


WHERE THE  
RIVERS  
MEET

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WHERE THE  
RIVERS  
MEET



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**THE BONAPARTES IN AMERICA**

**LITTLE MAC—GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN**

**MEN WHO MISSED IT, ETC.**

# WHERE THE RIVERS MEET

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"  
*Author of*  
NOT FAR FROM PITTSBURGH, ETC.

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## FOREWORD

**W**ESTERN PENNSYLVANIA is a rich mine for the historian. The history of Western Pennsylvania centers around Pittsburgh, **WHERE THE RIVERS MEET**. In two other books, published some years ago, *Right Here in Pittsburgh* and *Not Far from Pittsburgh*, I worked this rich vein in the history of the territory beyond the mountains. In this third book I deal with some of the important and striking personalities of Western Pennsylvania. Among them: Pittsburgh's bard, Stephen Foster; the great bridge builder, John Roebling; the Russian prince and ecclesiastic, Gallitzin; Dr. Francis Julius LeMoyné, the Washington County abolitionist and builder of the first crematory in the United States; and the President-maker and master politician, Matthew Stanley Quay. In addition to the chapters on these and other characters of Western Pennsylvania, I have written an account of the Johnstown Flood, and also a chapter on one of the most moving incidents in all the frontier history of America, Regina, the Captive Maid.

It has been a satisfaction to me to learn that the two former books, *Right Here in Pittsburgh* and *Not Far from Pittsburgh*, brought no little pleasure and entertainment, as well as instruction, to their many readers, not only in Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania, but in other parts of our country.

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## REGINA, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE

**A**FTER THE BATTLE OF BUSHY RUN, near Greensburg, on August 6, 1763, where Colonel Bouquet's Highlanders defeated the Indians and helped to break the back of Pontiac's conspiracy, many captives released by the Indians, by the terms of the Treaty which had been made, were brought into Fort Pitt. Among the returned captives who were unclaimed by any of their relatives was a young girl almost as dark as an Indian. Let me now tell you the wonderful tale of that captive girl, one of the most moving tales of the Pennsylvania frontier and the pioneer days.

Regina was the daughter of a German, John Hartman, who had migrated to America with his family in 1754. He had come from the city of Reutlingen in the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, and had expected to settle in Berks County, where his uncle had lived for some years. But when he arrived there, he could get no word of his uncle's family, except that they had moved westward over the mountains. With an old soldier, he crossed the Blue mountains and was much taken with the country which he visited. He returned for his family, and crossing the mountains again, settled in a wild but beautiful region in Schuylkill County, near the present town of Orwigsburg. Here he hewed out for himself a farm in the wilderness and built a home.

Both Hartman and his wife were devout German pietists, and brought up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The children were Regina, an older sister, Barbara, and two boys, George and Christian. At the family altar one of their favorite hymns was the German hymn, "Allein und doch nicht ganz allein, Bin ich." In English the hymn runs:

Alone, and not alone am I.

Though in this solitude so drear,  
I feel my Saviour always nigh.

He comes the weary hours to cheer.

I am with Him, and He with me.

E'en here, alone I cannot be.

This hymn, as we shall see, was to play a dramatic part in the history of Regina.

At this time Regina was ten years of age, and even at that early age, noted for her beauty of body and face. Her hair was light auburn, her eyes blue, and her face full of charm and animation. One autumn day Mrs. Hartman and the little boy, Christian, set out to ride to the mill for corn. Hartman and the other son, George, went out to work in the fields, while the two girls, Barbara and Regina, remained at the house to prepare the dinner.

At dinnertime Barbara took down from the peg a great tin horn and blew it. The men heard the horn and at once started for the house. While they were eating dinner, the family dog, Wasser, came rushing into the house, evidently in great agitation. Noting the terror of the dog, Hartman sprang up and seized his rifle, and then went to the door where the dog stood, bristles up, and growling fiercely. Hartman was not able to see yet what the dog was looking at; but he gave the command for the dog to attack. The obedient dog sprang forward upon an Indian warrior, and brought him down to the earth. Just at that moment Hartman, stepping over the threshold, was shot by two other Indians through the head and through the heart, and fell dead on the threshold of his home. The Indians killed the dog with their tomahawks, and then killed George, who had rushed to his father's rescue. Fifteen Indians, hideous in feathers and warpaint, then rushed yelling into the house. They dragged Barbara out of the loft where she had hid, and then seized the terrified younger sister, Regina. The two girls, at the command of the Indians, set food on the table, where the savages began to gorge themselves with the store of the Hartman larder.

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Their hunger satisfied, the savages ransacked the house and tied up the loot in bundles. When they were ready to set out with their captives, the Indians took with them a little girl three years of age, whom they had tied to the fence during the slaughter of the Hartman family. This little girl, known as Susan, was to be the companion of Regina in her captivity. She was the daughter of another family which had been killed by this same band of Indians. Before they left, the Indians took a firebrand from the hearth and set fire to the house and barn. The bodies of Hartman and his son, George, and the faithful dog were also consumed in the flames.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hartman, having discharged her business at the mill, was on her way home with the younger son, Christian. When she emerged from the forest, she was amazed to see smoke ascending in two columns in the distance. She looked in vain for the familiar house and barn, thinking at first that she had come out at a wrong opening, and into another clearing. But when she saw the tall pine tree that stood close to the house, she knew that it was the right location, and the terrible truth flashed upon her that the house and barn had been burned.

Hurrying towards the smouldering embers, she saw the blood of the dog, Wasser, and came to the melancholy conclusion that her husband and the other three children had been murdered by the savages. With her remaining son and her horse, she hurried to the nearest neighbors, three miles distant. The neighbors spread the alarm, and a party of them returned the next day to the scene of blood and ruin with the heart-broken widow. When the rubbish was removed from the smoking ruins, they found two skeletons, but no more. Neighbors had reported that the evening before they had seen fifteen Indians with three girls crossing the mountains. Mrs. Hartman then concluded that Barbara and Regina had been carried by the Indians into captivity. This, in a way, was worse than death itself.

The kind-hearted neighbors built for Mrs. Hartman and her son, Christian, another home, and did what they could

to supply her wants. Once again she took up the threads of her life; but on her heart was the burden of those lost and captive daughters. Many times she crossed the mountains to the east to inquire of the Lutheran pastor near Tulpehocken, the Rev. Nicholas Kurtz, and Conrad Weiser, the Indian interpreter, if anything had been heard of her lost daughters. Now and then children who had been taken captive by the Indians, and had been recovered by the British soldiers, were brought into the neighborhood, and the eager mother would go to see if her lost children might be among them. But she was always disappointed. Nine long years passed by before there came any tidings of the two daughters who had been taken by the Indians.

The band of Indians which had taken Regina and her sister, Barbara, captive was led by a huge savage by the name of Pottowasnos, meaning "the boat pusher." Loaded with their plunder, and compelling the three captive girls, the two Hartman sisters, Barbara and Regina, and the other girl, Susan, to march along with them bare-footed, the savages took a northerly direction, evidently following the north branch of the Susquehanna. After some days of this hard and rough journey, the older sister, Barbara, was unable to walk. The Indians held a brief consultation, after which one of them dispatched Barbara by sinking his tomahawk into her head. Regina was dragged weeping away from the smoking body of her sister, and with Susan, was taken with the Indians still further into the north.

The child, Susan, only three years of age, not understanding what had happened, kept asking Regina in German how soon they would get home. Regina took a motherly interest in the poor child, saw that she was well wrapped in the blankets at night, and that she had enough to eat. At length the Indians reached their village, somewhere in the wilderness of New York. By lot Regina and Susan fell into the keeping of a young Indian who had been one of the most brutal of the whole band. Regina was placed in custody of a drunken and ill-natured squaw, whose name was Shelaka. At times she would rain blows on Regina

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and Susan and at other times would show them a little affection and kindness. With none to whom she could speak in her native German, except to Susan, and not being permitted by the squaw to speak to her, Regina in a short time could speak the Indian language. She soon forgot her German, but she could still repeat the prayers and hymns she had learned in her father's house. The captive girl soon picked up the arts of the Indians, such as weaving baskets and working beads on purses and moccasins, and the art of coloring. To little Susan the Indians gave the name of Knoloska, and to Regina, the name Sawquehanna, which means, "a white lily."

Mrs. Hartman had received word of the finding of the body of the daughter who had been tomahawked and left behind by the Indians, and visited the grave on the banks of a river. Often she would say, "If only I were certain of the fate of Regina, I could be happy once more. But I can never have peace of mind until I know what has become of her." Now and then word would come of some girl who had been taken from the Indians, and she would at once go to see if perchance it might be her daughter. But always she was disappointed. Early in 1763 she made up her mind to go to Fort Pitt, which was the chief western center for negotiations with the Indians. She went first to Chamber's Mill, now Chambersburg, with her boy, Christian, now fourteen years of age. They set out with a company of packers, men transporting iron, salt, powder, and other things on pack horses to Fort Pitt, and passing through Raystown, now Bedford, and Fort Ligonier, at length reached Fort Pitt.

Colonel Bouquet was then in command at the Fort. He treated her with much kindness, and instructed his officers, wherever they were stationed, to keep a lookout for the captive girl. He promised Mrs. Hartman that whenever a captive girl was taken from the Indians, he would write a letter to the Indian interpreter, Conrad Weiser, who then would get in touch with the mother. Somewhat comforted

in her mind, Mrs. Hartman and the boy, Christian, returned to their home in Schuylkill County.

After nine years of captivity, Regina was now nineteen years of age, a good-looking and well-formed woman, her skin much darkened by the outdoor life and habits of the Indians. The girl often tried to recall to her mind the image of her mother, but was not able to do so. She would sometimes ask herself the question, "If I were to meet my mother, would I know her? Oh, yes, though I have forgotten how she looked. Perhaps she has changed as much as I have. Yet if I would hear that sweet, melodious voice that once thrilled my heart, I would surely know her."

In August, 1763, in the battle at Bushy Run, near Greensburg, Colonel Bouquet's British Army, with his Highlanders, had defeated the Indians who had been besieging Fort Pitt, at the time of Pontiac's dangerous conspiracy. It was a victory that brought immense relief to the settlers on the frontiers. In the treaties that were made with the Indians after that victory, the Indians were obligated to surrender all white children which they had taken captive. More than one hundred youths from five to twenty years of age were brought into Fort Pitt, ragged, dirty, and in some instances almost naked. The word was published through the colonies that these children were being held at Fort Pitt, and from all parts of the frontier and the western counties of Pennsylvania parents came to seek their children. On the 13th of September, 1765, the children were placed in a long row on the parade ground at the Fort, while anxious parents walked up and down the line seeking a lost child. Every now and then there would be a great cry of joy as some mother recognized her lost child and leaped forward to embrace her. Even the officers and soldiers were moved to tears at the sound of these cries and the sight of these reunions.

Fifty of the children, however, were yet unclaimed. Colonel Bouquet escorted them himself over the mountains to Carlisle. A notice had been published in the newspapers of eastern and central Pennsylvania, and many came to



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Carlisle to seek their children. Regina saw child after child, girl after girl, boy after boy, claimed by their parents; but none came to claim her. The poor girl was left more forlorn than ever, for she had not now even a rude Indian wigwam for a home. But one day, Regina's mother, sitting at the window of her lonely home, saw a man come riding up to the house. He had been sent by the German pastor at Tulpehocken to tell her that a large number of children taken from the Indians had been brought to Carlisle from Fort Pitt, and that perhaps her lost daughter might be among them.

Without a day's delay, the mother and the boy, Christian, set out on the journey to Carlisle, passing on the way through what is now Lebanon, and Harris's Ferry, now Harrisburg, and so on to Carlisle. When she told Colonel Bouquet of the object of her quest, he took her into a large room where thirty of the unclaimed girls were. Several times she passed up and down the line; but there was none to remind her of her lost Regina, for she was thinking of her as she had last seen her, nine years before. As she left the room, however, she looked on Regina, with her large blue eyes and dark skin, but thought of her only as an Indian girl. That night, with blasted hopes, she lay down with a heavy heart on her bed at the tavern.

The next day the released captive children were marched into the town square and placed between the courthouse and the stone Presbyterian Church. Every now and then a father and mother would give a shout of joy as they recognized a lost child. Mrs. Hartman watched this moving spectacle until noon, and, giving up all hope of finding her daughter, was about to start on the homeward journey. She was looking again at the unclaimed Indian girl with the blue eyes, when Colonel Bouquet came along and asked her if she had seen nothing of her daughter. Sobbing, the mother replied that her daughter was not among the released children. He asked her if there were no marks by which she might recognize her daughter. But she could remember none. Then he asked her if there were no songs

or hymns that she had sung to her daughter before she had been taken captive. She told him that they had often sung the hymns together, and one hymn in particular, "Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein Bin ich," which is in English:

"Alone, and not alone am I."

The colonel then told her to walk with him down the line of the captives and sing the hymn which she used to sing to her daughter. "If she is here," he said, "it will awaken the right chord, for she has not forgotten those early songs." Removing her bonnet, the mother began to sing.

She had come to the second line, when the tall, dark girl with the blue eyes gave a wild cry, and the next moment was in her mother's arms, and joined in the old hymn. The people heard the singing and gathered quickly about them, as a shout of joy made the square ring with rejoicing. The music of the old hymn had broken down the barriers of nine years of captivity and reconciled the mother and the daughter. The mother, as she held the lost daughter in her arms, might well have spoken the words of the father in our Lord's great parable of the Lost Son, "For this my daughter was dead, and is alive again. She was lost and is found." And it would not have been strange if the angels in heaven, watching that scene, had joined their voices in the song of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

## THE HANNASTOWN MASSACRE

**A** WARM SULTRY SUMMER DAY, the 13th of July, 1782. A mile and a half north of the hamlet of Hannastown, which stood three miles north of the present Greensburg, Pennsylvania, men were in the field belonging to Judge Michael Huffnagle, mowing the oats. As the Judge was busy with his court duties, his neighbors had assembled to harvest his field for him. This was also a counsel of wisdom and safety, for there were rumors of incursions of the Indians all over the frontier at that time, and it was dangerous for men to work in the fields alone.

