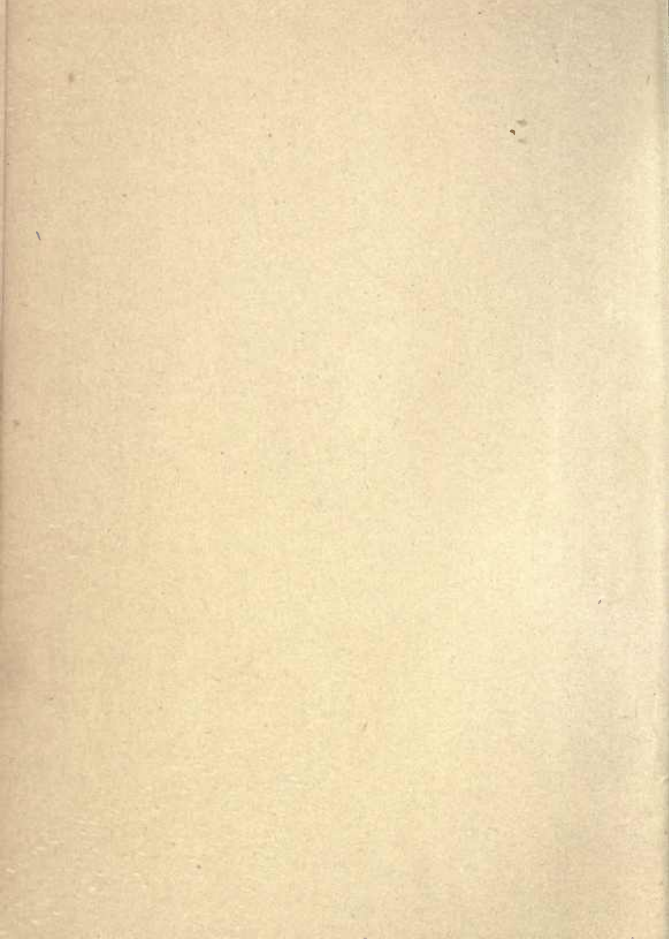


The Life of
my grand-
father



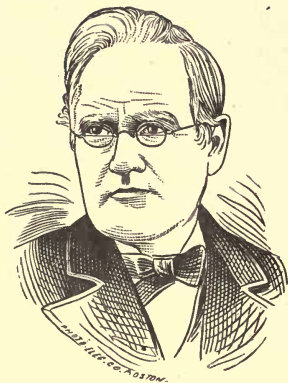
Caroline Eager 1862
Robert Prior Boss 1840
Wm. Davis Boss 1799
William Boss 1767
Joseph Boss 1722
Edward Boss 1685
Edward Boss 1663



NOTICE TO THE READER.

For reasons stated in the "Conclusion," the original plan for the preparation of the copy for the succeeding pages of this book was early changed, Mrs. R. P. Boss being in no wise responsible for anything appearing beyond the two or three first chapters.

THE PUBLISHER.



Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

[GRAY'S ELEGY.]

RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
LONG AND BUSY LIFE,

1819-1890,

BY

BENJAMIN WOOD PEARCE.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

NEWPORT, R. I.

1890.

NEWPORT, R. I.:
B. W. PEARCE, NEWPORT ENTERPRISE,
PRINTER.

TO THE
NOBLE MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE READY TO
GIVE A HELPING HAND TO THOSE WHO
ARE WILLING TO HELP THEM-
SELVES,
THIS VOLUME
OF PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS IS
DEDICATED,
WITH RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,
BY
B. W. PEARCE.

PREFACE.

In writing this story of my father's life, I have simply edited his own recollections, adding such reflections of mine as seemed desirable, also many quaint stories told to amuse my childhood, and which have probably passed from the memory of the one who related them. In undertaking the work, I have had but one fear—that I should not do justice to the pathetic childhood, the energetic manhood, the vigorous age of my honored father.

CLARA P. BOSS.

2021372

Grandfather Pearce son of Lewis Pierce
son of Preserved Pierce Baptist minister of
Hornbine meeting-house, in Rehoboth P. D.

This mother was Phebe, eldest daughter of
Israel Wood, of Swansea. His father was
an old school physician in Swansea

Caroline Eager	1	Caroline Eager
Clara P. Boss	2	Clara P. Boss
Beny. Pearce	3	Benjamin Pearce
Lewis Pierce	4	Phebe Pearce
Preserved "	5	Israel Wood
		6 Physician

Caroline Eager
Clara P. Boss
Blarissa Gary Carpenter
Carpenter
Kent

Caroline Eager
Robert P. Boss
Eliza Ambrose

Mary Chilton - Winslow
daughter of Kent - Rehoboth
daughter Kent m. Carpenter
" Carpenter m. Pearce
" Pearce m. Boss
" Boss " Eager

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING.

Birth-Place.—Parents and Grandparents.—House Saved by a 15-year-old Girl.—Novel Method of Clearing a House of Rats.—Death of Brothers.—"Zeph."—Obeying Orders.—Novel Piece of Detective Work.—"Uncle Jonathan's" Eccentricities.—Humorous Ancestors.

The life of Benjamin Wood Pierce began on the ninth day of April, 1819, in the town of Swansea, Mass. His father was Lewis Pierce, a son of Elder Preserved Pierce, a preacher of the Baptist persuasion, whose charge was the congregation of the old Hornbine meeting-house, in Rehoboth. His residence was near by, and is still standing, in very much the condition in which he left it. It is reported of this Elder that he was "considerable of a singer," which perhaps accounts for the heartiness with which his grandson has always entered into social music.

This grandson was born in what might well be termed a wilderness, in a humble cottage on the edge of a forest, the nearest neighbor being half a mile away, and his first recollection was of being drawn in a little wagon through the forest, and the wonder excited in his mind by an oak apple, which he picked up in the cart-path.

The maiden name of the mother of Mr. Pierce was Phebe, eldest daughter of Mr. Israel Wood, of Swansea, whose father was an old school physician, bleeding, blistering and calomel

and jalaping the good people of Swansea and vicinity at twenty-five cents a visit.

Mr. Wood was by trade a mason. He invented a method of setting kettles in distilleries and try-works for whalers, which was in use for many years, furnishing him with constant and remunerative employment during the life of the patent. He would sell no rights, rejecting all propositions to that end, thus losing benefits which he might have derived from that source.

The few who remember Phebe Wood in her girlhood, describe her as having been fair to look upon, and this comeliness she retained through all her life, insomuch that the one of her granddaughters who most resembled her was accounted a fortunate young person.

Nor was comeliness of person Benjamin's mother's only dowry. She inherited from her sainted mother qualities that aided her largely in her subsequent life career. She possessed in an eminent degree that peculiar gift which in New England is termed "faculty." Her children have many times heard her tell how in the September gale of 1815 she saved her father's house from probable demolition. A gable window had been blown in and the gale was tearing through the unfinished attic. Phebe, then a 15-year old girl, and the eldest of the family, grasped the situation and was equal to the occasion. Procuring an old door, and removing a beam from a loom, she summoned all the children of the household, placed the door against the window, braced it with the beam, piled the six children upon it, and kept them there until the gale had abated. Her father, who was absent from home at the time, afterwards said the act saved the house, and was profuse in his expressions of gratitude to his thoughtful daughter.

At another time Mr. Wood's house was infested with rats. They invaded everywhere and consumed everything eatable

within their reach. Phebe had heard that if a letter were addressed to them, and placed within their reach, directing them to some other place, they would at once go thither. She accordingly wrote a letter, saying that her father, Mr. Wood, had a large family and had nothing to spare; but down the road a few rods lived Mr. Daniel Mason, a bachelor, who had enough and to spare, and advising them to go there. This letter she took to the cellar and placed it on the meal chest, weighting it down with a small stone.

In all this she had kept her own counsel, awaiting events. Early the next morning she sped to the meal chest and the letter was gone; and very much to her surprise and gratification, almost simultaneously the rats disappeared altogether.

One day, about two weeks later, as she was washing the breakfast dishes, Daniel Mason came walking in. Almost the first words he said were, "Mrs. Wood, I am overrun with rats! Where they all come from I can't tell. Two weeks ago I did not have one in the house!" Phebe had to bite her lips to keep from laughing, but said not a word. Of course her mother could not shed any light on the subject, for she knew nothing of it.

It is considered probable that the rats were well contented with the change, as thirty years later they were known to be numerous there.

Benjamin was the second in a quartet of sons born to Lewis and Phebe Pierce. The two youngest of these four boys died in infancy. The last of the two died at the age of six months, when Benjamin was not far from five years of age. The child was sickly, and spent most of its time in the cradle, which Benjamin was delegated to rock during the waking hours of the little one. Sitting in the lower end of the cradle, the rude wooden box of those days, and oscillating it by the motion of his body, it is not strange that he came to hate the very sight

of that cradle, that had held him a prisoner for so many days; or that in the inconsideration of childhood he jumped for joy when informed of the baby's death, shouting—"O, I'm glad of it! Now I shan't have him to rock."

In striking contrast to the foregoing was the affection manifested by this little brother toward one dying previously, in which instance he would not allow the grave to be made to put his little Leander in; and to pacify him it was necessary to insist that they were only digging a place in which to put potatoes; and he was sent to a neighbor's until after the funeral.

During the first four years of Mr. Pearce's life, his parents lived in Swansea, not far from the home of his maternal grandfather. Of the children who had been born in the homestead, three young bachelor uncles, Israel, Zephaniah and William, and a maiden aunt, Mary Ann, but six years older than her nephew, remained within its walls. The young uncles were as full of spirit as all well regulated young men generally are; but Zephaniah, or "Zeph," as he was familiarly called, seemed to be the embodiment of the spirit of mischief. On one occasion his mother gave him the not unusual admonition,—

"Now, Zeph, come straight home from school."

The school was about a mile away, "across lots." Zeph had still fresh in his mind a scolding he had recently received for not obeying literally some command of his mother's, and he inwardly resolved that *this* time, at all events, there should be no good cause for complaint on that score. That night Zeph presented himself in a sorry plight. His clothing was soaked with water and covered with mud from his head to his feet. He had obeyed literally his mother's injunction, making, as nearly as possible, a "bee-line" for home, though he had

been obliged to swim across a river and wade through a swamp in order to accomplish it!

At several different times Zeph's father had lost growing vegetables from his farm under rather suspicious circumstances. After much discussion the family arrived at a reasonable certainty as to the identity of the thief, and Zeph thereupon took it upon himself to prove the offence and punish the offender. Sedulously keeping his secret, he went to the field, and selecting the largest pumpkin he could find, scooped out the interior, carved places representing eyes, nose and mouth, and in the interior placed a candle. Armed with this and a short ladder, he was ready for business.

In a small house a short distance from Mr. Wood's, lived a ne'er-do-well, who may be called John Wilson, since that was not his name. John lodged in the second story. About 10 o'clock at night, Zeph took his ladder and lantern and repaired thither.

Carefully raising the ladder against the side of the building, Zeph brought the light of the lantern's hideous countenance to bear upon John's face through the window, which was open, the weather being warm, and in sepulchral tones he shouted,—

“John! John Wilson!”

Suddenly awaking from a sound sleep, John saw before him that which caused his blood to freeze in his veins and every hair on his head to stand on end. Chattering with fright, he answered,—

“Y-y-e-s! Who-o-o are you, and what do you want?”

“I'm the devil! I'm after you, for stealing Mr. Wood's potatoes!” replied Zeph, in the same sepulchral tones.

“Oh, oh,” groaned the miserable, trembling sinner, “let me off this time, and I'll never do so again!”

Thereupon ensued a colloquy, during which Zeph administered some moral lessons and exacted promises not strictly in

keeping with his assumed satanic character, and ending in a compact binding John to a general line of good conduct, which it is pleasing to state was quite rigidly adhered to by the old man to the close of his life. Probably this is one of the very few instances in which a reformation was traced to the influence of the "devil."

Those best acquainted with Mr. Pierce, doubtless are not insensible to various and sundry "odd streaks" in his character. These peculiarities are certainly an honest inheritance, having been derived from a race of Martins, of whom his maternal grandmother was one. Probably the oddest of all these was Mr. Jonathan Martin, a substantial Swansea farmer, known the country around as "Uncle Jonathan."

One autumn, at the close of the harvest, Uncle Jonathan's barns and granaries were full to overflowing. In his granary, just above the level of the floor, was an aperture about five inches in diameter, made for the cat to go in and out, to keep the place clear of mice.

The old gentleman was suspicious of the depredation upon his corn of some animal other than mice. He determined to satisfy himself as to the identity of the animal, if possible, and at the same time capture it. He accordingly set a steel-trap just inside the aperture above mentioned, and taking care to confine the cat within doors, retired for the night.

Next morning before daylight, as was his custom, he went out to milk, and fodder his stock. Passing the crib, in the gray of the morning he saw standing there the form of a man.

"Good morning, sir," ejaculated Mr. Martin, without stopping in his walk.

The man civilly returned the compliment and Mr. Martin soon disappeared inside the barn. Emerging in about half an hour, he started to return to the house. Passing again the granary, the man was still standing there, and in the increasing

light he recognized in him a near and well known neighbor.

"Frosty morning, Mr. Doe. Won't you go in the house and warm you?" said the imperturbable Mr. Martin.

"I would be glad to, Mr. Martin, for the fact is I am quite chilled through," answered Mr. Doe.

"Come along, then. Don't be bashful. Good fire in there," cordially urged Mr. Martin.

"I—I can't do it unless you will release my hand," was the hesitating reply.

"Hand? What's your hand doing in there?" returned Mr. Martin, in a tone of much amazement.

When the man had finally made humble confession of his intended theft, he was released, nor would Mr. Martin ever divulge his name.

Uncle Jonathan was a prominent member of the local church, as was "Aunt Huldah," his wife. The piety of the latter was phenomenal. Her library consisted only of a Bible and a Dream Book. These were covered with green baize and kept on a stand ready for reference. She consulted one as often as the other, and each of them several times daily.

Uncle Jonathan's reputation for hospitality was only equalled by that for eccentricity. Visiting clergymen were almost invariably quartered at his house, and he not only entertained them generously, but on their departure loaded the wagons in which they came with all the provisions they would contain.

On one of these occasions when he had thus laden the reverend visitor, the latter turned to him with,—

"Mr. Martin, I shall begin to think you are a pretty clever sort of a man!"

"*Begin to think?*" demanded the now irate Mr. Martin, drawing his stalwart form to its utmost height and glaring at the minister; "Just begin to think! Here I've been loading you off week after week with all you could carry, and you just—be-

gin—to—think—I'm—a—pretty—clever—sort—of—a—man!
Take those things all out! Humph! Just—begin—to—think!"

The poor dejected preacher, discovering the mistake he had made, began to stammer out an apology. But the old man would not listen to a word.

"Out with them, every one of them! There, now go along. Don't ever come here again. Humph! Just begin to think!" he reiterated, as the crest-fallen preacher drove down the road.

Mr. Martin had had a disagreement with one or more members of a family living in the vicinity, who bore the name of Eddy, or E-e-dy, as it was pronounced by the ruralists of those days. It came to pass that a young gentleman of that family was paying marked attention to Miss Betsey Wood, one of Mr. Pierce's maiden aunts. It chanced that in one of their lovers' rambles they were near Mr. Martin's, and Betsey thought it a good opportunity to make a call on her uncle, with perhaps a little intermingling of vanity in connection with her recent masculine acquisition. Entering the room where the old gentleman was seated, he arose and gave Betsey a cordial greeting, without, however, so much as bestowing a glance upon her companion. Betsey lost no time in saying,—

"Uncle Jonathan, shall I make you acquainted with Mr. Eddy?"

The old gentleman scowled at the young man from under his eyebrows, then, without uttering a word in response, took two or three turns up and down the room, then pausing in front of the couple, he exclaimed,—

"No, Bets—you can't do it; you can't make me acquainted with an E-e-dy!" (Two or three more turns up and down the room, and then another pause.) "No, Bets, you can't make me acquainted with an E-e-dy! too well acquainted with them now. No, Bets, you can't do it!" This he reiterated, with a repetition of his up-and-down-the-room performance, until

the mortified Miss Betsey was glad to take Mr. "E-e-dy" and beat an unceremonious retreat.

It was during Mr. Martin's life-time that instrumental music was first introduced into public worship. The old gentleman was one of its most pronounced opponents, and as soon as the sound of the fiddles was heard, he was accustomed to take his hat and repair to the carriage shed, returning, however, in time to listen to the sermon.

Hitherto little mention has been made of Mr. Pierce's maternal grandfather, Mr. Israel Wood. He was one of a large family of brothers and sisters, who were noted for their humorous proclivities, which influenced their conduct all through their lives. In fact the humorous vein in their dispositions caused a youthful line of conduct to pervade their lives down to three score and ten years, which age all of them reached and not a few exceeded that, some by ten years or more. Nor has this proclivity become extinct. It still exists, pre-eminently, in most of the descendants of that branch of the Wood family. It is related of one of these brothers, that at one time, when an apprentice, he was annoyed by having articles and money stolen from his trunk at his boarding place. Changing locks availed nothing. At length he bethought him of a new device. He had a coffin made and carried to his room. He placed his money and valuables in that, and thenceforward they were not disturbed: The people could not be induced to enter his room, even to perform necessary household duties.

The weird stories told by our great-grandparents, of occurrences in their own time or that of their parents or grandparents, as told them by the latter, were such as to almost stagger belief.

One of these was of a man reputed to be a "conjurator," whose name we shall call "Jones." This man, who lived in the vicinity of Swansea, had been a leading member of a local

church, but his worldly affairs not prospering, he became sour and morose, and directly severed his connection with the church, and further, became a pronounced unbeliever. His worldly affairs beginning at the same time to mend, this, with other concurrent circumstances, brought his neighbors to the belief that he had "made a league with the devil." This belief was strengthened by a circumstance that occurred at the funeral of a member of his family. He had, since his declension, steadfastly refused to be present at any religious service. On the occasion of this funeral, Mr. Jones had gone off into a meadow, out of hearing, and seated himself on a log. One of those assembled, seeing him there, called the attention of a bystander to the old man, saying, "What's that old devil sitting away down there on that log, for?" The circumstance passed from his mind, until, directly after the service, the old man came up, and patting him on the shoulder, repeated to him the precise words he had uttered half an hour previously.

On another occasion, a man whose cow had strayed away, acting on advice given him, travelled eight miles to the "conjuror," whom he had never seen, hoping to be by him put upon the track of the animal. Arriving there, the old man came to the door, and before a word had been uttered, said to his visitor, "You may return home; your cow has been found, but she is spoiled," which was afterwards proved to have been as he had said.

Many other stories like these, including those of witchcraft, and the trying of tricks, were told before fires of logs in the capacious fireplaces, until the youthful listeners crept trembling to their beds. Those evenings on the hearthstone were nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed by the little folks. They read, played "cat's-cradles," "fox-and-geese" or checkers, by the light of great, blazing back-logs, or "told stories,"

such as "An old woman went out and bought a kid; kid would n't go; see by the moonlight, 't is past midnight, time kid'n'I's home, 'nour'n'alf ago," and thus onward through the several auxiliaries brought into play to coerce the aforesaid refractory kid, etc. Juvenile books in those days were few and contracted in scope, and other reading equally limited, and these stories, though not always new, for they were told over and over and over again, were listened to every time with open mouths and optics by the little auditors. School books were dry and uninteresting reading, and knowledge was conveyed through unattractive channels. Toys were mostly such as could be constructed from material at hand, and sports of all kinds were run on a different basis from that now prevailing. Muscle was developed through hoeing corn, digging potatoes, swinging the scythe, and other departments of bone labor. And who shall say it was less potent in achieving the desired result?

Those childhood days, how blest they were.
How full of joy, how free from care;
How oft we with remembrance burn,
And vainly sigh for their return.

CHAPTER II.

ADVANCING CHILDHOOD.

Old-Time Swansea Farmer-Mechanics.—Sensible Pedestrianism.—Across Lots.—Flint, Steel and Tinder-box.—Going After Fire.—Wrestling with Wood that Would n't Kindle.—Swansea Seventy Years Ago.—“Scrabbletown.”—“Bungtown.”—Other Hamlets.—Doctoring “Little Ben.”—Abduction Foiled.—First and Last Drunk, at Four Years of Age.—Poetry—“Uncle Bill, of the Homestead Farm.”

The first impressions of life received by the subject of these sketches, were derived from rural surroundings in a strictly rural district. The town of Swansea, comprising a large area of territory, had a population of only about thirteen hundred, most of whom were engaged in agricultural or domestic pursuits. A few, however, were bricklayers, and found employment in Providence, Fall River, Warren, and some of them in Boston. These men, except those working in Boston, visited their homes on Saturday nights, after their day's work, (ending at sunset,) was completed, returning in time to begin at sunrise on Monday. These journeys were almost invariably made on foot, and some feats of pedestrianism were at times performed that would compare not unfavorably with those at the prize contests of these days of walking matches. Six miles an hour, for three consecutive hours, was not unfrequently accomplished by these sturdy farmer-mechanics.

In one instance a Swansea farmer had regular employment in Norton, twenty miles distant, and it was his custom

to walk to his home after the completion of his week's work, reaching there at about midnight. The next day was occupied in farming, and again at midnight he set out on his twenty-mile walk to his employment. This he followed for months, until he sickened and died, at the early age of thirty-five. There is a well authenticated instance of one of these Swansea farmer bricklayers starting from his home at midnight, walking fifty miles to Boston, which he reached at four o'clock, P. M. Finding a job, he went upon a building and finished the day at work until sunset.

Many of these journeys were considerably abbreviated by across-lot paths, as familiar to these pedestrians, and as well beaten as the carriage roads. No more positive evidence exists of the change of habit on the part of people from walking to riding, than the circumstance that these paths have long since become obliterated and overgrown with vegetation.

One of the last duties in well regulated families, before retiring for the night, was to "rake up the fire;" which meant to cover the huge blazing backlog with ashes to keep fire for the morning. Generally this was successful. But in case it failed, and the log was reduced to ashes, there was the next morning a wrestling with flint and steel and tinder-box, with the temperature, perchance, close down to zero; or a skurrying to the nearest neighbors for a few coals of fire, followed by half an hour kneeling on the cold hearth, manipulating the bellows to coax the refractory wood into a burning mood.

Notwithstanding its sparsity of population, Swansea was by no means lacking in picturesque hamlets, some of them, however possessing not very high sounding titles. Swanzey Village, where was located the Post Office, was "Scrabble-town." North Swansea was "Bungtown;" later, when the late Mason Barney carried on a large ship-building interest there, the place was dignified with the title of "Barneysville,"

which appellation it continued to sustain until a Post Office was established there, at which time it was given the present name of North Swansea. Hortonville was for many years called "Swansey Factory." Here was located, until destroyed by fire, many years ago, one of the first cotton factories built in New England, which gave to the hamlet its name. Swansea Centre, where has been recently established a Post Office, was for many years "Luther's Corner." J. G. Luther, father and son, respectively, have kept a store there almost from the beginning of the present century. The old brick store is a landmark that will probably exist as long as the bricks and mortar hold together. Here are four corners. On one of these still remains the large mansion which, in old stage-coach days, was an "Inn," where, also, were baited the horses attached to the stage coaches, and those of travellers. The locality has quite the same look that it bore in the early part of the present century. The buildings have a "spick-and-span" appearance, as though they might have been painted yesterday. Only one corner has been materially changed; there three-quarters of a century ago, a venerable cordwainer, himself a Luther, occupied a little shanty, and made and mended shoes for the country around. He long since passed to the great majority, and where the shanty was is now a store and Post Office, kept by Mr. Seth W. Eddy, who has also beautified the corner by the erection of a neat cottage.

Half a mile north from Swansea Center Post Office, on the "stage road" to Providence, is the neat church edifice of the Christian Baptists. It is painted white, was built in the early part of the present century, in the fashion of village church architecture then prevailing, and is one of very few of that style now remaining. In addition to the above designated localities, there were "Milford," where once was a mill, and "Sharpslots," an appellation from whence derived no man knoweth.

Thus it was that Swansea was compensated in part for its lack of population by its wealth of abiding places and singularity of appellations.

Two miles north from Swansea Center was the home of Mr. Israel Wood, grandfather of the subject of these sketches. And in speaking of the days when, living in the near vicinity, his brother Alfred and himself were privileged to make visits to the farm, Mr. Pierce has always characterized them as being among the very happiest of his life. And often amid the hardships to which he was exposed ere he had entered upon his teens, did he look back to them with pleased remembrance.

While both the boys, being the only grandchildren, were ever welcome visitors, the approach of "Ben" was hailed by his aunts and uncles, but little removed from him in age, with much rejoicing. While Alfred was grave and quiet in his disposition and demeanor, so much so as to have gained for him the appellation of "the Elder," Ben was strikingly the reverse, full of fun and frolic, and ready to join them in their sports.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic of the family in admiration of Ben, was his maiden aunt, Mary Ann, a girl of twelve years. Always the first to greet him as he came toddling across the fields, so she was the most assiduous in her attentions. Did he have a sore throat? It was butter and molasses, simmered over the fire. And so welcome was the remedy, that it was noticed that the crafty little Ben was never after without a "sore throat" when visiting at his grandfather's, and when his Aunt Mary Ann was about he never failed in getting the butter and molasses.

Mary Ann, of all the others, exercised an implied claim of proprietorship in Ben, during his visits at the homestead. She met him with a "D-o-r-d-d-e-but-it-e-bub!" which being translated, meant—"Lord bless little bub!" and took general and

particular charge of the four-year-old boy, even to taking him to share her sleeping couch at night.

No one arose to dispute this claim, save the redoubtable Zeph, who was ever open to an opportunity to tease his young sister. He set to work to break up the monopoly on the part of Mary Ann, and forthwith a lively competition sprang up between them. Ben, young as he was, had an eye to business, and was open to bids. With Mary Ann it was generally butter and molasses, for the ever present "cold;" with Zeph, an offering of fruits, or a ride on the horse.

On one occasion Mary Ann was flattering herself that she had secured the prize, when at the last moment Zeph overbid her. When bed-time came, Zeph, taking Ben by the hand, with a look of triumph at Mary Ann, retired to his couch, which was situated at the extreme farther end of an open attic. The rooms of Mary Ann and the other members of the family were on the floor below.

Towards midnight, when all apparently were wrapped in slumber, the whole household were awakened by sounds of a scuffle in the attic. As soon as candles could be lighted, they armed themselves with whatever was available and proceeded to the apartment, expecting to find Zeph in deadly conflict with a midnight robber. Instead, there was opened to their gaze a scene that was worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. In the middle of the room were Zeph and Mary Ann, neither of them overdressed, being both of them as they emerged from their beds, each having fast hold of Ben, Mary Ann at his head and Zeph at his heels, each striving for the mastery. If ever mortal had occasion to pray for deliverance from his friends, it was Ben, then and there. A court of inquiry was convened by Ben's mother on the spot, at which it appeared in evidence that Zeph was rightfully possessed of the body in dispute, and that Mary Ann had surreptitiously crept up and stolen it.

away, getting half way across the attic before Zeph, who always "slept with one eye open," was aroused and gave chase. It is needless to add the case was decided in favor of Zeph, and he a second time bore off his prize in triumph.

It was during this visit that Mr. Wood and his sons were engaged in haying, and Ben had wandered to a distant part of the meadow in search of wild strawberries. Directly he came running back, crying, "Grandfather, there's something black out there in the grass!"

"Nonsense, boy," was the response, "go away and play."

Not to be thus put down, Ben made another trip to the spot, and quickly returned, reiterating, "O, grandfather, there *is* something black out there in the grass!"

"Israel," said Mr. Wood, addressing his eldest son, "do go and see what the boy has got, out there." Israel did as he was bidden, and no sooner had he reached the spot, than there sprang upon him with lightning-like velocity a black snake with a white ring around its neck, and winding itself around his legs, was rapidly working towards his neck, when Israel took from his pocket a knife and cut the reptile asunder. It measured five feet, and Mr. Wood said that had it attacked the boy when he was alone—well, this book might never have been written.

Those were days when the temperance reformers were not abroad in the land. Leading members of churches, and even deacons, and all keepers of grocery and country stores, sold intoxicating drinks, without restraint from law or gospel; and few, indeed, were the total abstainers, even clergymen accepting it as a token of hospitality and good will, while their own sideboards, in common with those of their parishioners, were brilliant with cut-glass decanters and wineglasses. An authentic story is related of a "hard-shell" Baptist minister in Swansea, whose invariable custom it was to fortify himself with a drink of hard cider before leaving home for church.

The time arrived when he considered that nothing short of a pint dram would impart to him the requisite exuberance of spirits. A consequence was, that his spirits exuberated to such an extent as to cause him to introduce into his sermons topics not wholly in keeping with any received rule for gospel ministrations. It occasioned much merriment on the part of "the world's people," and corresponding mortification among members of the church. The offending party was "in the sere and yellow leaf," and extremely "set" in his way, and to properly deal with him was a matter of no little difficulty. The members of his family were sorely perplexed. Finally, after due deliberation, they hit upon the following expedient: They drew half the cider from his barrel and replaced it with water. The remedy was effectual. If the old gentleman noted the change, he made no sign, other than a noticeable elimination of the objectionable features from his sermons.

It was well nigh fatal to the social standing of a household-er, not to be provided with a variety of liquors to set before his callers, and it was not regarded particularly disreputable for a visitor to become partially demoralized through partaking of the "good cheer" thus set before him. Mr. Israel Wood was no exception to this rule of hospitality. His callers were numerous, and the children were accorded the privilege of eating with a spoon the sugared rum, or rummed sugar, left in the bottoms of the tumblers. It will not be considered strange, that with this decoction the children came to love the taste of liquor and to eagerly embrace the opportunities thus given them.

One hot summer day, the boys were in the field, hoeing, and of course little Ben was there. He was then about three months past four years of age. At 11 o'clock the usual rum and sugar was brought upon the field for the workmen. The spirit of mischief at once entered into Zeph, and he conceived

the idea of having what he regarded as a little fun. Addressing Israel, he said, "Let's give Ben all he will drink." Israel was himself scarcely a remove from a boy, and readily agreed to it. Ben was called and a tumbler filled to the brim handed him. He drank it off, and in the innocence of his heart would have drank more, but they dared not give it to him. Instead, they put a hoe in his hands and set him at work, hoping he would work it off. The little fellow, proud to be thus set to do a man's work, for a time withstood the effects of the fluid, but soon began to reel, and then fell prone beside his hoe in helpless intoxication. He was carried off the field and taken in charge by the indignant Mary Ann, and by her put to bed to sleep off the effects of the liquor.

When he began to come to his senses, the afternoon was far advanced. The liquor he had drunk made him for the time being a raving maniac, so that it took the combined strength of two persons to hold him. "Old Lyd. Cook," as she was called, a family servant of mature years whose mind had never outgrown its childhood, in the goodness of her heart spread her playthings, generally so attractive to him, on the bed in tempting array. In a twinkling they were swept with the besom of destruction.

Exhaustion finally accomplished its work, and a good night's rest restored Ben to his normal condition. It was his first, final and only drunk, though he carried through all the subsequent sixty-five years of his life that love for the taste of liquor imbibed in his childhood, and which only the temperance pledge taken in after years prevented becoming a consuming and controlling appetite.

William H. Wood, the youngest son of Israel Wood, was but four years the senior of the subject of these sketches: hence was seemingly more of a brother than an uncle to him. He was a sharer in his boyish pastimes, and the happy hours

they spent together on the farm formed the subject of many pleasing meditations on the part of Mr. Pierce in later years.

On one of the visits to the farm by the nephew after both had passed the age of childhood, it was proposed between them that they should together make an apple bake. Down by the side of a spring, a short distance from the house, grew a buttonwood tree, beneath the spreading branches of which, with some flat stones selected for the purpose, they constructed their oven and baked and ate the apples.

This, without any intention on their part, proved to be the finale of their boyish pastimes together. Ere another summer came around, the uncle had trodden upon the first stepping stone of the long road that leads away from childhood. But in after years, when Will Wood, the uncle, had become owner of the farm, and both were fathers, Mr. Pierce with his family made occasional pilgrimages to the old roof-tree. These visits were ever viewed by the children of both in the light of picnics, and celebrated as such, always including a ceremonial visit to the scene of the apple-bake in the shade of the buttonwood tree.

It was years after, when at work in Boston, that Mr. Pierce, moved upon by a remembrance of by-gone days, went to his case in the printing office where he was employed, and without any copy save what lay hidden in the recesses of his brain, put in type the following :

The bright Spring days have come, Will Wood,—

The cold, bleak winter is past,—

The husbandman speeds his plow once more,

The Frost-King's gone at last.

The fields have cast their mantle of white,

And are donning their carpet of green,—

The cattle e'en now on the hill-side graze,

And the green bursting buds are seen.

My thoughts go back to the farm, Will Wood,—

The farm with its meadows and trees,

Where, in years gone by—bright boyhood's years—
Our hearts were light as the breeze.
The house by the road, where years it has stood,
Unscathed by the hand of decay,—
The peach and the pear trees 'neath whose shade
We went in the sunshine to play.

The hand that set them is cold, Will Wood,—
And lies 'neath the white marble stone ;
But the trees he left bright monuments stand,
To tell of the patriarch gone.
The old well-sweep you have taken away,
And a "new-fangled" pump in its stead,
Brings to your hand the pure, cooling draught
From the well that our good sire made.

And don't you remember the oven, Will Wood,—
We built 'neath the buttonwood tree?
And how in that oven the apples we baked,
And none so happy as we?
Full thirty years have passed since then,
But the oven remains there still,
Though the soft green sward now covers its sides,
That oven close under the hill.

There is one gentle voice now hushed, Will Wood,—
That we all so delighted to hear:
Her form lies cold in the embrace of death
That was wont the household to cheer ;
But her memory lives in the hearts of those
Who joyed in her presence then :
She'll mingle no more with the scenes of earth,
But, anon, we shall meet her again.

We're scattered all hither and yon, Will Wood,
We ne'er again shall meet
Around the board 'neath the old roof-tree,
With kindly words to greet.
But our hearts cling fondly around that spot
Where we never knew aught of harm,
And we joy to grasp thy hard, brown hand,
Will Wood of the homestead farm.

CHAPTER III.

THREE YEARS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

Some Quaint Ways—"Big Boys" and "Big Girls."—First Whipping in School.—"The Child the Father of the Man."—Old-Time School Reading.—Test Word of Spelling.—Some Early Recollections.—Two Belligerent Sexagenarians.—"Zeph," Again.—Rigid Disciplinarian.—An Historic Edifice.—A Cradle of Churches.—Father Taylor.

