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Reminiscences of Rhode Island
and
Ye Providence Plantatións

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[Second Edition]

Reminiscences of Rhode Island and Ye Providence Plantations.

When the country is new the people who become settlers therein, as a rule, have little ability or inclination to put their personal knowledge into writing. Very much is lost. Many facts and statements, however, are handed down from parents to children; and some, having a good memory, these statements of the early settlers go down to many generations, when the historian appears and puts them into the enduring form of print. The majority of these histories are short and personal or local. Later the general historian appears, who collects the parts and combines them into one grand whole. Our colonial fathers were men of strong individualities. After what is legitimate history has been written, there remain the reminiscences, or events, that form the minor details of history—some instructive, interesting, or perhaps humorous, as well as instructive or interesting. These reminiscences have been written on the foundation of various sources. All the older ones I got from Mr. Amos T. Jenckes and my aunt, Mary Noyes. A few I gathered from other sources, but the

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most, all of the later ones, from 1849 and through the fifties, I knew of from personal experience.

Amos Troop Jenckes was born in Providence in 1809. He was a man with a good memory. Whatever he heard from the older folks he never forgot. He had no inclination to put these tales into writing; but he was a good talker, and of an evening he would relate what he had heard, and what, in the course of his years, was personal experience. Mr. Jenckes had the faculty of seeing the humorous side of things, so in his tales there was much humor. It is doubtful if there was ever a man who, in the course of seventy years, had experience in so many occupations. He had been a clerk in different kinds of stores; he had worked in a printing office; had some experience on a farm; went to sea as captain, supercargo and passenger; was familiar with many things on sea and land. He superintended the building of some of the Brown & Ives vessels. Later he devoted considerable attention to medicine, whereby he became known as Doctor Jenckes. He put up for sale a yellow fever mixture. His mother was a Carter, the aunt of John Carter Brown, whereby he was cousin to John Carter Brown. The Browns, Carters, Crawfords, Updykes, Pitmans, Jenckes and Goddards, all old families and all intermarried. The old Crawford house, now torn down, stood on North Main street near Mill. Captain Crawford, or Uncle Crawford, as he was called, bought the lot at the southeast corner of North Main and Meeting streets. He had his cut timber and materials gathered for building the new house on this lot. While he was off on his voyage the timber would season. But he never returned; he was lost at sea, and nothing was ever heard of his vessel, himself or crew. So his nephew, Captain Updyke, built the house, long known as the Updyke house. Here the family lived for two generations. When this Updyke house was built it was the finest house in town. Next above it was the Carter house—a very large three-story house, with a long back building, which was built for a printing office—one of the first printing offices in Rhode Island and one of the first in New England. The Crawford, or Updyke estate, extended from the line of North Main street to the Seekonk River. Benefit street was then known as Back street. When the estate was divided it was divided into three parts, which at that time were supposed to have equal money value. The Updyke estate was given to one daughter,

Gift.
Author.

the Carter estate to another, reaching to Back street; the third portion, then a wilderness, from Back street to the river, including what in a generation or two was known as the Moses Brown farm, was given to the third daughter. When Brown University was to be built it was to be named after the man who would contribute the most money toward building the old "Hope College." Nicholas Brown was the man who contributed the most, thereby the university came to be known as Brown University.

The Episcopalians gradually became a strong factor in the State. Old St. John's Church, on North Main street, was the first, and one of the first, Episcopal Churches in New England. In the early days the Episcopal Church was not very strong; the Baptists were the dominating party; there were a few Quakers. A young Baptist man fell in love with a beautiful young Quakeress. It was not lawful in those days for a Baptist to marry a Quaker. So the young Baptist said to his affianced, the Quakeress, "Ruth, we'll join the Episcopalians, and both go to hell together." It seems that she assented, for they very soon married. In colonial times John Brown, the head of what was afterwards the house of Brown & Ives, was a thrifty man. When the Revolutionary War ended he bought up all the soldiers' certificates he could secure. As the Government cashed these certificates he made a great deal of money, and soon was the richest man in Providence. In those days a young man hired himself out to some well-to-do man—was general chore boy, helped about the house or the office, as he was called upon. In this capacity young Mr. Ives went to live with Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown had a daugther. After awhile the young couple fell in love with each other. Miss Brown was, for those days, very wealthy, while Mr. Ives was poor. But Miss Brown loved him. The people began to talk. While the old folks liked Mr. Ives, they did not desire their daughter to marry so poor a man. "Well," said Miss Brown, "I will make him rich," so she made over to him her fortune of $75,000, which in those days was equivalent to a million now. They were married, and Mr. Brown took young Ives into partnership with him, so the house of Brown & Ives was established and continued for some three generations. The house is now extinct—died out. The last, or the one who would have been the last, of the Ives branch, young Robert Ives, was killed at Antie-

tam, while acting as a member of Brigadier General Rodman's staff. The Goddard family, who had married into the Brown family, now control the old Brown & Ives works. In colonial times, and for two generations after, the house of Brown—later, Brown & Ives—was largly interested in shipping. Their ships were mostly in the East Indies trade, though they also sailed to other ports. About 1806, one of their vessels visited Cronstadt, the port of St. Petersburg—the Ann and Hope, I think—a large ship for those days, built at Warren, Rhode Island.

In those days such large ships, in addition to a captain, had a supercargo, who was surgeon of the ship and business manager for the owners. The captain navigated the ship, but the supercargo attended to the business part—looking up cargoes and to the general business of the freight department. While this vessel was at Cronstadt nearly every day a gentleman came aboard and made himself quite familiar with Mr. Benjamin Carter, the supercargo. The gentleman spoke English. He was very much interested in America and the ship. He was a Mason, so was Mr. Carter, and this is probably why they became so intimate. How long the vessel was at Cronstadt I do not know, but two weeks would be an average time for such a vessel to be in such a port. When the vessel was about to sail the strange gentleman appeared; in his hand was a roll. As he took leave of Mr. Carter he handed him this roll. Mr. Carter was too busy to look at it then, so he threw it on his bunk. The next day, after being out to sea, and having time, he looked at the roll. It was a fine steel engraving of Alexander I, Czar of all the Russias, and the man who nearly every day had been to see Mr. Carter. This picture is now in the cabinet of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

In connection with these Brown & Ives vessels were humorous things as well as grave ones. Mr. Brown did not like the mate of one of his vessels, so he decided to get a new man. The new man was engaged and the old one discharged. It was near the time of sailing; the ship was to sail at noon of a certain day. The new mate could not be found. Mr. Brown was troubled, indeed, disgusted, for he liked a punctual man. The old mate was on hand, and condescended to ship again. As the new man could not be found, Mr. Brown was forced to retake the old man. Some hours

after the ship had sailed the new man appeared, but it was too late. He had been asleep in a loft within a hundred yards of the wharf. It seems that the old mate got him good and drunk, then put him to bed in the loft of a warehouse near by, taking care to darken all the windows. The new mate awoke, but as it was still dark he took another nap and another. After awhile, thinking it a very long night, he got up to investigate, and found that it was long after noon. He started for the wharf, but the vessel was gone. Then it bloomed upon him that something was wrong. "Where was the old mate?" he asked. "Gone in the ship," was the reply. Too late—all owing to rum.

When Mr. Brown was making so much money out of the soldiers' certificates, some people did not like it. He bought a new carriage. As he rode down by an old cooper shop the cooper remarked, in an audible tone, "Soldiers' blood makes good varnish." Mr. Jenckes said that Mr. Brown put his carriage in the carriage house, and that it was never out again. Yet we can see no necessity for such sensitiveness. Mr. Brown had a right to buy these certificates. He was a benefactor to the soldiers. There was no one else to buy them up; thereby they got some ready money, which otherwise they might not have got in their lifetime. The Government was poor; Mr. Brown bought them all up—all he could get—evidently at a discount. After some waiting he got the Government to cash them. We see nothing wrong in this transaction, nor any cause for sensitiveness, as stated by Mr. Jenckes, on the part of Mr. Brown.

In those early days there were some queer characters about Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations—some very intelligent, like the Mann family; some exceedingly eccentric and cross-grained, while others were half-witted. In the thirties to fifties the Mann family was very prominent. George Mann was learned—a college graduate, I believe, but eccentric, as were all of the Manns. Tom was prominent, even after the war. He disliked President Johnson. He wrote a poem on him; had it published on a "broadside," which he sold, peddled from office to office and store to store—everywhere, on the street or in buildings, wherever he could sell one for ten cents. One of the verses ran thus:

> "May he be ten million miles from shore,
> Without helm, sail or oar!"

In those days the Manns lived in a small house on North Main street, about half way up the hill from Mill to Benefit. One day Ann Mann was out. A friend called. The furniture was dusty, so on the table, with her finger, she wrote "Slut." Some days after she was in a friend's house, where she met Ann. She said to Ann: "I called on you some days ago, but you were not in." "Yes," said Ann, "I saw your card."

In the Mauran family were twins—Nathaniel and Carlo. They kept a store. One day a stranger called. He desired to see one of the brothers, and asked the colored janitor to describe them, so that if he should meet them on the street he would know them. The colored janitor's statement was unique: "Deys be berry much alike, especially Carlo!"

Then there was a Mr. Burrows, who was an exceedingly cross man. His servant described him thus: "He's der most eben-tempered man you eber seed. He's as mad as der debil all de time."

Then there is Mr. Waterman, of Johnston, of whom Mr. Jenckes spoke. Mr. Waterman kept a great many hogs. People were desirous of finding out how many hogs he kept, so thereby they could the better estimate his worth. One day they got a simple fellow to go to Mr. Waterman and ask him. "Mr. Waterman, how many hogs have you got?" "What do you want to know for?" "People are all the while asking me, and I don't know what to tell them." "You can tell them you don't know, can't you?" So Mr. Waterman's neighbors got no satisfaction.

In the early part of the century there was a queer old gentleman living in Providence. What his name was I know not. It would seem as though it should have been preserved. It was then the fashion for young men to go about the streets with their handkerchiefs sticking well out of their pockets. He went along with his so far out that the boys thought that he would lose it; so they cried out to him, "Mister, mister, you'll lose your handkerchief!" "Never mind, boys; never mind; it's pinned in—it's pinned in!"

In those days we had the *dandy*—the fellow who got himself up in the most attractive manner. The *dandy* has passed; we no longer see him, and seldom hear the word; and when used it

is not used in its old sense. To say now that a man is a dandy, to the world it means that he is a smart fellow. He may or may not pay any attention to dress. The term *dude* has taken the place of *dandy*. Yet the *dude*, too, is passing; indeed he has already passed. As people become cultivated they pass beyond the stage of the *dandy* or the *dude*.