Down through the oats, their sturdy Scotch-Irish backs bending to the music and the rhythm of the scythe, went the mowers. Occasionally one would stop, wipe the sweat from his brow with a red cotton handkerchief, draw from the hip pocket of his trousers the gray whetstone and with a skill and music that were wonderful to behold and see, sharpen the blade of his scythe. The day was hot and the sweat from their bodies rolled down into their boots, till the boots were limp with moisture. At noon the reapers paused for lunch, sitting in the shade of the trees which fringed the wheat fields. From under the stacks they drew their whiskey jugs to top off their midday repast, for Westmoreland whiskey was famous even at that day. They were starting out again to their work, when one of the reapers happened to cross the field, and there he saw lurking amid the trees of the forest which bordered the field on that side a group of Indians. Immediately he turned about and ran at full speed to give the alarm to his companions. Leaving their scythes in the field, the men ran for the town and its fort.

When they reached the town there was the greatest confusion and excitement. Women gathered up their children,

and young and old ran for the stockade. The doors of the jail were opened and the prisoners were set free. Four of the younger men, always ready for a brush with the Indians, took their rifles and set out to reconnoitre. Among them were James Bryson and David Shaw. In the meantime, Capt. Matthew Jack mounted his spirited horse, and taking a round-about route so as to alarm the settlements nearest the town, was the first to reach the field where the reapers had been working, and where the savages were holding a conference. The moment he pulled in his horse he was seen by the Indians, and at once turned back. On the way he met the four young men and shouted to them that the Indians were coming and warned them to flee for their lives.

The Indians gave hot pursuit. By the time the fugitives had reached the Crabtree Creek they could see the Indians behind them, their naked painted skin gleaming through the foliage, and their tufts of hair waving in the wind. One of the four fugitives, David Shaw, first ran to his father's house to see if the family were there, and then turned toward the stockade. The Indians now were in plain view; Shaw stopped long enough to raise his long rifle to his eye, and one of the savages leaped into the air and fell on his face.

Everyone in the village had been warned and was now in the shelter of the stockade. With the Indians, who numbered above a hundred, were several white renegades. The savages were disappointed that their prey had escaped them, and, setting up a howl of rage, put the torch to the town. Had they made an assault on the stockade, they could hardly have failed to take it, for there were not more than fifteen rifles in the fort and many of the strongest men in the town had never returned from Colonel Lochry's ill-fated expedition against the Indians down the Ohio in 1781.

One of the Indians arrayed himself in the military coat of one of the citizens and was parading ostentatiously up and down the street of the town, when one of the riflemen in the stockade drew a bead on him and the strutting savage,

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with a loud death yell, leaped into the air and fell to the ground.

While these things were transpiring at the stockade, Captain Jack had been riding through the surrounding country, warning the inhabitants. One of the chief houses in the neighborhood, sort of a cabin fort, was that belonging to the widow of a Capt. Samuel Miller. The house was a center for all the pioneers in that neighborhood. Captain Jack had started for the Miller cabin, but arrived too late, for the Indians were already surrounding the cabin. Turning his horse about, and leaping over ditches, hedges, fences, and logs, he rode to the Peter George cabin where a number of the settlers from the farms were collecting. Capt. John Brownlee, a veteran of the 8th Regiment in the Revolutionary War, and one of the most skillful and noted Indian fighters, and who had frequently led expeditions against them, and whose name was feared and hated by the savages, lived on a farm just northeast of Miller's cabin. It was afterwards known as the Cope farm. At the first alarm, Brownlee snatched his rifle and ran to the door, and seeing two Indians approaching, bolted from the house. He was not deserting his family, for he knew that the chief desire of the Indians was to take prisoners and loot. His plan was to join others who were already assembling in various places, and then make an attack on the Indians and rescue the prisoners that they had taken. But as he was running down the yard he heard the shrill voice of his wife crying out, "Jack, will you leave me!" Instantly he turned about and sat down beside his wife in the door of his cabin, and was at once seized by the Indians.

When the savages had taken what prisoners they could, mostly women and children, they piled their loot on the backs of the prisoners and started northward toward the Kiskiminetas Creek. With aching hearts and weeping eyes the wives and children looked what they thought would be their last upon the smoking ruins of their cabins. Brownlee, with a heavy pack on his back, and one of his children clinging to his neck, was marching along with the other

prisoners, when one of the women, encouraged by the knowledge that they had this formidable Indian fighter with them, exclaimed to Brownlee, "I am glad, Captain Brownlee, that we have you along with us." This was unfortunate, for what the woman had said was probably overheard and understood by one of the renegades, who passed the word along to the Indians that their great enemy, Brownlee, was one of the captives. From that moment Brownlee was doomed. One of the Indians came up behind him and buried his hatchet in his head. As Brownlee fell, the child whom he had been carrying rolled over his body and was dispatched by the hatchet of the same savage. Brownlee's wife was able to bear in speechless agony the terrible spectacle; but one of the other women screamed aloud at the terrible deed, and the Indian who had killed Brownlee and his child, supposing that she was Brownlee's wife, dispatched her with the same hatchet that had taken the lives of the other two.

When the men of the community had assembled at the Peter George cabin, about thirty of them, all armed, and some on horseback, they advanced cautiously to Hannastown where they saw the ashes of the cabins glowing in the gathering darkness. The Indians had departed some distance from the town, and the doors of the stockade were opened to the rescuers. The only one killed at the stockade was Peggy Shaw, the sister of David Shaw. She was at that time only thirteen years of age, but large and strong. After the people had gathered in the fort, Peggy saw a little child creeping toward the stockade fence and ran to pick it up and bring it into the fort. One of the bullets which the Indians were firing at random struck her as she gathered the child into her arms. For two weeks the girl lingered in great agony. The bullet had struck her right breast and penetrated her lung. One of the methods of backwoods surgery was to draw a silken handkerchief through the wound, with the idea that a bullet wound was poisonous, and that the handkerchief would draw out the poisonous discharge. This was done repeatedly with the unfortunate girl who had offered her life for the little child. At length death relieved



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her sufferings. She lies buried in the graveyard of the Middle Presbyterian Church, two miles northeast of Mt. Pleasant.

Late on that Saturday night, the Indians heard the beating of two old drums which had been found at the fort and the galloping to and fro of horses. This stratagem alarmed the Indians and the renegades, who started early in the morning northward, bound for Canada, with their scalps, their prisoners, and their booty. The settlers followed them as far as the Kiskiminetas and there gave up the pursuit. When the Revolutionary War came to an end, the prisoners were exchanged by the terms of the treaty with Great Britain. Most of them came back to their Westmoreland homes. One of the captives, however, a daughter of Robert Hanna, Marion, remained in Canada, where she married a British officer at Niagara who had fallen in love with her.

The so-called Hannastown "Massacre," as a massacre, has probably been overdone, for it hardly compared with other massacres in which many persons were slaughtered. There were few killed by the Indians in this attack; but some of the events connected with it were thrilling and moving in the extreme. At midnight, before the Indians had decamped from the vicinity of Hannastown, they compelled some of the prisoners to run the gauntlet between two lines of warriors armed with sticks and tomahawks. The men were badly beaten and some of the women also. One of the captives was singled out for death, and, according to custom, was stripped naked and painted with black, which, among the Indians, was the symbol of a prisoner doomed to death. They had fastened him to a tree and were looking forward with relish to the torture, when, warned by the sound of the drums of the settlers, they immediately tomahawked their victims and departed.

Down at Unity Church, where the Rev. James Power, one of the famous pioneer preachers was pastor, the usual Saturday service, preparatory to the Communion was being held, when word came of the attack and the congregation dispersed to their homes, the pastor going to his home near

Mt. Pleasant. A Mrs. Cruikshank, with her young child, and assisted by her brother, was pursued by a single savage. Exhausted, and unable to proceed further, she implored her brother to shoot the Indian who was pursuing them. When he turned to fire on the Indian, the savage threw his arms about a tree for safety. The woman and her brother then made their way to one of the neighboring block houses, but the child was left behind. When the settlers returned to the cabins the next morning, this little child was found sleeping in its own cot. The settlers regarded the child's preservation as a miracle, and certainly it would have been out of keeping with the record of the savages if the Indian himself had returned the child to its home.

When the Indians made their attack near Brownlee's cabin, one of the neighbors, a young man, fled with a child which he had snatched up, and which happened to be one of Brownlee's. He could easily have escaped had he not been encumbered with this child, but handicapped as he was, the Indians were gaining steadily upon him. At length he reached a thicket, and passing through the woods came to a field of rye. Climbing the fence which surrounded it, he leaped with the child in his arms far out into the rye, which stood breast high. His pursuers leaped the fence after him and went up and down the edge of the field, and several times very near to the place where he lay hid, but did not discover him. Fortunately, the child lay quiet and made no outcry.

The first county to be erected which took in any of the territory west of the mountains was Bedford. Before this, the territory had come under the jurisdiction of Cumberland County. Bedford was one hundred miles from Fort Pitt, and also a long journey over the mountains from the neighborhood of Hannastown. There was, therefore, a petition for the erection of a new county. The logical place for the County Seat was Fort Pitt, which was fast becoming an important center, the first place west of the Alleghenies. But through the influence of settlers in the region of Ligonier Valley, the County Seat was established at Han-

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nastown, where the new County of Westmoreland was erected by the Legislature on the 26th of February, 1753. The new county took in all the territory up to the forks of the Ohio River. (Both Pennsylvania and Virginia held disputed claim to the country about the Forks of the Ohio.)

The first session of court was held on the 6th of April, 1773, and was organized in the presence of William Crawford, a justice of the Court of Quarter Sessions, who had settled near Connellsville. It was this William Crawford who led the punitive expedition of 400 Pennsylvania and Virginia mounted men from Mingo Bottom, near Steubenville, to Battle Island, near the modern Upper Sandusky, where, on June 4, 1782, they were attacked by 400 Wyandottes and 200 Delawares, and the next day by 200 Shawnees, and Butler's Rangers, a British force. Crawford's army was surrounded, and on the night of the 5th began a retreat toward the Ohio. Crawford became separated from the main body of troops and was captured by the Delawares, who burned him at the stake, after terrible tortures. The savages were encouraged in their brutality by the miserable renegade, Simon Girty. Crawford, walking about in the glowing cinders, in his agony called in vain on Girty to end his sufferings with death.

When the Revolutionary War came to an end, in January, 1784, Westmoreland County was greatly reduced by the erection of other counties, but Hannastown continued to be the county seat until in 1786, when Greensburg, then Newtown, took its place.

One of the most spectacular trials in the history of Pennsylvania was that of Mamachtaga, a Delaware Indian who had run amuck at Kilbuck's Island, under the guns of Fort Pitt, and in a drunken frenzy had killed two men, Smith and Evans, and wounded a third. The prisoner was lodged in the guard house at the Fort until the term of court at Hannastown. Hugh Brackenridge was retained as counsel for the Indian. Some of the settlers, fearing that the Indian might go free through tricks of the law, came with their guns to the Fort and demanded that the prisoner be

handed over to them to be put to death. The courageous officer, however, refused to give him up, and in due time he was brought to trial at Hannastown.

Mamachtaga's name signified "Hurricane," or "Tree Blown Across," well suiting his ungovernable passion and his appearance of great ferocity. When an interpreter explained to the prisoner that he could plead "not guilty," and told him what that meant, the Indian refused to do so.

He would not confess that he killed the men, but said only that he was drunk, and did not know what he had done, but "supposed he would know when he was under the ground." The Court then directed that the plea of "Not Guilty" be entered for him. The only defense which Brackenridge could offer for him, and which was properly overruled by the Court, was the undisputed fact that the Indian was drunk when he committed the crime. He was found guilty by the jury without leaving their box, and sentenced to be hanged. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him, Mamachtaga said that he would like to "run a while." It was the custom among the Delaware Indians that a man should try to give some satisfaction to the relatives of those whom he had killed. This was what the Indian meant by "run a while."

At that same term of court a man named John Bradley, found guilty of manslaughter, was sentenced to have his hand burned, and the painful punishment was duly inflicted. The judges of that day, when they sat in the trial of capital crimes, wore scarlet robes. Mamachtaga had the idea that one of the judges was God and the other the Saviour of men. He had probably got that much knowledge of Christianity from the Moravian missionaries who had labored among his people. During the trial one of the children of the jailer lay sick of a fever. Mamachtaga told the jailer that he could heal the child if he would let him go out into the woods and gather some herbs and roots. Upon his promise not to attempt to escape, the irons were taken from his hands and feet, and with the jailer accompanying

## THE HANNASTOWN MASSACRE

him he went out into the woods and secured the roots, which were effectively used in the cure of the child.

Among the other prisoners in the jail, and all in one room, was a young man convicted of larceny, but whom the jury, after convicting him, recommended to the mercy of the Court. There was another man, also, a simple-minded creature, condemned to death on the scaffold. The young man tried to persuade this prisoner to let Mamachtaga kill him, and had prepared a knife for the purpose, telling him it was better to die that way than on the scaffold. But the Indian refused both the knife and the proffered whiskey, saying he had killed enough white men already. In order that he might die as he thought an Indian warrior should, Mamachtaga was permitted to go out into the woods on the morning of the hanging to gather roots to paint himself red. Thus arrayed, he went to his death.

A tall granite shaft, which marks the burial plot of the Steele family, stands on the top of a high hill not far from the site of the Hannastown village, of which today not a vestige remains. At the foot of this hill, and one hundred yards north, along the old Forbes Road, is a farmhouse and a barn. Near the house and barn is an old springhouse and spring. A tablet alongside this spring records that this was the site of the fort, or stockade, in which the people took refuge on that memorable Saturday in July, 1782. The place strikes one at first as a strange location for a fort, with a rather steep hill rising directly back of it toward the south, and where a hostile force could easily look down on the fort. But one of the essential things for a frontier stockade was a good spring of water to supply the defenders during the siege, and also to extinguish fires which were started by the enemy.

The fort, the courthouse, where law and justice were first administered west of the mountains, the jail, and all the cabins that made up the little town are forever gone. But still that spring which gave drink to the defenders on that sultry and dangerous July day flows as sweet and pure as ever.