The quaint ways and stereotyped expressions of people in the rural districts in the early part of the century, would be amusing in these later days of more refinement in thought and expression. Mr. Pierce has often been heard to relate instances of this. Among the most amusing of these was the following :

In his early school days, Benjamin's way to and from the schoolhouse took him past the dwelling of a lady who was an acquaintance of his mother. Every morning in the week this woman was on the lookout for Benjamin, and the moment the boy made his appearance around the corner she was out at the gate, and her stereotyped salutation was, "W-a-a-ll, Benjam-i-n, h-e-o-w is yer mother—is she purty well, or aint she—or h-e-o-w is it ? The peculiar whine in which it was uttered, and which added greatly to its ludicrousness, cannot be reproduced on paper. And not the least remarkable circumstance in this connection, was the tenacity with which these old people clung to their quaint manner of expressing themselves, even with a change of surroundings. Sixteen years later, Mr. Pierce called on this lady, who had then removed to Provi-

dence. Almost her first utterance was, "W-a-a-ll, Benjam-i-n, h-e-o-w is yer mother—is she purty well, or aint she, or h-e-o-w is it?"

The school days of Mr. Pierce commenced while his parents resided at "Swanzey Factory," now Hortonville. That he has but slight recollection of them will not be considered strange, when it is understood that he was but a few months past four years of age. He remembers the "big boys," of whom he stood in fear, the "big girls," of whom he was the pet and plaything, and last, but not least, his teacher, Miss Angeline Barney, who is still living. He has likewise a vivid remembrance of his first whipping in school. His mother had fitted him out with a new book, and given his teacher, in his hearing, special instructions to punish him if he should mutilate it. It may be believed that he was very careful with that book. But in an unlucky moment, before he had had it an hour, a drop of saliva from his mouth fell upon one of its pages, and he, trembling in fear of the threatened punishment, essayed to repair the damage by rubbing it with his finger; and it was so that the longer he rubbed, the worse it became, observing which he began to cry. This betrayed him to the teacher, and forthwith that which he greatly feared came upon him—the before-mentioned whipping.

So rapid was his progress in learning, that at five years of age he not only could read readily, but had developed a phenomenal taste for that branch of literature with which he was destined to in after years become so closely identified. It is related of him, that at five years of age, journeying with his mother, he took the opportunity while the stage stopped at a store, to run in and beg a newspaper to read on the journey.

Of the reminiscences of his brief school life, Mr. Pierce has been most fond of dwelling on the unique manner of pronunciation encouraged or permitted in the schools of those days.

The first requisite was for a pupil to "speak up loud." Then in naming the letters of the alphabet were heard in ringing tones, "A-a-yer, B-e-yer, C-e-yer," and thus forward, to Z. The first word of two syllables wrestled with, was "Baker." This was rendered, with great unction, "B-yer a-yer, Ba-yer, k-yer, e-yer, r-er, ker-er, Baker-er. The boy or girl for the first time mastering this word, was regarded as having made a giant stride toward graduation in spelling.

The word of all words, however, and that which sent its conqueror to the top notch of fame, was the manufactured one, "KadorosoroMuskogee." As has been said, it was a fictitious word. It was formed of two words crowded together without intervening space, in Webster's Spelling Book then in use. The pupil who succeeded in mastering this "word," was regarded as at the pinnacle of fame as a speller.

The next move in the life of Mr. Pierce, was being transplanted to Troy, Mass., now Fall River, where his father, Mr. Lewis Pierce, was engaged in cutting stone for the Annawan factory, then in process of construction.

This change occurred in 1824, and the family located in the then suburbs, in what is now the thickly settled Bowenville. It was on the stage road, and all the traffic between Troy and places northward passed his parents' residence, which was in a house then owned by Captain Aaron Borden. The house is still there, though greatly enlarged from what it was then. Mr. Pierce remembers the stages passing one June morning, crowded with passengers, on their way to Boston, to see Lafayette, then there, and to witness the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument. He likewise remembers the late Rufus B. Kinsley, the founder of the Kinsley Express Company, driving past the house on his semi-weekly trips, with his ponderous baggage-wagon, between Newport and Boston. He has also a distinct recollection of being one

of the wondering spectators from the shore of the first trip of a steamboat in Mount Hope Bay. She was a small and crude affair, and was used in carrying bricks and passengers, running between Taunton and Providence, touching at Troy on her tri-weekly trips, each one of which occupied nearly the entire day.

Captain Borden, who with his wife occupied the first floor of the house where Benjamin's parents lived, was an average specimen of the genus sea-dog, and was by no means choice in the use of language, particularly when irritated. A short distance north from Captain Borden lived Thomas Freelove. Mr. Freelove was no admirer of Captain Borden, and the feeling was largely reciprocated on the part of the latter; and as Freelove, likewise, was not choice in his utterances, and both being of belligerent dispositions, whenever they came within hailing distance the air was generally quite blue in their vicinity. Freelove always journeyed to town on horseback. His way lay past the captain's door, and if the latter were not in sight, a word from Freelove quickly brought him there, and then ensued a war of words, in which profanity, criminations and recriminations were closely intermingled, Freelove on his horse and the captain inside his gate, mutually challenging each other to a nearer approach. But fortunately for the "peace and dignity of the state," they proved to be "barking dogs," their manifold duels always being fought with tongues.

Zeph paid them a brief visit while they lived in Captain Borden's house, and he had not been there half a day before he inaugurated a series of sports about the place that brought him into immediate wordy collision with the "lord of the manor," and had it not been for the timely intervention of Mrs. Pierce, somebody would have been badly whipped, but it would n't have been Zeph.

In the early part of the present century the strong ruled the

weak through the exercise of brute force, and a few blisters on the hands, or a few black-and-blue marks on the person, were not regarded by parents, school committees and others, as evidences of brutality, but rather as indicative of wholesome discipline. Hence the tender hands of girls were ferruled and the backs of boys rattanned, almost without stint, and with small provocation; and if the victim made complaint at home, the result was generally a supplemental punishment there.

A few rods south from Captain Borden's was a schoolhouse, in which Mr. Stephen K. Crary was at one time knight of the birch and ferrule. Mr. Crary was regarded as "a good teacher," though he at times enforced discipline by breaking a ruler over the head of one, lifting another from his seat to the aisle by his hair, ferruling girls' hands to a blister, and such acts of "gentle" discipline. This man was a citizen of the town, and afterwards for many years town clerk, one of whose duties it was to make proclamation in church, for three consecutive Sabbaths, of the names of parties intending matrimony, who were by this act placed "under fire" during that length of time.

In the spring of 1825, Benjamin's parents removed to New Bedford. Here, after a few months, he was deprived of his father. The widowed mother sorrowfully gathered up her effects, and with her two boys returned to Troy, (Fall River) to engage in a struggle which was to put to the test all the moral and physical resources of her nature. It was a struggle for existence, with the odds largely against her.

Her boys were aged, respectively, eight and six years. Her father came forward and offered to take them off her hands, assuming the charge of their maintenance and education; and it was in most respects a tempting offer; but after measuring the contingencies she declined with thanks.

Procuring apartments within her slender means, her boys were placed in school, and this Spartan mother prepared to maintain herself and children by her needle and through taking boarders.

The temple of learning was on the corner of Annawan and South Main streets. It is still in existence, though in another locality, and occupied for a different purpose. No building of that period now remaining in Fall River has a more eventful or interesting history. It was the cradle of at least two churches that are now flourishing in that city—the Methodist and the Unitarian. There are those who can remember Rev. Edward Taylor, afterwards the celebrated sailor preacher in Boston, being stationed there. He was the pioneer preacher in Fall River of the Methodist denomination. The fire which in after years helped to make him the renowned preacher that he was, had already commenced to kindle in his soul. Mr. Pierce, who thirty years later was privileged to listen to him in his Seamen's Bethel in Boston, was wont, at times, to recall, with much satisfaction, exciting incidents attending the Sailor Preacher's ministrations in his early field of labor. People attended his meetings as they would go to a circus, for the amusement derived from it. Mr. Taylor was possessed of a well trained voice, backed by very strong lungs, and he "led off" with great unction in the crude hymns introduced to liven up the meetings, pacing, meanwhile, to and fro in the single aisle, wringing his hands in the fervor of his excitement. The following will serve as a specimen of the livening hymn:

"O, brethren, don't get weary, get weary, get weary,
 O, brethren, don't get weary, we're on our journey home.
 CHORUS:—O, we'll feast on milk and honey, O,
 We'll feast on milk and honey, O,
 With glory in our souls."

Not a few who went to laugh, were melted to tears before

the close of the service, and were not infrequently brought to their knees at the altar. And so well rewarded were his fervent efforts, that he had the satisfaction, in a year or two, of seeing a flourishing church established in a new edifice.

The schoolhouse likewise had the honor of cradling the first Sunday school gathered in the town. It was under the auspices of the Methodist church, and Mr. Gilbert Ricketson was its first superintendent. Among its teachings were the first rudiments of reading, from Webster's spelling book, and its library was composed of books contributed from the homes of members of the congregation. Some of them were works that would hardly pass muster in the schools of the present day, being stories of the exploits of noted pirates, etc.

After it had been abandoned for the above mentioned uses, it did duty by turns as a grocery store, carpenter shop, etc., escaped the great fire of 1842 by the width of a street, and was subsequently removed to its present location on North Main street, where it has since been used for trade purposes.

It was to this temple of learning that Benjamin and his brother were sent. Its presiding genius was one Joseph Luther. He was a disciplinarian without a particle of discount. His was of the variety born of and nurtured by the gin bottle, which he kept conveniently secreted in a recess of the schoolhouse, sending out occasionally during school hours, to get it replenished.

No child was ever in danger of being spoiled through *his* sparing the rod, nor could King Solomon have had him in mind when he penned his oft-quoted proverb. There was scarcely a moment during school hours when the rod was not in use, to the terror and dismay of the entire school. A favorite mode of punishment with him, was to compel the victim to stand upon one foot, and bending forward place the forefinger of his right hand upon a letter R in the centre of a ring

chalked upon the floor, remaining in that position from five to fifteen minutes, according to the extent of punishment designed.

Among the pupils was William Crary, son of the pedagogue Crary previously mentioned. Young Crary was a good scholar but an inveterate truant. All ordinary modes of punishment having failed in effecting a reform, Luther complained to Crary senior, and was by him given carte blanche in the matter of punishment. This was sufficient for Luther. The next time young Crary absented himself, Luther sent into the woods and had cut and brought to him a stout hickory stick; This he slit into three parts, leaving sufficient for a handle; these three parts he braided, confined with a string at the end, and set the stick beside his desk in full view of the entire school.

In the afternoon Crary put in an appearance, and was called up and inquired of as to his absence; failing to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was ordered to strip off his jacket, then his vest, and standing off at a convenient distance, Luther rained blows upon him until his shirt was cut through and the instrument of torture worn half up to the handle.

This was severe punishment, and in these days such treatment would consign the brutal pedagogue to a felon's cell. But it attracted little attention outside the school, not even Crary's father regarding it as a case for interference.

Luther was not popular with his school, and many were the threats on the part of the boys to "get even" with him when they grew up; but they did not have to wait for that. One evening he was found by the roadside in a condition of unconsciousness from intoxication, tumbled into an empty crockery crate, to which a rope was quickly attached, and fifteen or twenty boys taking hold, he was given a free ride

through the town. The boys thus had their revenge, and Luther's sun soon after disappeared beneath the horizon.

Benjamin's school days ended in the old schoolhouse on the corner of Annawan and South Main streets. In reading and spelling he had become quite proficient; in writing he had only attained to the first rudiments, in arithmetic he had mastered the multiplication table, but geography and grammar were to him unexplored fields. Thenceforth instruction to him was to come incidentally. He had a taste for reading which he gratified through the limited channels open to the youth of those days, chief of which were the Sunday school libraries.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ERA OF CRUEL SERVITUDE.

Eighty-four Hours for Fifty Cents.—The First Day's Work.—Terrible Experience of a Day.—Bleeding Fingers and Brutal Blows.—A Mother's Solitude.—Brutal Bisbee.—A Boy Perils His Life to Escape Punishment.—More than He Bargained For.—How a Boy Got Even with a Superintendent.

Before Benjamin was eight years of age, his mother, finding the maintenance of her family and "providing things honest before all men," a matter of extreme difficulty, if not impossibility, with any other plan which she could devise, decided, with almost heart-breaking reluctance, to withdraw Benjamin from school and place him in a factory. The latter was nothing loth, seeing in it an avenue of escape from the brutality of the pedagogue Luther.

The wages were fifty cents for a week of eighty-four hours. His elder brother Alfred had already been at work several months in the same factory at the wages of seventy-five cents a week.

Bright and early on a Monday morning in March, 1827, Benjamin, with his clean apron on and head erect, trotted off to the factory. When, an hour and a half later, he went home to his breakfast, he was enthusiastic over his new employment; at noon it was noticed he was a little less so. It was a woolen factory for the manufacture of sattinet, the first remove from

the old-time method of carding, spinning and weaving wool by hand. His employment was splicing the rolls, and kept him upon his feet and walking to and fro through the thirteen hours of the day. Hence it was not strange that as the day began to wane, and his knuckles to bleed from constant abrasion in splicing the rolls on a rough apron, himself ready to drop upon the floor from weariness, that his spirits began to flag and his work to get away from him. For this the only evidence of pity on the part of the man in charge of the work, was a stunning blow with the flat of his hand on the ear, with an admonition to "wake up."

When, at the expiration of thirteen hours, Benjamin went out of that factory, it was with less exuberance of spirits than when he entered it in the morning. All the knuckles of his right hand were bleeding, his face and flaxen hair were begrimed with the dye-stuff and oil from the wool he had been handling, the spirit had all gone out of him, and he was anything other than the bright, cleanly boy who went forth with such towering ambition in the morning. He related, amid bitter sobs, the brutal treatment he had received at the hands of Durfee, the young understrapper under whose charge he had been placed. His mother consoled him as only a mother can, and he sat down to his well earned supper. He had not, however, finished the meal, when he leaned forward sobbing upon the table and in a moment was asleep, sleeping soundly until the next morning, his mother having removed his clothing and put him to bed.

This day and its events were destined to be measurably duplicated fifteen hundred times in the subsequent five years, except that he increased in years and strength, and was consequently better fitted to endure it. His sympathetic mother, while she was unable to lift from his young shoulders the burden, felt keenly his woes, and on many occasions when he had

come home at night broken down with toil and smarting under the treatment of his unfeeling taskmaster, would she take the little fellow in her lap and soothe him to sleep, and this even when he had so grown that his feet, as she held him, touched the floor.

While few, perhaps, commenced work in the factory earlier in life than the principal of these sketches, his was not by any means an isolated case. Scores of children of both sexes were employed when under ten years of age, and were subjected to similar treatment. Parents with large families, yet with slender means, found even the paltry amounts paid their children in the mills a welcome assistance in defraying the expenses of their maintenance.

With the factory managers there existed a union to protect themselves from prosecution in cases of maltreatment of help by overseers, parties bringing suit for assault being blacklisted through all the mills and deprived of further employment.

The factory where Benjamin and his brother were employed was constructed of granite blocks weighing several tons each, and being on descending ground, was three stories on the front and five in the rear. The looms were in the third story and swung laterally of the mill. At times during the day, these would assimilate the lock-step of marching, and swinging in unison would cause the huge structure to sway perceptibly at the top. At one time the help left the mill in a panic, fearing that it was about to fall. It continued, however, to hold its own for twenty years, when it was demolished to give place to a larger and more modern structure.

There were a number of machines similar to the one which Benjamin was attached to, each operated by one man having in charge two boys. Probably plantation slaves of similar age were treated with more humanity, or less cruelty, at least, than were many of the boys in this instance. The

men operating these machines were supreme rulers of those in their charge, with none to supervise their discipline or to question their authority. Their chief instrument of torture was a strap of belt-leather, a yard in length and an inch wide, knotted at the end. This they plied with all their vigor with their right hand, while with their left they held the victim by his collar, and instances were not rare in which the boy carried on his person for days the marks of the brutality.

There were two men who of all the others were noted for their savage dispositions. One of these was Hazard Bisbee. Naturally of a morose nature if anything went wrong outside the factory, he vented his spite on his helpless charge within it. He was a terror to all the boys in the mill. Benjamin and his brother Alfred were detailed to him, as the most likely of all others to remain. Alfred was inclined to be a trifle stubborn and unruly, to cure him of which Bisbee raised him by his hair and held him at arm's length clear from the floor. So good a hold did he take, that when the boy was released, a bunch of hair extracted from the boy's head by the roots fell from his hand. Alfred was bald in that spot through the forty remaining years of his life. There will be no wonder that in after years the remembrance of the terrible Bisbee at times was present in his dreams.

On one occasion Bisbee came in with a cloud on his brow, and the two brothers knew what to expect should anything about their work go wrong. For an hour the contest went on, he watching for some defect, however slight, in their work, as a pretext for violence, and they as fully determined that he should not find it.

At length his opportunity came. Benjamin in an unlucky moment let the end of a roll slip through, an occurrence that ordinarily attracted little attention. Quick as a flash Bisbee, snatching from the frame one end of a wooden roller ten feet

long and an inch and a half thick, hurled it with all his might at the boy, striking him in the eye and effectually closing that orb for several days. Seeing the result of his brutality, Bisbee grunted out, "Didn't mean to hit you in the eye."

The boys were wont, in order to relieve the tedium of their situations, to sing and whistle while at their work, the noise of the machinery being such as to prevent any annoyance to others. But Bisbee in his ugly moods, which were nearly perpetual, was not disposed to grant them even this trifling amelioration of their condition. On one occasion when a boy was indulging in his favorite pastime, the mandate came from the despot on the other side of the frame,— "Stop that whistling!" The boy obeyed, but the situation becoming irksome to him, he puckered up his mouth and "went through the motions" of whistling, without making any sound. This was a poser for Bisbee; he listened intently, but not a "whistle" could he hear, while the lad was with all his might "going through the motions." At length Bisbee could stand it no longer, and thundered out, "Stop that puckering!" The lad knew what would be the next thing if he persisted, and he therefore ceased to "pucker."

The terror inspired in the minds of the children through the tyranny of these young men clothed with a little brief authority, will be best illustrated by the following narrative of an occurrence in one of the mills in Fall River during Benjamin's factory servitude:

A boy was overtaken by his overseer in some trifling indiscretion and took refuge from his wrath in a closet opening out of the room, the door of which he hooked on the inside. He reasoned within himself that he was by this move only delaying by this masterly stroke of policy the punishment that was sure to come, as his persecutor was already pounding at the door, and he looked about him for a way of escape. In

the floor was an aperture beneath which was a deep and swift running stream. Beside this stream was a bulkhead of earth, faced with timber. By letting himself down through this aperture, he might possibly be able to swing by his hands so as to alight upon the bulkhead; but in case of failure to do so, he must inevitably drop into the stream, be swept away and drowned. He decided to take the chances; and haply landing on terra firma, he made the best of his way home, and creeping stealthily up stairs, hid himself under the bed.

At length the overseer, who had been all the time angrily waiting outside, and getting no response to his frequent calls, became alarmed and broke the fastening of the door. His alarm was increased when the boy was no where to be found, and the inference was, that he, preferring death to the punishment that was in store for him, had dropped into the water and been inevitably drowned. An alarm was given, the stream drawn down, stopping all the factories, and it being evening, men were sent with lanterns to search up and down the canal for his body. While this was progressing, tidings of the event had been conveyed to his home, and the lamentations of the family, wafted to him in his hiding place, were the first intimation he had of what a commotion he had created. When he crept down and showed himself, the family could scarcely credit their senses. Word was at once passed along the line and the searchers recalled. It is needless to add that the little fellow enjoyed his well earned exemption from punishment, and the mill hands their two hours' recess.

There was one instance, however, in those days of the triumph of the strong over the weak, in which the former came off second best. In a New England factory the superintendent in passing through one of the rooms, detected a lad in some trifling misdemeanor, and going to him said, "Young man, I will see you again!" The "young man" had been "seen"

by this superintendent on at least one occasion, previously, and he determined that in this instance he would have his share of the "fun." He accordingly procured a piece of belt leather about five inches square and drove a number of tacks through it so that the points protruded about one-eighth of an inch on the opposite side. This he placed on the inside of his clothing at the expected place of attack, the points projecting outward. Thus prepared he awaited events.

At length the superintendent came back and calling the lad to him said, "Now, young man, I'll attend to your case," and suiting the action to the word, proceeded to lay the youngster across his knee. Down came his hand with all the force he could muster, but as quickly it came up again. Giving it a hasty examination, he exclaimed, "You rascal!" and down again went the hand, with accelerated force. The second time it came up blood was starting from a dozen places. Quickly relinquishing his hold on the boy, he ordered him to put on his coat and leave the mill, at the same time wiping the blood from his hand. The lad did as he was bidden, but he had the satisfaction of seeing the superintendent on the street the next four or five days with a white cloth around his hand.

CHAPTER V.

SLIGHT CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

The First Strike in Fall River.—Improvised Sun Dials.—A Change for the Better.—Two Model Employers.—A “Barberous” Transaction.—Some Gymnastic Exercises.—Playing Indian.—“Cotton Bugs” and “Blue Niggers.”—Snow-Ball Campaigning.—“David and Goliath.”

At one time during Benjamin's employment in the sattinet mill, in the winter of 1832, a strike occurred. The owners, Messrs. J. & J. (Jesse and John) Eddy, had a large order for goods to fill within a given time, to accomplish which they found it necessary to increase the time of labor, (the help were already working thirteen hours) and without previous consultation with the overseers, they added another half hour to each day, by which arrangement the operatives worked until 8 o'clock P. M., making an interval of seven hours between dinner and supper and an addition to their hours of labor when their systems were already overtaxed.

After the lapse of several days, the overseers held a meeting, at which it was decided to proceed in a body to the office and tendering their resignations, demand a settlement. Their appearance before the Messrs. Eddy on such an errand, struck consternation to the hearts of the latter. Aside from the circumstance of their services being indispensable at that time, there was due them a considerable amount of money the payment of which then would cause the Messrs. Eddy no

slight inconvenience. The matter was therefore amicably arranged and the men returned to their work. This is believed to have been the first strike inaugurated in Fall River.

If ever time passed slowly it was with the boys employed in the mills. Clocks were a rare commodity, and very few of them found their way into the operating rooms of the factories. But the boys improvised sun-dials by means of which, in pleasant weather, they noted the march of time. This was by means of chalk marks on the floor, denoting certain hours of the morning or afternoon. No man then so much as dreamed of a ten hour system: mechanics worked from sun to sun; the factories by artificial light at both ends of the day in winter, and from sun to sun in summer, thus making a day of fourteen hours in mid-summer. This was oppressive and the health of very many was perceptibly impaired thereby. At length there came a slight amelioration. A four teen-year-old girl operative in one of the mills sickened and died during the long days of summer, and at a consultation of physicians it was decided that it was caused by overwork. (The symptoms were those of *cerebro spinal meningitis*.) The mill owners thereupon held a meeting, at which it was decided to reduce the time during the summer months one hour a day, commencing at 5 A. M., and closing at 7 P. M. In accordance with the habit of all his life, instead of using the time thus gained in the morning for sleeping, Benjamin was up when few others were stirring, and before the sun had risen, exploring the town, and so well was his work in that direction done, that he was able to draw from memory a correct map of the town. But what he enjoyed more than anything else in this connection, were the opportunities it gave him for rambles around the wharves and among the shipping, and scarcely a vessel entered the port that he did not learn the name of.

Benjamin's employers, Jesse and John Eddy, were in many respects different from a majority of the mill owners of the present day. They were both working men, Jesse doing the buying and selling, and attending to the finances, and John attending to the manufacturing department, not hesitating to take off his coat, roll up his sleeves and don an apron, when occasion required.

But it was in their close terms of intimacy with their men that they were most conspicuous. They treated them more as equals than as men in their employ. The finishing room was the place of resort in the long Saturday evenings in winter, and around the stove the male help, men and boys, assembled, the first to talk and the latter to listen, and nothing was ever said there that any parent might not wish his child to hear. The gatherings were informal, and one or both the Messrs. Eddy generally dropped in during the evening, and joined in the conversation.

One of the employes, Jireh Pettey, acted as hair dresser to such as desired it, and generally gave the best of satisfaction. On one occasion, however, he came short of this desired end. William Winter, a finishing room hand, was a steward in the Methodist church, which was having a revival season, and Winter being detailed for duty at the altar, desired to be "touched up a little." "Now do me up in good shape, Jireh," said Winter, as he seated himself in the tonsorial chair. "Never you fear," replied Pettey, "I will give you an extra touch." And he did. When Winter left that chair—well, he didn't swear, but he looked and acted as though he might be glad if some one would utter a little profanity on his account. Such a looking head! Of all lengths and no length at all, the hair looked as though the rats had been gnawing it. A "pine-apple cut" might have remedied it, but those were not in fashion, and poor Winter could do no more than accept the situa-

tion. He was at his post at the altar the next evening, but did not remove his hat, and this leading to inquiry as to the cause, resulted in Pettey's condemnation by the general religious community.

Most of the adult members of that company have passed over to the majority, and but few of the boys remain. Among the former are the Messrs. Eddy, Captain Benjamin Simmons, Hon. James Buffinton, and others. Among the latter are Messrs. Theodore Warren, late superintendent of the Newport and Wickford Steamboat and Railroad Company, Asa Pettey, a leading merchant of Fall River, Samuel Warren, Elkanah Whiteley, and the principal of these sketches.

It may be said of those of both sexes employed by the Messrs. Eddy in that mill, that nearly all made honorable records, more so, perhaps, than an equal number from any other manufacturing establishment in New England. And however brutal may have been their treatment by overseers, the Messrs. Eddy were always remembered and spoken of by them with kindness and respect.

Going to work at daylight, given but half an hour for breakfast, three-quarters of an hour for dinner, and working until half-past seven at night, one would not naturally suppose that the boys could find much time to devote to out-door sports. But these boys arranged to get from sixty to ninety minutes for out-door sports on each pleasant day. Ten minutes was enough for them for either breakfast or dinner, when they would hasten to the mill and enjoy themselves in play until summoned to work by the bell. Gymnastics were informally engaged in with such appliances as were available. Among these were a hoisting rope dangling from a beam forty feet from the ground, to the end of which was attached an iron hook. On one occasion, when the hook was ten or twelve feet above the ground, the boys were exercising on it, when Sam-

uel Warren, a twelve-year old lad, thought to outdo the others by executing a summerset from the hook, in which he succeeded so far as to get his heels over his head, when his hold on the hook gave way, and he struck on his head on a solid rock. He was taken up vomiting blood, and carried to his home near by. It was thought that his injuries would prove fatal; but in a week or two he was back again to his work, apparently none the worse for his gymnastic experience. On another occasion when his brother Theodore was personating an Indian, with a dull axe used in cutting dye stuffs, for a tomahawk, the weapon got the better of him and penetrated the scalp of a boy named Stafford, causing blood to flow quite freely. There was considerable excitement for a time, but as it was ascertained that the hurt was not serious, and as the event was purely an accident, no further notice was taken of it, and the boys were the next day playing together as usual.

Of all the sports engaged in by the factory help at that time, none were so exciting or more roughly conducted, than that of snowballing. The factory operatives were divided into two classes, respectively designated as "Cotton Bugs" and "Blue Niggers." The former were the most numerous, but the latter made up in pluck and other advantages what they lacked in numbers. Besides these, there were the operatives in Robeson's print works, numbering about the same as the sattinet operatives. These maintained mostly an "armed neutrality," though they sometimes appeared as allies of one or the other party, according to circumstances.

The first appearance of snow was the signal for the commencement of hostilities, inaugurating a campaign that was to end only with the disappearance of the last vestige of snow in the spring. At first only a desultory warfare was maintained, but as the season advanced the boys became warmed up to their work, and regular pitched battles were fought. Still

further on, the overseers and other adult operatives, from being mere spectators, became active participators in the conflicts.

One peculiarity about these snow-ball battles was, that they were seldom fought to a finish, the inevitable and inexorable factory bell being the final arbiter in most cases. And herein lay a material advantage to the Blue Niggers, that their employers were not disposed to find fault with a tardiness of five minutes or so in getting to their work if thereby an advantage was to be gained over the enemy, while with the other side a like tardiness called forth reprimand or something more serious. Hence if the Blue Niggers could manage to hold out until the sound of the factory bell, they had the others at their mercy, and frequently would pursue them to the doors of the factories. On one occasion the Cotton Bugs of one of the mills having tarried too long on the field of battle, found the doors closed against them, and being sorely pressed by the enemy, took refuge in the picker house adjoining, the windows of which were all broken in by the pursuers. When the excitement was past, the conquerors were trembling in expectation of being called to account for damage done to property, but as nothing more was ever heard from it, the presumption was that the Messrs. Eddy, glorying in the spunk of their "boys," quietly settled the bill. On another occasion, when reinforced by the calico works people, the Blue Niggers drove the Cotton Bugs into the woods and held them so long as to make them late at the mill.

This warfare was all waged in the twenty minutes snatched from meal hours. As spring advanced and the snow began to disappear, each side was naturally anxious to be victorious at the close, and to that end extraordinary means were resorted to. When the snow had disappeared, except what remained on the shady side of walls, little fellows too small to be effect-

ive fighters, were detailed as "powder monkeys," whose duty it was to operate beside the walls, working in two parties, one to manufacture the "ammunition," and the other to carry it in their aprons to the front.

On one occasion the calico works gang, which had allied itself with the Blue Niggers, turned traitor in the midst of a battle, and went bodily to the other side, thus turning the battle in favor of the enemy, to whom they attached themselves for the remainder of the campaign.

At one time, as the end of the season was drawing nigh, one of the belligerent parties made up a quantity of snow-balls at night, soaked them in water and barreled them up to freeze. In the morning they were like stones, and were hurled at the enemy with damaging effect, to be by them picked up and thrown back again with interest. Luckily some of the overseers discovered the work that was going on, got the barrel of ammunition and destroyed it, or there might have been serious results. As it was, quite a number of boys on both sides required the aid of a physician to patch and plaster up their hurts.

Employed in the sattinet mill as a spinner, was Alpheus Jefferson, a man who stood six-foot-three in his stockings, and who was known as "Tall Jeff." Employed in one of the cotton mills was a little five-footer named Nickerson, who had achieved a local reputation as a fighter. On a day in early spring, when the snow had quite disappeared, and the young men had joined the boys in their efforts to carry off the championship, the contending forces had drawn up opposite each other, and by accident or design, probably the former, Jeff and Nickerson were directly facing one another. Snow was scarce, and there was a lull in the battle. Directly Nickerson discovered Jeff opposite him, and forthwith proposed that the two should decide the fate of the battle, to which Jeff at once

acceded. It was the old scene of David and Goliath reproduced, while both "armies" stood as interested spectators. The balls were hurled with great force and accuracy, and dexterously dodged on each side. At length, seeing that neither side was likely to gain an advantage, it was proposed by Nickerson that they should decide the matter with their fists. This Jeff likewise acceded to, and the parties were preparing for the contest, when the bell rung them in to work. A rain came that night, swept away the last vestige of snow and ended the contests for that season.

CHAPTER VI.

FORGOTTEN EVENTS BROUGHT FORWARD.

Intense Denominational Differences.—Quarrel over a Church Edifice.—Remarkable Doctrinal Dispute at a Baptizing.—A Blind Preacher.—Rev. Arthur Ross.—A Mason with Backbone.—Interesting Facts concerning the Early Life of Perry Davis.—Rev. Asa Bronson.—A Stalwart Preacher.—Trials and Tribulations.

In the early part of the present century, sectarianism was rank and bitter. Ana-Baptists and Pedo-Baptists, represented, respectively, by the Baptists and Congregationalists and Presbyterians, while they were mostly agreed on the doctrines of Calvin, were bitterly opposed on the questions of immersion and sprinkling, and particularly on infant baptism, and the Methodists, then become quite numerous, while they accepted alike the tenets of both on baptism, opposed each in the matters of Predestination and Final Perseverance of Saints, and the disputes of leading members of these sects rivalled in bitterness the warmest political discussions of these or any other times. A prevailing practise with heads of families who were members of churches, was to take their children to divine service with them from the eldest down, a family not infrequently occupying an entire pew. Children were expected, as they reached the years of understanding, to follow in the footsteps of their parents in the matter of doctrinal belief, and failure on their part to do so sometimes subjected them to treatment bordering on persecution.

There were occurrences growing out of differences in religious belief, which if enacted in these days of sensational journalism would be heralded throughout this and other countries, but which in those times, though causing more than a ripple of excitement in the community where they transpired, were not even mentioned in the local paper. Some of these are worthy of special notice at this late day, and likewise of preservation as matters of history.

At the commencement of the present century, when what is now the flourishing city of Fall River was but a small village of a few hundred inhabitants, the religious element were mostly concentrated in two denominations—the Baptists and Presbyterians. At a time when there was no house of worship in the place, the two sects so far ignored their differences as to unite in building a church edifice. It was located on the line between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, equal portions being in each state, and was after the style of meeting-houses in those days, two stories, with a gallery on three sides, the front of which was painted white, as was also that of the pulpit. It had no conveniences for warming, and being innocent of laths and plastering, was a delightfully cool place in summer, but far from being comfortable in the winter. It was not to be expected that two religious peoples so diametrically opposite in their creeds, and who were warring against each other all the week, should worship under the same roof on the Sabbath. They arranged it that the two denominations should occupy it on alternate Sabbaths. There was no settled pastor to either church, each depending on a chance supply. On one occasion the Presbyterians being without a supply on the Sabbath, and the Baptists at the same time having a preacher whom they were anxious to hear, they asked of their brethren the Presbyterians the privilege of using the house for that day. It was denied them, and determining, under the

circumstances to occupy the church, and having no other means of entrance, forced open the door and held their service. The Presbyterians resorted to litigation, and the matter was not finally put to rest until a quarter of a century later.