The colored church up near Meeting street was to have an entertainment for the benefit of the church. This is the way the preacher advertised the bill that was to form a part of the entertainment: "The first ladies and gentlemen, ten dollars; the second ladies and gentlemen, five dollars; the third ladies and gentlemen, two dollars and a half; (with great disgust,) the rufty scuffs, fifty cents!" It is said that there were no rufty-scuffs at the entertainment.

A half-witted fellow by the name of Beany Daniels would put his hat, in winter time, over an eel hole cut in the ice, then go and hide himself for some days, so as to make people think that he had been drowned. Then, after a few nights, he suddenly appeared on the hill, with his sled, and began sliding with the rest, and as he slid he sang:

> "Some folks thinks Beany Daniels dead,
> But here he comes himself a sliding on his sled."

Then there was Ben Kit (Benjamin Christopher Robinson), who used to go about the streets with a paper crown on his head.

One day I saw Daniel Pratt come to town. He came up South Main street in a four-wheeled cart. On the seat with the driver, bareheaded, was Daniel, with a garland of flowers, roses, about his head. He was solemn and grand in countenance, as some old Roman might have been who was being honored with a triumphant entry into Rome. Some years later I saw Daniel in Washington, D. C. The young law students got him to come in early, before the professor arrived. When the professor came in there was Daniel on his platform talking to the students, and the students applauding vociferously. For a moment the professor was dumfounded. He knew not what to make of the man or the boisterous applause of the students. But he soon advanced to the platform, and Daniel greeted him in a gentlemanly manner and retired. I was glad to witness this, for by it I saw that Daniel Pratt was an intelligent man. The professor

himself could not have given the young men better advice as to how to live and to be upright in their doings with all men.

> "Lives there a man, lean or fat,
> Who has never heard of Daniel Pratt?"

Yes, we have heard and seen Daniel Pratt. He was harmless, genial, and wise; queer—yes, queer. In these days of kodaks, Daniel, as he sat in that cart, decorated with a garland of roses, would have been taken, and we should now have a number of these pictures. But the kodak had not appeared, so we must trust to our imagination.

There was Johnny Keeth, a harmless, foolish fellow; harmless until some bad boys taught him bad tricks. In the fifties he used to gather swill (garbage) for his father's hogs. He was faithful; very strong; molested no one. But later some smart boys thought it cunning to teach John all sorts of tricks, one of which was to pull door bells, then run. After awhile he became dangerous, so was taken to the Dexter Asylum, where he ended his days. John had immense *perceptives* and large *form*, whereby he saw a great deal, and he had a fine memory; he never forgot any one.

In later years there was Charley Cutter, the clam digger, who lived at Warwick. Charley was a most untidy person in regard to his clothes, but his untidiness never reached his clams. These were gotten out and cared for in the best and neatest manner. Charley Cutter was an honest man. Recently his picture in Chicago sold for $25. There are few men in the world whose picture—a good size photograph—will sell for such an amount. Charley Cutter was an unique and original character.

To come back to earlier times. If one desires to read about the early colonial times, read William Jeffery's Journal. One quite intelligent man said that the book was made up. To make up such a book would be impossible. It is too true to nature and to the times in which it was written. It is a work that every Rhode Islander should read. In the forties and fifties, and thereabouts, Providence, and, indeed, the towns along the bay, were interested in whaling. I remember the ships Lyon and South America. The Lyon, when she was lost, was quite forty years old. She was lost on her last voyage, somewhere off the southern coast of Africa. The South America, in 1849, was fitted out as a California vessel,

These California vessels were put on the market in shares. As a rule the men who bought the shares were the ones who went in the vessel to California. My father, Captain John U. Noyes, took the brig Hallowell to California on this share principle. The shares for this vessel were $250 apiece. This made each stockholder a part owner in the vessel. A good part of the cargo was lumber. The Hallowell also took a small steamer for river use, probably about forty feet long. About this time, or just before, Kossuth came to America. He wore a black felt hat with a black ostrich feather. This set the fashion for many of the young men. It was quite a common sight to see young men on the street with a black felt hat and black ostrich feather.

Providence in those early days being a great whaling port, the cooper business was quite active. The coopers of Providence were Messrs. Sherman & Howard. In the fifties there were three memorable steamboats running on the bay—the old Argo and the Bradford Durfee, and the Perry. The Perry ran to Newport, the Durfee to Fall River, while the Argo ran to the smaller places along the bay, and during the summer was much used as an excursion boat, running to Rocky Point and to the shore places nearer the city. The Argo was the smallest of the three. She and the Durfee were propelled by crosshead engines, a style of engine now out of date. The Perry was a fast boat. In those days the water in the Providence River was clear; the boats running in the bay and river were clean, quite unlike the boats of to-day, with their dirty freeboards. Prior to the war, and for some twenty years after, Providence was well supplied with fine sailboats to let. On the east side two parties, Mr. Benjamin Appleton, who was a boatbuilder as well as a letter of boats, Messrs. Ormsbee & Sayres, who kept a ship chandler's store, with a bar in the rear. Over on the west side, Childs & Davis, like Benjamin Appleton, were builders and letters of boats—rowboats as well as sailboats. Parties would chip in and hire one of the large sailboats for a number of days and go down the bay, sailing and fishing. They would take a small rowboat in tow for the purpose of going ashore to dig clams, &c. To-day this is all changed. Last season (1904) I learned that there was only one sailboat in Providence to let. In those days there were no steamboats running to the small places along the bay; it was all sailboat. The Clam House was anchored off the shore,

just above Field's Point. This was a favorite resort, especially on a Sunday. Jerry Angell, with his boat, and Mr. Ormsbee with his, were the two large boats. Then there were numerous small boats, some hired by private parties, and competing with the large boats for passengers. "All aboard for the Clam House!" was then a familiar cry. Across the bay from the Clam House was the Lionshore, or Crosses, where some went. But in those days the Clam House was the favorite. At first the Clam House was on an ordinary scow; but somewhere about 1854 or '55 Mr. Salisbury bought the old flat bottom steamer Merrimack. This steamer formerly ran on the Merrimack River. She made a fine clam house, and was in use up to the last. The Clam House is no more; the sailboats that were to let are no more; but the private yachts have greatly increased. All interested in yachting now own their own boats, and they are of all sizes and kinds—from the little cat to the ocean steamer—steamers and sailing vessels of all kinds.

In those days of the fifties there was considerable interest in boat racing. Benjamin Appleton was the finest boatbuilder of his day. His boats won the prizes. The Old Witch won more prizes than any other boat on the bay. She was about fifteen feet long, clinker built, painted in stripes of various colors—green, red and white. Later Mr. Appleton built the Nonantum, the Lurlene, the Owl, and Ole Bull. The last large boat he built was the Oneco, but she was never known by her name, as she was painted light blue. She was always spoken of as "the blue boat." The Squantum Club was started in the Appleton boats. Every year the men who founded Squantum would come at times during the summer and hire one of his boats—sometimes the Owl, sometimes the larger boats, the Lurlene or the Nonantum. Mr. Frank Mauran was always the captain on these occasions. It was he who hired the boat and attended to the things essential for the comfort of the men during the day. Prominent among them was Captain Cady. While Mr. Frank Mauran was so prominent on these occasions, it seems that he did not become a member of the celebrated club which he was so active in bringing about. It would seem that the Squantum Club should honor Mr. Frank Mauran, and have his picture hung in the rooms of the club. All sorts of stories have been told about these old Squantum gentlemen, some implying that they were a drunken

crowd. I often saw them coming home of an evening. They were sober, and when the wind had died out they took turns in rowing the boat—using the "white ash breeze." So much for the story. They were a sober lot of gentlemen.

The first boats that Mr. Appleton built were keel, but not like the old-fashioned keel boats, such as the Swallow and Lucy Long. Their bottom was the same as the center-board boat. The keel was like a huge fin. About 1853 or '54 Mr. Appleton began to build center-board boats. Then he altered his keel boats into center-boarders. The Witch, Senator, Skinner and Owl were of this class.

In those early days all the oysters were collected by small rowboats. Old Mr. Smith could have been seen every morning, quietly sculling his boat down the river, and towards evening he would scull back, going down to "Longbed," just below Field's Point. In those days Stargot Island was not so much of a place. There were a few trees, a rude wharf and a small building. The name of this island is said to be a corruption of the words *starve goat;* that is, the island was so poor that it would not even keep a goat; he would starve there. *Starve goat* became "Stargot."

Prior to the war, and for some years after, there were no steamers, as now, carrying freight. All the freightage was by sailing vessels. In the fifties Providence gradually became a great coal port; at times the river would be full of schooners. Then gradually the schooners became larger. One of 250 tons came. It was a curiosity; many went to see it, and it was town talk. That was before the time of the three-master. A 250-ton schooner was considered immense; to-day it would be small. Now they have three, four, five, and even seven masters, carrying thousands of tons. The coal market of Providence has grown, but there are comparatively few sailing vessels in the business, and every year they get less and less, the transporting of coal now being mostly by barges that are towed around Point Judith from New York. Even in New York city the barge has so encroached upon the sailing vessel that few such vessels are to be seen. The steamer and the barge have driven the sailing vessel out of business.

Rhode Island has coal mines, but the coal from them is not even in the market. In regard to the Rhode Island coal, a wag, some years ago, said that "in the last day a Rhode Island coal

mine would be the safest place on which to stand." Perhaps some day some worthy use may be discovered for the much abused Rhode Island coal. I have seen a fine fire of it; it needs a good draught, and to be broken up into fine pieces, say nut size; it makes a very hot fire.

When they first began to transport coal by barges a man invented a patented barge. It had large hatchways; the coal did not go way down to the bottom of the hold. About half way down into the hold, the sides of the high bin that held the coal were slanting, and converged towards the hatches. The buckets were let down into these hatches. By gravitation they were filled. This patent coal barge did not seem to have been a success, for I never saw a second one there, and this one only once. There was too much loss of room.

Rhode Island has always taken a deal of interest in military affairs. The old Washington Light Infantry and the Marine Artillery in their day were noted military organizations. In religion, from the time of Roger Williams to the present, Rhode Island has been free. Rhode Island was the pioneer in soul-liberty, and Roger Williams was the pioneer of this liberty. But while the people of Rhode Island were jealous of their religious liberty, they were enthusiastic in their State liberty. The right of franchise was based upon a real estate qualification. None could vote unless they owned real estate. This led to much contention, and finally to the Dorr War. The people of Rhode Island were divided into two parties—the Algrines and the Dorrites. The Dorrites were not all low people, for many of the first citizens of the State had come into that party and bravely fought for a more enlightened franchise. One of the tyrant tricks of the world is to set up some misguiding obstacle, keeping the knowledge of it from the public; that is, keeping them in the dark as to its true nature, then openly pointing the finger at it, asking the people if they want such a thing. This was done in the Dorr War. Roughs from New York city were imported ostensibly to strengthen the Dorr party; they were pointed at, and the question asked, "Do you want to be domineered over by such men?" Of course not. The innocent and good were humbled. At heart they were for the wise acts of the Dorr party, but they could not stand the imported roughs, so the grand principles that governed the Dorr party were delayed. But it was sure to come, and those

who opposed it were the real losers. The people of Rhode Island are brave as well as free, so the State liberty in due time was sure to stand on the same high platform as the religious liberty established by Roger Williams.

