SUCCESS

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor
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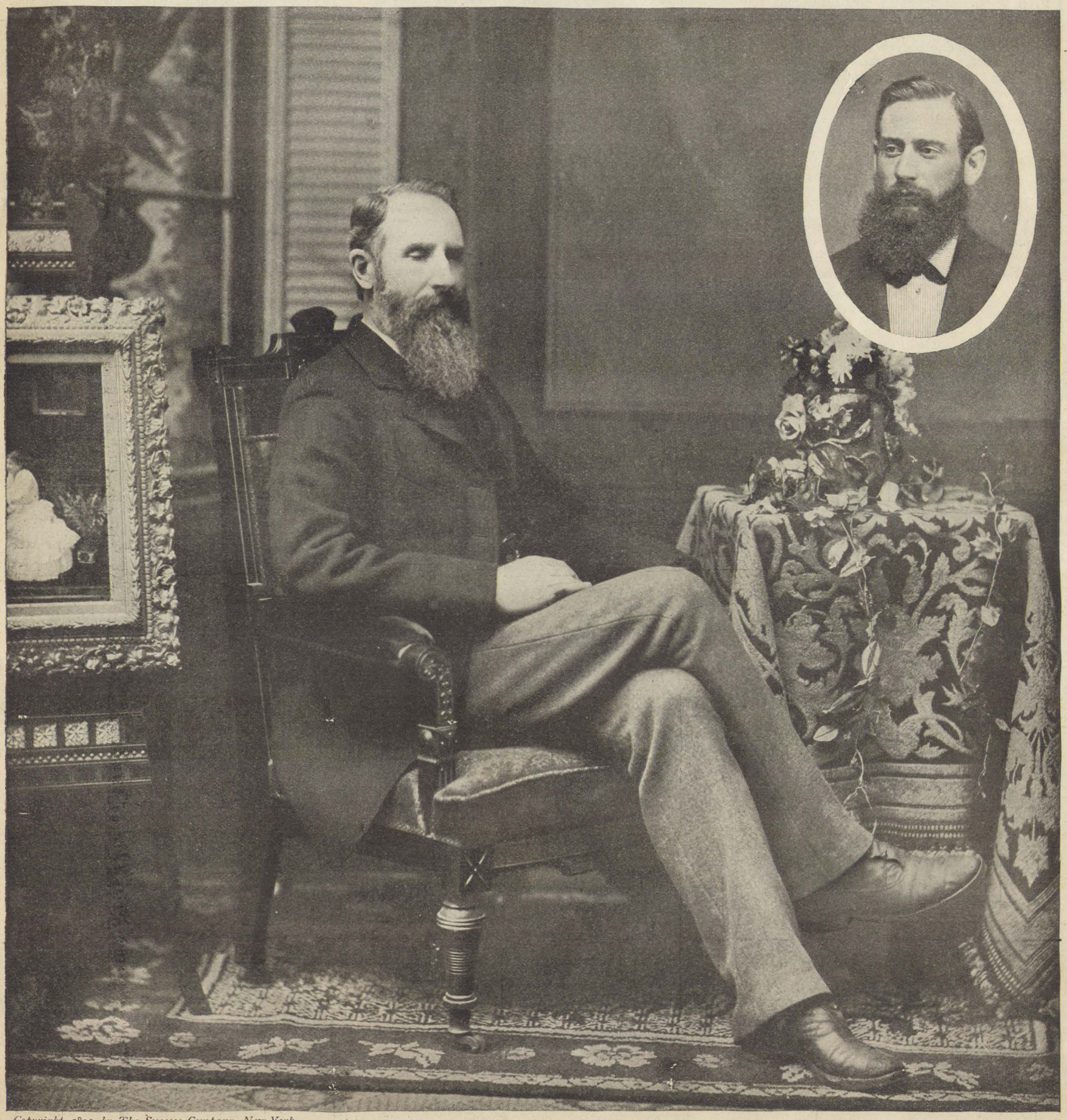

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John Brown Herreshoff, the Famous Blind Boat-Builder, and His Brother, Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff

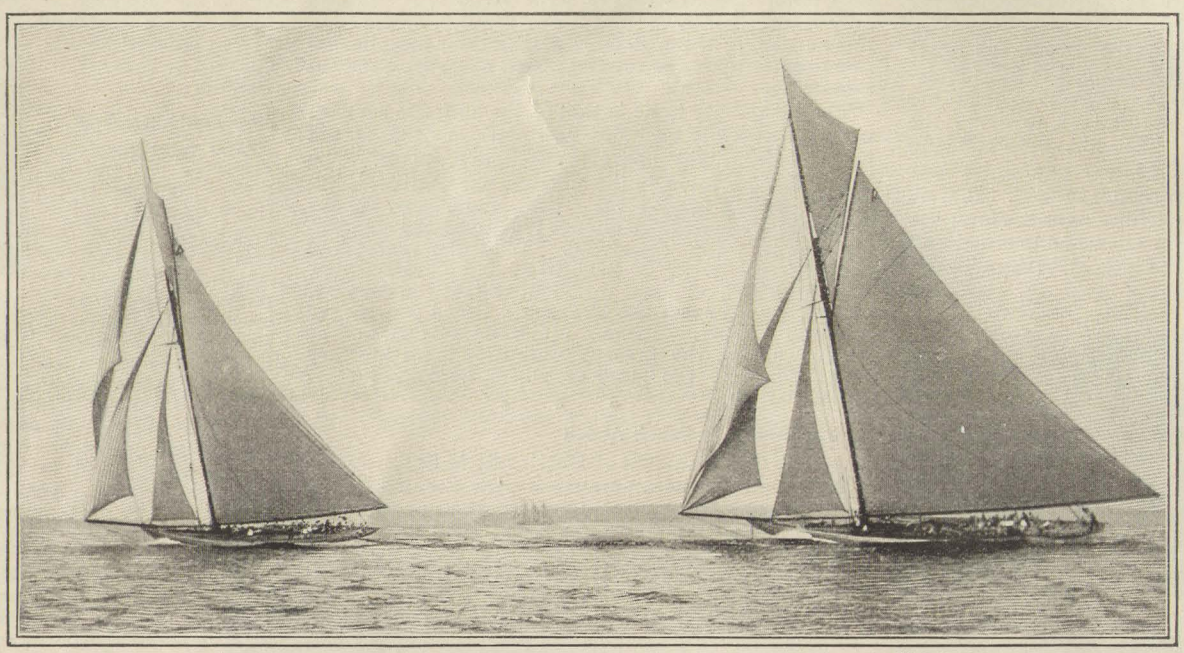
Hearts of Oak are Our Ships

THE WIZARDS OF THE WATER WITCHES

Hearts of Oak are Our Men

Bristol's Bold Boatmen and World-Renowned Boat-Builders—Runic Rock—Philip of Pokanoket—Viking Privateersmen—"Geese, Girls and Onions"—The Peerless "Yankee"—Special Interview With the Wonderful Blind Boat-Builder

WALTER WELLESLEY



THE "DEFENDER" *"The War Ship of Peace"* — THE START — THE "COLUMBIA" *"The Queen of the Seas"*

"SHIPSHAPE and Bristol fashion," a hundred years ago, more or less, was a phrase often heard on every sea plowed by American or English keels. Sailors everywhere applied it only to vessels in perfect condition, with bright paint, clean bottoms, spars well scraped, rigging taut, spare ropes neatly coiled, sails without mildew and of perfect set, pumps free, and all the thousand and one details that tell of ideal seamanship properly attended to. Those four words paid the highest tribute of the craft to the skill of the hardy mariners sailing from the tidy little port near the head of Narragansett Bay.