The next episode occurred a number of years later, when the Baptists and Methodists were each occupying houses of their own. There was a special religious interest pervading both churches, and each had arranged for baptismal services on the shore at the foot of Central street, on a calm, pleasant Sabbath morning in summer. Whether by previous design or accident, both congregations assembled on the shore at the same hour, and it was arranged that the clergymen should alternately enter the water. They were Rev. Arthur Ross, Baptist, and Rev. Edward Taylor, Methodist, both men of fiery temperaments and liable to proceed to extremes on occasion. Matters were progressing with the solemnity and smoothness usual on such occasions, until Mr. Ross, in conducting a candidate into the water, took occasion to say, that "here was a person who having been previously sprinkled, had come forward and desired to be immersed, not considering that sprinkling was sufficient to answer the requirement, whereas he had yet to learn of an instance in which a person having been immersed, subsequently desired sprinkling." Mr. Taylor, standing upon the shore, retorted that not only had he heard of such an instance, but he could produce one on the spot, and thereupon brought forward a fifteen-year-old girl, a member of his church. The baptismal services being suspended, a warm debate ensued, during which Mr. Ross applied to Mr. Taylor the startling epithet of "sheep-stealer!" This ended the discussion and the baptismal service as well, the unpleasant episode furnishing food for conversation for many days, and widening a hitherto existing breach between the two churches.

Elder Job Borden was one of the early preachers of the Baptist denomination in Fall River. Although totally blind, he held the pastorate of the church for many years. He was a Calvinist of the most rigid sort, and anything in religious belief not savoring of that was in his estimation the rankest heterodoxy. He was esteemed one of the most able preachers of the denomination, and notwithstanding his infirmity was assiduous in his pastoral duties. He died among his flock at an advanced age and full of honors.

In Elder Borden's declining years, Rev. Arthur Ross, previously mentioned, was engaged as assistant, and subsequently became settled pastor. It was during his pastorate that the famous anti-Masonic excitement that rended society and churches, was in being at that time, and Elder Ross was a member of that order. A large number of his church were anti-Masons, and a committee waited on him with a request that he should renounce Masonry. He listened respectfully to what they had to say, then rising from his chair and standing before them, he said, "Not, brethren, if my refusal were to lead to my being cut into inch pieces!" They had already learned sufficient of the man to be satisfied in their minds that further effort in that direction would be useless, and they retired from the field. Elder Ross held to his resolve, but it eventually lost him his pastorate.

Among the members of the Fall River Baptist church was Perry Davis, whose name was a few years later made famous through his discovery of the "Pain Killer" which bears his name. Few men ever began life under more disheartening circumstances than Mr. Davis. A shoemaker by trade, he was yet possessed of an inventive turn of mind, which he was continually exercising in the bringing forward of some new project that he felt certain was to lead to success and a fortune. So sanguine was he in these ventures, that he put into them all

his earnings, leaving his family dependent on the neighbors for the necessaries of life; and so serious had this at one time become, that a brother-in-law of his was constrained to remind him that "when he married his sister he did not expect he was marrying the entire family;" and the church of which he was a member felt called upon to admonish him for his shortcomings in that direction. On more than one occasion was he put in jail for debt, taking with him his bench and kit of tools to make and mend shoes for the maintenance of his family during the period of his incarceration. At times he was so reduced in finances as to be without a change of clothing, and, as he afterwards told in his prosperous days, in order to secure clean linen he at one time went to a brook in a secluded locality, took off and washed his shirt and waited in the bushes for it to dry. Yet through all these trying circumstances he never lost faith in God, nor in his ultimate triumph over adversity.

One of the early pastors of this church was Rev. Asa Bronson, who came to Fall River in 1835. He was a young man, with a disposition and ability to work in the cause of the Master, and he found plenty of employment. His aim was to make himself useful, not only in the pulpit but outside. At fires he did not regard it as beneath his dignity and standing to take his place with the firemen and do a fireman's work. Beside the bed of suffering he acted in the dual capacity of minister and nurse, and on one occasion, when a young lady afflicted with St. Anthony's dance had tired out all the fiddlers in town, Mr. Bronson made use of knowledge in that direction acquired in his younger days, thus acting as a relief to the professional players. At another time a man was caught in the machinery of a rolling mill and a leg was crushed off at the thigh, and singularly enough Mr. Bronson was at hand and in his pocket a bottle of camphor, which being admin-

istered at once, sustained the injured man until medical aid could be procured, and he recovered, united with Mr. Bronson's church and lived for many years. Such acts and circumstances as these went far toward endearing Mr. B. to the people and bringing them under religious influences. He had not labored in Fall River many months before the good seed thus sown began to bear fruit, and during a special religious interest extending over a brief period, there were about four hundred additions to the church membership. On one of the baptismal occasions connected with this revival, the temperature was at zero, and ice five inches thick was cut through in order to reach the water, in which Mr. Bronson stood waist deep, (there were no rubber baptismal suits, then) for fifteen minutes, while the candidates were handed in and out, quoting the lines of the hymn,—

“Brethren, if your hearts are warm,
Ice and snow can do no harm.”

On another baptismal occasion, he immersed seventy candidates, leaving the water only at the close.

Contemporary with Mr. Bronson in the ministry in Fall River, was Rev. Orin Fowler, pastor of the Congregational church. He had come at about the same time, and like Mr. Bronson, was a stalwart in stature and intellect. He took issue with the latter, on the baptismal question, and for several months the reverend gentlemen discussed the matter in the columns of the local paper. Mr. Fowler introduced into the controversy the subject of the forcible entry and occupation of the old church edifice by the Baptists, as previously narrated, passing severe strictures upon it, to which Mr. Bronson replied. The population of Fall River was but a few thousands, and the community became thoroughly stirred up in the matter. At length Mr. Bronson silenced his opponent, and the next phase of the subject was a Sunday evening union meeting of the two congregations in Mr. Fowler's church, at

which Mr. Bronson delivered a discourse. This was succeeded by a similar meeting in the Baptist church, at which Mr Fowler preached, and thereafter matters moved on harmoniously between the two churches.

But Mr. Bronson was destined to encounter tribulation such as he never before dreamed of. In an evil hour he was induced by a brother of his to embark with him in the grocery business. Neither of them had any moneyed capital, but Mr. Bronson was known far and wide, and his name was a "tower of strength." They bought largely, giving time notes, and opened the largest, most elegant and best stocked grocery and general variety store in Fall River. From the outset there was no lack of custom, as they not only sold cheap, but Mr. Bronson, in the benevolence of his heart, gave credit to everybody who asked for it. Old tradesmen looked on and shook their heads, but said little, the Messrs. Bronson meanwhile congratulating themselves on their "success in business." But ere six months had passed notes fell due which they found difficulty in meeting. Their splendid stock ran out, collections were slow, and there was no means of replenishing. At length the crash came. A Providence wholesale dealer with a protested note came down on the afternoon boat and demanded payment. Rev. Mr. Bronson, to whom he applied, bade him come around at 7 o'clock in the morning and he would settle with him. The creditor appeared as directed, to find the store closed and on the door a notice of assignment that had been effected at midnight. The creditor, before leaving town, related the story of the transaction, which gaining currency gave rise to much comment, not all of which was favorable to the clergyman. To still further complicate matters, Mr. Bronson had been announced to lecture before the local lyceum, the succeeding week, and the subject chosen by him was "Truth." Speculation was

rife as to how he would treat the subject, if, indeed, he should appear at all. The evening arrived, and the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Bronson was there at the appointed time, and proceeded with his lecture as though nothing had transpired to effect a change, except that he introduced the unfortunate circumstance that was so much agitating the community, treating it in so apt a manner as to wholly vindicate himself and in the view of a majority of his hearers fully justify the action he had felt called upon to take in the matter.

But Mr. Bronson had only commenced to realize the bitterness of the cup he was destined to drain to the dregs. He had contracted local debts of a considerable amount, and was not exempt from the "duns" incident to such a situation, some of which were of a most mortifying nature to a person occupying the position he did as a minister of the gospel. He was subjected to insults which he was helpless to avert, and life became a burden to him. Once, when in the place of business of a creditor, the latter locked the door and told him he should not go out until he had arranged for a settlement, thus instituting on his own responsibility a law for imprisonment for debt. The debtor did not propose to submit quietly to this illegal method of treatment, and seizing the improvised jailor by the shoulders, placed him in a chair, bidding him not to stir from there until he had left the shop; he then unlocked the door and quietly walked out. Another creditor proposed to him to work out his debt with pick and shovel. He was at length freed from these annoyances through a subscription by his church. After a variety of vicissitudes, through all of which he maintained his integrity and Christian standing, his days were quietly ended at an advanced age, while he was serving as city missionary.

CHAPTER VII.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Trials of a Preacher.—A Dip into the Fountain of Learning.—Israel's Boots.—Other Changes for the Better.—Learns to Write.—Epistolary Correspondence.—Lessons in Self Denial.—Sickened of Smoking—First Appearance of Cholera.—Quarantine.—Ephraim K. Avery.—Saving Windows and Stairs and Losing the House.

When Mr. Pierce was about twelve years of age, his mother sent him to an evening school for instruction in writing. But it may be supposed that a lad of 12 years who had been toiling thirteen hours in a factory would not be in a condition to devote much energy to the acquisition of learning. The experiment was a failure, for no sooner did the boy bend to his task than drowsiness overtook him, his head fell forward upon the desk, and he was lost in slumber. He did not learn to write until self taught, five years later.

On his occasional visits to the country, Benjamin gathered incidents which he often, in after years, recounted with no little glee, the following being of the number:

The isolation of many New England farms is too well understood to require elucidation here. Anything to break the monotony of farm life is regarded as a godsend; hence an opportunity to perpetrate a practical joke is seldom permitted to pass unimproved.

On a New England farm, in haying time, there came along a rough specimen of humanity and applied for work. He was

engaged and placed in the field with half-a-dozen other men, who were eager for a subject on which to exercise their propensities for fun. The only name he vouchsafed to disclose to them, was that of "Israel."

Among the oddities of dress in this new recruit, was a pair of No. 12 cowhide boots which he persisted in wearing into the field, notwithstanding that the temperature was well up among the nineties. These boots constituted a most capital subject for their jokes, and so persistently did they play them, that Israel, to rid himself of the annoyance, threw them on the hen-coop and went to the field barefoot, thus blocking their fun for the time being.

There was one among them, however, who was fertile in expedients and was not slow in formulating a new plan of operations. The hen-coop was directly under his window. One morning at the breakfast table he gave evidence of having passed a somewhat sleepless night.

"Tom," said his employer, who was in the secret, "what's the matter with you? You don't look and act yourself, this morning. Are you sick?"

"N-n-n-o, I'm not sick," was the response."

"Then what *is* the matter?"

"Well, the hens kept up such a racket, all night."

"The hens? What was the matter with *them*?"

"Well, I'll *tell* you. The hens made such a din that I couldn't sleep, and I turned out to see what the matter was. Looking down, I saw them stepping 'round, first this way, then that, very much excited, and hovering 'round some one object. Directly the old rooster stretched himself up, flapped his wings, and exclaimed,—

"*These were Israel's b-o-o-o-o-ts!*" *These were Israel's b-o-o-o-o-ts!*"

The whole table was at once in a roar, and amid the excite-

ment rose, and hurling a fork, which just missed Tom's head, was seen no more on that farm.

About the year 1833, there was a new invention in woolen machinery by means of which the evils portrayed in a previous chapter were almost entirely eradicated, and the system which fostered Bisbee and kindred tyrants gave place to another in which the whole routine of labor was changed for the better, and the entire room placed in charge of a single overseer, to whom, alone, the boys were held accountable. They were thenceforward destined to be treated as human beings, and Mr. Pierce, in looking back upon that period, is wont to view it as the commencement of a new era in his existence. True he was still a slave to the bell, nor were his hours of labor shortened; but there were minutes during the day when, his work running well, he could sit by his frame and rest, and he was even allowed to take a book to read, though the overseer was supposed not to know of it.

For three years this continued, when another change was effected, and the remainder of Benjamin's factory life was chiefly out of doors, giving him still further freedom of action. It seemed, he has since been heard to say, like a release from prison, after having been cooped up for eight years inside the walls of a factory.

It was during these latter two years, after Benjamin was seventeen years of age, that he first learned to write his name. He had been accustomed when receiving his pay each month, to receipt with a cross, until one day, when Mr. Jesse Eddy being alone in the office, questioned him in regard to it, and ascertaining the truth, proposed that he should try to write, and Mr. Eddy guiding his hand, for the first time in his life he wrote his name. He never after that signed with a cross, but becoming possessed of an ambition to learn to write, he sought out some books that had been used by his

elder brother, and copying from them, formed and joined together letters after the manner of printers setting up type. But what, probably, gave additional impetus in the matter, was similar to what has influenced young men on many occasions before and since—there was a girl in the case. Wishing to invite a young lady to whom he was “partial,” to accompany him to a party, he put together and despatched to her a letter of invitation. As he never heard from it, and could not, when afterwards he met her, muster up courage sufficient to inquire concerning it, its precise fate he never knew, but the presumption was that she received but was not able to decipher the epistle.

In no wise disheartened by the failure of this his maiden effort, he pushed ahead in his epistolary correspondence, and friends far and near endured a siege of letters, and with all the more readiness on his part because no prepayment of postage was required. Few replies were received, perhaps for reasons before hinted at; but still he was not dismayed. He was not only getting an education, but epistolary writing had become a passion with him, he having been able to dispense with the aid of the copy books, though occasionally accepting that of friends.

Though in his ten years of factory drudgery Benjamin earned hundreds of dollars, his wages were to a cent turned over to his mother, while the amounts given him by her as spending money was limited to a few cents occasionally, which were invested chiefly in materials for landscape painting, of which he was extremely fond, devoting to it all his spare moments on winter evenings. While other lads of his age were given fifty cents or a dollar with which to celebrate, on the Fourth of July, Benjamin felt rich if he had six cents. This policy on the part of his mother towards her “two boys,” as she was always pleased to term her sons, Mr. Pierce has never regret-

ted, as through it he received training in self-denial that has has been of inestimable value to him through life.

To the strict surveillance of his ever watchful mother may be ascribed the circumstance of his never having been heard to utter an oath. She made it a point always to know where her boys were and who they were with, when out of her sight, and they understood that any misconduct on their part would meet with prompt and proper punishment.

No person ever saw Mr. Pierce with a cigar or tobacco in his mouth. His first experience with a cigar was his last. His Uncle Zeph, on one of his visits to Benjamin's mother, laid down on the window sill a half smoked cigar, and the nine-year old boy took it up and finished it. He having no knowledge of the operation of tobacco upon a novice, the effect of it upon his system, and particularly upon his stomach, filled him with consternation, and *sickened* him, once for all, of tobacco, though years after he dallied with it in another form, as will appear later.

It was during the early life of Mr. Pierce that Asiatic cholera first appeared in America, diffusing terror and dismay all through the country. When it made its appearance in Newport, a rigid quarantine was instituted against everything coming from either that place or New York. The stage road between Fall River and Newport was roped off at the State line, and nothing from Newport was suffered to pass without first being subjected to thorough fumigation. A quarantine was likewise instituted on the water front, and rigid fumigation was enforced upon everything approaching the wharves from the two infected places. One morning a steamer appeared off the town having on board a large number of New York refugees fleeing from the cholera. The steamer was hailed by the health officer and forbidden to approach the landing. All entreaties on their part were in vain, not a per-

son being permitted to land, and the party steamed on to Somerset, four miles up the river, where they found an asylum, remaining there until the disappearance from New York of the epidemic, much to the pecuniary advantage of the thrifty Somerseters, not one of whom took the cholera, which Fall River likewise escaped.

It was in the '30's, likewise, that the famous Avery case transpired. One morning in December, 1832, Sarah Maria Cornell, a factory operative and a member of the Methodist church in Fall River, was found hanging by the neck to a stack-yard stake, under circumstances that pointed strongly to Rev. Ephraim K. Avery, a former pastor of hers, as her betrayer and murderer. The greatest excitement pervaded the community. On the next day, Sunday, a special steamer with officers on board was despatched to Bristol, where he was stationed as pastor of the Methodist church, to arrest and take him to Fall River, where on his arrival he was lodged in the Exchange Hotel. The fact of his arrival there becoming known, nearly the entire male population of the town gathered around the hotel with the avowed purpose of lynching him, until finally they were dispersed by the reading of the riot act. Avery made his escape while awaiting transportation to the Newport county jail, the offence having been committed in Tiverton, just over the line from Fall River, and after the expiration of several days was captured in New Hampshire, where he was secreted in the house of a leading member of the Methodist church of the place. The Methodists of Fall River and elsewhere in New England were charged with aiding in his escape, and that, with subsequent events, brought the denomination into disrepute, and for a time almost threatened its annihilation in this section of the country. At his trial he was defended by the best counsel to be obtained, and was acquitted. He soon after disappeared from

New England, and was subsequently heard of in the West as having left the ministry and become engaged in horse trading. There were many who held to the belief that he was the murderer of Miss Cornell, the verdict of the jury to the contrary notwithstanding.

The manner of extinguishing fires in the early history of Fall River, was as unique as it was in some instances amusing. All insured householders were required to be the possessors of two leather fire-buckets, suspended from hooks in the front hall of their residences, and with these, in case of alarm, to make the best of their way to the place on fire, where a double line of men with buckets was formed between the engine and the nearest well, and when that was exhausted go on to the next, if any there were. About the year 1830, early on a winter evening, the residence of Mr. Samuel Chase, on the corner of North Main and Cherry Streets, was discovered to be on fire. It was a two-story house with an L, in which the fire originated. When the first water was put on, the main building had not been reached by the flames, and it looked as though the house might be saved; but some persons who thought differently and wished to rescue all they could, removed the windows and front stairs, thus opening a draft and destroying all communication with the upper stories. The next morning nothing of the house remained but the foundation walls, though the front stairs and windows made a good showing on the opposite side of the street, while in the cellar among the embers were the charred remains of a woman whom they had been unable to rescue from the attic.

Prominent among the mill owners of Fall River was David Anthony, a "blue-law" Presbyterian, bringing up his two sons, Jim and Fred, in strict conformity with that belief, they not being allowed outside the door of their father's house on the Sabbath except when going to and from church. In-

stances were related of their escaping, when under strong temptation, by way of a window, to be the next day "interviewed" by paterfamilias in the traditional wood-shed, concerning it. Mr. Anthony, instead of giving his boys liberal educations, as he was amply able to do, set them to work in his mill, on the same footing as his other help. That the boys did not take kindly to this arrangement will doubtless readily be conceded; but being a rigid disciplinarian after the old school, he was determined to hold the reins of government until they should become free by due course of law. But in this matter there was a slight difference of opinion between father and sons. One day Fred asked his father's permission to "stay out," as the saying was, and the old gentleman refused. That forenoon Fred went down into the wheel pit and cast a large spike into the gearing, the repairs to which occupied three or four days, and the mill being idle, Fred had his vacation, which, however, was inaugurated with the usual wood-shed performance on the part of his father. At another time Fred ran away to Boston, and Mr. Anthouy sent Jim with a chaise to take him home. Jim found him in Boston and the two set out for home. A short distance out of the city, Jim asked Fred to drive on to the next tavern, a few rods ahead, saying that he would meet him there in a few moments. Fred did as he was directed, but no more did he see of Jim, and after waiting a reasonable time drove home without him. The next heard from Jim was through a letter which he wrote to his father from China, whither he had gone as foremast hand on a Boston merchantman, and from whence he returned in a few months.

Fall River has first and last had quite a number of postmasters, most of whom have honored the position. But one, Benjamin Anthony, an appointee of Andrew Jackson, would not exactly fill the bill in these days. He appeared disposed

to run the business in a manner to create the least possible friction, so far as concerned himself. Mr. Pierce, when a boy, had an experience with him the remembrance of which has ever remained fresh in his mind. His mother had permitted him to subscribe for a juvenile magazine, and the first number being overdue, he went every morning to the post office to inquire if it had come, and was always answered with a curt "No." One morning he found the post master sweeping out the lobby, and meekly put to him the question, "Mr. Anthony, has my book come, yet?" The pompous official, glaring at him and raising his broom menacingly, snapped out, "No! And if you don't clear out I'll kick you out!" The boy did n't "stand upon the order of his going," but went; nor did he stand off at a safe distance and "sass" him; his mother had taught him differently; he felt that because his skin and clothing were begrimed with the grease and oil accruing from his labor he had been insulted. He took good care not to afford the "gentlemanly" postmaster an opportunity to repeat the insult, but his brother went a week or two later and got the book. Perhaps this will serve to illustrate what many of that day had occasion to know, that boys had no rights that older people were bound to respect.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHANGE OF BASE.

A Jacksonian Postmaster.—Change of Name.—Learning the Printer's Trade.—How they Taught it Fifty Years Ago.—Early Providence.—Life on the Ocean Wave,

It doubtless will have been noticed that thus far in this book, with one or two inadvertant exceptions, Mr. Pearce's name has been spelled P-i-e-r-c-e, which was the family method of spelling it, and was pronounced as in "purse." At length there came a clergyman to Fall River, when he and his brother were in their early 'teens, who persisted in pronouncing it as it was spelled, "pierce," which grated so harshly on their unaccustomed ears, that they decided, "in convention," to change the spelling to P-e-a-r-c-e, which has been followed to the present time.

When Mr. Pearce lacked but a few weeks of being eighteen years of age, and had been in the employ of the Messrs. Eddy for ten years, the question came up for him to decide, as to whether he should fill out the measure of his days as a factory operative, or select one from the few occupations within his reach outside the mill. He decided upon a printer's trade as best adapted to his tastes, and in the month of March, 1836, ten years to a day from the time he started upon the drudgery of factory life, he entered the office of the Fall River Patriot for three years as a bound apprentice to the printing business,

during which time he was to receive an amount barely sufficient to pay for his board and clothing. And here let it be said, that "learning the printing business" in country offices in those days was a snare and delusion, a device on the part of newspaper publishers to get, as it were, a dollar and a half's worth of work done for fifty cents. Six months' time was generally sufficient for a lad to gain all the knowledge of the business at that time obtainable in a country printing office, and then he had mastered only the merest modicum of the art, as he was quite certain to ascertain to his discomfiture when at the expiration of his term of apprenticeship he was turned adrift to give place to another dupe, later obtaining employment in some city office, only to find himself an utter failure as a printer, having not even been properly instructed in the single branch of the business to learn which he had given three or more of the best years of his life. New York, Boston and other large cities fifty years ago had scores of such cases, "two-thirders," termed such from receiving only two-thirds the regular pay of journeymen printers, thus being required to undergo a second term of apprenticeship.

Mr. Pearce boarded with his employer, and sat at a table by himself, with a *menu* of bread, butter and water. On evenings before publication days he worked until midnight, turned out at four o'clock in the morning to carry a route of papers, the balance of the day being divided between work in the office and such employments about the house as suggested themselves to his employer or that worthy's wife. On one occasion he was sent to the bottom of a thirty-foot well to clean it out; and on another was despatched on a journey of ten miles into the country on foot, on a hot summer day, to collect among four or five scattered farmers some subscription bills of two dollars each. He succeeded in getting fifty cents, in old fashioned "cart-wheel" coppers, which to avoid lugging home, he

invested in stage-fare, and received from his employer a two-fold scolding for his lack of success and extravagance in expenditure. It was through occurrences of this nature, the frequency of which was keenly suggestive, that Mr. Pearce was glad to avail himself of an opportunity afforded by a change of proprietors to effect a "change of base."

In August, 1837, he carried into effect a long cherished desire to locate in Providence, then a young city of twenty thousand inhabitants, with almost its entire mercantile business on the east side of the river. Nearly all the dry goods trade outside the Arcade was located on the east side, and not all the stores in that structure were occupied. The printing offices were likewise on the east side. The Providence Journal was published and printed in a dingy building on College Street, on an old wooden power press, circulation one thousand copies; the Daily Morning Courier was printed on a hand-press in the southeast corner, fourth story, of the Granite Building, Market Square; William Simons printed the Republican Herald, a red-hot Democratic paper, in the same building, further west; Knowles, Vose & Company occupied several rooms there, likewise, printing Rhode Island School Fund Lottery tickets and miscellaneous jobs; Mr. Cranston executed job printing in another part of the building, and B. T. Albro printed ballads and cheap jobs on North Main Street, near the First Baptist church. This comprised all the printing offices at that time in Providence; and it is safe to add that more printing is done now in one day in Providence than was then in a year.

Mr. Pearce engaged with Knowles, Vose & Company at three dollars a week, and they were to teach him the business in all its branches. Aside from the printing of lottery tickets, which kept in employment half-a-dozen men and boys, the job printing of the office was light, being mostly done by Mr.

Knowles, with the occasional assistance of a boy. Mr. Pearce was set at work in the ticket department, and proving himself an adept at the hand-press, was assigned permanently to that branch of work. Now the running of a hand-press on lottery tickets has about the same relation to the printer's trade as does the sawing of boards to that of carpentering; hence when six months had elapsed and the *pressing* arrangements of Messrs. Knowles, Vose & Co. seemed destined to an indefinite perpetuation, Mr. Pearce felt constrained to seek an understanding in the premises, the outcome of which was an assumption on the part of Mr. Vose of the right to conduct the matter in the interest of the firm, regardless of those of the other party, and giving no encouragement for any future change for the better, Mr. Pearce inaugurated an individual strike.

Mr. Pearce had long cherished a desire to see something of the world, which his confinement in the factory had prevented him realizing. Particularly was this the case as regarded New York and the to him wonderful Hudson River, coupled with which was a longing for the life of a sailor. These he proceeded to gratify by shipping in Providence on board an Albany trader as cook, at five dollars a month. The salary was not munificent, but then it must be borne in mind that he was not much of a cook, never having essayed to so much as boil a potato. A sailor on board undertook to instruct him, and between them they managed the first day to concoct, cook and serve a dish bearing the euphonious title of "lob-scouse," the principal ingredients of which were pork, potatoes and onions. The captain and crew ate it, but they didn't give evidence of "hankering" for more. Instead of a stove, there was an open fireplace in the cabin, where the cooking was done. The second day out a boiled dinner was ordered, and the kettle containing it had been hung on the crane over the fire, when the vessel was passing the Dumplings; a swell

was rolling in from the ocean, and "Ben," as he was called by captain and crew, ran out upon deck and began to get hilarious through this, his first experience of "life on the ocean wave," so fondly dreamed of in hours when he was toiling in the factory. Soon, however, he began to yield to the inevitable in such cases, and all at once found somewhat over the side of the vessel to attract his attention, while the captain and crew were rehearsing at his expense the stale joke about the fat pork tied to a rope-yarn, dipped in molasses, swallowed and hauled up again. While this was going on, the mate, who was at the helm, sang out, "Ben, your dinner has fetched away!" "Ben" was just then in a state of mind when any change would have been considered for the better, even to a place in the factory, under the tyrant Bisbee: that his breakfast had "fetched away," and gone to feed the fishes he had ample proof: but this "dinner" business must now be looked after. Going below, he found the "dinner" very much in the condition of his stomach, "at sixes and sevens," the kettle, impelled by the motion of the vessel, waltzing over the floor, and beets, turnips, potatoes, etcetera, in hot pursuit. This was a state of things not in the highest degree consoling to a seasick cook, but there was the dinner, in an evident state of mutiny that must be quelled, and he was the boy to quell it, though himself in a decidedly demoralized condition. Down on his hands and knees he went, and those refractory elements were shortly reduced to subjection and returned to their place in the kettle. Did he wash them? not much! any dirt adhering to them went to help make up the traditional "peck" that every member of the human family is supposedly doomed to eat. Thus adjusted, the kettle was again placed in position on the crane and set to boiling, this time securely braced, to avert further disaster. Having accomplished this, the disgusted cook "turned in" on a locker to sleep off, if pos-

sible, his woes, and the next he knew of that dinner it was on a platter secured to a sea-chest with four forks, and the mate sitting astride the chest eating from the platter.

The next day, having cleared from the domains of old ocean, there was smoother sailing, and our amateur cook, recovering his wonted spirits, was on deck every moment he could snatch from his culinary duties, making new discoveries and noting them down in his journal; and when the vessel sailed into New York, he was as proud as Christopher Columbus must have been when he discovered America. Contrary winds detained the vessel the next day, and getting leave to go on shore, though it "rained pouring," the cook of the good sloop Fame put in five hours on foot and alone exploring the city, visiting every point of interest he had heard or read about, returning to the vessel drenched to the skin. The week's sail up the Hudson was to him another source of delight, opening up new beauties with every mile of advancement. Meanwhile he was making rapid strides in learning the art of cookery. On one occasion the captain ordering codfish and potatoes for dinner the next day, our cook put his dried fish to soak over night in the kettle, and the next day boiled fish and potatoes in the same water, the outcome being that when dinner came to be served the fish could be taken out only with a skimmer, and the potatoes were "black as your hat," as the saying is. It is needless, perhaps, to add that he was not complimented very highly on the production of that *menu*. The toughest job that he ever had in the way of cooking, and one that would have caused a Jew to laugh, was the frying of pork when he was sea-sick, which was given him to do, the captain said, as a "cure" for the disorder: perhaps it was, but he never afterwards felt like recommending it for that disorder. The next trip the captain procured a second-hand stove that somebody had tried and could n't use, and set it up on deck without any

protection from wind or weather, to cook with. The trials that Mr. Pearce underwent with that old stove would have driven the average cook to suicide. Located on the port bow, directly aft the "traveller," it was washed by seas and spray in rough weather, and its draught hindered by wind, so that between the two, meals were delayed and badly cooked, the cook was the recipient of more curses than coppers, and in consequence left the vessel on her arrival in New York.

CHAPTER IX.

A SHORT, BUT "MEATY" CHAPTER.

Locates in New York.—John Jacob Astor.—Joins a New York Fire Company.—More Fight than Fire.—Gets Out.—Starts the first Sunday School Paper in New York—"The Sunday School Monitor."—Bread and Water Diet and Bunks on the Floor.—Morse, Inventor of the Telegraph.—Afloat and Ashore.—Removal to Pawtucket.—Jacob Dunnell.—Controlling Votes.—Fight with an Employee.—Long Hours and Small Pay,

Mr. Pearce here determined to combine employment with the gratification of a long cherished desire to verify by observation the many, to him, wonderful things he had read and heard of in relation to the Empire City. He found employment as a "two-thirdler," and like all new beginners of that class, came to grief at the outset, as a result of his previous instruction, being brought to a realization of the fact that it was not all of a printer's trade to be able to set type for a newspaper, or to run off ever so well on a hand-press Rhode Island School Fund Lottery tickets. The first "proof" of his work was simply appalling, so much so that no man in the office would correct the mistakes for the price it would bring, and work as he would, it was with difficulty that he earned sufficient to pay his expenses. But he found opportunity at intervals between working hours to explore the city, and, most of all, to go on board the "packet liners" running between New York and London, and other places.

Mr. Pearce enjoys the distinction of being one of the compara-

tively few persons who remember having seen the original John Jacob Astor. The old gentleman's residence was an unpretentious brick mansion, next north of the Astor House, then, by the way, the leading hotel in the city. Mr. Astor was up with the sun, even in his old age, and was seen at an early hour in the morning, sitting by a front window, reading. He was even then the wealthiest person in America, though rated only at \$16,000,000, which, however, was then regarded as a colossal fortune, almost beyond enumeration. A story was rife of his having "disinherited" a daughter for wedding contrary to his wishes, and afterwards selling her husband the Astor House property "for one dollar and other valuable considerations." His residence, a modest three-story brick edifice, then constituted the southern boundary between the business houses and what were regarded as the palatial dwellings of the wealthy merchants, on Broadway.

In order to "take in" as much as possible of what was reputable in New York life coming within his reach, Mr. Pearce connected himself with the fire department, and "ran mit der masheen." The engine to which he became attached was the Number Two, located in Ann street, near the City Hall. His first experience was with a fire in Bleeker street, a mile or two up town. Soon after the company had pulled out from the engine house, another machine drew up and a race was inaugurated; for a mile the two companies were literally shoulder to shoulder and going at a speed of at least eight miles an hour. This being a rate to which the new recruit had never been accustomed, he felt disposed to drop out; but unfortunately for his purpose, he was on the inner side of the rope, and to have left would have been to be trampled by the men, and crushed under the wheels of the engine, therefore he held out to the end, where he found himself completely "blown." His next experience, which was at a Sunday fire, convinced him

that flames were not the only element the New York firemen sought to contend against. A slight dispute as to a right to certain water, on the part of the officers, led to blows, trumpets and hose wrenches being made use of in that capacity, and the engagement soon became general all along the line, the matter of extinguishing the fire being treated as an after consideration. This was the winding up of Mr. Pearce's running "mit der masheen," and likewise of his connection with the New York fire department.

Mr. Pearce, while in New York on this occasion, commenced the publication of the "Sunday School Monitor," which is by him believed to have been the first Sunday school paper published in New York, if not in America. He was editor, proprietor, foreman, compositor, carrier, etc., and worked hard to make it a success, literally living on bread and water and making his lodging, nights, on the "soft side" of the office floor, with no other covering than a coat or two, until one night he was taken suddenly ill. Mr. Morse, who later achieved fame as the inventor of the telegraph bearing his name, was then "burning the midnight oil" evolving the details of the invention which was to revolutionize the world, occupying an adjoining room, heard his moans of distress, and going to his assistance, provided him with a mattress and necessary medicines.

With all his labor and privation, Mr. Pearce was not able to make his first venture a paying one, though it was afterwards taken in hand by men officially connected with Sunday schools and became a financial success, Mr. Pearce thus, as in other instances in his "long and busy life," "shaking the bush," while others following after, "caught the birds," enlarging upon and profiting by the work he had so crudely begun. It seems the times were not ripe for the successful issuance of Juvenile papers such as now abound in the country.

Returning to Fall River, Mr. Pearce divided up two years between running in a freighting sloop and work on shore, employment at the printing business being neither brisk nor remunerative, the work being mostly done through apprentices: indeed the country was flooded with imperfectly instructed "tramping jours," as they were termed, men graduated from country printing offices with not even a correct knowledge of the simplest branches of the business.

Mr. Pearce had a natural aversion to idleness, to which was coupled a disposition to do with his might whatsoever his hands found to do. Failing to obtain employment at his trade, and disdaining to "eat the bread of idleness," in June, 1840, he went to Pawtucket and obtained employment in the Franklin Print Works, operated by Jacob Dunnell. He however engaged in this employment only until an opening for him should occur in the printing business. On the 9th of the previous April he had entered upon his 21st, or "freedom" year, and this move was destined to prove a stepping stone, in more senses than one, toward a permanent lodgment of the hitherto "rolling stone."