*WHERE THE RIVERS MEET*

Drink long and deep, traveler, of that spring. And as you drink remember that not only religiously, but politically as well, we are entered into their labors. For us the pioneers of yesterday felled the trees, burned out the stumps, plowed the land, and planted the crops. For us they built the first roads, the first churches, the first schools, the first courts of justice, and the first habitations. For us they endured the hardships and rigors of the wilderness; for us they dared the savage war cry of the Indians, the bloody scalping knife, the slow torture of the stake. Yes, traveler, drink deep of this spring, and remember that you have been bought with a price.



## ASHES TO ASHES---DR. LEMOYNE

ON THE TOP OF GALLOWS HILL, on the outskirts of the town of Washington, Pa., stands a small brick building, one story, thirty feet long and twenty feet wide, with two windows, one on either side of the door. Immediately in front of this little brick building is a modest stone, which bears this inscription.

“F. JULIUS LEMOYNE, M.D.

Born, September 4, 1798   Died, October 14, 1879

A fearless advocate of the right”

The stone marks the place where the ashes of Dr. LeMoyne were deposited after his body had been cremated in the furnace of the brick building. This was the first crematory erected in America. Here the words of the funeral order, “ashes to ashes,” were more than rhetoric; they were a grim reality.

The first recorded cremation in America was that of the body of Henry Laurens, the second president of the Continental Congress. In keeping with the stipulations of his will, Laurens was cremated at his beautiful estate, “Mepkin,” on the Cooper River, not far from Charleston, South Carolina, where he died December 8, 1792. But the first cremation of a body in a building constructed for that purpose was at Dr. LeMoyne’s crematory in 1876, when Baron Joseph de Palm was cremated.

Cremation, or the burning of human corpses, was a widespread practice in the ancient world; with notable exceptions, however, such as the Jews, who buried the dead in sepulchres, and Egypt, where the bodies were elaborately embalmed. The Christian practice of burial, in contrast with the pagan custom of burning the body, was no doubt, in part, an inheritance from the custom of the Jews, and in

part the influence of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body. To believers it seemed almost sacrilegious and shocking to reduce the body of man, which, according to the Christian doctrine, is made in the image of God, and is the temple of the Holy Spirit, to gray ashes in a furnace. Moreover, the Christian doctrine of the resurrection teaches that this body is to be restored; that, as it has borne the image of the earthly, it will bear the image of the heavenly. But when one thinks the thing through, it makes little difference in the disposal and reduction of a body, whether it is accomplished by fire, or by time and the elements of the earth.

Max Muller, who did not believe in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, expressed regret that the Jews had not followed the practice of cremation; for if they had, he says, the doctrine of the resurrection of the body would never have arisen. But this is absurd. It was not a spirit, but a body, a body which the disciples were able to recognize, which was raised out of Joseph of Arimathea's tomb on the third day. The doctrine of the resurrection stands as a great affirmation of the Christian faith, regardless of whether the body is embalmed, inhumed, burned to ashes, or dissolved by the elements of the soil.

The first cremation in England took place on March 26, 1885, when the body of a woman was cremated.

Dr. LeMoynes became interested in the subject of cremation toward the end of his eventful life. When President James Buchanan and other guests staying at the National Hotel in Washington, D. C., after the President's inauguration, were in some way poisoned, some thought by sewer gas under the hotel, Dr. LeMoynes began to turn his mind to the subject of cremation. He made his own designs for a cremation furnace, and in 1876 completed the crematory which still stands on Gallows Hill. The construction of this crematory was considerable of a sensation in America, and, still more, was the first cremation.

General Grant happened to be in Little Washington in 1869, before the crematory was finished, and paid the building

a visit. At the time of the Black Friday Conspiracy to corner gold and keep the Treasury from selling gold, Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, in order to carry out their scheme, had brought it about that Grant was to visit a friend in Little Washington. The town then had no telegraphic communication, and Grant could not quickly interfere with the plot to corner gold. Fisk persuaded Corbin, of Gould, Corbin & Co., to write Grant a letter to stand firm and not permit the Treasury to sell gold under any consideration. A special messenger on horseback carried this letter twenty-eight miles from Pittsburgh to Washington. The letter aroused Grant's suspicions, and he immediately returned to the Capital. It was on this visit to Washington that Grant went to see LeMoyne's crematory.<sup>1</sup>

The first cremation took place on December 6, 1876. A Bavarian nobleman, Baron Joseph Henry Lewis de Palm, Knight of St. John of Malta, Prince of the Roman Empire, Fellow of the Theosophical Society, had died on a visit to the United States, and in his will left directions for the cremation of his body, a then unheard of thing in America. His executors having heard of Dr. LeMoyne's newly finished crematory, had the body shipped to Washington. Throngs of reporters, photographers, Theosophists, and curiosity hunters poured into Washington to attend the cremation. The body was transported from the LeMoyne homestead in the town to the little building on Gallows Hill. A prayer was made by the President of Washington and Jefferson College, the Rev. George P. Hayes. Colonel Olcott, an executor for the Baron, and an ardent Theosophist, sprinkled frankincense and flowers on the corpse, after which it was pushed into the furnace.

In his address before the cremation of the Baron's body, Colonel Olcott quoted St. Paul's words in the famous thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians, "Although I give my body to be burned," as proof that St. Paul found nothing contrary to the Christian faith in such a practice. Which

<sup>1</sup>Meet General Grant; W. E. Woodward. Earl R. Forrest, of *The Washington Reporter*, and Edgar B. Murdoch, of Washington, Pa., relate a different account of the Grant visit and the famous telegram.

only goes to show that you can prove anything from the Bible, if you can light on the right text.

Baron de Palm's wish to be cremated was the result of his having read of persons who were buried alive when in a trance. In his address at the exercises at the Town Hall, President Hayes took the ground that there was nothing in the Bible or Christianity forbidding cremation. Dr. LeMoynes in his address advocated such a method of disposing of the dead from the standpoint of sanitation. To accommodate the hundreds of visitors who had poured into the town, the railroad company was asked to provide a special train to convey them back to Pittsburgh. It was reported at the time in the Pittsburgh papers that there was a plot to steal the body of the Baron and bury it so that LeMoynes could not carry out the cremation. For a brief day, "Little" Washington was on the front page all over America.

LeMoynes's crematory gave him wide notoriety, but it was only an episode, and a trifling one at that, in a long and illustrious career. He was born on September 4, 1798, at Washington, Pa. His father and his grandfather were physicians in Paris. His father, Dr. John LeMoynes, had come to America in the latter part of the eighteenth century with other royalist emigres. Some of them settled at Gallopis, Ohio. In 1796, he removed to Washington, Pa., where he married a Scotch-Irish girl, Nancy McCully. At Washington the father conducted an inn, practiced medicine, and managed a pharmacy. In 1810, the son, Francis Julius, only twelve years of age, entered Washington College, afterwards Washington and Jefferson College, from which he was graduated in 1815. For five years he studied medicine with his father and then entered Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. In a letter to his father he tells of the first use of an instrument which he had seen, invented by a French physician, "by the use of which the precise situation of tubercles in the lungs can be ascertained. . . . He calls it the Stethoscope."

In the meantime his father had been sold out by his creditors, and Francis returned to Washington to assist him

in his difficulties and enable him to recover the fine homestead which he had built in 1812. On the way to Washington the stage crossing the Alleghenies encountered a great snowstorm, and LeMoynes, along with other passengers, suffered greatly because of the cold. From that journey over the mountains dated a chronic rheumatism that never afterwards permitted him to sleep in peace.

In 1823 he married Madelaine Romaine Bureau, of the French colony at Gallipolis. Her father, Major Bureau, was a merchant of that town, and her mother was of noble birth and had been brought up in the circles of the French Court.

As the father began to decline in health and gradually gave up his practice, the son forged ahead and became the best-known physician in the town of Washington. In the 'thirties he began to espouse the cause of the Anti-Slavery movement, and became one of its most ardent advocates and effective speakers. He opposed strongly the American Colonization Society, with its plan to colonize the Negroes in Africa. This Society had powerful supporters, like Dr. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary. Among those who corresponded with LeMoynes on the subject of slavery was John G. Whittier, who wrote to him as follows: "I write thee a line to request thee, if in thy power, to lecture on the subject of slavery in thy vicinity. We feel that the present is the most important crisis, and we are unable for lack of funds to meet it as it should be met. The Texas question now in our view overshadows all others. We must oppose annexation with our utmost strength."

In the next decade LeMoynes joined that wing of the Anti-Slavery movement which believed in political action; and in 1840, when the Liberty Party put up a ticket with James G. Birney at its head, LeMoynes was the candidate of the party for the Vice Presidency. He was also the candidate of the Abolitionists for the governorship of Pennsylvania in 1841, 1844, and 1847. His home in Washington was one of the chief stations of the Underground Railway,

by which slaves from Maryland and Virginia were carried to freedom in the North. But when the Civil War broke out, LeMoynes, although he abhorred slavery, deprecated the appeal to the sword and did not believe that the South should be kept within the Union against its will.

After the Civil War, LeMoynes took a great interest in the welfare of the freedmen, and gave \$20,000 to the American Missionary Association for the building and endowment of a school to train colored youth in practical education at Memphis, Tenn. This school, known as the LeMoynes Normal Institute, is still a successful institution. LeMoynes was one of the founders of the Washington Female Seminary in 1836, and was always greatly interested in Washington and Jefferson College, where he established two professorships, one in agriculture and the other in applied mathematics. He was a shrewd speculator in Washington County real estate, and was the owner of many farms.

When LeMoynes died on October 14, 1879, his body, after services at his home, conducted by President George P. Hayes, of Washington and Jefferson College, was carried to the crematory on Gallows Hill and reduced to ashes. He practiced in death what he advocated in life.

Dr. LeMoynes's chief service to his day and generation was as a fearless enemy of slavery. The slavery agitation had in it the making of strong characters. Emerson it was who advised young men to espouse some unpopular cause. He believed that the defense of such a cause was a great training school for rugged character. LeMoynes was trained in that school. The youth of America today are unfortunate in that there is no important cause, with the exception, perhaps, of prohibition, which is deeply unpopular with the people. Socialism, Communism, the radical Labor Movement, none of them has evoked the bitter and intense opposition that the Anti-Slavery movement did in the three decades before the Civil War.

## THE BRIDGE BUILDER OF SAXONBURG

**M**ANY OF THE NOBLE RIVERS of America, the Hudson, the Niagara, the Allegheny, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Ohio are spanned by beautiful and graceful suspension bridges. The prince of American bridge builders was John Augustus Roebling, and the town where he first manufactured the wire cable for his bridges was Saxonburg, in Butler County, about twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh.

Roebling was born at Mulhausen, Germany, on June 12, 1806. He came of good family and had the advantage of a superior education, having studied at the Royal Polytechnic Institute in Berlin, where he was granted the degree of civil engineer. For a number of years he was employed by the Prussian government, building roads in Westphalia. His first view of a suspension bridge was one over the river Regnitz in Bamberg. This bridge was held in suspension by chains, for the wire cables had not yet been invented. The young engineer was greatly impressed with this miracle bridge, and made a careful study of it, which he presented as a thesis for his degree at the Royal Polytechnic Institute.

Roebling became convinced that Germany did not offer him the opportunity for achievement which he desired, and planned to migrate to America. On May 23, 1831, with his brother, Karl, Roebling and a colonizing party of three hundred set sail from Brake in two vessels, the HENRY BARCLAY, and a smaller ship, a bark of 230 tons, the AUGUST EDWARD. The larger company on the HENRY BARCLAY, made up of religious communists, fell into a dispute and divided into two sections, half of them going to New Harmony in Indiana, where Father

Rapp had settled after leaving Harmony in Butler County. The other half of the colonists settled in different places. With his company, Roebing and his brother reached Philadelphia on August 6. He was much impressed with what he found in Philadelphia. "Every American," he wrote, "even when he is poor and must serve others, feels his innate rights as a man. What a contrast to the oppressed German population." Of the language he said, contrasting it with England, "One hears the nasal sound more here." He was struck with the fact that "the removal of the hat and frequent greetings, which are so burdensome in Germany, do not exist here."

The first thought of Roebing had been to settle in the South, perhaps Florida. But the institution of slavery made him look elsewhere. Reports of murderous attacks by the Indians caused him to abandon plans for the Far West. After a few weeks in Philadelphia, Roebing and his brother departed for Pittsburgh, traveling by the Pennsylvania Canal. At the Alleghenies they crossed the mountains by the portage railroad and inclined planes. When in Pittsburgh they happened to hear of a Mrs. Collins who wanted to sell a large tract of land in Butler County which she had purchased from the estate of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution. Roebing purchased this tract of 7,000 acres at an average rate of \$1.37 per acre. It was high land fifteen hundred feet above the sea, but wholly undeveloped and the soil inferior.

In a short time Roebing and his thrifty settlers made the wilderness blossom, and the town of Saxonburg, at first called Germania, was laid out. The water from the roof of the house built by the two brothers ran in two directions. On one side toward Buffalo Creek and the Allegheny; on the north side toward the Connoquenessing, the Beaver, and the Ohio. Living was hard, but cheap. A side of beef sold for four cents a pound; coffee, 5 cents; fruit was soon procured by the orchard they had planted, and salt came from Tarentum. In 1836 Roebing married Johanna, the oldest



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daughter of Ernst Herting, one of the colonists who came from Mulhausen.

In 1837 Roebling, tiring of the farmers' life, was employed by the State of Pennsylvania as an engineer. His chief activities were in building dams and locks for the canal on the Beaver River. When making surveys over the mountains, Roebling became familiar with the workings of the portage railways, such as operated between Hollidaysburg, on the east side of the Alleghenies, and Johnstown on the west. These mountains rise to a height of 2300 feet, and to lift the canal boats over them by means of locks, however possible from an engineering standpoint, would have been a commercial disaster. Instead of that, the canal companies pulled the boats up and down the mountain slopes. The hawsers used were nine inches in circumference, sometimes over a mile in length and very costly. Up to 1840 the cost of the ropes used on the inclined planes from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown was \$12,000. The hawsers soon became worn and frayed and had to be replaced at great expense by new ones.