Stand with me on this hill back of the town and note its ancient and honorable maritime record. Some antiquarians say that the Vikings stopped here, nine hundred years ago, *en route* from Newport to Dighton. On the Bristol shore between Mount Hope and "The Narrows" is an inscription attributed to the Northmen. Part of it, on the edge of the rock, has crumbled away, and part of one letter has been chipped out, near the middle of the line; but the rest is quite distinct. In Mount Hope Bay, at your left, formerly glided the birch-bark canoes of the Wampanoags under Massasoit and Philip, and of the visiting Narragansetts under Canonicus and Miantonomoh. One still looks almost involuntarily for wigwams along the shore, or canoes darting out from Pappoosesquaw Neck, and half imagines in yonder waving bush the bronze features and dancing scalp-lock of an Indian warrior. By night the cry of the whip-poor-will, the hooting of the owl, the occasional rustling of the wind among the leaves, and the lamp of the firefly gleaming in the distance, are as suggestive of the mournful bird-call, the cat-like tread, and the half-concealed campfires of the aborigines, as if, in the morning of that day of doom in 1676, their chieftain had not been shot by a renegade Indian, a mile or so to our left, and their power and pride broken forever. But the war-whoop of the red man will never again be heard in the swamp at the foot of Mount Hope, and steamboat loads of excursionists will dance in the pavilions on the mountain-side in the coming years, and wander along the shore with but an occasional thought of the original owners of all this beautiful domain.

A hundred long years rolled into night, and the bright expanse before us was often white with the sails of privateersmen, the militia of the sea. In all the foreign wars in which the New England colonies aided Great Britain, prior to the Revolution, Rhode Island had furnished more privateers and more seamen than did any of her sisters. From all the ports of Narragansett Bay, there went forth long, sharp, rakish-looking vessels, whose marvelous powers of sailing placed the slow-moving ships of the French and Spaniards entirely at their mercy. Speed was the one thing sought for in the construction of these privateers, and they were crowded with adventurous sailors, who handled them with wonderful skill.

* * * *

"Old Narragansett rang with arms,
And rang the silver Bay;
And that fair shore whose girdled charms
Were Philip's ancient sway."

The long guns they carried, and the ease with which they were maneuvered, enabled them to do deadly harm at a distance which prevented the guns of their adversaries from inflicting any serious damage in return. At one time, about twenty per cent. of the men of the colony were engaged on board of vessels of this class. Fully as many more sailed on merchantmen and whalers, so that nearly half of the able-bodied men of adult age would sometimes be at sea. Naturally, Newport, then the largest town, and more than twice as large as Providence, sent out the greatest number. Indeed, Newport was then better known abroad than New York, and European letters to friends in our present metropolis were frequently addressed, "New York, near Newport."

"Geese, Girls, and Onions"

But in proportion to her population, little Bristol probably sent out as many men in this service as any other port in the world, many of them sailing in the privateers of Newport, Providence and Warren. From this came the peculiar saying, once current, that the exports of Bristol were "geese, girls and onions." In the absence of the men, and with help scarce to handle larger crops, the boys could "'tend onions," for which the soil is well adapted, and the women could easily give all the attention needed by geese, that stalked proudly through the streets at times, but usually reveled on the various large and small bodies of water with which the place abounds. The great mortality of the men, incident to their perilous careers, made a surplus of girls, who consequently found husbands and homes in many widely scattered localities. Nothing less could account for the export of such girls as Bristol produces!

* * * *

"But lo! upon the murmuring waves, a glorious shape appearing,
A broad-winged vessel, through the shower of glimmering luster steering!
A lovely path before her lies, a lovely path behind;
She sails amid the loveliness like a thing of heart and mind"

" I love, with all my heart,
The independent part;
To obey the Parliament
My conscience won't consent.
I never can abide
To fight on England's side.
I pray that God may bless
The great and grand Congress.
This is my mind and heart,
Though none should take my part.
The man that's called a Tory,
To plague is all my glory.
How righteous is the cause,
To keep the Congress laws!
To fight against the king,
Bright liberty will bring.
Lord North and England's king
I hope that they will swing.
Of this opinion, I
Resolve to live and die."

So wrote Captain Simeon Potter, of Bristol, in his later years, in a manuscript still preserved. Sailing from Newport in the "Prince Charles of Lorraine," a noted privateer, he invaded and devastated 1,500 miles of Spanish coast, and captured such an unheard-of amount of booty on the Spanish Main that the enemy accused him of violating the laws of civilized warfare. Admiralty Judge William Strengerfield, however, decided that Potter had simply been more enterprising, and, considering the means at his disposal, had accomplished more in his majesty's service than any other citizen in England or America. He was then a most loyal subject of the king, for this was before England's harsh treatment had alienated the colonies. He was one of the most famous of the early privateers and was prominent in Bristol's affairs almost to the day of his death, at the age of eighty-six. He had, as a clerk, on his most successful voyage, Mark Antony De Wolf, the first of a name since prominent in maratime history.

There were Bristol men with Commodore Abraham Whipple, of Providence, who captured twenty-three prizes in a single cruise, and whose total prizes were valued at $1,000,000. When Whipple, in command of eight five-oared boats, fitted out by John Brown, rowed over the dusky bay to Namquit Point, on the shore at our right, he was joined by Simeon Potter, in a Bristol boat, and together they set fire to the British armed vessel, "Gaspé," the flames of whose burning beaconed the coming Revolution. In 1775, Whipple received the following letter from Sir James Wallace, in command of the British fleet blockading Narragansett Bay:—

You, Abraham Whipple, on the 10th of June, 1772, burned his Majesty's vessel, the "Gaspé," and I will hang you at the yard-arm.
JAMES WALLACE.

Without the least hesitation or delay, the following reply was sent:—

Sir,—Always catch a man before you hang him.
ABRAHAM WHIPPLE.

* * * *

Several other privateers of this colony seem worthy of brief notice. Captain Daniel Fones, for instance, sailed in his old vessel, the "Tartar," in the French and Indian War, also commanding the Massachusetts marine force under Captain Donahoe, and the Connecticut sailors under Captain Beckwith. "This expedition of Captain Fones probably decided the fate of Louisburg," says a careful historian.

It was Charles Wager, a Newport youth, whose successful resistance of an overzealous privateer was considered so remarkable that it attracted the attention of the celebrated British admiral, Thomas Tiddeman. Wager was given a subordinate position in the royal navy, in which he rose by sheer merit until he became first lord of the admiralty and a member of the privy council. His monument stands in Westminster Abbey.

"'Tis Time the Reckoning Should Be Paid"

Edward Wanton, a Massachusetts officer, while standing on guard under the scaffold at the execution of Mary Dyer, on Boston Common, was so powerfully impressed by her Christian fortitude that he, too, became a Quaker, and moved to the shores of Narragansett Bay, where religious liberty was assured. Among his descendants were two privateer Friends, Joseph and Gideon Wanton, the former a preacher. Once they sailed late in the afternoon within convenient distance of a large French vessel that was harassing the coast, and, at night, in a yawl, rowed under the counter of the enemy at anchor, and firmly inserted a lot of wedges between the rudder head and the stern-post. Next morning they attacked the French vessel on the quarter, where not a gun could be used in reply, the vessel proving "unmanageable" at the critical moment. At another time, being short of a proper vessel or effective guns, they allowed another large French vessel to capture them, after a long chase, in a sloop almost full to bursting below with armed men, who rushed on the deck of the Frenchman, under the command of the two Quakers, and soon made their captors captive.

So active did the privateers of Newport, Providence, Bristol and Warren become, in the order named, that they made it a great inducement to the British to take and hold Newport for five years, that thereby they might deprive the privateers of the facilities Narragansett Bay afforded for the prosecution of their hazardous enterprises. But in spite of this, these ports sent out some two hundred privateers during the Revolution.

The largest owner was John Brown, of Providence, whose vessels included the "Adventure," the "Argo," the "Betsey," the "Diamond," the "Favorite," the "Friendship," the "General Washington," the "Happy Return," the "Harbinger," the "Hawk," the "Hope," the "Insurance," the "Marlborough," the "Polly," the "Providence," the "Retaliation," the "Sally" and the "Snake Fish." Among those who appreciated the first-class seamanship and dare-devil courage on these privateers was John Paul, afterwards known as John Paul Jones, lieutenant of the "Providence." When he was given a command in the Continental navy, he enlisted all the Narragansett Bay privateersmen he could induce to join him, and then impressed enough more to make up the complement of his vessel, the "Alfred," seizing twenty-four men from the privateer "Eagle" alone.

