RIGHT HERE IN PITTSBURGH

OTHER BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR

LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR
LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET
NOT FAR FROM PITTSBURGH

Right Here in Pittsburgh

CLARENCE EDWARD MACARTNEY, LITT.D

Author of

NOT FAR FROM PITTSBURGH, ETC.

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FOREWORD

The kindly reception given my *Not Far from Pittsburgh* has suggested this natural sequel, RIGHT HERE IN PITTSBURGH. With perhaps a few exceptions, the most stirring incidents and the most engaging personalities in the history of Pittsburgh are sketched in these pages.

Slowly but surely, writers of history are escaping from the bondage of convention, and the idea that history must be heavy, dull and much documented. Of this emancipation, the recent notable achievement of American scholars, the Dictionary of American Biography, is a striking example. The authors of the various articles have even dared to embellish and illuminate their accounts with anecdotes and conversations.

If these pages shall make Pittsburgh's history more familiar and more interesting to its citizens, I shall have been well repaid.

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RIGHT HERE IN PITTSBURGH

I

THE POINT UNDER THREE FLAGS

A NOVEMBER day in 1753. The heavy forests which then covered the hills still display some of the golden colors of the autumn. On a jutting promontory where the Allegheny and the Monongahela mingle their waters stands a tall young man, twenty-one years of age, clad in buckskin, and with him a veteran trapper and guide of the western wilderness. The young man views with practiced eye the hills on either side of the river, and the elevation above the river of the point of land on which he is standing. He is well pleased with this point as a location for a fort which will command the three rivers. Having finished his survey, he and his companion swim their horses across the Allegheny and continue their journey northward towards Fort Le Boeuf.

The two men were George Washington and Christopher Gist. Pittsburgh had its beginning on that 23rd of November, 1753, when George Washington selected the Point as a suitable place for a fort, in preference to a site which had been recommended at what is now McKees Rocks. The nation's beautiful Capital on the banks of the Potomac bears the name of the Father of his Country, but the one city which can claim Washington as its founder is Pittsburgh.

In his "Journal" Washington put down this record of his visit to the Point:

> "As I got down before the canoe I spent some time in viewing the land in the spot which I think extremely well situated for a fort, as it has the absolute command of both rivers. The land at the Point is twenty or twenty-five feet above the common surface of the water, and a considerable bottom of flat, well timbered land all around it, very convenient for building. The rivers are each a quarter of a mile abreast, and run here very near at right angles, Allegheny bearing northeast, and Monongahela southeast. The former of these two is a very rapid and swift-running water; the other deep and still, without any perceptible fall."

Marquis Duquesne, governor of Canada, with ambitious plans to seize the Ohio Valley for the French, had built forts at Niagara at Presqu'isle, near Erie, and at Fort Le Boeuf, now Waterford, in Crawford County. The next fort in this chain, and one of the most important, was to be constructed at the forks of the Ohio. Disturbed at these advances of the French, Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent Washington with a letter of protest to the French Commander at Fort Le Boeuf. The two officers there, Joincaire and St. Pierre, said they would report to their superior, Marquis Duquesne; but both made it clear, one with profanity, and the other with French politeness, that the French claimed the Ohio Valley and its tributaries and had no idea of getting out.

As soon as Washington returned to Virginia and reported the situation, Governor Dinwiddie issued a proclamation granting 200,000 acres of land along the Ohio, to be divided among soldiers who went with the proposed expedition to seize the important Point at the

forks of the rivers. Washington was commissioned a Lieutenant Colonel, and his orders were to finish the fort begun there by the Ohio Company, and "to make prisoners, kill, or destroy, all who interrupted the English settlements."

Captain William Trent arrived at the Point on February 17, 1754, and at once commenced the construction of a fort. On the 17th of April, Ensign Ward, commanding in the absence of Trent, who had gone to report to Washington at Wills Creek, was surprised to see a fleet of canoes filled with French and Indians sailing down the Allegheny River. The French were under command of Captain Contrecoeur, who had embarked at Venango, now Franklin. Contrecoeur drew his men up before the half-finished fort and demanded instant surrender. There was nothing for Ward to do but abandon the fort. He was permitted to take his men and his tools with him.

The French at once commenced the erection of a larger fort which they named Fort Duquesne, in honor of the Governor of Canada. The fort stood nearer the Point than its successor, Fort Pitt. It cannot have been a formidable structure, for it was without masonry. As soon as Washington at Wills Creek, now Cumberland, received word of the French invasion, he dispatched messages to the governors of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and started westward himself. His plan was to stop first at Redstone Creek, now Brownsville, and erect a fort. But on the 27th of May, Christopher Gist came into Washington's camp with the news that a party of French were not far distant. Washington immediately left his camp and attacked the French. Among those killed in the battle was the French commander, Monsieur de Jumonville. This skirmish in the woods near the Great Meadows, and not far from the Summit House on the top of the mountain east of Uniontown, was the

beginning of the great duel between France and Great Britain for the mastery of North America, and, indeed, of the world, for it was a war which raged not only in the American forests, but in Europe and in Asia.

The French at once sent out an expedition from Fort Duquesne under Coulon de Villiers to avenge the death of Jumonville. Besieged at Fort Necessity, not far from Great Meadows where the first battle had been fought, Washington was compelled to surrender to the superior French force, July 4, 1754.

The next summer England made a great effort to regain the strategic fort at the forks of the Ohio. Major General Edward Braddock, a veteran of the battlefields of Europe, arrived from Ireland with two splendid regiments. With Washington serving him as an aide de camp, Braddock led his army through the forests and over the mountains, only to meet disaster on the banks of the Monongahela, near what is now Braddock, on the 9th of July, 1855.[1] That night there was great rejoicing at Fort Duquesne, and the dark waters of the Monongahela and Allegheny were lighted up by the flames which consumed twelve screaming prisoners who had been taken in the battle, while their savage Indian tormentors danced and yelled about the fire.

Another disaster had befallen the British arms in America. The defeat of Braddock was a terrible shock to the Colonies. Among those who sounded the note of courage and reconquest was the eloquent Virginia preacher, Samuel Davies, afterwards President of Princeton College. His sermon shows how the people of the Colonies felt that the defeat of Braddock had precipitated not only a political, but a racial and religious crisis. In one of his sermons, Davies said:

[1] For an account of the battle see *Not Far from Pittsburgh*, pp. 53-56.

"Our territories are invaded by the power and perfidy of France. Our frontiers ravaged by merciless savages and our fellow subjects there murdered with all the horrid art of Indian and popish torture. Our General, unfortunately brave, is fallen; an army of thirteen hundred choice men routed; our fine train of artillery taken, and all this, O mortifying thought! all this, by four or five hundred dastardly, insidious barbarians! And Virginians! Britons! Christians! Protestants! If these names have any import or energy, will you not strike home in such a cause? Cursed be he who keepeth back his sword from blood"

Fortunately for England and for the future of America, William Pitt was recalled to power as Prime Minister in July, 1757. At once every part of the British Empire heard the echo of his great voice. The English admirals, Hawke and Boscawen, and the generals, Clive, Wolfe, Amherst, and Forbes, were animated by Pitt's spirit. Within a few years Pitt had elevated England to world dominion. When he came into power he said to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure I can save this country, and nobody else can." He made good his boast; for at the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, England found herself supreme in North America and in India, had regained naval bases in the Mediterranean, and conquered territory in Africa and the West Indies.

The conquest of Fort Duquesne was delegated to Brigadier General John Forbes. In spite of an illness which made it necessary for him to be carried most of the time on a litter, Forbes conducted his expedition over the mountains and through the forests with great skill and determination. Only one minor reverse befell his forces. Without his knowledge or permission, Colonel Bouquet sent Colonel James Grant with 800 men

on a scouting expedition towards the fort. On the night of September 13, 1758, Grant and his force reached the hill overlooking the fort, where the Court House now stands. At daybreak Grant had the drums beat, hoping to make an easy conquest of the fort. But the French had been reinforced by Aubry, who had come with 400 men from Illinois. Instead of fleeing when they heard the sound of the drums and the shouts of the Highlanders, the French and Indians sallied forth and quickly surrounded Grant's army. Grant was taken prisoner and several hundred men were lost. The heads of the slain Highlanders were impaled on stakes before the fort.

After this there were no rash movements, and on Saturday, the 25th of November, the army of Forbes arrived at the Point, where they found Fort Duquesne a smouldering ruin and its garrison fled. With his own hand General Armstrong raised the British flag over the ruins of Fort Duquesne. "As the banners of England floated over the waters, the place, at the suggestion of Forbes, was with one voice called Pittsburg. It is the most enduring monument to William Pitt. America raised to his name statues that have been wrongfully broken, and granite piles of which not one stone remains upon another; but long as the Monongahela and the Allegheny shall flow to form the Ohio, long as the English tongue shall be the language of freedom in the boundless valley which their waters traverse, his name shall stand inscribed on the gateway to the west." [1]

When the Highlanders of the Forty-second Regiment drew near the fort and saw the impaled heads of their countrymen, and the kilts which in derision had been fastened to the stakes, they threw away their muskets, and drawing their broad swords rushed forward with oaths of vengeance and extermination upon

[1] Bancroft, *History of the United States,*" II, 495.

the French troops who had permitted such profanation of the Christian dead. But both the French and their savage allies had fled.

The next day, Sunday, the 26th of November, was observed as a day of thanksgiving, and a sermon was preached by a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Charles Beatty, Chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment. On the 28th of November a detachment from the army paid a visit to Braddock's Field. There they found the forest strewn with the ghastly relics of the great disaster of more than three years before. Among the skeletons found and identified was that of Sir Peter Halket. His bones, and that of his son, were found by another son at the foot of a great tree where they had fallen together. Their remains were wrapped in a Highland plaid and buried in one grave. The skeletons of four hundred and fifty victims of the battle were discovered. Among those with this detachment was a young Pennsylvania volunteer, Benjamin West, afterwards to be heard of in the world as a painter.

When Samuel Davies heard of the fall of Fort Duquesne he thus exulted in a thanksgiving sermon: **"Fort Duquesne! The den of the savages who have ravaged our frontiers, captured and butchered so many of our fellow subjects; Fort Duquesne, the object of Braddock's ever tragical and unfortunate expedition; Fort Duquesne, the magazine which furnished our Indian enemies with provisions, arms, and fury is abandoned and demolished; demolished by those hands that built it, without the loss of a man on our side. The terror of the Lord came upon them and they fled at the approach of our army."**

General Forbes went back to Philadelphia to die, Washington to Virginia to be married to Martha Custis, and Colonel Mercer, afterwards to fall on the battlefield of Princeton, was left in command at the Point. A tem-

porary fort was built for housing the garrison, for nothing but blackened ruins remained of the French fort. Two months after the fall of Fort Duquesne, William Pitt wrote a letter to Forbes expressing his delight at the news of the victory, and directing him to restore at once the ruined Fort Duquesne, or "erect another in the room of it of sufficient strength and every way adequate to the great importance of the several objects of maintaining his majesty's subjects in the undisputed possession of the Ohio."

General John Stanwix, who succeeded General Forbes as Commander, commenced the construction of a new fort in the fall of 1759. This fort was further inland than Fort Duquesne. The present Penn Avenue passes through the center of the site of the fort. Some idea of the situation of the fort can be had from the location of the Block House which was built by Colonel Bouquet in 1764. The Block House stood outside the fort, on the Allegheny River side. The whole fort, therefore, was southeast of the Block House. The fort was a formidable structure, built of Flemish brick, and according to one report, at the cost of 60,000 pounds. Eighteen pieces of artillery were mounted on the bastions, and a garrison of 1,000 soldiers and officers could be housed within the fort.

Fort Pitt was again the scene of stirring events when it flung back the attack of the barbarians in the summer of 1763, when Pontiac's great rebellion threatened English dominion in all the territory west of the Alleghenies. In this conspiracy the savages overwhelmed the garrisons of the forts at Presqu'isle, Le Boeuf, and Venango, and put them to a cruel death. Fort Pitt at that time was under the command of a skillful and courageous Swiss officer, Captain Simeon Ecuyer. As soon as Ecuyer heard of the outbreak of the Indians, he took every means to prepare for the attack. All

houses and cabins outside the fort were razed so as to afford no vantage ground for the attackers. The garrison consisted of 330 soldiers, and more than 200 women and children had taken refuge within the enclosure. Recent floods had greatly damaged the fort. Ecuyer raised a parapet of logs around the fort, constructed a fire engine, and established a hospital. Smallpox had broken out among the defenders, and the commander feared disease as much as the Indians. When the first Indian ambassadors appeared at the fort, Ecuyer gave them two blankets and a handkerchief from the smallpox hospital. In a letter written at the time he says, with grim humor, "I hope the present will have its desired effect." [1]

The Indians made their first appearance on the 22nd of June, driving off horses and cattle and firing on the fort from every side. The garrison answered by bombarding the Indians with howitzers. The bursting shells created consternation among the savages. At 9 the next morning, with Turtle Heart, a Delaware, for a spokesman, the Indians addressed the garrison as, "My brothers." They said there were many bad Indians about, and the only safety for the garrison was to return to the English settlements. To this Ecuyer answered: "My brothers, we are grateful for your kindness, though we are convinced you must be mistaken in what you told us about the forts being captured. As for ourselves, we have plenty of provisions and are able to keep the fort against all the nations of Indians that may dare to attack it. . . . . An army of 6,000 English will shortly arrive here."

[1] This infamous strategem was first suggested to Colonel Bouquet by Amherst, the British Commander in Chief. Bouquet replied that he would try to innoculate the Indians with blankets which had been used by smallpox patients, and laments that he cannot hunt the savages down with dogs.

After this parley and exchange of "brotherly" greetings, the Indians withdrew from the neighborhood of Fort Pitt and went to meet the hosts which were coming from the West to make the attack. Ecuyer made use of the interlude by further repairs of the fort, building a line of palisades along the ramparts, and shot proof barracks to protect the women and children.

On July 26 the Indians again approached the fort and had a second parley with the commander. At this meeting their spokesman said they had received a message from the Ottawas of Detroit, and that they were on their way to strike the English at the forks of the Ohio. If the English wished to save themselves and their families, they must leave the fort at once.

To this Ecuyer replied by telling the Delawares that he had warriors, provisions, and ammunition to defend the fort for three years against all the Indians in the woods, and that the English would never abandon it as long as a white man was living in America. "Brothers," he said, "I will advise you to go home to your towns. Moreover, I tell you that if any of you appear again about this fort, I will throw bombshells which will burst and blow you to atoms and fire cannon among you loaded with a whole bagful of bullets. Therefore, take care, for I don't want to hurt you."

When night came on, the Indians began their attack. With their knives they cut holes in the banks of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, and thus sheltered from the fire of the fort, discharged their bullets and arrows against the defenders. There was a splendid spirit, however, within the fort, and the arrows and bullets of the Indians, also the fire arrows which they discharged, had little effect. The women and children, crowded together in the shot proof barracks, were terrified at the yelling of the Indians, dreading the fate

which had befallen the people who had taken refuge in other forts on the frontier.

On the 1st of August the besiegers had vanished from the fort. They had gone to join in the attack on the relief army which Colonel Bouquet was bringing over the mountains. In this engagement, one of the most fiercely contested of any battle between the Indian and his white adversary, fought at Bushy Run, near Greensburg, August 5 and 6, Bouquet's army feigned a retreat. Then, when the Indians had been lured into a dangerous position, the Highlanders fell on them with their bayonets. The last that the heroic garrison at Fort Pitt saw of the Indians was on the 10th of August, when they passed the fort on their way westward, and uttering their savage cries, brandished aloft the gruesome spoils they had taken in the conflict at Bushy Run.

The raising of the siege at Fort Pitt and the appearance of Bouquet's army brought immense relief to the settlers on the frontier. We respect the Indian for his fierce resistance to the foreigners who seized his rivers and his hunting grounds, and, not infrequently, dealt treacherously and cruelly with him. But this does not diminish our admiration for the heroic courage of the pioneers. What they had to face is grimly illustrated in the following incident.[4] In a lonely clearing in the Pennsylvania forest stood a log schoolhouse. A settler passing that way wondered at the strange silence where hitherto he had been accustomed to hear only the laughter of little children, or the hum of their voices as they recited aloud and together their lessons. Pushing open the door, a terrible sight met his eye. The schoolmaster, with a Bible from which he had been reading to the school when the attack was made clasped in his hand, lay dead and scalped on the floor, and about him lay the

[3] Parkman, *Pontiac's Conspiracy,* II, 97.

mangled bodies of his nine pupils. No wonder the settlers felt a great relief when Bouquet's Highlanders appeared at Fort Pitt. Such were the horrors the builders of Western Pennsylvania endured. Of a truth, "other men labored and we are entered into their labors."

In October, 1772, the Indian country being at peace, General Gage, the British Commander-in-Chief in America, ordered Captain Edmonstone to abandon Fort Pitt. This was done, and the British flag which had waved over the fort at the Point ever since it had been hoisted by the hand of General Armstrong over the smouldering ruins of Fort Duquesne in 1758, was hauled down. The fort was partly dismantled and much of its equipment and material sold.

Early in the year 1774 the citizens of Pittsburg were surprised to see a company of armed men march down to the Point and take possession of the fort. They were under the command of John Connolly, "physician, land-jobber, and political intriguer," who had been commissioned "Captain Commandant of Pittsburg and its dependencies." Connolly was an agent of the talented and engaging Lord Dunmore, the Virginia Governor with strong Tory and Royalist leanings. Connolly changed the name of the fort to Dunmore, and Dunmore himself came to Pittsburg on his way down the Ohio into the Indian country. When Dunmore's fortunes began to sink, Connolly and his troops were withdrawn from Fort Pitt.

During this period there was serious strife between Pennsylvania and Virginia as to the possession of the territory about Fort Pitt, and in July, 1775, the Pennsylvania and Virginia delegates in the Continental Congress united in an address to the people of the disputed territory, urging mutual forbearance. But the next month, the Virginia Provincial Convention directed Captain John Neville with one hundred men to take pos-

session of Fort Pitt. The war for independence had commenced, and Virginia, which had so ardently espoused that cause, felt it important to hold the strategic Point at the forks of the Ohio.

The American Revolution, so fruitful in inestimable blessings to mankind, is nevertheless a political curiosity. In spite of the long catalogue of wrongs drawn up by Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, no great political revolt ever had so frail a foundation in actual oppression and injustice. The Revolution was fought for an abstraction, but not the less ardently and heroically for that reason. Of all the inhabitants of the colonies, the people living in the western part of Virginia and Pennsylvania had the least occasion for revolt. The British Government had poured out blood and treasure to deliver them from the French and to protect them from the Indians. Wherever a call for help went up in the western wilderness, the Forty-second Highlanders, whose war cries had resounded on almost every battlefield of America, came marching to the relief of the settlers. Yet as soon as the standard of revolt had been raised in the East the inhabitants of the western country rallied to it.

The first commander under the Continental Congress at Fort Pitt was Brigadier General Edward Hand. He was succeeded by Brigadier General Lachlan McIntosh, who built Fort McIntosh, where Beaver now is. McIntosh was succeeded by Major Daniel Broadhead. Nothing of great note took place at Fort Pitt during the Revolution.

After the disaster which befell St. Clair's army on the tributary of the Wabash in the Ohio wilds in 1791, Major Isaac Craig, the Quartermaster at Pittsburgh, secured permission to erect a new fort. Fort Pitt was then in a dilapidated condition. The new fort was further inland and nearer the Allegheny River. A tablet

on the northwest corner of Ninth Street and Penn Avenue marks the site of the fort. In honor of America's great friend during the Revolution it was named Fort Lafayette. To this fort General "Mad" Anthony Wayne brought his American Legion in June, 1792. From Fort Lafayette he took them down the Ohio to Legionville, where he trained them for the campaign against the Indians. In the battle of Fallen Timbers, August 20, 1794, the disaster which befell St. Clair's army in 1791 was avenged and the power of the Indians on the western frontier was crushed. After the soldiers of General Wayne's legion marched out of Fort Lafayette and embarked in their boats to go down the Ohio to chastise the Indians, the historic Point saw no more of the stirring events of war and conquest.

In the territory now comprising the United States, the seven places of greatest historical interest are these: St. Augustine in Florida, where the Spanish established themselves; Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts, where the builders of the nation first landed; Philadelphia, where in Independence Hall the independence of the colonies was declared; Yorktown, Virginia, where that independence was achieved; Gettysburg, where the union of the states was perpetuated and cemented with blood; San Francisco and its Golden Gate, where the nation's life on the Pacific Coast had its beginning; and the Point of land at Pittsburgh, where the Allegheny and the Monongahela mingle their floods to form the Ohio and where the issue was decided between France and England for the dominion of the territories west of the Allegheny Mountains.

On a calm clear night make your way, if you can, through the tangle of buildings, under arches and ramps and bridges, to the very tip of the Point. Standing there, listening to the murmur of the waters, and looking off down the moonlit avenue which the Ohio opens to

the southwest, there pass before you the stirring events that have made that junction of the rivers forever memorable; the canoes of the Delawares; George Washington on his way to Fort Le Boeuf; Captain Trent and Ensign Ward and the first half-finished English fort; Contrecoeur and his fleet of canoes arriving suddenly from Venango; the river lighted up by the flames of the fire where the Indians are roasting at the stake the captives taken at the overthrow of Braddock's army; Forbes and Armstrong and Washington entering the smouldering ruins at Fort Duquesne; Pontiac's savages digging themselves in under the banks of the rivers as they lay siege to Fort Pitt; "Mad" Anthony Wayne's American Legion embarking from Fort Lafayette on their way down the river to crush the Indians in the Ohio wilderness.

Pittsburgh ought to redeem and reclaim this historic point of land. With unsightly warehouses and shabby, dilapidated buildings cleared out, the ground near the Point could be turned into a beautiful park, where the Fort itself could be reproduced on the original plan, to stand as a perpetual memorial of the mighty events of the past. Where the rivers meet, let there rise a great building; a building which shall be both a thing of beauty and one which shall serve the community; a building where great conventions and convocations can meet and deliberate; a building which shall display the creations of Pittsburgh's mills and factories; a building on the walls of which the genius of the sculptor and the painter shall memorialize the great personalities of Pittsburgh's history and make to live again the stirring scenes of her past; a building which shall rise so high above the three rivers, that the traveller approaching Pittsburgh by train, by automobile, by river, or by the winged chariot of the air, seeing it afar off, shall exclaim, "This is Pittsburgh; the city which was founded by George Washington."

II

DEATH AT TEN PACES

A COLD January morning in the year 1806. The winter sun, just risen, shines through the leafless branches of the trees which border a deep and lonely glen in what is now Oakland. Two horsemen ride down into the glen and tie their horses to a tree. They have hardly dismounted when two more appear and dismount at a distance of a hundred yards. Two men, one from each group, come forward and hold a conference. After a few minutes' conversation, a coin is flung into the air, the first time for the choice of position, the second time for the right to give the word, "Present!" The second who has won the toss chooses a position for his principal with his back to the sun. Ten paces are then stepped off, and the two lines drawn in the snow. Two mahogany boxes are opened, the pistols taken from them, and carefully loaded and primed.

The two principals who have been standing apart by themselves now come forward and take their position on the firing line. Each man's second gives him his pistol and a final word of instruction. The seconds then step back. One of the seconds shouts, "Present!" Two pistols are raised and there is a flash of flame. Neither dueller has been hit. The seconds now come forward and reload the pistols. Again the word, "Present!" is

shouted, and again two pistols flame. This time one of the principals falls to the ground, clutching at his breast. A surgeon who has been standing in the background hurries forward to render what aid he can. The other principal and his second mount their horses and ride hastily out of the glen. In less than an hour the man lying on the ground is dead. The bluebird, which had been frightened away by the report of the pistols, returns once more to his tree.

The man lying dead on the ground, victim of the field of honor, is Tarleton Bates, twenty-eight years of age. Bates came of a distinguished Virginia family. One of twelve children, he was the son of Thomas Fleming Bates, a Virginia planter. He was born in the Bates home, Belmont, in Goochland County, on the 22nd of May, 1775. The father was read out of Quaker Meeting because he resisted the British with arms during the Revolution. His house was once occupied as headquarters by Lord Cornwallis. When Lord Cornwallis gave Bates a paper of protection from molestation and destruction of his property, Bates threw the paper into the fire. Instead of sending him to prison, Cornwallis exclaimed, "Mr. Bates, would to God that you and all such men as you were loyal subjects!"

