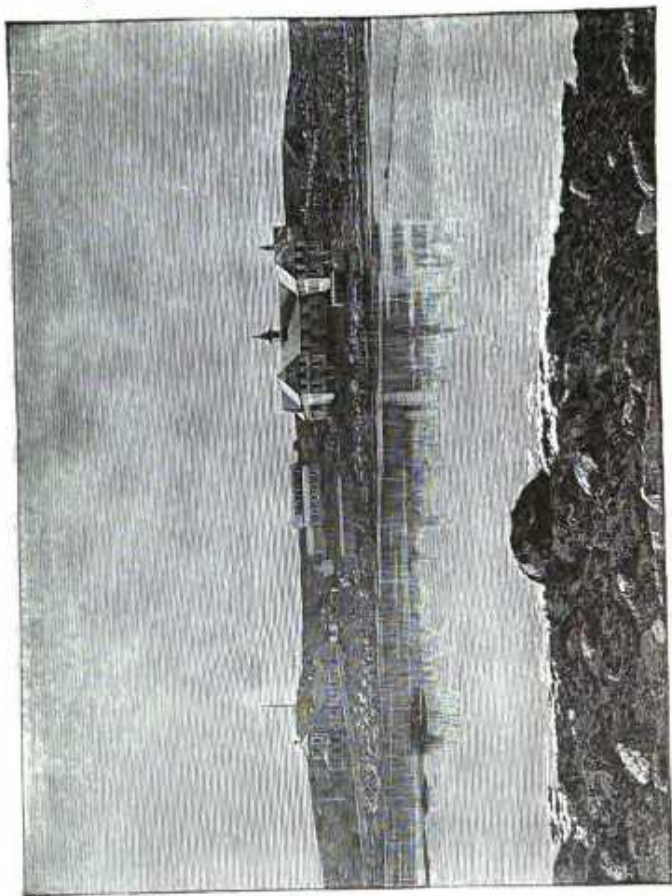
The material of which this little volume is composed furnishes the apology which its author would make for its appearance.

It was begun in the summer of 1873, at Penikese Island; and has been retouched, constantly, since then, in the hope that it might, at sometime, be suitable for publication.

As it seems best no longer to withhold its pages from the public—imperfect though they may be—they are now presented to you by

The Author.

MU 11-27-39



PENIKESE.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY.

Penikese is a name ever to be remembered by me with the greatest of pleasure,—for it was there I passed some of the happiest hours of my life. I remember it all: the ground, with its undulating billows sodded with the sparing green and brown of low grasses or covered with sandy loam; the waters, with their rusty and smutty rocks rearing their jagged edges above the quiet expanse of the bay, or dashed against by turbulent waves; and the boulders, with their whitened faces, lying confusedly as they had been cast upon the wave-beaten beaches or strewn, like ancient sentinels, here and there about the fields;—I picture them all as if it were but yesterday. Then the buildings—the laboratories, the lecture-rooms, and the professors' house—(the last the most conspicuous of them all), mean in themselves yet dear from their associations,—I think of each and I love each. Ah! Shall I ever experience such free, such happy, such truly joyous hours again? But let me tell you how I happened going to Penikese Island, and what I saw, heard, and did there.

I had been sitting, one fine morning in early spring, by a cosy grate fire, perusing the columns of my favorite morning paper, when my eyes fell upon a short paragraph which instantly arrested my attention. It was the notice of a "Summer School of Natural History," and read as follows:—

"Mr. John Anderson, of New York, has presented to a body of Trustees, the island called Penikese, in Buzzard's Bay, for the site for a Summer School of Natural History, to be in the charge of Professor Louis Agassiz, whose purpose is to give free instruction, to teachers of the sciences, in correct methods of study in this most important branch of education."

The subject was one of peculiar interest to me, and, as I read, visions of what a grand opportunity would thus be afforded to study Nature so filled my mind, that they took complete possession of my senses.

Natural History was always and is now for that matter, my favorite study; one might almost say I had been born and bred a Naturalist. From my earliest recollection I was often made supremely happy by the present of a robin's or a sparrow's egg, or some other similarly common natural object, from the bounteous collection of a friend. *To me*, it was untold gold. If an egg, I would hold the delicate shell in my fingers, slowly and carefully turn it from side to side, examine its glossy surface and perfect proportions, look at the holes in its extremities to see how thick the shell itself might be, and often—though I hardly dare to tell it for fear of being laughed at—wonder how much wind had been required to expel its contents. From my first egg I soon reached my hundredth—and more. Then I formed the plan of making a general collection in all of the different branches of Natural History which, carried into effect, was successful beyond my most sanguine expectation. Thus, at an early period of my life, in the full glow of scientific ardor, a short and almost insignificant newspaper paragraph—insignificant, perhaps, to all save a few—appeared at once to open to me a possible path to scientific fame and attainment that, in my youthful ambition, seemed limitless. The opportunity and the Master, the best that the country, nay the world, then afforded! I immediately applied for admission, and received, by return of mail, an answer from Professor Agassiz himself—in