"Then Up Spoke the Captain of Our Gallant Ship"

Another bold leader, (from whom, by the way, Jones obtained many a daring suggestion,) was Captain George W. Babcock, of the "Mifflin," said to be the fastest vessel then afloat. He it was who first attempted to beard the British lion in his den with a single vessel. Boldly entering the harbor of Hull, he

made great havoc with the shipping there, but was, of course, forced to withdraw. He was pursued by a much stronger vessel, probably the "Glasgow." The "Mifflin" had been long at sea, and so had a foul bottom, which greatly impeded her sailing qualities. "Her force had been weakened by the manning of prizes, and the situation was critical. If Babcock attempted to run, he might be overtaken; if he fought, he must meet a greatly superior force. He summoned his men to take their advice; it was unanimous to fight. The enemy fired a shot, but Babcock, by stratagem, managed to get under the stern of the British vessel, which he raked with broadsides fore and aft and left *hors du combat*."

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JOHN B. HERRESHOFF

Among Babcock's men was Freeman Perry, father of the future commodores, Oliver Hazard and Matthew Calbraith, two as dashing sea-dogs as ever trod a quarter-deck. Oliver Hazard Perry, by the way, when a boy of thirteen, lived with his father and mother near the shore, four miles or so at our right, when the former was sent by congress to build a vessel of war. It was here that the boy acquired much of the wonderful skill and energy which he afterwards displayed in creating ships from the forests of New York, and with them capturing a British fleet manned largely by men who had been victors under the immortal Nelson at Trafalgar.

"And ne'er to braver mariners
Did bolder seamen yield."

Hither he came again, after his great triumph, and, in behalf of the United States government, contracted for the building of the sloop of war "Chippewa" in ninety days. Despite much stormy weather, she was delivered fifty-seven days after her keel was laid.

Esek Hopkins was a privateer leader of eminence, and became the first commander-in-chief of the American navy. He was soon deprived of his command, however, on the double charge of exceeding instructions in harassing the British, and of lack of courage in failing to conquer the enemy, although he was badly wounded and his own vessel disabled, and the foe was glad to withdraw in the darkness. Hopkins soon went to the Indies in a privateer, where he saw a very large fleet of British merchantmen under convoy of men-of-war. By night or in foggy weather, he took one after another of the valuable merchant ships, until he had to desist from absolute lack of more men to man prizes.

One of John Brown's captains who achieved distinction was Silas Talbot, who afterwards served in the Continental army with such skill and bravery that he was honored by votes of appreciation in Congress. Once when he was leading sixty soldier volunteers in a sloop with but two light guns in an attempt to capture a British schooner with eight, one a heavy gun, and every one of his men ran below in alarm, Talbot fought on alone in his shirtsleeves and finally captured the schooner without receiving a wound. He afterwards commanded the "Constitution," as commodore of the South Atlantic fleet, and gave many a valuable lesson to his first lieutenant, Isaac Hull, who followed him in command to such good purpose, when—

"The 'Guerriére,' a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean rolled,
* * * *
With as choice a British crew
As a rammer ever drew."

Bristol's Contribution for Boston

Great was the enthusiasm in Bristol when the people heard of the Boston Tea Party of December 16, 1773. The citizens assembled in a patriotic mass meeting, Simeon Potter presiding, and arranged for eleven appropriate resolutions and a vote of thanks, which were ratified, later, in a formal town meeting, and duly transmitted to the authorities in Boston. But the Tea Party provoked British retaliation in the Boston Port Bill, in effect June 1, 1774, operating so harshly that the news of its enforcement led to the circulation among the one hundred and ninety-seven families of Bristol of the following subscription paper:—

We whose names are underwritten, Inhabitants of the Town of Bristol, do severally promise to pay to Joseph Russell, Esq., the present Town Clerk, for the Town of Bristol, the several sums affixed to our names, for the support of the poor and distressed Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, said money to be sent to the Selectmen of the said Town of Boston, and by them to be used at their discretion, and said subscription to be closed on the first day of November, Anno 1774.

Bristol, R. I., September 19, A.D. 1774.

William Bradford headed the list with six pounds, followed by Simeon Potter with seven pounds and four shillings, and all the other citizens of means in varying sums, the total being about two hundred and fifty dollars, probably the largest contribution, in proportion to population, sent by any town so far distant from the scene of distress.

They Dared the Unequal Combat

The idea of Bristol assisting in the relief of Boston may sound ridiculous in our day, but at that time the money was very handy. Patriotic spirit and individual enterprise counted for everything in those dark days, and Bristol was all enterprise, all spirit. Indeed, when fifteen British sail appeared in the harbor, October, 7, 1775, and Commodore James Wallace summoned the magistrates to appear on his flagship and listen to his terms, they declined to go, saying he must make his demands on shore, where he would be treated like a gentleman. Wallace spoke next with his cannon, which roared for nearly two hours, when Jonathan Peck and Benjamin Bosworth, ancestor of several Rhode Island judges, (one, Judge Orrin L. Bosworth, still living in Bristol,) offered a ransom in supplies for the fleet and so saved the place from destruction. Three years later, however, the British had become so much irritated at the "Bristol rebels," that they entered the town and burned some thirty buildings.

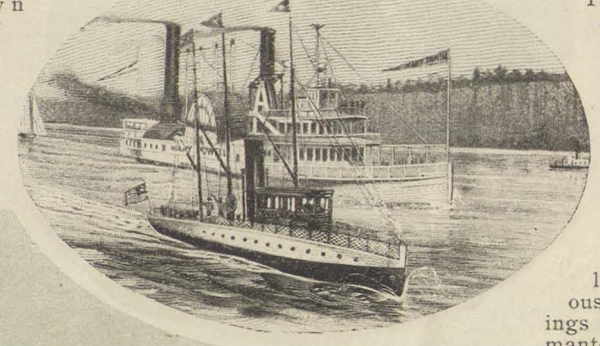
* * * *

Greatest of all American privateers, however, was the "Yankee," of Bristol, a hermaphrodite brig of only one hundred and sixty tons burden, mounting eighteen guns and carrying one hundred and twenty men. Her chief owner was James De Wolf, son of Mark Antony De Wolf and a sister of Simeon Potter. Her commission was issued July 13, 1812, with Oliver Wilson as captain; and on May 2, 1815, under William C. Jenckes as captain, she cast anchor in the harbor of Bristol from her sixth and last cruise, having captured property worth five million dollars, and returned to her owners a clear profit of about one million dollars. Every sailor would receive from two to five thousand dollars a trip, and the captain ten or fifteen thousand. Even Cuffee Cockroach and Jack Jibsheet, negro waiters in the cabin, shared in the prize money,—$1,121.88 and $738.19, respectively, for the first voyage, and about as liberally at other times. No wonder that the sailors who thronged the streets of Bristol fought for places upon her decks! A fair sample of the grim fellows who manned her was Captain B. K. Churchill, who concluded a detailed letter home concerning five prizes as follows:—

P. S. I have lost one of my legs this cruise.

Space fails to tell of the large and varied commerce of the port, of its whaling industry, or of the gloomy slave traffic from which it was not free. At the beginning of the century twoscore great commercial houses located here drove a thriving trade, that of Bourn and Wardwell alone having forty-two large vessels. Brown University was started four or five miles from where we stand, and the State Normal School immediately in front of us. James Fisk chose Bristol as the eastern terminus of his Sound steamers, now known as "the Fall River Line," and named his flagship "Bristol," long known as the finest craft of her kind anywhere. The whole atmosphere of the place was distinctly maritime, the very winds from three directions blew shoreward from salt water, and in neighboring villages it was taken for granted that every Bristol boy was cut out for a sailor and every Bristol girl web-footed. But times change, and the same influence that swept American commerce at large into English bottoms, left to Bristol little more than the memory of her former deep-sea glory, and turned the attention of her most enterprising people to the manufacture of rubber and cotton goods, to finance and the learned professions. But let us descend the hill and walk through the beautiful elm-bordered streets lined with stately residences, the homes of wealth, grace and culture. Well do I remember such a walk almost twenty-four years ago to a day, when President Grant was here, the guest of General Burnside, accompanied by Secretaries Bristow and Robeson, Attorney General Edwards Pierrepont, Governor Jewell, Senator Henry B. Anthony, Ben. Perley Poore, "Ned" Hazard, and others of equal prominence. Bristol was at her best, and the memory of that day must have long remained bright in the minds and hearts of the visitors.