Up to the time of the war Slate Rock was intact. The rock and its surroundings had not materially changed since the days of Roger Williams. But during the war a great change was made. A cut was made in the bank, and tons of refuse were deposited at the top of the bank. The result was that in a year or two the rock was almost buried, and the locality considerably changed. It was a vandal trick ; cunning prompted it. Slate Rock was an eyesore to certain parties. Later the rock was blasted. An old poem says "from out of evil thou derivest good." The rock was by these knaves blown into pieces. Thereby they thought to destroy it forever. But the higher power did not propose to have it that way. Pieces of Slate Rock have been sent over the world—the rock of liberty. I have sent some of it; pieces of it have been deposited in other States. So those cunning knaves who thought to destroy Slate Rock accomplished something of which they did not dream. The rock will be honored long years after they and their dastardly work are forgotten.

When Henry B. Anthony was at the head of the Providence Journal we frequently in the Journal saw much that referred to Roger Williams and soul-liberty. But since his day no refrence is made to these things. It is late in coming, but there is a movement on foot to honor the river and the land about Slate Rock. What a grand thing it would be to have a drive along the eastern and western shores of this historic river—a drive over the bridge and along the shores! As Slate Rock is now below the road, have a bridge over it, so as to preserve the rock and to ever keep it in sight. If any other State of the Union had such an holy ground it would have been honored. It is not too late. Better late than never. The holy ground is here; let us honor it as it should be.* Take the pieces of the rock and manufacture them into keepsakes. They will be appreciated by people within the State ; indeed outside of the United States as well as within the Providence Plantations.

The Tockwotton House, which in later years was the Reform School, was built when the railroad from Boston came in at Indian Point. It was thought to be a fine situation for a hotel, but, like

* Now, 1906, there is a monument over the historic rock.

the old Vieu de l'Eau House, on Boydon Heights, it was not a success. In those days the Boston road terminated at Indian Point, and the Stonington road on the west side of Providence River. The old road is still in existence. The station was where Hill's Wharf is. A ferry boat, like the ferry boats in New York, connected the two ends. The old passenger station is still in existence, and is owned and used by the Union Oil Company as a storehouse. Where the old Tockwotton House stood is now a park. Another small park was made at the foot of Benefit street, on the ground known as Corky Hill, which, even up to 1870 or more, was occupied by Irish squatters. This point of the town was the Irish center, yet their largest church, the Cathedral, was over on the west side. So they had long walks to and from their church. In those days beyond East street was "over back." Here the boys used to go to play and fly kites. It was great kite grounds. Arnold street was the favorite street on which to slide; the grade was just right. But the street cars running on Brook street, which crosses Arnold, put a stop to the sliding.

In the summer of 1849 there was a grand funeral. General John R. Vinton had been killed in Mexico. After the close of the war his body was sent to Providence for burial. It was a grand funeral. Like most of the boys, I marched all the way to Swan Point, near the band; for the rest of the day I had a terrible pain and soreness in my right side, in the region of the liver. It was the second grand funeral that I had seen. The first was in New York city, in 1845, when they had a grand Jackson funeral. It was the most unique and solemn funeral I ever saw. With the funeral procession were a number of two-wheeled drays, such as were then common in New York. These drays were decorated with evergreens, and on each dray was a large bell. As the drays passed over the pavement these bells would toll. It was grand—I have never heard of anything like it before or since. The old cobblestones with which the streets used to be paved would make a fine road for such a purpose. They would impart the motion that would toll the bell.

George W. Guild, the Mexican war veteran, is a man whom we should not neglect. When Mr. Guild returned (1849) from the Mexican war he opened a small store on Sheldon street, not far from Benefit. In his store he had a little glass case of small curios that he had brought from Mexico. Later he became in-

terested in real estate. He bought a few acres at the place now called Auburn. Here he erected a small building, put up his sign, and named the place "Guildville." He had the land laid out in small house lots; price five dollars a lot. While Auburn is a good name, it is very common. "Guildville" would have been a good name and not common.

In the forties the great gambler of Providence was Charles Lawrence. In the seventies he was still alive, and carrying on his business. He was a plain, gentlemanly man. Seeing him on the street you would little dream of his profession. Somewhere about 1840 Amos Jenckes received a check from John Carter Brown for $600. It was given to him late Saturday afternoon; Sunday or early Monday morning he was going away. He knew Charley Lawrence, as he called him. Mr. Lawrence cashed the check. When it was presented to the bank with the endorsement of Charles Lawrence, Mr. Brown thought that Amos had been gambling and had lost his money. For a long time he believed this, and was angry with his cousin Amos.

At the old station, between trains, the hackmen used to get together and "Pat Juba." During the war the one who was most prominent in this became interested in the enlistment business. There was an enlistment place on Weybossett street, opposite the Post Office. This man took up his stand near the door, and when young men came along who wanted to enlist he would direct them to another place around the corner of the Post Office. The men in the first office, not getting any recruits, came down on the street to see what was the matter. They discovered this man at his work and ordered him away. His reply was about as impudent as anything I ever heard. "I've been here for some time past, and I will be here for some time to come."

Mr. Albert G. Green, the author of "Old Grimes," I became acquainted with; he was a genial old gentleman, serious in looks; one would little dream that there was any humor in him. He had an immense library; his house was full, even to the front hall; rude shelves were put up there, and they were all full. When he died his library, like all other libraries, went to the auction room, and sold for a small sum. As a rule, it does not pay to accumulate a large library. Horace Greeley was sensible in this. All a man wanted, he said, was a Bible, a compendium, encyclopedia, glossary, and a good atlas. The rest he could get in the libraries.

Down town, in the old Third Ward, lived Mr. Underwood, house painter. The old gentleman got along financially very well. He was made a director in the Old Merchants' Insurance, or home insurance company, whose office was in the Whatcheer Building. The old gentleman dressed himself up fine. I did not know he could dress so fine. For a number of months he went daily to the office and with the others sat there with his feet upon the window sill. After some months of this the first thing we knew he was back to his old paint shop, with his overalls as of old. He looked natural. He had had enough of the insurance office. The remainder of his days he spent in the old paint shop.

In the early days, up to the forties, at least, the rough part of the town was Olney's Lane. Here were gathered people from all parts of the world—black and white. It had a bad reputation.

There was a queer old negro character who for many years had rooms in the old Franklin House—Charles Green. He was a caterer and general waiter. But as he advanced in years his business departed. He had a large assortment of crockery—some very fine; later he moved into an upper room in the back building of the Whatcheer.

In this day—1850 and later—Benjamin Appleton's boat shop was a center for a very nice class of young men. In the day time they would come to hire boats; in the evening to loiter about the wharf, tell stories, &c. Charley Abbot was a great boatman; Dick Jackson was a scholarly young man, familiar with literature—a good swimmer and first class skater. There was Henry Spooner and Henry Appleton *et al.* Among the common wharf class were Dick Chaple, Ira Penal, Mose Smith, *et al.* Ira Penal went to sea, and when he came back it was said he could not sleep. So his mother would go out in the yard and dash pans full of water up against his window. This was a yarn they told on Ira. Of course, his friends did not believe it.

One of the strangest things that ever occurred was the singing of martial songs two years at least before the war. I do not remember all, but I remember a part of one of those songs:

> "We're marching along, we're marching along,
> The conflict is raging, it will be fearful and long;
> Then gird on your armor, and be marching along.

We've enlisted for life, we'll camp on the field,
Jehovah's our captain, we never shall yield.
The Sword and the Spirit will be trusty and strong;
Then gird on your armor, and go marching along."

This was even before the campaign that led to the election of Lincoln.

The old grammar schools were grand institutions. Mr. Amos Perry taught in the Sixth Ward, and a Mr. A. W. Godding in the old Third Ward. There was rivalry between the two schools as to which should have the better attendance. In the Sixth Ward they were exceedingly sharp. If a boy was to be absent for only a day, he would take his books and leave school. Therefore he was not absent. It was not long before the Third Ward boys heard of it, but the teacher never seemed to understand it; if he did, he kept it to himself, and did not refer to it. I was the first and only boy who tried the Sixth Ward plan in the old Arnold street school. It was in 1853. I was going to New York to see the World's Fair. According to the Sixth Ward plan, I took my books and left school. I was gone two weeks. When I returned Mr. Godding would not let me re-enter. I was kept out of school a week, and had to go to the Superintendent, then Mr. Green, for readmission. I told him the whole story. He said nothing, simply giving me a permit to re-enter school. When I missed in spelling the teacher would say, "That's New York spelling;" when I missed in grammar, he would say, "That's New York grammar." In those days the children were taught to write compositions, and one child read the other's composition before the school. John Spooner, a boy of ample confidence and loud voice, read mine. My title was, "My Visit to New York." And I did not stop with the New York visit, but told of the going, the returning, and of the teacher's treatment. It was all innocently done, but it had its effect. When John Spooner got along to the spelling and grammar he voiced it well. The teacher became red in the face; the school knew not what to think of it. The teacher said to John, "Stop, and take your seat." That ended the spelling and grammar.

The front yard of the school was a barren gravel enclosure. Mr. Godding suggested to the scholars to form there a flower garden. On Saturday he came and worked and superintended; the girls brought flowers and seeds, the boys came with spades

and shovels and such tools as they could find about their houses. The result was a pretty front yard.

Mayor Rodman, as is well known, late in life studied for the Episcopal ministry, and was made a minister. He had a grand voice—the grandest I ever heard; it was like the deep, rich tones of the organ. Mr. Rodman was to preach out at Pawtucket. He went into Aaron Town's barber shop to get shaved. He had a boil coming on his nose. After being shaved he went to the glass and surveyed himself, taking a good look at the nose. Putting his finger up to that organ he said, in his grand voice and style: "Mr. Town, do you think that this boil on my nose will interfere with my parochial duties to-morrow?" Old Truman Beckwith was there. He at once said: "Not half as much as your don't knows."