One of the sons, Frederick, became the Governor of Missouri. The youngest of the children, Edward, just fifty-five years after Tarleton fell in the glen at Pittsburgh, was appointed Attorney-General in the Cabinet of Abraham Lincoln. Tarleton Bates must have been given his name because of some association, pleasant or unpleasant, that his father had with that famous cavalryman and raider of Cornwallis. At eighteen years of age he came to Pittsburgh, where he secured employment under Major Isaac Craig, in the Quartermaster's Department, and with whom for a time he made his home. The attractive young Virginian rose

rapidly. At the time of his death he was the Prothonotory of Allegheny County, one of the most important of the county posts. He seems to have been a favorite in Pittsburgh society. There is extant a clever acrostic poem which he wrote on the name of Emily Morgan Neville, the daughter of Presley Neville. Emily Morgan Neville was the granddaughter of General Daniel Morgan of Saratoga and Cowpens fame. In his acrostic Bates sings of Miss Neville:

> "Go to the heathen's pantheon,
> Rummage each Goddess leaf,
> And every grace you view thereon,
> On my fair Houri heap."

Political passions ran high in the first decade of the nineteenth century, and, in a way that is almost unbelievable today, political opponents heaped abuse and denunciation upon one another. The chief parties were the Democratic, popularly known as the Republican, and the Federalist. In recent elections the Democrats, Jeffersonian Democrats, as they were known, had everywhere been victorious. Tarleton Bates was a Jeffersonian Democrat, and with Henry Baldwin was associated with Walter Forward, Editor and Publisher of *The Tree of Liberty*. There was not enough of political plunder to go round, and a disgruntled faction of the Democrats had established another paper, *The Commonwealth*, the Editor and Publisher of which was Ephraim Pentland.

In an editorial in the issue of the *Commonwealth*, December 25, 1805, Pentland thus commented on Bates and Baldwin: "Let it be borne in mind that the *Tree* is the property of and conducted by two of the most abandoned political miscreants that ever disgraced the state—Bates and Baldwin. We had thought that Bates and Baldwin had experienced a sufficiency of federal

malignity to prevent their adopting federal principles. Both have been caned and kicked and excluded with disdain from federal society. Yet, like spaniels, they lick the foot that committed the indignity. Mean, despicable politicians! Men of all parties despise them and hold them in sovereign contempt."

The answer of Tarleton Bates to this insult was to announce in the *Tree of Liberty* that he would publicly horsewhip Pentland on January 2, 1806. In that day, to horsewhip a man was to expose him to the utmost of shame and ignominy. In the issue of the *Commonwealth* of January 8, Pentland related how he had been waylaid after dark and assaulted by Bates and several accomplices, whom, "owing to the mistiness of the evening," he could not recognize. "The design of the scoundrel," he says, "was doubtless either to take my life or to disable me in such a manner as to prevent me attending to my paper." The real fact, however, was that Pentland fled when Bates appeared with his horsewhip.

The upshot of the feud between these two men was a challenge to Bates to fight a duel. The challenge was conveyed by a young Irish groceryman, Thomas Stewart. Bates refused the challenge. In the *Tree of Liberty* he gave as his reason that Pentland was a mere apprentice and of no social standing. Therefore, a Virginia gentleman could not consider a challenge from him.

Replying in the *Commonwealth* to the statement of Bates, Pentland wrote: "I have only to say that in addition to the epithet of coward, Mr. Bates has given me ample room to say that he is also a liar, and unworthy of the further notice of any person who wishes to remain uncontaminated. I shall not engross the columns of this paper with remarks on the private character of Mr. Bates, because he already appears in public in colors dark as the skin of his mistress."

Something in the statement Bates made in answer

to the challenge of Pentland offended Stewart, Pentland's second, who issued a challenge on his own account. This challenge Bates accepted. The duel was fought in the glen at Oakland on the morning of January 8, 1806. Bates fell mortally wounded at the second discharge. He was buried amid great lamentations in Trinity churchyard, where his unmarked ashes now rest.

The young Virginian seems to have had a premonition of his death, for on the morning of the duel he called at the home of a friend, Mrs. Stephen Collins, to bid the family farewell. When they asked him where he was going on his journey, he made no answer. In his will, written the day of his death, he directed his friend, Henry Baldwin to "burn my body, or at least bury it without any direction." All his effects but his watch were to be sold, and the proceeds to be used for the education of his brothers. What was left was to go to "my devoted mother."

News traveled slowly in those days, and it was two weeks before the "devoted mother" in Virginia learned of the death of her son in the duel in the Oakland ravine. Amid her tears she rejoiced that her son had accepted the challenge and "preferred death to a life of infamy and disgrace."

III

THE FIRST NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

HAD you and I wandered into the Monongahela House at Pittsburgh on the cold wintry evening of February 21, 1856, we would have found the corridors of the hotel crowded with notable men who had gathered from all the states of the North, and from some of the Southern States.

Moving about with the throng, here are some of the men whom we see: Lawrence Brainerd, railroad builder of Vermont; Preston King, of New York, who will be chairmen of the Republican National Committee from 1860-1865, and then in a mood of mental aberration will tie a bag of shot about his body and jump overboard from a Hoboken ferry boat. Michigan is represented by Kinsley S. Bingham, first Republican Governor of any state; and United States Senator Zachariah Chandler, who in 1861 will become famous as the author of the "blood letter," a letter he wrote to Governor Blair of Michigan, urging him to send strong no-compromise men to the Peace Congress, and in a postscript to which he wrote, "Without a little blood-letting this Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a rush."

Wisconsin's delegate is John F. Porter. After one of the fierce debates in the House, just before the out-

break of the war, Potter was challenged by Roger Pryor of Virginia to fight a duel. Potter accepted the challenge, and to the consternation of his opponent, chose bowie knives as the weapons of destruction. The duel was never fought. The part Potter played in the struggle, and especially his choice of weapons, appealed to the imagination of the Republicans, and at the Chicago Convention when Lincoln was nominated, an enormous bowie knife, seven feet long, was presented to Potter with the following inscription: "Presented to John F. Potter by the Republicans of Missouri. He'll always meet a 'Pryor' engagement."

In the Indiana delegation is George Julian, nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Free Soil Convention which met in Pittsburgh in 1852, and Oliver P. Morton, who as governor of Indiana during the war will take rank with the other three great "war governors," Yates of Illinois, Curtin of Pennsylvania, and Andrew of Massachusetts. Illinois has sent the Rev. Owen Lovejoy, brother of Elijah, the martyr of Alton, and John H. Bryant, brother of William Cullen Bryant.

Three famous editors are mingling with the crowd: Francis P. Blair, Sr., one time editor of the *Globe* at Washington and a spokesman for Andrew Jackson; Henry J. Raymond, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and editor of the rapidly growing *New York Times;* and yonder, in his white coat, and his full moon face fringed with whiskers, looking like a Mennonite preacher, is Horace Greeley, editor of the *Tribune*. Greeley has just come in from Masonic Hall, where he has been delivering a lecture on his travels in Europe. The reporter for the *Chronicle* for the next day describes him as a "poor reader, with nasal tones, ill at ease, and at a loss what to do with his hands." At the end of his lecture Greeley remarked that one disastrous defeat in

battle would be more productive of good to America than all the battles she might ever win.

Among those who looked with interest and admiration upon Horace Greeley, and the other famous men as they gathered in the hotels and passed through the streets of the city on their way to Lafayette Hall, was a young railroad telegrapher, and clerk to Thomas Scott, Superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This young man had written letters to Horace Greeley, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of them in print in the *Tribune*. He was Andrew Carnegie.

These are only a few of the notable men assembled that night in the Monongahela House. What has brought such an array of men together? They have assembled in response to the following call which appeared in the press of the country on January 17:

> Washington, D. C., January 17, 1856
>
> *To the Republicans of the United States:*
>
> In accordance with what appears to be the general desire of the Republican Party, and at the suggestion of a large portion of the Republican Press, the undersigned, chairmen of the State Republican Committees of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin, hereby invite the Republicans of the Union to meet in informal convention at Pittsburgh, on the 22d February, 1856, for the purpose of perfecting the National Organization, and providing for a National Delegate Convention of the Republican Party, at some subsequent day, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency to be supported at the election in November, 1856.

The issuance of that call was the climax to a movement which had been stirring the nation since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill by the United States Senate on March 4, 1854. The passage of that bill is a striking example of how a system of evil and oppression destroys itself by its own excesses. By the terms of the Missouri Compromise, when Missouri was admitted as a State, March 3, 1820, slavery was prohibited in all the territories of the Louisiana Purchase, outside of Missouri, north of 36°, 30′. This measure postponed for a time the inevitable struggle between the Free States and the Slave States.

During the course of the Mexican War, which Free-Soil men believed had been brought on by the slave-holding oligarchy in order to increase its empire, another dispute arose as to the organization of such territories as might be seized from Mexico. On August 8, 1846, President Polk asked Congress for an appropriation of two million dollars to "settle the boundary question with Mexico." This clearly demonstrated the purpose of the administration. When this bill was introduced in the House of Representatives, David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, moved the Proviso which made his name famous. The Proviso was to the effect that a condition to the acquisition of any territory from Mexico be that slavery should never exist in any part of the said territory. The Proviso passed the House, but was defeated in the Senate.

The acquisition of territory from Mexico and the organization of the vast territories of the Louisiana Purchase gave impetus to the free-soil and anti-slavery movement. The question of the new territory taken from Mexico came to a head in the discussions over the admission of California as a state in 1850. Through the leadership of Henry Clay, California was admitted as a free state, but Utah and New Mexico were organized

as territories without the mention of slavery. This was the Compromise of 1850.

In 1848 the Free-Soil party held its first convention at Buffalo, N. Y., and nominated Martin Van Buren for President, and Charles Francis Adams for Vice-President. In the election that year this ticket received an anti-slavery vote of almost 300,000, but not a single electoral vote. The next national Free-Soil convention met in Pittsburgh in August, 1852, and nominated John P. Hale of New Hampshire for President, and George W. Julian of Indiana for Vice-President. In the ensuing election the Free-Soil ticket received only a little more than half the popular vote it had received in 1848. The Slave States and powers were strongly entrenched. They might have held their dominion for a long period had it not been for the colossal folly of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

Not a few of the men who attended the Republican Convention at Pittsburgh in 1856 were delegates to the Free-Soil Convention which met in Pittsburgh in 1852. Among the leaders in that convention were George W. Julian of Maryland, Salmon P. Chase and Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, Owen Lovejoy of Illinois, Dr. F. J. Lemoyne, noted abolitionist of Washington, Pa., and builder of the first crematory in America; Charles Finney, educator and revivalist of Oberlin, Ohio; and Lewis Tappan, New York, manufacturer, and one of the most honored leaders of the anti-slavery movement. It was at this convention that Lewis Tappan, pleading for a strong platform, declared there had never been a traitor in his family, and that he had been bred in old Massachusetts, not far from a grave on which was this inscription:

"Here lies the body of Deacon Auricular
Who in the ways of God walked perpendicular."

Tappan exhorted the Free-Soilers to testify to their cause so that when they died they would be worthy of a like epitaph. But the epitaph for another grave, the grave of slavery, was even then preparing.

By the terms of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, as introduced January 23, 1854, by Douglas, the slavery restriction clause of the Missouri Compromise was declared inoperative and void. This opened the Kansas and Nebraska territory to slavery, if the people of these territories desired it. The introduction and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill set the country on fire. It laid the foundation for the new Republican party and welded together in one body the anti-slavery men of all parties. The Bill passed the Senate at five o'clock in the morning of the 4th of March, 1854. As Chase and Sumner walked down the steps of the Capitol, just as the day was beginning to break, they heard the thunder of the cannon fired to celebrate the passing of the Bill. Listening to the sound of the cannon, Chase, with prophetic words, said to Sumner, "They celebrate a present victory; but the echoes they awake will never rest till slavery itself shall die." The Pittsburgh Convention of 1856 was the mighty echo to the firing of the cannon on that cold March morning when the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was passed.

One of the first repercussions of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was a meeting in the Congregational Church at Ripon, Wisconsin. That Pittsburgh saw the first National gathering of the Republican Party, no one disputes. But many states and places claim to have been the birthplace of the party and to have baptized it with its name. The fact that Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, Maine, and Massachusetts claim the first Republican organization, only goes to show that it was a widespread and spontaneous movement. A. N. Cole of Allegheny County,

New York, an ardent anti-slavery man, and nominee for the governorship of New York in 1854 on the Whig, Free Democratic, Anti-Nebraska, and Prohibition tickets, states that in April of that year he had asked Greeley what the name of the new party should be. To this question Greeley answered, "Call it Republican; no prefix, no suffix, but plain Republican." On the 16th of May, Mr. Cole and a few other men met in a hall at Friendship, organized a party, and adopted the name Republican. For this reason New York conferred upon A. N. Cole the title, "The Father of the Republican Party."

But much better known, and of greater interest, is the meeting in the Congregational Church at Ripon, February 28, 1854. It was called by Alvin E. Bovay when the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was under debate in the Senate. The meeting at Ripon adopted a resolution that if the bill pending in the Senate should pass, and thus throw Kansas and Nebraska open to slavery, the old party organizations in Ripon should be cast off and a new party, to be called the Republican, founded on the sole issue of opposition to the extension of slavery be organized. On March 20 of that year, following the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, a second meeting was held at Ripon in a schoolhouse, and a committee appointed to organize the new party. In correspondence with Greeley, in February of that year, Bovay urges Greeley to use his influence to get all parties opposed to slavery to unite under the name Republican. This name, he says, he suggested to Greeley at Lovejoy's hotel in 1852.

One of the most important meetings in the organization of the Republican Party was held at Jackson, Michigan, July 6, 1854. The Free Democrats of Michigan in convention at Jackson, February 22, had denounced the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and nominated Kinsley S. Bingham for Governor. At a mass meeting of

Free Democrats this ticket was withdrawn, and a call signed by thousands of citizens was sent out for a meeting to be held at Jackson, July 6. In the opening paragraph of this call "To the People of Michigan" were these words: "A great wrong has been perpetuated. The slave power of this country has triumphed. Liberty is trampled underfoot. The Missouri Compromise, a solemn compact entered into by our fathers, has been violated and a vast territory dedicated to freedom has been opened to slavery."

At the Jackson Convention the name "Republican" was adopted for the new party, and Kinsley S. Bingham was nominated for governor. In the November election Bingham was elected by a majority of five thousand votes, and a legislature with a strong majority of anti-slavery men.

These are only a few of the mass meetings and conventions which were being held all over the country. No one state can rightly claim the honor of having given birth to the Republican Party. It was a mighty movement that sprang up simultaneously in the Northern States after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. It was a movement, a call, to which men responded in the way described by Lincoln in his speech at the Bloomington Convention, May 28, 1856, when he appealed to the people to join the Republican Standard, to

" 'Come as the winds come when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when navies are stranded.' "

From all parts of the country men were rallying to the new standard of freedom. It was a great day in which to be alive, and a greater day in which to be young. As Wordsworth sang of the French Revolution,

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

Conventions and mass meetings, county and state organizations, were the order in all the free states. But the first *national* Republican organization was effected at the Pittsburgh Convention of February 22, 1856.

At the Pittsburgh Convention three men were conspicuous by their absence. One was William Henry Seward, then United States Senator from New York. In a speech in the United States Senate in March, 1850, Seward, discussing the compromise measures during the debate over the admission of California, declared that there is a "higher law than the Constitution which regulates the authority over the domain and devotes it to the same noble purposes."

What Seward meant was that the Constitution and the divine law, the moral law, were in agreement. But the phrase, "higher law," appealed to the popular imagination, and Seward became known as the man who held that the Constitution was binding only when it was in accord with the laws of God. This speech made Seward the leader of the anti-slavery movement and the particular object of Southern detestation. Seward did not formally ally himself with the newborn party until the New York Republican Convention of September, 1855. Henceforth, he was the real leader, and, in a sense, the brains, of the Party. He was passed over at the first nominating Republican Convention in Philadelphia in 1856, but in 1860 was Lincoln's chief rival for the nomination. On the first ballot he had seventy more votes than Lincoln. His defeat was due, in part, to the enmity of Horace Greeley. After the New York elections of 1836 Greeley was hurt that Seward and Weed had not rewarded his efforts with a public post of some value. Greeley got into the Chicago Convention as a delegate from Oregon, and used all his influence to defeat Seward. When Lincoln was nominated

Born in New Hampshire, and educated at Dartmouth College, Chase took up the practice of law in Cincinnati. There he saw much of the fugitive slaves, and became their friend and protector, so much so that he was derisively known as the attorney-general of the fugitive slaves. When on a hot July night in 1836, a Cincinnati mob, which had thrown the printing press of the *Philanthropist,* an Abolition paper, into the Ohio River, came raging to the door of the Franklin House, where the editor, James G. Birney lived, howling for his blood, their entrance was blocked by a powerfully built dark-haired young man of twenty-eight. The young man who cowed the mob was Salmon P. Chase.

In 1852, Chase was elected to the United States Senate and in 1855 he became the first Republican Governor of Ohio. Lincoln put him in his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, where he made a great record in financing the Civil War. He resigned from the Cabinet in June, 1864, after the collapse of his boom to succeed Lincoln as President. Had he been elected, he would have made, undoubtedly, a great President. In October of that year, Lincoln, with characteristic magnanimity, made Chase Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, upon the death of the aged Chief Justice Taney. There was poetic justice in the fact that Chase, once known as the attorney-general of the fugitive slaves, should have succeeded as Chief Justice the man who wrote the Dred Scott Decision. Lincoln, who had opportunity to measure Chase with the men of his generation, said of him, "Of all the great men I have ever known, Chase is equal to about one and a half of the best of them."

The absence of Chase from the Pittsburgh Convention was not due to any lack of sympathy with its plans, but probably to the fact that he had just assumed his duties as Governor of Ohio. One of the first things with which he had to deal was the Margaret Garner

case. When slave hunters surrounded the house near Cincinnati in which Margaret Garner, a fugitive slave from Kentucky, and her four children had taken refuge, the mother seized a butcher knife and declared she would kill all her children before she would let them be carried back into slavery. Before she was disarmed she did succeed in killing one of the children, a girl of ten. This case aroused immense excitement. Although absent from the Pittsburgh Convention, Chase was one of the men who had suggested that such a gathering be held. He made this suggestion on November 18, 1855 at a conference at the Monongahela House with D. N. White, one of the publishers of the *Pittsburgh Gazette.*

Another absentee, although not nearly so conspicuous as Seward or Chase, was Abraham Lincoln. The *Gazette* of February 22 of that year names among the delegates from Illinois the "Hon. A. Lincoln." But Lincoln was not present. On that day he was at Decatur, Ill., attending a gathering of Republican and Anti-Nebraska editors. At a banquet that night Lincoln made one of his amusing speeches. Not being an editor, he said he felt like the ugly man riding through a wood, who met a woman, also on horseback. She stopped and said:

"Well, for the lan's sake! You're the homeliest man I ever saw."

"Yes, Madam, but I can't help it," said he.

"No, I suppose not," she observed. "But you might stay at home."

Up to the time of the Illinois State Convention, held at Bloomington in the last week of May, 1856, Lincoln had carefully side-stepped close association with the Republican Party, which had been organized in Illinois in 1854. It was not until he saw how state and national sentiment was running during the stirring first six months of 1856 that he came out openly for the new

party. As Gideon Welles wrote of Seward, it could be said, and with much more justice, of Lincoln, "He neither rocked the cradle of the Republican Party, nor identified himself with its youth." Chase, Seward, Giddings, Lovejoy, Chandler, Wilson, and men of like spirit, created the party which in 1860 was to carry Lincoln to the Presidency.

The Convention met in Lafayette Hall, a four-story brick building on the west side of Wood Street, just south of Fourth Avenue. In 1895 this building was torn down to make way for the Columbia Bank Building. At 11 o'clock on the morning of February 22, Lawrence Brainerd of Vermont took the chair, and having called the Convention to order, read the call which had appeared in the press of January 17. John A. King of New York was then elected the temporary chairman. On taking the chair King stated that the purpose of the meeting was to prepare for a convention which "shall put forth the principles of the Republican Party." "Those principles," he said, "are those by which our independence was achieved, and on which our Constitution is established. I have nothing further to say. That embraces my whole creed." He then announced that the Rev. Owen Lovejoy would "address the Throne of Grace." In his prayer Lovejoy asked the Almighty that the "present administration might be removed from power and its unholy designs upon the liberties of the free be thwarted."

There were loud shouts now for Horace Greeley. The famous editor was greeted by a whirlwind of applause as he mounted the speaker's stand. In contrast with much that he wrote, his speech was singularly restrained. He urged the Convention to move with extreme caution. Not only their acts, but their words should indicate an absence of ill will towards the South, where there were still many friends of the cause of free-

dom. The Know-Nothing Party was then in convention at Philadelphia. Greeley expressed dissent from many of their doctrines, but advised the Convention to adopt a course which would lead the followers of the Know-Nothing Party to act with the Republicans. "If a man be a good anti-slavery man, I will not inquire into his native notions. Treat your enemies so that they will become your friends, and your friends so that they will remain friends."

Turning to the then burning question of "bleeding" Kansas, where John Brown and his five sons were resisting the Border Ruffians, Greeley took a more decisive tone. "My apprehensions are dark. I know that Jefferson Davis, an implacable hater of the Free State Party, is at the head of the War Department. I know that General Harney, by no means our friend, commands troops upon the frontier. I hope that some counsel will go forth from us to our friends in Kansas as to what course they should pursue. I know if they be slaughtered—and that event may happen—that the North will rise up to avenge them. But I do not wish such a terrible crisis." Reminding the Convention that some of the delegates had come a thousand miles, Greeley said with prophetic intuition, "*Let us deliberate without haste. The future welfare of this Union depends upon the action of this body.*"

After Preston King of New York had declined to speak, Joshua R. Giddings then addressed the Convention. Giddings, a member of Congress from Ohio, was one of the noblest veterans of the anti-slavery crusade. When he appeared in the same hall at the meeting of the Free Soil Convention in 1852, one of the speakers said, "If we have not a Moses and an Aaron, we have a Joshua. Joshua of old commanded the sun to stand still, and if any man can command the sun of slavery to

stand still, I am sure it is our friend, Joshua R. Giddings."

Taking exception to Horace Greeley's counsel of caution, Giddings related the story of how, during a revival, Joseph, one of the sons of an old deacon, and of a timid sort, prayed, "O Lord, Thou hast commenced a good work. Do it quickly. Let it move along calmly." But John, whose whole heart was in the work, prayed with unction, "O Lord, Thou hast begun a good work here, and we pray that Thou wilt carry it on in Thine own way; and don't mind what Joseph says about it." This happy hit at Greeley's counsel of moderation was greeted with a burst of laughter and applause. Giddings then introduced Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, remarking, "He is not Joseph; he is John!"

Upon taking the stand, Lovejoy proved to the satisfaction of all present that he was indeed John and not Joseph, for he made one of his intense and powerful speeches. Owen Lovejoy was a brother of the martyr, Elijah Lovejoy. A graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, and licensed to preach by the Philadelphia Presbytery in 1833, Elijah Lovejoy went to St. Louis to become the editor of a Presbyterian paper, the St. Louis *Observer*. In 1836, a Negro who had killed an officer was taken by a mob from the jail at St. Louis, chained to a tree and burned alive. The judge before whom the case was brought told the grand jury that it was beyond the reach of human law, because the mob had been moved by "some mysterious, metaphysical and almost electric frenzy." In the next issue of his paper Lovejoy denounced the mob and excoriated the judge. This led to an attack on his printing shop. He then removed to Alton, Ill., where mobs destroyed two of his presses and threw a third into the Mississippi. Anti-slavery friends in Ohio sent him a fourth press. When it reached Alton it was taken to a warehouse where

Lovejoy and a company of armed men stood guard over it. The warehouse was attacked that night by a mob and the building was fired. Rushing out with his companions, Lovejoy fell pierced by five bullets. His press was broken to pieces and thrown into the Mississippi River.