Bristol's long streets, bordered from end to end with wide-spreading, aged trees, and lined with great dwellings of the colonial era, according to a writer in the Boston "Herald," savor of a delightful antiquity which has not had time enough to grow musty, but has been well cared for by successive generations and has a sufficiently close relation to modern life to kindle a real affection in us of recent growth, not unlike that felt by the toddling urchin for his white-haired and gold-spectacled grandmother. These big, old houses suggest comfortable bank accounts, stored up by ancestors who built ships or who sailed away in them to the Indies,—East or West,—and returned with rich freights that profited much.



THE RACE
"Stiletto;" "Mary Powell"

They built well, those ancestors, and their handsome dwellings seem as sound to-day as the everlasting hill which is known in history as Mount Hope. What eight-foot clocks and brass-handled bureaus, and bulky, shining chests, capable of hiding away mountains of housewifely linen; what high-backed chairs with fantastically carved legs; what large four-posters; what cavernous fireplaces; what wainscotings and curling balustrades; what mantel shelves with under ornaments of sturdy filigree; what yawning closets, as big as bedrooms of this year of grace; what sets of unimpeachable china, brought home by those same nautical ancestors; what attic stores of spinning-wheels, and old books, and revolutionary papers, breathing vengeance against his majesty, King George; what thousand and one treasures of the keepsake order do not these old mansions possess within their generously proportioned walls, to say nothing of quaint porches and curious doors and pseudo-classical piazza pillars outside of them! That Bristol of the old, prosperous, gable-ended, shipbuilding, ship sailing, cargo-discharging and cargo embarking days has gone; but this Bristol lives on the memories and the proceeds of those happier, wooden-walled, shiver-my-timbers times, draws on her bank accounts, and takes it easy.

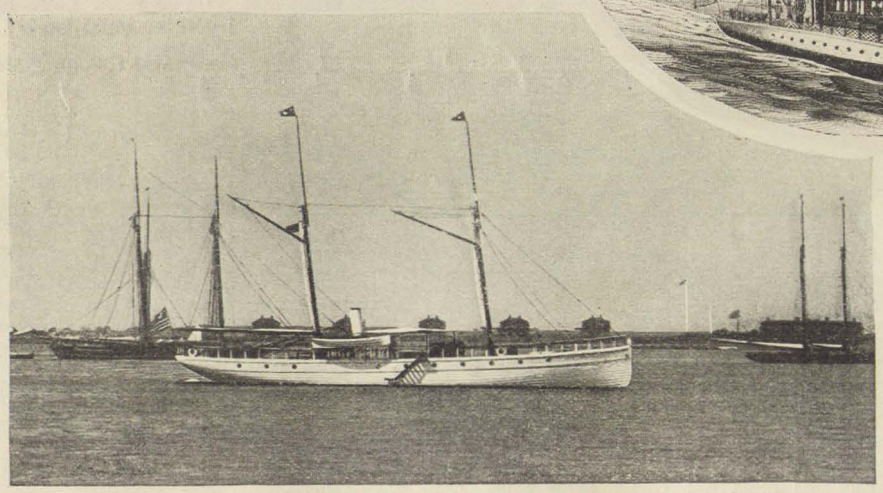
* * *

Total eclipse; no sun, no moon;
Darkness amid the blaze of noon!—MILTON.

Amid scenes like these, one expects to find men and women of culture and general ability, but does not look for world-renowned specialists. No one is surprised at a display of enterprise in a "booming" western town, where everybody is "hustling;" but in a place which has once ranked as the third seaport in America, but has seen its maritime glory decline, a man who can establish a marine industry on a higher plane than was ever before known, and attract to his work such world-wide attention as to restore the vanished fame of his town, is no ordinary person. Moreover, if such a man has laid his plans and done his work in the disheartening eclipse of total blindness, he must possess some qualities of the highest order, whatever faults he may have, and is thus eminently fitted to instruct the readers of SUCCESS.

Pursuant to this idea, I called recently at the office of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, at Bristol. The building, formerly belonging to the Burnside Rifle Company, is substantial, but unpretentious, and is entered by a short stairway on one side. The furniture throughout is also plain, but has been selected with excellent taste, and is suggestive of the most effective adaptation of means to ends in every detail. On the mantel and on the walls are numerous pictures, most of them of vessels, but very few relating directly to any of the great races for the "America's" cup. The first picture to arrest one's attention, indeed, is an excellent portrait of the late General Ambrose E. Burnside, who lived in Bristol, and was an intimate friend of John B. Herreshoff.

Previous inquiry had elicited the information that



THE HERRESHOFF STEAM YACHT "MAGNOLIA"

the members of the firm are very busy with various large orders, in addition to the rush of work on the "Columbia" and the "Defender;" so it was a very agreeable surprise when your correspondent was invited into the tasteful private office, where the blind president sat, having just concluded a short conversation with an attorney.

"Well, sir," said he, rising and grasping my hand cordially, "what do you wish?"

"I realize how very busy you must be, Mr. Herreshoff," I replied, "and will try to be as brief as possible; but I venture to ask a few minutes of your valuable time for the readers of SUCCESS, with a view to obtaining suggestions and advice from you to young men and women at the threshold of their careers."

"But why select me, in particular, as an adviser?"

This was "a poser," at first, especially when he added, noting my hesitation:—

Let the Work Show!

"We are very frequently requested to give interviews in regard to our manufacturing business; but, as it is the settled policy of our house to simply do our work just as well as we possibly can, and then leave it to speak for itself, we have felt obliged to decline all these requests. We have a very pleasant feeling toward the papers and their representatives, for they have treated us very kindly; but it would be repugnant to our sense of propriety to talk in public about our special industry. 'Let the work show!' seems to us a good motto."

"True," said I. "But the readers of SUCCESS may not care to read of cutters or "skimming dishes," center-boards or fin keels, or copper coils *versus* steel tubes for boilers. They are willing to leave the choice in such matters to you, realizing that you have always proved equal to the situation. What I want now is advice in regard to the great international human race,—the race of life,—the voyage in which each must be his own captain, but in which the words of others who have successfully sailed the sea before will help to avoid rocks and shoals, and to profit by favoring currents and trade winds. You have been handicapped in an unusual degree, sailing in total darkness and beset by many other difficulties, but have, nevertheless, made a very prosperous voyage. In overcoming such serious obstacles, you must have learned much of the true philosophy of both success and failure, and I think you will be willing, like so many other eminent men and women, to help the young with suggestions drawn from your experience."

BOSWORTH HOUSE
Bristol's Oldest, 1680

"I always want to help young people, or old people, either, for that matter, if anything I can say will do so. But what can I say?"

"What do you call the prime requisite of success?"

"I shall have to answer that by a somewhat humorous but very shrewd suggestion of another,—select a good mother. Especially for boys, I consider an intelligent, affectionate but considerate mother an almost indispensable requisite to the highest success. If you would improve the rising generation to the utmost, appeal first to the mothers."

"In what way?"

"Above all things else, show them that reasonable self-denial is a thousandfold better for a boy than to have his every wish gratified. Teach them to encourage industry, economy, concentration of attention and purpose, and indomitable persistence."