Some time late in the forties the gas works were established in Providence. Mr. Barnard O'Neal was the superintendent—"Barney O'Neal," he was familiarly called. Barney was a character—a gentleman, dressed as for a party, or grand ball, every day. In the summer, wearing white duck pants and vest, with dark coat and light beaver hat, Barney would drive around in his buggy to see how the men were doing their work, and would try, by kind words, to direct them. Sometimes they would not understand, so down he would jump into the trench, and do it himself; his clothes he did not think of. After putting things to rights he would get into his carriage, drive home, and very soon was out again, with a clean suit. Barney O'Neal was a kind man. To my knowledge he made at least three men, and prominent they were, and are to-day, such as are alive. He took Mr. James H. Armington into the gas works, and gave him practical instruction in manufacturing gas. When he retired, in a few years, Mr. Armington took his place; later went to Brooklyn, where he was superintendent of larger gas works. He did the same to Mr. Samuel G. Stiness, and Mr. Stiness went out to Pawtucket and became head of the gas works there. Later he did the same for Mr. Andrew Hutchinson, who became his successor in the Providence Gas Works. And Mr. James Hutchinson, the father of Andrew, he put into the office at the works. Barney O'Neal, as he was familiarly called, was a kind and able man.

The early carpenter shop was quite unlike the carpenter shop

of to-day. Then, prior to 1860, all the work had to be done by hand. Gradually machinery was introduced. One of the great firms was at the north end, Moulton & Ingraham. While I knew both men, I was very intimate with Mr. Ingraham. He often came into Mr. Morse's architect office to bid for work. He was a fine mechanic, and understood construction. What I know of construction I got from him. The large firm on Benefit street, opposite the old John Carter Brown house, was Sweet & Carpenter. Mr. Sweet was a tall, slender man, while Mr. Carpenter was very short and thickset. For years this firm had the cream of the work in Providence. Then there was Messrs. Peabody & Wilbour. Some of the old masons were Dunfree, Barney & Millard. When Mr. Albert G. Angell was building his house on North Benefit street he was very familiar with the workmen. He wanted to know all about every part of the house. If he was this way about his work, it is not surprising that he succeeded. He was thorough.

In the fifties there was a peculiar murder—old Mr. Pulling, father of the man who for many years was on the detective force of Providence. Old Mr. Pulling was a watchman—they did not have policemen in those days. Mr. Pulling was on duty on the west side, somewhere near Union and Broad. He was hit on the head with some heavy stick. Who the villain was or what prompted the act was never known. Mr. Pulling was a worthy man and faithful watchman.

During the war the street car lines were established. Prior to that there were omnibuses that ran from the corner of Hope street to Olneyville.

Cotton and molasses then came to Providence by vessels. The cotton was stored in large storehouses. Dishonest persons would go down to the wharf where the cotton was being unloaded and steal what they could. When a load of molasses came in, after the hogheads were out on the wharf the bungs were opened so as to allow the molasses to flow out without damage to the barrel. After school the boys would go down to the wharf, get a short stick, and "lab lasses." This was very inviting to the boys. In those days Providence had a large foreign trade, and many were the foreign ships in the harbor. They brought mostly coal and scrap iron for the rolling mill, where railroad iron, iron wire and nails were made. The rolling mill chimney was a landmark.

It was said to be 125 feet high. Many years ago the old rolling mill shut down; the business was transfered to Swansea on the Taunton River.

Next to the rolling mill, east, was the Jenkins & Dyer distilleries, where rum was made from cheap sour molasses from the West Indies.

All the shoemakers—cobblers—whom I have met have been remarkable men, and very intelligent. Mr. White and Mr. Stayner both repaired boots and shoes for Mr. Brickly, who kept a shoe store on the corner of South Main and Transit streets. Mr. White was a large and austere man—very dignified; a zealous Christian—a man with no humor Mr. Stayner was the opposite of Mr. White in about everything. He was small man; full of wit and humor; intelligent; and more of a scholar than Mr. White. Very soon he left Mr. Brickly and on Wickenden street opened a cobbler shop for himself. His shop was a center for the free spirits. When the Rochester knockings came Mr. Stayner was the first man in Providence to take up the work of the Fox family.

In 1850 the Propeller Line was opened, with the small propeller Osceola. The company bought and built other boats. Besides carrying freight, they carried passengers. In order to be in New York early in the morning these boats had to leave Providence at noon. Now the huge steamers of the Providence line wait until eight P. M., or later, and get into New York by five or six o'clock. Benjamin Buffam was the agent for the old Propeller Line. He was a very fat man, but this did not interfere with his activity. He was an able man. The line prospered.

Down at Indian Point, on the East Providence side, was a large railroad building. Here was stored the first cars that ran on the Boston and Providence road. They were like the English style. Somewhere about 1854 to 1870 this building got afire, and the building and these old cars were destroyed. The old locomotives were small; and the trains were small. In the fifties, on the Stonington road, there was a morning and a night train, and the steamboat line. The road so prospered that they decided to attach a passenger car to the freight train that left Providence for Stonington at half-past one P. M. This was called the huckleberry train, I suppose because of the long stops,

when the passengers would have time to get off and pick huckleberries.

In the 1856 (Fremont's) campaign there was excellent speaking. Most of it was on the floor of the old station, after the trains had gone out for the night.

We all, in those days, remember Moses Toby as he rode about the city in his low buggy and Quaker coat. He was the agent of the old Jenkins estate. Mrs. Jenkins, it is said, picked him up on a road, down in Maine, brought him to Providence, gave him a good Quaker schooling, then made him manager of her estate. But he was a poor manager. Instead of the estate prospering, it gradually became reduced. He might have been a good man, but not a good business man. Seth Adams was quite another style of man—plain, businesslike, and withal a kind man. He was the first to build an elevator in Providence. Corn then all came by schooners. In the winter, when the pigeons could not get much to eat, Mr. Adams would feed them with his corn. In 1857 came the financial crash, when so many went down with the house of Sprague. Mr. William Sprague had been the Governor, and later was United States Senator. Some twenty years prior to this they had a crisis. Old Mr. Waterman went into the Exchange Bank and tried to get a note discounted. When going up the stairs there was no one there; and when he came down an old man had come into the entrance to tie up his shoe. Mr. Waterman was wrathy; he gave the man a kick. "Damn you, get out of here! You've been here all the forenoon!" The old man was astonished, and got out as soon as possible.

Every winter there were two courses of lectures—the Mechanics and the Lyceum; they were good institutions for the times, and I think they might still do good. The lecturers were of great variety; some dignified like Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and Frederick Douglas; then there were the light and humorous kind, such as John B. Gough and others.

The cove in those days was a circle of water, but in a few years it became filled with the earth brought down by the river. At low tide it was half mud. In the winter, at low tide, the wild ducks came in flocks and fed upon what they could there find. They knew that they were there protected. It was a novel sight, and you could go within a few yards of them.

The old brig New England for many years was familiar to the citizens of Providence. She made regular voyages to Matanzas, Cuba, taking freight and passengers. It is said of some of the down East vessels that when they went to Cuba all the way they dropped laths, leaving them in the water, so they could find their way back. This is a sea yarn.

The sewing machine in the early fifties came to the front. Mr. Gibbs, a Virginia carpenter, was the inventor of the Wilcox & Gibbs sewing machine. Mr. Wilcox furnished the capital, and Mr. Gibbs the invention. He came to Providence and got Brown & Sharp to build the machine. Owing to the fine work of Brown & Sharp was evidently due the success of this machine. It holds its own to this day—the only successful single-thread machine in the market. The inventor is dead. When Mr. Joseph Brown thought of starting out into a larger field he invited his head watchmaker, Mr. Wheeler Blanding, to join him. But Mr. Blanding was conservative, and declined. So Mr. Brown proposed to Mr. Sharp, his bookkeeper, and this was a wise selection. Mr. Sharp was a good business man, while Mr. Brown was master of the mechanical part. They made a good company. About this time blotting paper came into use. We shall never forget the opposition to these things, the sewing machine in particular. It was going to be the ruin of poor women. These men were all wrong. The sewing machine has been a blessing. With blotting paper it was not serious, but many arguments, and there was not much opposition to it. "Give us the old SAND BOX!" was the cry. "It is good enough for us." But the sand box has gone, and the blotting paper has the day. Things not more foolish have been taken into politics.

About 1854 the jewelry business was very active in Providence. Young men left school to go into the jewelry shop to learn the trade. Charles Rhodes, or "Bub" Rhodes, as he was called, was one. In those days almost every boy had a nickname. One was "Tappy Mason;" "Fatty Kelley"—why Kelley was called "Fatty" was out of harmony with his build, for he was about as slim a boy as there was in Providence. One boy was called "Monkey." He resembled one. So most of the boys had a nickname.

The streets of Providence are the poorest laid out of any city in the land. When a new section is to be taken in, instead of

making it conform to the adjacent land, it is laid out independently. Beyond Hope street, in the fifties, was common. At the head of Transit street a man built a house facing the middle of Transit street—and he was allowed to do it. In no other city would he have been allowed to do this. When they decided to extend Arnold street, and the streets beyond, they were all jumped. All over the city of Providence it is the same. Poor judgment, making irregular squares and corners. It is now too late to remedy this. It never should have been allowed.

Fred. Roscoe was the bookkeeper of the rolling mill. He was English by birth, though having an American father. Being born abroad, little was known of his birth and family. He was a man of dry wit. He took pleasure at night in going up to the station, and in relieving the ticket man. One night a burly, important fellow came in. "What time does your railroad get in?" "Five minutes after the depot leaves," said Roscoe. The man left in disgust.

In those days all the tropical fruits we had came to Providence in small schooners from the West Indies. Bananas sold at retail for ten cents apiece. The same bananas to-day sell for ten cents a dozen; and smaller ones for five cents.

The old-time people had their drinks, as well as the people of to-day. Lager beer was not known. The first lager beer place opened in Providence was in 1856, on South Main street, west side, just below Balche's apothecary shop, now Claflin's. The second place was over on Pine street, on the corner of Dorrance. Both of those shanties are still standing, or were last year (1904). The other drinks were New England rum, gin and brandy. What they call brandy to-day is no more like the brandy of old than gin is like it—it is like whiskey. I have seen the brandy from California. It is all the same; called brandy, but tastes like whiskey. Cherry rum was a great drink in those days. It was made by letting rum stand for a month or two on wild cherries. It made a very pleasant drink, and was good for summer complaints. About 1856 the Maine liquor law came in force, and all sorts of contrivances were on foot to circumvent it. To-day we think the Tillman (South Carolina) plan original, but in 1856, or thereabouts, we had the same thing. The city had its dispensaries and sold liquor. Another dodge was to have gin put up and labeled "Schneidam Schnapps." The Maine liquor

law, wherever tried, results in hypocrisy. Men who like liquor will have it, and they are wiser, that is, more subtle, than the children of light. So there is no better way than a moderate license, with the shops as open as any other shops.