Jacob Dunnell, or "Jake," as he was called by his employees, when spoken of in his absence, (he having formerly been a clerk in the establishment,) was an autocrat in the management of his "help," though a man of generous impulses. In politics he was a Whig, and controlled the votes, if he could not the principles, of those in his employ, and the man whose vote he could not direct, if opposed to him in politics, he had no use for about his place, nor was he tardy or bashful in telling him so. There was no dodging the issue by refraining from voting, as at a certain hour the voters in his employ were summoned to the counting-room and marched in a body to the place of voting, Dunnell taking position and walking at the head of the column, while his chief clerk brought up the

rear, to prevent straggling. On arriving at the voting place Dunnell put a ballot into each man's hand, stationing himself at the polls for them to pass in review before him and place their ballots. One of his oldest and most faithful employees was discharged by him for standing by his principles and voting the "loco-foco" ticket, the Democratic party being thus nicknamed by the opposition. Instances were not wanting where Mr. Dunnell enforced his commands through the exercise of muscle. On the occasion of a strike in one of the departments, a man returned for a garment he had forgotten, and as he was passing through the yard he was seen by Mr. Dunnell and ordered to halt; the man explaining the nature of his errand, essayed to keep on, when Dunnell drove him from the yard with a bar of iron. On another occasion, when passing through the dye-shop Mr. Dunnell saw a man in the act of lifting a piece of goods from a kettle of hot dye-stuff with his thumb and finger: uttering some strong language, he thrust his own hand in to grasp the piece, the result of which was a severe scalding of that member, whereupon he turned to the man and bade him put on his coat and leave the works, which the latter did at once. As soon, however, as he had time for reflection on the injustice of the act, Mr. Dunnell sent for the man, and before night had him reinstated. In another instance he discharged an entire family from the works in consequence of misconduct on the part of their mother, who was a domestic in his family, but had them at work again the same day, it having been suggested to him that they were in no wise responsible for their mother's behavior. On one occasion, however, Mr. Dunnell "found a foeman worthy of his steel," and was brought to acknowledge himself conquered. He was, during the dinner hour, making, in company with the manager, his daily rounds of the establishment, when in one of the rooms he came upon a scene that led him to pause and

make inquiry. A young girl stood weeping, and near by a young fellow, the two having been engaged in skylarking, during which he had thrown some water upon her from a basin. "Jake" at once took in the situation, and with a tiger-like spring pounced upon the young man, exclaiming, "I'll learn you to be throwing water upon the girls!" Though taken wholly by surprise, the young man quickly rallied, they clinched, and the result of the liveliest sort of a scuffle was, that "Jake" measured his length on the floor, with his legs across a low bench, over which he had been adroitly tripped, with "the other fellow" uppermost and a good grip upon his adversary's hands and front hair. Here was a dignified situation, truly, for the "ruler" of a hundred people, and the manager thought so, for he offered his assistance, which was instantly declined by the now thoroughly irate Jake, saying that he could manage him. "Can you!" said the young man, taking a firmer grip on his wrists and giving his head two or three extra bumps on the floor. In vain the prostrate ruler struggled, and kicked, and stormed, the "other fellow" had him where he wanted him, and was disposed to make the most of his advantage, and was only induced to release him on a promise of a cessation of hostilities, which promise Jacob adhered to, though he gave the young man what the latter expected, a prompt discharge. Two or three weeks later, it being represented to Mr. Dunnell that the young man's father was sick and the family in destitute circumstances, he sent them five dollars, with a request for the son to return to work, which the latter did, being given his former job. Mr. Dunnell had evidently been taught a lesson or two as regarded that young man, for passing through the room a week or two later and surprising the same couple skylarking again, he kept right on, simply remarking, "Ah, at it again, are you?"

Notwithstanding that twelve hours constituted a day's

work, the pay was by no means such as one could build hopes of realizing a fortune on, five dollars a week being the highest paid by Mr. Dunnell, except for skilled labor; yet there were men in his employ who managed to not only support their families on that sum, but to build for themselves homes. Fifty years have wrought a great change in the establishment: not only has it been greatly enlarged and improved, but there is not an individual remaining that was employed there fifty years ago.

CHAPTER X.

Meets "his Fate."—A "Perilous" Ride.—Marriage and Wedding Tour.
—Quaint Epitaph.—Harnessing a Horse.—A Brief Idyl.—Sickness
and Death of Mrs. Pearce.

Mr. Pearce's life in Pawtucket had a commencement that was far from unpleasing and that was destined to "improve with age." He was "a stranger in a strange land," and being of a social disposition, his first few days in that place were not among the most agreeable of his life; but one day, passing through the yard, he encountered a pair of eyes that attracted his attention, and awakened feelings that prompted him to search out and make the acquaintance of their owner. This he succeeded in doing, and—but why particularize? It was the same old story—summer season—moonlight walks—love's young dream,—etcetera, etcetera. There was a year of this, during a portion of which time Mr. Pearce was employed in a Providence printing office, but made semi-weekly nocturnal visits to Pawtucket "on business," trudging into Providence on foot over the turnpike at midnight, while Uncle Sam's mails were made to duty in the interim. The name of his inamorata was Miss Clarissa Gary Carpenter, but before this business had been going on a year Mr. Pearce was negotiating for a change, in the interest of economy in shoe-leather, &c. After sundry conferences, in which prudence is not supposed to have exerted an undue influence, the consummation of the moment-

ous event was decided upon. The arrangements having been perfected, we will leave it for Mr. Pearce to tell in his own words the story of the few following days:

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"On the auspicious morning," relates Mr. Pearce, "I hired a horse and chaise in Providence, for three days. It was with much fear and no little trembling that I took charge of the "craft," as my experience with equines had been of the most limited order, scarcely covering the requisite knowledge for one's direction. By selecting the less frequented streets, I managed to navigate the team out of Providence and headed it for Pawtucket: but the turnpike portion of the "voyage" came near resulting in a disastrous culmination, and leading to a postponement of the nuptial ceremony. Matters proceeded finely for a short time, the horse taking the road without much guidance, until I had occasion to lay the reins down for a moment, and neglecting to properly secure them, they fell around the horse's heels. The animal starting to run, there was opening up a situation far from pleasing to a novice in driving, and a prospective bridegroom on the morning of his wedding day. With a courage born of the occasion, I crawled out upon the back of the equine, seized the reins, and checking the horse up, averted the threatened catastrophe. It is unnecessary to add that those reins did not again leave my hands until I drew up in front of the bride elect's residence.

Having taken on board Miss Carpenter to assist in navigating the craft, I drove out across Seekonk Plains to the residence of Rev. Mr. Barney, where, on the second day of August, 1841, we "twain were made one flesh," a quiet and unceremonious wedding, such as accorded with the wishes and tastes of both parties. The morning was fine and there being no occasion for haste, the motive power of the turnout was suffered to go as he listed, even to an occasional pause for the purpose of cropping a little grass.

When the time came to resume the journey, the "men folks" of the bride's relatives where we were stopping, were absent in the field, and it devolved upon me to harness the horse, the result of which was, that the equine was driven a distance of seven miles with the bits dangling beneath his chin! What that horse thought of me he never disclosed, in my hearing, but certainly he could not have entertained a very exalted opinion of my capabilities as a driver."

The details of this wedding tour consisted of a brief visit among the bride's relatives in the ancient and sparsely settled town of Rehoboth, in Massachusetts, which place does not abound, by the way, very extensively, in points of interest such as would be likely to attract an enthusiastic young explorer while on his wedding tour; but the hospitable entertainers of the young couple, disposed to make the most of the limited advantages of their abode, in that particular, escorted them to a neighboring grave-yard to explore among the quaint and curious epitaphs to be found there. If there was a degree of incongruity in thus introducing a young couple in their honeymoon, to the home of the dead, Mr. Pearce, with his life-long proclivity to make the best of any situation, was able to find there much to entertain him. Among the epitaphs adorning the rude grave-stones, was the following, which he treasured in his mind as a rare specimen of country grave-yard literature:

"A pious, loving consort here lies by my side,
With four loving children, who were in the fire fried."

This stone and this epitaph were placed by a bereaved husband to mark the resting place of a deceased wife and four children, who had been burned to death. The "here lies by my side" clause was doubtless the outcome of a belief on the part of the surviving partner, that he should soon go to join the dear departed on the other shore: but as has often hap-

pened before and since, he later decided not only to remain longer on this mundane sphere, but to take to himself another partner in his joys and sorrows; and at the time of Mr. Pearce's visit had been for a score of years basking in the smiles of the beloved decedent's successor, seemingly in no haste to join the former in her quiet resting place.

Upon this wedding followed a married life as beautiful as it was brief. It has been said that a man should love his wife with mind as well as heart, that if love fail him friendship may remain. Between this young couple love never failed, but friendship stood hand in hand with it. A letter written by Mr. Pearce to his young wife, during a brief absence from home, is addressed—"Dear Wife, dearest friend." This letter, closely written over three pages of foolscap paper, double the size of any now in use, contains the almost prophetic sentence:

"My dearest friend, if we no more meet each other on earth—I have loved thee in life, and I will meet thee in heaven!"

On the 23d of December, 1842, a daughter was born to the young couple. The little pre-Christmas present was given the quaint double name of Clarissa Phebe, from those of her maternal and paternal grandmothers, which had descended through honored generations of Kents and Woods.

But the young mother, never of a robust constitution, did not recover from the illness consequent upon the birth of this her only child, and because of her delicate health, the little family were domiciled for a few months with the wife's parents. At length, however, they essayed the long delayed step of planting their own roof-tree, and in a humble way commenced housekeeping in apartments adjoining those of the wife's parents. It was here that the little daughter enjoyed a brief realization of an own mother's love and tender care. Perfectly does she remember when her father sent home the

new-fangled notion of a stove, to replace the fireplace still in common use in many New England families, and what a "box" it was to her wondering eyes, said wonder being heightened when the "box" commenced to grow warm under the influence of a coal fire. Even then her unfledged mind was unable to fully grasp the situation, as eyeing it curiously from her perch on his knee, she asked—

"What is it for, papa?"

"To warm papa's little darling's toes," was the laughing response, while the tiny feet were stretched toward it.

But the happy home-keeping was all too brief. In a letter written at that time to a friend, Mrs. Pearce says—"We have been married almost five years, and yet feel as though we had just commenced to live." Then follows the pathetic story of the cough, succeeding an attack of influenza, then prevalent, defying all known remedies, of the delusive hopes which comfort the consumptive's life, the "pull-backs" which keep her always "feeble," each bringing her nearer to death's door. Life was sweet to the failing invalid. Blessed with a fond husband's love, with a young daughter whom she hoped to rear in the ways of righteousness and truth, and with an abiding love for the work of religion and temperance with which she was closely identified, she fought the fell destroyer step by step, clinging to hope that others felt was delusive. Mr. Pearce made with her a day trip through Long Island Sound to New York, hoping she might derive benefit from the change. And here occurred an incident strikingly suggestive of the mutability of human judgment. On board the steamer was an invalid lady whose husband was taking her to Saratoga for her health, and who was apparently in a rapid decline. Mrs. Pearce remarked to her husband concerning her, "If I were as sick as that lady, I should not expect to recover." And yet the lady not only outlived Mrs. Pearce, but her own

husband, and forty years later discussed the event with Mr. Pearce after she had been married to a second husband thirty years.

Mrs. Pearce returned home little, if any, benefited by the journey, and the warfare with the fell destroyer was renewed. For four months there was hoping against hope, and then the attending physician bade her husband and friends prepare for the worst. Calmly she received the intelligence, gently conveyed to her by nearly heart-broken relatives, and with a fortitude born of the spirit made her arrangements for departure. On the morning of the 13th of February, 1847, she passed peacefully away, her dying utterance being, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away." Rarely has there been a more triumphant death. She had let go of earth and taken hold on heaven days before the final event came, and when, in answer to a question, her pastor informed her that the end would come within twenty-four hours, her countenance was illumined with joy, and she counted the hours and minutes that intervened ere death should release her from pain and suffering. It was not for her bereaved husband and relatives to repine, feeling, as they did, assured that their loss was her eternal gain, and they felt to adopt to themselves the sentiment of the beautiful lines which close this chapter.

The funeral of Mrs. Pearce was one of the most fully attended ever solemnized in Pawtucket. The services were held on the Sabbath, in the spacious Congregational church, of which deceased was a member, every seat in which was occupied by sympathizing friends, her pastor Rev. Dr. Blodgett, conducting the services, and as he told the story of her Christian life and calm and peaceful death, many eyes unused to weeping were suffused with tears. Perhaps in no department of life outside her own immediate family was her loss more deeply felt than in the temperance ranks, in which with her

husband she was an active and efficient worker, sharing with him cheerfully and without a murmur the labors and privations incident to the work.

Weep not for her! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright:
Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
Like long-linked, shadeless months of polar light,
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flowery brake;
Weep not for her.

Weep not for her! She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues:
When human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,
And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews.
Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze;
Her wine of life was run not to the lees:
Weep not for her.

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wear away;
Her prospects wither; or her hopes grow dark;
Translated by her God, with spirit shriven,
She passed as 'twere in smiles from earth to heaven!
Weep not for her.

Weep not for her! It was not her's to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,
To wander sad down age's vale of tears,
As whirl the wither'd leaves from friendship's tree,
And on earth's wintry world alone to be:
Weep not for her.

Weep not for her! She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of paradise;
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
Sin, sorrow, suffering, banished from her eyes:
Victorious over death, to her appear
The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal year:
Weep not for her.

Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night:
Weep not for her.

Weep not for her! There is no cause for woe;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back:
So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate—and lead thee on!
Weep not for her.

CHAPTER XI.

PAWTUCKET—CONTINUED.

Some Pawtucket Reminiscences.—First News Depot.—Some old Pawtucket Newspapers and Publishers.—Elder Ray Potter and his Peculiarities.—A Teetotal "Boom."—A "Dream," and its Sequel.

In the foregoing continuous narrative, events have been passed which were among the most stirring of those that go to make up the sum total of Mr. Pearce's eventful life. In his plans for business, it was his desire, on account of the feeble condition of his wife's health, to locate near the home of her parents. At that time there was not in Rhode Island an establishment for the sale of newspapers. John Green served the New York Herald daily to customers about the city of Providence, and on Sundays in summer sold the "Brother Jonathan," "New World," and other "blanket" Weeklies of that time under the mammoth horse chestnut tree that some will remember as having stood in the yard of the Manufacturers Hotel, on the site of the Watcher Building, on Market Square. Mr. Pearce thought he saw an opening for the business in Pawtucket and vicinity, and accordingly started the first news depot in the history of the place, among the goods in a stove store kept by Gabriel Priest, on Main street, near the bridge, where, also, he established a bulletin board, on which he placed the most important news as it appeared in the papers. All this was new to the Pawtucketers,

who looked on and marvelled, and now and then bought a paper. Saturday was his greatest day for trade, but at best it was not such as to inspire in his mind visions of an immediate competence: yet he pioneered the business, and Pawtucket was never after without its news depot, though the business changed hands a number of times ere it attained a paying basis. Thus quite unwittingly did Mr. Pearce still further pursue his manifest destiny of shaking the traditional "bush," while others followed after and gathered in the "birds."

There were at this time two printing presses in Pawtucket. On one of them Robert Sherman and Shubael Kinnicutt printed the Gazette and Chronicle, then in the morning of its existence. Mr. Sherman, who was a man after his own heart, was business manager, and Mr. Kinnicutt was editor. Both were practical printers, doing all the work of the office, with the help of apprentice labor. Mr. Kinnicutt, by the way, was exceeding deaf, and thus was spared being subjected to the hearing of language that would not have sounded well within the walls of a Sunday school. On the other press was printed "Truth's Advocate," the organ of Elder Ray Potter, who likewise printed "John the Baptist," the organ of Elder John Tillinghast, which papers were issued on alternate weeks, and neither of which had a burdensome circulation. Both men were rigid and aggressive Calvinists, though differing from each other just sufficient to maintain a constant warfare in their respective papers. These were the days of the Millerite excitement, and Elder Potter being arrayed on the opposite side, his readers were regaled with whole columns of disquisitions on "The Little Horn of the He Goat," and such like newsy and entertaining topics. On Sundays, Elder Potter discoursed, in a 15x20 church, on the cheerful doctrine that a certain portion of the human family were predestined to dam-

nation, and that "hell was paved with infants' skulls!" His printing office was in his dwelling, on what was then known as the Valley Falls 'Pike, and appropriately in the northwest corner. It is just to say that his paper was not a formidable rival of the Gazette and Chronicle. The staff of the office consisted of the Elder, his son Ray W., and Ansel D. Nickerson, the last named an apprentice boy. The latter two did the composition and the Elder the press work.

At the same time, printed in Providence, was the "Christian Soldier," an exponent of the principles of religion, temperance, anti-slavery and non-resistance, being likewise the organ of the Freewill Baptists in Rhode Island. Its publisher was Elder Tappan H. Bacheller, pastor of the Freewill Baptist church in Pawtucket, a man who above most others was financially equipped for wrestling with the publication of a paper, being in receipt, from his church, of the munificent salary of two hundred dollars a year. The Freewill Baptist Church of America at that time occupied advanced ground in works of reform, and had for its exponents such giants as Elders Martin Cheney, Martin J. Steere, Reuben Allen, James A. McKenzie, M. W. Burlingame, Hosea Quinby, Benjamin Phelon, J. S. Mowry, John W. Colwell, and others. Few of these men had more than a common school education, coming mostly from their farms and merchandize, (Colwell graduated from a cotton mill,) but they were of the stuff from which true preachers are made, and left their impress for good in the communities where they resided.

Mr. Bacheller became desirous of removing his paper to Pawtucket, and Mr. Pearce being at the same time glad of the opportunity offered to settle down to steady employment in his adopted town, Mr. Bacheller and himself combined in the purchase of a plant, consisting of a second-hand printing press and type sufficient to print a small paper,

and Mr. Pearce was installed as assistant editor, foreman, compositor, printer's devil, etc., of the "Christian Soldier."

Those were the days when Temperance may be said to have been "walking in silver slippers." The great Washingtonian wave set in motion by John Hawkins and his compeers, which was sweeping over the country, had reached Pawtucket and was pervading all classes of the community. Meetings were held nightly, at which old toppers of years' standing came forward and affixed their names to the temperance pledge. Four distinct temperance organizations almost simultaneously sprang into being in Pawtucket, enlisting all classes of the community. These were the Washingtonian, for the reformed toppers, the Young Men's, for those who had been moderate drinkers, the Martha Washington, for the ladies, and the Cold Water Army, for the children. In November, 1841, there was a monster parade of all the temperance societies, Robert Sherman appearing at the head of the column on horseback, as chief marshal, which circumstance was of itself a sufficient evidence of the popularity of the movement.

Among the prominent leaders in the Washingtonian movement, were Jerahmeel Dexter, John B. Lecraw, Joseph Waugh, and Thomas Boyle. Dexter was for many years president of the society. He had a voice like a trumpet, and was an admirable leader, both in speaking and singing, besides being a most unique presiding officer. On one occasion, at a large gathering, he introduced a speaker as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I now introduce to you Mr. Kellogg, who will address you—from Ohio!" Dexter, Lecraw and Waugh were the orators, particularly the two first named. There was also a James Murphy who sometimes held forth and amused his hearers by speaking of "obsteecles" in the way of the work. Other local "orators" entered the field from time to time, the music of whose voices was heard not only in Pawtucket,

but Central Falls, Valley Falls and Lonsdale. The inspiring songs that they sang, in which the audiences joined, tended in a great measure to keep alive the enthusiasm. Among these was one composed by Rev. John Pierpont, and set to the tune of "Northfield," that was a great favorite, the first verses of which were as follows :

"We come, we come, that have been held
In burning chains so long,
We're up, and on we come, a host
Full fifty thousand strong.

We come from Belial's palaces,
From dram-shop and from bar,
And as we march, those gates of hell
Feel their foundations jar."

It will not be considered strange that under the inspiration of such hymns, sung by hundreds of voices, numbers came forward and signed the pledge of total abstinence. Another favorite hymn of the time commenced as follows :

"Well, the blest period soon will come
When men no more shall deal in rum,
By license or by stealth ;
When water, pure, and free as air,
Shall bless the drinker everywhere
With happiness and health."

That Mr. Pearce rapidly drifted into this temperance movement, goes almost without saying. Though theoretically and practically a total abstainer from childhood, he united himself with the Washingtonians in Pawtucket, as affording the most active field of labor. He entered heart and soul into the work, and his voice was heard at all their gatherings, his pen and types were vigorously employed in the same direction, so that he was soon one of the best known temperance workers in the vicinity. He composed temperance songs and temperance rhymes by the yard. He shared the prevailing sentiment, that the "hand-writing on the wall" was already ob-

servable as regarded the liquor traffic, judging from indications everywhere abounding.

One of his temperance rhymes, which was in the form of a dream, is among the very few of his poetical productions preserved by him, and is given below. It depicts a state of public sentiment as at that time existing regarding the liquor traffic, not widely dissimilar to that of the present day :

PART I.—A DREAM.

'Twas on a sultry summer day, the heat had overcome me;
I sought a cool retreat, and there, the cares of life put from me.
I dozed, and as the dreamy god came in and took possession,
Strange fancies flitted through my brain along in dim procession,
Yet plain enough for me to find somewhat of meaning in it,
And if you would the story hear, I straightway will begin it:

I sojourned in a busy town, or, I should say, a city;
And what I witnessed there and then is set forth in this ditty.
I strolled along the streets, and lo! as I beheld before me
A flaming bill in letters large, a curious streak came o'er me;
So I walked up, the same to read, (the work of but a minute,)
The words upon its face were few, and this was what was in it;
A man had come from o'er the sea—a prestidigitator,
And he most wondrous things would show, surpassing human nature.
'T was at a hall, admission free, the people were invited,
Male and female, young and old, none, indeed, were slighted.

The hour arrived, the hall was filled from outside to the center,
Indeed, so many crowded there that hundreds could not enter.
Prompt to the hour the man came in, most pleasantly did greet them,
And begged that they would understand how glad he was to meet them.
The time was short, the place was warm, he did not wish to bore them,
And so he would at once proceed to spread his work before them.

He held a bottle in one hand, a glass was in the other,
And thus he stood and looked around from one unto another.
Said he, "This bottle that I hold contains a panacea
To benefit the one that drinks, beyond all doubt or fear.
Should you feel cold, 't will make you warm, or warm, forsooth, 't will
cool you;

'T will cure you of your aches and ills, I surely would not fool you.
Should you feel gay, 't will keep you so, and if you're sad, 't will cheer
you:

And if you freely drink of it, no trouble will come near you.
 Unto the weak 't will strength impart, to old age will give vigor,
 'T will make you proof 'gainst summer's heat, or winter's sternest rigor.
 'T is nice and pleasant to the taste, come up, my friends, and try it;
 If 't is not what I represent, you surely need not buy it."

At length came forward one to taste, and then a second followed,
 Till scores had, ere the evening closed, the wondrous liquid swallowed.
 Thus, when two hours had passed away, the entertainment ended,
 And some took bottles to their homes, the taste, they said, was splendid.

The morning came; all round the town the news flew thick and faster,
 Of fearful mischief in the night, of trouble and disaster.
 Two men had quarelled, come to blows, the head of one was broken,
 Indeed, so fearful were his wounds, that he had scarcely spoken.
 Another went forth from the hall unto his home, demented,
 Attacked his wife and murdered her, ere he could be prevented.
 And still another, going home, had wandered by the river,
 Had fallen in, and thus his life had been wiped out forever.
 There spread through all that quiet town dismay and consternation,
 And 'twas not long ere there began a strict investigation.
 And when 't was found that all these men had drunk the stranger's
 liquor,

They ascertained his whereabouts and pounced upon him quicker
 They found him snug within his bed, from which he had not risen,
 But strong arms dragged him forth, and then they thrust him into
 prison.

The women most indignant were, they tried to scratch and pinch him,
 While men shook fists at him, and said, "Confound him, let us lynch
 him!"

For many months they kept him caged, and then he left the city,
 Without a friend to say Good bye, or speak a word of pity.

PART II.—THE SEQUEL.

The dream passed off, the sun was low, I'd had the rest I needed,
 To scorching heat of summer day a coolness had succeeded.
 I walked abroad into the park, to snuff the cooling breezes:
 One sees in places such as these oft times somewhat that pleases.
 The place was one of busy life, and people out for pleasure
 Were seen at every turn one made, in numbers few could measure;
 And dashing teams came prancing by, creating a sensation;
 Behind them parties gay were drawn, all life and animation.
 But who is this that comes along, with coach and four so grandly,
 With golden harness, prancing steeds, and smile that beams so blandly?
 He sports, besides, a diamond pin, you see his wife and daughters

Dressed up in silks and satins fine that came across the waters.
As he rides by, men touch their hats and bow in recognition :
He surely must be some great man, one holding high position.

I stopped a passer-by and asked—"Pray, tell me, who is that, sir,
In yon swell carriage, dressed so fine, such polish on his hat, sir?"
"Why, that is Mr. Soandso, who deals wholesale in liquor;
Few men in this our city, sir, have gained their riches quicker.
He owns large blocks upon the street, and out of town broad acres,
His wife and daughters rule the "ton," and are the fashion makers.
Besides all this he's mortgages on lands all through the county,
And many are the people, too, subsisting on his bounty;
For much he gives in charity, he owns a pew in church, sir,
For standing in society he leaves most in the lurch, sir."

Another man had overheard this little conversation :

"And now," said he, "let me give you a bit of information :
The man you saw is a rumseller, one of the meanest kind, sir;
He's caused more want and wretchedness than any you will find, sir.
At first he ran a low gin-mill, and sold mean rum and whiskey;
For one to pass there in the night was thought to be quite risky;
For drunken rows and bloody fights were 'round his place quite fre-
quent,

And broken bones and broken heads were generally a sequent.
A murder once occurred in town, a man had killed his wife, sir,
She chided him for drunkenness, and then he took her life, sir.
'T was clearly proved that he was drunk, and from this place was
driven,

Went straightway to his home, and then the fatal blow was given.
The man was tried, found guilty, hung, and few for him had pity :
But he who made him drunk—was he not licensed by the city?
Was it not posted on his bar? If any made objection
To what was done inside his den, was this not his protection?
No end of crimes were traced to him, or to the stuff he peddled,
But he was licensed, as I said, and no one with it meddled.
And when he'd gathered stamps enough, was up to a big figure,
He sold his wicked gin-mill out, and started something bigger.
And now he's in a wholesale trade, bettered his condition,
As some would say, and in the world holds now a high position.
And men impoverished by his trade are seen all o'er the city;
Grown poor through what he's sold, and now he spurns them without
pity.

The hour was getting late, and so our interview was ended;
I thanked the man, bade him "good-night," and home my footsteps
wended.

But long I sat and mused upon the way laws are constructed,
And how to punish crime the courts by people are conducted.
The dealers who, through selling rum, cause crime to be committed,
Though 't is directly traced to them, are of all blame acquitted.
'T is true they may not guilty be by law's constructed letter,
But then they all are criminals, as aiders and abettors.
They know that when they make one drunk, they rob him of his senses,
Why, then, should they not holden be for all the consequences?
Why place laws on statute books to only foster evil?
Why legalize a traffic which sends men straight to the devil?
Such laws should be expunged at once, their place supplied by better,
And when they're on the statute books, enforce them to the letter.

CHAPTER XII.

PAWTUCKET—CONTINUED.

A Temperance Paper, by Intemperate Men.—“Clem” and “Cornele.”—The “Sparkling Fountain.”—Sacking a Printing Office.—A “Horse-whipping” that didn’t Materialize.—Bombarded and Threatened.—The “Fountain” ceases to “Sparkle.”—Change of Base.—“Christian Example and Religious Training.”—Second Marriage.—Some Sea Cooking.—Eccentric Bridal Tour,—A Housekeeping Outfit.

During the time Mr. Pearce was printing the “Christian Soldier,” there drifted into Pawtucket, one morning, a printer known among the craft as “Clem.” He was a man of recognized journalistic and oratorical abilities, which he had exercised to a considerable extent, handicapped only by an unfortunate propensity for drinking. He had enrolled himself in the ranks of the reformed, and was doing good service in Rhode Island as a lecturer at the time of his appearance as above. Soon after his arrival in Pawtucket, this apostle of reform started a temperance paper, calling it “Lily of the Valley,” and with the assistance of a Rhode Island printer known as “Cornele,” also a “reformed drunkard,” issued the paper weekly from Mr. Pearce’s office, using his press and types. But most unfortunately for these two journalistic typos, they, like many others of that day and since, were not possessed of sufficient will power to enable them to stay reformed, and they accordingly divided the time up about equally in printing

the temperance paper and "painting the town red," often working night and day to make up for time occupied in their revels, which sometimes continued for two or three days. On one of these occasions the pair drifted into a temperance meeting, "Clem" staggering drunk, and "Cornele" likewise "full," but one of the kind that liquor seldom affects to staggering. During a lull in the proceedings, "Clem" struggled to his feet and delivered himself of the following: "Ladies and gentlemen, (hic) I rise to speak a word in behalf of my (hic) friend, here. For myself, (hic) I am strong, and can (hic) stand alone; but he, my friends, (hic) is weak, and ladies and gentlemen, (hic) I want you to put your protecting arms around him!" "Cornele" was bashful in the extreme, and the effect upon him of this little episode may easily be imagined. He was heard to say the next day in regard to it, that he had a strong desire to pitch "Clem" through the window into the street below. Of course this living a double life on the part of "Clem" could not always continue. It was delirium tremens, loss of position, and a discontinuance of the paper. It is pleasing to record of both of these men, that they afterwards permanently reformed and filled honored positions in their respective callings.

But Pawtucket was not destined to remain long bereft of the benefit of a temperance paper, and thenceforth it was to be of the aggressive kind. There was in one respect, at least, an opening for such a paper, and Mr. Pearce boldly stepped in to fill it. No syndicate stood behind him in the matter, but unaided and alone he commenced the publication of the "Sparkling Fountain." It was a wee bit of a paper, two columns to a page, and four small pages, issued once a week. One would think that with its multitude of temperance people, Pawtucket would have given the enterprise a warm and hearty support. But they did not. A few of them paid their fifty cents a year

subscription, and all "gloried in his spunk," but this did very little toward "keeping the pot boiling," and Mr. Pearce soon found that success depended in a most uncomfortably large measure upon his almost unaided exertions.

Pawtucket proper was then in Massachusetts, the dividing line between that and Rhode Island being the river. There were three rum-shops in Pawtucket, run respectively by John Crain, Robert Abell and James Graham. There was also one in Valley Falls, and several in Woonsocket, all selling openly in violation of law. Against these Mr. Pearce, with a reckless daring that has since surprised him, waged a constant and uncompromising warfare through the columns of his paper, now increased in size to 3-column pages. Incidents and names were given, and the misdeeds of the rum element paraded before the public in a manner not particularly flattering to the former. It is not necessary to add that the parties thus assailed were indignant; "curses not loud, but deep," were launched against "that Pearce, of the Sparkling Fountain." A Woonsocket rumseller sent him notice that he was coming down some day to give him a horsewhipping. Mr. Pearce advertised the event to take place at 10 o'clock in the morning of a certain date, on a piazza in front of his office, and sent the other party a copy. Mr. Pearce was on hand as stated, but the toddy-mixer wasn't, and no more was heard from him. At another time the office was broken into in the night-time and the types thrown into the Blackstone river. It was the custom of Mr. Pearce to work late nights, and his office being on the ground floor, he worked with barred door and closed oak shutters; nor was this a vain precaution, for more than once while thus at work, were the windows and doors assaulted with heavy boulders. Mr. Pearce's residence was in the suburbs, and on one occasion, about midnight, he was followed from his office to his home by half-a-dozen men armed with

cudgels, breathing out threatenings every rod of the way. Mr. Pearce paid no attention to them, not even quickening his pace, though every moment expecting the club of the one nearest him to descend upon his head. They thus continued to dog his steps until he disappeared inside his door, giving him a parting curse as he entered.

Thus matters progressed for two or three years, and then some prominent temperance men persuaded the publisher that the paper was in need of—not more dollars, but dignity, and proposed to relieve him of the editorial charge, and “lift it to a higher plane,” as they expressed it. Glad of any change that might prove for the better, the publisher acceded to their views, and they assumed the editorial charge, the consequence of which was, that the circulation fell off rapidly, so much so that in less than two months the Sparkling Fountain was a dead paper and the plant had passed into the hands of the mortgagee.

After four years’ “schooling” as publisher, editor, etc., with such unsatisfying financial results, Mr. Pearce was quite happy in accepting a position as foreman in the printing office of Ray Potter & Son, (subsequently R. W. Potter,) which position he held for seven years. This was the second office for book and job printing started in Pawtucket, and was the rival for some years of the Gazette and Chronicle office, the principal business being the counterfeiting of Coats’ thread tickets, which was quite extensively practised by thread manufacturers in America at that time. The business was under the management of the junior partner, and a peculiarity of the establishment was the number and “training” of the “devils” employed there. First and foremost among these was Ansel D. Nickerson, whose parents were gratified at the prospect of the “Christian example and religious training” their son would receive in the office of Elder Potter. The

“religious” training was invariably proceeded with in the absence of the Elder, and its *exalting* nature may be judged of from the formula of his initiation, in which he was reduced to the uniform of the Georgia Major, minus the hat and dickey, anointed from head to feet with lamp-black, and in that condition compelled to sit perched for a quarter of an hour on the apex of a hand-press. Further “religious” training was conducted on much the same principle. One of the fixed rules of the office was to secure a lock of an apprentice’s hair immediately on his entering and affix it, duly labelled, to the walls of the establishment, to serve as a memento, in case of the lad’s abrupt withdrawal, which was a common occurrence, inso-much that no apprentice is remembered to have served out his full time there. This will readily be believed, when it is stated that about sixty locks of hair were thus affixed there at the close of R. W.’s administration, covering a period of about five years. One fact was, that while they learned a few things that might be useful to them, they learned many others the knowledge of which they could have dispensed with without any serious detriment to their interests. Sometimes the Elder would by accident “get on” to some of young Ray’s games, and the latter would be reprimanded in no gentle terms for his folly. Among those from first to last apprentices in the office, besides Mr. Nickerson, were Hon. E. L. Freeman, Captain Geo. O. Willard, Mr. S. S. Tompkins, Mr. Erastus M. Hunt, and Mr. P. H. Massie, all of whom, except Mr. Hunt, finished their apprenticeship elsewhere.

During the years of his sojourn in the office of R. W. Potter, Mr. Pearce contracted a second marriage. His new bride was Miss Mary Ann Bragg. Miss Bragg had been an intimate and devoted friend of the first Mrs. Pearce, was with her in her dying moments, and from her received her husband’s little daughter as a sacred charge.