"But most mothers try to do this, don't they?"

A Mother's Mighty Influence

"Yes, in a measure; but many of them, perhaps most of them, do not emphasize the matter half enough. A mother may wish to teach all these lessons to her son, but she thinks too much of him, or believes she does, to have him suffer any deprivation, and so indulges him in things which are luxuries for him, under the circumstances, rather than necessaries. Many a boy, born with ordinary intellect, would follow the example of an industrious father, were it not that his mother wishes him to appear as well as any boy in the neighborhood. So, without exactly meaning it, she gets to making a show of her boy, and brings him up with a habit of idling away valuable time, to keep up appearances. The prudent mother, however, sees the folly of this course, and teaches her son to excel in study and work, rather than in vain display. The difference in mothers makes all the difference in the world to children. Like brooks, they can be turned very easily in their course of life."

"What ranks next in importance?"

"Boys and girls themselves, especially as they grow older, and have a chance to understand what life means, should not only help their parents as a matter of duty, but should learn to help themselves, for their own good. I would not have them forego recreation, a reasonable amount every day, but let them learn the reality and earnestness of existence, and resolve to do the whole work and the very best work of thorough, reliable young men and women."

"What would you advise as to choosing a career?"

"In that I should be goverened largely by the bent of each youth. What he likes to do best of all, that he should do and try to do it better than anyone else. That is legitimate emulation. Let him devote his full energy to his work; with the provision, however, that he needs change or recreation more in proportion as he uses his brain more. The more muscular the work, if not too heavy, the more hours, is a good rule: the more brain work, the fewer hours. Children at school should not be expected to work so long or so hard as if engaged in manual labor. Temperament, too, should be considered. A highly organized, nervous person, like a racehorse, may display intense activity for a short time, but it should be followed by a long period of rest; while the phlegmatic person, like the ox or the draft horse, can go all day without injury."

"Would you advise a college course?"

"I believe in education most thoroughly, and think no one can have too much knowledge, if properly digested. But in many of our colleges, I have often thought, not more than one in five is radically improved by the course. Most collegiates waste too much time in frivolity, and somehow there seems to be little restraining power in the college to prevent this. I agree that students should have self-restraint and application themselves, but, in the absence of these, the college should supply more compulsion than is now the rule."

"Do you favor reviving the old apprentice system for would-be mechanics?"

"Only in rare cases. As a rule, we have special machines now that do as perfect work as the market requires; some of them, indeed, better work than can be done by hand. A boy or man can soon learn to tend one of these, when he becomes, for ordinary purposes, a specialist. Very few shops now have apprentices. No rule, however, will apply to all, and it may still be best for one to serve an apprenticeship in a trade in which he wishes to advance beyond any predecessor or competitor."

RUNIC ROCK

"Is success dependent more upon ability or opportunity?"

Prepare to the Utmost: Then Do Your Best

"Of course, opportunity is necessary. You could n't run a mammoth department store on the desert of Sahara. But, given the possibility, the right man can make his opportunity, and should do so, if it is not at hand, or does not come, after reasonable waiting. Even Napoleon had to wait for his. On the other hand, if there is no ability, none can display itself, and the best opportunity must pass by unimproved. The true way is to first develop your ability to the last ounce, and then you will be ready for your opportunity, when it comes, or to make one, if none offers."

"Is the chance for a youth as good as it was twenty-five or fifty years ago?"

"Yes, and no! In any country, as it becomes more thickly populated, the chance for purely individual enterprises is almost sure to diminish. One notices this more as he travels through other and older countries, where, far more than with us, boys follow in the footsteps of their fathers, generation after generation. But for those who are willing to adapt themselves to circumstances, the chance, to-day, at least from a pecuniary standpoint, is better than ever before, for those starting in life. There was doubtless more chance for the individual boat-builder, in the days of King Philip, when each Indian made his own canoe, but there is certainly more profit now for an employee of our firm of boat-builders."

"Granted, however, that he can find employment, how do his chances of rising compare with those of your youth?"

The Man is the Important Factor

"They still depend largely upon the individual. Some seem to have natural executive ability, and others develop it, while most men never possess it. Those who lack it cannot hope to rise far, and never could. Jefferson's idea that all men are created equal is true enough, perhaps, so far as their political rights are concerned, but from the point of view of efficiency in business, it is ridiculous. In any shop of one hundred men, you will find one who is acknowledged, at least tacitly, as the leader, and he sooner or later becomes so in fact. A rich boy may get and hold a place in an office, on account of his wealth or influence; but in the works, merit alone will enable a man to hold a place long."

"But what is his chance of becoming a proprietor?"

The Development of Ability

"That is smaller, of course, as establishments grow larger and more valuable. It is all bosh for every man to expect to become a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller, or to be President. But, in the long run, a man will still rise and prosper in almost exact proportion to his real value to the business world. He will rise or fall according to his ability."

"Can he develop ability?"

"Yes, to a certain extent. As I have said, we are not all alike, and no amount of cultivation will make some minds equal to those of others who have had but little training. But, whether great or small, everyone has some weak point: let him first study to overcome that."

"How can he do it?"

"The only way I know of is to—do it. But this brings me back to what I told you at first. A good mother will show one how to guard against his weak points. She should study each child and develop his individual character, for character is the true foundation, after all. She should check extravagance and encourage industry and self-respect. My mother is one of the best, and I feel that I owe her a debt I can never repay."

"Your mother? Why, I thought you have been a boatbuilder for half a century! How old is she?"

"She is eighty-eight, and still enjoys good health. If I have one thing more than another to be thankful for, it is her care in childhood and her advice and sympathy through life. How often have I thought of her wisdom when I have seen mothers from Europe, where they were satisfied to be peasants, seek to outshine all their neighbors, after they have been in America a few years, and so bring financial ruin to their husbands or even goad them into crime, and curse their children with contempt for honest labor in positions for which they are fitted, and a foolish desire to keep up appearances, even by living beyond their means and by seeking positions they cannot fill properly."

"You must have been quite young, when you began to build boats!"

He Would Not be Discouraged

"About thirteen or fourteen years old. You see, my father was an amateur boat-builder, in a small way, and did very good work, but usually not for sale. But I began the work as a business thirty-six years ago, when I was about twenty-two."

"You must have been terribly handicapped by your blindness."

"It was an obstacle, but I simply would not allow it to discourage me, and did my best, just the same as if I could see. My mother had taught me to think, and so I made thought and memory take the place of eyes. I acquired a kind of habit of mental projection which has enabled me to see models in my mind, as it were, and to consider their good and bad points intelligently. Besides, I cultivated my powers of observation to the utmost, in other respects. Even now, I take an occasional trip of observation, for I like to see what others are doing, and so keep abreast of the progress of the age. But I must stop, or I shall get to 'talking shop,' the thing I declined to do at first. The main thing for a boy is to have a good mother, to heed her advice, to do his best, and not get a 'swelled head' as he rises,—in other words, not to expect to put a gallon into a pint cup, or a bushel into a peck measure. Concentration, decision, industry and economy should be his watchwords, and invincible determination and persistence his rule of action."

With another cordial handshake, he bade me good-by, asking me to omit all quotation of various matters he had explained in relation to the work of the firm. I have heeded his request fully, but must nevertheless assume the personal responsibility of publishing various interesting facts gathered from other reliable sources in relation to the firm, its individual members, and their remarkable products. In this connection I wish to thank several kind friends who have aided me with information, and to acknowledge assistance derived here and there from the works of other writers.

(*Continued August 19*)

*

BE A WHOLE MAN!

Ho, all who labor, all who strive!
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
O, to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do. —C. F. ORNE.