The last ox team was that of Silas Talbot's. Up to the time of the war, about, he drove his oxen through the streets of Providence. Mischievous men and boys would play all manner of tricks with his oxen. When he would go into old Sam Guild's to get a drink, they would start his oxen up the street. When Talbot came out his oxen were either out of sight or a number of blocks up the street. Mr. Talbot was a gentleman. He minded his own business and never interfered with others—and was never seen under the influence of liquor. The most of his work was the carting of dirt and ashes, though sometimes he carted small goods. The delivery system, so common now, was not then known. If you wanted anything at the store, you took your basket and went for it. Paper bags were not then known. To encourage trade, the grocers and provision men gradually introduced the system of delivering goods. In the fifties the "Union Store" was introduced. Those who dealt at these stores were silent partners, and got their goods for a slight per cent off. This system does not seem to be very flourishing to-day.

Before the war, in 1860, there was a most exciting State campaign for Governor. Seth Paddleford was the regular Republican candidate; Sprague was the Union candidate, *i. e.*, a union between the Democrats and Independents. Van Zant was employed on the Sprague side, and he was a man of influence. No finer stump speaker ever lived than Van Zant. During national elections he was always in demand in the larger States, like New York. He was humorous without being low; powerful voice; good presence, ready to take advantage of existing circumstances. Van Zant was a grand man. He should have been sent to Congress. Had he been, and were he from some large State, he would have been Speaker. He was Speaker of the Rhode Island House of Representatives. He was a fine presiding officer. Paddleford was beaten. Colonel Wright was a power in those days. He was Sprague's right-hand man. Later, however, Mr. Paddleford became Governor. After his defeat he went to Europe, visiting France. The Frenchmen gave a new sound to his name. He was no longer Mr. *Paddleford*, but

Mr. Pad-del-ford. It pleased Mr. Paddleford. After he returned, and it was generally known that the Frenchmen had given such a beautiful sound to his name, it was an insult to call him by the old sound.

The Arcade, built in 1828, was a great and wonderful structure for its day; and to-day it holds its own, there being nothing like it elsewhere in the country. It is unique. If a Wanamaker or a Shepard should take the whole building and make it into a department store, what a bazaar it would make! There was much opposition to the department store. It killed out many a small store; but it never seems to have occurred to men to introduce it into politics, as they have the trusts. Yet the application of it is the same general principle. Man first opened a store by himself; then he took a partner; then extended his business to other places, formed a company; and this is all what the trust is. The name is not appropriate. It should be known by what it is—a large stock company, unrestricted in territory.

The name Weybossett is always spelled with one t; yet I think it better to have two t's, to be in harmony with Massachusetts, Narragansett, &c.

There were two prominent men in Providence in the fifties and earlier and later—Otis Mason and Amos Perry. Otis Mason began business, when he was young, as a cobbler; then got to keeping a shoe store. He was thrifty, had few wants, saved money, got enough to live on, then retired and devoted his life to study. He was a man of scientific attainments, and was by the State appointed to examine into and report upon the geological formation of the State. He lived to a good old age—near 80, I believe. Mr. Perry began life as a country boy. Being a man of fine mental development, the country life was not to his liking—he had aspirations for something high. He went to school; taught school; went to college; graduated; became one of the teachers of Providence. Then, later, through Senator Anthony, he obtained the position of consul at Tunis. On his return he wrote a fine book on Tunis, old Carthage, &c. He then retired, and accepted the position of Secretary of the Rhode Island Historical Society, which position he held up to the time of his death. Thomas Ives was prominent in those days before the war. He took great interest in yachting. He had a famous boat, the Ceres, built by Mr. Appleton; later he had this en-

larged and made into a fine yacht—fine for those days—a sloop about forty feet long. That was the average size of the yachts of that day. Mr. Ives was a member of the New York Yacht Club. When we see the size and character of the yacht of to-day it is amusing to think of what in the fifties was called a yacht. About the beginning of the war Mr. Ives had a new yacht built—a schooner. This he offered to the Government. He received an official rank in the Navy, and, with his schooner, was on duty along the lower Potomac. He was familiarly called Tom Ives. He was a fine man, retiring, with a look and complexion much like Napoleon. He did not specially resemble Napoleon, but the complexion was the most prominent feature of resemblance.

The fruits of Rhode Island, particularly its apples, of late years have deteriorated. The Rhode Island Greening was a favorite apple. In the Western States they raise a finer Greening than in Rhode Island. Then there is the Yellow Sweeten, the finest apple that ever grew. It is a fine eating apple from early fall until spring. It is also a fine winter apple, and good for all sorts of cooking. I wish that more attention was paid to the Yellow Sweeten.

As we know, the Hazards have been prominent in Rhode Island. There were a number of families. Roland G. Hazard of Peacedale was the most prominent. He established his woolen works at Peacedale and built up a fine business. He was also a man of fine scientific attainments, the author of a fine work on physics. Then there was the genial Ned, as everybody called him, a gentleman of the old school, a prominent lawyer. I think I have the last letter of importance that he wrote. One day when I was visiting Wakefield, and riding by, I saw him sitting on his veranda. I went home and wrote "The Old Man on the Veranda." It was published in the Narragansett Times. It so pleased Mr. Ned Hazard that he wrote me a nice, long letter, and seemed very happy over the thought that he had thus been noticed. Roland Hazard, the son of Roland G., was very prominent, especially in the South County. He succeeded his father as the head of the Hazard works at Peacedale. For about thirteen years he was the President of the South County Fair Association. His yearly presidential address was a model; few, if any, to equal it in the country. Without attempting to teach the farmers anything about farming, he was an instructor, a leader of high order.

He died comparatively young, I think under sixty. South County will ever remember him with pleasure. He was a good and able man.

Contemporaneous with the Hazards and Potters was Nathan F. Dixon. One year, when I was down to South Kingston, I visited the court house. There was a case before the court, involving a boundary line, and Beaver Dam was the central point of interest. Elisha Potter and Mr. Dixon were for the plaintiff. It was easy to see that the plaintiff side had no case. But the lawyer must say something, so Mr. Dixon arose and addressed the jury. He rung all the changes possible on "Beaver Dam," until the old court house rang with "Beaver Dam!" "Beaver Dam!" So it has occurred to me to call such an argument (an argument with nothing in it but noise) the "Beaver Dam argument."

Providence was well represented in the artists, and I knew them all. There was James M. Lewen, who lived in the old Third Ward, now the Second Ward. Lewen was a most delicate handler of color. He removed to Boston, dying quite early. Providence never produced a better artist. Tom Robinson was one of the galaxy. Tom was poor, but he attracted the attention of some rich people, and they sent him to Europe. He paid his way by copying pictures in the French galleries. His forte was cattle. There was Mark Waterman, the only peer of Lewen. He, too, went to Boston, and is still living, I believe. He is remarkably fine in color. John Arnold, as all know, has devoted his life to portraits; yet I once saw a small landscape by him that was fine, particularly the color. Fred. Batchelor was one, too. His forte was animals, particularly small dogs. Leavitt, who has recently died, was the most successful of all. He was a good draughtsman; knew how to handle color; was a most industrious man and artist. He began by painting still life, mostly ducks Then he introduced ornamental ware—bowls, jars, &c.; later he painted mostly flowers—roses, currants, &c., occasionally painting a few odd things, such as fish, portraits and small landscapes. Mr. Bannester came in a little later. He was a colored gentleman from the West Indies. He painted fine landscapes, and some historical figure subjects. His sale was mostly in Boston. He was originally in Boston; later came to Providence. Then there was another unique, universal genius—Charles A. Shaw. Landscape was his best point, and he painted fine trees and foliage,

but he was bent on painting fruit. As a fruit painter he was not a success. Had he confined hinself to landscape he might have done well, but he would not. He would neglect the landscape for fruit. As a painter of fruit he was a failure. There were two other portrait painters, but I only knew of them as the world knew them, so know little about their work. Let others tell about them.

In the early days Providence had its shipyards. They called the vessels that they built ships. There were more sloops than anything else. The first shipyard was up Canal street, nearly abreast of St. John's Church. In the fifties the shipbuilding interest was revived. The yard was near Indian Point, about where the Norfolk steamers now land. Mostly schooners were built here. There was the Daniel W. Vaughn, the Wild Pigeon and the Wanderer. The Wanderer was particularly fast.

Where the steamers now come in, at Foxpoint, was a marine railway, run by Mr. Crandell. He was a great man for horses, and, from time to time, owned a number of very fine ones.

The fire engine department was one of the queerest things known to man. Up to about 1854 there was a volunteer system; then a regular pay system was introduced. The world never saw a more angry set of men than those volunteers when they were disbanded. They called it fun to get up of a winter night, mercury below zero, to run two or three miles to a fire; when the fire was out, and they got back to the engine house, they were served with crackers, cheese and hot coffee. Here the social part came, and was the charm of the fireman's life. Without his crackers, cheese and hot coffee the fire department would have furnished little pleasure for him. The Pioneer was an independent company. Every season some of the engines used to visit other cities, and the firemen from the other cities would visit Providence. At the fire there was much contention as to which machine could play the best stream. There were contentions between the companies often growing out of the stream. The Pioneer and the No. 4, which had its station on Transit street, were never friendly, and it took but little to bring about a row between them. The old Watchcheer was the old fogy company of the city. As it was near to me, I ran with it, sometimes carrying the torch for them. When the volunteer system was broken up the firemen met at the engine houses, held indignation

meetings, and they were very indignant. The steam fire engine came later. The great fire of Providence was the old Jenkins house, which stood where the Hoppin house now stands. Mrs. Jenkins, with her two daughters and son, lived in this house. It was a wooden structure, after the style of the John Carter Brown house on Benefit street. It was a very cold December night, mercury below zero. The citizens gathered. Mrs. Jenkins and one of the daughters were burned to death. Later, Mr. Thomas Hoppin, the artist, married Anna, the other daughter. Moses, the son, lived mostly abroad. He died early.

Mr. Thomas Hoppin was an unique character; America never produced his like. He was tall, thin, and always dressed in exquisite taste, wore a beaver hat, and carried a light cane. English style, he wore the monocle. He generally had a fine greyhound following. While an aristocrat, he was kind and polite to all. He married the richest woman in Providence. When such a couple comes together, it shows superior qualities in both. The rich, cultivated woman wants a cultivated man; money does not figure; she prefers the poor man with culture to the rich man that is wanting of it. Mr. Hoppin was familiarly called Lord Tom Hoppin. He died some years ago, and his widow married again.