It was at the mass meeting of protest in Faneuil Hall, Boston, called by Dr. Channing, that Wendell Phillips broke into fame with his answer to the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, who likened the mob that threw Lovejoy's press into the Mississippi to the men who had thrown British tea into Boston Harbor. In his celebrated reply the young Wendell Phillips said: "Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincey and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead. Sir, for the sentiments he has uttered on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up."

Owen Lovejoy, also a minister, was with Elijah on the night of his death. As he knelt by the dead body of his brother he made a solemn vow "never to forsake the cause that had been sprinkled with his brother's blood." He was faithful to that vow. As a member of Congress he had the honor and the satisfaction of proposing the bill by which slavery in all the territories of the United States was forever abolished.

In his fiery speech at the Pittsburgh Convention Lovejoy declared he was ready to go to Kansas as a captain of a company. If he couldn't go as a captain he could go as a private. If he were to use Sharp rifles he would "shoot in God's Name." It was no time for moderate counsel. "We are in the midst of a revolution, and if the present administration permitted the free men

of Kansas to be butchered by his troops, or by southern ruffians, he was for war, war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt." This was received with tremendous applause.

The chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization then presented the name of Francis P. Blair, Sr., of Maryland, as President of the Convention. The Blair family was one of the most remarkable in our history. Men rarely spoke of this Blair, or that Blair, but almost always it was "The Blairs." Often in political feuds, it was said of them, "When the Blairs go in for a fight they go in for a funeral." One of the sons, Montgomery Blair, was Lincoln's Postmaster General, and one of his wisest advisers. The other, Francis P. Blair, Jr., was a Major-General under Sherman, and served for a time in Congress. He did more than any other to save Missouri for the Union.

The senior Blair had had a long career as editor at Frankfort, Ky., and then at Washington as editor of the *Globe*, in which he advocated the policies of Andrew Jackson. In 1864 Lincoln permitted Blair to go to Richmond, where in an attempt at mediation he had an interview with Jefferson Davis. His unique suggestion was that North and South forget their feud by making war on France and driving Maximilian out of Mexico. If Davis did this, said Blair, he would go down in history with Washington and Jackson. The upshot of this meeting was the futile Peace Conference at Fortress Monroe on February 8, 1865.

Blair had once before tried his hand at mediation in 1863, when he sought to persuade General McClellan, soon to be named by the Democrats as Lincoln's opponent in the campaign of 1864, to preside at a Union Mass Meeting in New York, and then apply to Lincoln for reinstatement to a command in the army. If McClellan

did this, Blair told him he could have the presidency without a contest after Lincoln's term.

Blair presented to the Convention a long paper advocating the restoration of the Missouri Compromise and appealing to all parties to "unite in such a crisis and rally under a Republican standard to defend the cause of free institutions and the Union against the aggression of ambitious men."

On the motion of Kimball of Ohio, a Committee of one from each state represented was appointed to report a plan for the organization of the Republican Party. The Pennsylvania member of this Committee was John Allison of Beaver.

When the Convention convened again at three o'clock in the afternoon, the Chairman, Blair, read the following telegram from Philadelphia, where the "Know-Nothing" Party was in convention: "The American Party is no longer united. Raise the Republican banner. No further extension of slavery. Americans are with you." This was greeted with great applause.

One of the ablest speeches of the Convention was that by Charles Reemelin, a German-American of Cincinnati. He called upon the Convention and the people to rebuke the insolence of "accidental presidents." Franklin Pierce, then President, was a political accident, and had delivered himself over to the advocates of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

At the night session, Oakey Hall, District Attorney of New York, paid a tribute to the anti-slavery veterans at the Convention, and quoting the words of Webster in his Bunker Hill speech, said: "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has gloriously lengthened out your days to behold the joyful sight. And is it not so on this 22nd day of February, the anniversary of the birthday of

Washington, that the Republicans come to inaugurate a new era, a new calendar day in history?" Playing on the names of two prominent delegates, Hall said, "We are commencing to learn something new today. No one ever graduated thoroughly until he perfected himself in *Blair's* Rhetoric, and we are now learning from a new edition; and no one can be said to have graduated until he is conversant with the Odes of Horace. We had one of them today." This sally called forth loud cheering.

There was a great applause when the chairman announced the arrival of another delegate from Missouri, making three from that state and one from Texas. Altogether, twenty-four states and four territories had delegates in the Convention.

The Rev. Josiah Brewer of Connecticut, once a missionary to Smyrna, and the father of Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, took the stand and told the Convention they could count on the prayers, and, if need be, the muskets of the ministers. Joshua R. Giddings in a second speech said that for twenty years he had been called a fanatic, and had almost come to believe that he was. In his most excited moments, he said, if he had been told he was to witness what he that night beheld, he would have called his informant a fanatic.

The Convention was brought to its feet when Blair introduced Passmore Williamson, of Philadelphia, and laying his hand on Passmore's head, said, "Fellow-citizens, this is the victim of 'Cain.' " Passmore Williamson was a young Philadelphia conveyancer and an Abolitionist. At Philadelphia on the 18th of July, 1855, he helped to liberate Jane Johnson and her two children from a ship which was on its way from North Carolina to New York, carrying as a passenger John H. Wheeler, who was en route to his post as United States Minister

in Nicaragua. Williamson told Jane Johnson and her two children, Wheeler's slaves, that they could not be held under the Fugitive Slave Act, and persuaded them to escape. At Wheeler's request, Judge J. K. Kane of the United States District Court issued a writ of Habeas Corpus, demanding that Williamson deliver up Jane Johnson and her children. When he refused to do so, Judge Kane committed Williamson to jail, where he languished for three months. His imprisonment in behalf of the three slaves made him a martyr and a hero.

The Convention's fun was furnished by an eccentric character from New Jersey, David "Saw Log" Ripley. "Saw Log" had been in the New Jersey Legislature, and was the owner of prosperous saw and planing mills at Newark. Hence his sobriquet, "Saw Log." He had the Convention cheering and shouting as he addressed them and exhorted them to take a stand against slavery.

"I didn't come here to make a speech, but I profess to have a little gumption. Now I'll tell you what we want to do. It's all in a nutshell, so that we can get our Republican President elected. Everybody, even that gray-headed colored man there, will be willing to take by the hand Know-Nothings, Know-Somethings, or Know-Anythings. My platform, thirty years old, mind you, is hatred to rum, slavery, and the devil."

At the Saturday morning Convention the vice-chairman, Governor Bingham of Michigan, read a letter from Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky, addressed to the Republicans at Washington. Cassius M. Clay, a distant kinsman of Henry Clay, had had a stormy career in Kentucky. In one duel he had mutilated a man with a bowie knife. In 1850 he stabbed another to death, and in his old age he shot and killed a Negro. As a junior at Yale College he heard William Lloyd Garrison speak and was inspired with a crusading zeal against slavery. He edited a paper at Lexington, Ky., *The True*

American, and protected his office with two four pounder cannon and a bag of powder ready to be exploded against any mob which might appear. He fought in the Mexican War, and during the Civil War was Minister to Russia. Clay's letter was the most radical utterance of the Pittsburgh Convention. Denouncing slavery as consistent only to a state of semi-barbarism, Clay warned the slave-holding oligarchy of the South that the logic of history was not in favor of the prowess of slave-holding states, citing, as an example the overthrow of the slave-holding Roman Empire by the free nations of Europe. "Not only the blacks in the South," declared Clay, "but the whites have lost their liberties. They have no social equality, no political force, no moral influence. Steeped in ignorance and poverty, the privileged class neither respect their opinions nor fear their power." "Lovers of the Union," said Clay, "we make no false clamor about dissolution, distinguishing the shadow from the substance. We will defend it so long as it is worthy of defence. Born free, we call no man master; trespassing upon the rights of none, we will defend our own. In peace and war let us meet our enemies as becomes the prestige of our descent and the glory of our cause."

A National Executive Committee was announced with such well known names on it as M. P. Banks of Massachusetts, who after a bitter battle had been elected Speaker of the House; David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, and Francis P. Blair, Jr., of Missouri. Amid wild applause General Charles Robinson was added to the Committee as a representative from the territory of Kansas. After some debate as to the wisdom of a national delegate convention, Philadelphia was chosen as the place, and June 17, the anniversary of Bunker Hill, as the day.

Mann of New York then made a speech, and amid tremendous excitement declared that if the government

by any authority it could assume should shed one drop of human blood in Kansas that would be the end of human slavery, not only in this country but in every other land. When Mann finished his speech he was too exhausted to read the address and resolutions which had been prepared by Henry Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*. It was a two-hour document and was read by William Dennison, afterward Governor of Ohio. The Address took the following positions as the basis of the Republican Party:

1. The repeal of all laws made for the introduction of slavery into territory once consecrated to freedom. Resistance to the existence of slavery in any territory of the United States.

2. Support for Free Soil men in Kansas. Resistance of lawless invasion and the admission of Kansas as a free state.

3. Since the President had identified himself with the policy of acquiring more slave territory, the overthrow of the present administration.

The resolutions were adopted, nine thunderous cheers were given for the platform, and the Convention, one of the most memorable in the history of the United States, then adjourned.

Five years have passed. It is another cold February night in 1861, and once again the corridors of the Monongahela House are crowded with distinguished men. Above them towers the tall form of Abraham Lincoln, the first fruits of the Pittsburgh Convention, on his way to Washington, to Destiny, and to immortal fame.

IV

FIRE AND FLOOD

PITTSBURGH and Chicago were both destroyed by a fire that started in a stable; Chicago on October 8, 1871, when Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lamp; and Pittsburgh on April 10, 1845.

It was a balmy April morning, and a washerwoman thought that it would be more pleasant to heat the water for washing in the yard outside than in the kitchen. She had started a fire in the rear of a frame building belonging to Colonel William Diehl, and had gone into the kitchen to fetch the kettles, when a gust of wind carried burning chips to the barn, which in a moment was on fire.

The Third Presbyterian Church stood on the corner of Third and Ferry, where St. Mary's Catholic Church stands today. At 12 o'clock noon a man climbed into the belfry and furiously struck the bell. This was the fire alarm for the city. As the tocsin sounded forth from the Presbyterian belfry, workmen and artisans ran from the factories, apprentices and clerks and merchants from their shops and the warehouses on the river, and the housewives came to the doors and the windows of their homes. In a few minutes the city was in flames. A strong wind blowing from the west carried the flames from building to building, from street to street, and

from section to section. Showers of fiery cinders fell on the steamboats tied up to the wharves along the Monongahela River, and they hurriedly got up steam and pulled out into the stream. The stone building of the Western University of Pittsburgh, the chief business houses and warehouses, the Monongahela House, the pride of the city, and the bridge over the Monongahela River were consumed by the flames, and the whole city was destroyed as far eastward as Smithfield Street. The *Pittsburgh Gazette* for the next day, April 11, thus speaks of the holocaust: "Huge waves of flame rolled on and on, burying in their swelling tide the homes and hopes, the prosperity and fortunes of the orphan and widow, the wife, the husband, the mechanic, and the princely merchant in one common grave." At the call of the clergy of the city, Friday of that week was observed as a day of prayer and fasting and humiliation before God.

1,100 houses had been destroyed and more than 2,000 people were homeless. The population of Pittsburgh at that time was about 30,000. A committee made up of Cornelius Darragh and William McCandless appealed to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, which appropriated $50,000 for the relief of the city and exempted Pittsburgh from the state tax for four years. The city quickly recovered from the disaster, although the local insurance companies were ruined, and most of the merchants and home owners who rebuilt had to do so at their own expense. The tidings of the fire spread throughout the land, and all parts of the country responded to the appeal for help. Private donations in Pennsylvania were $109,000. New York sent $23,000; Massachusetts, $16,000; far off Mississippi, $1,000; Georgia, $470; and England, $651.

If you happen to be in the neighborhood of the building of the Western Pennsylvania Historical Society

on Bigelow Boulevard at 12 o'clock on the 10th day of April, you will hear the great bell in front of the building, and which was once the bell in the tower of the City Hall, sounding; for every 10th of April, at high noon, the bell is struck, once, then eight times, four times, and five times—1-8-4-5—to remind Pittsburgh of the great conflagration of April 10, 1845, when the alarm was sounded on the bell in the tower of the Third Presbyterian Church.

Had one been told that the waters of the three rivers would rise so high in Pittsburgh that boats would land passengers at the steps of the First Presbyterian Church on Sixth Avenue above Wood Street, one would have told his informant—at least, would have thought it—that he was a candidate for a lunatic asylum. Yet the incredible thing took place in the great flood of St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1936.

Pittsburgh's rivers are its blessing and its bane. But for the junction of the rivers at the Point, George Washington would never have selected that bit of land as the site of the stockade of the Ohio Company, and Pittsburgh would never have come into existence. From time to time the rivers have done great damage to Pittsburgh; but the damage done is insignificant compared with the benefits conferred.

It is a popular impression that the great floods of recent years are a result of the destruction of the forests on the hills and mountains drained by the Allegheny and the Monongahela Rivers. The contention is that in former days the rain falling on permeable ground, heavily covered with leaves, drained off much more slowly than it does on ground which has been stripped of the trees. There is something in this; yet something is to be said on the other side, for it is a well-know fact that in the forests the snow lies deeper and longer than it does on the open ground. When the rains and thaws

come in the spring, the drainage from this heavily banked snow in the woods is much faster and greater in volume than on the open hills or fields. Thus one fact must be set off against another.

There is no doubt that there were great floods long before the forests at the headwaters were destroyed, insofar as they have been destroyed, for that is true only of certain sections. In 1762, Colonel Bouquet reported to his superior, Amherst, that great damage had been done to Fort Pitt by the floods of that year. Justice Hugh Henry Brackenridge, who wrote a description of Pittsburgh in 1786, speaks of ice marks on the trees thirty feet above the low water mark. There was the tradition, too, of the "pumpkin flood," somewhere about 1800, and which must have been an autumn flood, when the pumpkins swept away from the fields came floating down the rivers.

One of the worst floods on record was that of 1832, when the rivers reached thirty-five feet above low water. The winter had been a very severe one, and for weeks the farmers had driven their wagons over the ice on the river. There was also heavy snow. Early in February the rain began to fall on the still frozen ground. The melting snow and the abundant rain poured down into the rivers, which broke up on February 10, and continued to rise until the 14th. The water extended up to Sixth Street on Penn and Liberty, and Wood Street was inundated as far as Fourth Avenue. In this flood Smoky Island, an island which commenced a little distance below the mouth of the Allegheny and extended up the river as far as Sixth Street, was washed away.

There was another disastrous flood in 1884, when the river reached thirty-three feet, three inches. In 1907 came the greatest flood recorded up to that time, March 14-16, when the high water mark was 36 feet, 6 inches. The train sheds of the P. and L. E. Rail-

road were under water, also the Wabash Terminal on Liberty Avenue; guests were taken out of the hotel windows, and a small stern wheeler steamboat plied up and down Penn Avenue. The city was without gas, electricity, transportation and water for a brief period.

On March 17, 1936, came the great deluge, when the rivers reached the astounding height of 46 feet, 4 inches above low water. It will be noted that the most disastrous floods have come after severe winters, and immediately following the breaking up of the ice in the rivers. But with sufficient precipitation, there can be a disastrous flood at any time of the year. The Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers between them drain an area of 18,920 square miles. For fifteen years the average rainfall for three months in Western Pennsylvania was 10 inches; but in the first two weeks of March, 1936, the rainfall was 5.45 inches.

A contributory cause in modern floods is the walling up of the rivers by factory walls and similar construction. Thus the rivers above the point of junction at Pittsburgh cannot spread and discharge their surplus flood as they once did, and so become fuller and deeper as they near the Point. Undoubtedly, the floods are helped and accelerated by the cement roads that now cross the hills and mountains in every direction. Everyone of these roads is a runway for the water when the heavy rains are falling. To see how these roads have accelerated the drainage on the hills and mountains, one needs only to stand by the roadside in the midst of a rain storm and see how the water rushes down to the streams below.

There was once a belief that the great floods came every twenty years. This was on the record of 1810, 1832, and 1852. But after that date the theory breaks down. Dr. William Scott, for fifty years the eminent professor of geology at Princeton University, holds the

view that great injury is being wrought to agricultural lands along the Ohio and the Mississippi by the artificial walling in and compression of the rivers. Thus walled in, the rivers cannot spread out in a natural way over the adjoining territory and lay down their precious deposit of soil. His theory is that, except where it is necessary to protect the cities, the rivers should be given free scope, for thus they enrich the soil and create new lands. This is what is meant when people in ancient times spoke of Egypt as the "gift of the Nile." For the control of the rivers the plan most spoken of today is the building of great storage dams near the headwaters. These dams would be constructed to carry off the surplus waters and then discharge them gradually. But if one flood were followed immediately by another, the dams might be more of a menace than a help. The subjugation of the great rivers is an undertaking worthy of those great powers with which the mind of man has been endued. If the rivers are conquered, that achievement will mark the greatest conquest of the mind of man.

In Old Testament times, when people were speaking of events of the past, the great earthquake in the time of Uzziah, King of Judah, was the standard of reckoning, and men spoke of this or that happening as "before" or "after" the earthquake. Unless the Allegheny and the Monongahela should again be at the flood simultaneously, and the incredible mark of 46 feet 4 inches be surpassed by a higher mark, and a greater flood, citizens of Pittsburgh for years to come will speak of this or that event in their memory as having taken place so many years before or after the Great Flood of 1936.

V

JOHNNY APPLESEED[1]

ON a summer day in 1788, two young men arrived at the Black Bear Tavern in Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh was then a village with a few log huts. They looked at the Black Bear painted on the sign hanging in front of the tavern, and went in to ask the proprietor for a place to sleep. The tavern, the largest building in Pittsburgh, was crowded with guests, and the two boys lay down and slept on the floor in a corner of the bar room. The boys were brothers, Nathanael and John Chapman. The latter was destined to become one of the most famous and most useful characters of the Western Frontier.

In the last decade of the eighteenth century, and for almost half of the nineteenth century, Johnny Appleseed was a household name and a well known and well loved personality throughout the country beyond the Allegheny Mountains. He was born in 1775, on a farm near Springfield, Mass. His father was a carpenter and also a farmer. When the Revolutionary War broke out, he enlisted and served as a captain of wheelrights in a regiment of artillery. After the war he resumed his work as a carpenter. One of his boys, John, was sent to Harvard, where he was noted as a bright

[1] The historian treads uncertain territory in the life of John Chapman. The best he can do is to seek to sift the grain of truth from the chaff of fiction.

and able student. Through students at Harvard he became interested in the doctrines of the Swedish engineer and mystic, Swedenborg, and all through his life he was a follower of Swedenborg and a proclaimer of his doctrines.

In company with one Abraham Buckles, young Chapman was sent by the Swedenborgians at Boston to labor as a missionary along the Potomac in Virginia. When he returned from this expedition, he and his brother were thrilled with the stories about the land and the opportunity in the country beyond the Allegheny Mountains. Thus they came to Pittsburgh and the Black Bear Tavern in the summer of 1788. Pittsburgh then consisted of about seventy log cabins, and the people were rough in appearance and rude in manner and in speech. The town had become the point of departure for the emigrants who embarked on the Ohio for the settlements in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana. This made it a place of importance and accounted for its rapid development.

From Pittsburgh the two boys went up the Allegheny River to visit an uncle who lived near Olean, New York. They found his cabin deserted and established themselves there for a time as settlers. John had noted the absence of fruit trees and blossoms, and finding one neglected orchard in the woods near their cabin, he set out hundreds of apple tree shoots. This was probably the first nursery in the West. Talking with a nearby settler about the need of orchards, the idea came to John that it would be a fine thing to go through the country and plant apple trees. "Fruit," he said, "is next to religion. I used to be a Bible missionary down in Virginia; but now I believe I'll be an apple missionary." Carrying out his plans, as soon as the autumn set in, he and his brother visited the cider mills and asked for the pomace. This they packed into bags and sacks and

loaded in their canoe, in which they set out down the Allegheny River.

In keeping with his Swedenborgian mysticism, John Chapman, when he had recovered consciousness after having been kicked by a horse, related that he had been in a land of beauty and splendor, and where he heard entrancing music. One of the noble inhabitants of this country spoke to him and said, "John, we are not ready for you yet." It was then he awoke from his swoon. As the days passed by, he continued to ponder his vision and to read his New Testament. At length he told his brother, Nathanael, that he had seen a vision of the New Jerusalem. The street of gold was lined with rows of fruit trees. Coming closer, he saw that they were apple trees. He fain would have remained in the city; but one of the inhabitants said to him, "Brother John, your mission on earth shall be to fill it with love and kindness, bringing joy and happiness into the world. You are to sow seeds that shall blossom and bear fruit, and forget not that you are one of the elect." When he had related the dream to his brother, he said to him, "I know now what shall be my life's work. I am going to sow the West with appleseeds, making the wilderness to blossom with their beauty and the people happy with their fruit." Henceforth his long life was the fulfilment of that purpose.

On their way down the Allegheny to Pittsburgh, they planted eight nurseries. At Pittsburgh the boys parted, Nathanael going back over the mountains to his father's home. John began to roam over the wildernesses of Western Pennsylvania, southern New York and Ohio, everywhere carrying with him his seeds and shoots, sometimes in a canoe, sometimes on horseback, often on foot. He had a cabin near Pittsburgh, and soon was known by the settlers as Appleseed Johnny. He presented a singular appearance. Generally he went about

barefooted and wore no hat. His garments were ragged, ill-fitting, and faded, and his long black hair fell over his shoulders. Everywhere he made friends, and frequently he was asked to address some backwoods gathering, when he would preach to the people on some text from the Bible and expound the doctrines of Christ.

Before leaving Springfield, Chapman had fallen in love with Sarah Crawford, and he resolved to go back to Massachusetts and marry her. When he arrived there he found that there was a feud between his father and Sarah's father, Joel Crawford. The Crawfords were just about to leave on the long trek to Kentucky, and John had to bid her farewell. At their last meeting she gave John a spray of apple blossoms. Apple blossoms were found in his Bible when he died.

When Chapman reached his Pittsburgh cabin again, he found that the Indian War was raging in Ohio. But regardless of danger, he wandered from settlement to settlement, working with the farmers, helping them split rails or get in their crops. In whatever home he was entertained, he was sure to take out his Bible at night and say to the inmates of the home, "And now would you like to hear news right fresh from heaven?" Then, lying on the floor, he would read a chapter to the family. Everywhere he scattered his apple seeds and sold the seedlings for what he could get.

A flat boat carried him down the Ohio in 1798 to the town of Marietta, where he met General Rufus Putnam and Commander Whipple of Revolutionary fame. Near Marietta his family joined him and made a settlement on Duck Creek. Chapman was a vegetarian, since the doctrines of Swedenborg taught him to honor all animals. To deprive an animal of life, he felt, was to offend God. The sting of the hornet, the bite of the serpent, and the mauling of the bear, he did not resent, for he said that God had given the animals these means

of self-protection and they were only asserting their rights.

Some distance below Marietta is Blennerhasset's Island. It was there that Herman Blennerhasset, the exile from Ireland, and his beautiful lady, had built the finest mansion west of the Alleghenies. Aaron Burr stopped to visit Blennerhasset and persuaded him to take an interest in his mysterious and ill-fated expedition in the southwest. From that time on, the island paradise began to wither. When Chapman visited Blennerhasset he set out a number of orchards, which, however, were uprooted and swept away by a flood.

In October, 1807, the first steamboat on the Ohio, "The New Orleans," sailed from Pittsburgh for New Orleans. Chapman shipped as a deck hand and went with the steamer as far as Owensboro, Ky. It was at Owensboro that the Crawfords had settled some years before. There he found his old sweetheart, Sarah Crawford, and this time there were no obstacles to his suit. The day for the wedding had arrived, when the bride, who was being dressed by her friends, was seized by a painful sickness, and in a few minutes was dead. Broken-hearted, John set out for the Indian country.

At the time of the Tippecanoe Battle he acted as a messenger for General Harrison to the Indians. During the battle he carried wounded men to the rear and nursed them. A bullet pierced his coat, but was stopped by his New Testament. After the battle, referring to how his life had been saved, Chapman said, "For snakes and Indians, there is nothing like it."