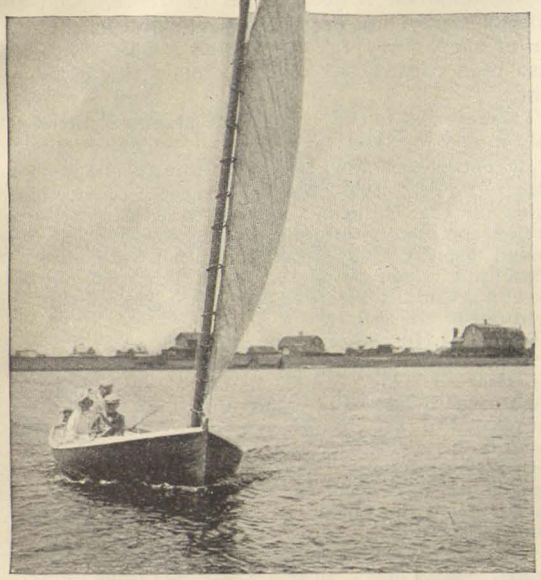
THE WIZARDS OF THE WATER-WITCHES

"He Was Every Inch a Sailor"

"He Was Born Upon the Sea"

Ocean Sprites—Boats that "Flock by Themselves"—The "Seven Brothers"—The Victory of the Nondescript—A Surprise for Johnny Bull—"Baby Estelle"—"Sailing on the Dew"

WALTER WELLESLEY



A CATBOAT ON NARRAGANSETT BAY

With a graceful swing of her dove-white wing,
Our pinnace leaves the cove,
And bends her beak to the passionless cheek
Of the slumbering wave, as if to seek
Some dreamy caress of love. —BURLEIGH.

THE name Herreshoff instantly suggests fleet steamers, dashing torpedo boats, graceful schooners, and stately cup-defenders; but the business of the firm was long confined almost wholly to the creation of boats with single masts, each craft from twenty to thirty-six feet long. In their first ten years of associated work, they built nearly two thousand of these. But they were wonderful little boats, and of unrivaled local fame! A genuine Narragansett Bay catboat, properly handled, will do nearly everything but talk, and a Herreshoff catboat will almost do that under a fresh breeze. Talk of yachting as sport! Do you like to have your blood really course through your arteries? Then get one of these little witches, run off Block Island, take a half-turn of the mainsheet, ready to ease off for catspaws, and troll through a school of hungry bluefish. If that doesn't make every nerve tingle, you must indeed be hard to please.

Their first yacht was the "*Qui Vive*," a sloop, built for Thomas Clapham. She was the wonder of the day and was followed, in 1865, by "Kelpie" and "Fanchon;" in 1866, by "Psyche" and "Angie;" and, in 1867, by "Haidee," "Ariel," "Falcon," and "Violet;" also by "Clytie," "always victorious," and "Sadie," which became the property of the Burgess family and won thirteen important prizes. The Burgesses had other Herreshoff yachts, and doubtless, in sailing them, Edward Burgess formed some of the ideals which he afterwards embodied in the great cup-winners, "Puritan," "Mayflower," and "Volunteer."

Even at that early day, every successive Herreshoff boat, large or small, when at full speed, was popularly counted upon, like Dundreary's bird, to "flock by itself." Each seemed faster than its predecessor. In 1868, the sloop "Nimbus" and the steamer "Anemoise" made good records; in 1869, the "Bunsby" and the "Orion;" while in 1870, the keel sloop "Viking," the keel schooner "Ianthe," and the steam fishing-yacht "Seven Brothers," named for the Herreshoff boys, attracted wide attention. The steam sloop "Osprey" and the centerboard sloop "Shadow" followed in 1871, and, in 1872, the "Anemone," the "Activia," the steamer "Kingfisher," the centerboard schooner "Triton" and the keel schooner "Latona."

Every year they built, in addition to these and many other large yachts not named above, at least six to eight sailboats under twenty-five feet long, eight to ten fishing boats from twenty-five to forty feet in length and two or three dozen rowboats.

Large or small, their boats were always well named, as "Amaryllis," "Spray," "Spitfire," "Camilla," "Siesta," "Douschka," "Nereid," and "Vision."

In 1888, they built their first steel steamer, the "Ballymena," which was so successful that, for several years, they confined their attention largely, almost wholly, in fact, to building steamboats.

* * * * *

Famous Steam Fishing Yachts

"I stand at the wheel with eager eye,
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze."

In 1870, the Herreshoffs built the fishing steamer, the "Seven Brothers," (named for the seven boys in the family,) which revolutionized the industry in a great measure. Her success led to the organization, January, 1871, of the Bristol Steam Fishing Company, of which several of the Herreshoffs were members. But their growing boat-building business soon required all their attention, and the fishing enterprise, which has since grown to be one of the foremost of its kind in the world, is now conducted by the famous Church family, of Tiverton. The "Osprey" followed, in 1871, and other steamers of the new type, which proved so successful that there are now a hundred or more such in commission along the coast. The writer well remembers a trip on one of the strongest of these, the "David H. Wilson," Captain Faulkner, in a gale of unusual severity. The sea was rolling heavily, so a desperate effort was made to hoist the closely reefed mainsail, to steady the vessel, which was pitching violently. Her head was brought into the wind, and the sail raised; but, as she paid off, a violent gust blew it instantly from the the bolt-ropes with a report like that of a small signal gun, and tufts of white cotton fluttered down the gale for half a mile. But the "Wilson" went through all right, and comparatively dry, too; although everyone on board had had exercise enough to cure the most chronic case of insomnia.

* * * * *

May 24, 1876, Lieutenant G. A. Converse tested a Herreshoff torpedo boat built with a guarantee of nineteen miles an hour. John B. Herreshoff superintended the working of the machinery. A pipe connected with the steam gauge blew out; but, without stopping, although the speed was somewhat reduced, N. G. Herreshoff plugged the hole with a pine stick, and a record of about twenty-one miles an hour was made, or about twenty-three miles before the accident. The government officer in charge named her the "Lightning," as she was then the fastest of her kind afloat.

* * * * *

The Conquest of the Catamaran

"Merrily we roll along
O'er the deep blue sea."

On the second day of the Centennial Regatta, in New York harbor, June, 1876, over thirty sail started, one of the last being the "Amaryllis," a new Herreshoff craft, consisting of two closed canoes or floats, thirty feet long and about twenty inches wide, placed twelve feet apart, and connected by ties of wood and iron, working with ball-and-socket joints at the ends. On these was placed a light platform of inch boards, some ten feet wide, through the forward part of which rose a tall mast set like that of a North River iceboat, and well braced. A very long bowsprit was used, and the strange craft carried as much sail as a thirty-foot sloop, with no need to reef in bad weather, for such a thing as upsetting or even "keeling" her seemed out of the question. One after another, she passed her proud competitors, until only the "Susie S." contested, under one or two reefs.