Roebling conceived the idea of replacing these hempen cables with wire ropes. He had heard of a German wire worker who had conceived the idea of twisting a number of wires together into one strand and thus producing a wire rope of great strength and flexibility. At Saxonburg Roebling manufactured the first wire rope made in America. It was soon adopted by the canal companies where they had portage over the mountains, and at once proved successful.

In the winter of 1844-45, Roebling carried out his first experiment with wire cables for a suspension aqueduct. The aqueduct was built over the Allegheny River to carry the canal boats of the Pennsylvania Canal across the river. In spite of the scepticism of the engineers of the day and their derision of his plan, the suspension aqueduct was a success, and carried the canal boats over the river until 1861, when the canal was abandoned. The length of the aqueduct was 1,140 feet. The diameter of the cables 7 inches, and the total weight of water in the aqueduct 2,100 tons.

The suspension aqueduct having proved a success, Roebling now applied his principles to bridge building. The wooden bridge over the Monongahela at Smithfield Street had been destroyed by the great fire of 1845. On the piers of this old bridge Roebling constructed his suspension bridge. It consisted of eight spans, 188 feet each, supported by two  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cables, which were manufactured on the bank of the river, and afterwards hoisted into place from flatboats. This bridge stood until 1882, when the present bridge was built. The total cost of the bridge was \$55,000, and it was completed in eight months.

Roebling had the vision of the future and advocated the building of what he called the great Central Railroad from Philadelphia to St. Louis, holding the view that Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Pennsylvania would suffer commercially and financially unless such a railroad were built to compete with the railroads then being constructed from New York and Baltimore. His idea bears fruit today in the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Saxonburg was found to be too remote and inaccessible for the transportation of Roebling's wire cables to the different parts of the country where they were being used, and in 1848 Roebling purchased 25 acres bordering the Cannon and Amboy Railroad and the Delaware and Raritan Canal at Trenton, New Jersey. There he established his new factory, the manager of which, and one who did much to establish the success of the Roebling works, was Charles Swan, a young German from Breslau, who had come as a boy to Pittsburgh and was employed by Roebling when he was building the aqueduct over the Allegheny.

Roebling was a man of extraordinary energy, activity, and versatility. Always some new idea was stirring in his mind. He explored all fields, from bridge building to music, geology, politics, and philosophy. In the early days of the Civil War General Fremont once sent for him, but kept him waiting for sometime in the anteroom. Roebling after a while sent a card in to General Fremont with these

## THE BRIDGE BUILDER OF SAXONBURG

words on it: "Sir, you are keeping me waiting. John Roebling has not the leisure to wait on any man."

Writing in the *Journal of Congress* for April, 1850, four years before Cyrus W. Field became interested in the project, and eight years before the first cable was laid, Roebling advocated a trans-Atlantic cable and set forth his conviction that it was a feasible project. Roebling estimated that the cost need not exceed \$1,300,000.00, and that on such an investment large dividends might be expected.

In 1857 Roebling commenced the construction of a suspension bridge over the Allegheny River, replacing the wooden bridge built in 1818. The total length of the bridge was 1,030 feet, divided into two spans of 344 feet each. The floor had a width of 40 feet, including the two sidewalks, 10 feet each. This bridge was finished in 1860. His son, Washington, was in charge of the construction of the Allegheny River bridge and writes of the opposition of the citizens of Allegheny, who threatened to build a free bridge right alongside of the suspension toll bridge and had circulated a petition for a charter. The people of Allegheny had been accustomed to pay by the year, and strongly objected to the trip tolls. Washington Roebling tells of the celebration in Pittsburgh on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Capture of Fort Duquesne, November 25, 1868. Edward Everett, America's great orator, delivered a speech on Washington in the freight depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the site of the Fort. Judge Wilkins presided at the ceremonies and salvos of artillery were fired all day long from the Point.

In 1846 a contract was let to Charles Ellet, another great American bridge builder, for the building of a suspension bridge over the Niagara gorge. This bridge was commenced but never finished. Mr. Ellet had a controversy with the bridge authorities, and the company selected Roebling as its engineer to finish the bridge. This bridge, the first railway suspension bridge in the world, was completed in 1854. Roebling was convinced by the success of his Monongahela River suspension bridge, which carried the

traffic of six-horse coal wagons across it, that a suspension railroad bridge was altogether possible. The Niagara Bridge was commenced in September, 1852, and completed in November, 1854, at a cost of \$400,000.00. Roebling gave it as his opinion that a heavy train running at a speed of 20 miles an hour does less injury to bridge structure than that caused by 20 heavy cattle under a full trot.

In 1846 Roebling drew the plans for the great suspension bridge over the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Covington, Kentucky. The building of the bridge was interrupted by the Civil War, but the structure was completed in 1867.

The great bridge with which the name of Roebling will ever be associated is the Brooklyn Bridge. This project had been discussed for many years. Prime, the New York historian, wrote in the early forties, "The erection of such a bridge had become a topic of general conversation." But in view of the good ferry service he thought that such a bridge would not be used by those who wanted to cross the river. "Who would think of crossing on a bridge if one stood in his way?" In 1857 Roebling wrote to Abraham S. Hewitt on the feasibility of a bridge over the East River, uniting Brooklyn with New York. The agitation for such a bridge became very strong in the winter of 1866 and 1867, when the river was so choked with ice that it took passengers from Brooklyn to New York longer to reach their destination than it did passengers by rail from Albany to New York. In May, 1867, Roebling was appointed Chief Engineer for the bridge. His original estimate of the cost was \$7,000,000.00. The final cost was \$9,000,000.00. Roebling's association with this, his greatest enterprise, came to a tragic conclusion in the summer of 1869. On June 28 of that year, when he was making observations at a point on the Brooklyn side, standing on some piles on the river front, a ferry boat entered the slip and pushed one of the piles against Roebling's foot. The foot was badly crushed and several of the toes cut off. He was taken to the home of his son, Washington, in Brooklyn. His injuries, although painful, were not at first considered alarming, but fatal

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tetanus set in, and he died July 22. His inventive genius declared itself to the very end, for the day before his death he made a drawing for an apparatus for lifting himself in his bed. A monument has been erected to Roebing in Trenton, where the great Roebing works are located. At the time of his death Roebing had accumulated a large fortune, \$1,200,000.00.

Roebing's faithful wife, Johanna Herting, died at Trenton in 1864 when Roebing was engaged in the construction of the Cincinnati-Covington Bridge. In the family Bible Roebing wrote the following beautiful tribute to his wife:

"Of those angels in human form who are blessing this earth by their unselfish love and devotion, this dear departed wife was one. She never thought of herself; she only thought of others. No trace of ill will toward any person ever entered her unselfish bosom. And O! what a treasure of love she was toward her own children! No faults were ever discovered; she only knew forbearance, patience, and kindness. My only regret is that such pure unselfishness was not sufficiently appreciated by myself. In a higher sphere of life I hope to meet you again, my dear Johanna. And I also hope that my own love and devotion will then be more deserving of yours."

Roebing died just when the mighty bridge was about to be born out of the plans which he had conceived. He was succeeded as chief engineer by his son, Washington. The foundations for the towers were built by the caisson method. One day, in the spring of 1872, Washington Roebing was taken, almost unconscious, out of the damp, high pressure of the caisson chambers. He was able to return for a short time to the site of construction, but by the end of 1875 his health had been so impaired that he never visited the bridge site again until the bridge was finished, directing the work, until the structure was completed in 1883, from his sick chamber in his Brooklyn home.

Greater bridges by far than the Brooklyn Bridge have been built since that bridge was completed in 1883. Notable

among these are the Philadelphia-Camden Bridge, the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson, the Oakland Bridge between Oakland and San Francisco, and the Golden Gate Bridge; but none of these bridges evoked the thrill which the building of the Brooklyn Bridge stirred in men's souls. Then it was not only the greatest thing of its kind in the world, but it seemed hardly conceivable that a greater could ever be built. When the bridge was finished a writer in *Harper's Weekly* for May 27, 1883, borrowing his metaphor from Macaulay and his famous Traveler from New Zealand, in the midst of a vast solitude taking his stand upon a broken arch of the London Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, predicted that the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge would outlast every structure upon which they looked down: "It is not unimaginable that our future archaeologists, looking from one of these towers upon the solitude of a mastless river and a dispeopled land, may have no other means of reconstructing our civilization than that which is furnished by the tower on which he stands."

Saxonburg today is a pleasant village swept by the clear winds that roam in that high country. At the head of the main street is a high-towered Lutheran Church. Tradition tells that when the Roeblings lived in Saxonburg a regularly ordained preacher was not available and they selected a gifted layman to take his place. He was a man of amazing eloquence, to such a degree that it was said that even those on their death beds looked forward with pleasant anticipation to the funeral oration which he would deliver over their bodies! And what higher tribute could be paid to man's eloquence than that?

One of the cottages where the Roeblings lived, and not far from their rope walk where the first wire was made, still stands. On a house on the corner of the main street a bronze tablet relates the fact that John A. Roebling, designer of the Brooklyn Bridge, and his son, Washington Roebling, builder of the bridge, once resided in Saxonburg. Near the house I met a lad of about seventeen, just out of high school, and asked him if that was the house where

*THE BRIDGE BUILDER OF SAXONBURG*

Roebing had lived. He looked at me somewhat vacantly and said, "Roebing? Who is he?" Then I stepped into the post office and asked the damsel at the window about Roebing and his house. She gaped at me as if I had asked for some prehistoric monster.

Truly, a bridge builder is not without honor, save in his own town.

# PRINCE GALLITZIN

## THE APOSTLE OF THE ALLEGHENIES

ON A BRIGHT, WARM September day in 1834, Father Peter Lemcke, riding on horseback through a forest on the top of the Alleghenies, saw a sled coming towards him drawn by two powerful horses. In the sled sat a venerable man, clad in a wornout overcoat and wearing a farmer's old hat. In his hands he held a book. The Irish boy, Tom Collins, who was guiding Father Lemcke, and carrying a shillalah, pointed with his hand towards the priest, and said, "There is the priest coming!" Riding up to him, Father Lemcke asked, "Are you really the pastor of Loretto?"

"Yes, I am he," the old man responded.

The old man in the sled was none other than Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, the Russian Count who gave up the world for the Church, and whom Roman Catholics like to speak of as the Apostle of the Alleghenies.

Gallitzin was born at The Hague, December 22, 1770. He was the son of Dmitri Gallitzin, the Russian Ambassador to Holland, and before that he was for fourteen years at the Court of Louis IV. His wife was Countess Amalia, the daughter of a Prussian Field Marshal, whose wife was a Catholic. Amalia was brought up as a Catholic in a Breslau Convent; but after her marriage to Prince Gallitzin, who was of the Orthodox Greek Church, but inclined to the opinions of Voltaire and the French skeptics, she drifted away from all revealed religion.

In 1786, however, after a severe illness, she returned to the Roman Catholic Church in which she had been brought up, and became as pious and devout as formerly she had been indifferent. One of the chief influences in her return



## PRINCE GALLITZIN

to the Catholic faith was the friendship of a priest, Baron von Furstenberg of Munster, who had devised a new system of instruction. The Princess, who was living apart from her husband, although not alienated from him, took up her residence with her children at Munster. At the start she requested Furstenberg not to attempt to convert her, although her mind and heart were open to enlightenment. In order to present Christianity to her children, so that they could choose their own faith, if they desired to do so, she took up the study of the Scriptures, and more and more was attracted by the Christ to Whom the Scriptures bear witness. At length she began to pray, and many of her doubts were cleared away.

One of the strange providential means employed in bringing Gallitzin's mother back to Christian faith was her friendship with Diderot, the French rationalist and Encyclopaedist, who visited her at The Hague in 1774, and encouraged her to break with the world of society, with which she had become more and more disenchanted. Little could Diderot have imagined that he was encouraging her to take a step which would result in her going back into the bosom of the Roman Church.

After her return to the Roman Church, Gallitzin's mother was most zealous in her efforts to bring other souls to her faith. Among these was Goethe, who, in 1792, was a guest in her home at Munster. When the poet was leaving, the Princess rode beside him in his carriage the first stage of the journey, endeavoring to persuade him to Christian faith. In his "Campagne in France," 1792, Goethe speaks of his farewell to the Princess: "Mildly and calmly I repeated my usual credo, and she persisted in hers. And now each went home, she with the departing wish that she might see me again—if not here, then beyond."

The young prince, who had been brought up as a child in the Greek Orthodox faith, followed in the footsteps of his mother, and at the age of sixteen was received into the Roman Church. His mother was his first teacher. She believed in severe discipline, and the lad's most bitter trial

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was the tub of ice-cold water when he arose in the morning. In his youth he saw many of the notable personages of Europe; among them, none other than the great Catherine, Empress of Russia, who, on a visit to Holland, was a guest at his father's home.

The letters and prayers of Amalia remind one somewhat of the intercessions of the devout Monica for her wayward son, Augustine. On his fourteenth birthday, in a letter to him is recorded the following prayer on his behalf: "Help him; strengthen him when he prays with sincerity and firm will. Lord, permit him not to come to shame whom I have carried under my heart, and whom I have consecrated to Thee from all my heart."

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rental of pews. These difficulties made him anxious to get away from the settled church customs and establish a church in the wilderness where he could follow his own plans. He once said to Lemcke, who asked him why he had come to such a wilderness as Loretto, "I came here in order to get away from trustees and pew renting, and all the other evils consequent on such a system." He related how once he was asked to read mass in a Philadelphia church, and when doing so, was interrupted by "interminable rolling and banging, accompanied by loud talk and shouts." When he made inquiry as to the cause of the disturbance, he found that the basement had been leased by the trustees to a wine and spirits merchant. This was the last straw, and he resolved to invade the unspoiled wilderness.

As early as 1785, several Catholic families from Conewago, Pennsylvania, had settled in Westmoreland County. Later, Catholic families settled in the neighborhood of what is now Loretto. In 1796 Gallitzin traveled 150 miles from Conewago to make a sick call in this settlement of Captain Michael McGuire, in what is now Cambria County. McGuire had given four hundred acres for the support of a church and a priest. In 1799 Gallitzin was appointed by Bishop Carroll as the resident priest. He gave the name of the settlement, Loretto, and, with the help of the parishioners, cleared the land and built a log cabin, and erected a log chapel, which was used for the Christmas services in 1799. A few logs of that chapel are still to be seen adjoining the rectory that Gallitzin built. Resisting the entreaties of his family, Gallitzin determined to remain in the Pennsylvania wilderness, and was naturalized at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, in 1802.