During the Indian outbreaks of the War of 1812, Chapman, who always had access to the Indian encampments, would learn of their contemplated raids and then hurry through the settlements warning the inhabitants. These were the words he would use as he stopped for a moment at a cabin door: "The Spirit of the Lord is

upon me and He hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness and sound an alarm in the forest; for behold the tribes of the heathen are about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them."

The Indians looked upon him as unbalanced, and, therefore, regarded him with awe and would never harm him. A striking illustration of the strange veneration in which insane persons were held by the Indians is found in an incident related by the missionary Heckewelder. A trader named Chapman, captured by the Indians near Detroit, had been fastened by his captors to the stake and the fire was kindled. One of the Indians standing near by handed him a bowl filled with broth. In the fierce thirst of his agony, Chapman took the bowl and lifted it to his lips, hoping to quench his thirst. The liquid, of course, was scalding hot. When he tasted the fiery contents, the unhappy trader in his rage flung the bowl back into the face of the Indian. Seeing this, the crowd shouted, "He is mad! He is mad!" and coming forward put out the flames and set him free.

On one of his journeys he reached Pigeon Creek in Southern Indiana, where the Lincolns had settled. On a visit to Indianapolis, then a frontier town, he fell in with Henry Ward Beecher, at that time the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. Beecher remembered him as the eccentric wanderer from whom he had purchased some peach trees for his garden at Lawrenceburg. Lawrenceburg was the town where Beecher went to preach after he left Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, where his father, the great Lyman Beecher, was the President. Beecher tells how in this first Church at Lawrenceburg he opened the door, swept the church, lighted the lamps, and "did everything but come to hear himself preach."

The beneficent wanderings of Appleseed Johnny

came to an end on March 11, 1847, when he died in a cabin near Fort Wayne, Ind. A rough board was set up over his grave with this inscription:

Johnny Appleseed
Born May 11, 1768
Died March 11, 1847
A planter of apple seeds.

More permanent monuments have been erected to his memory in various sections in Ohio and Indiana. The monument at Ashland, Ohio, bears this inscription:

> In memory of Ashland's pioneers, including Johnny Appleseed—John Chapman—an Ohio hero, Patron Saint of American orchards and soldier of peace. He went about doing good.

General William T. Sherman, whose home was at Lancaster, Ohio, and who knew of Chapman and his work, said of him: "Johnny Appleseed's name will never be forgotten in Ohio. His work has given a degree of prominence and stability to many a frontier village. We will keep his memory green, and future generations of boys and girls will love him as we who know him in the Ohio Valley have learned to love him."

In the United States Senate General Sam Houston of Texas paid this eulogy to the planter of the apple trees: "This old man was one of the most useful citizens of the world in his humble way. He has made a greater contribution to our civilization than we realize. He has left a place that can never be filled. Farewell, dear old eccentric heart. Your labor has been a labor of love, and generations yet unborn will rise up and call you blessed."

Perhaps the most famous story of Appleseed Johnny is that of his encounter with a circuit preacher in the

Ohio wilderness. After noisy denunciation of his hearers for extravagance, luxury, dissipation and godlessness, the preacher shouted:

"Where now will you find a man who lived as did the early Christians, traveling to heaven barefooted and clad in coarse raiment?"

The frontiersmen at once turned their eyes towards Appleseed Johnny. Whereupon, he arose, and clad in his short ragged trousers, his coffee sack shirt, and with his mush pan on the top of his head, walked up to the preacher and said, "Here is your primitive Christian."

Chapman is remembered by appropriate inscriptions and epitaphs, and his tradition blossoms in many a tale and legend; but if you would see his most beautiful and most fitting monument, drive over the hills of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana on an April day when the apple orchards are in bloom and the air is fragrant with their blossoms.

VI

FRANCIS HERRON AND THE FIRST CHURCH

"THERE are but two things in Pittsburgh, Doctor Herron and the devil; and Doctor Herron seems to be getting the advantage." Thus, in the first half of the last century, one spoke of Francis Herron, the pastor for almost fifty years of the First Presbyterian Church. Among those who built Pittsburgh, none takes a higher rank than Doctor Herron.

The First Presbyterian Church is Pittsburgh's oldest institution. There is not a church, a bank, a paper, a school, or business house which was in existence on the 14th of April, 1773, when the Presbyterians of Pittsburgh petitioned the Donegal Presbytery for supply preachers, the administration of the Lord's Supper, and "a minister to catechize." This is the first appearance in ecclesiastical records of the First Presbyterian Church. There is no doubt that before that date a sufficient number of Presbyterians to warrant such an appeal to the Presbytery for a preacher had been accustomed to assemble in the frontier town.

The first settled pastor was Samuel Barr, who came in 1784. Barr, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, was a man of great energy and enterprise, and during

his pastorate, 1784-89, the rude, but famous, log church was built, the congregation incorporated, and the grant of land secured from the Penn heirs for the sum of five shillings, "in consideration of the laudable inclination which they have for encouraging and promoting morality, piety, and religion in general."

Barr was in difficulties with the Presbytery, one of the charges being that he had not been explicit in his testimony "against card playing, night reveling, and using any expressions leading to immodest ideas." There was also a charge of irregularity in the baptism of children whose parents were not communicants. One of these cases was the child of Colonel John Gibson's Indian wife. Gibson, a trader at Fort Pitt, was captured by the Indians at the mouth of the Beaver River. His two companions were burned at the stake, but Gibson was saved by the intervention of a squaw, who adopted him in the place of a son killed in battle. The next year he was surrendered to Colonel Bouquet. Gibson's Indian wife was the sister of the famous Mingo chief, Logan, whose family was massacred near the Yellow Creek in 1774. It was to Gibson that Chief Logan delivered the celebrated speech which appears in Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," and which was much quoted by the youthful orators of two generations ago.

In his sermon at the dedication of the Log Church Dr. Barr said: "O how comfortable to reflect that the place where not long since the wigwam and the tomahawk were erected, and where nothing but the screeches and cries of savages were heard, how pleasing, I say, in the place of infidels and their idols to behold the temple of God and His devout worshipers assembled to bless and praise His name."

Dr. Barr was one of the first trustees of the Pittsburgh Academy, out of which came at length the Western University of Pittsburgh, formally established at a

service at the First Church in 1822, and now the Univeristy of Pittsburgh. Dr. Barr's wife lived in constant dread of the Indians who camped in and about the town, and being fond of the minister's two boys, would allure them into their wigwams and keep them from morning till night.

The original elders of the First Church, ordained in 1785, were Stephen Bayard, William Dunning, Robert Galbreath, and John Wilkins. The Trustees elected in 1787 were the Rev. Samuel Barr, Colonel Stephen Bayard, General Richard Butler, Major Isaac Craig, David Duncan, General Alexander Fowler, Robert Galbreath, Colonel John Gibson, Captain Alexander Tannehill, George Wallace, and John Withers. Of this number, Colonel Stephen Bayard, Colonel John Gibson, and Major Isaac Craig, were officers in Washington's army. Major Ebenezer Denny, General James O'Hara, and Captain John Wilkins were also officers in Washington's army, but were not of the number of the original Trustees.

In 1800 the Rev. Robert Steele, who had come from Ireland, became the second pastor of the church. During his pastorate the second church building was erected, a brick structure facing on Wood Street, and finished in 1805. There was a debt on the church of $1,500, and the Trustees resorted to a lottery as a means of raising the money. The lottery was a dismal failure, although the pastor's son turned the wheel of fortune.

Mr. Steele was the Principal of the Pittsburgh Academy, and lived in what was called, even at that time, the University Building. During his pastorate psalm books were introduced by Judge Alexander Addison. On one occasion a visiting minister picked up in the pulpit a book which the pastor had taken there by mistake for a hymn book. He was just about to give

out the opening lines, when, to his amazement, his eyes fell on these words:

> "John Gilpin was a citizen,
> Of credit and renown.
> A trained band captain eke was he,
> Of famous London town."

The astonished preacher leaned over the pulpit and said to Steele, who was sitting beneath him, "Is this the kind of songs ye sing here?" The Second Presbyterian Church was founded in 1804 by a group of members who were dissatisfied with the ministrations of Dr. Steele. One reason was that Reed, the precentor, and a tavern keeper, had lined out *two* lines of the psalm instead of the traditional one. Dr. Steele is described as tall in stature, of excellent manners, a fresh Irish complexion, one who wore satin breeches and silk stockings, played the fiddle, read his sermons, and was lenient towards sinners. He died March 22, 1810, having caught cold while acting as a volunteer fireman.

A great epoch opened in the history of the First Church in 1811, when Francis Herron came from the ancient church of Rocky Springs, near Chambersburg, Pa., to become the third pastor of the church. His first trip to Pittsburgh was in 1799, when he preached at the First Church. He told how his preaching disturbed the swallows which, in the language of the 84th Psalm, had made there "an house for themselves."

Dr. Herron found the church laden with debt and low in spiritual life; but the debt was soon cleared by the sale of a lot on Wood Street to the Bank of Pittsburgh for $3,000, and the church building was enlarged. The pews sold for $7,000. General O'Hara presented to the church his famous chandelier, as a token, he said, "of a glowing desire to promote the luster

of this enlightened society." The chandelier was fitted with 100 sperm candles, and all the boys of the town were wont to assemble at early candle lighting to see Archie, the sexton, light the chandelier.

This sexton seems to have been one of the chief characters of the church and the town. He was noted for the exactness with which he could fit a grave to a corpse. Stoves stood in the church and hot bricks were rented by Archie to the pew holders who could afford them. Prowling dogs often turned aside to invade the holy precincts and were pursued up and down the aisles during the service by Archie, armed with a stout cudgel. On one occasion Archie had gathered under his arm a howling dog, and was marching down the aisle toward the door, when Dr. Herron, disturbed by the uproar, paused in his sermon. The sexton turned about and waving his club toward the pulpit said, "Go on, Doctor, don't mind me." General O'Hara's wife, Mary Carson, presented to the church in 1834 a silver bowl from her tea set, which is still used in the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism to infants.

During Dr. Herron's pastorate a bass viol was introduced into the choir loft. It was played only when the chorus choir was singing. The chief objector to unholy instruments in the worship in God's holy house, Thomas Fairman, did not know of the presence of the bass viol until one fatal Sabbath when the bold fiddler ventured forth on a voluntary by himself. Instantly Thomas jumped from his pew and started down the aisle. A nearby pew holder stretched out a restraining hand and asked him where he was going. "To the gallery," he replied, "to smash that fiddle." "Sit down, Tom," said his friend, "It's been playing there a month and has never hurt us."

Dr. Herron had a number of famous praying elders who prayed with him till there was "a sound of

a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," and a great revival broke out in 1827. Among these elders were John M. Snowden, Harmar Denny, Francis Bailey, and Robert Beer. This was the great formative period for Pittsburgh and most of its religious, charitable, and educational institutions were founded at the First Church. The University of Pittsburgh, the Pennsylvania College for Women, the Western Foreign Missionary Society, the Western Theological Seminary, and kindred institutions all were formed in the old church. In a very real sense, Pittsburgh can say of its First Presbyterian Church, "All my springs are in thee."

Pittsburgh was a rude community when Dr. Herron came into it, and great wickedness and licentiousness prevailed. Dr. Herron was strong in his testimony against drinking, and up to 1860 the communicants of the First Church were required to take a pledge to abstain from the opera, the theater, the circus, and card playing.

Dr. Herron was a man of commanding presence, powerful frame, and great stature. His home was near the tavern and stable yards where the drivers of the Conestoga wagons congregated. There were frequent uproars and brawls among these waggoners, and on one occasion, disturbed in his study by the fighting and brawling, Dr. Herron rushed into the stable yard, knocked down with his fist several of the ring leaders and quelled the battle.

Dr. Herron's power lay in his Christian character, his sincerity, and his prayerfulness, for, according to all accounts, he was a dull preacher. His public prayers were always the same. Late comers arriving during the prayer would say to those standing about the door, "Has he got to the dry bones yet?" The "Yes" or the "No" let them know how long they had to stand, for

everyone knew at what part of the prayer he mentioned the "dry bones" of Ezekiel's vision.

The majesty of Dr. Herron's personal presence is reflected in the engraving by Sartain. In 1827 he was made the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. In 1850, weighed down with years and labors, Dr. Herron resigned. After his resignation the congregation frequently saw him sitting in a chair under the pulpit, a noble benign figure. He died in 1851, and awaits the morning of the Resurrection in the Allegheny Cemetery. On the Memorial Tablet in the vestibule of the First Church is this inscription:

IN MEMORIAM

FRANCIS HERRON, D.D.

Born June 28, 1774—Died December 6, 1851

A dignified, decided, able, courageous and courteous man
An ardent Christian, faithful pastor, impressive preacher and an honored Presbyter, revered by the Church
he served and the city he adorned.

VII

CHARLES DICKENS AND PITTSBURGH

"ON MONDAY evening furnace fires and clanking hammers on the banks of the canal warned us that we approached the termination of this part of our journey. After going through another dreamy place—a long aqueduct across the Allegheny River, which was stranger than the bridge at Harrisburg, being a vast low wooden chamber of water—we emerged upon that ugly confusion of backs of buildings and crazy galleries and stairs which always abuts on water, whether it be river, sea, canal, or ditch; and were at Pittsburgh."

Thus Dickens in his "American Notes" tells of his arrival in Pittsburgh on the 28th of March, 1842. He had come from Harrisburg by the Pennsylvania Canal, and his letter to his friend and future biographer, John Forster, and the "American Notes," based largely on the letters to Forster, give an interesting account of canal boat travel at that time. The sleeping shelf on the canal boat he speaks of as "just the width of an ordinary sheet of Bath post letter paper, with one man above me and another below." His male traveling companions he pictures "in foul linen, with yellow streams from half chewed tobacco trickling down their chins." "Perhaps the best time for you to take a peek would be the present; eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the barber

is at his shaving and the gentlemen are lounging about the stove waiting for their turns, and not more than seventeen are spitting in concert and two or three are walking overhead, lying down on the luggage every time the man at the helm calls, 'Bridge!' "

Dickens created a sensation on the boat by getting up in the morning at five o'clock and plunging his head into a basin of half frozen water; also by jumping from the boat to the towing path and walking five or six miles before breakfast. "The greater part of the men," he writes, "will sit and shiver round the stove all day rather than put one foot before the other."

He has much of an uncomplimentary nature to say about his traveling companions, their snoring, spitting, and familiarity; and yet the journey evidently was not all misery, for he speaks with pleasant memory of "the fast brisk walk upon the towing path, when every vein and artery seemed to be tingling with health; the exquisite beauty of the opening day when light came beaming off from everything; the lazy motion of the boat when one lay idly on the deck looking through, rather than at, the deep blue sky; the gliding on at night so noiselessly, past frowning hills, sullen with dark trees, and sometimes angry in one red burning spot high up, where unseen men lay crouching round the fire; the shining out of the bright stars, undisturbed by noise of wheels or steam, or any other sound than the liquid rippling of the water as the boat went on—all these were pure delights."

At that time the canal boats were taken over the mountains by inclined planes, moved by stationary engines. Dickens was greatly interested in this, and speaks of how the "engine released long after us, came buzzing down alone like a great insect, its back of green and gold so shining in the sun that, if it had spread a pair

of wings and soared away, no one would have had occasion, as I fancied, for the least surprise."

During his stay at Pittsburgh, Dickens was a guest at the Exchange Hotel, which stood at the corner of Penn Avenue and Sixth Street. In Pittsburgh, as everywhere else, he paid a visit to the prisons, being greatly interested in prison reform. Prisoners in solitary confinement shocked him. Of his visit at the Pittsburgh prison he wrote: "At Pittsburgh I saw another solitary confinement prison. A horrible thought occurred to me when I was recalling all that I had seen that night. What if ghosts be one of the terrors of the jails? I have pondered on it often since then. The utter solitude by day and night, the many hours of darkness, the silence of death. The mind forever brooding on melancholy themes, and having no relief; sometimes an evil conscience very busy. Imagine a prisoner covering up his head in the bedclothes and looking out from time to time with a ghastly dread of some inexplicable silent figure that always sits upon his bed, or stands (if a thing can be said to stand, but never walks as men do) in the same corner of his cell. The more I think of it, the more certain I feel that not a few of these men during a portion of their imprisonment at least, are nightly visited by spectres."

At Pittsburgh Dickens fell in with an old acquaintance whom he speaks of as "D. G.," presumedly D' Almaine. He had known him in London when he was on the stock exchange and prosperous. Now he found him as a portrait painter in Pittsburgh. "D. G." dined with Dickens every day at the hotel, and he seems to have taken great delight in his fellowship.

Dickens' impressions of Pittsburgh were not happy, except that the hotel was "most excellent." "Pittsburgh," he wrote, "is like Birmingham in England; at least its townspeople say so. Setting aside the streets,

the shops, the houses, wagons, factories, public buildings, and population, perhaps it may be. It certainly has a great quantity of smoke hanging about it, and is famous for its iron works. Besides the prison this town contains a pretty arsenal and other institutions."

As was the rule wherever he went, a public reception was arranged for Dickens at his hotel. An old Pittsburgher, Simon B. Williams, writing in 1901, fifty-nine years after Dickens was in Pittsburgh, tells of the reception at the Exchange Hotel:

> "I remember calling on Dickens and his wife with Dr. Simpson at a reception they had at the Exchange Hotel. He had a parlor on the second floor facing Penn Street. His wife was seated at a window and he stood with his back to the fireplace with Mr. Clark Stockton on one side of him and George Beale (the restaurant man) on the other, to represent the literary cult of the town, and to receive and introduce their fellow-citizens to the young English author (then, in 1842, only thirty years old). Due formality was observed in the methods of introduction. Two servants were at the parlor door, one to open it and the other to receive the visitor's card, and repeat or announce the name of each caller.
>
> "I don't remember anything of what was said, and as I had then not read much of his writings either, I think I must have seemed not a very bright fellow myself. I remember he had a large crop of dark hair and had a decided Jewish phiz."[1]

There must have been some pleasant and intelligent people who called on Dickens at the Exchange Hotel,

[1] Letter loaned by Miss Emma Zug.

but he recorded only the freaks and the queer ones. "We had very queer customers at our receptions, I do assure you. Not least among them a gentleman with his inexpressibles imperfectly buttoned, and his waist band resting on his thighs, who stood behind the half opened door and could by no temptation or inducement be prevailed upon to come out. There was also another gentleman with one eye and one fixed gooseberry who stood in a corner motionless like an eight-day clock and glared upon me as I courteously received the Pittsburgians. There were also two red-headed brothers—boys—young dragons rather—who hovered about Kate (his wife) and wouldn't go. A great crowd they were for three days; and a very queer one."

On April 1, Dickens and his wife set sail for Cincinnati on the steamboat *Messenger*. He secured a cabin far in the stern of the boat because he had been told "the steamboats generally blew up forward." He reached Cincinnati on April 4, a city which, in contrast with Pittsburgh, pleased him greatly. There he found the society "intelligent, courteous, and agreeable." Of the city he wrote: "Cincinnati is a beautiful city, cheerful, thriving, and animated. I have not often seen a place that commends itself so favorably and pleasantly to a stranger at the first glance as this does, with its clean houses of red and white, its well paved roads and footways of bright tile—I was quite charmed with the appearance of the town."

We are glad that there was at least one town in America that Dickens liked and where he found civilized and congenial companions.

VIII

STANTON AND PITTSBURGH

ON December 27, 1860, there was a great flood in Pittsburgh; but it was not a flood of the tawny waters of Pittsburgh's three formidable rivers. It was a flood of patriotism. More than that, it was almost the beginning of Civil War.

Several days before that December 27th, the people of Pittsburgh had observed with great excitement that thirty-two pounder cannon and columbiads were being hauled away from the Allegheny Arsenal in Lawrenceville through the city to the wharf on the Monongahela River, where the steamboat *Silver Wave*, lay waiting. Four of the cannon had already been hoisted to the deck of the *Silver Wave*. This was the sight that stirred and aroused Pittsburgh as it has seldom been stirred through all its history.

The War Department, headed by John Buchanan Floyd, had directed Major John Symington, Commandant at the Arsenal, to ship 113 columbiads and 11 thirty-two pounders from the Arsenal to the forts at Ship Island and Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico. On the very day on which this order was issued, December 20, South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession. The nation was adrift. Southern sympathizers and plotters were taking every measure to strengthen and

fortify the South for the war which they regarded as inevitable, but which the people in the North, as a whole, were still unwilling to believe would come. Floyd had sold thousands of muskets to Virginia and delivered thousands of others to South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, taking them from northern arsenals. There was no public protest against this until Pittsburgh's citizens saw the cannon from the arsenal being dragged through the streets to be loaded on the *Silver Wave*.

The greatest excitement reigned in Pittsburgh during these critical days. An angry crowd gathered around the wagons carrying some of the cannon which had been halted on Wood Street. Not a few advocated placing cannon on the hills so that they could sink the *Silver Wave* if she attempted to sail. The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* of December 25 said:

> "Is it not enough that we are to be sold out to the Secessionists? The administration would bind us hand and foot, deprive us of arms, and deliver us neck and heel to the traitors who would destroy the Union. It has already ordered one hundred and twenty-four guns from our Allegheny Arsenal to the far South, not to defend the Stars and Stripes, but to batter it down under the pirate flag of some Lone Star and Rattlesnake government? Will our people submit to this? Our citizens of all parties as a unit denounce the movement as treason and have telegraphed to Washington to have the order revoked. If it is not done, we owe a duty to the nation, to the state of Pennsylvania, and to ourselves to prevent by force, if necessary, the transfer of these munitions of war under color of law to the enemies of the nation."

A great public protest meeting was held December 27 in and around the courthouse. General William Robinson presided, and General J. K. Morehead and Judge Charles Shaler and others spoke to the multitude. They counselled moderation, and wisely advised that to prevent by force the transportation of the cannon would be a very grave mistake, in that it would afford a precedent in resisting the government to the disunionists in the South. During the meeting a dispatch was read stating that Major Anderson had evacuated the indefensible Fort Moultrie and had taken his troops over to the strong fortress of Sumter. This evoked great excitement and cheering. The resolutions which were adopted by the meeting reflect great credit on the leaders and the people of Pittsburgh at that time, when we consider the intense feeling that had been aroused. The resolutions deprecated any interference with the shipment of the guns, called upon the President to dismiss disloyal officers from his government, and expressed the firm conviction "that the friends of the Union are strong enough, even without other arms, to sustain the Constitution and the laws, and to follow and retake the guns ordered to be removed, in case they shall be traitorously employed against them."

Fortunately for the country, on the same day that South Carolina seceded from the Union and Floyd ordered the transfer of the cannon from the arsenal at Pittsburgh to the gulf forts, where in the event of war they could easily be seized, Edwin M. Stanton was sworn in as Attorney-General in the Cabinet of the vacillating Buchanan. Stanton's former law partner in Pittsburgh, Judge Charles Shaler, telegraphed to him about the projected shipment of the guns. Stanton at once took the matter up with the President, who seems to have been ignorant of Floyd's order, with the result that on January 2, 1861, Stanton telegraphed the Mayor of Pitts-

burgh, George Wilson, that the order for the shipment of the guns had been officially rescinded by the new Secretary of War, Joseph Holt. The successful protest against the transfer of the cannon from the Allegheny Arsenal was Pittsburgh's first notable contribution to the Civil War and the maintenance of the Union.

Stanton was a native of Steubenville, Ohio, but in 1847 he took up the practice of law in Pittsburgh, in partnership with Charles Shaler. Their offices were on Fourth Avenue near Wood Street. In 1856 Stanton, for ten years a widower, married Ellen Hutchison, daughter of a Pittsburgh business man, Louis Hutchison. Stanton's first marriage to Mary A. Lamson of Columbus, Ohio, was one of great happiness. He described the bridal tour on a stage sleigh from Columbus to Cadiz as "the brightest, sweetest journey of all my life." When his wife died in childbirth in 1844, a great change came over him. At the head of his wife's grave he planted a sprig of weeping willow which a friend had brought him from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena.