On the posts of the old Herreschof house on Power street, recently purchased by Mr. Marsden Perry, are statues, or better, busts. They used to say that when these busts heard the clock strike the hour of 12, midnight, they would turn around. Many foolish people went up there nights to see these figures turn around.

In the days of the old volunteer system the firemen used to sing at the fires. It made their long hours and hard work seem short and light.

"I catched hold of the handle,
And give it such a pull,
That I could not stop pumping
Till I filled the biler full.

Captain on the quarter-deck,
Scratching on his head,
Fire away, my bully boys,
The yellow boat's ahead!

Chorus—Whoop, jamber reen,
Whoop, jamber reen.

Vinegar shoes and paper stockings,
Get up old horse."

Then there was Du da—

"I bound to run all night,
I bound to run all day,
I'll bet my money on the bob tail nag,
Who'll bet their money on the bay?

Camptown races, three miles long,
Du da, du da,
Camptown races, three miles long,
Du da, du da,
Du da day.
Boston Light Guards can't be beat,
Du da, du da,
As they come marching down the street,
Du da, du da,
Du da day.
Down with her boys, down with her,
No. Four is beating us—
Down with her."

Most all of the old fire engines had mottoes, such as "Veni, vidi, vici," from Cæsar: "I came, I saw, I conquered." In the old volunteer days there were a few machines known as the hydraulion type. They were very high, and had an upper and lower tier of working bars. They were powerful machines; did not throw a stream any further, but there was a greater supply of water.

And so the weary hours wore away, with no thought of the heat or cold. When the firemen wanted to run there was always some convenient old building on the outskirts that would, in some mysterious manner, get on fire. Then there was a run to see which machine would reach the fire first and get in the first stream. In those days they had no water service, but in convenient places the city established reservoirs. These were sometimes inadequate, when the fire was a large one. Then they would have to double up, one machine taking the water from the other—the water taken from some distant reservoir; when near the river the river water was used. The favorite pictures hung up in the engine-houses were various types of Mose, a New York Bowery gentle-

man. "Saxey, youse hold the butt, while I lam that fellow out of his boots."

In the early fifties the Bowen line of packet sloops was a favorite way to go from Providence to New York. These sloops were fast sailers; were fitted up with bunks for passengers. The American was the latest and fastest. She was painted black; the others, the William H. Bowen, the Thomas Hull, the Juno, and the rest of the line, were painted in fancy stripes, each stripe about six inches wide—red, white, blue and green. One Sunday afternoon I was down at Foxpoint Wharf. A good wholesale breeze from the south was blowing. Along came the Thomas Hull, Thomas Hull, captain. She went by under full sail, carrying a large bone in her mouth. He swung his hat, and cried: "Only twenty-four hours from New York!" It was good sailing and few vessels could beat it to-day; seldom the wind would be so favorable.

About this time there was a fearful storm off the coast. Captain Desbrew was captain of a Providence schooner, He sailed from the Delaware Breakwater with a load of flour. The other captains, seeing the storm, remained at anchor, but Captain Desbrew went on out to sea. Nothing was ever seen of him, his crew or his vessel after that. Some barrelheads were picked up that were supposed to have come from his vessel.

Reuben Guild, the librarian of Brown, was a fine man, kind and gentle to all—a man who was exceedingly accommodating. When I first went to Mr. A. C. Morse, the architect, he had a very good library, but when he saw that I was making good use of it, it gradually disappeared, he taking the books to his house. In this dilemma I spoke of the matter to Mr. Guild. "Come up to the library and get what books you want." I availed myself of his kind offer.

Professor Gammell, of Brown, was the President of the Rhode Island Historical Society. Professor Gammell was a severe looking man, but when you met him at the Society he was most genial and polite. Mr. Beckwith, who was hard of hearing, objecte to members coming in late. The noise from their shoes prevented him from hearing. He complained, and requested that they be required to take their seats near the door, and not disturb the meeting. Professor Gammell, in his quiet, cultured way, said: "As a Rhode Islander, I should hardly want to assert

such authority." Then, turning to Mr. Beckwith, he said, in most kindly of tones: "Mr. Beckwith, if you cannot hear we shall be happy to have you move up to the front." And yet this man was looked upon as a cold aristocrat. Would that there were more such aristocrats. Professor Gammell knew how to be a gentleman.

The old Mansion house, on Benefit street, nearly opposite the old State House, was a building with a history. When the Assembly was in session some of the members and prominent judges and lawyers of Providence put up there. In those days it had a fine porch in front, which added much to its dignity. To-day it is shorn of this porch, and looks quite tame. A grand porch, with stately columns, adds much to the dignity of a building.

In the fifties a large and new file factory was established. Mr. Nickerson was a mechanic, and worked at Brown & Sharp's. He left their employ and opened a small place for the manufacture of files. A company was then formed, and he was made the superintendent. The works prospered.

The old Court House on Benefit street later became the State House. The original building was of a good and stately design. When they converted it into the State House it was much enlarged and its design spoiled. Instead of giving it to a first-class architect, as was Mr. A. C. Morse, they went to one of those successful house carpenters, who thought he knew all about architecture as well as housebuilding. He simply made a botch of the design.

People who have not been away from Providence have no idea of the peculiar Northern black man. These black people of Providence from colonial times have associated with white people. They are as unlike the black man of the South as an American is unlike a Turk. They have the ways of the white man. There is with them no "down dar," no dropping of the "r." Some years ago I heard a young man singing:

> "I have a house in Baltimore,
> Horse cars go right by the door,
> Brussels carpet on the floor."

"Look here," I said, "you were never down South. They don't sing this song that way, down there. They sing it this way:

'I have a house in Baltimo'
Horse cars go right by de do',
Brussels carpet on de flo'.'

"That is *nigger*." And, strange to say, the poor white trash of the South, and even the most of the better class of whites, talk just like the plantation negro. In 1856, Bully Brooks, in the United States Senate, struck down Charles Sumner. All over the North indignation meetings were held. We, the scholars of the Providence High School, too, held our indignation meeting. Mr. Crosby, the teacher, presided. The house was full. The first speaker called was William King. He went to the platform. "Mr. President, this is a most momentous occasion——" He became confused. "Mr. President, this is a most momentous occasion——" Stops. Again: "Mr. President, this is a most momentous occasion——" Stops. Repeats: "Mr. President, this is a most momentous occasion." The teacher then said: "William, you may sit down." The next speaker was Stephen Essex. He could not have been more than sixteen then, yet he went to the platform and delivered as fine an address as the most gifted man could have done. In those days there was great promise in Stephen Essex, but liquor got the best of him, and as he grew in years, instead of improving, he deteriorated. He always had the fine voice and address of the orator, but he lacked in something to say. He had not applied himself; had he read, as he should have done, he would have been a most successful lawyer. He opened a law office, but, neglecting it for drink, secured no practice of value. One day I was in his office. A repulsive low woman came in. They retired to a small cubby-hole, about four feet square. When she went out I heard her ask him, "How much?" His reply was, "One dollar." I said to myself, "If you had been true to yourself you would now be demanding fees of a thousand dollars instead of one dollar."

Essex is now dead. What a lesson is his life for the young man! In the southern part of the State there was another man with a similar experience, Elisha Clark, though he did better than Essex. He secured a fine practice; was William Sprague's attorney. When the farmers of the South County got in trouble it was, "Hitch up, and see who will reach Elisha Clark first." But liquor got the best of Elisha, and he succumbed to the monster rum. What a theme for the temperance orator! Both of these men were highly gifted, and one, Essex, was a fine orator.

The fifties were remarkable for the events that took place around Providence. Daniel Sickels was a first-class inventor. He invented the cut-off. Thurston & Green, then the style of the firm that is now the Providence Steam Engine Company, bought the Sickels patent. George H. Corliss invented a cut-off, too. It was simply an infringement upon the Sickels invention. In the name of Sickels the Providence Engine Company sued Mr. Corliss. He employed the first lawyer of the country, William H. Seward, and won; Mr. Sickels was left out in the cold. So it has been with many an invention. The man whose name goes with the invention oftentimes is not the inventor. Many a man, who would not steal your purse, will, without conscience, steal your invention. It is no wonder that poor inventors hang about the Patent Office and get the credit of being insane on this point.

The passing generation well remember the old ferries—the one at the foot of Janes street, and the other at Hill's Wharf. The boats were double enders, and some twenty feet long; seats all around. The ferryman stood up, about one-third way from the bow, and crossed and pushed the oars. These boats, morning and night, when the crowds were the greatest, would go loaded to within two or three inches of the water's edge. The fare was two cents. The ferrymen were Dotey and Croty. What their last names, or their true names, were I know not. These were evidently nicknames.

A unique and wonderful woman was Miss Elizabeth Bowen. In her younger days she was one of the F. F.'s of Providence. Her people owned the old Jenkins house, and there she lived. She had a brother, Henry. He ran through with the property, and in her declining years she was left destitute. In the fall of 1849 Mr. Samuel Douglas, the father of the present Chief Justice, was then chaplain of the State Prison and superintendent of the town charities. He put Miss Bowen to board with Mrs. J. U. Noyes, then 344 Benefit street. Miss Bowen was tall and very thin, dressed always in black, with small white dots. For six years she never went out of the house, with the exception of going into the back yard. She was a remarkable woman. She was an intense Whig, and could talk "protection" with any one. She wore a white turban, like a Turk. In religion she was an Episcopalian. She lived to be about seventy-six.

We of those days remember old Zachariah Taylor, with his ruffle shirts.

In those days Mr. Burgess, who afterwards became Mayor, was on a lark. Very early one morning, before sun-up, he was discovered under the porch of the First Baptist Church, singing:

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies,
> I'll bid farewell to pork and beans
> And live on pigeon pies,
> And live on pigeon pies.
> I'll bid farewell to pork and beans,
> And live on pigeon pies.
> O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
> O, that will be joyful, to live on pigeon pies."

Some time in the forties the American Screw Company began to come to the front. For a long time there were no dividends and the stock was a drug on the market; men who held it parted with it for very little. But after a while it came up, and became one of the most valuable stocks in the country. Albert G. Angell for years was the president of this company. With such a man at its head it must prove a success.

One of the queer characters of Providence was John B. Chase, who kept a grocery store under the Brown & Ives office, on South Main street. Mr. Taylor came to Providence to take a position in Brown & Ives office. He arrived early and took a walk down South Main street. Meeting Mr. Chase, he inquired of him where was the office of Brown & Ives. "I have the honor to be the good Episcopal foundation of the house of Brown & Ives."