In his wilderness settlement, a most difficult and austere country for such a foundation, Gallitzin bought large tracts of land, selling the farms on easy terms to these immigrants. A grist mill, a tannery, and a saw mill were erected. He conducted also what was, for the wilderness, a

model farm. After the death of his father in 1803, his income was cut off, and from then to the end of his life, in 1840, he was always in financial difficulties.

After his father's death, his mother continued to send money from the Russian estate. The invasion of Napoleon and the burning of Moscow in 1812 brought great losses to the family. Gallitzin spent about \$150,000 in his colony, but was heavily in debt. The sale of his mother's library brought him some money, and the King of the Netherlands bought the Gallitzin art collection for \$20,000, only half of which, however, reached Gallitzin.

Gallitzin had the friendship of the Russian ambassador, Baron De Maltitz, who was one of his many creditors, to the extent of \$5,000. When Gallitzin went to Washington to see the ambassador about the debt, at a dinner given in his honor, and at which Henry Clay was present, Maltitz lighted his cigar with Gallitzin's note. Gallitzin at various times was suggested for important Sees, such as Cincinnati, Detroit, and Philadelphia; but the heavy debts which he had incurred in his mountain plantation stood in the way of ecclesiastical preferment.

Gallitzin had many difficulties with ungrateful colonists, who resented his strict censorship of their life. A wandering Irish priest tried to stir up resentment against him on the ground that he was a "foreigner." Once when a mob of agitators were threatening him with violence and had driven him into his church, John Weakland, a noted wolf killer, fronted the mob with a fence rail in his hand, declaring that if anyone laid a hand on the Lord's anointed, he would do with him as he had done with the wolf.

In 1816 a Presbyterian minister at Huntingdon, the Rev. Mr. Johnston, delivered, as the custom then was, a number of sermons against popery. Gallitzin responded with a series of letters in the *Huntingdon Gazette*, which were published later under the title, CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES. The Synod of Pennsylvania, meeting in 1833, at

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Columbia, Pennsylvania, passed a series of resolutions declaring that Romanism endangered the civil and religious institution of America, and urged all ministers to preach sermons and circulate tracts against the Roman peril. The Synod's resolutions expressed the dread that before many years "the Romans will cover the land like the locust of Egypt." Gallitzin answered with a series of six letters addressed "To the Gentlemen Presbyterian Parsons, who lately met at Columbia for the purpose of declaring war against the Catholic Churches."

There is no doubt that Gallitzin was a powerful and eloquent controversialist. Granted, what intelligent Protestants will never be able to grant, that there is only one true Church, and that the Roman Catholic Church, and that there are two sources of religious authority, the Scriptures *and* the unwritten word, or tradition, Gallitzin makes strong arguments for his faith. However, in his defense of tradition, he goes further, perhaps, than Roman apologists today would do in discounting the Scriptures, declaring that common sense tells us that the written Word could not have been intended as supreme judge, first, because it may be misunderstood; second, because there are so many who cannot read; third, that the New Testament was not written until long after the Church was established; and, fourth, that the average man can never know whether his English Bible is a true translation or not.

The instructed Protestant answers these charges by saying that whatever difficulties gather about the Scriptures, a hundredfold more gather about tradition and the unwritten word. As for the fact that the Church was established and existed for some time before the Scriptures of the New Testament were written, the instructed Protestant replies that the passing of the apostles and of apostolic men who could speak with first-hand authority and knowledge of Christ made it necessary and altogether wise that a written record of Christ's teachings should be made, to preserve that teaching against the corruptions of time.

Gallitzin was a stern censor of morals, and denounced every appearance of the world's fashion and style among his wilderness flock. His biographer, Lemcke, relates how in the first sermon he heard him preach, although there was nothing whatever in the backwoods congregation or settlement to suggest the world's fashion, Gallitzin poured out a denunciation of finery and luxury. Lemcke thought perhaps the sermon had been suggested by the advent of the first carriage, which a man had brought back with him after a business visit to Philadelphia. The carriage created an immense sensation when the man drove in it to the church. Boys would climb the fences and trees to look upon this great sight. Gallitzin's aversion for this carriage reminds one of how another, and perhaps greater apostle of the Alleghenies, John McMillan, founder of the Log College, which became Washington and Jefferson, at the Hill Church in Washington County, irritated at the stir caused by the carriage of Colonel George Morgan, the first to come into that part of Pennsylvania, said one day in the pulpit that one could go to perdition riding in a carriage on the broad way quite as easy as on foot. Gallitzin was a great enemy of drunkenness, although at the same time he attacked the Protestant Temperance Societies which then were active all over America.

On one occasion Gallitzin was walking with Lemcke through the village of Loretto, when they met some young girls with artificial flowers on their hats and carrying silk parasols. He acted as if they were complete strangers to him, and when they came near removed his hat and made a formal bow. Then gazing intently upon them, he said: "How can one be mistaken! I thought you were ladies from the White House in Washington, and now I see it is Mary N., and so and so. Now I would like to wager that none of you has a decent chemise upon her back, for the spinning wheels of your mothers, like the mothers themselves, have long ago gone out of style."

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He attempted to found a sisterhood; but as there were no regular vows and duties, he was not able to hold the women together, and as late as the middle of the last century there were several aged women looked upon askance by the older generation as "Gallitzin's escaped nuns." Only three remained single and persevered with Gallitzin to the end. Lemcke tells how he saw these three in Gallitzin's household.

As a preacher, in his best days, Gallitzin was oftentimes emotional, and his tears would flow in streams. At other times his invective and denunciation in the pulpit was so extreme and angry that his parishioners were in terror, and little children would begin to cry. A Protestant who heard one of his sermons when he was well along in years said that he spoke in simple, conversational tone, and with the impression that he was addressing each individual present. Only once or twice in the thirty-minute sermon did the old man's eye lighten up with the fire of emotion and eloquence.

In his last years he traveled in a sledge because of injuries after a fall from a horse. Treatment by a quack resulted in the loss of all his teeth. An operation for hernia failed, and the end came on a May day, 1847. Great crowds came from all the wilderness to look on the features of the priest. One of the last to visit him was a man to whom he had given great kindness, but who had sunk into drunkenness and evil habits. When he appeared in the sick room, Gallitzin looked sternly upon him and, lifting a warning finger, shook his head. The wrong doer fell on his knees and promised to amend. On the day of his death, one of his last whispered words was to Lemcke concerning this penitent, "Poor fellow, if it is still possible, do not forget him."

On the day of the funeral, with the symbol of redemption carried in front, the entire population of Loretto and the neighboring country, to the music of the Miserere, followed the body of Gallitzin to the place of burial, adjoining the house where he died.

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It was a bright, warm April day when I turned northward from the William Penn Highway at Cresson and drove through the forest to Loretto. It is still an austere and formidable looking, although beautiful, mountain country, and it seems strange that Gallitzin should have chosen it for his foundation. But no doubt his chief purpose was to establish a Catholic community remote from any Protestant influence. On the outskirts of Loretto, on a hilltop commanding a grand prospect of mountain country, stands the solid rectory in which Gallitzin lived and where he died. Attached to the rectory is a small chapel. On the wall over the fireplace is an engraving describing the first meeting between Lemcke and Gallitzin in the forest in 1834, Gallitzin with his big hat sitting in the bed of the sledge drawn by the two stout horses, and Lemcke on horseback. Numerous relics of Gallitzin are preserved in the rectory.

In 1857 Gallitzin's body, which had been buried adjoining the rectory, was exhumed and reburied in a tomb in front of the new church. This church was torn down in 1900, when the steel magnate, Charles Schwab, built the present handsome gray stone church. Just near the church is the grave of Gallitzin, on which is the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of  
Demetrius A. Gallitzin of the noble Russian family  
of that name  
Born at The Hague, December 22, 1770, died here  
May 6, 1840.  
He was pastor of this congregation for 40 years.  
A loving flock, reaping the fruits of his all-  
sacrificing zeal,  
Erected this monument as a tribute of respect  
To his virtue, and a memorial of their gratitude."  
R.I.P. A.D., 1847

In 1899 Mr. Schwab had erected the fine statue of Gallitzin which now marks his resting place.

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Through the tops of the trees in the distance one can see the gray towers of the mansion built by Schwab on the mountain top. Driving through the neglected grounds of the estate, and looking upon the unkept lawns, the waterless fountains, and the untrimmed hedges, and recalling the financial disasters which befell Schwab, there comes to one's mind that always true sentence of the Psalmist, "He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them." But the man whom Schwab commemorated with the fine statue and the beautiful church has a different story to tell. Here was the Russian prince, heir to one of the great Muscovite names and estates, who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Russia, and refused to be called the son of a Russian prince.

# STEPHEN FOSTER

## PITTSBURGH'S MINSTREL

ONE DAY EARLY IN 1864, Mrs. Parkhurst Duer, employed at that time in the music store of Horace Waters on Broadway, New York, saw the door of the store open, and a shabby, dejected looking man come in and lean against the counter. He looked ill and weak. No one spoke to him. At length a clerk near Mrs. Duer said, "Steve looks down and out." Then the rest of them laughed; and the unfortunate man saw them laughing. The young woman clerk said:

"Who is that young man?"

"Stephen Foster," the clerk replied. "He is only a vagabond. Don't go near him."

But the compassionate young woman did go near him, and putting out her hand said: "Is this Mr. Foster?"

The man took her hand and answered:

"Yes, the wreck of Stephen Collins Foster."

"Oh, no," replied the young woman. "Not a wreck. But whatever you call yourself, I feel it an honor to take by the hand the author of "OLD FOLKS AT HOME." At that tears came into the eyes of the now sad and broken minstrel, and he said:

"Pardon my tears, young lady. You have spoken the first kind words I have heard in a long time. God bless you!"

That was the beginning of a sympathetic friendship between this young woman and Stephen Foster. She saw that friends provided him with with sufficient food and other comforts of life. One day he brought a song to her desk, entitled, "WHEN OLD FRIENDS WERE HERE." As he handed her the song, he said it might be the last song,

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and "that would be the end of Foster." Immediately the young woman replied:

"Mr. Foster, I am not a prophet; but I will tell you now that fifty years hence monuments will be erected to Stephen Collins Foster all over the nation. You will be called the author of American Folk Song, and your songs will live forever."

That was seventy years ago. The young woman was indeed a prophet. Today there are Foster memorials and monuments in Kentucky, Georgia, where the Suwanee River takes rise; in North Carolina, Ohio, and Indiana. The two most significant monuments are the beautiful Foster Memorial between the Cathedral of Learning and the Heinz Chapel on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh, and the Foster bust in the Hall of Fame at New York.

Only thirty-eight years sum up the story of Stephen Foster's songs and sorrows. It can hardly be said, however, that Foster was one of those sons of genius whom Shelley describes as,

"Cradled into poetry by wrong,

They learn in suffering what they teach in song,"

for Foster's most celebrated songs were written before the tragedy of the last years of his life.

Foster was born on the 4th of July, 1864, at the Foster cottage on Bullitt's Hill, in the section of Pittsburgh, now known as Lawrenceville. His father named it Lawrenceville after Capt. James Lawrence, Commander of the American ship, CHESAPEAKE, defeated in battle by the British frigate, SHANNON, and whose last words have become one of the most familiar and stirring sayings of American history, "Don't give up the ship!" On that same 4th of July, 1826, John Adams died at Massachusetts and Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. Foster's name, Stephen Collins, was probably given him for Mrs. Thomas Collins, wife of a Pittsburgh lawyer, and a close friend of Mrs. Foster. Stephen was named for a son of Mrs. Collins who had died at the age of twelve years. It was this Mrs. Collins who

had presented Mrs. Foster with a "bound" girl, Olivia Pise, a mulatto, and the illegitimate daughter of a West Indies Frenchman who taught dancing to Pittsburgh Society. This mulatto girl often took Stephen with her to the colored church, and there, no doubt, some of the Negro hymns and melodies began to impress the mind and spirit of Foster.

Foster's Scotch-Irish ancestors had settled in Lancaster County early in the 18th century. His grandfather, James Foster, had been a soldier under Washington, and after the war settled near Canonsburg, Washington County. He was one of the original trustees of John McMillan's Academy, established in 1791. This was the famous Log College which afterwards became Jefferson College. Foster's father, William Barclay Foster, settled in Pittsburgh and was for a time a partner of Maj. Ebenezer Denny, Pittsburgh's first mayor, in the shipping business. In the War of 1812 he was a quartermaster in the United States Army when an urgent call came for supplies and munitions for Andrew Jackson's army at New Orleans, but with no money with which to purchase them. Foster himself purchased the munitions, loaded them on the steamboat, ENTERPRISE, the fourth steamboat in order of time on the western rivers, and sent the boat down the river under command of the famous riverman, Capt. Henry M. Shreve, after whom Shreveport, Louisiana, was named. The boat reached New Orleans January 5, 1815, and Captain Shreve was able to run by the British Batteries at Fort Philip and deliver the much-needed munitions to Jackson's army before the battle on January 8.

Stephen Foster's mother was a Miss Eliza Tomlinson of Wilmington, Delaware, whom Foster met at the home of her uncle, Oliver Evans in Philadelphia. Oliver Evans was America's first steam engine builder. As early as 1802 he had a stationary engine running in his mill. Eliza Foster was a woman of noble character and deep piety. Ofttimes, with her children gathered about her, she would address them on the meaning of life and the goodness of God, and at the end of her discourse would say to her children, "And

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now, my children, kneel down here around me and let us pray to our Heavenly Father." Among the other members of the Foster family were William, spoken of as the oldest brother, and who came to be the real supporter and head of the family. In reality, however, he was not a blood brother, but a relative of Stephen's father. He came to live with the family and was given the name of the fourth Foster child, William Barclay, who had died in 1815. This William Foster rose to be one of the vice presidents of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

In 1836 the Foster family moved to Allegheny, the father having been appointed the first collector for the recently completed Pennsylvania Canal. Three years later Stephen Foster went to Athens, Pennsylvania, where his brother, William, was employed. There for a brief time he was a student in the Athens Academy. His first musical composition, TIOGA WALTZ, written for flutes, was played at the Commencement of the institution. William Wallace Kingsbury, afterwards U. S. Senator from Minnesota, was one of Foster's schoolmates at Athens. He tells of their excursions and rambles through the country, and how Foster always wore fine stockings, which he would lightly throw away when they became wet or soiled.