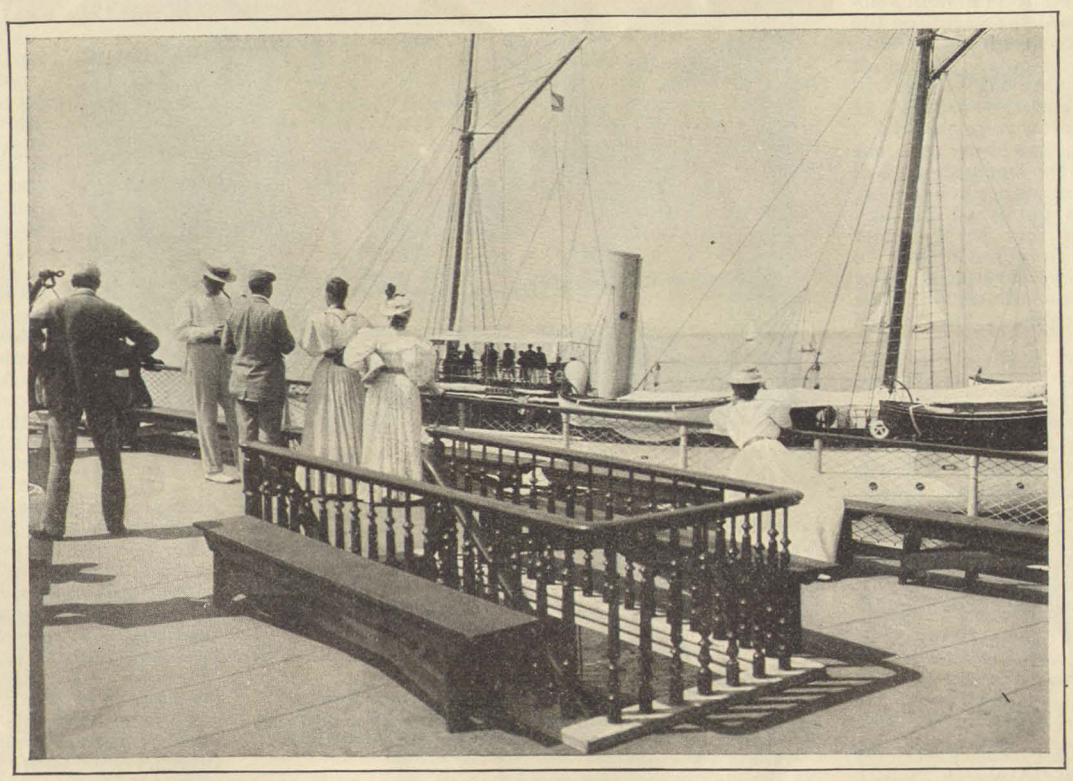
"It was amusing to notice the contrast," said a spectator. "The other boats had racing crews of ten or fifteen men each, and a regular stone wall of sand bags piled up on the weather rail. The 'Amaryllis' had no ballast of any sort, and only two men on board, —one of them blind,—and they sat there as comfortably as if taking a cruise for pleasure. Talk about her not being a pleasure boat! Why, to watch the activity and excitement on the other vessels every time they came about or changed their course, one would have thought that John B. and Nathaniel G. Herreshoff were the only men in the fleet who were taking any sort of pleasure or comfort whatever! She beat them all, too, some of them by about an hour."

The result caused the utmost astonishment among the yachtsmen During the early part of the race, they were inclined to make fun of the "Bristol rig." But as it passed from the position of a neighbor to that of leader, smiles gave way to looks of disgust, and their anger found vent in a protest against awarding the prize to the "Amaryllis," —"neither a yacht nor a boat." But it did no good: they were hopelessly beaten.

* * * * *

"And the oldest British tar
Swore he'd never seen the like."

In response to a proposal of the Herreshoff Brothers, dated January, 1881, the British government replied that, if the American builders would present in British waters two vedette boats of the same capacity as those furnished by John S. White, of Cowes, who was building the launches for the British navy, and capable of making fourteen knots an hour, they would be accepted. It was not supposed that the offer would be considered, as no firm had ever been able to compete with White. But in the following July the two Herreshoff boats were in the Portsmouth dockyard, England, ready for trial. They were each forty-eight feet long, nine feet in beam, and five feet deep, exactly the same size as White's. They made fifteen and one-half knots an hour, while White's only recorded twelve and two-fifths knots. "With all their machinery, coal and water in place, the Herreshoff boats were filled with water, and then twenty men were put aboard each, that human load being just so much in excess of the admiralty test, and even then each had a floating capacity of three tons. The examiners pronounced enthusiastically in favor of the Herreshoff safety coil boilers as unexplodable, less liable to injury from shock, capable of raising steam more quickly, far lighter, and in all respects superior to those that had been formerly used for the purpose." The boats were accepted, and orders given at once for two pinnaces, each thirty-three feet long. Again John Samuel White competed, but his new boats could



WATCHING THE RACES

only make seven and one-eighth knots, while the Herreshoffs' easily scored nine and one-quarter.

"Omitting captured vessels," said the "Broad Arrow," "this will, we believe, be the first instance in which a ship for the British navy has been built in any other than a British, Colonial, or Indian port. The Thames Clyde, and Mersey have for twenty years past been the birthplaces of foreign ironclad fleets, and the world has been largely dependent upon this country for its weapons of offense and defense. Surely the skill of our workmen is able to keep pace with the times, and we ought not to have to look for assistance from lands beyond the seas."

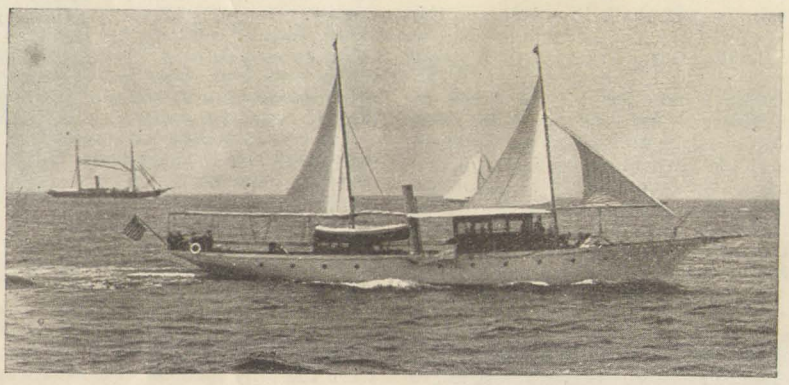
* * * * *

"Baby Estelle"

"They tell of solitary halls
In lands beyond the deep;
There never was a thing so lone
As that unguided ship."

November 13, 1877, the attention of a United States inspector was caught by an advertisement in the New York "Herald" for a nurse for a baby, Estella, to travel in the West Indies. "Call on Mrs. Sangelli, 313 West Thirty-second Street."

On investigation, the clue seemed to lead to Bristol harbor, where lay the new steam yacht "Estelle," No. 35 of the Herreshoff series, which had been built for Herman Kobbe, of New York, or Newburg, and was about ready for delivery. It was known that Cuban insurgents were trying to purchase steamers for an invasion of their island, and report had it that they had contracted for three, one said to be the "Estella." Officials became very suspicious. The revenue cutter "Dexter" was sent to Bristol, where she lay for months close to the bows of the "Estelle," with guns ready for instant use, with two boats always lowered for action, with fires up constantly, and cable buoyed, ready to be slipped at a moment's notice. Sailing papers were refused the yacht, on the ground that her boilers were too powerful for her hull, but really for purposes of detention only. The affair attracted international interest. One day, smoke was seen issuing from the smokestack of the suspect. In less than five minutes, a boat's crew from the "Dexter" was on her deck. It proved, however, that the cook's stovepipe had an outlet in the smokestack, and that he had been kindling a fire with pitchy wood. But the "attempt to escape" was published far and wide, together with a statement that her engineer had been offered a bribe of five hundred dollars to run her out ten miles to sea, some dark night. For seven months, the surveillance was maintained, when she was permitted to go, with papers for United States waters only.



JOHN B. HERRESHOFF'S "EUGENIA"

* * * * *

Sailing on the Dew

May 1, 1879, the company delivered to John D. and Horatio Brodhead steamer "No. 41," the "Kittatinny," the pioneer vessel on the upper Delaware. She was sixty feet long, six feet six inches wide in the center, sharp at both ends, drawing but eleven inches of water, and having a guaranteed speed of fourteen miles an hour. She had feathering paddles, and would go up rapids before considered impassable. Indeed, as an observer remarked, "she would go almost anywhere, after a heavy dew."

* * * * *

Where One Hundred Was Above Par

"The starboard tack must keep his luff,
The port bear off."

In July, 1883, Jay Gould was highly elated over the speed of his beautiful steam yacht "Atalanta," which had several times met and distanced Edward S. Jaffray's wonderful "Stranger;" but, on the twentieth of that month, his happiness, as the story is told, was very suddenly dashed.

After a hard day's work, the jaded Jay boarded the "Atalanta" and began to shake out his pin-feathers a little, figuratively speaking. But before his boat had gone far on her run to Irvington, the bold manipulator of Wall Street made out a craft on his weather-quarter that seemed to be gliding after the "Atalanta" with intent to overhaul her. He had a good start, however, and sang out to the captain to keep a sharp eye on the persistent little stranger, so unlike the "Stranger" he had vanquished.