Providence, in the fifties, had two remarkable architects—Thomas Teft and Alpheus C. Morse. Mr. Teft was the designer of the celebrated railroad station, so recently taken down to make room for the present railroad station. He was also architect of many fine buildings in Providence. When he had reached the highest rank of his profession he went aboard, and died in 1859 at Florence. Old Mr. James C. Bucklin was as a father to him and assisted him in many ways. He was architect of the Watchcheer Building, the Paris Hill house on Washington street, and many residences and churches. Mr. Morse came to Providence about 1854. He designed the Thomas Hoppin house on Benefit street. He married Miss Pierce, the sister of Edmund D. Pierce.

For many years he prospered, and would have prospered to the end had he been practical. His designs were all chaste and classical. For a few years he was in partnership with Mr. Clifton Hall; then, later, in 1859, for about two years, Mr. Alfred Stone was his partner. But Mr. Morse could not get along with any one; he must be by himself; a practical man as a partner annoyed him. Besides being an architect, he was a first-class crayon portrait artist.

Another prominent character was the Unitarian minister, Rev. Dr, Hall, of Hall's Church, on Benefit street, corner of Benevolent.

In most cities the movement is toward the west, and for some years this was the case in Providence, but shortly after the war the movement changed toward the east. What brought this about was the cable road up College Hill.

The doctors of Providence were the peers of those elsewhere. There was old Dr. Parsons, who was with Perry on Lake Erie. I only speak of those whom I knew. There were others, worthy men, but I was not familiar with them. There were Drs. Capron, Peckham, Ely; Dr. Okie, the homeopathic doctor; Dr. Armington, of the old Third Ward, whose office was on Wickenden street near Benefit. Young Dr. Okie, son of the elder Okie, was a very promising doctor. He had good practical ideas. His treatment was of a practical nature, coming under the head of preventive medicine. He removed to Boston, flourished for a few years, and died comparatively a young man. The Winans, of Baltimore, thought so much of him that they took him to Europe with them, and one winter he lived with them in Baltimore.

"Scup's come!" was in those early days a well known cry. Clams were peddled about the streets. "Blow your horn if you don't sell a clam!" Frost fish were then common in the river. Under almost every wharf was a frost fish pot, and in the morning it was full. But the filthy condition of Providence River drove those fish away, so they are now no longer seen and caught there.

Before the war there were no regular towboats. The river steamers would at times be called upon to tow large vessels up the bay. The What Cheer was built for a towboat. After a season

or two, mostly at Newport, she was lengthened and made into a regular passenger boat.

In the fifties the boys had small fire engines. The Second Ward boys had a very fine one. The Third Ward boys got one. It was a cheap affair beside the other; its works were of tin, but it had a large chamber. Saturdays the boys would get together and have a "squirt." The Second Ward engine, on the outside, was larger and finer, but the old Third Ward engine had the inside works; and then there was more spirit in the Third Ward boys—their machine beat.

In the fifties Mr. Crawford Allen was quite a figure. Young Crawford, the son, had a small sailboat of his own. Mr. Allen was a prominent member of the firm that ran the Calico Printing Works, at the north end. His relative, Zachariah Allen, was not only a business man, but was a fine scientific man, and is the author of a fine work on physics.

Albert F. Allen—no relative of these Allens—was a sergeant in Battery H, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, during the War for the Union. When he came home he became inventor of fire engine supplies, and for some years was flourishing. He went to New York on business; returning, he lost his life in the steamboat train wreck near Richmond.

As has been remarked, Providence became a great coal market. Mr. Joseph Hodges, in those days, in the fifties, was the most prominent dealer. At his yard the mine-broke coal was first introduced; also the sawing and splitting of wood by machinery. In those days there was a large force of men with small hammers, handles like a pick. Coal then came in large chunks, some in cubes of a foot. Some people objected to the mine-broke and demanded yard-broke, and were willing to pay extra for it.

"Gray Trouble" was a fast horse of his day; he was owned in Providence. There was "Honest John," owned by Mr. Crandall. Mr. Peleg S. Sherman always bought old race horses; some of them were very fast. In those days Mr. Jacob Morgan, who lived on the southeast corner of Benefit and Sheldon, kept a livery stable, and Mr. John Brown, his neighbor on Sheldon street, was a large teamster. Mr. Lake was a teamster; had an old-fashioned truck, and hauled for the South Water street merchants. Mr. Green, who lived on Transit street, corner of Mohawk alley, was a prominent citizen of the Third Ward. Mr.

Crocker kept a little store on the corner of Thayer and Transit. Opposite was Mr. Luther, the plumber, and his neighbor was Mrs. Thayer, a widow, with a handsome son and daughter, William and Scora.

Prominent in politics was Major Pirce. The Major was a fine stump orator. In Senator Anthony's time he was prominent in the Republican politics of Rhode Island, but after Anthony's death the Journal folks became unfriendly to him. He ran for Congress, was elected, but they worked up a case against him, and after serving two years in the national House at Washington he was ousted, and a Democrat put in his place. In one of his speeches the Major told a good story of a man who came to Providence many years ago. He was a man whom no one liked, and when he left all were glad. One of the gifted speakers of that day described this man after this manner: "He came amongst us uninvited, and on his departure there was no restraint."

When President Wayland came to Providence one of his duties was to preach in the First Baptist Church. He was uncertain as to whether he could fill the large church, so he got a nephew to go up into the farther gallery. If he could not hear his uncle, he was to raise his handkerchief. He kept on raising his handkerchief until the minister, it was said, was holloaing like a loon and was very red in the face. It was thought that the nephew put up a practical joke on his uncle.

In those days, when Dr. Wayland was President of Brown, a student took a keg of beer up to his room. This was against the rules of the college. Dr. Wayland, hearing of it, called the young student to his office and enquired about it. The student admitted it; said that he was not well, so the doctor had prescribed beer. Accordingly, he got a keg of beer and took it to his room. "Have you derived any benefit from it?" "I think so, Doctor. When I took it to my room I could hardly lift it; now I can lift it with ease." It is not related what reply the Doctor made to this. He discovered in the student a germ of smartness.

Professor Chase was prominent; for a while was President of Brown. He was also a school committeeman, and would visit the schools and talk fine to the scholars. In 1874 I was at the dedication of the new high school, on Summer street. George I. Chase was billed to speak. While I knew the man, I could

not see him on the platform. But when he arose to speak I recognized the voice. He had been to Europe, and while there had grown a full beard; prior thereto he was always clean shaven.

The Rhodes family down town were queer people—Gus Rhodes and his sister Mary, always called Moll. She dressed herself up in men's clothes and shipped aboard of a vessel. They had a queer story about her being a forty-gun frigate, &c. I should not care to repeat it here.

Professor John Pierce was a kind and able man. He perfected the telephone, but received no credit for it. He is now dead.

Rev. James Eames, the brother of the Hon. Benjamin Eames, was a devout, genial and able Episcopal minister. He was pastor of the old St. Stephen's Church, on Benefit, corner of Transit. This church now goes by another name. His wife was an accomplished writer.

A queer character in Providence was the Rev. James Cook Richmond, an Episcopal minister. He had no church, or rather was unable to hold one for any length of time. He did mission work, and preached in the various churches. By the Rev. Henry Waterman he was often invited to preach in old St. Stephen's. He was called to a church in Newport, but his stay there was short. One Sunday he took for his text, "The poor shall have the Gospel preached to them." Looking over the church he said, "Where is the place for the poor here?" His stay at the church was short. He was a great European traveler. At Vienna he met a young man who was about to graduate from the church seminary. He had a thesis on the immortality of the soul. Turning to Mr. Richmond, he said: "You are not such a fool as to believe in the immortality of the soul, are you?" Richmond replied: "I will not be so big a fool as to come and hear you." He had high ideas of the ministry, and often said that it was the most noble and highest calling on earth. In the winters he frequently gave lectures on his European travels. He was a most learned man and a pleasant lecturer. He was charged with being insane, and for a number of months was in the Butler Asylum. His last charge was a small church up the Hudson. In his neighborhood was a family with a bad reputation. He called the girl of the family a "strumpet;" for this the father and brother waylaid and beat him so unmercifully that he soon died. Thus

went out the light of one of the grandest and most fearless men that ever lived. He did some good in the world. But for his eccentric nature he might have done more good, and had an influence that would have been far reaching. But he was James Cook Richmond. He did not look like a sensational man, but he was, and this peculiarity killed this influence, and was the cause of his death.

George B. Jastram, the father of Pardon, was a prominent citizen of the Third Ward. He was a school committeeman. He failed in business, then went to Colorado, where he died; as did also his wife, a most estimable lady.

One of the smart schoolboys was Frank Cooley, who lived for some years with his uncle Mr. Jastram. Frank was a perfect story-book boy, in education and culture far above most of the boys of his day; but he ceased to grow after he was sixteen. He knew Latin, some Greek, and was a graceful speaker; but for all this proficiency he was not a success in life. He died young—when he had only by a few years passed the thirty-year mark. Liquor was the cause of his non-success. Like Essex and Clark, his talents were stultified by liquor. Oliver H. Washburn was a different sort of man. He came to Providence about 1856, and was made president of the rolling mill company.

I must not neglect "Ned McGowan." He was a faithful watchman for the rolling mill.

In 1815 we had the September gale; in 1868 it was repeated. Fearful havoc was made by these gales. The water was above the wharves; trees were torn down, and just east of the city the tornado mowed a path through the woods which, at a little distance, looked like a well-laid out road.

Prior to 1860, on the east side, about two-thirds way up the hill on Wickenden street, was a Chinese pagoda. At this pagoda on Fourth of July fireworks used to be fired.

About 1854 Mr. Barnum brought a Chinese junk to Providence. It was located at Foxpoint wharf, and an admission fee to go aboard was charged. Many boys got aboard without paying, by crawling in through the rudder-post hole. Why the Chinese make this rudder-post hole so large, I do not know. In running before the wind in a heavy sea much water must be shipped through this large hole—a hole as large as a barrel. Perhaps the idea of this large rudder-post hole is to keep the

Chinese seamen near land, the government not wanting them to wander far out to sea for fear they may learn something it does not want them to know, this being one of the devices to keep the populace from learning much about the outside world. Did the Chinese know more about the outside world, it would be better for them. It is in harmony with her having no railroads or modern improvements. These things all go together, and are the means of keeping the people ignorant. In the long run the upper classes suffer as well as the low and ignorant.

On Wickenden street, near Hope, was Mr. Thomas Holland's house. Mr. Holland was a black man, intensely so, a prosperous stevedore, and carried on an extensive business. He was a very large man, weighting probably two hundred pounds or more He had one daughter, a fine and ladylike woman. It is said that Tom, as was familiarly called, would give any white man twenty-five thousand dollars to marry his daughter. People also said that Tom would be willing to be skinned alive if he could only be white. Some years later he sold out in Providence, and went to Liberia.