In July, 1841, Foster entered Jefferson College, of which his grandfather had been one of the founders. His college career, however, lasted for just a few days. In a letter to his brother, William, Stephen said he had come to college at the wrong time, in the middle of the term, and that he got little attention from his instructors. He had become more and more disgusted with the place and complained, too, of spells of dizziness and bleeding from the nose. But back of all this it is plain that he was suffering from a case of old-fashioned homesickness. After leaving Jefferson College, Foster expressed a desire to enter the Naval Academy and become a midshipman, and a few years later his brother, Henry, then in the Land Office at Washington, wrote to Morrison Foster of his unsuccessful efforts to secure an appointment at West Point for Stephen. We wonder

what Foster's fate would have been had he been an officer in the Army or Navy.

In 1842 the Fosters were living in a two-family house on Allegheny Commons. The other half of the house was occupied by the family of a retired army officer, Captain Pentland. Stephen's first published song, OPEN THY LATTICE, LOVE, composed when he was sixteen, published two years later, was dedicated to Susan E. Pentland, and some think there was a youthful romance between these two children. In 1846 Stephen was keeping books for his brother, Dunning, in the Commission business in Cincinnati. The next year five songs were published which gave Foster wide recognition. Among these were some of his best-known songs, LOUISIANA BELL, O SUSANNA, and UNCLE NED. UNCLE NED is the first of the pathetic Negro songs that were to make Foster famous. The year after his return from Cincinnati, 1849, in a study fitted up in the top of the Allegheny house, Foster produced fourteen songs, the largest output of his life, except that of 1862-1863. Of these, CAMP TOWN RACES was the most popular.

In 1850 Foster married Jane Denny McDowell, daughter of Dr. Andrew N. McDowell, a well-known Pittsburgh physician, who attended Charles Dickens when he was taken ill in Pittsburgh on his first visit to America. There is not the slightest record concerning this romance. What we do know is that it was an unhappy marriage.

The first year of his married life Stephen wrote his most famous song, OLD FOLKS AT HOME, but best known today is, "AWAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANEE RIVER." The original copy of the song shows "Pedee" scored out, and "Suwanee" substituted. Morrison Foster relates how Stephen came to his office on the Monongahela River one day and asked him to give a two syllable name of a Southern river for use in a song. Morrison suggested "Yazoo," a Southern river, but this was rejected. Then they turned to an atlas, and searching a map, located the "Suwanee," a little river which rises in Georgia and flows



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across Florida into the Gulf of Mexico. "That's it exactly," exclaimed Stephen.

Mrs. Frank Todd, daughter of Pittsburgh's best-known musician in those days, Henry Kleber, and who brought the first grand piano over the mountains, related to me that it was her father who told Foster when he brought the copy of the famous song to his music store that "Pedee" would never do. She also related that Kleber made slight changes in some of the best-known songs of Foster, and that these changes gave them a melody that had been lacking.

In 1853 appeared one of Foster's three most famous songs, MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME. When Foster took a trip to New Orleans in 1852, on his brother Dunning's steamboat, THE JAMES MILLINGAR, with a number of Pittsburgh friends and relatives, Susan Pentland, afterwards Mrs. Robinson, was on the boat, and in her account of the trip relates that MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME was Federal Hill, the home of Judge John Rowan, a cousin of Foster's father and a U. S. Senator from Kentucky. It is difficult to verify this tradition, but there seems no good reason to doubt what Susan Pentland relates. At all events, thousands of Americans have paid a visit to that fine old home near Bardstown, Kentucky; have wandered under the huge cedars and locust trees, have looked on the piano on which the song was said to have been composed, and listened to a venerable white-haired Negro sing MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME to the accompaniment of his fiddle.

From 1853 to 1860 Foster lived at home, that is, his parents' home in Allegheny. His mother died in January, 1855. This was a severe blow for Foster, because of the mutual affection which existed between them. When he returned home from Cincinnati in 1849, arriving late at night, his mother had called down, "Is that you, Stevie?" When she went down to open the door, she found him sitting on the steps, weeping like a child because of the emotions stirred by his mother's voice.

In 1860 Foster went to New York to try his fortune. For a time he and his wife and their daughter, Marian, kept house; but later his wife and daughter returned to Pittsburgh and Foster lived at hotels and boarding houses. His musical production, which had subsided during his last years in Pittsburgh, now revived, and in this New York period he produced more songs than at any other time in his life. But none of these songs, according to the musical critics, is other than mediocre. Many of these songs Foster peddled around to the different music stores, taking anything he could get for them. In this period, too, he wrote twenty-nine songs for the Atheneum Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Church and Sunday School. These also were altogether undistinguished.

Foster's father had been one of the chief leaders in the temperance movement that had swept America in the first half century of the 19th century. Little could he have imagined that his own son was to become a victim of strong drink. The last years of Foster at New York are tragedy and sorrow. According to George W. Birdseye, in an article in *THE NEW YORK MUSICAL GAZETTE*, January and March, 1867, Foster made his headquarters in an old Dutch grocery with a saloon in the back room. There he would sit in this miserable den, and when the mood was on him would take out a piece of brown wrapping paper, sit down at a drinking table or bean box, and jot down the bars of a song that was running through his mind.

George Cooper, something of a poet and songwriter himself, and who collaborated with Foster in some of his songs, also speaks of the disreputable grocery and saloon on the corner of Hester and Christy Streets, and says that Foster's shabby appearance left the impression of a man who had lost the incentive of self respect. He was then living in a cheap lodging house at 15 Bowery, where he paid twenty-five cents a night. Cooper relates how he and Foster went around with the song, *WILLY HAS GONE TO THE WAR*, the snow falling drearily, and Foster's shoes with holes in them, and no overcoat on his back. At Wood's

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Music Hall on Broadway, the proprietor, standing in the lobby, hailed them as they were passing with, "What have you got there, Steve?" When he showed him the song, Wood bought it for ten dollars.

Early one winter day Cooper got a message that his friend Foster had met with an accident. "I dressed hurriedly and went to 15 Bowery, the old lodging house where Stephen lived, and found him lying on the floor in the hall, blood oozing from a cut in his throat and with a bad bruise on his forehead. Steve never wore any nightclothes, and he lay there on the floor naked, and suffering horribly. He had wonderful big brown eyes, and they looked up at me with an appeal I can never forget. He whispered, 'I'm done for!'" When the doctor who had been summoned began to sew up the gash in his throat, Cooper was horrified that he was using black thread, and asked him if he didn't have white. He was taken to the Bellevue Hospital, where he died the next day. His wife and his brother, Morrison, arrived the day after and took the body back to Pittsburg, where the funeral services were conducted at Trinity Church. The music was in charge of Foster's old friend and tutor, Henry Kleber, who sang to the music of the Oratorio, JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN, Pope's lines from THE DYING CHRISTIAN AND HIS SOUL,

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O quit, this mortal frame."

On every January 21, the date of Foster's funeral, the chimes of Trinity Church sound out over the toiling, moiling, smoky city the sweet melody of his songs.

When Foster died at Bellevue Hospital January 13, 1864, the hospital authorities made the following inventory of his personal possessions:

"Ward 11, Stephen Foster, died January 13. Coat, pants, vest, hat, shoes, overcoat, January 10, 1864."

That was all Foster left behind him in the way of worldly goods and possessions. But his melodies still echo around the world.

*WHERE THE RIVERS MEET*

Seventy-six years after Foster died in the New York charity hospital, his bust was erected in the circular stone colonnade back of New York University, which we call the Hall of Fame. Underneath his bust are the bars and first line of **WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANEE RIVER**. Among the seventy-three famous Americans whose busts stand in the Hall of Fame, Foster lived the shortest life, only thirty-eight years. But as long as the heart has passions, as long as life has woes, as long as man yearns after a happiness which eludes him in this life, Foster's **OLD BLACK JOE**, **MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME**, and **WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANEE RIVER** will echo round the world with the pathos of human sorrow and human hope.

## QUAY, THE NAPOLEON OF POLITICS

IT IS A SINGULAR FACT that Western Pennsylvania, settled and dominated by the politically minded Scotch-Irish, has produced so few nationally known figures on the arena of American politics. Only two achieved the highest distinction, James G. Blaine and Matthew Stanley Quay. Of these, Blaine was born in Western Pennsylvania, but rose to national fame in his adopted state of Maine, and Quay was born in York County, but rose to power in Western Pennsylvania. In his numerous campaigns for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and in his one celebrated campaign as the Republican nominee, in 1884, when he was defeated by Grover Cleveland, Blaine was always "Blaine of Maine." Probably very few during those exciting years knew that Blaine was born at Brownsville on the Monongahela River, or that he had been educated at Washington, now Washington and Jefferson, College.

In his day, Matthew Stanley Quay was frequently spoken of as "The Napoleon of Politics." None ever had better claim to that high title. Thomas Platt of New York, himself one of the most astute and powerful political leaders, declared that Quay was "the ablest politician the country has ever produced." Here, indeed, was a singular thing, and the secret of it has never been revealed. Here was a man described by his friend and defender and distant relative, the high minded, and literary minded, Governor of Pennsylvania, Samuel W. Pennypacker, as one who was short of stature, of unimposing presence, with a poor voice, and an impaired muscle of the eye which permitted one of his eyelids to droop and gave him a half-languid, half-cynical appearance; of such poor health that twenty years before his death he was refused insurance; a man who never

cared for money and never had great revenues to dispose of, and yet one who exerted a profound influence over other men. From the time that he made Benjamin Harrison President of the United States, in the campaign of 1888, and delivered the country out of the hands of the Democrats, until his death in 1904, no Republican candidate could have been elected President without his approval or support.

Like so many noted men in our history and political life, such as Henry Clay, Grover Cleveland, and Woodrow Wilson, Quay was the son of a minister. He was born in the hamlet of Dillsburg, York County, Pa., September 30, 1835, where his father, Anderson Beaton Quay, was the minister of the Presbyterian Church. Of Scotch-Irish ancestry, Quay's forebears had been in America since the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. Some representative of the Quay family has fought in practically every war in which the United States has been engaged.

When Quay was seven years of age his family moved to Beaver, Pa., where his father became the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. In those days Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, Pa., was the most famed school of learning west of the Allegheny Mountains. To that college Quay was sent by his father, and there he was graduated at the age of seventeen. After leaving college, he drifted about from one occupation to another. For a time he taught school, and then studied law with the firm of Penney & Sterret at Pittsburgh, and in 1854, at the age of twenty-two was admitted to the Bar. The next year he was married to Agnes Barclay of Beaver.

In 1856 Quay was elected to his first public office, that of Prothonotary of Beaver County. Prothonotary is the somewhat high-sounding title given to the Clerk of Court in some of our Pennsylvania counties. Quay played an active part in the campaign for the election of Andrew G. Curtin as Governor of Pennsylvania in 1860. One of Quay's sons was named after that famous War Governor. When the Civil War broke out, Quay served as Assistant Commis-

sary General of the State, and also as Military Secretary to Governor Curtin. In August, 1862, Quay was appointed Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Pennsylvania Infantry. He played a gallant part in the bloody disaster at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. For his services there he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. Shortly before the Battle of Fredericksburg, Quay had resigned from the Colonelcy of his regiment. The resignation had been accepted, and Quay was lying on a bed of sickness when word came of the impending battle. Arising from his bed, Quay hastened to re-join the army on the Rappahannock and fought as a volunteer aid in that dreadful struggle. On December 10, just two days before the battle, Quay wrote to the Colonel of his old regiment: "My resignation has just been returned accepted. The army moves on the rebel lines tonight, unless orders are countermanded. There will probably be a bloody struggle and I will stay to see it through. Unless knocked on the head, I will be with you on Friday or Saturday. Respectfully and truly yours, M. S. Quay."

After he left the army, Quay was in succession, Military State Agent for Pennsylvania at Washington, Chief of Transportation and Telegraph for Pennsylvania, and Military Secretary to Governor Curtin. In 1865, before the end of the war, he was elected as a member of the State Legislature. In his term in the Legislature he was the leader in the enactment of legislation which freed real estate from state taxes and made the corporations bear their share of the burdens. After he left the Legislature he edited the BEAVER RADICAL, which he published as a political organ. In 1872 he became Secretary of the Commonwealth, and six years later the Legislature created for him the office of Recorder in Philadelphia, the best-paying office in the state. At this time he was also made Chairman of the Republican State Committee. He failed in his attempts to gain control of the Philadelphia political machine, and resigning the office of Recorder, again became the Secretary of the Commonwealth until 1882.

In 1885 there had been a scandal in the State Treasurer's Office, and Quay's enemies charged that he was implicated in the scandal. In order to vindicate himself and clear his name, Quay ran for State Treasurer, and was elected to that office by a large majority. From that year until his death in 1904 Quay was absolute master of Pennsylvania politics. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1887, serving until 1899. The Pennsylvania Legislature failed to elect a successor and Governor Stone appointed Quay to fill the vacancy. The Senate by resolution declared that he was not entitled to the seat. Mark Hanna, whom Quay had introduced to national politics, was said to have cast the deciding vote in the Senate. This, no doubt, was the cause of the cleavage in their relationships. At the Republican Convention in Philadelphia in 1900, Quay, with Platt, opposed Hanna for the vice-presidential nomination, and forced it upon Theodore Roosevelt, perhaps hoping in that way to be rid of him. He was re-elected, however, by the Legislature in 1901, and served until his death at Beaver, on May 28, 1904.

One of Quay's greatest battles and greatest victories was what was known as his fight against the "hog combine" in the administration of Governor Hastings. The "hog combine" was a coalition of the bosses of Philadelphia and the bosses of Pittsburgh to defeat Quay. The fight centered around the choice for a Chairman of the Republican State Committee. The battle was won by Quay.