On this occasion the matrimonial knot was tied beneath his own roof-tree, and like the previous one was quiet and unostentatious. The "wedding breakfast" was served the following morning, the "guests" comprising the newly made Mrs. Pearce and her husband, which was perhaps well, for ambitious to show off his acquirements in the cuisine line, he had bargained that he should prepare the first meal, which he decided should be the simple one of griddle-cakes. When those cakes came to be eaten, it became a matter of debate, whether it would not be better to offer them to some shoemaker as an admirable substitute for leather. A breakfast was finally made from them, but by mutual consent it was the last of Mr. Pearce's endeavoring to run the cuisine; the glory of his cooking had departed.

As the couple were enjoying their "wedding breakfast," the idea suggested itself to them that a "wedding tour" would be in order. Mr. Pearce had not thought of that, but on reflection agreed that it would be quite the thing, providing it would not interfere too much with business. Accordingly they took an early omnibus and went to Providence, where they spent the day, returning home at night.

The housekeeping outfit of Mr. and Mrs. Pearce in this instance would never have been condemned on the score of extravagance, inasmuch as the whole plant would have been considered as dear at fifty dollars, and their rent was \$12 a year. And yet Mr. Pearce has frequently been heard to say, that the happiest days of his life were when thus "sailing under short canvas," as he terms it.

Meanwhile the "irrepressible conflict" with the rum power continued to be waged by the opponents of the liquor traffic, and Graham, Crain and Abell had all they could take care of in defending the innumerable cases brought against them in the county courts sitting in Taunton or New Bedford, which

at one time had on the docket one hundred and fifty cases against Pawtucket violators of the liquor law, in a majority of which convictions resulted. Kitchen barrooms also existed to a considerable extent, and received their share of legal attention. Of those engaged in the liquor traffic at that time it might truly be said, "the way of the transgressor is hard."

What has been the experience in all reformatory movements, was true, likewise, of the Washingtonians—there were many "backsliders," not only in Pawtucket, but all through the country. This declension, it is sad to say, extended in many instances to the leaders, some of whom went back to their cups, and rapidly down to drunkards' graves. Among those who maintained their integrity to the last, were the veterans Thomas Boyle and Joseph Waugh.

In addition to the temperance organizations previously named as existing in Pawtucket, were the Rechabites, the Sons of Temperance and the Daughters of Temperance, instituted in the order named. The Division of the Sons of Temperance was No. 1 in the State. Each of these organizations had a varied existence, and all perished within a decade, William Penn Division No. 10 having meanwhile been instituted, and has maintained its existence with varied fortunes to the present time.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOUR YEARS AT THE "HUB."

Removal to Boston.—"Pleasures" of Tenement Hunting.—Explorations.—Revolutionary Reminiscence.—Rainsford Island Hospital.—Physical and Moral Wrecks.—Deer Island.—How the Stoves were Put Up.—Amusing Court Incident.—Locate in Charlestown.—Omnibus Rides.—Incidents.—Taking Snuff.—Ma'am Dunlap.—Fetch Up in State Prison.—A "Backslider."—Assassination.—Cholera.—Ghostly Visitation.—Composing without Writing.

A change of proprietorship and conditions led to the severance of Mr. Pearce's connection with the Pawtucket printing office. He had for many years viewed Boston through rose-colored glasses, regarding it with a degree of veneration in consequence of its interesting historical associations connected with the early settlement of the country, and he determined to avail himself of the opportunity now presented to locate there with his family.

Having previously made an engagement with Messrs. J. E. Farwell & Co., one morning in June, 1852, found him, with his family and household belongings, in Boston. Having neglected to previously secure a house, the first day was occupied in the not agreeable occupation of tenement hunting. After a weary tramp of several hours through tortuous streets a house was secured near the Common. During the months of that summer, Mr. Pearce used the hours before and after his day's work in visiting the famed localities he had in his youthful

days read about in books. Bunker and Copp's hills, the Navy Yard, Province Street, and Dorchester Heights, were among the first places visited. In these excursions he was almost invariably accompanied by his wife and daughter, the latter then eight years of age, and it was with much interest that he pointed out to them the hill in Dorchester, since modernized, from the summit of which the army under Washington, as related by history, sent the irresistible hogsheads of stones crashing through the ranks of the advancing enemy. There was not a reputable nook or corner of Boston that was not thus explored; he appeared to be favored with the "open sesame" to all sorts of places. He made nothing of going up the two hundred and twenty-two steps to the top of Bunker Hill Monument, ascending to the cupola of the State House, to enjoy the view it afforded, or climbing the rickety stairs in a church belfry to study the *modus operandi* of the chimes, always with his strangely assorted companion, at that time his only daughter, who regarded no place as inaccessible if her father led the way. Among her well remembered excursions with him was one to Rainsford Island Hospital, when he was the guest of some visiting officials. It was on a crisp November day, the trip was made on the deck of a small sailing yacht, and was not quite so pleasant as if it had been summer, but Mr. Pearce was amply repaid for the trip, by being permitted to make the rounds of the wards with the superintendent, among the unfortunate wrecks of night-walkers gathered from the streets of Boston and sent there for repairs, and in learning from the kind hearted doctor and superintendent interesting scraps of their individual history, gathered from their own lips, and which would be valuable as warning signals to those of their sex just starting out in life. Most of these unfortunates were from the rural districts of New England, the daughters of respectable and well-to-do

farmers, who were careful to keep their parents in ignorance of their lives and condition.

On the occasion of a visit to Deer Island, one of Boston's penal institutions, Mr. Pearce had an opportunity to gain a partial insight into the workings of police justice in that city. It was in the season when people were putting their stoves up for the winter, and the superintendent remarked to a policeman who had come down on the boat, "I wish you would keep a sharp lookout, and the first stove man you pull in drunk, have him sentenced here for thirty days; it is high time our stoves were up. The plasterer and carpenter you brought me were capital fellows and fixed things up first rate."

While we are in this line of narration, there is a story that Mr. Pearce has been heard to tell, which will bear repeating as exhibiting the humorous side of court life. One of the municipal courts of Boston had a crier who was past the years of three-score-and-ten, but who nevertheless had a large humorous streak in his mental make-up. Those at all conversant with court machinery, will recognize the duties of the court crier, one of which is to act as mouth-piece to the court clerk in the calling of defaulting cases. The clerk and crier were thus engaged, on the occasion referred to, when the former struck a specimen of chirography which was a staggerer, to even his practised eye. Slowly he pondered in subdued tones, but sufficient to be overheard, "Paul,—Paul,—Paul,—what—in—thunder's—that?" Quick as thought the venerable crier burst out in stentorian tones with, "Paul, what-in-thunder's-that—Paul, what-in-thunder's-that, come into court and answer, or your default will be recorded!" Both clerk and court were unable to refrain from joining in the merriment which pervaded the bar and spectators.

After a few months' residence in Boston, Mr. Pearce availed

himself of an opportunity of locating his abode in Charlestown, beneath the shadow of the venerated Bunker Hill Monument. This was before the day of horse-cars, and lumbering omnibusses served those who preferred that mode of conveyance to "Shanks' mare." These vehicles were allowed to carry all who could get into or upon them, and on some trips they were more than crowded. On these occasions the gentlemen had the rare politeness to allow the ladies, particularly when young and good looking, to sit in their laps, and it was noticed that no lady entering a crowded omnibus was obliged to remain standing any length of time, unless in instances where every gentleman's lap was occupied. From constant association on the part of those patronizing these coaches, generally at about the same hours every day, acquaintances were formed, ripening into friendships, and in the case of the opposite sexes, love, so that in many instances intimacies thus haply commenced culminated at the altar.

There are doubtless many persons who will remember Mr. Pearce as having been at one time and for some years, a most inveterate snuff-taker. This habit he originated on the Charlestown stages: on one occasion he chanced to be a fellow passenger with an old gentleman who drew forth a snuff-box, and after helping himself to a pinch, politely passed it to his fellow passengers. It was pleasantly flavored, without any taint of tobacco. Mr. Pearce being affected with catarrh, inquired if it was a remedy for that, and was informed by the old gentleman that he used it for that alone; that it was made from black-birch bark, and could be procured only at an establishment kept by Ma'am Dunlap, on Province House Court, Boston. Procuring a snuff-box, to that place he went, and found it was sold by that lady under the name of "Swiss Rappee." Ma'am Dunlap was a prim lady of about fifty years, neat in appearance, and dressed much after the style in vogue in the

early part of the century. Snuff-taking was indulged in then to a much greater extent than at the present time, and governors, judges, and other dignitaries, repaired to Ma'am Dunlap's to have their boxes replenished.

Mr. Pearce, in the course of his business, became intimately acquainted with Rev. Mr. Hempstead, chaplain of the state prison in Charlestown, and was by that gentleman invited to take charge of a class in the prison Sabbath school. Mr. Pearce the more readily accepted of this invitation, for the reason that it would afford him opportunities of becoming acquainted with the workings of the institution, and its bearing upon the present, and, so far as could be ascertained, the subsequent well being of those brought under its influence. His relations with the men were most intimate and unrestrained, and their attention to and interest in the subject before them during the hour they were together was of the very best, while their acquaintance with the lesson would have done credit to a close theological student. One of their number, a 3-years prisoner, was exemplary to such an extent as to be placed in charge of a class as teacher: through the influence of friends, his was made an exceptional case among short-term prisoners, and he was pardoned out at the expiration of half his sentence. And yet, one of the first places visited by him after his release from prison, was one of Boston's low "dives," where he quickly spent in debauchery the five dollars he given him by the warden; within forty-eight hours had sold the coat and vest from off his back for rum, and been committed to the house of correction to work out a fine and costs for drunkenness. Such cases were by no means rare, and served greatly to weaken the confidence of the prison officers in religious professions made by prisoners.

There are always more or less desperate men within the walls of penal institutions, and morbid feelings engendered

in their enforced non-intercourse with their fellow beings, not infrequently lead to desperate results. Such was the case in the Charlestown state prison in 1856, when the deputy warden and warden of the institution fell by the assassin's knife, being successively butchered within a few days of each other, by inmates of the prison. The warden had taken to himself a wife, and went away on his wedding tour, leaving the prison in charge of the deputy. It was the custom at the close of the chapel service, which was held every morning, to allow any prisoner having a request to make of the warden, to come forward and speak to him privately. One morning during the absence of the warden, one of the convicts availed himself of this privilege, and stepping close to the deputy as if to make a confidential communication, before that officer could divine his true purpose, plunged a knife which he had sharpened and concealed for the purpose, into his neck. His aim, though swift, was accurate and fatal; he severed the jugular vein, and his victim, without uttering a word, fell into the arms of Chaplain Hempstead, a corpse. If there were any accessories to this crime they were never discovered; the assassin being seized and manacled before he had time to step away from the side of the murdered man, and the convicts were promptly marched to their cells for the day. The warden was telegraphed to, and returned at once. In less than two weeks a similar tragedy was enacted on the same spot, the victim in this instance being the warden, and the assassin another convict. This time it was said the chaplain was also marked as a victim, but circumstances favored his escape. It was believed that in both these instances revenge was the actuating motive, in consequence of punishment administered for some extra offence.

It was during Mr. Pearce's connection with this institution that the place was smitten with a disease very much resem-

bling cholera, and pronounced by attending physicians to be such. The first case occurred at about midnight, and before morning there were two hundred and sixty cases under treatment, but so admirable were the sanitary arrangements of the institution that only one case proved fatal. The visitation was believed to have been the result of some previously unknown defect in a portion of the food, though no satisfactory solution of the matter was ever arrived at.

With his propensity to turn an honest joke as opportunity offered, Mr. Pearce, much to the discomfiture of his worthy better half, has been fond of surprising new acquaintances by disclosing to them in a confidential manner the circumstance of his being a "state prison bird," having been for three years an inmate of Massachusetts state prison, and subsequently enlightening them as to his true relation to the institution.

While the time put in by Mr. Pearce in Boston and vicinity was not so productive in financial results as could have been desired, it was largely compensatory in supplying the mental deficit consequent upon his ten years' isolation in the factory.

During his engagement with Messrs. Farwell & Co., Mr. Pearce was employed in the dual capacity of editor and foreman of a weekly political paper published by them, which position he sustained with credit to himself through two Presidential campaigns.

It was through the press of business thus thrust upon him, that Mr. Pearce acquired the rare accomplishment of putting his thoughts in type without having previously written them. Standing at the "case" apparently engaged in the mere manual occupation of type-setting, ideas flow from his fingers in lead, as in the case of others from a pen-point, in ink. This practise Mr. Pearce has followed to the present time. Most of his numerous poetical effusions have been thus prepared; indeed, he regards those which he has, from circumstan-

ces, not been able to himself put in type, but has written instead, as inferior in quality to the first named.

During Mr. Pearce's residence in Charlestown, he was witness to a most remarkable circumstance never satisfactorily accounted for. He was sent for by a family occupying a house across the court from his residence, to come over and assist in locating, if possible, a mysterious "voice," as they termed it, in their house. Entering the place, he was startled by hearing what strikingly resembled the utterance of "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" as by a person in distress, muffled, as if behind a partition, continuing with measured regularity, as with one's every breath, and gradually growing weaker till it died out in a faint whisper. The house was not contiguous to any other, and a thorough search, inside and out, revealed nothing as to the cause of the singular disturbance.

But Farwell & Co.'s paper ending its life with the hopes of its candidate, and work in printing offices or in a reportorial capacity not being so readily obtainable or so remunerative as it became a few years later, Mr. Pearce accepted an offer of steady employment in Providence, and removed his family to that city.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONCE MORE IN FALL RIVER.

"Manifest Destiny."—Jeremiah Goes Courting—Perilous Experience. Song.—Noel A. Tripp.—Trip into Newspaperdom.—Fall River Daily Star.—Striking a "Boom."—A Fish Story.—The Star Chowder, and How it was Boomed.—Eight Hundred Gallon Kettle and Five Hundred Pound Loaf of Bread.—The Kettle on its Travels.

The "manifest destiny" of Mr. Pearce, in the early part of his life, appears to have been, though through no fault of his, to "push along, keep moving," the "sport of fortune," building fabrics to see them demolished in a day, yet never complaining, always cheerful, accepting the situation as he found it, determined to "do the best he could and let the rest go." His has been a chequered life. Five years in Swansea, one in New Bedford, fourteen in Fall River, one in New York, eleven in Pawtucket, four in Boston, with the balance knocking about on land and sea, the fall of 1856 found him in Providence with his family, but not to remain long, as the sequel will disclose.

He passed the winter of 1856-7 in Providence, working most of the time in the office of A. Crawford Greene. Among his fellow workmen in Mr. Greene's office, was a young man whose Christian name was Jeremiah. "Jerry," as the boys called him, was "sparking" a damsel at Valley Falls, six miles distance from Providence, and in consequence made frequent pilgrimages to that place. It chanced that on one of these visits there came on in the night a fearful blizzard,

piling the snow into huge drifts, obstructing railroad travel, and sending the temperature down below zero. This was the situation when Jeremiah awoke in the morning. He ascertained that there would be no train to the city that day, but get there he must, as he was on a work where his presence was imperatively required, and a day's absence might lead to a dismissal. Accordingly as soon as breakfast was over he set out on his way home. His experience was a most fearful one, the journey occupying eight hours, over unbroken roads, and much of it through snow-drifts waist deep, while the temperature was below zero and the wind blowing a gale. As a crowning misfortune, while toiling through the snow on Pawtucket turnpike, the wind seized on his tile, a new and costly one, and hurled it a hundred yards into the snow of the meadows, where he was forced to let it lie, as it would have meant death to have followed it. He tied a bandanna over his head and toiled on to the toll-gate, where he stated his case, was furnished with an old hat and continued on his journey. It was near 5 o'clock when he entered Greene's office, and dropping into a chair near the stove, began telling the story of his fearful experience on his journey; both ears and his nose were frozen, toes ditto, and he was in a used-up condition generally. Mr. Pearce considered the circumstance as worthy of being commemorated in song, and that night, after the family had retired, he took pencil and paper and produced the following, to the tune of "Vilkins and his Dinah":

Come all ye good people, a story I'll tell,—
Of what on occasion a young man befell,
Whose bosom was heated by true love's bright flame,
A modest young bach'lor, Jeremiah by name.

He loved a young damsel, so blooming and fair,
With cheeks red as roses, and beauteous brown hair,
She was sprightly and joyous, kind, gentle and gay,
So that from her presence he scarcely could stay.

She lived in a "Valley," right close to the "Falls,"
In a nice, cozy cottage, convenient and small;
And often a visit unto her he paid,
This gentle, this lovely, this beauteous maid.

It happened one night, when the sun was quite low,
That this Jeremiah a courting did go,
With honorable intentions he wended his way,
And at that cozy cottage all night did he stay.

But lo, in the night-time a snow storm had come,
While poor Jeremiah was six miles from home,
The snow was knee-deep, and keen was the air,
And no other conveyance had he than "Shanks' mare."

Four below zero the thermometer told,
When he to his bosom his girl did enfold,
Saying, "Jerusha, my darling, I must leave you now,
Though to get to the city I scarcely know how."

She said, "Dearest Jerry, now why will you go?
You'll surely be buried in some bank of snow;"
Quoth he, "I must go, though the weather be keen,
Or I'll be discharged by A. Crawford Greene."

He tore himself from her and started along,
Now trying to whistle, or sing some old song;
His lips they were frozen, he scarce could them stir,
But his heart it was warmer in thinking of her.

He wallowed waist deep through the big drifts of snow,
While keen round his ears the cold wind did blow,
The dread thought of freezing awakened his fears,
And he said, "By the Jingo! how it bites my old ears!"

He wore on his cranium a splendid new tile,
Which the cruel wind captured and blew half a mile;
He watched it receding, it moved him to tears,
For he saw he must lose either that or his ears.

He quick chose the former, and hastened his speed,
Oh, when you think on him your kind hearts must bleed!
At a house by the wayside they gave him a hat,
The day was fast waning, so he pushed on with that.

'T was just about sunset he entered the town,
He wore on his head a hat minus crown,

He numb was all over, and both ears were froze,
With a very queer feeling at the end of his nose.

He entered the office at a quarter to five,
And looking to others more dead than alive.
Eight hours had he travelled to compass six miles,
And buried in snow was his five dollar tile.

The next day, notwithstanding his adventure of the day previous, Jeremiah was at his case, and was very much taken aback, and tried to be indignant, when the foregoing was sung before the whole office. He finally, however, accepted it as a pleasant joke.

One day, in the winter of 1857, while, in the city of Providence, Mr. Pearce was "earning his bread by the sweat of his brow" in the printing office of A. Crawford Greene, there appeared to him Mr. Noel A. Tripp, from the city of Fall River, and proposed that he should go to that place and join him in the publication of a daily paper. Now be it known that Noel, as he was familiarly addressed by his acquaintances, would never have been selected for an active member of a base-ball nine, being about five feet in height, and of a decidedly mummified appearance. Nevertheless he was a cut-and-dried newspaper man, having graduated into a printing office almost from his cradle, and followed no other business, being then about fifty years of age.

Having but recently removed to Providence, Mr. Pearce was averse to so soon again making a change, and more especially as neither of the parties was possessed of cash capital. But as Mr. Tripp represented that there were parties who were willing to advance them, on their personal notes, money sufficient to purchase a plant, it was thought that, both being practical printers, they might be able to make a success of it, and after a visit to Fall River for the purpose of looking over the field, he decided to embark in the enterprise. Ac-

cordingly, on the third day of April, 1857, the first number of the "Fall River Daily Evening Star" made its appearance in the streets of Fall River, with a very small subscription list at \$3 a year, and it was sold in the streets at one cent a copy. Mr. Pearce was editor, and Mr. Tripp the publisher. There were then in Fall River two weekly papers, the Monitor and the News. The merchants and business men of the city had had no experience with a local daily, and declined to place their advertisements in the new paper, except at weekly rates, and these terms the Star was obliged to accept, or dispense with the patronage, so that advertisements were in, most instances taken for the most that parties would pay, while at the same time subscriptions and sales were not by any means commensurate with the financial requirements of the business.

Matters were looking somewhat dismal, when Mr. Pearce chanced to strike a chord that was destined to result in a "boom" for the paper. It was in May, and in the early days of trap-fishing, and Mr. Cook, a local fisherman, having made an exceptionally large catch of scup, mention of it was made in the columus of the Star, of which Mr. Pearce was local reporter, foreman and general business manager, as well as editor, and Mr. Cook was so well pleased with the notice given him, that he proposed donating to the editor a barrel of scup. Mr. Pearce being at a loss as to what use he should make of so large a quantity of fish, did not at once accept the gift, and later proposed to make of them a thirty-gallon chowder for the patrons of the Star, provided other parties would contribute the balance of the materials. This he published in the paper, and hearing no more from it, concluded the whole matter had blown over, till a few days later, when a gentleman meeting him on the street, made inquiry as to how the Star chowder progressed. Mr. Pearce told him he

had had no response to his offer, and thought it wouldn't amount to much. "Go ahead," said the gentleman, "come, I'll give you the pepper-sauce." This interview was published in the paper, and thenceforth the contributions came in, till all the requisites, even to a kettle, were pledged for a 30-gallon chowder.

About this time a meeting of the citizens was held in the city hall, to take measures to celebrate the Fourth of July. Of several plans proposed, none met with favor, until some one rising in his seat, said, "Mr. Chairman, I move you that the whole celebration be turned over to Pearce's Star chowder." The man had struck a popular chord. The motion was seconded by a score of voices, and was carried without a dissenting vote, amid the greatest enthusiasm. The meeting was dissolved, and another immediately organized, of which Mr. Pearce was chosen chairman. It was voted that Mr. Pearce's plan should be continued, though enlarged upon, including the addition of a clambake, and a committee of ten was chosen from the floor, to solicit contributions, of which a large number were made on the spot, the mayor leading off with ten bushels of clams, which some one jocosely moved he be required to dig in person, the motion being carried unanimously, amid much merriment. After choosing from among the first citizens a committee of arrangements, the meeting dissolved.

One of the first matters arranged for by the committee, was that admission to the chowder should be by ticket, and that seventy-five cents paid for three months' subscription for the Star, should entitle the holder of the receipt to a ticket for each member of his family. Goodness! how families did increase in membership about that time, not infrequently exceeding the good old-fashioned number of a dozen. But no questions were asked, Mr. Pearce arguing that if they could

stand it he would try to, and everybody who presented a receipt were given all the tickets they claimed, scarcely any one receiving less than six. For two hours every evening the office was thronged, and from five hundred the circulation of the Star suddenly boomed to eighteen hundred.

Meanwhile the Star chowder Fourth of July celebration was the talk of the town, the novelty of the arrangements serving to add to its interest. Contributions continued to pour in, a standing list of which was published in the Star, added to daily, as they came in. The question as to how a chowder could be made for feeding so large a company, was happily solved through the courtesy of the American Print Works Company, who happening to have a new 800-gallon color kettle that had never been used, tendered that for the occasion, on learning which a bricklayer stepped forward and volunteered to "set" it, and another gentleman put himself down for a cord of wood to cook the chowder and bake the clams. The question of "loaves" to go with the "fishes" coming up, was answered by Messrs. Mason, Fisher & Co., a firm of local bakers, tendering a quarter of a ton of brown bread in a single loaf, and two other parties contributed, respectively, the lemons and good white loaf sugar for five hundred gallons of lemonade, which was to be served free, from a single tank; the lumber and work on the tables, speakers' and band stands, etc., were likewise a free contribution, as indeed was about everything connected with the celebration, except the two local bands which were to furnish music for the occasion.

Ruggles' Grove, on some of the highest land in the city, was selected as the grounds, while the monster kettle was a mile distant, "below the hill," as it was termed. The question of getting it upon the grounds was perplexing Mr. Pearce, when he was told to give himself no uneasiness on that score, it would be taken care of, which quickly proved true, for that

night, after work in the mills had ceased, it was loaded upon a drag, decorated with bunting, and a tandem team of fifty-eight horses attached to it, when with a cavalcade of two hundred and fifty horsemen preceding it, with two bands of music in the line, the great chowder kettle was started on its travels. Every window and door-yard along the route was filled with people, with whom the sidewalks, also, were lined, cheering and waving bunting and handkerchiefs.

While all this was going on, Mr. Pearce, with the multiplicity of demands upon him, was as busy as the gentleman with the unsavory reputation in a gale of wind. It will not be considered strange, therefore, that he succumbed to nervous prostration and was obliged to seek for a few days the retirement of his home, and to avail himself of a carriage in order to be present at the celebration.

Throughout all of this, and almost up to the morning of its culmination, there were those in the community who viewed the matter in the light of a huge farce, as a bubble, which they were willing to lend their aid in inflating, for the anticipated enjoyment of witnessing its collapse in the end. As late as the day before the Fourth, the chief of police made application to the mayor for twenty extra officers, to quell anticipated disturbances on the grounds on that day. But still the preparations went forward, after the affair of the kettle, which was telegraphed to papers abroad, attracting, by its novelty, the attention of the press throughout the country.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM PROSPERITY TO ADVERSITY.

The Fourth of July.—Ingredients of the Great Chowder.—Preparing the Tables.—The Procession.—Post-prandial Exercises.—Enough and to Spare.—Everybody Delighted.—Deficit of One Hundred and Seventy-five Dollars.—How it was Paid.—Panic of 1857.—The Star Gets a Set-back.—Struggles for Existence.—Suspension.—Sold Out.—A Month in Maine.—New Engagement.

Unpropitious weather on the two or three previous days, led to unpleasant forebodings on that score, and nothing as late as 8 o'clock on the morning of the Fourth occurred to dispel those apprehensions. Soon after that hour, however, the clouds disappeared, and the remainder of the day was all that could have been desired, as to weather.

Early in the morning the "note of preparation" began. The great chowder kettle had been set in a brick jacket, and towered above the people's heads, with a firm flight of steps ascending to its top. Mr. Young, of the firm of Reynolds & Young, presided at the cuisine, with a corps of assistants. Seven hundred pounds of fish, nicely cleaned, three barrels of potatoes, ninety gallons of milk, half a barrel of onions, fifty pounds of butter, with half a peck of salt and ten pounds of pepper, by way of seasoning, and three barrels of crackers, comprised about the ingredients of this, it is believed the largest chowder ever cooked in one kettle. Men were busy covering the tables with white cloth, and arranging plates, knives, forks, bowls and spoons for the two thousand guests.

It had been arranged that the guests of the occasion, comprising a majority of the respectable male inhabitants of the city, should join the procession with the city authorities and others, in their march to the grove. But these mostly chose proceeding to the grounds by a shorter route, and with their families, so that this portion of the celebration was shorn somewhat of its anticipated proportions. Nevertheless it was a display worthy the day and occasion, one of the finest features being a handsomely decorated whaleboat, freighted with thirty-one young misses, in red, white and blue, representing the states in the union. The local military, a juvenile fire company in uniform, and two bands of music, preceded carriages containing Hon. N. B. Borden, mayor of the city and president of the day, Hon. J. C. Blaisdell, orator of the day, the city council, the staff of the Star, members of the city government, and others.

It had been anticipated that there might be haste and confusion in seating so large and miscellaneous a company at the tables, but nothing of the kind occurred, all behaving themselves in the most orderly manner, though doing full justice to the substantial repast before them. The 500-pound loaf of brown-bread disappeared like snow before an April sun, and the other edibles likewise, the only person present not doing justice to the chowder being its originator, Mr. Pearce, who though present, was, much to his chagrin and disappointment, through illness minus an appetite and unable to enjoy it.

The post-prandial exercises, which were conducted from a platform erected for the purpose, were of a most interesting character. Following addresses by President Borden and the orator of the day, Hon. J. C. Blaisdell, were others from prominent gentlemen, who commented in complimentary terms on the success of a celebration of so novel a character from its inception to the grand culmination witnessed before them.

Among the speakers was the member of Congress from the district, Hon. James Buffington, who, arrayed in a white coat and apron, had also been prominent among the waiters at the tables. During the progress of the exercises, there were calls for Mr. Pearce, whom few recollected having seen since coming upon the grounds. He failing to appear, a deputation was sent in quest of him, and after a search of several minutes, he was found in a remote part of the grounds, in quiet conversation with a friend; he had been apprehensive of such a call, and being of a retiring disposition, had thus *retired*, in order to evade it, and declining to accompany the deputation, extreme measures were resorted to, and he was brought in a "prisoner," by Chief of Police Greene. He was enthusiastically received, and after expressing his gratification at the success achieved through the aid of his fellow citizens, asked to be excused from further remarks, in consequence of indisposition. Mr. Young, the *artiste* of the chowder, was the next called upon. He was found at his kettle, and as he stepped upon the platform arrayed in his working garb, he was most enthusiastically greeted and made a brief and appropriate address. The announcement was made that there was present on the grounds a young lady to whom the audience would like an introduction, a daughter of Mr. Pearce, her birth having occurred on the same day as that of the Star. There being a general call for the appearance of that young lady, a deputation of ladies was despatched to her mother, and soon appeared with the damsel in charge. The president of the day took the child in his arms, and proceeded to christen her as the "Star Baby." These exercises were interspersed with music by the bands. The Boston Journal had honored the occasion by sending a special reporter, and the next day published a full column report of the proceedings, and Associated Press accounts were published in papers throughout the

country as a unique and pleasingly successful celebration.

There were left of the delicious chowder two hundred gallons, and so much of it as was not appropriated in pails by those present, was given to the poor. The quiet and good order which pervaded the grounds was phenomenal, and not an occasion for arrest arose in the city through the entire day. It was a most unique celebration of the glorious Fourth, and one pre-eminently after Mr. Pearce's total abstinence heart—plenty to eat, but no intoxicants.

Everybody had a good word to say for "Pearce's Star Chowder," and even now, when nearly a generation has passed away since the event, old residents of that city, on meeting Mr. Pearce, are not slow in reminding him of it, the general expressed opinion being, that while it was one of the pleasanter and most satisfactory Fourth of July celebrations Fall River ever experienced, it would be impossible to duplicate it, its strength having been derived from its extreme novelty.

While the contributions in material were generous, there were nevertheless numerous incidental expenses, as for music, etc., that required to be paid in cash, and Mr. Pearce, on reckoning up, found himself minus to the extent of one hundred and seventy-five dollars! He had "danced," and though it was for the enjoyment of others, it now devolved upon him to "pay the fiddler." This he was determined to do, as he felt he could not well afford to have the record of so brilliant an achievement dimmed by the existence of unpaid bills. But just how to accomplish this was what caused him to lay awake nights and cudgel his brains through the day. He finally hit upon an expedient which would either free him or plunge him deeper in the mire. He chartered a steamer for \$200 for one day, and advertised a "Star Excursion to Rocky Point." It was a risky move for a single individual with no cash, particularly when \$40 was added for music. The morn-

ing came, and a brighter one never dawned. Mr. Pearce had his band out parading the streets before breakfast. He had made for the occasion a wooden star six feet across, and attached it to the walking-beam of the steamer, to sway back and forth with the motion of the engine. Mr. Pearce was "commodore" for the trip, and this was his "broad pennant." The steamer, the old "Caonicus," took fifteen hundred people to Rocky Point, on that occasion, and Mr. Pearce was able to "square up" on the Star Chowder. It was moreover a pleasant event all around, and those patronizing it had the double satisfaction of having put in a day of enjoyment and at the same time relieved the Star Chowder man from an unpleasant situation.

The reader will think by this time, if he thinks anything about it, that the Star must, perforce, have become a "fixed planet." But here Mr. Pearce's "usual luck" intervened. The great panic of 1857 struck Fall River with crushing force in September of that year, and early in October the wheels of every manufactory in the city had ceased to revolve, and general distress prevailed among the manufacturing population, the city paying out hundreds of dollars weekly to keep starvation from the doors of these people. These were emphatically "days that tried men's souls," and that of Mr. Pearce was no exception. He carried unaided the weight and responsibility of the business, for six months, during which time the mills were all idle, and for some of the time he was, as business manager of the concern, in great straits for the means wherewith to bring out the paper. On the 27th of March, 1858, yielding to the force of circumstances, he vacated his position as business manager, and the publication of the Star was suspended. Mr. Pearce remained in Fall River for a few weeks, in the hope that the prospect might brighten, but seeing no hope of improvement, and not being desirous

or able to remain longer idle, he sought and obtained employment elsewhere.

This was, however, not the end of the Star. Mr. Tripp remained in possession of the plant, and when business revived a few weeks later, resumed its publication. Efforts were made, by parties connected with the paper, to duplicate for the Fourth of July, 1858, the Star Chowder of 1857, but the conditions were lacking, and the affair was conspicuous only through its failure. Meanwhile, Messrs. Almy & Milne, of the Fall River Weekly News, made overtures to Mr. Tripp, resulting in the disposal of the paper to them for \$1,000. And here it may be stated as a matter of history, that not a dollar of the proceeds of the final sale of the Star ever reached the pocket of Mr. Pearce, nor did any portion of it, as Mr. Pearce is credibly informed, ever reach Messrs. Bilson Page or John B. Hathaway, for money advanced by them for the purchase of the plant.

This was a sad break up for Mr. Pearce, but one for which he never held himself in any degree responsible. He was handicapped from the outset from causes he could not control, and when success seemed almost within his grasp, he became one of the many victims of a calamity which there was no escaping more than there was of a Johnstown flood. But like the spider whose web is demolished, and who straightway sets out to construct another, Mr. Pearce plucked up courage and sallied forth in quest of another situation. A paper in Biddeford, Maine, wanted an all around man, Mr. Pearce answered the advertisement, and on the 27th day of April, 1858, with his wife and infant daughter first set foot in that city.

That it was an all around job he quickly ascertained to his satisfaction. The only other "help" in the office consisted of the proprietor's two brothers, both of whom were mere boys, and neither of whom seemed disposed to unduly exert

himself, and as Mr. Pearce, as foreman of the office, was responsible for the execution of the work, while not practically in control of the "help," the "laboring oar" devolved upon him, his time being divided between preparing and putting in type editorials, running a heavy hand-press and jobbing about the office generally. Notwithstanding this, he found opportunity to gain a tolerable knowledge of the topography of the place, so that his stay in Biddeford, brief though it proved to be, stood with him something in the character of a picnic, despite the exhaustive labor attending it.