"I wonder what it is!" he exclaimed to a friend beside him.

The friend looked long and carefully at the oncoming boat, then turned a quizzical eye on Jay, remarking:—

"In a little while we can tell."

"Will she get that close?"

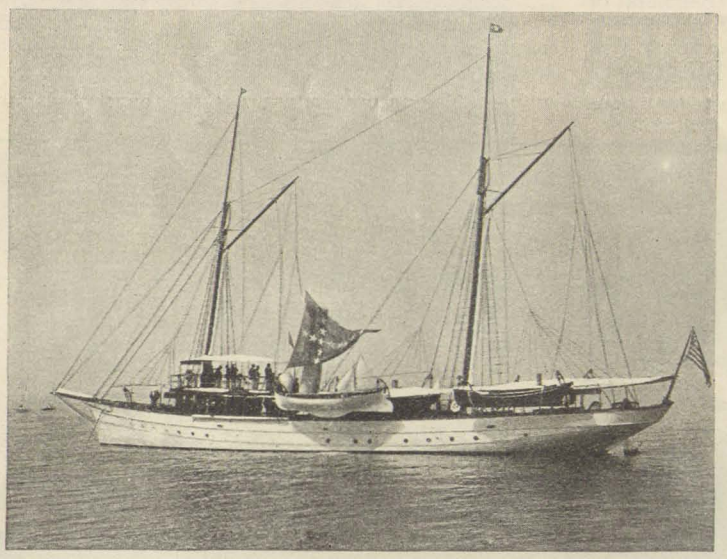
"I think she will."

It was not long before the strange boat was abreast of the "Atalanta," and Jay was then able to make out the mystical number "100" on her. He rubbed his eyes. Those were the very figures he had long hoped to see on the stock ticker, after the words "Western Union," but that day they had lost their charm. Before long he was not only able to see the broadside of the "100," but also had a good view of the stern of the vessel, whereon the same figures soon appeared and nearly as soon disappeared, as the "100" bade good-by to the "Atalanta," which was burning every pound of coal that could possibly be carried without putting Mr. Gould or some efficient substitute on the safety valve.

"He seems to be out of humor to-night," said his coachman, after leaving his employer at the door of his Irvington mansion.

The mystic "100," which, by the way, was just one hundred feet over all, was merely the hundredth steamer built by the Herreshoffs, but on her first trip up the Hudson she attracted as much attention as the "Half Moon" of Henry Hudson or the "Clermont" of Robert Fulton. She was the fastest yacht in the world, and was beaten on the river by only one vessel, the "Mary Powell,"—four and one-half minutes in twenty miles.

Although Mr. Gould was considerably irritated at his defeat, he knew a good thing when he saw it, and the next year he ordered a small steam launch of the Herreshoffs.



STEAM YACHT FLAGSHIP "ONEIDA"

With a vicious blast of her whistle, a week or more later, the racer "Twilight," running from Boston to Nantasket, peremptorily ordered a steam yacht to "clear the course." The stranger moved to starboard and was soon back nearly alongside, to be passed and left out of sight, as usual, the crew of the "Twilight" supposed.

"Look! She is putting on steam!" exclaimed a passenger, as the yacht forged forward.

"Wonder if she thinks she can race the "Twilight?" said a voice in the pilot house, followed by a jingling of bells in the engine room, and a spurt of the racer.

"What's her name?"

"Where did she come from?"

"What a presumptuous little bantam!"

Just then a schooner was seen crossing ahead, so that the "Twilight" could pass without veering, but compelling the yacht to make a detour to the right. This would end the race,—but no! she shot around the schooner and came in on her course fully a length ahead, and steadily widened the distance. Patronizing airs and rivalry disappeared, hats and handkerchiefs were waved in admiration, and, when the "Twilight" reached Nantasket, her passengers hurried to the other side of the wharf to see the beautiful victor, "No. 100."

"The advent of 'The 100' marks an era in the world of nautical pleasure seeking," said a marine writer of the time, "almost as distinctly as the 'Monitor' in Hampton Roads signalized a revolution in naval architecture and marine warfare." She steamed through the Erie Canal and the great lakes to St. Clair, Michigan, where she was named "Permelia" by her new millionaire owner,—Mark Hopkins. Her triumphs on the lakes were equally great, and some of the attending circumstances fully as ludicrous as on the Hudson or off Boston.

* * * * *

"Is This a Dagger That I See Before Me?"

"We have been inclined to regard our torpedo boats as the smartest little craft in existence," said the "Broad Arrow," an English paper; "but, in the matter of speed, they fall far behind a boat which has just been constructed on the other side of the Atlantic."

This referred to the Herreshoff steamer "Stiletto," only ninety-four feet long, over all, which astonished the yachting world in 1885. On June 10, she beat the "Mary Powell" two miles in a race of twenty-eight miles on the Hudson. At one time, the "Stiletto" circled completely around the big steamer and then moved rapidly away from her. In a race with the "Atalanta," she crossed the finish line first, but lost the cup originally awarded her on the ground that she went out of the course.

President Herreshoff at once challenged Jay Gould to a race between the two boats, one hundred miles on the Hudson. Mr. Gould, however, said that the "Atalanta" would be at disadvantage on the Hudson, but offered to race from New York to St. John's, Newfoundland, the loser to pay a forfeit of two thousand five hundred dollars. The New York "Tribune" expressed surprise that he did not ask for a race to Patagonia, with a forfeit of two million, five hundred thousand dollars.

Secretary Whitney bought the "Stiletto" for the United States navy, in which she has done valuable service. She was followed, in 1890, by the still faster "Cushing," whose record in the recent Spanish-American war is so well known.

Admiral Porter wrote Secretary of the Navy Chandler that the little Herreshoff steam launches were faster than any others owned by the government, their great superiority showing especially against a strong head wind and sea, when they would remain dry while their rivals required constant bailing. They were better trimmed, lighter, more buoyant, and in every way superior in nautical qualities, and twice as fast as others in a gale.

"There is a certain speed that attaches to every vessel, which may be called its natural rate," says Lewis Herreshoff; "it is mainly governed by its length and the length of the carrier wave which always accompanies a vessel parallel to her line of motion. When she reaches a speed great enough to form a wave of the same length as the moving body, then that vessel has reached her natural rate of speed, and all that can be obtained above that is done by sheer brute force. The natural limit of speed of a boat forty feet long is about ten miles an hour; of a vessel sixty feet in length, twelve and one-quarter miles; of one a hundred feet long, fifteen and three-fourths miles; of one two hundred feet long, twenty-two miles."

As the speed is increased, this double or carrier wave, one-half on either side of the yacht, lengthens in such a way that the vessel seems to settle more the faster she goes and so has to climb the very wave she makes. Hence the motive power must be increased much faster than the speed increases. Further, in order to avoid this settling and consequent climbing as much as possible, lightness of construction, next to correct proportions, is made the great desideratum in the Herreshoffs' ideal boat. They use wood wherever possible, as it is not only lighter than metal, but is reasonably strong and generally much more durable. Wherever heavy strains come, a bracing form of construction is adopted, and metal is used also.

The engine of the "Stiletto" weighs ten pounds for each indicated horse-power; that of the "Cushing," fifteen. The entire motive plant of the "Cushing" weighs sixty-five pounds for each horse-power; that of the "City of Paris," two hundred. Comparing displacement, the former has eight times the power of the latter.

The versatility of the Herreshoffs is shown not only in the variety of vessels they have made famous, but also in their success in boiler improvement, in their special launch for the Harvard University boat crew and another of peculiar construction for the United States Fish Commission, in their torpedoes, and in their engine for sawmills. For four years our government kept a staff of officers stationed at the Herreshoff works to experiment with high-speed machinery, in which the firm then led the country. One of their steamers, ascending the St. Lawrence River to the Thousand Islands, ran up all the rapids except the Lachine, where a detour by canal was made. The Canadians were deeply impressed by this triumph.