During the long period from the time that Quay was elected State Treasurer in 1885 until his death in 1904, every conceivable effort was made by his opponents and his enemies to break his power. The Republican machines of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia united their forces in vain against him. Disseminated slander and scandal seemed to add to his power, rather than hurt him. Money and vested interests could not unseat him. In 1899 John Wanamaker, America's wealthy and most famous merchant, made a campaign against Quay and endeavored to secure the Senatorship.



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It was in this fight with Wanamaker that a phrase from one of Quay's Florida letters was made public by his enemies. He spoke of "shaking the plum tree," by which he meant, of course, securing desirable places for those who remained faithful to him.

Wanamaker's attempt to overthrow Quay, like all others, met with failure.

Commenting on that campaign against Quay, and answering an anonymous attack on Pennsylvania in *THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY*, Governor Pennypacker wrote:

"It was proposed, and the proposition was supported by some well-meaning persons, that the highest representative office in that State where the Declaration of Independence was adopted, the Constitution of the United States was framed, and the battle of Gettysburg was won, should be handed over to an enterprising and successful merchant, not because of training in statecraft and public service, but as a reward for commercial prosperity, like a bale of cotton goods, to be secured in the market for a consideration. The attempt was made in the wrong state, among the wrong people, and it failed."

Quay's power lay in his influence over men and in the fact that he retained to the end the confidence of the common people. It was said of Benjamin Harrison that if he were to address an audience of ten thousand men he would capture them all; but if he met each one of them in private, he would make them his enemy. Quay made men his friends and bound them to him with unbreakable ties.

In 1901 Quay's candidate, Judge Samuel W. Pennypacker, was nominated for the Governorship over the Attorney General, John P. Elkin, of Philadelphia, backed by Israel W. Durham, the Philadelphia boss. During this struggle, Senator Quay met Elkin in the corridor of the Capitol.

"Why, Senator," said Elkin, "I cannot understand why you are not for me. You taught me all the politics I ever knew."

"That's true, John," replied Quay, "but I didn't teach you all I know."

It was widely known that Quay was a man of sentiment and affection, and, in his personal relationships, had a tender heart. His sons, even when grown to manhood, gave him a parting kiss when they retired at night. Two years before his death, Quay learned that his grandmother, who had died three-quarters of a century before in Ohio, and was buried there, had expressed a dying wish that she be buried among her kin in Chester County, Pa. In accordance with that wish, he had her dust transported to Chester County and deposited in the family graveyard.

Once in the Canadian woods, John Scott, a well-known Philadelphia lawyer, was asked by his Indian guide:

"Do you know Senator Cu-ay?"

"Yes, I know Senator Quay."

"He is one of our tribe," said the Indian with a smile.

"Does he take any interest in your affairs?" said Scott.

"Yes," answered the guide. "When our Catholic church burned down we wrote to him and he sent us five thousand dollars. He is a good man."

Quay was always a firm friend of the Indians and their chief defender in Congress.

In the years before Quay was admitted to the Bar he spent some time in Mississippi, and, almost penniless, had been shown great kindness by a family of that state. The father of the family entered the Confederate Army and was killed in battle, and the family was left in distress. Years afterward they appealed to Quay for assistance. After the election of President McKinley, Quay went to him and said:

"Mr. President, there is one thing I would like to have."

"What is it?" said McKinley.

"I want to name the postmaster in the town of Meridian, Mississippi."

Surprised that Quay had asked so little, the President said he would be glad to make the appointment. But when

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he found the politicians of that State had another candidate for the postmastership, McKinley sent for Quay and said to him:

"I am sorry, but the situation is such that I cannot give you the post office at Meridian."

"Very well," said Quay in his quiet manner. "But be good enough to remember how many votes Pennsylvania has, and how few has Mississippi."

The old soldier's widow was promptly appointed post-mistress of Meridian by McKinley. This incident was related to Governor Pennypacker when he was at Vicksburg to dedicate the monument commemorating the Pennsylvania soldiers who fought in that campaign.

Quay had a vein of superstition in him. He was once walking near his Florida home, St. Lucie, with his friend, F. W. Fleitz, Deputy Attorney General of Pennsylvania, when a rattlesnake coiled itself by the roadside. Fleitz picked up a stone to throw at it. Quay checked him and told him never to strike a snake. "Years ago," he said, "the Seminoles and the rattlesnakes, after long hostilities, had made a treaty of peace. No Seminole now will ever strike a rattlesnake, and no snake since has ever bitten a Seminole. I never strike a snake, and don't you do it."

Talking once in a confidential mood with Governor Pennypacker, Quay came to the subject of ghosts, and said:

"Lately I was sitting in my library, and out of the darkness a woman in white loomed up before me. I knew right well who she was and what she wanted."

Pennypacker would fain have pursued the subject further, but considered it too delicate, and waited in vain for Quay to say more.

Quay's godly heritage and his training in the manse of a Presbyterian minister exercised a profound influence upon his personal and public life. It was he who wrote the charter for the town of Beaver which forever prohibits the selling of liquor. The so-called Pennsylvania "Blue Laws,"

safe-guarding the Sabbath, could never be touched as long as Quay was in power; and when the Christian sentiment of the country was aroused at the proposal to open the gates of the World's Fair at Chicago on the Lord's Day in 1895, it was the influence of Quay which secured Federal action which kept the gates closed on the Sabbath.

Quay was one of the few erudite men in the United States Senate. He had one of the largest private libraries in America. He and Henry Cabot Lodge were the only two Senators who subscribed for Brown's *GENESIS OF THE UNITED STATES*. He could discuss Italian literature with Theodore Roosevelt and write a letter in Latin to his friend and defender, Governor Pennypacker.

Theodore Roosevelt had a high opinion of Senator Quay. Shortly after he succeeded McKinley at the White House, Quay called on him and told him he thought that most men who claimed to be reformers were hypocrites, but that he deemed him sincere, and that he would do what he could to make his administration a success. Roosevelt thought the part he had played in the Spanish War commended him to Senator Quay, who had taken so gallant a part in the Civil War.

On one occasion Quay, always the faithful friend of the Indians, brought in a delegation of Iroquois from Canada to call at the White House. These Iroquois were descendants of the Six Nations who had fled to Canada after their towns had been laid waste in the Revolutionary War. Now, a century and a quarter later, the Iroquois felt that they would like to return to the United States, and had come to Washington with the hope that the President would give them land upon which they could settle. Like all Indian delegations, they had gone first to call on Senator Quay, who was looked to by all Indians as their chief friend. Before taking them to the White House, Quay tried to explain to them that their case was hopeless. At the close of the interview with the President, solemnly conducted with Wampum and Calumet, the Indians filed out. As they did

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so, Quay turned to Roosevelt and said, "Goodbye, Mr. President. This reminds one of the Flight of a Tartar Tribe, doesn't it?" Roosevelt replied, "So you're fond of De Quincey, Senator?" To this Quay responded, "Yes; always liked De Quincey. Goodbye."

In his Autobiography Roosevelt speaks of Quay as an exceptionally well-read man and how it was through Quay that he became acquainted with the Finnish writer, Topelius.

It was characteristic of Senator Quay that his last personal and political effort in Washington was on behalf of the Indians. In the spring of 1904, when Quay lay mortally ill at Washington, he sent word to Roosevelt that he had something important to say to him, and that he would have himself carried around to the White House. The President sent back word that Quay must not think of doing this, and that on his way home from church the next Sunday he would stop at his house and call on him. When he stopped to see him on the next Sunday, he found Quay in his bed with the mark of death upon him. Quay thanked him for coming, and then told him that he was about to leave Washington and would never return, as he was sure that death was not far off. His purpose in wanting to see the President was to get from him a promise that he would look after the interests of the Delaware Indians. He said he had no confidence in the Department of the Interior and that he did not expect any of his colleagues in the Senate would exert themselves on their behalf, and wanted the President's personal assurance that he would see that they received justice. The President gave him his promise and then added, in a somewhat perfunctory manner, that the Senator must not take so gloomy a view of his condition, and expressed the hope that after the summer's rest he would be able to return again in the fall when Congress opened. "At that," says Roosevelt, "a gleam came into the old fighter's eye, and he answered: 'No, I am dying, and you know it. I don't mind dying; but I do wish it were possible for me to get off into the great North Woods and crawl out on a rock in the sun and die like a wolf.'"

Roosevelt never saw him again.

This quiet man, who was never imperative, never gave orders, yet moulded men to his will, had wide sympathies and the crowning virtue of magnanimity. In what was his farewell address at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia in 1901, when he announced that his political race was run, he said:

"I have many friends to remember. I have no enemies to punish."

Despite his high achievements and his great influence on public life, there is no doubt that Quay felt a certain sadness that the public thought of him was as a political boss, rather than a great statesman. Shortly before his death he was visited by Senator Albert Beveridge of Indiana. Beveridge, who said that Quay had the finest head that he had ever seen, and that he would have been a notable author had he turned his energies to the field of letters, spoke "of his astonishing intellectuality." He says of Quay:

"He was the only man I ever knew who in lightning rapidity of thought, accuracy of decision, fruitfulness of imagination, and other like qualities, deserved to be called by that misused word, genius."

Quay and Beveridge, the veteran and the youth, had differed sharply over certain measures before the Senate; but Beveridge always paid respect to Quay's ability and brilliancy. Quay, frail and haggard, was sitting by the window, looking out. When Beveridge rose to leave him, Quay said, "I shall be dead in a few months, and the papers will say, 'Matt Quay, Boss, is dead.' Had I lived my life differently, they would say, 'Death of Matthew Stanley Quay, Statesman.' Take warning by me, young man." Then, taking up a copy of Du Maurier's PETER IBBETSON, he wrote on the fly leaf the enigmatic words, "Dream true," and gave it to Beveridge as a parting gift.

# "AND THE WATERS PREVAILED"

## JOHNSTOWN

**T**O THE HILLS, for God's sake! To the hills for your life!"

That was the cry that the astonished inhabitants of the farms and towns of the Conemaugh Valley heard on Friday afternoon, May 31, 1889, as Daniel Peyton galloped down the pike, the sparks flying from the hoofs of his big bay horse. Some took his warning seriously and fled to the hills; others thought he was crazy and gave no heed. Many more said to themselves, "We have heard rumors often before that the dam might burst, but it has never burst. Here is just another cry of 'Wolf! Wolf!'" But the sound of the horse's flying hoofs had scarcely died away in their hearing before they heard another sound, the dreadful rumble and roar of the flood. In another moment the wall of waters, fifty feet high, was upon them and the Pale Horse with Death on his back was tramping them under foot.

What impresses one who visits the ruins of the great dam which gave way on the May day in 1889 and drowned thousands of people in and about Johnstown is the vastness of the breast or wall of the dam. The central portion of the wall of the dam was swept away at the time of the flood, but enough of the wall is still standing to let one see that here was an ideal setting for a mighty flood. What is left of the breast of the dam makes one think of the Chinese Wall, for it was so wide that the Pittsburgh sportsmen who had their fishing club at the dam used to drive their carriages across the top of the wall.

Twenty miles up from Johnstown by the Conemaugh Creek, but a much shorter distance by the highway, was

Conemaugh Lake. This lake, originally a natural lake, was the storage reservoir for the eastern section of the Pennsylvania Canal. On the eastern slope of the Alleghenies was a similar reservoir near Holidaysburg. The canal boats were taken over the mountains by the Portage Railroad, one of the first railroads to operate in Pennsylvania. When the Pennsylvania Railroad was extended to Pittsburgh in 1852, the Pennsylvania Canal was doomed. In 1859 the Railroad Company secured the grant of the Canal from the State, and Conemaugh Lake, which had been enlarged as a reservoir for the canal, fell into disuse, except for boating and fishing parties.

The dam had been well constructed, according to the standards of that day, and had been fitted with waste gates at the bottom of the dam wall. It was never intended that water should be permitted to flow over the top of the dam, as such a flow would certainly undermine it. A few years before the flood a group of Pittsburgh business and sporting men leased the lake from the Pennsylvania Railroad and organized the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club. For their purposes they enlarged the lake and strengthened the dam. The breast of the dam was one hundred feet in height and nine hundred feet from shore to shore. This increased the size of the lake so that it was now three miles in length and a mile and a quarter in width.

From time to time there were complaints made about this dam, with its towering one-hundred-foot high wall, and there were discussions as to the possibility of a break. One man who owned mines in the vicinity had his own engineer inspect the dam, and after he had received his engineer's report, told the sheriff of Cambria County that he ought to apply to the court for an injunction against the owners of the lake. Before making application for the injunction, the sheriff conferred with the Cambria Iron Works, who sent one of their men up to the dam to make an investigation. As his report was favorable, the sheriff took no further action.



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It seems fairly well established that the waste gates at the bottom of the wall had not been operated for many years. This was only natural as the lake was now stocked with fish. Some years before the flood, when the dam was being enlarged, and Johnstown residents expressed their anxiety about it, three capable engineers, one from the Cambria Iron Works, one sent by Superintendent Pitcairn of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and another chosen by the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, made a careful examination and pronounced the structure perfectly safe. When it was found later that in times of flood the waste gates were not carrying off the surplus water, a sluice way was cut through the rock near the mouth of the lake.

The dam itself was formed by the little ten-foot-wide stream known as the South Fork. Four miles below the dam the South Fork empties into the Conemaugh. The elevation of the dam above the Johnstown level was five hundred feet. The valleys through which the South Fork and the Conemaugh flow are quite narrow and the descent to the Johnstown level rapid. Thus it will be seen that all the conditions were present for a dangerous flood: a lake three miles in length by a mile and a half in breadth; a great wall for the dam three hundred and eighty feet through at the bottom and tapering down to thirty-five feet at the top, and towering up above the outlet one hundred feet; pressing against that wall sixteen million tons of water; and below the dam, narrow valleys through which the mountain streams flowed toward the Allegheny and the Ohio.