But notwithstanding the untoward circumstances surrounding the situation, Mr. Pearce concluded he could not do better than stay there for a season, at least, and he therefore prepared to go to Fall River and settle up his household affairs with a view to permanent removal from the place. Previous to his departure from Biddeford, an influential citizen with whom he had become acquainted, kindly put a word in his ear, informing him as to the financial standing of his employer, and intimating to him that if he returned he must be prepared to in a measure "work for nothing and find himself." Mr. Pearce thinking it a good time to find it out, thanked his informant, and coupling with it some difficulty experienced in collecting his first month's salary, decided to shape his course accordingly.

Mr. George T. Hammond was then engaged in the publication of the Newport Daily News. He was a young man, with not much experience in journalism, and with him Mr. Pearce had been in negotiation during his month of enforced idleness, relative to an all around situation on the paper, the desire of Mr. Hammond being to attach to his paper a local department under the distinctive charge of one person, who should likewise be a practical printer. This desideratum he sought to supply through the employment of Mr. Pearce in that capacity.

While the latter was at home he paid Mr. Hammond a visit, the result of which was his engagement on the paper.

Thus for the second time did Mr. Pearce take leave of Fall River, in this instance after a residence of one year, during which time fickle fortune had amused herself at his expense, and in the end robbed him of all except health and a conscience void of offence. He however formed many pleasing associations, and it was in many respects a bright spot in his existence; if in any instance other parties were benefitted through his exertions and instrumentality in building up the Daily Evening Star, he trusts they have been blest thereby, and are as free as himself from a sense of injustice.

CHAPTER XVI.

A "RESTING" PLACE AT LAST.

A "Pooh Bah" Situation on the Newport Daily News.—Some "Close Calls."—Paddling His Own Canoe.—The First Reunion.—A Change.—Newport Thirty Years Ago.—A Tragedy.—Traveling Facilities.—June Meeting.

On the 7th day of June, 1858, Mr. Pearce entered the employ of Mr. George T. Hammond, on the Newport Daily News, in the dual capacity of local reporter and assistant editor. And here it may be said, that Mr. Pearce enjoys the distinction of being the pioneer local reporter of this section of the State. The Daily News was then a morning paper, of not more than two-thirds its present size, and with an average circulation of about five hundred copies. It had no telegraph department, and not much of anything else, save advertisements, a leading editorial, and a column or two of general news. Its subscription price was \$3 a year, and it sold on the street for one cent a copy, which was perhaps as much as it was worth. It bore, with many, the not euphonious appellation of the "Newport Nuisance."

Mr. Pearce entered upon his duties in connection with the Daily News under somewhat embarrassing circumstances. He was a stranger in the place, Mr. Hammond being the only individual personally known to him. People, as a general thing, were averse to being reported, except in instances where it would be quite likely to enure to their pecuniary ad-

vantage. Cottage life was in its extreme infancy, but there were four summer hotels, and these, with the bathing beach, constituted the basis of summer reporting for the News, and the resident population manifesting very little interest in the movements of these "birds of fashion," who were here to-day and gone to-morrow, the hotels were not much of a field for a newspaper reporter at that early stage of the business.

The News at that time had no marine department, and taking a ramble along the wharves, Mr. Pearce collected a list of arrivals, attaching a marine department to the paper, which met with much favor among its readers. Later, unmindful of the circumstance that he would thereby be adding to his already multifarious and arduous duties, conceived and carried into effect the plan of collecting and publishing the names of the vessels putting in for a harbor, to be gathered by means of a row-boat, propelled by himself. This was a stroke of enterprise that attracted quite general attention, inasmuch as these arrivals had hitherto been collected only through the not over rapid movements of the "circumlocution office" at the foot of Franklin street, and being copied from their books not infrequently was published in the Providence dailies as having arrived in Newport, on the same day that the New York papers published their arrival at that port, thus making of it a sort of "last year's almanac" transaction.

Marine news was then regarded as an important factor by the daily press, much more so than now, and there was a great rivalry between the Journal and Post, the two Providence dailies, in this respect. The Post was the first to "catch on" to the new order of things, and at once sent down to Newport to secure from Mr. Hammond an exclusive daily service for that paper. In charge of the marine department of the Journal was Mr. Stephen G. Holroyd, an enthusiast in the matter of marine news, who, when he saw the Journal being left

twenty-four hours astern by the Post in his favorite department, was driven to the verge of distraction, and forthwith journeyed to Newport to secure the coveted service, and being unsuccessful, his employer, Senator Anthony, visited Newport on the same errand, and a satisfactory arrangement was finally effected.

What with his duties on land and water, Mr. Pearce found his new situation no sinecure, seldom getting away from the office before midnight, and starting on his marine rounds at sunrise, making, in the summer, especially, quite a lengthy day, and a somewhat busy one, being occupied from three to four hours making his marine collections, necessitating three trips around the harbor daily. The service thus inaugurated by him became thereafter perpetual, being followed by himself for more than a quarter of a century, and in three instances, at least, nearly costing him his life.

The first of these occurred on the 6th of October, 1858. On this occasion he was pulling round among a large fleet of vessels at anchor and under way, between sunset and dark, with a strong breeze blowing, when one of them came down at a speed of eight miles an hour, crashed into his boat, and in less time than it takes to relate it he was underneath the vessel, literally being "keel-hauled." It seemed to him an age, the time he was underneath that vessel, his head bumping against the planking. When he came out under the stern, he struck out for life, at the same time shouting for help; but half strangled as he was, and his clothing weighted with water, he found himself fast sinking, when two men in a boat, who from a sloop anchored near by had heard his cries, guided by his voice, reached him as he was going down for the last time. He was taken, more dead than alive, in a carriage to his home, and it was several hours before he was fully restored, while the contusions received in the collision with the

vessel confined him to his house for several days. Such was the nervous shock to his system, that for days, whenever he dropped off to sleep, he would experience in all its vividness the original horror of being sucked under the bows of that vessel. Mr. Pearce always speaks of this event as his "baptism into the service." Another narrow escape was in being within two feet of a jet of scalding water suddenly ejected with cannon ball force from the side of a steamer as he was rowing past in the dock. On another occasion he was pursuing his avocation among the yachts in the harbor, when a metallic cartridge from the gun of one of them passed so near him as to cause an abrasion of the skin of his face, and leave some grains of powder sticking there.

Summer and winter, for more than a quarter of a century, Mr. Pearce pulled in a boat around Newport harbor, and toward the close of his service at 70 years of age, there were captains of vessels who had when cabin boys known him in the capacity of marine reporter. A pull of six to eight miles was to him a mere pastime, and in the winter season he not infrequently came ashore with his clothing encased in ice from the flying spray, or soaked to the skin with rain. And yet he liked it, and would not willingly have exchanged it for any on shore and in-door employment that could have been offered. He was as much at home in his boat as in his own dwelling, and as regarded safety, held that as between a good boat, well managed, and a carriage, behind the average horse, with the best possible management, the chances for safety were with the former, inasmuch as the well managed boat never, from fright or other cause, was found beyond control. Those were happy days for Mr. Pearce, the twenty-five years that he rowed about the waters of Newport harbor, a perpetual "outing," work and pleasure combined. In the summer season he seldom lacked for company on one or more of his tri-daily rounds,

his guests on these occasions being principally ladies, and there are many in Newport and elsewhere who will remember their pleasant trips with the sturdy oarsman of Newport harbor. For eight years of this time he was harbor master, being the first employed and paid by the city of Newport in that capacity. These duties were intermitted with work on shore, comprising the furnishing of items for one or more papers, besides other extraneous matters, so that he might be emphatically termed at that time a busy man. In the matter of rowing, it has been estimated that his performances in that respect, could they have been in a continuous line, would have carried him around the world.

Thus matters went on, with more or less variation, finally culminating in Mr. Pearce being city editor, proof reader, foreman and compositor on the Daily News. This all around situation he held at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1861, and there ensued two months of the most exhaustive labor, mental and physical, ever devolving upon him in the course of his life. Putting the form to press at 4 o'clock in the morning, going home and catching a little sleep, and back to the office at 7 to put the compositors to work and commence his share of the business; thus there were days when he was getting only two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. The strongest constitution could not long bear such a strain, and the expiration of two months found the subject of it in this instance prostrate with illness. When he returned after a vacation of two or three weeks, he found the News changed to an evening paper, as it has since remained.

It was during Mr. Pearce's connection with the Daily News, in 1859, that the great re-union of the Sons and Daughters of Newport occurred, on August 29th. It was originated by Miss Rebecca Coe, who was an enthusiast in whatever she undertook, and was generally regarded as "a little off" in her

mind, finally becoming an inmate of an insane asylum; but she made no mistake in this instance, as her suggestions met with the popular approval, and through the co-operation of the citizens it became one of the grandest events in the history of Newport.

At this time Messrs. Cooke & Danielson were publishing, in Providence, the Evening Press, a daily paper, and being at the time the only evening daily paper in the state, was having, for those days, an immense circulation. In September, 1861, Mr. Pearce engaged with those gentlemen as their special correspondent, marine and otherwise, an engagement that continued, under different proprietorships, for a quarter of a century, his location being in Newport.

There was at that time, and for some years subsequent, no other resident press correspondent in Newport, local happenings not then attracting so much attention as they have latterly, and Mr. Pearce was able to meet the requirements both as a marine and city correspondent.

Newport was then a city of about ten thousand inhabitants. Bellevue Avenue had been extended to Bailey's Beach, and had begun to be adorned on both sides with the cottages of the wealthy. Broadway terminated (in name) at Equality Park, and the entire region north, east and west of that was a comparative wilderness, but few dwellings existing there other than farm-houses. A single man attended to the telegraph business and had plenty of time for other matters. There were no steam fire engines, nor was there any fire alarm telegraph. The police station was a "hole" in the southwest corner, lower floor, of the city hall building. The day police was composed of old men, neither they nor the night police, also mostly old men, being uniformed. Robert Seattle, nicknamed "the lynx-eyed," was city marshal in name, while the mayor, Hon. William H. Cranston, filled the position de

facto, the latter having his office in the aldermen's chamber of the city hall, where he kept his documents and held frequent communion with the spirits. Mr. Cranston was from choice the head, front and body of the police force. He kept a carriage in which he patrolled the city from the time he left his bachelor bed in the morning, till he returned to it in the small hours of the following morning, arresting and handcuffing law-breakers and taking them to the police station, and originating and leading raids upon disorderly places. He was also city solicitor and led in the prosecution of offenders. The operations of the day police, consisting of the overseer of the poor, city sergeant and dog constable, policemen *ex officio*, were not infrequently a source of amusement to citizens and others. It was not an unusual spectacle, the overseer of the poor and city sergeant, one on each side, dragging through the streets a resisting prisoner, with the dog constable pushing behind, followed by half a hundred shouting hoodlums, who he with his cane was beating back.

Early in the '60's a tragedy occurred at the beach, which will be remembered by many of Newport's older citizens. The only house on the cliffs overlooking the beach, was a cheap summer hotel known as the "Ocean Cottage." On a Saturday night in the winter season a dance was held there, which was largely attended, the bottle circulated quite freely, and a quarrel ensuing, a man was stabbed through the heart, dying instantly. There was much excitement over the event, hundreds visiting next day the scene of the murder, only the presence of the murdered man's remains in the house preventing the indignant crowd tumbling it over the cliff into the ocean. The bloody weapon with which the deed was committed, an ordinary pocket knife, was found on the premises, and a man was arrested and tried for the crime and acquitted, the mystery of the murder remaining unsolved to the pres-

ent day, notwithstanding persistent efforts to that end put forth by the authorities.

A person wishing to journey to Boston, had the choice of going by way of Providence, or getting up in the middle of the night and waiting for the New York steamer to come along, the latter being the only route by which a person could visit Boston and return the same day.

The Friends' Yearly Meeting, was, until within a few years, anything other than a "means of grace" to many who visited Newport on "June Meeting Sunday," as it was called, ostensibly to attend the service, but who, so far from doing so, spent the day in rambling over the city, if nothing worse, steamers and railway trains landing their thousands in the streets, until the day gained the sobriquet of "Quaker 'lection." This state of things was distasteful in the highest degree to the Friends, who visited Newport for no such purpose, and with a view to breaking it up, they proposed changing the place of meeting to Portland, Maine, but finally decided on alternating between that place and Newport, which they have since done, with the result of breaking up the objectionable features, quiet and order succeeding the former turmoil and riot.

One of the greatest factors in building up Newport and making it the place it is to-day, was the late Alfred Smith, the "real estate king," as he was called, who was the principal promoter of the laying out of Bellevue Avenue, and by whom the system of cottage renting was originated, and through whom, for a quarter of a century, most of the renting was done, much to his own emolument, as well as that of his clientele.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME NEWPORT RHYMES.

"Machine Poetry."—The "Sit-Stills."—Hercules Engine Company No. 7.—False Alarms of Fire.—Descriptive Rhyme.—General Burdick and the Number Sevens.—Excursion to Lowell.—A \$300 Ride.—Introduction of Steamers into the Fire Department.—Exit Hand-Engines.

The status of Newport as late as in the 60's, is quite aptly described by Mr. Pearce in the following production of his "Machine" at that time :

Bring out the "Machine," for the spring-time has come,
Cheering and gladdening, enlivening our homes;
Brush off the cobwebs, and likewise the dust,
Adjust well its gearing, for grind, now, it must.
We have found a good subject, so now let her drive,
We'll stir up the business, make everything thrive.

Well, now all is ready, with a full head of steam,
We're off in a jiffy and away with a scream,
Look out for the engine, now, while the bell rings,
Or we may run over and smash up your things.
Somewhat out of practise, it may be our rhymes
Will not be in jingle quite up to the times;
But such as they are, you shall have them, to-day,
If you read and don't like them, then throw them away.

Great changes with us have been very few,
And rarely one hears aught that's startlingly new
In this calm and quiet old town by the sea,
With its hey-diddle-dum and its hey-diddle-dee,
Though to read in the papers abroad, every day,
One is led to believe that the d—ickens' to pay.
Yet smoking our pipe and singing our song,

We sit calmly by while the world moves along,
And, happy-go-lucky, we don't care a pin
What sort of a pickle outsiders are in.
With pockets well filled from our last season's work,
We never move on with a snap or a jerk,
But take matters easy, come just as they may,
And jog along smoothly in the old beaten way.
Our "Plantation" neighbors come down once a year,
To hold joint convention and make some laws here,
And Election is jolly, with soldiers and fun,
Its blue eggs and fakirs, and rousing big guns.
But soon 'lection's over, our neighbors all gone,
And Newport is left in her glory alone.
Every two years, in June, the Quakers come in,
Contrasting religion with the follies of sin;
But after a week's stay our good Friends depart,
Yet leaving our people in pretty good heart,
For July and August are close at our doors,
And the merry "spondulix" now loom up before;
Then it's bathing, and fishing, and going to ride,
And boating, and courting, and flirting beside,
Till Newport's alive with clatter and din,
And by the old "jingo"! how the ducats come in!
All things around us are lively and gay,
And these are the days to make everything pay.

But this state of things is too good to last,
And soon it is numbered with things that are past,
The visitors go like the ebb of the tide,
And like the June roses we wilt and subside;
We count up our profits and settle our bills,
(If indeed we can do so,) and then on life's ills
Snap gaily our fingers, and don't care a dime,
We're as good as our neighbors, and that every time.
And now the crisp greenbacks come scattering and few,
And tradesmen about us begin to look blue:
And discuss the old matters of sewers and streets;
Back shops and such places become the resort
Of men to get news, or anon to report
Intelligence gained, the ups and the downs
Of matters and things in this quiet town,
While bustling newsmongers rush wildly about
For fear there'll be something they will not find out.
The Daily News circulates each afternoon,
Indeed, quite as reg'lar as the sun and the moon,

And is taken and read by about every one,
To keep themselves posted on what's going on.
The real estate agents are now on the go,
All smiling and bowing, to let the world know
Of the acres they've sold for a rousing big sum,
And cottages rented for the season to come.
Once a month the sage fathers in the city hall meet
To attend to the grading or lighting some street,
Add one to the army of special police,
Or listen to somebody's whim or caprice;
Some people insist they are not much good,
But perhaps all their goodness is not understood.
The steamboats and railroads keep travel alive,
And drummers come down here a sharp trade to drive,
While popular amusements are frequent and cheap,
So you see there's no fear of the town going to sleep—
'Tis true, as is said, that "people will talk,"
And say that their neighbors by "plumb-line" don't walk,
But let people do as "they used to in Rome,"
And each set a watch o'er his fireside and home.
But Newport, though not fully up to the times,
As made to appear in the foregoing rhymes,
Keeps jogging along, though not quite so fast,
She joins the procession and "gets there" at last.

These were the days of the volunteer Fire Department, when the only compensation received by this very useful and indispensable body of men, was exemption from jury and military duty, and what enjoyment they derived from the excitement incident to the service. The department consisted of ten companies—hand-engines up to No. 8, a hook and ladder truck and equipment, and Hydraulion, No. 1. This latter machine and company is worthy of special description. It was simply a well with a powerful pump attached, and was located in Bull street. Attached to it was a company of about forty, principally merchants and professional men, and had a fire at any time occurred in its immediate vicinity, without doubt it would have rendered excellent service toward its extinguishment. As it was, it was only serviceable in extinguishing claims on its members for jury duty. A regular or-

ganization was maintained, though it is not known that the members ever went on any out-of-town excursions; if they did, it is quite certain that they left their machine at home. On the occurrence of an alarm of fire, each member was supposed to make all due haste to the location of the machine, and there await orders from the chief; but the excitement incident to such a course was found to be telling upon the health of the members, and they were tacitly permitted to await orders at their several homes or places of business, which orders never reaching them, they were by their townsmen given the not inappropriate appellation of "Sit-Stills."

Directly opposite to these in the matter of activity and usefulness, was the 5th ward company, Hercules, No. 7. This machine and company were the pride and admiration of the ward in which it was located, and it was a spectacle worth beholding, of the machine rattling up Thames street, "the whole 5th ward on the rope," their foreman, General Burdick, trumpet in hand, preceding and urging them to quicker speed, the streets and sidewalks thronged with 5th-warders who were unable to find places on the rope, a mighty throng, sweeping all before them. The "first water," and the most of it, was the towering ambition of this and rival companies, and it was this ambition, backed by most excellent apparatus, that constituted this one of the most efficient fire departments in New England.

At the time of which we are treating, the fire alarm telegraph had not found its way into Newport, and fire alarms were disseminated by lung-power, seconded by the bells of the city. False alarms of fire were among the prominent institutions of the city, a species of safety-valve for the superabundant enthusiasm of the genus hoodlum, and at any time, of an evening, the city was liable to be turned upside down and inside out to supply excitement for a parcel of

reckless hoodlums. These alarms were more frequent in the 5th ward than in any other portion of the city, and particularly was this the case on the occasion of state and city elections, when, the No. 7 engine house being open as a voting place, the engine was accessible from the outside, and on more than one occasion was taken possession of by irresponsible persons and rushed up street, by way of emphasizing the day's proceedings. There were those who regarded this as a somewhat reckless use of public property, and they did not hesitate to so express themselves, but by the majority it was viewed as an inseparable adjunct to the system. Mr. Pearce, with his inherent proclivity for description of men and things in rhyme, run this subject through his machine at a firemen's banquet in this city, in 1873, at which Chief Engineer Cozzens presided, and Mr. A. C. Titus was toast master. In its report, the day following, of the event, the Newport Daily News gave the annexed account of Mr. Pearce's response to the toast, *The Press*:

"*The Press*.—*Mercury* in power, and a *Journal* of the hour, while it gives us an epitome of *News*, may its *Star* never grow dim." Brother Pratt, of the *Mercury*, declined in favor of brother Pearce, of the *Star*. Brother P., who on such occasions never shrinks from duty, was on hand, and his star beamed forth as a luminary of the first magnitude. He assumed the role of poet, and gave his account of the false alarm of fire. During the recital, he was frequently interrupted by applause, and when he sat down it was amid the cheers of the entire audience.

Hark! what sound is this we hear?
 From east to west, from south to north,
 Grating harsh upon the ear,
 Like Bedlam's yells the cry goes forth.
 "Fire! Fire!" is heard on every hand,
 Up the street and down the street,
 Men rush pell mell with clattering feet,
 Nor on their going stand.
 And now the bells join in the din,

From every steeple, every tower,
The sound rings out with mighty power,
The "cow-bell" chiming in.
The women and the girls turn out,
And joining in the swelling tide,
They spread themselves on every side,
And turn the city inside out,
While higher and higher,
From brazen throats the cry goes forth,
"Say, fellows, where's the fire?"
But hark! what's that heard up the street?
Its measured stroke we plainly hear—
DING—DING—DING—it draweth near,
With the tramp of many feet:
With a whiz and a bang they rattle along.
"Hi! Hi! Hi!" they rush her through,
A glimpse discloses Number Two,
With lusty Point men strong.
And now comes on Aquidneck Three,
Fast rattling down the noisy street,
Of Newport's men the beau elite,
As you would wish to see.
Hope, No. 4, comes rattling by,
One minute and they cross the Square,
When duty calls they're always there,
With "How is this for high?"
Down Touro street comes Number Five,
Dark clouds of smoke she leaves behind,
While rolling 'long the fire to find,
Her men are all alive:
They stop a moment in the Square,
And while they tarry to inquire
If any man has seen the fire,
A counterpart appears.
This is Torrent, Number One,
Her steam is up to 82,
And they're the lads to rush her through,
And show how things are done.
But what is this that's coming up,
With speed of race-horse dashing 'long,
No wonder 't is a mighty throng,
The whole 5th ward is on that rope!
I need not tell, nor hint you, even,
That comp'ny's name, they're hard to beat,

If they are 'way down in Howard street:
 'Tis Burdick's Number Seven!
 Another, still, bursts on the scene,
 Their men are not a whit behind,
 A smarter crowd 't were hard to find,
 Or better hand machine;
 Though in our rhyme they come in late,
 It is not that they are the least
 Of any bidden at this feast,
 This Redwood, Number Eight.
 The Hooks and Ladders bear their part,
 They're up and get an early start,
 And do their work up clean.
 Hydraulion One now claims a share
 Of work; with lagging feet
 Each member sallies up Bull street,
 And says, "Now bring on your fire!"
 And with our little stream
 We'll quench the flame at once, you know,"
 And then Sit Still and never go,
 Nor of going ever dream.

But what is all this thing about,
 This hullabaloo and fearful rout,
 This stretch of legs and arms?
 After running a quarter hour,
 Perhaps less, and perhaps more,
 It proves a false alarm.
 Some scallawag or jackanapes,
 Some big babboon or silly ape,
 Whose only thought is evil,
 Whose soul is bent on mischief dire,
 Has started this alarm of fire,
 And raised the very devil.

In these days General Burdick was in his prime, physically and financially, and whatever he undertook was certain to be a success, provided it was within the range of possibilities. For years he was foreman of Hercules Engine Company No. 7, and in that capacity was a host of himself; in out-of-town excursions he bore the lion's share of the expense, always providing against failure in any one or more particulars, by

drawing the amount from his own private funds. It was the good fortune of Mr. Pearce to be the guest of Foreman Burdick and the company in a three days' outing, in which they visited Central Falls, Lowell, and other places. It had been arranged for the company to arrive in Lowell on the day of the annual parade and review of the fire department of that city, hence their reception there on a bright September day, partook largely of the character of an ovation, as indeed did their stoppages in Pawtucket and Central Falls, a ball in their honor being given in the latter place. To Mr. Pearce this was one of the most pleasing events of his life, particularly that portion relating to his stay in Lowell, where, through the medium of a Good Templars' Lodge which he visited, he formed some pleasing social relations, resulting in sundry subsequent visits to that pleasant and stirring city. One of these visits, or a ride incident to one of them, he will long carry in remembrance. A gentleman to whom he had received an introduction called one morning at his stopping place and invited him to ride with him in the country. The morning was a charming one, succeeding a shower, in the middle of May, and nature was looking its best in the Middlesex valley through which they rode. The gentleman was agent for a life insurance company, and before they returned from the drive, he had Mr. Pearce booked for a \$1000 policy on his life; this policy he carried until he had paid in about \$300, when the company went into the hands of a receiver, who *received* to such an extent, that after the lapse of four years the policy holder was paid his final and only dividend, a check on a New York bank for \$4. This Mr. Pearce has been wont to designate as the most, and indeed the only expensive ride of his life-time.

There are those who will remember the contest incident to the introduction of steamers into the Newport fire depart-

ment, what opposition it encountered from prominent members of that body, and how Hon. Thomas Coggeshall, with others, contended for it, and advanced it step by step, in the city council, until they were able to introduce one into the department. It will also be remembered how soon this steamer had an opportunity to unmistakably demonstrate her value by saving, at a fire, several times her cost, disarming opposition, and substituting in its place a demand for the purchase of two more. Thus was begun the decadence of the hand-engine system, which was destined to continue until every one was obliterated from the lists.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In Defence of the Flag.—A Steamer with Sick and Wounded Soldiers Arrives at Portsmouth Grove.—Sad and Sickening Scenes.—Everything at "Loose Ends."—Order out of Chaos.—Miss Wormeley and Miss Dennis.—Local Military.—First Brigade Rhode Island Militia.—General Burdick and his Musters.—A Banquet.—Machine Poetry.

The enlistment and departure for the front of a large number of Newport's patriotic citizens, and the honorable part they bore in the defence of the flag against its rebel assailants, will embalm the names of those men in the memory of their fellow citizens, and place them high in the niche of fame. Some of them met an honorable death upon the battle field, some being spared to return to their homes, have since peacefully passed away in the arms of loving friends, while others, still, remain to fill honorable and useful positions in business and society. The entire space allotted to us in this volume would be insufficient to deal with this subject as it deserves, and having thus briefly touched upon it, we will pass to the consideration of other topics.

On Sunday, the 6th day of July, 1862, there came to Portsmouth Grove, about eight miles up the bay from Newport, a government steamer having on board eighteen hundred sick and wounded men from southern battle-fields. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning of one of the hottest days of the season, that the steamer dropped anchor off the grove; scarcely a breath of air was stirring, and the scorching rays of the

sun fell almost unobstructed upon the deck of the fever stricken ship, which arrived in advance of any announcement of her intended coming, and consequently no arrangements had been made for her arrival, and at the time of her dropping anchor there was not a person on the grounds, and not the least preparation had been made on shore for the care of the sick and wounded. The place had formerly been a summer resort for excursion parties, and there were on the grounds a small two-story hotel with a half-dozen rooms, and a small stable; other than these the grounds were destitute of shelter of any kind, beyond that afforded by the trees of the grove. The steamer had brought no tents of any sort, and very little of commissary or hospital stores, so that the outlook for the sick and wounded on the steamer, some of whose wounds had not been dressed since leaving Virginia, was not a cheerful one.

During the forenoon there was very little stir by those on the vessel and the eighteen hundred sick and wounded lay roasting between the ship's decks, while the surgeon and his staff deliberately ate their dinners and smoked their post-prandial cigars in the shade on the quarter deck. Meanwhile intelligence of the arrival of the steamer, with the condition of those on board, reached Newport, and steamer Perry went up to render such assistance as was needed and was possible; she also took up some shelter tents, the property of the Newport Artillery company. At about 2 o'clock P. M., the debarkation commenced, and proceeded without interruption until sunset. It was a pitiful sight, those sick, wounded and dying men being brought on shore and laid upon the ground, without any shelter save their blankets and the heavens above them, though some of the worst cases were placed under the tents, which had been hastily pitched upon the grounds; howbeit the officers accompanying the expedition had appropriated the rooms in the hotel to their own use, while those

sick soldiers who could roll themselves in their blankets on the piazza thought they were fortunate, and some gladly availed themselves of the warmth of a dung-heap outside the stable walls; four died during the afternoon, and were buried at sunset. A sea breeze which had come in during the afternoon continued into the night, adding to the discomfort of the poor shelterless fellows on the ground, whose only supper had been hard-tack and salt beef, a not very appropriate or nourishing diet for fever patients.

The hearts of Newport people were stirred within them by the tales of suffering and woe that came from Portsmouth Grove, and Monday afternoon's steamer for Providence landed at the grove a large number of ladies laden with supplies for the suffering soldiers; these had not all been selected with an appreciation of the needs of the beneficiaries, nor indeed were they what a physician would have recommended; but they were an improvement on the previous regulation menu, soft new bread with butter being considered by the poor famished soldiers as a luxury; wines, cordials, preserves, etc., included in the donations, it was subsequently learned, were appropriated by the officers for their own use at the mess-tables.

Matters proceeded in this manner for weeks, people coming and going at their pleasure, and whithersoever they would, the whole camp being in a condition of seeming demoralization, without any apparent controlling head. The coarse brutality of some of the medical staff will be best illustrated by the following well authenticated incident: a newspaper reporter inquiring of them as to whether any deaths had occurred the previous twenty-four hours, received as reply, "there's one over there in that tent that ought to be dead, he's been long enough about it."

But this condition of disorganization was destined to come

to a close, the war department becoming cognizant of the situation, and detailing an officer to proceed to the hospital and investigate as to its wants and requirements, the result of which was an entire and radical change of management, bringing order out of chaos, and inaugurating an era of camp discipline in striking contrast with the previous status. Several substantial wooden barracks were constructed, with every needed appliance for the comfort and convenience of the inmates, to which was added a neat chapel. A branch of the Sanitary Commission was also established there, supplying to the men many needed delicacies not included in the regular hospital fare. Chief among the nurses, and one whose memory is endeared to the hearts of veterans all through the country for her devotion to their interests, was Miss K. P. Wormeley, a Newport lady who has been prominent in many works for the benefit of those around her. Another among the nurses there, also a Newport lady, who won from the inmates golden opinions, was Miss S. C. Dennis. Both these ladies are still numbered among Newport's respected citizens.

Notwithstanding the above named excellent provisions for their care and proper treatment, the inmates of the hospital were in some instances made to suffer from the greed and rascality of those in authority above them, as the following will show: After matters had been brought into complete working order at the hospital, a press representative, in response to a special invitation, made the place a visit for the purpose of writing it up. He was courteously received and escorted through the wards of the hospital, his attention being particularly invited to the tables after they had been prepared for dinner. He was enabled to give a very favorable report of the condition of things as he saw them; but his enthusiasm was somewhat abated when, a day or two later, meeting on the street a lady whose son was an inmate of the hospital, she

said to him, "Mr. Pearce, my son says he wishes you might come to the hospital every day, as they have enough to eat when you are there." The hospital did good service, however, during the war, caring for several thousand sick and wounded soldiers. After the close of the war it was broken up, the buildings moved off, and not a trace of it now remains.

Along in the '60's, Newport blossomed out quite extensively in the matter of military companies, of which there were at that time, and for a number of years, four in the municipality, namely: the Newport Artillery, the Newport Light Infantry, and one, each, of Irish and colored citizens. The Irish company was under the command of W. K. Delaney, a pedagogue in charge of St. Mary's parochial school, whose methods of drill and discipline, like those in his school, were unique and amusing, the following command given while marching being an average specimen: "Now turn the corner the same as ye did last night;" from these peculiarities of drill and discipline the company attracted more attention on its marches than any other in the city.

There was in existence at this time, and had been, for many years, the First Brigade, Rhode Island Militia, though for a long term of years all there was to it was a General, who at stated periods was elected to that position by the General Assembly, holding the position, an officer without a command, until his successor should be chosen. The formation of the three companies before mentioned supplied the deficiency in that direction, constituting sufficient to compose a brigade de facto, and the Brigadier General, First Brigade, Rhode Island Militia, became a personage of some consequence, in his own estimation, and perhaps that of others, arriving to the dignity of a uniform and uniformed staff. Annual musters of the brigade were held, Bristol Ferry being the ground chosen, until the election of Captain Aruold L.

Burdick to the position, which was followed by a change of base, and Newport was thenceforth to receive the honors and emoluments of the First Brigade's annual muster. General Burdick, on being elected, characteristically put his whole soul into the work of building up the brigade, at the same time opening wide his purse strings, and no such brigade musters as those under General Burdick were ever before held in Newport, only it was noticed that either Boreas or Jupiter Pluvius, during the several musters that were held under the redoubtable warrior's administration, invariably stepped in to render matters uncomfortable, the last one being accompanied the entire day by a soaking rain storm. But whether it was that they feared the General with his mighty cohorts would overrun and capture the north part of the state, or from some other cause, was never fully understood, but certain it is that the brigade was disbanded by act of the General Assembly, holding its final muster while under command of General Burdick, the Irish and colored companies being disbanded at about the same time, and the entire militia force of the state reorganized. It will not, however, be denied, by those best acquainted with General Burdick, that he "enjoyed his mind" on these occasions, and put forth his best efforts to produce the same results on the part of others; but his enjoyment could not have been very greatly enhanced by contemplating the bills, which were in some instances more than two thousand dollars, every cent of which had to be paid from his own personal funds. The General was a "hustler" in whatever he undertook, generous to a fault, and it is a matter of regret on the part of all who know him, that it did not bring forth better results so far as it relates to his financial situation.

General Burdick was for many years an active and useful member of the city council, being particularly serviceable on

committees for Fourth of July and other municipal celebrations. On the occasion of his withdrawal, in 1883, from that body, he gave a banquet to his late associates, at which Mr. Pearce was invited, and to which he took his "machine," and "ground out" the following:

This evening, good friends, you are gathered together,
You make quite a quorum, regardless of weather;
You meet at the call of a veteran member
Whose functions expired with the close of December.
The General "must go," indeed, has departed,
But it does not appear that he's quite broken hearted;
Though he says if his vote had been a bit stronger
He might have consented to hold the seat longer.
But the General, forsooth, has no cause for crying,
For sure he goes out with colors all flying,
And every one of him good words are now saying;
List, now, methinks I hear the bands playing!
For a number of years has he been in this body,
Nor has it appeared he was made up of shoddy,
But of honest material, as good as they make 'em,
With actions so square that none could mistake 'em.
He was a friend to the firemen, they never had better,
He championed their cause right up to the letter:
But the General was never, friends, quite so near heaven
As when he was heading old Hercules Seven,
Trumpet in hand, in a run to a fire,
Or urging the members to send the stream higher.
And the boys, how they loved him, for he always was ready
To launch out the ducats to keep the ark steady;
And to keep matters straight none ever worked harder
Than Burdick in curbing those rampant Fifth Warders.
And, friends, I presume you all well remember
The time, years ago, in the month of September,
When the General, conditions in no degree doubting,
Collecting a purse, took the Sevens on an outing,
In which they were absent two nights and three days,
Taking Central Falls and Lowell in during their stay;
In that famous outing 't was the self-same old story;
The General was covered all over with glory:
The hearts of the girls he away with him carried,
And they almost went frantic when they learned he was married.
And then when our friend had his grand jubilee,

A three-days' celebration, with everything free,
A camp on The Avenue was the place for the meeting.
With all things lovely for drinking and eating.
He had men from abroad as guests of the Sevens,
And took them to drive by tens and elevens,
He ran the whole "circus" to the bent of his will,
And when it was over he footed the bills.