On all his journeys it was the custom of his wife to place a letter in his hand to be opened and read on the road. These letters he greatly treasured, for underneath a grim exterior Stanton had a tender heart. Shortly before his second marriage he came to his Steubenville home and got out the letters written to him by his first wife before and after their marriage. Telling his gardener that he was "required" to burn them, he had placed them in a pile on the grate; but unable to apply the match, asked the gardener to do it for him. While the flames were consuming the letters, Stanton walked up and down the room, weeping and wringing his hands.

Stanton's great reputation as a lawyer was built up during the ten years he practiced in Pittsburgh. Among the celebrated cases with which he was connected during these years was the Wheeling Bridge Case. The steam-

boat and river men secured an injunction against the bridge company on the ground that the bridge at Wheeling would interfere with navigation on the Ohio. In order to demonstrate this, Stanton chartered a steamboat and had the captain drive his boat under a full head of steam between the piers of the bridge. In the ensuing collision the stacks and part of the upper works of the steamboat were carried away. With this visible evidence Stanton won his case against the bridge corporation.

Much more celebrated was the McCormick Reaper Case of 1854. This case was tried at Cincinnati. Cyrus H. McCormick had sued the John N. Manny Company of Rockford, Ill., for infringement of patent rights. Reverdy Johnston was the chief counsel for McCormick, and George Harding, of Philadelphia, and Stanton, of Pittsburgh, were counsel for the defendants. As it was thought at first that the case would be tried before a Chicago judge, Lincoln was retained for the defendants, in addition to Harding and Stanton. Lincoln prepared for this case with great care, but was snubbed and frozen out by his colleagues, who looked upon him as a backwoods boor. After Stanton had seen Lincoln, "a long, lank creature from Illinois wearing a dirty, linen duster for a coat, on the back of which the perspiration had splotched wide stains that resembled a map of the continent," he exclaimed—and there is a tradition that Lincoln overheard him in the hotel at Cincinnati—"I will not associate with such a damned, gawky, long-armed ape as that. If I can't have a man who is a gentleman in appearance associated with me in the case, I will abandon it." Lincoln was greatly hurt and chagrined by the shabby treatment he received at the hands of his colleagues; but he listened with great attention to their able arguments and made up his mind that if he

was to have eminent success in the law he must take more time for study.

In December, 1860, President Buchanan appointed Stanton Attorney-General, to take the place of Jeremiah F. Black, who had succeeded General Lewis Cass as Secretary of State. During these terrible days of uncertainty, drifting, and plotting, just before the inauguration of Lincoln, Stanton was a tower of strength for the Union in Buchanan's Cabinet. Had it not been for his courage and insistence, Buchanan would probably have yielded to the demand of the Secretary of War, Floyd, that Major Anderson, who had evacuated Fort Moultrie and moved over to Fort Sumter, be ordered back to Moultrie. Judge Holt, then Postmaster-General, and who succeeded Floyd as Secretary of War, says that when the news came in that the flag had been raised on Fort Sumter, Floyd's "fury seemed as that of some baffled fiend who suddenly discovers opening at his feet the gulf of ruin he has been preparing for another."

Although born and brought up in Ohio, Stanton seems to have regarded himself as a Pennsylvanian because of his residence for ten years in Pittsburgh. It was partly on the ground, too, of his Pennsylvania association that Lincoln put him in his Cabinet as successor to Simon Cameron as Secretary of War.

At the first Cabinet meeting which Stanton attended, Buchanan, wrapped in an old dressing gown, and trembling like a leaf, sat in his chair near the fire listening to the storm of angry debate about him, but with no word of leadership or counsel. Stanton almost came to blows with the enraged Floyd, declaring that all who took part in the proposed crime of sending Anderson back to Moultrie ought to be hung like Andre, and that a President of the United States who would make such an order would be guilty of treason and ought to be hung. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, a Connecti-

cut man, and who had voted to return Anderson to Moultrie, was asked by Stanton if he ever expected to go back to Connecticut. Asked to explain his question, Stanton replied, "that were he to take that position, and were it known to the people of Pennsylvania, he should expect that they would stone him the moment he set foot in the state, stone him through the state, and tie a stone around his neck and throw him in the river when he reached Pittsburgh."

After Lincoln's Inauguration, Stanton, who had played so heroic a part in Buchanan's Cabinet, carried on a curious and amazing correspondence with Buchanan at his Lancaster home. The letters indicate a fierce scorn and contempt for Lincoln and the Republican Party. On July 28, 1861, following the battle of Bull Run, Stanton wrote to Buchanan: "The dreadful disaster of Sunday can hardly be imagined. The imbecility of this administration culminated in that catastrophe. An irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace never to be forgotten are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits, and national bankruptcy, as the result of Lincoln's 'running the machine' for five months." Stanton has no hope of improvement "until Jeff Davis turns out the whole concern." Yet at the same time he was writing thus to Buchanan he wrote to General Dix, who had given the famous order to "shoot on the spot" any man who tried to haul down the Stars and Stripes, "that the uprising of the people of the United States to maintain their government and crush rebellion has been so grand, so mighty in every element, that I feel it a blessing to be alive and witness it."

When he was choosing his first Cabinet, Lincoln told a friend of Stanton that he had considered him for the Cabinet, for in the Cabinet of Buchanan Stanton had been "faithful among the faithless"; but said that he could not with self-respect give him an appointment

in view of his treatment of him at Cincinnati in the McCormick Reaper Case. When, almost a year later, he made Stanton Secretary of War, he said to this same friend of Stanton: "The War Department has demonstrated the great necessity for a Secretary of Mr. Stanton's great ability, and I have made up my mind to sit down on all my pride—it may be a portion of my self-respect—and appoint him to the place."

After the appointment had been made, and accepted by Stanton, on the condition that no other pledge be exacted of him than to "throttle treason," a man inquired of Judge Pierrepont, "Who is E. M. Stanton?" "A man who in six months," answered Pierrepont, "will be the chief power in this government." Stanton fulfilled these expectations and was a relentless throttler of treason, a great organizer of victory. The only questionable chapter in his career as Secretary of War was his dealings with General McClellan. Not McClellan alone, but other high and intelligent officers of the Army of the Potomac were convinced that Stanton had deliberately interfered with the success of the Army of the Potomac when it fought in the Peninsula. There are certain facts which are of a nature to uphold the theory that Stanton was one of a group at Washington who did not desire a speedy victory in the field over the Confederate armies, lest the Rebellion should be put down before slavery had been abolished.

When Stanton first saw Lincoln he spoke of him as "a long, lank creature from Illinois," a "gawky, long-armed ape." But that was not his final opinion of Lincoln. The final verdict was spoken on the morning of April 15, 1865, when, standing by the bed upon which Lincoln had just expired, Stanton pulled down the blinds to shut out the morning light, and with the tears rolling down his cheeks, exclaimed, "Now he belongs to the ages."

IX

PITTSBURGH'S BLOODIEST DAY

THE bloodiest single day of the Civil War was September 17, 1862, when, on the banks of the Antietam in Maryland, the Army of the Potomac under General George B. McClellan and the Army of Northern Virginia under Robert E. Lee, met in a desperate battle. When the day was over and the moon was risen, almost 20,000 young men lay dead or wounded in the orchards, and corn fields, in the great stone barns, along the lanes, behind the stone fences, and by the banks of the little Antietam as it murmured its way towards the Potomac.

On that same day, September 17, 1862, Pittsburgh suffered its worst disaster and experienced its bloodiest day. Seventy women and three men were blown to pieces and burned in the explosion at the Allegheny Arsenal. Only the massive fortress-like gates of the old Arsenal remain standing today; but if you pass with me through these brown stone gates, you will at once find yourself on the highways and byways of an interesting and important history.

In 1814 the government purchased thirty acres of land in Lawrenceville from William B. Foster, the father of Stephen C. Foster, and at once commenced the erection of buildings. The arsenal was finished in 1829. From that date until 1868, when manufacturing at the

arsenal ceased, the Allegheny Arsenal was an important center for the manufacture of the weapons of military destruction. Of the fourteen officers who served as Commandants at the arsenal, only one rose to distinction, Thomas Jackson Rodman. Born at Salem, Ind., in 1815 and graduated from West Point in 1841, he was commissioned in the Ordinance Department. He served at the Allegheny Arsenal, at the Richmond Arsenal, and at the Baton Rouge Arsenal, and was an Ordinance officer during the Mexican War.

From the very beginning of his career, Rodman demonstrated marked gifts as an inventor. His idea was to cast the gun upon a hollow core, cooling the inner surface by flowing water, so that each layer of metal was compressed by the shrinkage of outer layers. The result was a gun of much greater power and endurance. He also invented prismatic gun powder. These inventions were finally adopted by the United States government in 1859, fourteen years after their conception. During the Civil War Rodman was in command of the arsenal at Watertown, Mass., where he turned out the most formidable guns that were used in the Civil War. One of these guns, a monster fifteen inch gun, was mounted on the defenses on the Potomac River at Washington. Erickson used Rodman's guns on his monitors. It was the opinion of the military experts that the inventions of Rodman, his gunpowder and his powerful guns, did much to deter European governments from intervention in the Civil War during its most critical days.

All through the Civil War the Allegheny Arsenal smoked with industry, and powder and guns of every description were manufactured by the 1,200 employees. One of the contributions of Pittsburgh to the Civil War was one of the seven 100 Days Gun Boats which were built by the famous engineer, James B. Eads for use on the western rivers. The gunboat "Pittsburgh" played

an important part at Fort Donelson, Fort Pillow and the Yazoo River expedition, and was one of the flotilla which ran the batteries at Vicksburg.

Current accounts of the terrible explosion of September 17, 1862, relate that the chief explosion took place in a new laboratory for the manufacture of gunpowder. It was said to have been caused by the igniting of powder on one of the stone walks connecting the laboratory with the other buildings. When the stones were being laid in this walk, it was observed that the workmen's hammers drew sparks from the stones. A suggestion was made to the Commandant, Major John Symington, that it would be wise to use a softer stone; but this was disregarded by Symington. He also refused to have the walk covered with tanbark or sand. Patrick McBride, in charge of the laboratory, was said to have covered the walk with cinders, which, when the Commandant discovered, he ordered removed.

There was a considerable accumulation of powder dust in the laboratory building and on the outside also. For weeks the weather before the day of the explosion had been extraordinarily dry. Four tons of powder had been put in the laboratory on September 17. In the early afternoon a wagon was backed up to the laboratory entrance to be loaded with ammunition for the Union army. Some say it was through the iron wheel of the wagon, others by the stamping of a horse irritated by flies. At all events, there was a spark which was at once communicated with the ammunition room. The first explosion was not disastrous, and the women and men employed in the building rushed for the doors. These were very heavy and opened inward. The result was that the doors were blocked and jammed with the frantic workers seeking to escape. In a few seconds the main supply of the powder was ignited and the whole building went up in a burst of flame. Fragments of muti-

lated bodies and bits of clothing were found in all sections near the arsenal and high up in the trees. Seventy girls and three men perished. Forty-five of the dead could not be identified. They were buried in the nearby cemetery, and a monument erected over their grave. A second monument to the memory of the victims of the explosion was dedicated May 27, 1928, in the Allegheny Cemetery. The following is the inscription on the original monument:

> "Tread softly; this is consecrated dust. Forty-five pure patriotic victims lie here, a sacrifice to freedom and civil liberty; a horrid memento of a most wicked rebellion. Patriots! these are patriots' graves. Friends of humble, honest toil, these were your peers. Fervent affection kindled these hearts; honest industry employed these hands; widows and orphans tears have watered the ground. Female beauty and manhood's vigor commingle here. Identified by man, known by Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life; to be made known and loved again when the morning cometh."

X

THOMAS A. SCOTT AND HIS "WHITE HAIRED DEVIL"

"PLUMS delivered nuts safely." This was the message received in the telegraph office of the Pennsylvania depot at Harrisburg. As soon as the man who held the dispatch had read it, he threw his high hat into the air and shouted, "Lincoln is in Washington!"

"Plums delivered nuts safely" was the cipher message that had been agreed upon when Lincoln set out on his secret journey to Washington on the night of February 22, 1861. The man who threw his hat in the air was the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and a former Pittsburgh railroad man, Thomas A. Scott. Scott was born at Ft. Loudon where his father kept a tavern on the stage road. In 1850 he became station agent at Duncansville, the point of transfer between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the State Canals and the Allegheny Portage Railroad over the mountains. In 1852, when the Pennsylvania was completed at Pittsburgh, he was appointed third Assistant Superintendent of the Division westward from Altoona, with his office at Pittsburgh. In 1858 he was made General Superintendent, and in 1860 First Vice-President.

The appointment of Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania to the post of Secretary of War was the payment

by Lincoln of a political debt which had been incurred by his shrewd political managers at the Chicago Convention. David Davis had assured Cameron's supporters in the Convention that if the Pennsylvania delegates turned to Lincoln, Cameron would be appointed Secretary of the Treasury. On the third ballot at the convention, Lincoln, who up to that time had been running second to Seward, picked up 129 votes, of which fifty-two came from Pennsylvania.

When it became known that Simon Cameron, the Pennsylvania Political Boss, might be named Secretary of the Treasury, Lincoln was bombarded with protests from all over the country. A compromise was finally effected by putting Cameron at the head of the War Department. Rightly or wrongly, Cameron, in some quarters, did not enjoy the highest reputation for political and business integrity. He was known as "Old Kickapoo," and as the "Great Winabago." These sobriquets had been conferred upon him because of his dealings as an Indian Commissioner with the Indians at Prairie Du Chien on the Mississippi; Cameron paid the Indians' claims with the notes of his own bank at Middletown, Pennsylvania. These notes were of no use to the Indians, who could not purchase goods with them on the Western frontier. When Thaddeus Stevens, one of Cameron's Pennsylvania political adversaries, heard that Lincoln had appointed him as a Minister to Russia, he exclaimed, "Ugh! Ugh! Send word to the Czar to bring in his things at night."

Almost any Secretary of War would have been under fire and criticism during the first months of the great conflict. Cameron paid the highest prices for supplies, but defended himself on the ground that the great and immediate necessity was to procure the materials and supplies with which to equip the armies, regardless of the cost. One of his first acts and one of his

wisest, was to secure the appointment of Thomas A. Scott, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania, as Assistant Secretary of War. Scott was a man of remarkable personality, handsome presence, "a cool, quiet manner and an electric brain." From August 3, 1861, until he resigned in June, 1862, he had supervision of all the transportation lines. In September, 1863, he was called back to the service with the temporary appointment of Assistant Quartermaster General on the staff of General Joseph Hooker. This appointment was made so that Scott might take charge of the transportation of a part of the Army of the Potomac to Chattanooga, where a great disaster had befallen the Union army under Rosecrans. On September 22, Bragg struck the Union Army at Chickamauga and drove its right wing and its center off the field. Only the heroic resistance of Thomas on the left saved Rosecrans' army, which was now straitly shut up in Chattanooga. Grant was hastily summoned from the Mississippi, and Stanton prepared to send 20,000 of Meade's veterans over the mountains to Chattanooga. These troops comprised the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps. Stanton thought he could get them to Chattanooga in five days. Lincoln said, "I bet you can't even get them to Washington in five days." Halleck thought it would take forty days. But under the management of Thomas A. Scott the troop trains were leaving Washington over the B. & O. on the 24th of September, two days after the disaster at Chickamauga. 23,000 men were transported 1,200 miles in seven days.

On his way to Washington for the inaugural, Lincoln spoke in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on Washington's birthday. From Philadelphia he went to Harrisburg, and it was announced that he would go from Harrisburg to Washington. At Philadelphia Lincoln got word through William H. Seward's son, Frederick, that Allen Pinkerton, the Chicago detective, had re-

ported a plot against his life. Seward advised Lincoln to change his plans and pass through Baltimore on his way to Washington at a different hour than that which had been announced.

At Harrisburg Lincoln seemed more distressed about the temporary loss of his hand bag, containing his inaugural address, than he was about the supposed plot against his life. At a conference at the Jones' House, at which Governor Curtin, Col. Thomas A. Scott, Col. Edwin Sumner, Ward Lamon, Lincoln's body guard, and Alexander McClure were present, the question of changing the plans for going to Washington was discussed. Lincoln made no comment except to say, "What would the nation think of its President stealing into the Capital like a thief in the night?"

As he was the only practical railroad man present, much of the responsibility for the arrangements rested upon Thomas A. Scott. If a change was to be made it was necessary to reach Philadelphia late that night. Scott took full charge and everything was done at his orders. Only one man was to accompany Lincoln back to Philadelphia and then to Washington. The one chosen was Ward Lamon. When Governor Curtin wanted to know if Lamon was armed, he displayed a pair of heavy revolvers, a sling shot, brass knuckles, and an ugly knife under his vest.

With Curtin and Lamon, Lincoln entered a carriage, and following Scott's instructions, drove first toward the Executive Mansion and then took a circuitous route to the railroad station. There they boarded a train made up of a single car and a locomotive and set out over the line which Scott had cleared to Philadelphia. As soon as the train left, Scott had all the telegraph wires entering Harrisburg cut. The train on which Lincoln was to reach Philadelphia was due in Washington at six in the morning. All night Scott and his friends kept vigil,

until in the early morning he reunited the severed telegraph lines and received the message from Washington, "Plums delivered nuts safely."

One of the first things that Thomas A. Scott did when he was appointed Assistant Secretary of War in August, 1861, was to call to Washington a young man who had been associated with him in the railroad office at Pittsburgh.

On a mid-summer day in 1848, William Carnegie, his wife, Margaret Morrison, and their two sons, Andrew, aged 13, and Thomas, aged 5, landed at the wharf in Pittsburgh. They had come by steamboat from Beaver, the terminus of the canal by which they had traveled from Cleveland. Waiting for the steamboat at Beaver, Margaret Morrison had been attacked by an enemy altogether new to Scottish folk, the mosquito, and was almost blinded by the bites. The family had migrated from far-off Dunfermline. After a seven-week voyage on an 800 ton sailing vessel, the *Wiscasset*, they arrived at New York and traveled by canal to Cleveland, and thence by the Ohio-Pennsylvania Canal to Beaver, and by the steamboat to Pittsburgh, a journey of three weeks.

The Dunfermline family were met at the dock by two sisters of Margaret Morrison. One of these sisters, Mrs. Thomas Hogan, lived in a house on Rebecca Street, now Reedsdale Street. Back of their house was a loom shop, and in the second story of this loom shop the new arrivals were lodged.

William Carnegie was a damask weaver, and at once set to work to weave table cloths, which he carried about and sold. Tom was sent to school, and Andrew got a job in a factory as a bobbin boy for $1.20 a week. Margaret, the mother, got work in the shoemaker's shop of a neighbor, Phipps, father of Carnegie's future partner, Henry Phipps. It was a rude, dreary neigh-

borhood; and yet out of this neighborhood came Robert Pitcairn, Henry W. Oliver and Henry Phipps. The Carnegie mother was a heroic soul, and her son pays her beautiful tributes. One day a neighbor suggested that if Andrew were fitted out with a basket and knick-knacks, he could peddle them around the river wharves. The boy's mother sprang to her feet and exclaimed,

"What! My son a peddler! And going among rough men among the wharves? I would rather throw him into the Allegheny River. Leave me!" she cried, pointing to the door.

In 1850 the young Carnegie secured a job as a messenger boy with the Telegraph Company. When David Brooks, manager of the office, asked him how soon he could come, he said he could stay now if wanted. "Looking back over the circumstance," wrote Carnegie many years afterwards, "I think that answer might be well pondered by young men. It is a great mistake not to seize the opportunity."

This position as a messenger boy was the opening door for the young Scot. His duties brought him in touch with the leaders of Pittsburgh at that time, Judge Wilkins, Charles Shaler and his law partner, Edwin M. Stanton; James Park, Jr., B. F. Jones, William Thaw, John Chalfant and Col. Herron. The first telegram that the boy delivered was to Gen. William Robinson, the first white child born west of the Ohio River.

In front of the Carnegie Library in Allegheny, now the North Side, you will see a monument to Col. James Anderson. The monument was erected by Andrew Carnegie as a token of gratitude, for it was this James Anderson who opened his library to working boys on Saturday afternoons. This gave young Carnegie a passport into the world of books.

Thomas A. Scott came frequently to the Telegraph office, where the messenger boy had now become an oper-

ator, and on Feb. 1, 1853, gave the boy a job as his clerk and telegraph operator at $35.00 a month. Carnegie was then 18 years of age. He was now brought into contact for the first time with rough, coarse and profane men. "I ate necessarily of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil for the first time." But the godly training of his Scottish home stood him in good stead, and he records that this first experience with coarse men was beneficial because it gave him, as the Scotch say, a "scunner" (disgust) to tobacco and profanity "which fortunately remained with me through life."

One of the first jobs of Mr. Scott's "Andy," as he was now known, was to go to Altoona to get the monthly pay rolls and checks. He left Altoona in the morning for Pittsburgh with the checks under his waistcoat because the package was too large for his pockets. Boy like, he rode with the engineer on the engine. Then suddenly he reached for the pay roll package, and lo, it was gone! He saw himself ruined, all his hopes blasted. But the kind engineer reversed the engine and ran slowly back over the line until the anxious boy saw with great joy the precious package lying on the banks of the stream alongside the tracks.

One day Scott asked the young Carnegie if he had five hundred dollars. Five hundred cents was nearer his capital; but when Scott told him that there was a chance to buy ten shares of Adam's Express stock, Carnegie hurried home to tell his mother. The next morning she took a steamer for East Liverpool where she secured the money from a brother. This was Carnegie's first investment. How quickly he gathered "gear" is shown by a memorandum he made in 1863, when he was 27 years of age, for a Civil War income tax. His income then was $47,860.67.

In 1856, when Scott was made General Superin-

tendent of the Pennsylvania, he took Carnegie with him to Altoona. By this time Carnegie had demonstrated his ability to run trains. One morning when Scott was away there was a serious accident on the Eastern Division which delayed the passenger trains going East and West, and all freight trains in both directions were on the sidings. With "Death or Westminster Abbey" flashing across his mind, the young assistant sent out orders in the name of Scott and started every train. When Scott at length appeared he said to Carnegie,

"Well, how are matters?"

Hardly knowing what the result would be, Carnegie told Scott that he had sent out the trains in his name. He showed him the messages, the position of every train, and the latest report. Scott looked over the report, said nothing, and went back to his desk. But that night he said to one of the Pennsylvania Staff:

"You know what that little white haired Scotch devil of mine did?"

"No."

"I'm blamed if he didn't run every train on the Division in my name without the slightest authority."

On a trip one day to visit friends at Crestline, Ohio, Carnegie was sitting in the end seat of the rear car, watching the line, when a rustic looking man with a green bag in his hand sat down beside him and took out of the bag the model of a sleeping car. It was none other than T. T. Woodruff, the inventor of the sleeping car. Taken with the idea, Carnegie presented the matter to Scott, with the result that a contract was made to place two of the sleeping cars on the Pennsylvania Line. Woodruff gave Carnegie a chance to buy an eighth interest in the venture, which proved to be a great success.

On December 1, 1859, Carnegie succeeded Scott as Superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Scott, who had become As-

sistant Secretary of War, sent to Pittsburgh for Carnegie to act as his assistant in charge of the military railroads and telegraphs and to organize a corps of railroad men. In this capacity Carnegie had a part in bringing the first troops into Washington.

If all the Northern states had been as ready for war as Massachusetts, the struggle would have been much less prolonged. Massachusetts' splendid war Governor John A. Andrew, had the militia regiments filled up and equipped with the latest arms and ready for call. Lincoln's proclamation calling for soldiers was published in the papers on Monday, April 15, and on Wednesday, April 17, the Sixth Massachusetts started for the capital. At all the New England towns through which the trains passed, and at New York and at Philadelphia, they were greeted with tremendous outbursts of enthusiasm and patriotism. When the troop train reached Baltimore at the Philadelphia station, where they had to transfer to the Washington station, several companies were assaulted by a savage mob as they marched through the streets of the city. Four soldiers were killed and thirty-six wounded. This was the first bloodshed of the Civil War.