Prior to 1850 cottonseed was a nuisance to the Southern planter. About this time a processs was invented by which the seed could be hulled and converted into oil. It makes a fine oil, equal to olive oil. When it was first put upon the market it sold for olive oil, but after its reputation was established it was sold under its true name.

About 1854 a new model sled appeared. It was called the Clipper. It was long, and there were no nails or screws in the irons, from front to back. The irons were secured at the front and the back, so there was little friction. The wealthy Second Ward boys were the first to have them.

In the fifties there were two prominent dancing masters. They had halls in a building on South Main street, a large brick building, on the west side, about a square below College street. To Mr. Capron's school went the more quiet and conservative class. Mr. Alexander Eddy was the Beau Brummel of Providence. It was amusing to see him on the street—always in full dress, a tall, handsome man. The class that attended his school were the élite of Providence. He taught all sorts of dances. The german had not then been introduced. The most attractive dance to me was the Spanish dance, and a pretty dance it was.

The couples formed in a circle about the room, couples facing each other; forward and back; take hold of hands; crossing each other; then waltz around, the couples going in opposite directions, in each case couple number one going to the position of number two. The dance was continued until each couple came around to the starting point.

A few doors below the dancing school was Louis Louisson's clothing bazaar. He was about the first Jew to start such a store in Providence. It was sensational, and quite unlike any store prior thereto in Providence.

In the summer of 1870 I was aboard the steamer Perry, coming from Newport. The Eagle's Wing, a steamer about the size of the Perry, came from outside, from New Bedford; she was to take excursionists the next day to New Bedford. The boats met just north of the Breakwater. At this time both boats were carrying their normal steam. The Perry was slowly working ahead, and they were pretty evenly matched. When we got up by Sandy Point, the Perry was some lengths ahead. Very black smoke was seen to issue from the smokestack of the Eagle's Wing. This indicated that they were firing up with more combustible material. She gained on the Perry, and passed her. By the time we were abreast of Canimicut the Eagle's Wing was some lengths ahead. Now the Perry began to use wood; the black smoke began to roll out of her stack. Steady we gained on the Wing; when off Pautuxet beacon the boats were about abreast, the Perry steadily gaining. Then fire was seen to come from her rival. About this time there were few boats on the bay, but in a very short time the water was thick with them. Where did they come from? They appeared as if by magic. Then a river steamer was going down. The Perry was stopped, and boats were sent out. No one was lost from the Wing. The stewardess was about the last person to be rescued. She had retreated from the flames, towards the aft part of the boat, and it was from here that she was rescued. The Eagle's Wing proved a total loss.

On the Fourth of July, 1865, the people of Providence saw something new in the way of a Fourth of July procession. It was the "Antiques and Horribles,." There was plenty of the antique, but nothing of the horrible; *humorous* would have been a more appropriate term. There were all sorts of queer cos-

tumes, like a Mardi Gras; some on foot, some on horse, some on wheels—all sorts of queer regalia, all sorts of colors; the variety was great. It produced a great deal of amusement.

Mr. Lindsley kept a small store on the corner of Wickenden street and Bridge. He made cigars. His trade was all retail, and the boys patronized him. He made light cinnamon cigars, which he sold for a cent apiece. These were the cigars that the boys of those days learned to smoke—their initiation in smoking. To-day the boys commence with cigarettes, but I think Lindsley's cinnamon cigars were preferable to the cigarette. About 1855 or '56 Mr. Lindsley's daughter was riding with Mr. Hodges in an old-fashioned shay, when, in turning the corner from Sheldon street to Benefit, they ran into the lamp post, throwing Miss Lindsley out, and killing her.

William Martin was an unique character. He was familiarly called Billy.

> "High Billy Martin, tip toe fine,
> Couldn't find a wife to suit his mind."

William Martin was a gentleman. He drove a market wagon. When the stores began to deliver goods no royal coachman sat on his box in a grander style than Martin. He was always well dressed, polite and kind.

Some time in the thirties Mr. Samuel M. Noyes went out to Cuba, going into business with his father's cousin, William Jenckes, who was also from Providence. For some years he was a commission merchant in Matanzas, then bought coffee and sugar plantations, as Mr. Jenckes had done before him. This brought out to Cuba quit a colony of Rhode Islanders. Among them was my aunt, Eliza Updyke Boone. While she was there she saw two negro insurrections. After she returned to the States, when on the South Kingston farm, of an evening, she would entertain her nephews and nieces by telling them about these slave insurrections.

Amos C. Bartow was a man of whom the citizens of Providence ought to be proud. He was at the head of a large and flourishing stove industry, and became Mayor of Providence. He was a most eloquent man. While he would be classed under the head of a self-made man, he was scholarly and classical, far more so than half of the university men. Would that there were more such self-made men! He should have been sent to the

United States Senate. About 1875 he was a candidate, he and Nathan F. Dixon. Then the Anthony party, to offset these two worthy men, ran in a soldier. It was popular; the soldier element was flattered, so General Burnside was made a United States Senator. He was a fine soldier, but a failure as a Senator. He undertook to reply to Roscoe Conkling, and the reply was silly. In a hand to hand fight he might as well have undertaken to attack a Jeffries. Roscoe Conkling was a Jeffries in the Senate, while Burnside was an infant. Mr. Dixon and Mr. Barstow were both fine orators, Mr. Anthony could write well, but he was no orator. He was a courteous gentleman, and served the State well.

John Turner engineered the Burnside forces in the State Legislature. John Turner was an able man, a graduate of Brown. While a student he had some controversy with Professor Wayland. He disliked mathematics, and argued the case with the President, as to studying this branch. While mathematics would be of no special use to a lawyer, as a study it was of value, so I think that Mr. Turner made a mistake in this. He married Judge's Blake's niece, and took up his residence in Bristol. For a number of years he was clerk of the House of Representatives of the State. He died in middle life. Had he lived he evidently would have had a bright future before him, perhaps the United States Senate. He was an able man, industrious, and of superior common sense, and a good lawyer. In looks he resembled Roscoe Conkling.

One of the youthful industries of the passing generation, in the fifties, was the making of sweetfern and bayberry cigars. Sweetfern was preferred, but it was not, at times, so easy to secure, so bayberry was taken as a substitute. On Saturdays the boys would go over Red Bridge into Seekonk, and get their sweetfern or bayberry, bring it home, and during the week dry it. For headquarters of the factory they would secure a large dry goods box; from the house they would get flour and water, and make their paste. They would borrow their mother's mortar; an old copy book furnished the paper for wrappers, and a stick about the size of a lead pencil the former. With these tools they would go to work, and there was a great deal of system about their

work. One boy would strip the leaves off of the plant and pound them in the mortar; others would make the wrappers. Sometimes they would get their sisters to help them in the work. After a few hundred wrappers were made they began the filling. Some old plate, pan or paper was used to catch the filling that did not get into the wrapper. As the wrappers were filled, one of the boys would close them. The cigars were now made. The next step was to sell them. A few were sold for ready cash, pennies—perhaps five or six for a cent; but the most of them were sold for old junk, mostly old nails. These were sold for money. In those days old iron commanded a much higher price than now; I think about five cents a pound. As there was no outside competition, the industry needed no protection. It was a good school. It taught the boys business ways, how to collect the crude material and to manufacture it into marketable wares. It also taught them how to act as salesmen, how to procure supplies, how to dispose of the wares, and how to handle the money, and gave them practical lessons in arithmetic.

In the fifties the boys used to have bows and arrows. Mr. Cornwell, who had a small wheelwright shop on Benefit street, next south of the Bethel, made the bows for the boys. They were made of ash, and were about four feet long and about an inch thick at the center, and half an inch at the ends. The boys made their own arrows out of soft, straight pine. On Saturdays there were various shooting matches. They all could a hit barn door within a hundred feet.

In those days the word cigar was often spelled "segar." But "segar" is now never used. Yet "segar" is the more common sound heard. "Ci" is harsh, while "se" is soft. We spell the word with an *i* but we call it *e*. Yet our language is full of such inconsistencies. It would seem well to adopt the plan so often pleaded for, to spell our words as we pronounce them.

Friday afternoon Mr. Godding, the teacher in the old Third Ward Grammar School, would suspend the regular exercises, and read short stories and extracts from good authors. One of the short pieces was a story by Edward Everett on honesty. The illustration was, when you see a safe say to yourself that safe was not made for me; as far as I am concerned all the valuables in that safe might be exposed on the table. Our Friday after-

noon exercises would always be ended by singing. The last song to be sung was always, "Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing." Those were holy hours.

I must not forget Mr. Clark, the singing teacher. Mr. Clark was a refined gentleman; under his tuition the boys learned to sing; the girls learned the notes, but the boys could not do that, but they could readily catch a tune. Because the boys could not learn the notes the Superintendent and the Committee decided to employ another man. I do not remember his name. He knew music, but there was no music in his soul. There was nothing delicate or refined in his nature. He tired rather than entertained. So the boys learned nothing from him. He worked very hard, but all to no purpose. Mr. Clark was a musician by nature, and a man with a deal of common sense. It was a mistake to discharge Mr. Clark and hire this other man.

While Rhode Island is the smallest State in the Union, the little Benjamin of States, none have had a more powerful influence for good upon the destinies of the world.

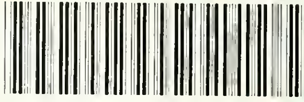
The people of Providence should honor Daniel Leech, who for so many years was the Superintendent of the Public Schools. He is the man who perfected the model plan for the schoolhouse, a plan now universally followed. The Thayer street schoolhouse was the first built after this plan—rooms in the center, stairways at ends, enclosed in towerlike additions. These stairways were practically fireproof; and by using iron they could be made entirely so. All honor to Daniel Leech for his interest in the schoolhouse, and for the superior, yet simple, model, that he gave to the world.

In 1636 Roger Williams established the Providence Plantations. He was the foremost man of his day. If there was ever an inspired man, it was Roger Williams. The world was narow; he would extend the borders of thought. It required sacrifice of personal comfort, but he was equal to the occasion. The idea of soul-liberty spread until it reached the extreme borders of the land. Few realize this; indeed few know of Roger Williams and his work—the work for which he zealously labored. Very few have had the honor of such influence. It was in harmony with the teachings of the old Hebrew prophets—peace on earth, good will towards man—towards all men. We have no likeness

of Mr. Williams. The pictures and statues of him are all ideal. John Milton furnished the ideal likeness. The statue of Roger Williams should have been placed upon the new capitol at Providence. Some day we hope the present ideal, which represents nothing in particular, may be removed, and that of Roger Williams be put in its place.

ISAAC PITMAN NOYES.

Washington, D. C., May, 1905.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