But things getting knotty and hard of correction,
He turn'd his fine talents in another direction,
Swung loose from the firemen, their rattle and clatter,
Directing his thoughts to weightier matters.
The First Brigade being without a commander,
The General Assembly, not wishing to pander
To improper promptings or causeless ambition,
Unanimously tendered our host the position;
No record sought they, nor for other things caring,
Their aim was the man, and his true martial bearing.
He accepted the place, and so goes the story,
Covered himself over with gold-lace and glory,
Yea, mounted his charger equipped all for battle,
'Mid the the music of bands and keen sabres' rattle.
Talk about foes! 'T was the General did meet them,
And 't was not his fault if he did n't defeat them.

He marshalled his forces and brought them together,
'T was the Fall of the year, and October weather:
For a first-class parade he'd made preparations,
He'd scoured the whole State, likewise the Plantations,
Had assembled the cohorts from every quarter,
And brought them to Newport by land and by water.
But Jupiter Pluvius, who, so saith tradition,
Envied the General his fame and commission,
Came down in his fury, his forces deploying,
Intent on the General's whole programme destroying.
Our hero defied him, his forces parading
Every street in the town, its lanes enfilading,
And even had thoughts, it is said, of entrenching,
E'en though every man in the line took a drenching.
For hours they persisted, while old Jupe was pelting
With rain-drops in hopes of their cuticle melting;
But they marched the whole route, in spite of the weather,
With more or less damage to gold-lace and feathers.
Of the General's precision in deploying his columns,
Did space but admit, I might indite volumes;

I've given a little, by way of illustration,
You'll find it all down in th' archives of the nation.

But the needs of the service a change now requiring,
We see the brave General with honors retiring,
Henceforth shall we view him in altered condition,
And filling with credit a civil position.
The service the General has been to the city,
In Council chamber likewise in committees,
Would make a long story, and quite worth the telling,
But then 't would this ditty be unduly swelling.
Nominated for Mayor, he made a good showing,
The matter of failure was quite largely owing,
Indeed it was hinted to be the chief reason,
He'd have Fourth of July the whole of the season.
He managed, somehow, through a deal of hard fighting,
To secure for the city a system of lighting
Which every one 's pleased with who says aught about it,
And could not be persuaded to again be without it.
He stood shoulder to shoulder with Coggeshall, defying
The croakers and growlers, while manfully trying
To supplant hand engines with our efficient fire steamers,
Nor shrank they when taunted with being wild dreamers.
'T is true that he failed in that street by the water,
But then, fellow citizens, what does that matter?
It is only a question of time, and we know it,
When by vote of the people the city will do it.

The Council will miss him in all of their meetings,
His silvery laugh and ever kind greeting,
You will search the whole of Rhode Island in vain,
If you're expecting to find a man like him again.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOME TEMPERANCE REMINISCENCES.

Breaking up a Bad Habit.—“Touch Not, Taste Not.”—The Total Abstinence Pledge a Tower of Strength.—Noble Acknowledgment.—Small Business for a “Big” Man.—Meets and Conquers the Enemy.—Intoxicating Liquors Banished from Public Banqueting Tables.—Another Word for the Total Abstinence Pledge.

Those who were acquainted with Mr. Pearce thirty years ago, will remember his having been at that time a most inveterate snuff-taker; the habit he had acquired when residing in Boston ten years previously having grown upon him until his snuff-box became his constant companion and implied source of inspiration on all important occasions, as also a good-will offering to acquaintances on the street and elsewhere. He adhered, for a considerable time after his removal to Newport, to Ma'am Dunlap's Swiss Rappee, which he procured through the express from Boston, but finally changed to the ordinary “black” snuffs procurable nearer home. At length, during the scarcity of tobacco incident to the war, he thought he detected in the snuff a flavor of discarded cigar stumps, and thereupon registered a resolve that not another pinch of snuff would he take after the present supply in his box had been exhausted. Though fully resolved in his mind, not a word did he lisp concerning it, even to his own wife, dreading the inevitable “I told you so!” in the event of possible failure. It was with a feeling akin to consternation that he watched

the snuff receding from that box, and when it was finally laid aside, there was not an atom left there the size of a pin's point. There was thenceforth a conflict between confirmed habit and resolution, in which the latter, after a siege extending over several weeks, came off victorious.

During all the vicissitudes through which he had passed since enlisting in the temperance work, not a drop of liquor had he taken into his stomach, except in sickness, as a medicine. At one time, during his stay in Fall River, in 1857, a friend, an apothecary, presented him with a bottle of native wine, the pure juice of the grape, which he carried home, and it remained several weeks, with the cork undisturbed, in a cupboard, until, when convalescing from an attack of illness, blancmange, with a few drops of wine, was recommended, which was acted upon, using the wine before mentioned; but before many days had elapsed, Mr. Pearce found himself, almost before he was aware of it, looking forward with pleasing anticipation to the hour for the taking of his "medicine," whereupon he at once "called a halt," and decided to thenceforth take his blancmange "without."

It was in his vocation of press representative, however, that the leading opportunity existed, with Mr. Pearce, for testing the restraining power of temperance principles, when combined with the total abstinence pledge. No newspaper representative can pursue his calling for any considerable length of time, in these "degenerate days," and avoid having thrust upon him the necessity of showing his colors as relates to total abstinence; and if the latter are his principles, he will have something of a struggle to make, in order to maintain them. Few have had greater opportunities for demonstrating this, than the principal of these sketches: at banquets, on board yachts, and under a variety of other conditions, the solicitation to unite with others in "a social glass" has been pressed

upon him, but always with the same result—a respectful declination; and in most instances, when the reason came to be understood, this has been accepted in the same spirit in which it was given. On one occasion, when a guest for the day on board a New York yacht where champagne and claret was in free circulation, Mr. Pearce was taken aside by the owner and sharply questioned as to his reasons for slighting the hospitalities of the vessel in refraining from drink. On being in a respectful manner enlightened as to his reasons, he took Mr. Pearce warmly by the hand, saying, “My friend, you are right; stick to it! I wish I stood as you do, to-day!” Strikingly different was the outcome on another occasion, subsequently. Mr. Pearce was, in his reportorial capacity, on board the flagship of the squadron, owned by a New York millionaire whose name stands high in yachting and social circles. The commodore sent for the scribe to come to the saloon, to partake of lunch and join him in a glass of wine, the latter of which was respectfully declined. “W-h-a-t!” exclaimed the commodore, “a representative of the press, and not drink!” “That is precisely it in my case; being a temperance man, I decline from principle,” was the respectful reply. The commodore did not urge further, but it was plain to see that he was touched, the scribe thereafter receiving scant courtesy, and when the cruise was ended he was sent on shore in a harbor boat. He probably entertained as much respect for the scribe as the latter did for him.

In another instance in which he came off conqueror, Mr. Pearce was subjected to a systematic pressure to induce him to break his pledge. There was a convivial gathering at a hotel, at which he was present in his reportorial capacity, and at which there was wine at the tables. As the waiter was on the point of filling Mr. Pearce's glass, the latter quietly said to him, “No matter about any in mine, if you please.” Not

supposing that any one was particularly noticing him, he was surprised to hear a chorus of voices all around the table, (there were no ladies present,)

“No, you don’t, Pearce! you’ve got to drink, to-night!”

“Have I?”

“Yes. O, now look here: it won’t hurt you.”

“I don’t think it will.”

“O, come now: there won’t anybody know about it.”

“You are not far out of the way there.”

Finding that they were not making much headway, they dropped the matter and proceeded with their supper.

Directly Mr. Pearce noticed another table being prepared in a corner of the room, which being completed and supper over, one of the company approached the scribe with, “Now, Mr. Pearce, we have made up a nice little table out in the corner, and Mrs. H——, the proprietor’s wife, is coming in, we should be pleased to have you join us.”

Determined to see the matter through, Mr. Pearce acquiesced, and when all were around the table, one said,

“Now, Mr. Pearce, we are about to drink the health of Mrs. H——; I trust you will not object to joining us.”

“Most certainly not, gentlemen; I have great respect for Mrs. H——, and with a glass of water will drink her health with pleasure.”

It is safe to assert that the wine did not “hurt” Mr. Pearce, and that “nobody knew about it,” at least those gentlemen did not go about town the next day boasting of their achievement, as they doubtless intended to have done.

The most casual observer who has been conversant with the social history of Newport during the last generation, could not fail to have observed the radical and favorable change undergone by public sentiment in regard to the use of intoxicating liquors. As late as thirty years ago, no public menu

was regarded as in good form in which was not included a liberal supply and variety of liquors, and an indulgence in the same to the extent of intoxication on such occasions was not regarded as detrimental to one's social, or to any great extent religious standing. A notable illustration of this occurred when during the war Secretary Chase was given a public reception and banquet at a public hall, at which were present the elite of the city, including many ladies, and at which beside each plate was a goblet of champagne, with provision for replenishing as required, and being imbibed by many inexperienced persons present quite as freely as water, it will not be doubted that not a few went from the hall with unsteady steps, requiring to be taken in carriages to their homes. This was one of the last instances of intoxicants being placed upon tables on public occasions, though it was still provided in secret closets for the use of those who might be inclined to view its utter absence as a breach of the rules of hospitality, and though this was less preferable to the friends of temperance than its entire banishment from public gatherings, they were glad to hail it as a point gained, in that it removed in a great measure temptation from those not accustomed to drinking.

Though never in any sense what might be termed a drinking man, in fact quite a total abstainer from his youth up, Mr. Pearce has always been wont to regard the total abstinence pledge as his tower of defence against temptations that would otherwise have beset his path. With a taste imbibed in his infancy from eating with a spoon rum saturated with sugar from the bottoms of drinkers' glasses, the ruby claret and the sparkling champagne placed beside his plate at public gatherings he has been heard to assert have not been devoid of temptation to him, and had he on such occasions obeyed the inclinings of his heart, a different turn and ending might

have been given to his long life. Hence his advice has been to early interest youth of both sexes in the temperance work, and the instilling into their minds of correct views as to the value, as a restraining influence, of the total abstinence pledge. And he has been often heard to remark that through all the years of his adherence to the temperance pledge, he has found no person to question the wisdom of his course, even among those who have sought to shake his resolution in that respect.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME STEPS IN ADVANCEMENT.

Conservative Newport.—Municipal Improvements.—Bellevue Avenue.—Fire Alarm Telegraph.—Steam Fire Engines.—Railroad.—Water.—George H. Norman.—Electric Lights.—JAMESTOWN.—A Project that didn't Materialize.—Dawn of Better Days.—Steam Ferry.—Daniel Watson.—Ocean Highland Company.—Hotels, etc., etc.

Newport, taking the last half century as a whole, has not been famous for "catching on" to matters tending to her well being and prosperity, an omission and lack of foresight tending in some instances very much to her disadvantage. This timidity, particularly as relating to capitalists, was no doubt largely owing to disastrous failures, from some almost unexplainable cause, in most local enterprises undertaken by its citizens. The result of this has been, that in most enterprises of an important nature directly affecting the convenience and well being of the community, the franchise has been secured and held either by foreign corporations or private individuals, who have invariably made of them a success. Such internal improvements as were adopted through vote of the tax-payers, had, figuratively speaking, almost to be forced down their throats. Particularly was this true in the case of Bellevue Avenue, the opening up of which has tended so largely to the prosperity and advantage of the city; it was only accomplished through almost superhuman efforts on the part of members of the city council, led by Hon. Thomas

Coggeshall, in the face of opposition the most bitter in its character. The same may almost be said of the fire alarm telegraph, the steam fire engines, and last, but not least, the water supply, which after being rejected by the tax-payers, was at last introduced by a public spirited citizen, Mr. George H. Norman, he with difficulty securing the requisite franchise for the prosecution of the work, and meeting with much opposition on the part of citizens in forwarding the same.

Most citizens are familiar with the history of the railroad connecting the city with Boston and intermediate places; how the franchise was held for years by Newport parties, with little near prospect of its becoming effective, until finally the Old Colony corporation stepped in, and through advantageous concessions by the municipality, secured that which Newport capital had rejected, and be it said, to the mutual advantage of all parties. The electric light and the street railway furnish other instances of the conservatism of Newport in the adoption of modern improvements; both having been introduced through many difficulties, and one of which is operated largely through foreign capital. But through much tribulation, as it were, Newport has become possessed of the above modern essentials, not one of which, were the question to be submitted to the tax-payers for their decision, would now be dispensed with.

But no greater disaster has in modern times fallen upon Newport, than the loss to it of its manufacturing industries. The commencement of this was the burning of the Coddington Mill, a cotton factory located in the 5th ward, in 1859, causing a loss to the city of about fifty families, and later, within a score of years, the successive withdrawal of the woolen factory in the fourth ward, and the Perry and Aquidneck mills, thereby depleting the city, all together, of about two hundred families of a very desirable class of population.

And yet, while all this was going on, Newport continued to increase in stores for the sale of merchandise, until, in the lapse of thirty years, their number had quite quadrupled, and it became a wonder, not only to outsiders, but to the inhabitants as well, how they all managed to get a living. True, the population had quite doubled itself in that time, from immigration and other causes, thus furnishing another problem as to what supplied subsistence for all of these, about the only active staple industry of the place being the Old Colony repair shops, employing an average of about two hundred persons, and the income from the summer cottage colony, not being always reliable as to extent. Taking into account the foregoing and the naval training station and Fort Adams, and there is presented about the sum total of Newport's visible means of support. And yet its inhabitants appear to have thrived through it all, not a few having reared for themselves comfortable homes in a pleasant portion of the city.

Jamestown, across the bay from Newport, supplies a notable instance of a locality having greatness, financial and otherwise, thrust upon it. For the greater portion of two centuries it nestled, a mere hamlet, upon Conanicut island, its scant population earning their bread by the sweat of the brow tilling the soil, their only connection with their neighbors being by ferry boats propelled by wind and oars. No one, except those "to the manor born," ever looked upon it as a desirable place at which to locate for any portion of the year, and even those whom nature and their parents had introduced there *volens volens*, appeared to regard it as an admirable place to get away from.

At length, late in the '60's, Mr. L. D. Davis, of Newport, with a far sightedness characteristic of the man, beheld in the natural attractions of that portion of the island opposite Newport immense possibilities in the direction of a summer resort,

and had little difficulty in interesting a syndicate of Providence capitalists in its purchase, and the scheme progressed so far that the syndicate, through Mr. Davis, obtained the prices and secured a refusal of all the desired property, with the exception of one large farm, occupying a central position, which no persuasion would induce the owner to part with, whereupon the project, which had included a steam ferry between there and Newport, was abandoned, and a tract of several hundred acres at the extreme north end of the island was purchased instead, thereby inaugurating Conanicut Park, with its varied fortunes, and the little hamlet opposite Newport, with its deferred opportunities, slumbered on a few years longer.

But, early in the '70's, through disagreement with the proprietor of the ferry, the town of Jamestown, by due course of law, secured from the State a charter and established a steam ferry. Thus was inaugurated what was destined to be the key to prosperity on the part of the worthy burghers of Jamestown's fair isle. It came not suddenly; for years the ferry being used only by the island farmers, mostly in marketing their products and procuring their supplies in Newport, the receipts not paying running expenses, in one year falling short \$1400.

One of the first to start the building boom on the island, was Mr. John Howland, one of Jamestown's oldest citizens, who put up a house costing \$20,000, partly from the proceeds of land sales, and partly from faith in sales to come. The house was the talk of the town, particularly as Mr. Howland had gas-piped the entire structure, the notion that a house in Jamestown would ever be lighted from gas being regarded as in the highest degree chimerical; to Mr. Howland it was for a considerable time a source of embarrassment, and by some was spoken of as "John Howland's elephant."

Meanwhile sales of land on "Ferry Meadow" had been made by auction, and several Newport parties had become purchasers, among them Captain George B. Sloeum and Mr. Stephen M. Hammett, both of whom erected handsome residences on their purchase; Mr. George C. Mason also built two dwellings on the high lands for speculative purposes, and two or three other dwellings were built there about the same time, while Mr. Daniel Watson started a real estate agency for the sale and renting of Conanicut Island property. But a transaction about this time amazed while it startled timid capitalists in Jamestown and Newport, being no less than the purchase by a syndicate of Newport and Jamestown capitalists styling themselves the "Ocean Highland Company," of several hundred acres of land comprising the barren tract known as The Dumplings, a mile south of the ferry landing, at a cost of some \$70,000. This was regarded by most people as a wild speculation, that could only have a disastrous ending. While all this was going on, Mr. W. H. Knowles fitted up the Bay View House, and it was opened as a hotel by Captain S. G. Gardner and filled with guests the first season, the artist Richards had built a house on the Ocean Highlands plat, which after two or three years was followed by others, the Gardner House was built, Mr. John Howland's house proved not to have been an elephant, the Ocean Highland Company made extensive and satisfactory sales of land, the traffic on the ferry had become such as to require a new and larger boat, cottages had gone up in every direction, three or four additional hotels of colossal dimensions had been built, a system of water supply had been put in, and Jamestown had become one of the leading watering places in New England, all within a score of years from the inception of the business.

The possibilities of Jamestown appear to be in a rapid process of development. With hourly communication with New-

port by means of a fine steamer, a system of water supply, fine hotels with all modern conveniences, including electric lighting, it needs only electric cars across the island to complete its equipment as a first-class watering place, and its people are looking forward with a confidence that is by no means unwarranted, to the time when the whole surface of Conanicut's fair isle, from Beaver Tail to Conanicut Park, shall be dotted with the well kept villas of the wealthy and refined.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CLOUD WITH SILVER LINING.

Death of the Press and Star.—The *ENTERPRISE*.—Benefit Entertainments.

In the year 1885 the Providence Evening Press, on which Mr. Pearce had been employed for a quarter century as its regular Newport correspondent, ceased to exist. It was a sad blow to Mr. Pearce, at his time of life, when situations in his profession were not easy obtainable, even by younger persons. But the Morning Star, published in the same office, was continued, and he was retained, at greatly reduced pay. In a few months the publication of that paper, also, was discontinued, and Mr. Pearce found himself, at 67 years of age, without a stated income and dependent for a livelihood for himself and family on what patronage people chose to bestow upon the *NEWPORT ENTERPRISE*, the publication of which he had commenced a few months previously, in order to eke out the meagre salary received for his reportorial work. The entire withdrawal of the support hitherto received from his work on the Providence papers left him in a peculiarly unfortunate situation; too far advanced in years to take service either in a reportorial capacity or at his trade as a printer, and with means exhausted through previous misfortunes, his sole dependence for future subsistence was in the publication of his little paper, of which he constituted himself the sole employee

in every branch of labor, even to those of carrier and "office boy." Through pecuniary aid from Hon. John Hare Powel, then mayor of Newport, a genuine Christian philanthropist, who also rendered him valuable assistance in subsequent straits, he was enabled to purchase a printing outfit, with the exception of a press, and he launched his little venture out upon the sea of newspaperdom, with the fond hope that his townspeople of so many years, seeing an old man engaged in a struggle for existence, would cheerfully aid him with the trifling amount of their subscriptions. But in this he was doomed to a great measure of disappointment; people who "admired the pluck, industry and perseverance of one so far advanced in years," found excuses enough for not patronizing his paper, when the case was presented to them, and not a few found it convenient, when the subscription became due, to dodge payment, incredible as this may seem, under the circumstances, and Mr. Pearce thus, on the whole, found himself among the subjects of unrequited toil. But with him it was "Hobson's choice," that, with its vexatious and embarrassing deficiencies, or its ruinous alternative, idleness.

Being a life-long opponent of the liquor traffic, it was natural that he should conduct his paper on that principle. At times, disgusted with the inertness and inconsistency of prohibition leaders, he has threatened in his mind to divorce his paper in toto from the whole business, but when the time came to put it in practice, he discovered that he could no more do so than he could refrain from breathing, and thus he continued on, and doubtless will unto the end; but he is fixed in the belief that Christian patronage and support cannot be relied on in the advocacy of Christian measures, the same having been the experience of hundreds of others who have essayed to work in that branch of literature; and to a person aiming at worldly prosperity, the chances are with ut-

terly ignoring the question of temperance in the columns of one's paper, and if Mr. Pearce's sole dependence, in the publication of such a paper as Christian people should be expected to patronize had been upon that class, it would long since have ceased to exist. On the other hand, some of his warmest and most cordial supporters have been of those differing with him in belief on the temperance question.

But while he would have been better pleased had he been given the opportunity he desired, of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow through the patronage of his fellow citizens, Mr. Pearce would not be thought unmindful of the many benefits, both public and private, bestowed upon him by the people of Newport during the thirty-two years of his stay among them, prominent among which were two benefits in his interest, on the occurrence, respectively, of the 70th and 71st anniversaries of his birthday, 1889 and 1890, and which he is happy to place on record as among the pleasantest recollections of his life. The following account of the event of 1889 is from the Newport Mercury of April 28th of that year:

Mr. Benjamin W. Pearce, the veteran newspaper correspondent and editor, publisher, reporter and general factotum of the NEWPORT ENTERPRISE, on Thursday reached the good old age generally allotted to man, three score and ten years, and the occasion was celebrated by a benefit entertainment in Masonic Hall in the evening. For several weeks arrangements have been in progress for the entertainment, and the many friends of the "Ancient Mariner," having purchased tickets freely, were looking forward to the evening when they might offer their respects to a good citizen, who was growing old in his efforts for the right. Mr. Pearce's friends are numerous, if one can judge by the numbers present; nor were these all, for many purchased tickets who were unable to at-

tend, and others purchasing returned the tickets to be resold. In consequence, Mr. Pearce will receive quite a substantial benefit.

The entertainment began with a half hour's concert by the Newport orchestra, and at 8 o'clock Mr. L. D. Davis introduced the recipient of the evening's benefit, and Mr. Pearce made his address of welcome in original rhyme, as follows :

Kind friends and neighbors gathered here, on me this boon bestowing,
My heart warms up towards each of you, with gratitude o'erflowing.
I'm honored by your presence, friends, and flattered beyond measure,
And to the latest hours of life I'll its remembrance treasure.

'T is not that I aspire to fame that this event I've ordered ;
But all my years of life with you with kindness have been bordered,
And drawing well toward the close of a long life's sojourning,
It seemed to me as not amiss to give a pleasant turning.
By inviting all who've known me here to congregate together,
And in two hours of speech and song hold converse with each other.

I would not view this bright event in light of an ovation,
But rather as a friendly show of kind consideration
For one who's nearing the confines of life's remotest border,
So that it's only left for him to set his house in order,
Await the summons till it comes, for dust to dust returning,
So that the messenger may find his lamps all trimmed and burning.
Three score and ten are our years on earth, that is by Bible teaching ;
But few there are of mankind's hosts that goal of promise reaching.
That I am there, you see to-night, don't think, my friends, I'm boasting ;
'Tis only through hard knocks I'm here, and now and then a roasting.
Perils by sea, dangers by land, and blasted hopes enduring,
I've traveled on from stage to stage, with prospects not assuring.
I have not drifted with the tide, for sake of smoother sailing,
But pulled against the stream, and hoped to see the right prevailing.
For fifty years a hope forlorn I've been with zeal pursuing,
While trust in God my watchword's been, with hope my soul imbuing.
I may not live to see the day of my hopes' bright fruition,
But it will come, sure as God lives, and right have recognition.

There are many here whom I have known almost a generation,
To whom I own indebtedness for kind consideration ;
And courtesies on every hand to me have been extended
Unto the present period, when my course is almost ended.
I was inducted fair and square, the first year brought to wrestle

With grim old Death, when I went down beneath that Taunton vessel.
 You older ones remember it, to others it don't matter;
 But let me say, I had, for once, sufficient of cold water.
 Ye men here present whom I have known for near a generation
 And whom I've seen with honor fill each his respective station,
 A hearty greeting, each of you! may years sit on you lightly,
 Through the remainder of your days the star of hope shine brightly.

Some, here, stood on battle-fields, when balls flew thick around them,
 And every crisis of the cause at post of duty found them;
 The strife being o'er, each found his place at peaceful occupation,
 And stand forth honored citizens, who helped to save the nation.

And now I reach another class, and beg leave to address them,
 In numbers they are here, to-night, the ladies, dear, God bless them!
 They bear along, where'er they go, an air of love about them,
 A boon to man, God bless their souls! where should we be without them!

I've little more to say, to-night, and leave the field to others,
 Who are kindly here to help me out, like sisters and like brothers.
 A hearty welcome to you all, Heaven from all sorrow free you;
 When you get old, if I'm alive, I'll sure come round and see you.

At the conclusion of this poem, Mr. Charles R. Thurston, of the Providence Journal, read two letters from old newspaper friends of Mr. Pearce in Providence and Pawtucket, expressive of their best wishes. The opening number on the programme was a glee, "Robin Adair," which was very well rendered by the Newport Glee Club, composed of Messrs. Holland, Daniels, Leonard and Bates, and the Misses Wetherell, Buchanan, Crandall and Albro—first appearance as a club. Miss M. S. Salpaugh read "The Fall of the Pemberton Mills," and was warmly applauded, her reading being one of the best she has given here. Misses Stoddard and Bailey then gave a piano duet, which was well received, and were followed by Miss Julia Lawton, of 10 years of age, who sang most charmingly, in character, "The Farmer's Daughter," written by Mr. Pearce for the occasion and set to the tune of Yankee Doodle:

Good friends assembled here, to-night,
 Gathered from every quarter,
 I introduce myself to you,

As a young farmer's daughter.

C H O R U S .

I hunt the eggs of rambling hens,
In summer do the raking,
I pick the berries when they're ripe,
Help mother with the baking.

I go to school in winter months,
And thus I get my learning,
Likewise to market Saturdays,
An honest penny turning.

There's John and Peter, Susan, too,
My sister and my brothers,
Who, when they are not teasing me,
Are pestering my mother.

When I'm grown up, like some of you,
Some farmer's son I'll marry,
And then I'll have some one who will
My eggs to market carry.

If you want rosy cheeks and health,
I tell you—you had "oughter"
Come out of town and live with me,
And be a farmer's daughter.

Mr. C. E. Harvey then gave an amusing imitation of a school boy reciting "Mary's Little Lamb," and the first part of the programme was closed by a vocal duet by Misses Bailey and Stoddard.

After an intermission, during which the orchestra played several selections, Miss Evie A. Mowry and Mrs. Tibbitts sang a duet, "Fly Away, Birdling," and the following original poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. R. P. Boss, of Dorchester, Mass., Mr. Pearce's eldest daughter, was read by that lady:

TO MY FATHER ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Seventy years make history!
Where they have gone seems mystery,
When we look along their track.
Silent they've lapped them, one by one,
Into the vanished past they're gone,
Beyond all calling back.

Young was this century of ours
When he began to test his powers,
This friend with three-score crowned.
Great are the deeds its years have seen,
Great, too, the deeds he's done, I ween,
Though not by fame renowned.

The electric wire that girds the earth
Was lacking many years of birth,
When his life's boat set sail,
The iron steed had just begun
His level rails to race along
When he'd reached manhood's pale.

Those were the days when slavery reigned,
Both at the South, where men were trained
To wield its mighty power,
And at the North, where children small,
Toiled 'mid din of factories tall
Through days of fourteen hours.

So did he drudge in woolen mill,
With scarce one joy his heart to fill,
Through all his boyhood years,
Until the printer's craft he learned,
Slaking the thirst that in him burned
For all that knowledge bears.

To old hand-press his book he strapped,
In study deep his young brains wrapped,
Intent to knowledge gain,
Learning anon while hands wrought hard,
Storing away in mind each word,
Nor shrank from mental strain.

The magic key unlocked his life,
With thousand plans his brain was rife,
To fortune win and fame;
Putting his hand to wrongs redress,
Giving relief to each distress,
Heedless of praise or blame.

Shining they stand, those blissful years,
Brimming with hope that knew no fears,
Living with love and light.
O, blest glamour of happy youth!
Too soon we learn how much of truth
Its veil hides from our sight.

Years of toil with slight success,
 Years when fortune forgot to bless,
 But dealt her keenest blow;
 Friends found faithless, and trust betrayed,
 Hopes proved futile and loved one laid
 Beneath the winter's snow.

Then 'mid clamor of war's alarms,
 Aquidneck drew him to her arms,
 Became his dwelling place;
 Home of his love! He asked no more
 Than live his days on her fair shore,
 Then sleep in her embrace.

Into these peaceful years there broke
 A blow, as dire as earthquake shock,
 The STAR fell from the skies!
 He was old. It seemed his brain must craze;
 He stood at first in dire amaze, then—
 Started the ENTERPRISE.

Worthy the name of such a birth!
 Worthy success, such sterling worth!
 Long may it live and thrive.
 Long may its editor, and all
 Its honored staff, respond to call,
 In dear old Newport's hive.

Full be his closing years of joy,
 Without one trace of care's alloy,
 Till his life's work be done.
 Then shall the Hand that's wreathed his head
 With silver, crown with gold instead,
 In an immortal home.

Following this, Miss Jessie Buchanan sang a solo, "Only a Song," in a strong, sweet voice, and in response to an encore, the only one of the evening, sang in a charming manner a Scotch song, "Jock o' Hazeldean," which was very well received by the audience. Miss Saulpaugh read the garden scene between Mary and Elizabeth, from Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots; Misses Lake and Williams gave a piano solo; Mr. Henry W. Cozzens, Jr., read with much force and expression the pathetic story of "The Two Vagabonds," by Trowbridge;

the Glee Club sang, "Sleep while the soft evening breeze is blowing," in which the alternate leads were well taken and produced a very pretty effect. The programme was concluded by the audience singing the following Benediction song, written for the occasion by Mr. J. W. Sherman, of Boston, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":

Revolving still, another year,
 With swift-winged flight hath sped,
 Old Time, with unrelaxed career,
 Moves on with steady tread.
 Of these, three-score-and-ten have flown,
 In quick succession by,
 Since first the light in radiance shone
 On thee from nature's sky.

Through many trials, since, thou 'st passed,
 Relieved by happy hours,
 Like as the cold, bleak winter's frost
 Succumbs to summer flowers.
 In Pleasure's temple thou hast fed,
 In Sorrow's path hast trod,
 Blessings been showered on thine head,
 Fresh from the hand of God.

In health and vigor thou art spared
 Autumnal years to see;
 And may those long be unimpaired,
 From worldly cares set free.
 Of solid comfort now partake,
 Thy latter years enjoy,
 The careworn paths of life forsake,
 And ease thy mind's employ.

From earthly wants securely screened,
 At peace with all mankind,
 May thoughts that have affliction seemed
 By thee be left behind.
 And now may life's tempestuous sea
 To thee become serene,
 And what few fleeting years there be
 One bright transcendant dream.

Most gladly would Mr. Pearce have realized, for a brief sea-

son, at least, the kind sentiment conveyed in the closing lines of Mr. Sherman's song; but it was not to be. For every dollar accruing from the generous demonstration of his friends in his behalf he found immediate use, in making much needed additions to the printing material in his office, and in settling outstanding claims, so that he found himself, without intermission, pursuing the same daily round of treadmill existence of twelve to fifteen hours of physical toil, glad to have been enabled to discharge obligations, the remembrance of which had been to him a source of continued anxiety by day and by night. And while he felt infinitely grateful to his friends and fellow citizens for the substantial manner in which they had manifested their kindly interest in his behalf, it was not untinged with a feeling of regret, that by reason of the infirmities of age and other causes beyond his control, he had been constrained to pose as the "sick man" of the craft in Newport. It has been his earnest desire and aim to provide for the wants and requirements of those dependent on him by the labor of his own hands, and to this end he has made the last years of his existence the busiest of his life, regarding not as too great any amount of toil that was commensurate with his strength.

And in this struggle for existence he has been favored with a degree of health and powers of endurance surprising in one of his age, enabling him to perform an amount of labor the bare contemplation of which, as required of himself, would appal any of the 8-hour advocates of the present day. And this burden of toil he has borne cheerfully, his friends always finding him in the happiest vein when engaged in the congenial employment of "sticking" type, an avocation at which he is if anything more adept than in his younger days, the only cloud that passes over his existence being in contemplation of the inadequacy of means to the ends he regards as necessary

of accomplishment, if we may except the results of the unreasoning opposition, amounting in some instances to downright proscription, not infrequently encountered by him in the conscientious performance of his duties as a public journalist.

Probably no greater blow has since its existence been aimed at the life of the ENTERPRISE, than that by a fellow publisher, a short time since. It may not be generally known, that Mr. Pearce, during the four years he has run his paper, has had no press on which to print it, not thinking it judicious to add one to his outfit for the short time he might need it, and consequently the printing of the paper, except the type-setting, has been done at the office of the Daily News, on Mr. Pitman's own terms, a price that paid him better than any other work he had in his office. All went well, with the exception of an occasional protest by Mr. Pitman, that he was doing the work "solely as a matter of accommodation," until a short time since a note from him announced to Mr. Pearce that in consequence of the "heavy work" in their press room, the paper could be printed in that office no more. Mr. Pitman did n't know but in that single stroke of his pen he had withdrawn from an old man his only means of earning a living for himself and family, nor did he care. Mr. Pitman is a Christian man, professedly, but it is not believed that before writing that note he took counsel of the "golden rule," and asked himself how he would like for Mr. Pearce to treat him, were their situations to be reversed; but then it should be understood that the "golden rule," as a guide to conduct, has largely "gone out of fashion," even among professed Christian people.

CHAPTER XXII.

HELPING HANDS.

Second Birthday Benefit.—Miss Wixon's Address.—What was Done, and Who Did It.—A "Queer" Transaction.—As Reader and Speaker.

Meanwhile, as time rolled on, the proprietor of the ENTERPRISE, notwithstanding the days and weeks of hard labor he had put in, through being denied by a flint-hearted city government an equal footing, as regarded patronage, with the other city papers, and from other causes beyond his control, found his craft, on which his life depended, drifting rapidly toward a lee shore, threatening destruction upon the rocks of adversity. He "called all hands," comprising editor, book-keeper, cashier, proof reader, foreman, assistant foreman, compositor, mailing clerk, printer's devil, carrier, warehouseman and drayman, all comprised in one and the same person, to wit, the proprietor, and a "council of war" was held, at which the subject was discussed in its different bearings, and it was decided that, the birthday of the "staff" being close at hand, it might be expedient to venture a public entertainment of the nature of that of the previous year, at which the patrons, while getting their money's worth of enjoyment, would have the additional satisfaction of having given a helping hand to a struggling ENTERPRISE in the hands of a hard working fellow citizen.