General Benjamin Butler, to whose brigade the Sixth Massachusetts belonged, arrived in Philadelphia with the Eighth Massachusetts on the evening of April 19, the day of the assault on the troops at Baltimore. The burning of bridges at Baltimore and the refusal of the Baltimore Railroad to carry troops into the city closed the road to Washington. Butler took his troops by train to Perryville on the Susquehanna, and then steamed down Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis, where he was soon joined by the crack Seventh Regiment of New York, which had come from Philadelphia by water. With the resourcefulness and the courage which always characterized him, Butler marched his troops from An-

napolis to Annapolis Junction, where they took the train for Washington, reaching there on Thursday, April 25.

Carnegie rendered important service in repairing the line from Annapolis Junction to Washington, and went into the city on the first train with General Butler. Riding on the engine, Carnegie noticed not far from Washington that the telegraph line had been torn down and the wires pinned to the ground with stakes between two poles. He stopped the engine, and jumping off, pulled the stakes, when the wires, suddenly released, struck him in the face, cutting a gash in his cheek. Carnegie used to claim, and with some reason, that he was one of the first men to bleed for his country in the Civil War.

The appearance of Butler with the Eighth Regiment dispelled the gloom which hung over the city and brought joy to all the North. Lincoln himself was beginning to despair of the situation. Two days before the Eighth Massachusetts arrived he walked for an hour alone in the Executive Office, and then gazing out of the window down the Potomoc, was heard to exclaim in anguished tones, "Why don't they come? Why don't they come?" To wounded men of the Sixth Massachusetts he said in a tone of sadness, "I begin to believe that there is no North. The Seventh Regiment is a myth. Rhode Island is another. You are the only real thing." But when the newly arrived troops marched up Pennsylvania Avenue with bands playing and flags flying, Lincoln and the whole nation took heart once more.

XI

PITTSBURGH'S GREATEST SOLDIER

IN the shadow of the Kosciusko monument at West Point, in a lonely part of the reservation, two cadets are fighting. They are both big, strong boys, and are well matched. For hours they fight, surrounded by their seconds, on even terms. At the finish both are down. But the cadet from Pennsylvania, Alexander Hays, is the first to get up, and his adversary, Crittenden, has to be put to bed.

In Hays' class at West Point, Hancock, afterwards the famous general, was the smallest boy in the class. He had been bullied and insulted by Crittenden, a cadet twice as big, and Hays, acting as the protector of the frail Hancock, challenged Crittenden to the combat. Fist fights of that nature were common at West Point in that day. In the years just before the Civil War there were fierce battles between cadets from the North and from the South. One of the most celebrated of these was the fight between Upton, of Ohio, and Gibbes, of South Carolina. At the time of the John Brown raid Gibbes had spoken slightingly of Upton, who had come from Oberlin College, which was open to colored men, as a man who "associated with Niggers." They had a savage battle, in which Upton was the victor.

Pittsburgh had two officers in the war who rose to

high rank, James Scott Negley and Alexander Hays. Negley achieved higher rank, but much less fame, in the war than Alexander Hays. At the outbreak of the war he was commissioned a Brigadier-General and commanded a brigade under General Patterson at Harper's Ferry. In the West he commanded a division under Rosecrans and fought in the battles of Stone River and Chickamauga. For gallantry at Stone River he was made a Major-General; but at Chickamauga his division on the right wing of the Union Army together with the rest of the army on that part of the field was overwhelmed in the disaster that almost wrecked the Army of the Cumberland. Generals John M. Brannan and Thomas J. Wood, also driven from the field when Longstreet crashed through the Union line, charged Negley with desertion and cowardice. A Court of Inquiry cleared him of these charges, but he was never able to secure a command again. When Grant was on his way to Washington to be made Lieutenant-General in the spring of 1864, Sherman went with him as far as Cincinnati. One of the things that they discussed was how to get generals who, for one reason or another, had dropped out of the service, back into the army. Among these were McClellan, Buell, and Negley.

Alexander Hays was born July 8, 1819 at Franklin, in Venango County, Pa. He studied in the academies at Venango and at Mercer, and for a time at Allegheny College at Meadville, when he received an appointment to West Point, where he graduated in 1844. In his class at West Point were a number of men afterwards celebrated in the Civil War: Alfred Pleasanton, Simon Bolivar Buckner from Kentucky, and Winfield Scott Hancock from Pennsylvania. Grant was in the class ahead of Hays and they were firm friends. There is extant an interesting photograph of the stalwart Hays and the almost childish-looking Grant taken at

Camp Salubrity, La., at the outbreak of the Mexican War.

Hays served with Grant for a time in the same regiment, taking part in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de-la-Palma. He came back to Pennsylvania on a recruiting expedition, and then joined Scott's army at Vera Cruz. His Mexican War experience is reflected in the names which as a civil engineer he gave to the new streets which were laid out in Allegheny City—Resaca, Buena Vista, Monterey.

Hays was married while on furlough during the Mexican War, in 1846, to Annie McFadden, daughter of John B. McFadden, a Pittsburgh jeweler whose home was at 58 Penn Street, immediately opposite the Block House. After a trip to California with a party of Forty-niners during the gold excitement, Hays returned to Pittsburgh and engaged in engineering and bridge building.

When the Civil War broke out he enlisted as a private and was soon made a captain. Later on he was appointed Colonel of the Sixty-third Pennsylvania Regiment, and with this regiment served under McClellan, whom, like most of the West Pointers, he greatly admired, in the Peninsula campaign. His home at Sewickley was named Fair Oaks, after the Peninsula battle. Hays was severely wounded in the battle of Second Bull Run. In June, 1863, he was appointed to the command of a division of the Second Corps, and served in this corps with great distinction at the battle of Gettysburg. The final charge of Pickett's troops was broken on the front of Hays' division.

In the flush and exultation of victory, a feeling which animated every officer and every soldier who witnessed the wreck of Pickett's division streaming across the fields towards Seminary Ridge after the famous charge, Hays called out to some of his soldiers, "Boys,

give me a flag!" When a rebel flag was handed him he had it tied to the tail of his horse. Then, accompanied by two members of his staff he rode up and down in front of the Union lines, and even well out into the open fields towards the Confederate lines, the flag of the vanquished dragging behind him on the ground. Storms of cheers welcomed him as he rode back into the lines of his own division. One of the soldiers who witnessed this triumph, describes him as he sat erect on his horse, its flanks streaming with blood, and galloped up and down the line. "I reckon him," he said, "the grandest view of my life. I bar not Niagara. It was the arch spirit of glorious Victory, wildly triumphing over the fallen foe."

After Gettysburg Hays sought in vain for the promotion which he richly deserved. But, in spite of the petition of the officers of his division, and of influential Pittsburghers, and the friendship of Stanton, the Secretary of War, for his wife's family, the promotion was never granted, and he crossed the Rapidan with Grant's army in the spring of 1864 in command of a brigade.

In the first battle in the Wilderness, Hays, who was riding along the line of his old Sixty-third Regiment and encouraging the troops, was struck in the head by a bullet and fell from his horse to the ground, expiring within a short time. He had just sent an urgent call to Hancock, his old West Point friend, for reinforcements. Hancock sent back word, "I will send him a brigade in twenty minutes. Tell him to hold his ground. He can do it. I know him to be a powerful man. Tell him to hold his ground twenty minutes and he shall be relieved." But another relief came, and a greater, before that from Hancock.

"Ay, sooner than he had hoped for! Sooner, and not
the same.
The succor he asked! Men call it by another and
darker name."

The body of Hays was brought to Pittsburgh, and amid honors from the whole city, the funeral was held in the First Presbyterian Church, where the pastor, Dr. William R. Paxton, delivered the eulogy. He was buried in the Allegheny Cemetery.

Hays was a great favorite of General Grant. When General Horace Porter brought Grant word of Hays' death, Grant was in his favorite position during the anxious hours of the battle of the wilderness, sitting with his back against a tree, and engaged in his favorite occupation, thoughtfully whittling pine sticks. When Porter told him of the death of Hays, Grant sat for a time in silence, and then speaking slowly, and pausing between each sentence, said: "Hays and I were cadets together for three years. We served for a time in the same regiment in the Mexican War. He was a noble man and a gallant officer. I am not surprised that he met his death at the head of his troops. It was just like him. He was a man who would never follow, but would always lead in battle."

When Grant was a candidate for the Presidency in 1868 he visited Pittsburgh. The then mayor of the city, Jered M. Brush, was driving him back from a German picnic when they neared the Allegheny Cemetery. Grant said to Brush, "Can you tell me where General Alexander Hays' grave is?" Brush answered that it was just at hand. "Drive me to it then," said Grant. When they reached the grave, Grant got out of the carriage and read the inscription on the monument. Then he sat down by himself on one of the cannon by the side of the monument, as if in a reverie. When the

mayor looked again Grant was in tears. Years afterwards, when, with the cancer gripping his throat, he was writing his celebrated Memoirs, Grant came to the story of the Battle of the Wilderness, this is his comment on his old friend: "One of Birney's most gallant brigade commanders, Alexander Hays was killed. He was a most gallant officer, ready to lead his command wherever ordered. With him it was 'Come, boys,' not, 'Go.' "

XII

THE RIOTS OF 1877

FLAMES! Flames! Flames! The Union Depot in flames; the railroad hotel and the grain elevator in flames; the round house in flames; hundreds of freight cars and passenger coaches burning. Whichever way I look, flames. Stand close here by my side, and by the light of these flames I will read you the story of the most dangerous riots that the United States has ever seen.

Panics are always dangerous. They are the fertile seed plot of social unrest and social rebellion. In the great panic of 1873 the railroads, as usual, were the chief sufferers. In the years following the panic, the great trunk lines, the Erie, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, and the Pennsylvania engaged in an almost suicidal rate war. In the attempt to take away business from one another, they were transporting freight at less than cost. In the summer of 1877 the railroads, in order to meet the economic situation, began to reduce wages by ten per cent. There seems to have been no general agreement among the roads as to the reduction, but the way in which it was done certainly indicates a tacit understanding. In view of what was to follow, the reduction of wages was an unwise procedure. The rate reduction on the B. and O. went into effect on July 16. On that day the firemen on the trains which

came into Martinsburg, W. Va., abandoned their posts, and by persuasion and intimidation succeeded in calling out all the train crews. From Martinsburg the strike spread rapidly east and west. The Governor of West Virginia ordered out the whole militia force, which amounted to just three companies. When these troops arrived at Martinsburg they were useless because they fraternized with the strikers.

On the 18th of July, the Governor called on President Hayes for assistance. The President dispatched two hundred and fifty regulars to Martinsburg, who dispersed the rioters, but were not able to open up the Baltimore and Ohio line. On July 20 serious disturbances broke out at Cumberland, further west, and a junction for the trains going to St. Louis and to Pittsburgh. When the Company called on the Governor of Maryland for aid, he ordered two Baltimore regiments of militia, the Fifth and Sixth, to hold themselves in readiness.

The Fifth Regiment was attacked by a Baltimore mob when about to entrain at the Camden Station. In view of the dangerous rioting the Mayor of Baltimore persuaded the Governor to revoke the order dispatching these troops to Cumberland. The Sixth Regiment was sent to the aid of the Fifth, which was surrounded by the mob at the Camden Station. On the way to the station the troops, attacked by the mob, fired into the crowd. Nine rioters fell dead, and many others were wounded. This infuriated the mob, and the troops of the Sixth Regiment had to flee for their lives. Many of the soldiers escaped only by changing their uniforms for civilian clothing, or by taking refuge in friendly houses. The attack on the troops was an interesting echo of the assault which was made in the streets of Baltimore on the famous Sixth Massachusetts Infantry,

in April, 1861, on its way to the relief of Washington. On the 20th of July, in response to a call from the Governor of Maryland, President Hayes sent a force of regulars under General Hancock to Baltimore, and the presence of these troops put an end to the rioting in that city.

Thursday, July 19, was the day on which the flames of riot burst out at Pittsburgh. On the 1st of June, the Pennsylvania Railroad announced a ten per cent reduction in wages. In conference with the representatives of the train crews, the President of the company, Thomas A. Scott, promised a restoration of the cut whenever possible. The cut was generally agreed to by the railroad men, but it left a feeling of discontent. This discontent flamed into rioting when the Pennsylvania Company, in order to reduce expenses, ordered that all freights on the Pennsylvania-Altoona division were to run as "double headers." Ordinarily, a freight train consisted of an engine and twenty cars, with a crew of three, in addition to the engineer and the firemen, the conductor and two brakemen. By "double heading" the freights, and making the train one of forty cars, the railroad saved the expenses of the extra freight crew. This order was to take effect on Thursday, July 19.

On that day the train crew refused to take out the eight forty A.M. train. When a make-up crew was recruited from the yards and attempted to take out the train, they were assaulted by the strikers with coupling pins. The strikers soon took possession of the switches, and in a few hours the line was completely tied up and the great strike was on.

On that morning the Chief Clerk of the Pittsburgh division, David M. Watt, acting in the absence of the Superintendent, Robert Pitcairn, went to the Mayor,

and asked for assistance and protection. There were only 120 men on the police force of Pittsburgh then, and only nine were on duty during the day. The Mayor was able to do little, even if he had been a man of resolution and of courage; but the Chief Clerk engaged ten discharged policemen at the Company's charges and took them with him to the yards. There he was assaulted by the mob as he was trying to open one of the switches. He again appealed to the Mayor, but without success.

At midnight that night, the sheriff of Allegheny County and the commander of the militia of the Pittsburgh district, General Pearson, went out to the 28th Street crossing, the chief center of the rioting, and asked the crowd to disperse. The rioters mocked at them, answering, "Go home. We are not going to allow any freight trains to leave until the difficulty between us and the railroad company is settled. The Mayor and policemen are on our side, and prominent citizens have offered to assist us in provisions and money to carry on the strike."

Alarmed at this, the sheriff telegraphed to the Governor of Pennsylvania for assistance, Governor Hartranft was out of the state, on his way to the Pacific Coast. But the Adjutant-General, John Latta, authorized General A. L. Pearson, a Civil War veteran, to call out the Pittsburgh militia. Three regiments, the 18th, the 14th, the Jefferson Cavalry, and Hutchison's Battery, responded to the call. The 18th regiment, made up of 225 men, was stationed at the stockyards in East Liberty. The other regiments were slow in reaching the scene of the disorders at the 28th Street crossing, and when they did arrive, openly showed their sympathy with the strikers. The popular feeling in Pittsburgh against the Pennsylvania Railroad was very strong at

that time, and constituted one of the chief difficulties the authorities had to overcome in dealing with the situation.

At 6 o'clock on Friday evening, General Pearson telegraphed Adjutant-General Latta that he would need 2,000 troops to quell the riots. Latta ordered the First Division of the militia, all Philadelphia troops, to proceed at once to Pittsburgh. In the meantime a Proclamation in the Governor's name was read to the rioters, but without any effect. They knew that the Governor was out of the state, and questioned the legal right of anyone else to call out the troops.

On the morning of Saturday the 21st, General Pearson ordered two of his regiments, made up of the Pittsburgh militia, to take and hold the 28th Street crossing. But the officers in immediate command, and in civilian clothes, encouraged the troops to fraternize with the strikers. At 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon the Philadelphia troops, under command of General R. M. Brinton, and which had left Philadelphia at two in the morning, arrived at the Union Station in Pittsburgh, tired and hungry after their long ride.

By this time hordes of the unemployed, loafers and tramps, and men of the baser sort, had completely swallowed up the original railroad strikers. The hostile crowd was swelled by workmen and miners taking advantage of the Saturday half holiday. After having taken nothing but a cup of coffee and a roll, the troops of the First Division were put on the march for the center of the trouble at the 28th Street crossing. Brinton instructed his officers that he did not want any shooting, but that if attacked the men were to defend themselves. When these troops arrived at the crossing, where the Pittsburgh militia were encouraging the mob, they cleared the tracks with their bayonets. With great

boldness, the mob, not believing that the soldiers would retaliate, hurled stones into their ranks and even seized their muskets and sought to wrest them out of their hands. The inevitable happened. The soldiers opened fire, and sixteen rioters and spectators fell dead.[1]

The shooting of the rioters only served to madden the mob and increase its thirst for blood. At nightfall Brinton took his Philadelphia troops into the round house at 26th street. There all through the night they were assailed and besieged by the furious mob. The strikers had taken a gun from Hutchinson's Battery and were firing with it on the round house. The soldiers besieged in the round house had instructions not to fire, and the best they could do was to place obstructions on the tracks to keep at a distance the flaming cars, loaded with coke and saturated with oil, which the rioters were seeking to push against the round house. Most of the officers and many of the Philadelphia troops had seen service in the Civil War; but never had they passed through such a terrible experience as that night they spent in the round house. "Tired, hungry, worn out, surrounded by a mob of infuriated men, yelling like demons, fire on nearly all sides of them, suffocated and blinded by smoke, with no chance to rest, and little knowledge of what efforts were being made for their relief; with orders not to fire on the mob unless in

[1] Mr. John Ruhl, now living at 749 Broughton Avenue, Pittsburgh, was a boy of fourteen years at the time of the Riots. He followed the Philadelphia troops as they marched out from the Union Depot to the Twenty-eighth Street crossing, and had clambered halfway up the hillside above the railroad tracks, when the troops fired on the mob. A bullet struck him on the right cheek and passed out at the left eye. He was laid on a shutter, and although the West Penn Hospital was just at hand, was carried to his home on Sixteenth Street. His recovery was a miracle. All the doctors who examined him despaired of his life, except Dr. William R. Hamilton, well known to old-time Pittsburghers. Under his almost hourly treatment and fatherly care, young Ruhl was out at play in a few weeks, but blind, of course, in the eye that had been shot away.

necessary self-defense, the wonder is that they were not totally demoralized. But the evidence of all the officers is that the men behaved like veterans."

Never has Pittsburgh seen such a wild night. Casks of liquor had been broken open and hundreds of the rioters were drunk. Freight cars had been broken into, and the looters were dragging their spoil through the streets. Women, always the most savage in riots, were urging the men on with their shrill cries. On the hill-sides above the railroad throngs of spectators had gathered. The tower of the City Hall was filled with on-lookers, and every vantage point in the city was crowded with people, who, careless of their own safety, were watching the terrible scene.[2]

At 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, after a night of horror, the Philadelphia troops marched in good order out on the round house, and still attacked on all sides by the mob, made their way to the Allegheny Arsenal. There the Commandant refused to admit them, saying he had just ten men under his command and could not protect them. He did, however, open the hosptial for the wounded. The troops marched on eastward, and crossing Allegheny River at Sharpsburg, found rest and refreshment at the workhouse.

Sunday, July 22, Pittsburgh was given over completely to the rioters. The Union Depot was burned, the railroad hotel, the grain elevator, the round

[2] William Evans, of 3440 Dawson Street, Pittsburgh, and living then on the South Side, heard the workers of the Jones & Laughlin Mill marching down Carson Street to go to the aid of the strikers. Nearly all the men in the steel mills and mines sympathized with the railroad men and assembled in great numbers near the scene of the rioting on Saturday afternoon. Speaking of the looting on the following day, Evans recalled seeing a woman going down Penn Avenue carrying a huge Virginia ham in a much more valuable black silk Cincinnati apron. Another man rolled a barrel all the way to his home, thinking it was filled with flour; but when he broke in the head he found cement instead of flour.

house, and more than 1,000 freight cars. The reports in the Pittsburgh newspapers of those days reflect the fear and consternation which were in the minds of the people. Some of the newspapers, frightened by the tragic happenings, severely criticized the Philadelphia troops for firing on the mob. But as a matter of fact, to the Philadelphia troops alone went the credit for resisting the mob and courageously contending with anarchy. By Monday the 23rd, the riot had burned itself out. A local Committee of Saftey was organized to do what the police force and the sheriff had so dismally failed to do. The Committee was made up of the following citizens: William G. Johnston, a former Governor; John Morehead, Paul Hacke, Ralph Bageley, George Wilson, J. J. Gillespie, G. Schleiter, J. G. Weldin, George H. Thurston, James J. Donnell, James B. Haines, George A. Kelley, F. H. Eaton, J. E. Schwartz, Joseph Horne, William T. Dunn, R. G. Jones, Dr. McIntosh, Frank Bissell, John R. McEwan, John M. Davis, John B. Jackson, R. C. Gray, Alexander Bradley, and Samuel Harper.

Meanwhile, Pennsylvania's courageous Governor, John F. Hartranft, had gone into action. Hartranft had a splendid record as a soldier in command of Pennsylvania troops during the war. He was promoted Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallantry at Spottsylvania Court House, and on March 25, 1865, was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers for gallantry at Fort Stedman. Hartranft had turned back on his journey to the coast, and from a station in Wyoming, on July 22, had sent a telegram to Harrisburg, ordering out all the Pennsylvania militia. He then called on President Hayes to send troops. Hayes responded by sending General Hancock to Philadelphia with Regulars

from Fort Hamilton. Hancock put the whole Atlantic Division of the regular army under arms.

Hartranft reached Pittsburgh, where everything now was calm, on the 24th of July. But food was getting scarce, and Hartranft, despite the pleas of frightened Pittsburgh citizens, who feared another outbreak, determined to open the lines at once. He went on to Philadelphia, and on July 26 started back to Pittsburgh, gathering up troops as he came through the state. General Brinton was again in command of the first troops which reached Pittsburgh. Warned by past experience, Brinton pushed before the engine of his train a car with sharpshooters and a gattling gun. All in all, 4,000 troops reached Pittsbugh, and 600 Regulars were sent by Hancock. The first freight train was sent out on Monday morning, July 30, just ten days after the rioting broke out. The militia began to leave Pittsburgh on the 31st of July, but some of the Regulars stayed till the end of August.

The Pittsburgh riots were an unpleasant revelation of the fact that all great cities, even American cities, are built over a volcano of popular passion, which at any time is likely to burst forth with its destructive flames of riot and violence. The great strike demonstrated the futility of the police force and the sheriff and his posse and the local militia troops. Without courage and determination on the part of local officers, a great city is at the mercy of a mob. It was fortunate for Pittsburgh, and for the nation, that Pennsylvania had for a governor that splendid and courageous Civil War veteran, John F. Hartranft, and that the country had for its President, Rutherford B. Hayes. For some reason Hayes, who had been made President after the passionate and disputed election of 1876, has never been given full credit for the part he played in the riots of 1877.

These riots amounted to nothing less than a popular revolution. Hayes deserves to rank with another courageous man who was President of the United States in another period of panic, depression, and anarchy, Grover Cleveland. At the time of the railway strike in Chicago in 1894, Cleveland declared that "if it took every dollar in the Treasury and every soldier in the United States Army to deliver a postal card in Chicago, that postal card should be delivered."

Some of the Pittsburgh newspapers in their editorials helped to break down law and order by their criticism of the Philadelphia troops, practically the only ones who did anything to suppress the riot. The Pittsburgh *Leader* of July 22, said, "They have stained our hillsides with the blood of ten or twelve men and children, most of them spectators."

How critical the situation was, and how dangerous the winds that were blowing, is shown by the report in the *Leader* for July 20 of the statements of one of the agitators among the strikers: "This may be the beginning of the great Civil War in this country between Labor and Capital. It is bound to come. It only needs that the strikers at Martinsburg, or here, should boldly attack and rout the troops sent to quell them—and they could easily do it if they tried—to set the spark to the magazine and the explosion would follow at once. Against such an uprising what would capital have to oppose. The militia? Why haven't we seen how the militia at Martinsburg fraternize with the mob?"

"But even if the working men should fail—if so-called 'law and order' should beat them down in blood, why, that would be better than slavery. We would at least have our revenge on the men who have coined our sweat and muscle into millions for themselves."

"The war might be bloody, but the right would

prevail. Men like Tom Scott, Frank Thomson—yes, and William Thaw, who have got rich out of the stockholders of railroads so that they cannot pay honest living rates, we would hang to the nearest tree."

XIII

A MAN WHO LOVED THE STARS

IF, on a Saturday night during the years of 1861-67, you had been wandering along the south bank of the Ohio River, near where the Zug & Painter iron mill stood, you would have seen among the piles of pig iron and slag the flicker of a candle. Going closer to the light, you would have seen a young man bending over a paper which was spread out on a piece of iron. From time to time he looks up from the paper which he is studying and scans the heavens. The young man is John Brashear, the man who loved the stars. At night, after his work in the iron mill is over, he gets out his Barritt's star map and studies the constellations.