John G. Park, of Philadelphia, a civil engineer, nephew of the noted Civil War general of that name, had been at the dam for sometime, superintending improvements in the drainage system. Friday morning, May 31st, he realized that there was danger and did all he could to prevent the catastrophe. At noon he realized that nothing could stop the dam from going out, and mounting his horse rode down the valley to South Fork station, where he had a warning telegraphed to Johnstown an hour before the flood came. Most of the people at Conemaugh escaped, but Johnstown seems

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to have paid little attention to the warnings it had received. A Pittsburgh lumber merchant related how shortly after he reached Johnstown on a business trip he saw a crowd of people reading a bulletin in front of the telegraph office, saying it was feared the dam would give way. The people in general, he said, paid little attention to the warning; but he hurried to the station and caught the last westward train.

The dam went out at three o'clock in the afternoon. For some time the water had been passing over the top, and this flow began to disintegrate and undermine the front wall of the dam. As the wall of the dam started to give way, the stones in the face of it began to sink because of the undermining, and soon a gap was made. The first warning that people had was the tornado-like roar of the water as it burst out of the lake and started on its course of devastation and annihilation. To spectators the water seemed to leap over the ground as it bounded down the valley. Those who witnessed the first deluge of waters saw what seemed to be a cloud of dust, undoubtedly the spray. Then came the avalanche of the water. Like a malignant demon, the flood picked up houses, horses, cattle, huge boulders, giant trees, locomotive engines and railroad cars, and using them as battering rams, smashed and crashed its way the twenty miles to Johnstown, destroying en route South Fork, Conemaugh, Mineral Point, and Woodvale. As a conquering army executes flank and turning movements and sends out divisions of the main army for that purpose, so, wherever there was a little valley with its creek joining the main bed of the Conemaugh, the flood sent a division of its host up those valleys, sweeping them clean as with a besom of destruction.

The much-sung hero of the flood was Daniel Peyton, a well-to-do young man of Johnstown who happened to be at Conemaugh when he heard of the message that Park had telegraphed from South Fork. He sprang immediately on the back of his bay horse and galloped down the pike,

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warning all within the sound of his voice, and with the flood roaring close behind him. Near the railroad bridge between Conemaugh and Johnstown, the flood overtook him, and horse, rider, and bridge all sank into the abyss together.

Just below Johnstown the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses the Conemaugh where the two streams, the Conemaugh, flowing from the northwest, and the Stony Creek, flowing from the southeast, converge. Mighty though the flood was, the stone railroad bridge stood firm, and a mass of wreckage, houses, barns, rocks, trees, railroad cars, horses, cattle, and humans, immediately began to pile up against the bridge in a barrier that formed a vast dam. This drove the raging waters like a Niagara whirlpool back over Johnstown. It was this blockade at the bridge which accounted for much of the destruction of property and life. Terrible scenes were enacted at the bridge when the wreckage caught fire, and those twin and terrible destroyers, fire and flood, joined their forces. The victims were swept into the maelstrom at the railroad bridge and hundreds of them were burned to death, while thousands stood in horror, watching the holocaust from the hillside. In front of the bridge, rising above it to the distance of fifteen feet, was a mass of burning wreckage which covered sixty acres.

The estimated speed of the flood as it swept down the narrow valley towards Johnstown was forty miles an hour. Long before the dam broke, parts of Johnstown were flooded, as they had been many times before, and the people were not greatly alarmed. But as the waters continued to rise, they retreated to the second story, and then to the attic, and, last of all to the roof, where they clung in terror, hoping in vain that the foundations of the house would stand firm. As the houses gave way, many of those who clung to the roof were submerged beneath the flood, and others, clinging to the roof, were swept to terrible death in the inferno at the railroad bridge.

The two sections of the day express of the Pennsylvania Railroad, east bound from Pittsburgh, were held up for an hour in Johnstown while the passengers amused themselves watching the logs and driftwood shoot down the Conemaugh. From Johnstown the trains went on eastward to Conemaugh, two miles beyond. After lying there for some time, they were moved to the highest tracks and placed side by side. The passengers discussed the rumors that the big dam might break, but there was no particular alarm. One man, unwell, had the porter make up his berth and went to bed. Presently there came the cry that the flood was sweeping down upon them, and the passengers fled in terror from the trains to the hills above them. The roundhouse with eighteen locomotives was swept away. The second section of the train, which stood on higher ground, was unscathed by the flood, but the first section and the mail train were carried away.

A later train from Pittsburgh arrived at Snag Hollow on the Conemaugh, some distance west of Johnstown, about four o'clock. The train was just pulling out from Snag Hollow for Johnstown when the engineer heard the roar of the flood and saw the wall of water sweeping down the river. He at once reversed his engine and got back to the high ground just as the flood went roaring by. The Superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division, Robert Pitcairn, was on the train. The crew and passengers all alighted from the train and, taking the bell cord of the cars, formed a life line which they threw out to the people who were being swept down the river. In this way they managed to save a number of lives.

A freight train was lying in the yards at South Fork when the dam gave way. The fireman and flagman were on the engine and the engineer and conductor were in the signal tower awaiting orders. The two brakemen were asleep in the caboose. The men in the tower heard the roar of the flood and rushed back to the engine, shouting as they did so to the sleeping brakemen. But they were past saving; and the engineer, cutting his engine loose, pulled the

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throttle wide open and started down the valley. If they could only get across the bridge below them, near Cone-maugh, they would be safe. But when they reached the bridge there was a freight train ahead of them, but not quite over the bridge. The engineer reversed the engine and succeeded in checking its speed, so that before it struck the rear of the other train they were able to jump from the engine and race for the hills. Just as they leaped from the engine and gained safety, the bridge and the locomotive were swept away like cardboard.

There were many moving and heart-rending scenes which it would have taken the brush of a Dore, that master painter of Noah's flood, to depict. Whole families, gathered together on the roofs of their houses, started down the foaming waters, but by the time they reached Johnstown and the fatal bridge, only one, and sometimes none, was left. Men, women, and little children, caught in the wreckage, their limbs broken and their bodies pierced, cried piteously, but in vain, for help to the horror-stricken people on the hill-sides who watched them as they were sweeping down to death. One girl on a raft was heard singing in a clear and beautiful voice Charles Wesley's appropriate hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly;  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high."

Dead mothers were cast up on the banks, clasping dead babes in their arms. Two men were seen on a raft with a little girl kneeling between them, her hands uplifted in prayer. Strong swimmers, almost at a place of safety and out of the clutches of the flood, were suddenly struck and knocked unconscious by a floating log. At Verona, a town on the Allegheny River, far below Johnstown, a man took his boat and rowed out to a mass of wreckage which he saw floating by. Held in the very center of the driftwood was a cradle covered with a cloth. He removed the covering,

and, lo, in the cradle lay a crooning five-month-old babe. The babe, unhurt, and as happy in his floating cradle as he would have been at home, unlike Moses, who wept when Pharaoh's daughter lifted him from his ark of bulrushes in the Nile, smiled pleasantly upon his rescuer.

When the angry waters had abated, then came the search for the dead and the removal of the bodies. Counting the bodies recovered, 2,009 perished in the flood; but no doubt there were many more who were drowned and whose bodies were never recovered. School houses and churches still standing and the railroad station were converted into morgues. There came the broken hearted to search for and identify their dead. The First Presbyterian Church, a large brick building in the heart of the city, withstood the flood. A great number of people gathered in the church while the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Beale, with the flood raging and roaring about the church, and the basement filled with water up to the ceiling, wrestled with God in prayer. When the church was turned into a morgue the bodies were placed across the ends of the pews, near the aisles, so that the searchers for their kin could pass down the aisles and identify the dead. Many were so mangled and broken that identification was impossible.

As in every great outburst of natural forces, the flood played strange freaks. The Sunday school basement rooms of the Presbyterian Church were littered with playing cards! A dissertation upon infant baptism and two volumes of a history of the Crusades were found in a baby's cradle! Sad notices such as these were nailed up on walls and fences near the morgue:

"A boy about ten years old; found with a little girl of near the same age. Boy had hold of girl's hand. Both light haired and fair complexion. Girl had long curls. Boy had on dark clothes, and girl had gingham dress."

The Pennsylvania National Guard, under command of Adj. General D. H. Hastings, who happened to be in the

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## "AND THE WATERS PREVAILED"

vicinity of Johnstown at the time of the flood, soon appeared to establish order and suppress the looters, human hyenas who always come forth after such a disaster. The news of the terrible disaster awakened a chord of sympathy which resounded throughout the nation and throughout the world. President Benjamin Harrison, just two months in the White House, presided at a public meeting in Washington, and clothing and money began to pour in from every direction, from all classes of people and all kinds of institutions. The London Stock Exchange cabled five thousand dollars and Queen Victoria sent a message of sympathy. Within a week more than half a million was contributed by New York City alone. Clara Barton, then at the head of the Red Cross Society, pitched her tents on high ground in Johnstown and organized the work of relief. Experienced dynamiters blasted the wreckage that had been piled up against the Pennsylvania Railroad Bridge, and the rivers began to flow free again. Fortunately, the weather was quite cool, unseasonably so; otherwise, the quick corruption of the corpses would have added pestilence to fire and flood.

For some days Johnstown was isolated. The first contacts were made by a branch road of the Baltimore & Ohio. At the same time as the Johnstown flood there were heavy floods all over Pennsylvania and traffic westward on the Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia was frequently interrupted. The correspondent of THE NEW YORK SUN traveled by way of the New York Central to Buffalo and thence to Pittsburgh by the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie. Unable to get further by the Pennsylvania Railroad, he managed to secure a special train on the Baltimore & Ohio. But to get to Johnstown he had to go eastward on the main B. & O. Line as far as Rockwood Junction, almost a hundred miles from Pittsburgh, where the branch line runs to Johnstown. This special train left Pittsburgh at 9:15 in the morning and reached Johnstown at 2 o'clock in the afternoon—a remarkable run, considering the distance traversed and the oftentimes flooded tracks.

Dr. Victor Heiser, author of the best seller of a few years ago, *AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY*, was a boy of sixteen at the time of the flood. His father's house stood on Washington Street. In the early afternoon the water from the two streams had flooded a good part of Johnstown, but not more seriously than in previous years. Heiser's father asked Victor to go out to the stable and loose the two fine horses which were tied in their stalls. The water between the house and the stable was then two feet deep. He had loosed the horses, and was about to go back to the house when he heard a dreadful roar and a succession of tremendous crashes. As he stood bewildered and frightened in the door of the stable, he saw his father at the upper window of the house, frantically motioning him toward the top of the barn. In a few seconds he was up on the ridge of the roof. The flood did not look to him like water, but more like a mass of houses, freight cars, trees, and animals. In a moment this wall struck his home broadside and it collapsed like an egg shell before his eyes. Wondering how long it would take him to get to the other world, and in the second before the wreckage hit the barn, he took out his watch and saw that it was exactly 4:20 o'clock.

Instead of being shattered like the house, the barn was torn from its foundations and began to roll over like a barrel. As it rolled the lad kept scrambling and crawling and managed to keep on top. In a few seconds the stable crashed into the house of a neighbor. As it did so he leaped into the air and landed on the roof of the house; but was no sooner lodged there when the house collapsed under him. Fortunately, another rose up beside him, and laying hold of the eaves, he was able to cling desperately to it for a few minutes. He said that for years afterward, in recurring dreams, he lived over the dreadful experience of those few minutes when he was hanging on to the eaves of the house, his fingernails dug deep into the shingles.

At length his strength failed him and he dropped into space. This time he landed on a part of the barn again and managed to get once more on the ridge, where he lay



*"AND THE WATERS PREVAILED"*

stretched out on his belly as the barn drove down the abyss. Farther along, the barn was catapulted into a jam of wreckage which was piled up between a stone church and a brick building. As girders and trees and beams came roaring down the stream, he managed to jump into the air and thus avoided their death blows. Then he saw a freight car rearing up over his head and thought he was gone. But just at that moment the building against which the top of the barn had lodged gave way, and like a bullet from a gun his raft shot out into more open waters. As he was swept along he saw his neighbor, Mrs. Fenn, desperately striving to keep on top of a rolling flour barrel. As the roof of another neighbor, Dr. Lee, went sweeping by, the lad saw the doctor's Negro hostler, stark naked on the roof, his hands raised to heaven, and shouting aloud, "Lawd, ha' mercy on dis pore cold nigger!"

At length his raft struck the mass of wreckage jammed up against the stone railroad bridge, and he leaped to the top of a brick building which was still on its foundations. With the others on the roof he reached out a hand or a pole to haul in those who were sweeping by, until nineteen were gathered on top of this still standing house. Rain was pouring in torrents, and they opened the skylight and got down into the attic, where they spent a night of terror, listening to the crash of buildings all about them and the surge of the angry waters against the house. When he leaped from the brick building he took out his watch again and it was not yet 4:30! "Three thousand human beings had been wiped out in less than ten minutes."

When morning dawned over the terrible scene he was able to make his way over the wreckage to safety on the shore. Then began the search for his father and mother. The body of his mother was found, but that of his father was never identified with certainty. He says, "I was alone in the world." A chest, however, which had stood in the upper hall of his home, he found on one of the piles of wreckage. In it were his father's Civil War uniform, a collection of flat silver, and his mother's Bible.

When the flood struck Johnstown, a young Welshman, Griffith Williams, employed at the Cambria Iron Works, took refuge in the attic of a neighbor's house. With him were his three children and his wife, awaiting confinement. The house was soon swept from its foundations and went rushing down the flood, tossing them about in their narrow quarters in the attic as it collided with other houses until it was caught in the debris near the railroad bridge and torn completely in two. At three o'clock in the morning, in the darkness of their attic refuge, to the accompaniment of the screams of drowning men and women and the noise of many waters, the babe was born. Both mother and babe survived.

Thus always it has been, and so it shall be to the end. Life is stronger than death. Floods, explosions, wars, famines, and pestilences; but invincible life always triumphs over death.

(Serious doubts have been raised as to the story of Daniel Peyton and his famous ride. History, topography, and mathematics all seem to be against it. Careful historians of the flood have been unable to establish that such a person as Daniel Peyton ever existed. For many miles along the gorge through which the flood roared there was no highway along which a horseman could have galloped. But even had there been such a road, and supposing that Peyton had been able to see the flood coming, even as far off as ten miles, or in some other way had got word that the dam had broken, still, had he been mounted on the fastest race horse, the flood, roaring down the gorge at the speed of forty miles an hour, would have overtaken him and overwhelmed him in a few minutes.—Author's Note.)

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