On the project becoming known, the following ladies and

gentlemen of talent volunteered aid in their respective departments: CRESCENT QUARTETTE, consisting of Messrs. CHARLES E. CRANDALL, JR., HENRY D. ROOT, JOHN SCANNEVIN, FRED W. GREENE. Miss M. S. SAULPAUGH, Mr. HENRY W. COZENS, JR., Miss SADIE BAILEY, Miss MINNIE STODDARD, Miss JESSIE BUCHANAN, Miss LULIE NORTHUP, Miss P. A. FRY, Mrs. MARTHA P. AILMAN, Mrs. W. H. TIBBETTS, Master FRED W. GREENE, JR., Mr. FRED W. GREENE, Miss ELLA PETERS, Mr. N. DUBY, Colonel ANDREW K. MCMAHON, Mr. JOHN GILPIN, and Miss SUSAN H. WIXON, of Fall River.

The entertainment transpired as advertised, on the 24th of April, 1890, and the Daily News of the next day published the following:

The annual benefit for Mr. Benjamin W. Pearce, the veteran and well-known journalist, took place at Masonic Hall Thursday night and, despite the inclemency of the weather, every seat was occupied. It was an event which had been looked forward to with pleasure by the friends and acquaintances of Mr. Pearce, and the large attendance clearly showed that the veteran is still the possessor of good friends, who showed their friendship upon this interesting occasion in a very substantial manner.

Mr. John Gilpin presided and made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion. An address, recounting the early struggles and pointing out the eventful battle of life waged by Mr. Pearce in Newport and elsewhere, was delivered by Miss Susan H. Wixon, of Fall River, an authoress well known throughout New England, and who has always taken a deep interest in Mr. Pearce's welfare. Miss Wixon, who is a member of the school board of Fall River, is a pleasing speaker, and her remarks were loudly applauded. The address we publish entire:

My dear friends,—we have met this evening for the purpose of honoring and testifying our respect for one of your best and well-known citizens, one who has been among you many years, one who has often contributed in one way and another to your advantage, to your instruction and to your entertainment.

In all the years that I have known our friend, he has been constantly and unswervingly on the side of virtue, intelligence, public schools, temperance, the elevation of woman, and the uplifting of the oppressed of all classes. In fact, he has been always on the right side of every good movement.

The cause of temperance has had no more ardent nor devoted advo-

cate. He has stood firm in that noble cause when it has been most unpopular so to do: when to have kept silent or, to have been reckoned on the side of the scoundrel would have put money in his pocket and lifted him to affluence and plenty. But he chose the unpopular side, because it was the right side, my friends, and because he had the courage of his convictions, the courage to speak, and to stand by his honest thought. He has buffeted the waves of misfortune, and in all his long and eventful life, in every struggle, however painful, he has never shirked or been found wanting in any particular: in every storm, though the winds blew severe and cold, and the white-capped billows dashed wildly about him, our friend has always been found on deck, ready for action.

A child of poverty, a toiler in the mill at a very early age, working fifteen hours out of twenty-four, abused by brutal overseers, dropping asleep at supper from exhaustion after returning from the mill, being so wearied through overwork, he had little chance of education. But by some means, as he grew older, like William Corbett, he did find time to study, by flickering light of candle, and that failing, by light of burning brands, until he finally did achieve the dream of his soul, a fair education.

I first knew our friend when he was editor and manager of the Fall River STAR, in whose columns the speaker had the honor of a first introduction to the reading world. He was younger, then, full of lofty ambition, high purpose and grand resolve. Everybody liked him. He was a general favorite, and he was, also, that which ever since he has remained, a genuine friend. Brave, independent, outspoken, he has ever been one upon whom you could always rely, faithful, generous and true. Tender and sympathetic, no one in trial or trouble ever appealed to him in vain. His was an open hand to the needy and destitute, and he always had an encouraging word and a pleasant smile for all. The panic of '57 caught him ere he had been running his paper six months; bravely contending for six months longer, with the wheels of industry in Fall River all idle, he only surrendered when "there was not a shot in the locker." Had he been aided to at that time have placed his paper upon a firm financial basis, all would have been well, and to-night we would have beheld him prosperous and secure from all fear of want.

Since that time life has been to him a constant struggle, a varied history, an up-hill journey, with many stumbling blocks in the way. You know, perhaps, better than I, how hard he has tried to get along: and some may say his life has not been a successful one. Counting by bank notes, probably not. But there are things of greater value than dollars and cents. He who carries a spotless integrity, who maintains a high moral character, whose career is honest, honorable, upright, is a successful man, or woman, as the case may be. It may be said of Mr. Pearce,

"He kept in honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved in manhood, as in youth,
Pride of his fellow men."

And, in his later days, he has had the courage, the energy, the ability, to launch upon the literary ocean a trim little craft called the ENTERPRISE. How many of us here could run a store, publish a paper, being at the same time editor, business manager, foreman, compositor, reporter, folder, mailing clerk, carrier, and the "devil," also? How many of us could successfully fill these combined offices, and at the same time entertain friends and have sufficient unexpended energy and talent to compose and put in type without writing a book of two hundred pages?

It is manifestly our duty to rally around this brother, to lend a hand to this printer, as he goes on the westward journey. You and I are going in the same direction, and we can do no less, it seems to me, than to subscribe for the *ENTERPRISE* and the book, thus giving our brother a lift as we go along. I wish he might have five hundred thousand subscribers for book and paper. Probably the author, editor, etc., would be satisfied with a less number. But we can all lend our influence and assistance in making the declining days of our friend pleasant, happy and peaceful. Let us do it. We are here to help each other along life's rugged pathway. No one can live to himself alone. We are all brothers and sisters of one family. I believe in the brotherhood and sisterhood of the human race. We stand shoulder to shoulder in the great battle against wrong and injustice. We should be heart and hand in love and good fellowship with each other. There is a pretty song that runs in this wise:

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
ONE of us here would quickly melt;"
"But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll be."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaves, one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;"
"But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dew-drop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I should be gone ere noon, to-day;"
"But I'll help you and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea!"

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, O what will become of me?"
"But come, my brother, give me your hand;
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand."

So let us help one another, and let our best help go first to those who need it most. I am glad you are out to-night in such numbers, and in behalf of our friend, Mr. Pearce, the oldest printer and publisher in Rhode Island. I extend to you a most cordial and hearty welcome.

Then followed some well rendered guitar and mandolin selections by the Crescent Club, which made a decided hit, and elicited an encore. Miss M. S. Saulpaugh gave a reading, showing dramatic talent and pleasing all who heard her; she was recalled, and bowed her thanks for the compliment. A piano duet by Miss Sadie Bailey and Miss Minnie Stoddard was a pleasing portion of the programme, the young participants being called upon for a second selection. Mr. Henry

W. Cozzens, Jr., always good, read *The Chariot Race*, from "Ben Hur," carrying his audience with him to the race tracks and keeping them in company with the horses at every stage of the contest. The finish was a masterpiece, and his hearers almost saw the winning horse pass under the wire at the judges' stand. Mrs. Martha P. Ailman, an octogenarian, gave a recitation which had a special interest for the ladies, and which carried its own moral. Mrs. W. H. Tibbitts took the place of Miss Jessie Buchanan, who was unexpectedly called to New York, and sang a solo, which was warmly applauded. Then came two readings by Master Fred W. Greene, Jr., which took the house by storm, and showed that the little fellow has but few equals. His manners, voice and general appearance were almost perfect. His selections were "The Wonderful One-Horse Shay" and Lowell's poem, "The Court-in'." The Crescent Club came out and again made a success, their mandolins and guitars being the chief attractions of the evening. Miss Evie A. Mowry sang a solo, followed by Miss Lulie Northup, who is but five years of age, and a vocal duet by Miss Minnie Stoddard and Miss Sadie Bailey, was so well done that they were obliged to reappear with another. Miss P. A. Fry, a well known singer, sang two solos, which were appreciatingly received, and then came a pretty piano and violin duet by Miss Ella Peters and Mr. N. Duby, who, also, were obliged to respond to an encore. The Crescent Club, by request, appeared once more, and again proved themselves experts with their instruments, very popular airs being played, and well played, too.

The programme of exercises ended with a "view" of the NEWPORT ENTERPRISE office, in which Mr. Pearce appeared in the various roles which he fills in his printing office, and while he was thus engaged a visitor, in the person of Mr. F. W. Greene, arrived and proceeded to unpack his valise, which contained, among other things, a humorous song, composed by him for the occasion. The verses were sung in Mr. Greene's inimitable style, and contained a recital of Mr. Pearce's career, and many local hits were adroitly interjected, provoking roars of laughter. The song was a masterpiece in its way.

At the close Mr. Pearce read the following poem, expressive of thanks to the audience, and to all those who had contributed so materially to make the benefit a social and financial success:

Here am I! A used up man, cut up, carved and roasted!

Such a shaking up I've had as no man ever boasted.

The man was GREENE that did the job; he once was Greene the Hatter.

Were he not green he'd finished up, and laid me on a platter.
It'll do for him to show me up in manner that is funny;
(But this I'll say to you aside,—this child gets the money.)

You see I've moved my ENTERPRISE into a new location,
And well I'm suited with the change, and with the situation.
My patrons who are here, to-night, are all my friends and neighbors,
Who've kindly come here to assist an old man in his labors.

We've talent rare with us, to-night, in singing and in reading,
Newport in this can lead the van, no outside artists needing;
That you've enjoyed their renderings, and all been interested,
The applause that you've bestowed on them most amply has attested.

This "young man" has had to hustle some, to earn an honest living,
And has succeeded measurably, kind friends assistance giving.
At times it has hard sledding been, and things have gone "agin" him,
But blessed with health he's pushed along, because the push was in him.

At times some strictures he has made on things he thought were evil,
For he felt moved upon to "tell the truth and shame the devil."
Some thin-skinned ones have angry been, and thought it quite the caper,
When badly hit to "hump their backs" and cry out, "Stop my paper!"
Well, if it makes them better feel, why, bless them, let them go it;
Two cents a week won't make nor break, and all such should know it.

My thanks I give to each of you, for your consideration,
May kind Heaven bless each of you, what e'r your rank or station.

Colonel Andrew K. McMahon, the general director, was unable to be present at the opening, being in Wickford during the day, but put in an appearance later.

Miss Lillian Potter was accompanist, and performed her duties in an admirable manner.

There was one incident, only, with Mr. Pearce, to detract from the pleasant recollections succeeding the event, and that was from a cause almost the last that he would have anticipated—a disagreement with a local newspaper publisher, the result of an attempt at sharp practise on the part of the latter. Mr. Pearce being unfortunately indebted to the afore-said newspaper man to the extent of a little more than thirty dollars, at an early stage of the event, before scarcely a ticket had been sold, the latter called up at the ENTERPRISE office, (almost the only call he ever made there,) and proposed to do the entire advertising and printing for the event, without charge, provided that his bill should be the first paid out of the net receipts of the entertainment, being careful to stipulate

that in case of its falling short he was to receive what there might be. The offer, on the face of it, appeared to be quite liberal, almost too much so for the source from whence it came, yet Mr. Pearce hesitated; there were, having claims on him, others besides Mr. T. T. Pitman, and he felt that he ought not, in justice to them, to thus give him the preference. But through a process of specious reasoning on the part of the latter he consented to do so; though fearing that the arrangement was too much of a one-sided affair, he did much of the work, and furnished a portion of the stock, himself. And now comes the *queer* portion of the transaction: when Mr. Pearce went to the office to settle, as agreed, he was confronted with a bill of items for the aforesaid printing and advertising, aggregating nearly thirty dollars, with a note appended, stating that if paid within a few days there would be a discount! Mr. Pearce fulfilled his part of the agreement, and more, as above stated; he paid Mr. Pitman the amount of the original bill, relying upon the integrity of the latter for the other part, with the above result.

Though by no means aspiring to fame as a professional reader, Mr. Pearce has been able to contribute not a little to the interest and success of public entertainments and social gatherings through the exercise of his talent in that role. The commencement of his efforts in that direction dates back less than a decade of years, and was purely the result of accident. He was present at a church social at which those relied upon to carry out the programme were absent to an extent to embarrass the management, one of whom, a lady, appealed to Mr. Pearce to help them out. In vain he pleaded inability, lack of preparation, etc., finally consenting only on condition that they could find no one else; the result was his giving a reading with "much fear and trembling," and his engagement in that capacity at the same place on sundry subse-

quent occasions, since which time he has given scores of readings, mostly in a facetious vein, for which his keen perception of the humorous peculiarly fits him.

His debut in public speaking was quite as "accidental" as in the other case. Through being identified with the temperance movement he had become accustomed to making addresses of from five to ten minutes, and had signified to some Fall River friends his readiness to make one of two or three to address a temperance gathering at any time when they might need him. At length receiving notice to come to that city to attend a Sunday afternoon meeting, and going there on Saturday afternoon, he was surprised and shocked to find in an evening paper an announcement that "Mr. B. W. Pearce, of Newport, would lecture on temperance" (in a hall named,) on Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Well, "you could have bought him cheap," as the saying is, at any time during the the next twenty-four hours; to speak extemporaneously for any time exceeding ten minutes he had never attempted, and he anticipated nothing short of failure, and to guard against contingencies, previous to going to the hall he jotted down some heads of subjects and tucked them in his vest pocket for reference. It did not improve matters any that not one of the committee had called on him at his stopping place, or shown themselves to him in any manner, nor did any one receive him on entering the hall, he being left to find a seat if he could, among the already crowded audience, while the chairman was the sole occupant of the ample platform, all of which was anything but consoling to a person already in a nervous frame of mind. After the preliminary exercises were concluded, Mr. Pearce, still remaining where he had first taken his seat, was introduced to the audience, without even then being invited to the platform. He, however, availing himself of a lecturer's privilege, ascended the steps and faced the aud-

ience. He remembers no trepidation, on the contrary having a free flow of ideas and words for three-quarters of an hour, the notes in his pocket not being once thought of.

Temperance meetings, as they were once known, par excellence, are a thing of the past in most parts of New England, and a person desiring to sign a pledge of total abstinence outside the Catholic societies, would require to have one made to order, and the majority of boys graduate to the saloon as a duck takes to water, thus recruiting continually the decimated ranks of the drunkard.

A phenomena of the present day are the large number of mutual insurance organizations that have sprung into being during the last score of years, most of which still exist, and are doing exceptionally good work for humanity, in caring for the sick and providing for widows and orphans.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A P L E A S A N T O U T I N G .

Journey to the "Land of Steady Habits."—A Merry Party.—Steaming up the Connecticut.—Unique Ferryboat.—Irate Ferrymen.—The Man with the Apples.—"Betsey Baker."—Man on the Railroad.

In the time elapsing since the introduction to the general public of the *NEWPORT ENTERPRISE*, Mr. Pearce has been able to treat himself to very few vacations, and those of very abbreviated proportions. One, which he often refers to with many expressions of gratification, was on the occasion of an excursion to Hartford with the Newport Artillery company, October 12-14, 1887, in which, through the kindness of a friend, he was enabled to participate. A more agreeable outing could not have been desired. The trip was by water, two days' sail in the staunch steamer *Day Star*, and one day in Hartford, with quarters at the Allyn House. The weather the entire three days was charming, and the sail the most delightful that could be imagined, even the waves around the much dreaded Point Judith being calmed down for the occasion. The sail on the Connecticut was charming past description. For the largest portion of the distance intervening between the mouth of the river and Hartford, the banks are clothed with forests, seemingly as wild and unbroken as when two centuries ago the Indians roamed the undisputed lords of the domain; and one could almost picture in

his mind a son of the forest in the lone canoeist encountered at various stages paddling out from its shores. And, too, the trees were in the midst of their autumnal beauty, presenting, as one of the party aptly expressed it, a continuous bouquet, almost the entire distance on the river.

It was a merry party on the steamer, among whom was his Excellency John W. Davis, governor of the State. The boys had provided themselves with tin horns and a diminutive brass piece of ordnance bearing the euphonious title of "Betsey Baker," and with these they woke the echoes of those "primeval" forests, always supplemented by the steamer's shrill whistle, and cheers and handkerchief waving by the ladies, of whom there were a number on board. Every village and every hamlet, of which a few were encountered as the steamer pursued her tortuous way, came in for a vigorous salute; people popped from the doors of lone cottages, making energetic use of hats, sun-bonnets, handkerchiefs, table-cloths, and even aprons, snatched hastily from their persons, in returning the salutes of the hilarious voyagers. Nondescript ferry-boats, some with steam and some without, showed up along the way, each receiving a broadside salute. One of these as worthy of especial notice as "outuniqueing" all the others, was a huge raft, innocent of bulwarks or rail, propelled and guided by immense oars in the hands of two men, and on board of which, as passengers, were a yoke of oxen. In this instance the courtesies of the occasion were manifestly not to any great extent appreciated, the cattle inaugurating a stam-pede, and the captain of the craft delivering himself of an address, which judging from the accompanying gestures, was far from being laudatory or complimentary to those on board the steamer, while it required the exercise of the whole ability of the other member of the crew to prevent the oxen vaulting

overboard, they, as "between the devil and the deep blue sea," evidently making choice of the latter.

Another instance furnished evidence that good acts and intentions do not always meet with commensurate reward. The steamer passed near a wharf at the foot of a hill, where was standing a two-horse wagon heaped up with golden apples about to be loaded upon a sloop moored at the wharf, and responding to cries of "give us one!" as the steamer passed near, the good natured farmer commenced bombarding the deck with the luscious fruit, whereupon "Betsey Baker," the tin horns and the steamer's whistle gave utterance to a hearty "vote of thanks." The horses on the dock catching the spirit of the moment, started with a jump to run up the hill, while the tail-board at the instant breaking adrift, there was a sudden fall in fruit, bushels of it rolling into the dock, and with a parting salute of condolence the boat steamed on, seeking "fresh fields and pastures new."

The passage of the boat up and down the river was a complete ovation, as was the day and two nights' stay of the company and its guests in Hartford, where they were practically accorded the freedom of the city, among other attentions a ball being given in their honor.

A few days after their arrival home, the Artillery people gave, in their armory, an oyster supper to the "voyagers," at which congratulatory speeches were made, Mr. Pearce reading the following rhymes commemorative of the outing:

I take this occasion to speak of the joys
 That some of us had with the Artillery boys,
 When on a most charming bright October day,
 They left our good city and steamed on their way
 To a country you've heard of, that's well known to fame,
 It is not needed here that I call it by name.
 The boys, in their wisdom, to make themselves strong,
 Among other guests took some ladies along,

And these all assisted to make the trip gay,
And charmed by their presence the hours of each day.
As the boat pointed seaward, it was seen pretty quick,
That no cause existed for one to be sick,
For the committee had interviewed Neptune, forsooth,
And exacted a promise to make the sea smooth:
And well did he keep it, for both those bright days
The sea was as smooth as in our own bay,
And most of us here will remember forever,
The two charming days on Connecticut River;
And the people up there encountered a waker
In the boys' little pet they had named "Betsey Baker."
When the band was n't playing, the fish-horns would toot,
And thus they kept it up to the end of the route,
While the ladies, at every new thing we came nigh,
Were sure to make their white handkerchiefs fly;
And all who were there quite sure made a note
Of the men, and the oxen, and queer ferryboat,
How it we saluted as we passed it by,
And how the scared oxen came alarmingly nigh
Stampeding and making a mess of it there,
While the crew sinned a little in wanting to swear.
The man with the apples that stood on the shore,
Who fired several at us, and would have fired more,
But the horses took fright, and the tail-board came out,
And away went the apples a rolling about.
And then the ovations as the steamer passed by,
They made hats and handkerchiefs and white aprons fly;
Locomotives and steamers along the swift stream,
As the Day Star passed by made their shrill whistles scream.
Lone men in lone wherries appeared on the scene,
When saluted they looked up, as, "What does this mean?"
While that man on the railroad, with wondering eyes,
We doubt if he's yet got o'er his surprise;
He seemed rooted there, bereft of all life,
And cast for a pillar, like the fated Lot's wife.
Governor Davis was with us, with two of his staff,
Ever ready to join in a hearty good laugh;
Whatever his politics, red, green or yellow,
He was voted by all a most jolly good fellow.
Coming around Point Judith, 't was as smooth as a pond,
And some of the party were led to respond
To calls that were made for a speech or a song,
As we on the home stretch were steaming along.

When the "devil" of the ENTERPRISE found out we were going,
(What he does not find out isn't muchly worth knowing),
He set up a teasing, and importuned strong,
That on this big outing we would take him along,
Contracting that for us he'd work like a slave;
We said he might go, if he'd only behave.
But did n't we repent that we let the scamp go!
Through the whole of the outing he pestered us so
With his pranks and his didoes, we told him to stop,
Or the first that he knew he'd be "pulled" by a "cop."
Coming home on the boat, his spirits were high,
So that upon him we'd to keep a sharp eye,
And once on the voyage, evading our check,
He was dancing a hornpipe down on the main deck.
But the outing is over, and we're home again,
Each one regretting its ending, in vain;
But all who went with them will join us, we know,
In many good words for the Artillery Co.

Some of the time honored institutions of Newport are rapidly disappearing, giving place to the onward march of improvement. Foremost among these may be mentioned the "back-shop," the forum where the "assembled wisdom" were wont to discuss the situation during the progress of the war of 61-65. There were several of these, the most prominent, perhaps, being at the grocery store of B. Hammett Stevens, in the First Ward. This was the nightly resort of a dozen, more or less, of politicians, to smoke, and discuss the news as read by one of their number from the papers. On two sides of the room were ranged chairs of antique make and pattern, each of which was tacitly assigned to a particular individual, and no other person ever presumed to occupy it. These people, mostly men of middle age or advanced in years, too old for the army, yet were sufficiently young to criticise the conduct of the war, and being men of different views, some warm debates took place among them.

And after the war and the settlement of its results were over, the habit thus formed clung to these men, till one after

another passed over to the silent majority, every evening finding them occupying their accustomed chairs, and with matters sufficient for discussion in the affairs of the municipality, or that failing, in those of their fellow townsmen. As one after another of these received the final summons, their chairs were left vacant, no new recruits coming in to fill their places. The oldest among the habitués of the place, was Mr. William C. Thurston, and following him were Mr. Matthew Cozzens, Mr. John Stevens, Judge Robert Dennis, Mr. William Wilson, and Mr. Zenas Hammond. These were all men of three-score-and-ten years, and some of them exceeding eighty. Then there was a younger set, as Lieutenant Governor Pardon W. Stevens, Mr. Joseph P. Aylesworth, Mr. George W. Friend, Mr. John C. Stoddard. All of these have been called away, Mr. Stoddard, whose death occurred in 1890, being the last. There was something pathetic in the case of one of these, Father Thurston, as he was called. When past the age of ninety years, and too old and feeble to attend the nightly gatherings, and his mental faculties nearly obliterated, the old gentleman would drag himself painfully to his accustomed seat, and sitting and mumbling to himself for a while, go out as he came in; this he continued to do until removed by his friends to another State, where he shortly after died. The back shop still remains, with the chairs in the position occupied by them thirty years ago; but no new set have stepped in to take the places of the old; the back shop having measurably outlived its usefulness, is mostly a thing of the past.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CORROBORATIVE CHAPTER.

Resume of the Author's Life, by a Newspaper Correspondent.—Conclusion.

The following from the Providence Telegram of Nov. 11, 1889 is introduced as corroborative in many particulars of the foregoing narrative :

Down in Newport they have a capital specimen of the old style journalist. He began newspaper work about fifty years ago, but he belongs to the still older school of Franklin and Garrison, men who had ideas and principles they wished to carry out as much as to make money; men who instead of giving the news and the varied opinions of other men, and letting the world reform itself under a broad and gradual enlightenment, undertook too much of the reformation as their own task, and wanted to accomplish it too quickly.

When Mr. B. W. Pearce was 17 years of age, he had been for ten years working in a factory in Fall River, and was unable to write so much as his own name. Then he became ambitious and devoted all his spare time to study. Just at this time there was one of those periodical waves of temperance excitement sweeping over the country, in connection with what was called the "Washingtonian movement," a new era seeming about to dawn upon the country. Reformed drunkards were addressing meetings; temperance societies were formed whose members wore medals with an impression of the head of Washington, and the world seemed on the high road to reform. Mr. Pearce caught the enthusiasm and has ever since steadily adhered to temperance principles.

His first literary work was done when he was 22 years of age, as assistant editor of the Christian Soldier of Pawtucket; but the tone of this paper was too mild for the hot young

temperance crusader and he started a weekly paper of his own and named it *The Sparkling Fountain*. It was seven inches by nine, and he published it for nearly three years. An old Latin poet once said that from the most delightful fountain will come something bitter, and from *The Sparkling Fountain* the liquor man got nothing but gall and the essence of worm-wood. No false delicacy prevented the editor from giving names, dates and places. No man could get drunk in Pawtucket without the prospect of having the matter discussed in *The Fountain*. Society there was becoming disorganized and the number of saloons fell to three, the keepers of which were continually being dragged before the courts. The editor was threatened repeatedly, and a Woonsocket man made known his intention of proceeding to Pawtucket and administering to the head man of *The Sparkling Fountain* a liberal dose of cowhiding to settle old scores, whereupon Editor Pearce made immediate arrangements for the consummation of the event, naming time and place, the latter to be on a piazza in front of *The Fountain* office. *The Fountain* man was there, but the other was n't, and to the present day no man has laid hands on Pearce. Several times, indeed, was his office bombarded with boulders, and on one occasion some parties entered and threw his types and cases into the Blackstone. But the *Fountain* continued to sparkle for some time thereafter, a thorn in the flesh of the rummies.

The next heard of him in newspaper work, Mr. Pearce was running a daily paper in Fall River, in 1857, in which year he made himself famous in connection with a monster chowder he inaugurated. The paper was *The Evening Star*, the pioneer daily of that city, which he originated, being as usual, editor, business manager, foreman and compositor. The paper at first went a little slow, but the editor soon got up a boom. Scup were plenty in those days, and Mr. Cook, who owned some traps, told Mr. Pearce, one day he would give him a barrel of scup. The idea of a great advertising fish chowder at once entered into his mind, and he was encouraged in his plan when the first man to whom he spoke on the subject volunteered to contribute all the pepper-sauce he should require. While the chowder party was still under consideration, the Fourth of July approached, and a citizens' meeting was called to arrange for a celebration. The meeting, however, was somewhat cold, and the project seemed likely to fall through, when some one proposed to join Pearce's *Star* chowder. The proposal brought down the house; the meeting was at once adjourned and a new one organized, with Pearce in the chair,

amid great enthusiasm. He appointed committees to collect materials for the chowder, no money to be taken. The feast was to be free to all, but heads of families and those who could afford it were expected to pay seventy-five cents and receive a family ticket entitling them to the Daily Evening Star for three months. Then the donations began to pour in, one man contributing potatoes, another sugar for lemonade, another lemons, Mason, Fisher & Co., a quarter-ton loaf of brown bread, fifty bushels of clams were sent in to help out the scup, and the American Print Works Company lent an 800-gallon kettle. A day or two before the Fourth the kettle was drawn to the grounds by a tandem team of fifty-eight horses, decorated with flags, and escorted by a cavalcade of two hundred and fifty horsemen, and in the line were two brass bands, while streets along the route were lined with people. The kettle was set upon bricks, and a cord of wood with charcoal and old boxes for kindling were contributed. On the Fourth there was a grand time and much enthusiasm. Two thousand gallons of Star lemonade ladled from an immense tank presided over by Hon. James Buffington, member of congress from the district, who with other prominent citizens donned white aprons and assumed the role of waiters for the occasion. The chowder added five hundred subscribers to the Star's list, which, however, succumbed to the financial panic of '57-'58.

In 1858 Mr. Pearce came to Newport in a Pooh Bah capacity on the Daily News, from which he went to the Providence Evening Press, and was its Newport correspondent for twenty-five years, until the discontinuance of the paper, when he commenced the publication of *The Enterprise*, an uncompromising Prohibition weekly, when he was sixty-seven years of age, and still publishes it at seventy-one. He has lost none of his youthful fearlessness, and attacks public officials of all grades where there is any suspicion of crookedness. As of old, he is still his own editor, foreman, compositor, etc., even carrying round and delivering most of his circulation, and running a job printing office and a small store besides.

At the age of seventy-one years, having some difficulty in getting the press-work on his paper done outside of his office, he went to Boston, as he did in 1842, and procured a hand-press for the purpose of doing the work himself.

CONCLUSION.

Six months from the time of setting the first type on this book finds us within a few lines of its end. That it has been put together under circumstances differing widely from those under which most books preceding it have been compiled and published, we think we are quite safe in asserting. There probably never was a book printed so little of which had been previously written, four-fifths, at least, of it having been put in type without previous chirographical preparation.

The original design was, as announced, for the book to be written by Mrs. R. P. Boss, Mr. Pearce's eldest daughter, from data furnished by him, the latter putting it in type, and some of the earlier chapters were thus prepared and disposed of; but this was early decided as impracticable, as in the comparatively slow process of type-setting, points and incidents connected with Mr. Pearce's life were evolved in his mind which in the more rapid operation of pen composition had entirely escaped him. It was of course indispensable that these should be included, one result of which was, that when the matter reached Mrs. Boss in the shape of proof, she was scarcely able to recognize her own bantling. This resulted in a decision that it would be better for Mr. Pearce to prepare the matter for the book in his own language and in his own way, which was thereafter done, and consequently Mrs. Boss

is in no wise responsible for aught save the contents of the few early chapters, though the narrative is maintained in the third person to the end.

The book has been printed by "odd jobs," when time could be spared from other indispensable work, which, together with the circumstance of one person doing the entire type-setting, should sufficiently account for the delay in its appearance. That imperfections will be found to exist in its composition, there is little doubt; but it tells an "o'er true tale" of lights and shadows, and it is hoped has tended to entertain and instruct.

It was at the suggestion of others that the book was compiled and published, and not from any supposition that there was aught in the life of the author commendable beyond the case of thousands of others who have like him been left to make their way in the world, a majority of whom have scored successes more worthy of recording than aught connected with this volume. Its compilation and typographical construction have tended to fill up the spare moments of its publisher and printer and "keep him out of mischief," and if it shall tend also to augment somewhat his income, the result will be none the less gratifying to him.

Mr. Pearce has presented to the world in this book no tale of love and plot and passion. It is a simple, true narrative of the career of a hard working American citizen and a picture of life in certain New England districts and in the humbler walks of life during more than half a century.

Though the scenes presented have not always been of the brightest, yet to the author there is no small degree of pleasure and satisfaction in surveying, retrospectively, his life of toil, which although a busy one, has not been unhappy. Long hours of labor have brought weariness and hunger; but they have likewise been productive of a healthy appetite and sound

sleep, together with a pleasant satisfaction arising from the accomplishment of duty.

A few more years of watching and waiting, at the longest, and this little volume will be the only memento of the author, not a great, and peradventure not an enduring one; but it may serve to keep his memory green for one generation, at least, in the scenes of his long New England life. He feels that the results of his labors have not been such as to attract attention to any appreciable extent, being principally in the direction of pushing forward an unpopular cause, nor has he been permitted to behold the fruition of his fond early hopes. For fifty years has he been known as a humble soldier in the temperance ranks, where others before him served and fell, and where others will take his place and carry on the work to the glorious triumph which ultimately awaits it.

As a journalist he has always aimed to advance the interests of the masses, and even his bitterest enemy will never accuse him of timidity or truckling to wrong doers, however influential. He has always been plain and outspoken where he felt he was in the right, and he trusts he has been instrumental in accomplishing some good in the community where for the last generation he has resided.

This book may be regarded as Mr. Pearce's adieu to the friends who by their kindness and words of encouragement have helped to lighten the burdens of his declining years, the final wave of the hand as he nears the dark river the crossing of which cannot long be deferred.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his race,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill,
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared:
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine.
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever brewed
Since time its course began.
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

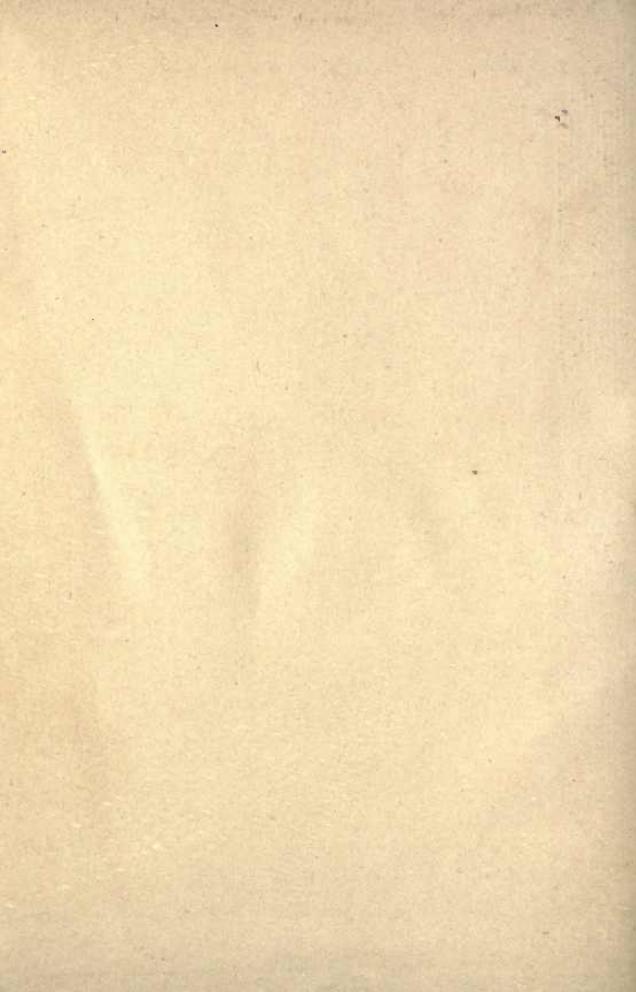
Plod in thy cave, gray Anchorite;
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.
They may call thee wizard, and monk accursed,

And load thee with dispraise;
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days.
But not too soon for human kind:
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord;
So round and round we run,
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat over the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair.
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe;
But never a truth has been destroyed:
They may curse it and call it a crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time;
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thought untold.
And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending their bright, far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van;
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind;
But yet the world goes round and round
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.





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