It is a curious fact that Pittsburgh, which is one of the most obscured areas in the world, has opened more pathways to the stars than any other city. This is because Pittsburgh was the workshop of John Brashear. He was born in another very smoky town, Brownsville, Pa., on the 24th of November, 1840. His father was a saddler, an important occupation in those days on the Cumberland Road, or the National Pike. The boy's first introduction to the heavens was through his maternal grandfather, Smith. It was from him that he imbibed a love for astronomy. When he was eight years of age his grandfather taught him the constella-

tions and afterwards presented him with Dr. Dick's Works. This was the same Dr. Thomas Dick of Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, Scotland, whose *Philosophy of the Future State*, put in the hands of another boy, David Livingstone, gave him a vision of the glory of God in Jesus Christ, a vision which, Livingstone wrote long afterwards, "never faded away."

The first time the future astronomer and maker of telescopes ever looked through a telescope was when he was nine years of age. Squire Wampler brought to Brownsville a little telescope of his own make, and at a small charge offered a view of the stars. The young Brashear looked through the telescope and had a view of the moon and of the queen of the heavens, Saturn. "Although," he wrote years after, "I have seen more phases of Saturn's ring system through several of the finest telescopes in the world, the entrancing beauty of that first sight has never been forgotten."

At the age of fifteen Brashear went to Pittsburgh and studied bookkeeping at Duff's Mercantile College. Then he returned to Brownsville and was apprenticed to John Snowden & Sons as a pattern maker in the engine works. When he had completed his apprenticeship, he secured a position with an engine building company at Louisville, Kentucky. He was there when the Civil War broke out and shut up the works where he was employed. He supported himself by selling blacking boxes and then got a job with an undertaker as a coffin maker.

In July, 1861, he made his way back to Brownsville and then came to Pittsburgh, where he was employed as mechanic in the rolling mill of Zug & Painter.

During these early years he thought seriously of the ministry and took up the course of study prescribed by the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, reading Watson's Institutes, Wesley's Sermons, Butler's

Analogy, and Whately's Logic, taking particular delight in the latter. After examination he was licensed as a local preacher, and in his spare time was active in Christian and evangelistic work. He was turned aside from the ministry by the thoughtless remark of a minister. The minister of a Pittsburgh Church was to be absent and young Brashear was asked to preach. He took for his text the first four verses of the First Chapter of Genesis, and expounded that sublime passage on the scientific side, and without any dissent from the record. For some reason the minister had not gone away and was in the pulpit when Brashear preached. After the sermon he thanked him and made some commendatory remarks, but concluded by saying that a knowledge of creation was not necessary to the believer or the seeker for truth. No exception could be taken to that; but it was the way in which it was said that hurt the young preacher and turned him aside from the ministry.

While teaching in the Sunday school of a church near the iron mill where he was employed, Brashear fell in love with another teacher, Phoebe Stewart, whom, on the 24th of September, 1862, he married. Until her death in 1910 she was his faithful and inspiring companion. In his fascinating autobiography Brashear constantly uses the homely and yet affectionate phrase, "Ma and I." Without her, he probably would never have risen to distinction.

After the strike of 1867 Brashear secured employment as a millright with McKnight, Duncan and Company, in what was then Birmingham, on the South Side of Pittsburgh. He lived on Thirteenth Street and was for a time the choir leader of the Bingham Street Methodist Church. During these years, as he had opportunity after the long hours in the mill, he kept up the study of astronomy. In 1870 he moved into the

house which he had built on the hills above the mills where he was employed. It still stands on what is now Holt Street. One of the first things he did was to build a little shop in the rear of his house and commence the construction of a telescope. This work was done at night with his wife as an assistant. It was a great night for them when the five inch telescope was mounted and thrust out of an open window and pointed towards the planet Saturn.

In 1876 Brashear plucked up his courage and paid a visit to Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, in charge of the old Allegheny Observatory, which still stands in the rear of the former buildings of the Western University of Pennsyvania. Langley was a great scientist and the chief pioneer in aviation. The landing field in Virginia appropriately bears his name. After leaving Pittsburgh, Langley went to Washington where he was Director of the Smithsonian Institute.

When the timid Brashear put a lens that he had ground into the hands of the distinguished astronomer, Langley looked at it for a long time, and then said, "Mr. 'Brazier' you have done very well." He loaned the young astronomer one of his scientific books and let him have a look at Saturn through the observatory's 13 inch telescope. As he gazed at the great star, Brashear thought to himself, "Could I ever make a telescope that would show its ring system, its belts, its satellites like that?" As he went down the hill his mind and heart were thrilling with high ambition.

After the closing of the McKnight, Duncan and Company's mills, Brashear went back as a millwright with the firm of Charles Zug, one of his former employers. His next great enterprise was the making of a 12 inch reflector. The work had been accomplished, and the silver solution poured over it, when, to their

anguish, they saw and heard the disc crack from edge to center. That day at the mill Brashear wandered about like a man possessed. At four o'clock, however, he stopped and said to himself, "What a fool you are to worry this way. This worry will never mend that broken glass." With a lighter heart he climbed the hill that night to his Holt Street home. After he had greeted his wife, she asked him to go out to their little shop before supper. There he found the shop in order, a fire under the boiler, the engine oiled and the extra disc in the lathe ready to be turned with the diamond. Brashear never forgot that moment, and the confidence of his wife in him. It reminds one of how, when Nathaniel Hawthorne came home one evening, dejected and discouraged after his discharge at the Salem Custom House, his wife put paper and pen before him on the table and said to him, "Now you can write."

From the very beginning of his career as an astronomer and instrument maker, Brashear was glad to share his knowledge of the heavens with others. Indeed, that is one of the greatest things about the man; and when the great observatory was completed in Riverview Park, largely through the efforts of Brashear, it was equipped with a beautiful lecture room forever free to the people. It was Brashear's theory that people who were interested in the stars and the beautiful works of God would not "get into riots or fights or anything of the sort."

The neighbors about his Holt Street home, and soon from a greater distance, began to come to Brashear's house to have a look through the telescope. One man to whom he showed the star Mizar in the handle of the Big Dipper threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Mine Gott! Mine friend, ich hab seen them same stars in Germany!"

Another man, a young farmer who supplied their

home with vegetables, was encouraged by Mrs. Brashear to ask to look through the telescope. When Brashear asked him what he would like to look at, he answered, "Juniper." Told that that planet was not then visible in the heavens, he said he would like to see "Satan," but since Satan was not visible either, he asked to see the "Star of Jerusalem."

The turning point in Brashear's career as an instrument maker was the friendship of William Thaw, whom he met one evening on the steps of the Allegheny Observatory when he was talking with Professor Langley. Thaw wanted to know if he was the young man who had written articles on astronomy for the evening *Chronicle.* At that time Thaw was Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At his request Brashear called on him at his Pittsburgh home and answered the many questions put to him about his past history. The next night Thaw drove over in his carriage to the Holt Street home. After visiting the home and the shop, he took Brashear and his wife by the hands and said, "I see you have the boat, the captain, and the pilot; and now what you want is some water to float the vessel in. You must have a better and larger workshop, better machinery, better equipment. Study out your plans; then come to see me as soon as you can. Good night."

The result of this visit was that Brashear was furnished with a larger workshop and with the best of machinery. His entry into the manufacturing world was announced thus in the *Scientific American:*

Silvered-glass specula, diagonals
and eye-pieces made for amateurs desiring to
construct their own telescopes. Address
John A. Brashear,
No. 3 Holt Street,
South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Orders came rapidly from different parts of the country, and then from all parts of the world, and before his life's work was done Brashear had installed telescopes at West Point, at Cambridge University, England, the Paris Observatory, and the Universities of Illinois, Ohio, Yale, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Michigan. On mountain tops on all parts of the world where men read the illuminated manuscript of the heavens, there are monuments to Pittsburgh's astronomer and maker of telescopes.

His life story is an inspiration to young men. Brashear believed that there was a work for everyone to do, and was ever anxious to help men to find their work. On the door of the old Holt Street home is a tablet with these words of Brashear on it:

> "Somewhere beneath the stars is a work which you alone were meant to do. Never rest until you have found it."

Brashear died in 1920, and sleeps by the side of his faithful wife in the crypt of the Allegheny Observatory. On their grave is this inscription, words which Brashear came to know and love in early life:

> "We have loved the stars too fondly
> To be fearful of the night."

XIV

MAJOR EBENEZER DENNY

A SLENDER, fair, blue eyed, red haired boy, two or three years younger than himself, between eleven and thirteen years old."

So Samuel Murphy, of Murphy's Bend, describes Ebenezer Denny upon his first appearance on the arena of important events on the transmontane frontier. The slender, red haired boy, incredible as it may seem, had come over the mountains from Carlisle with dispatches to the Commander at Fort Pitt. On one of these expeditions to Fort Pitt the young dispatch bearer was chased by the savages into Fort Loudon. That a boy so young should have been entrusted with important military business, shows that he was a youth of uncommon parts.

Like Francis Herron and many other builders of Pittsburgh, Ebenezer Denny came from the Cumberland Valley. He was born at Carlisle, March 11, 1761, the son of William Denny and Agnes Parker, a devout and intelligent Christian woman. After his expedition over the mountains to Fort Pitt, young Denny appears on a privateer which preyed on British shipping in the West Indies. There he had his baptism of fire and proved his worth. Upon his return from this voyage to the West Indies, he was commissioned Ensign in the

first Pennsylvania Regiment. Shortly after he joined the regiment there was a revolt in the Pennsylvania Line. The Pennsylvania Line was under the command of General Anthony Wayne, and Denny's company was under the immediate command of Lieutenant Colonel William Butler. Here is young Denny's account of the execution of the leaders in the revolt:

> "Seven were sentenced to die. The Regiments paraded in the evening, earlier than usual; orders passed to the officers along the line to put to death instantly any man who stirred from his rank. In front of the parade the ground rose, and descended again; and at the distance of about 300 yards, over this rising ground the prisoners were escorted by a captain's guard. Heard the fire of one platoon and immediately a smaller one, when the regiments wheeled by companies and marched around by the place of execution. This was an awful exhibition. The seven objects were seen by the troops just as they had sunk or fell under the fire. The sight must have made an impression on the men; it was designed with that view."

Denny followed the fortunes of Wayne's army until the surrender of the British at Yorktown. In his Journal Ensign Denny gives this account of that memorable 17th of October, 1881:

> "In the morning before relief came, had the pleasure of seeing a drummer mount the enemy's parapet and beat a parley, and immediately an officer holding up a white handkerchief, made his appearance outside their works; the drummer accompanied him, beating. Our batteries ceased.

An officer from our lines ran and met the other and tied the handkerchief over his eyes. The drummer sent back and the British officer conducted to a house in rear of our lines. Firing ceased totally (October 18). Several flags pass and repass now even without the drum. Had we not seen the drummer in his red coat when he first mounted he might have beat away till doom's day. The constant firing was too much for the sound of the single drum; but when the firing ceased, I thought I never heard a drum equal to it—the most delightful music to us all."

At the surrender of Cornwallis on the 19th of October, Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Butler in recognition of the part his regiment had taken in the capture of the Red Coats, was appointed to plant the American flag on the British parapet. Colonel Butler who was very heavy and unwieldy assigned this duty to Ensign Denny. But just as Denny was mounting the parapet and was about to plant the colors, Baron Steuben took the Standard out of his hands and planted it himself. This act on the part of Steuben greatly offended Colonel Butler, who sent a challenge to Steuben. Rochambeau and Washington intervened to prevent the duel.

Denny's next military service was in the Carolinas with General St. Clair's army. He was at Charleston when it was evacuated by the British. In the campaign of 1791 against the Indians, Denny was attached to the staff of St. Clair as aide-de-camp. In this capacity he was a participant in the disastrous battle of the 4th of November, 1791, in the Ohio wilderness. In his account of the battle Denny says:

"The troops paraded this morning at the usual time and had been dismissed from the lines but a

few minutes. The sun was not yet up when the woods in front rang with the yells and fire of the savages. The poor militia, who were but three hundred yards in front, had scarcely time to return a shot—they fled into our camp. The troops were under arms in an instant and a smart fire from the front line met the enemy. It was but a few minutes, however, until the men were engaged in every quarter. The enemy completely surrounded the camp, killed and cut off nearly all the guards and approached close to the lines. They advanced from one tree, log or stump to another under the cover of the smoke of our fire. The artillery and musketry made a tremendous noise but did little execution. The Indians seemed to brave everything and when fairly fixed around us, they made no noise other than their fire, which they kept up very constant, and which seldom failed to tell, although scarcely heard. . . . . Was at this time with the General engaged toward the right; he was on foot and led the party himself that drove the enemy and regained our ground on the left. The battalions in the rear charged several times and forced the savages from their shelter, but they always turned with the battalions and fired upon them back; indeed they seemed to fear not anything we would do. They could skip out of reach of the bayonet and return as they pleased. They were visible only when raised by a charge. The ground was literally covered with the dead."

Describing the retreat, Denny says:

"Delay was death; no preparation could be made. Numbers of brave men must be left as sacrifice. There was no alternative. . . . . Both officers and

> men seemed confounded, incapable of doing anything. They could not move until they were told a retreat was intended."

Among the victims of the battle was General Butler, whose disagreement during the campaign with St. Clair contributed to the disaster. Sent by St. Clair to inquire how Butler was, Denny found him sitting in the midst of the camp, supported by knapsacks and wounded in the arm and in the side. Seeing Butler laugh when a young Virginia cadet cried with pain when he was struck in the knee by a spent ball, Denny concluded that his wound was not mortal. Butler had two brothers fighting with him against the Indians that day. One brother, Major Thomas Butler, was also wounded. When St. Clair ordered the retreat, Captain Edward Butler came to carry off his brothers. As only one could be saved, and General Butler felt that his weight would only encumber his rescuers, he urged Edward to take Thomas with him. This, with great reluctance Edward did. Writing afterwards of the tragic event to his brother Percival in Kentucky, Edward said, "We left the worthiest of brothers in the hands of savages, nearly dead."

Denny attributed the disaster which befell the army to the character of the troops which composed it, "Men collected from the streets and prisons of the cities, hurried out into the enemy's country, and with the officers commanding them totally unacquainted with the business in which they were engaged." Together with this was the fact that both St. Clair and Butler had been disabled by sickness at the time of the battle. There was almost complete ignorance, too, of the whereabouts of the enemy.

Denny was chosen by St. Clair to carry the dismal

tidings to the President at Philadelphia. He left Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, on the 19th of November, on a fourteen oar barge. On December 9th he reached Wheeling and came overland to Pittsburgh, from which, on the 13th, he set out on horseback for Philadelphia, where he arrived on the 19th, just one month after he had left Fort Washington.

When he rode up to the President's house, he threw his bridle rein to an orderly, and ascending the steps knocked on the door. The servant told him Washington was at dinner and could not be disturbed. At his insistence, Washington's Secretary, Tobias Lear, came out. Denny told him that he had a message which he was to deliver to none but the President. The President then came out and Denny handed him the fateful dispatch. When he had learned the news, Washington went back to the dining room and took his seat among his guests, none of whom saw any indication of the storm that was raging within. But when the last guest had gone, then Washington gave vent to his feelings in a tornado of anger and profanity. He denounced St. Clair as worse than a murderer, declaring that the blood of the slain was upon him, and the curses of widows and orphans, because he had permitted his army to be butchered and tomahawked in a surprise, the very thing against which he had warned him. In a calmer moment, however, Washington declared that St. Clair should have justice. The Committee of Congress appointed to inquire into the disaster brought in the verdict that "the failure of the late expedition can in no respect be imputed to the conduct of the commanding general, either at any time before or during the action."

After their crushing victory on the banks of the Wabash tributary, the Indians pursued St. Clair's army for a few miles and then returned to spoil his camp.

Terrible deeds were done in the camp that day. The men were torn limb from limb, and the bodies of white women found in the camp were impaled on huge stakes. Just who the leader of the Indians was in their great victory is a disputed question. For a time it was generally believed that the leader of the savages was the Miami chief, Little Turtle, who had taken part in the defeat of General Harmar the year before. Little Turtle in subsequent years became quite a popular figure in the United States. At Baltimore before a meeting of the Friends he delivered a speech against the introduction of whiskey into the Indian country. When the French rationalist, Volney, author of the famous, *Ruins*, was in this country, he had an interview with Little Turtle.

In recent years, however, Thayendanegea, better known as Joseph Brant, has been credited with the victory over St. Clair. Brant was a Mohawk born on the banks of the Ohio River. He was a protege of the powerful Colonial figure, Sir William Johnson, Superintendent of Indian affairs, and who did so much to hold the friendship of powerful Indian tribes in the conflict with the French. Johnson took Molly Brant, sister of Joseph, into his home and by her had eight children. There was a common report that Joseph Brant was Johnson's natural son by a Mohawk mother. Johnson sent Brant to be educated in Moor's Indian charity school at Lebanon, Connecticut, the school in which Dartmouth College had its beginning. In the French and Indian Wars Brant was active on the side of the English and fought against Pontiac's conspirators in 1763. At the outbreak of the Revolution he was appointed a Colonel in the British forces and led the Mohawks in their raids against the American settlers in New York and Pennsylvania. The British Government granted him an estate on the banks of Lake

Ontario, where at Brantford, Ontario, there is a monument to his memory. Brant paid a visit to England during the Revolution. He was presented at court, entertained by Samuel Johnson's biographer, Boswell, and painted in Mohawk splendor by Romney, the celebrated painter whose favorite model was Lord Nelson's companion, Emma Hamilton. He was a devout Anglican and translated parts of the Bible into the Mohawk tongue.

Whoever commanded in the battle, Little Turtle or Joseph Brant, it was an amazing victory for the Indians. Of St. Clair's army, out of fourteen hundred men and eighty-six officers who went into battle, over eight hundred were killed or wounded. Never before had the Indian won such a victory over the white man; and never again was he to win such a victory, until that fateful day of June, 1876, when golden haired George Armstrong Custer and his troopers were slaughtered by the Sioux and the Cheyennes on the banks of the Big Horn.

XV

THE BATTLE OF HOMESTEAD

FOUR o'clock in the morning, July 6, 1892. The night is just beginning to turn into the day. In the middle of the Monongahela River, hardly discernible through the morning mist as it lifts from the river, lies a steamboat and two covered barges. The steamboat is slowly pushing the barges towards the south bank of the river, where, dimly outlined in the gray dawn, appears a mass of dark buildings. There is no sound save the hoarse sigh of the engines of the steamboat; but thousands of men and women are lining the banks of the river and standing on the hill tops in the distance. When the nearest barge has touched the bank, a gang plank is pushed out and armed men appear on it. The morning stillness is broken by the sharp report of a rifle. Immediately the men on the gangplank raise their Winchesters and fire towards the men on the shore. The Battle of Homestead has commenced.

One of the stirring recollections of childhood is that of a visit to the camp of the troops of the Pennsylvania National Guard on the hills across the Monongahela from Homestead at the time of the great strike. It was a day of great excitement in the camp for, as I remember, on that day, July 23, 1892, H. C. Frick, the Chairman of the Carnegie Company, was shot by the Russian

Anarchist, Alexander Berkman. When the news reached the camp, a young lad from Greene County, W. L. Iams, belonging to Company K, 10th Regiment, under Colonel Hawkins, was stretched on the grass, just outside the tent of Lieutenant Colonel J. B. Streator. As soon as he heard the news, Iams leaped to his feet and gave the shout that quickly echoed across the continent, "Three cheers for the man who shot Frick!"

Seated in his tent, Colonel Streator heard the exclamation, and coming out demanded who had uttered it. When he received no answer, he had the regiment drawn up in line on the company streets and then demanded from one company after another the name of the soldier who had uttered the shout. When he came to Company K, Iams stepped out of the ranks and said, "I did it." When asked why, he replied, "Because I do not like Frick." Colonel Streator then ordered him to apologize before the regiment. When Iams refused to do this, he was sent to the guard house, and without a Court Martial, was strung up by the thumbs, one of the most painful and humiliating of military punishments. He was told that when he was ready to apologize for his utterance he would be cut down. After hanging by his thumbs for a quarter of an hour, the young man lost consciousness. The regimental surgeon, Dr. Neff then had him cut down. When the case was reported to General George R. Snowden, Commander of the troops, he issued an order that Iams should be drummed out of camp. His head and face were shaved on one side, his uniform was taken from him, and clad in a pair of overalls and a shirt, he was led out of camp to the "Rogues March." The general sentiment at the time was strongly against the officers who inflicted so severe a punishment upon the youth for his impulsive act. Indictments were found against Snowden,

Hawkins, and Streator, but all of the defendants were acquitted.

On that same day I saw at Camp Black, Robert E. Pattison, the Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania, and the last Democratic Governor Pennsylvania was to see until the present Governor, George Earle. Son of a Philadelphia Methodist clergyman, Pattison was first elected Governor of Pennsylvania in 1882, defeating the Republican candidate, General James A. Beaver. In 1890 he was again elected Governor over his Republican opponent, George W. Delameter.

The "sit-down" strikes which in recent months have engaged the attention of the country are frequently spoken of as if they were the first instances of the seizure by workmen of the plants where they were employed. But the Homestead Strike of July, 1892, was a strike in which the workmen seized the property of the company and held it until ejected by the military. This strike was one of the most bitter and serious in the history of the conflict between Capital and Labor in America.

When H. C. Frick was placed in charge of the Carnegie Company, there was apprehension among the mill workers lest an attempt be made to reduce their wages. The men did not look with favor upon Mr. Frick because of the attitude he had taken towards labor in the coke regions, where he had built up his reputation and amassed his wealth. At the time of the strike the 3,800 men in the Homestead Mills were working under a sliding scale agreement, with $25.00 a ton the minimum for billets. When the price of billets went up, wages were to go up also. If the price of billets went down, wages were to be correspondingly lowered. But if the price fell below $25.00 a ton, there was to be no further reduction of wages. The Carnegie Com-

pany announced a new scale to go into effect July 1. This fixed the minimum basis of wages at $22.00 per ton, instead of $25.00 as formerly. June 24 was set as the last day on which the men could accept the Company's proposal as members of the Amalgamated Association. After that, the firm would deal with them only as individuals.

On June 23, a Committee of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel workers, headed by William Roberts, one of the Homestead mill workers, had a conference with Frick and others of the Carnegie Company at the Pittsburgh office of the Company. The workers were ready to make concessions, but there was to be no reduction exceeding 15 per cent in any department. The men would agree to a reduction of the minimum selling price of billets to $24.00 per ton, whereas the company insisted upon the $23.00 rate. When Roberts refused to agree to this, Frick jumped to his feet and exclaimed with heat, "Gentlemen, that ends all conferences between you and me."

While these negotiations were being carried on, the Company constructed a board fence three miles in length, surrounding its property at Homestead. The fence was surmounted with barbed wire, and in the mill enclosure, platforms twelve feet high, were erected, with searchlights mounted on them, so that every part of the mill property could be watched by sentinels at night. These preparations created great uneasiness among the workers, who referred to the fortifications as "Fort Frick." Rumors spread that Pinkerton detectives had been hired and were on their way to the mill.

The Company closed the armor plate mill and the open hearth department on June 28, throwing 800 men out of employment. Thus the Company acted before

the union. On that night there was great excitement in Homestead. Effigies of Frick, and Potter, the superintendent at the mills, were hung on telegraph poles, and crowds gathered about the Company stockade. The next day 3,000 of the workers met in the opera house and pledged themselves to resist the Company's demands. An Advisory Committee was chosen to direct the campaign for the strikers, and all stations, the highways entering into the town, and the river were patrolled. Headquarters were established in a public hall. The Burgess of the town, himself a mill worker, John McLuckie, was notified by the strikers that he could call upon the Amalgamated Association for any number of men needed to preserve the peace.

On July 2, the entire force of workers at the Carnegie Mills were paid off and served with a notice of discharge. On behalf of the Carnegie Company, the Secretary, F. T. F. Lovejoy, announced that hereafter the Homestead Steel Works would be operated as a non-union mill, and that there would be no further conferences with the Amalgamated Association.

As soon as the negotiations with the strikers were off, Frick wrote to Robert A. Pinkerton, of New York, telling him to assemble three hundred guards at Ashtabula, Ohio, not later than July 5. The Pinkerton Detective Agency had been founded in 1850 by Allan Pinkerton, who helped to protect Lincoln from a plot on his way to Washington, and who was head of the army secret service during the Civil War. From an agency for the detection of crime, the Pinkerton Agency had developed into an organization for supplying armed guards for manufacturers, or whoever might need them. The emblem of the agency was an eye with the motto, "We never sleep."

The Pinkerton men came from Chicago to Youngs-

town, and then to Bellevue, where they arrived at 10:30 o'clock on the night of July 5. In the meantime, the Carnegie Company had fitted up two barges, one as a dormitory, and the other as a kitchen and mess hall. These barges with the Pinkerton men on board were taken in tow at Bellevue by two steamboats, "The Little Bill" and "The Tide," and the trip up the river to Homestead was commenced.

Most of the Pinkerton men had no idea of what their work was to be. When the steamers passed under the Smithfield Bridge, scouts from the strikers observed them and the two roofed-over barges, and at once sent a telegram to Homestead warning the men on guard there. The steamers and the barges were under command of Captain W. B. Rodgers. On the way up the Monongahela the "Tide" was disabled and "The Little Bill" had to tow both barges.

In the gray dawn of the early morning, with the mist lifting from the river, Captain Rodgers slowly drew in towards the landing place at the Homestead mill yard. As the boats came in, thousands of the strikers and their sympathizers broke down the fence around the Company's property and ran to the landing place. When one of the barges had been pushed into the bank, a gangplank was run out and a number of the Pinkerton men and their officers, under command of Captain Heinde, appeared on the bow of the boat. The crowd on the shore, brandishing clubs and guns, and with many women in their midst, warned the Pinkerton men to go back. Captain Heinde hesitated for a moment, and then stepped forward at the head of his men.

Suddenly a shot rang out, whether from the barges or from the shore was never known. The captain in charge of the Pinkerton men from New York and Philadelphia, John W. Cooper, gave the order, "Fire!"

At the first discharge a number of the strikers fell. The mob on the shore now opened fire on the steamboat and the two barges. Captain Rodgers cut his steamboat loose from the barges and withdrew across the river. The Pinkerton men took their station in one of the barges, in the side of which they cut loop holes for their rifles. Thousands of spectators were thronging the hills all about Homestead during the battle.

On the hill across the river from the mill, strikers mounted a cannon and began to bombard the barges. The only result was to kill a young steel worker who was standing in the mill yard. One of the first men on the side of the strikers to fall in the battle was George Rutter, a veteran of the Union Army. The strikers were now firing from behind the barricades of rails and slag on the mill property.

At eleven o'clock in the morning Captain Rodgers steamed back across the river towards the barges, with the Stars and the Stripes flying at the bow of his boat, thinking that the strikers would not fire on him with the national flag displayed. But he was met with a fusillade of shots and again withdrew to the other side of the river. The strikers now attempted to set fire to the barges, floating down the river towards them a raft soaked with oil and in flames. But before the raft reached the barges the flames had gone out. Then an attempt was made to run a car loaded with barrels of burning oil and lumber down a switch and over the bank against the barges. But the wheels of the car were mired in the soft soil on the river bank. Another effort made to destroy the barges was with sticks of dynamite. This, too, was ineffectual.

Meanwhile, the crowded barge where the Pinkerton men lay was a scene of suffering and horror. It was a hot July day, with hardly a breath of air. Penned in

the narrow space of one barge, menaced by flame and water and gunfire, and with a savage mob waiting for them on land, the Pinkerton men were in a desperate situation. One committed suicide. One of their men afterwards testified that several others had jumped into the river. He said that when he saw the burning raft floating down to the barge, he loaded his revolver and was ready to blow out his brains if the boat took fire. The wounded men were ministered to by a young medical student, A. L. Wells, of Chicago, who had joined the expedition in order to get money to pay his tuition at college for the next term.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the President of the Amalgamated Association, William Weihe came to Homestead and addressed the strikers in one of the mill buildings, urging them to cease their attacks on the Pinkerton men and let them depart. If they did, he said, public sympathy would be on their side. The strikers were at first reluctant to do this, but finally consented. Hitherto, when white flags had been hoisted on the barges by the Pinkerton men they had been immediately shot down. This time when the white flag went up the strikers sent delegates down to the river bank to parley with the Pinkerton men. An agreement was made that the Pinkertons would surrender upon the condition that they be protected from the mob on the shore. This was promised; but it was a promise which could not be fulfilled. The ranks of the strikers were swollen by this time by roughs and tramps and men of the baser sort who always appear at such outbreaks.

Now ensued a terrible scene. As soon as the disarmed Pinkerton guards started through the two lines of men and women who were waiting for them, they were subjected to every conceivable abuse. Kicked,

spat on, stoned, beaten with clubs, their cries for mercy were unavailing, and even if their escort had desired to protect them, it would have been impossible, for that wild beast, called The Mob, was abroad. When the men finally reached the rink where they were to be held, 143 of them were suffering from wounds. At 11 o'clock that night the strikers agreed to let the sheriff come to Homestead and remove the men. They were put on a special train and taken to Pittsburgh. Those who were able to travel were then sent out of the city.

In the savage battle between the strikers and the Pinkerton men on the barges, and in the attack after they had surrendered, although many were wounded, only ten were killed, three Pinkerton men and seven strikers. The funerals of the slain strikers were made the occasion of bitter demonstration by their sympathizers. The feeling against Frick was particularly strong. At the funeral of one of the men at the Fourth Avenue Methodist Church, the minister, the Rev. J. J. McIlyar said, referring to Frick; "This town is bathed in tears today, and it is all brought about by one man who is less respected by the laboring people than any other employer in the country." Anarchists had appeared by this time in Homestead, and began to distribute circulars telling the strikers that the mills were their property and urging them to seize them. This was not necessary, as the strikers already had taken possession.

The sheriff of Allegheny County meanwhile had been importuning Governor Pattison to call out the militia. Pattison at first answered that he would not do so until it was evident that reasonable efforts to suppress the riots by the civil authorities were ineffectual. The sheriff summoned a large number of men on the night of July 6 to act as special deputies. Many of these

men were professional men and business men, unfitted for the task. Many others had no stomach for such an enterprise, and only thirty-two unarmed men reported at the sheriff's office.

At ten o'clock Sunday night, July 10, Governor Pattison ordered Major-General George R. Snowden to put the whole National Guard under arms and proceed at once to Homestead and suppress the riots. The National Guard was now a much more efficient body than at the time of the great Railroad Strike in 1877.

The first troops reached Homestead about ten o'clock on the morning of July 11. Some regiments were posted on Shanty Hill on the Homestead side, and others on the bluffs across the river above Port Perry, not far from the site of Braddock's defeat in 1755. The strikers had no thought of resisting the military and sent a Committee to wait upon General Snowden. The spokesmen of the Committee informed Snowden that it was the desire of the Amalgamated Association and of the Homestead citizens to coöperate with the State authorities in maintaining law and order. But General Snowden cut him short by saying that he knew nothing of any authority vested in the Amalgamated Associations, and that the only authority he would recognize was that of the Governor of Pennsylvania and the sheriff of Allegheny County. The strikers had even engaged four bands, and were expecting to parade past the soldiers as a token of their good will. But General Snowden curtly informed them that he was there on serious business and that there would be no parades.

The next act in the Homestead drama was staged in the office of Frick in the *Chronicle Telegraph* Building on Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh. Alexander Berkman, a graduate of the University of Odessa in Russia, and an extreme anarchist, had come to the United States in

1886. He had worked on a newspaper, had written for anarchistic publications, and in 1892 was living with the afterwards notorious Emma Goldman, deported to Russia after the World War.

Representing himself as the agent of an organization to furnish strike breakers, Berkman appeared at Mr. Frick's office on Saturday, July 23. He was referred to the clerk in charge of such matters. The clerk was out and he was told to call again. He came at two o'clock and asked to see Mr. Frick, but was told that he was engaged. When he came back the third time, no one was there but the office boy. Brushing him aside, Berkman rushed into Mr. Frick's office and commenced firing. Frick was in conference with the Vice-chairman, John G. A. Leishman, and was just rising from his desk, with his back to the door, when the first bullet struck him in the neck. A second shot wounded him in the neck again. As Berkman fired the third time, Leishman struck his arm up and the bullet lodged in the ceiling. Frick and Leishman then grappled with Berkman, who drew a stiletto made out of a file and plunged it again and again into Frick's hip and right side and left leg.

When the office employees, attracted by the firing and the shouts, came rushing in, one of them leveled a revolver at Berkman and was about to shoot him. But Frick called out, "Don't shoot! Leave him to the law; but raise his head and let me see his face." Crowds of passer-by on Fifth Avenue had heard the firing and saw Frick and Berkman, covered with blood, grappling with one another at the window.

In this encounter with the anarchist Frick displayed magnificent nerve and courage. He was carried in an ambulance to his Homewood mansion where his wife lay ill, with an infant son born the day of the battle at

Homestead. Two weeks after the attack, Frick boarded an open street car, and without a bodyguard, rode to his office. Berkman was indicted on six counts, found guilty, and sentenced to twenty-two years imprisonment. Thirteen years afterwards, in 1905, he was paroled. In December, 1919, together with his old companion, Emma Goldman, he was deported to Russia. Frick died just before Berkman was deported. When Berkman heard of his death he said: "Well, anyhow, Frick left the country before I did." Berkman made his exit from life by his own hand in the summer of 1936, at Nice, France.

The appearance of the troops at Homestead put an end to the rioting and broke the strike. The mills soon resumed operations with non-union labor, and ever since then, until the recent agreement signed by the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation with John Lewis' Committee for Organizing Industry, the Steel Industry has been regarded as the chief lion in the path of the Unions. The strike once again demonstrated, as did the Railroad Strike of 1877, the weakness of town and county authorities when led by weak men.

The Homestead Strike had a political repercussion in the election of the following November, when Grover Cleveland defeated the then President, Benjamin Harrison. A great body of labor, hitherto loyal to the Republican party and Protection, broke away and voted the Democratic ticket.

Carnegie was charged with cowardice for remaining in safety in the Highlands of Scotland instead of returning to Homestead. However, as soon as he heard of the riots, he telegraphed that he would take the first ship for America. His partners begged him not to come because they knew of his disposition to grant the demands of labor, however unreasonable. Henry Phipps,

his chief partner, said all the partners "rejoiced that they were permitted to manage the affair in their own way."

Carnegie wrote long afterwards of the strike, "No pangs remain of any wound received in my business career save that of Homestead." The officers of the Union sent Carnegie this cable: "Kind master, tell us what you wish us to do and we shall do it for you."

"This," said Carnegie, "was most touching; but alas, too late; the mischief was done. The works were in the hands of the Governor. It was too late!"

There was an interesting sequel to the strike in the history of one of its prominent actors, John McLuckie, the burgess of Homestead.[1] McLuckie, together with a number of others, was indicted for the murder of one of the Pinkerton men. He fled the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, and after divers wanderings and adversities found himself at a mining camp in Lower California. Dr. John C. Van Dyke, the Rutgers College art critic, and a close friend of Carnegie, happened to visit a ranch not far from the mining camp where McLuckie was seeking employment. This was in the year 1900. McLuckie told Van Dyke of his vicissitudes, and how he was black-listed by all the steel men in the country; that his wife had died and his home was broken up, and that now he was down to his last copper. In his account of the Homestead Strike McLuckie said several times to Van Dyke, not knowing of his friendship for Carnegie, that if "Andy" had been there the trouble would never have arisen. He thought the "boys" could get on well with "Andy," but not with his partners.

From lower California Van Dyke went to Tucson, Arizona, where he wrote Carnegie, telling him about McLuckie. Carnegie remembered him well as a man of property in Homestead and one of the highly paid

[1] Andrew Carnegie, Autobiography. Houghton-Mifflin Company.

hands. He at once wrote to Van Dyke telling him to give McLuckie all the money he needed, but not to mention his name. Van Dyke then offered McLuckie any sum he might need to put him on his feet, but McLuckie declined the proffered gift, saying he would fight it out himself. Van Dyke then spoke to a friend, the manager of the Sonora Railway, who gave McLuckie a job driving wells. Some years later, Van Dyke again visited Lower California, where he found McLuckie superintending repairs on machinery on the railway shops. He was married to a Mexican wife, and was happy and prosperous. When he was leaving Guaymas, Van Dyke said to McLuckie:

"McLuckie, I want you to know now that the money I offered you was not mine. That was Andrew Carnegie's money. It was his offer made through me."

When he heard this, McLuckie exclaimed, "Well, that was d—d white of Andy, wasn't it!"

XVI

LINCOLN AND PITTSBURGH

LINCOLN left Springfield on Monday the 11th of February, 1861, to go to Washington. After a touching farewell address to his neighbors, an address in which there seemed to be a premonition that he would never return alive, Lincoln went first to Indianapolis, where on his birthday, February 12, he addressed the State Legislature. That night he reached Cincinnati, where he spoke at a reception given by the Mayor, and the next day was at Columbus, where he addressed the Legislature. On February 14, he reached Steubenville, where he made a brief address to the people, in which he said, "I fear that the great confidence placed in my ability is unfounded."

On the way to Pittsburgh on February 15, Lincoln's train was delayed three hours at Freedom by the breaking of an axle on the tender of a west bound locomotive. While the train was waiting there, Henry Dillon, the tallest man in the vicinity, came up and stood by Lincoln, saying, "Why, I am as tall as you are." Lincoln, always ready to measure himself with tall men, obliged Dillon by taking off his hat and turning his back to him. He placed his hand on Dillon's head, showing that he was two or three inches taller than Dillon. Then, amid

the shouts of the crowd, he said, "Oh, I could lick salt off the top of your head."

Two brass cannon mounted on Seminary Hill and Boyd's Hill, by the order of Major Symington, Commandant at the Arsenal, were to be fired upon Lincoln's arrival in Allegheny. At eight o'clock these guns began firing, and the President's train, consisting of the locomotive "Comet," a baggage car and three passenger coaches, pulled into the station, where Lincoln was welcomed by Mayor Drum of Allegheny. Among others on the welcome committee was John Morrison, former Mayor. Lincoln was attracted by Morrison's twelve-year-old daughter and attempted to kiss her. But the girl shrank back. She afterwards told her family that she was afraid to be kissed by Lincoln "because he was so very black." In an open carriage, drawn by six horses, Lincoln and his family set out for Pittsburgh and the Monongahela House. They were escorted by the Pennsylvania Dragoons, the Jackson Independent Blues and the Washington Infantry, under the command of Brigadier General James S. Negley. At the Monongahela House Lincoln was greeted by Pittsburgh's Mayor, George Wilson, and escorted to his chambers on the river side of the hotel.

In answer to the shouts of the crowd in the hotel, Lincoln mounted a chair in the corridor, and made a brief speech, in which, alluding to the ten thousand majority Allegheny County had given him in the recent election, he said, "I have a great regard for Allegheny County. It is the banner county of the State, if not of the entire Union!" Here a local wit shouted out, amid laughter and applause from the crowd, "No 'raillery,' Abe."

By this time the crowd on the street, standing in the rain and darkness were shouting for Lincoln to come

out and make them a speech. Appearing on the balcony, Lincoln gave the crowd a brief greeting, saying that he would speak to them in the morning, and adding that he made his appearance then "only to afford you an opportunity of seeing as clearly as may be my beautiful countenance."

On Friday morning, another wet and dreary day, after having received the members of the Pittsburgh Councils, Lincoln, standing on the balcony of the hotel, was formally welcomed by Mayor Wilson, and then addressed the immense throng which had gathered on Smithfield Street. It was an amazing speech that he delivered. After thanking Mayor Wilson and the citizens of Pittsburgh for the reception they had given him, Lincoln said; "Notwithstanding the troubles across the river (here he pointed southwardly across the Monongahela) there is no crisis but an artificial one. What is there now to warrant the condition of affairs presented by our friends over the river? Take even their own view of the questions involved, and there is nothing to justify the course they are pursuing. I repeat then, there is no crisis, excepting such an one as may be gotten up at any time by turbulent men aided by designing politicians. . . . . Let the people on both sides keep their self-possession, and just as other clouds have cleared away in due time, so will this great nation continue to prosper as heretofore."

"There is no crisis"! And this when six states had seceded from the Union, and all over the South drums were beating and men were arming and marching! In his autobiography Horace Greeley wrote, "Lincoln entered Washington the victim of a grave delusion." This grave delusion was his idea that there was a sincere attachment to the Union in the South, and that all he had to do was to awaken that attachment, to strike, as

he hoped to do in his Inaugural Address, the "mystic chords of memory," which would "again swell the chorus of the Union." Certainly the amazing Pittsburgh address upholds the conviction of Greeley that Lincoln at that time was the victim of a "grave delusion."

Many of the almost innumerable Lincoln stories are apocryphal. But here is one that is true. Dr. James Paxton, retired Presbyterian clergyman of Lynchburg, Virginia, and son of Dr. William R. Paxton, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, during the Civil War, often heard his father tell with dramatic gesture and animated countenance the following incident.

One day a poor widow, a member of the First Church, came to Dr. Paxton in great distress. Her son had heard that she was very ill, had deserted his regiment and come back to Pittsburgh. There he was apprehended, and after a trial by Court Martial, was sentenced to be shot. When he heard the widow's cry for her son, Dr. Paxton took the first train to Washington. Told that it would be impossible for him to see the President, he said to the Secretary, "Tell the President that a Presbyterian minister who has put a thousand men into his army must see him at once on a matter of life and death." Dr. Paxton was then admitted to the President's office and began to state the case of the deserting soldier. But before he had concluded, Lincoln interrupted him saying, "Not a word more, Dr. Paxton; I can do nothing in the matter. I will not interfere. You should not come here trying to undermine the morale of my armies. These increasing desertions must be stopped. If you would stop to think, you would not have come here on this foolish errand. Go back to Pitts-

burgh and try to be a more loyal citizen. I have to fight rebels in the field and traitors at home. . . . ."

Here Dr. Paxton interrupted the President, and with great heat said, "Stop right there, Mr. Lincoln. No man on earth can talk to me like that! I am as good a patriot as you are, and better; for you it is a matter of necessity and self-preservation; for me it is choice. I would have you know, sir, that no man has preached for you and worked for you harder than I have. I love my country and I have loved its President. Now I must go back and tell my people and my soldiers that Abraham Lincoln called me a traitor and kicked me out of his office. Good day, sir!"

But as Dr. Paxton started to leave, Lincoln, his real self again, said, "Come back. Sit down, Dr. Paxton. There, take that chair. I spoke hastily. The fact is that I have just had a row with Stanton and had to hit somebody. I am in a difficult position. I cannot always do as I would like. Stanton thinks he is running this war. He says I am too soft hearted, and that I must leave all these things to the War Office, and I have just promised not to interfere again. So, you see I can do nothing. Have you ever met Stanton?"

"No," said Dr. Paxton, "and I don't want to. After all you are the Commander-in-Chief of all the armies, and you cannot abdicate that position. The last responsibility is yours, and the nation has confidence in you rather than in Stanton. I have long admired your patience and wisdom. I voted for you because I thought you a man of courage who would not fear anything on earth. Now, must I go back and say that Abraham Lincoln is a coward and afraid of his own Secretary of War?"

After a moment's silence, Lincoln smiled, reached for a sheet of paper, wrote a few words on it, folded it

and handed it to Dr. Paxton, saying, "There is an order for the boy's pardon and reinstatement." Then, his face lighting up as if he had thought of a good joke, he added, "I give it to you on condition that you put it through the War Office yourself and then come back and tell me about it."

Taking the paper, Dr. Paxton went over to beard the fierce Secretary of War in his den. When he had read the paper, Stanton, who was a master at insulting people, exclaimed, "Who are you, sir? Mr. Lincoln never signed that paper, or he did not know what he was doing. Nothing could be more foolish. I told him not to interfere again. No; the boy cannot be pardoned. I will not stand for such folly."

When Stanton's explosion was over, Dr. Paxton walked up to his desk and said quietly, "Mr. Secretary, I have no time to waste. Kindly endorse that order at once. I must get back to your Commander-in-Chief. I will tell him that you do not know your master's signature, and that you said the President was a fool and did not know his business."

Stanton, who delighted to bully others, looked in amazement for a moment at the Pittsburgh preacher, and then, picking up his pen, said, "You win," and endorsed the pardon. "Here, Jack," he said to a clerk, "take this and see that the boy goes back to his regiment." Then smiling as if he too had thought of a good joke, Stanton said, "Dr. Paxton, I do this on condition that you leave town on the next train, which goes in ten minutes, and my orderly will take you to the station."

The pardoned boy was restored to his regiment and gave the "last full measure of devotion" in the battle at Cold Harbor.

Saturday and Sunday, April 15 and 16, following

the assassination of Lincoln, were days of mourning in Pittsburgh. On Monday a meeting of citizens was held at 2 o'clock in front of the Post Office at Fifth and Smithfield Streets. Addresses were delivered by General J. K. Morehead, former Governor William F. Johnston, and others. In Birmingham, on the South Side, a woman who was receiving milk from a milkman, spoke regretfully of Lincoln's assassination. With a coarse epithet, the milkman exclaimed, "He should have been killed four years ago!" Straightway the woman threw the pitcher and its contents in his face. An angry crowd gathered, and the man narrowly escaped being lynched. He was led with a rope around his neck to a military post on Smithfield Street. In a tannery in Duquesne Borough, a workman who muttered words of sympathy for the South was thrown into one of the vats by his fellow workmen, and was saved only by the interference of his employer.

The funeral train of Lincoln did not pass through Pittsburgh; but it was a former Pittsburgh preacher who spoke the last words for the nation by Lincoln's grave on the oak-covered knoll on the outskirts of Springfield.

The great pulpit voice of America during the Civil War was Bishop Matthew Simpson. Henry Ward Beecher was America's eloquent pulpit ambassador-at-large, who did so much to turn the tide of sentiment in Great Britain toward the cause of the Union. But the voice which stirred the spirit and maintained the morale of the nation, from the Christian standpoint, was, more than any other, that of the eloquent Methodist Bishop.

Born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1811, Simpson for a brief period, was a student at Madison College, the Methodist school then located at Uniontown, Pa. For a time he took up the study of medicine; but one day at a revival

meeting at Cadiz he laid his hand on the shoulder of a young man and asked him if he would go forward and kneel at the penitent's altar. The young man said he would go if Simpson went with him. Together they went to the altar and knelt down. It was after this that Simpson became a member of the Church and dedicated himself to the Christian life and the Christian ministry. His first appointment was on the St. Clairsville Circuit in Ohio and his first sermon was preached at New Athens, Ohio. His next appointment was to Pittsburgh in the Pittsburgh Circuit. When he arrived in Pittsburgh, Simpson was entertained at the home of James Verner, a prosperous merchant who lived on Penn Street, and not long after to be Simpson's father-in-law.

The chief Methodist Churches in Pittsburgh at that time were the Smithfield Street Church, taken over from the Methodist Protestants, and the Liberty Street Church. As an associate minister Simpson preached alternately at the two churches. In 1836, he was appointed to the church at Williamsport, now Monongahela City. The next year he was elected to the chair of Natural Science at Allegheny College, Meadeville, Pa., and two years later was called to the presidency of Asbury University at Green Castle, Indiana, now Depaw University. As an educator, preacher, and an editor of the *Western Christian Advocate,* Simpson took a prominent part in the great discussions over slavery which split the Methodist Church before the Civil War. In 1852 he was elected Bishop, and took up his residence again in Pittsburgh, where he resided until 1859, when he removed to Evanston, Illinois.

As the friend of Chase, Stanton, and Lincoln, Simpson was frequently called into consultation with the leaders of the nation during the Civil War. He relates how on one occasion he and Lincoln "prayed around

twice on the subject of emancipation." The gruff Stanton would leave the crowd of callers in his office, and leading the Bishop into his private room, would say to him, "Now Bishop, pray."

Simpson had a famous lecture, "The Future of Our Country," which he delivered in the chief cities of the North during the war, and which stirred almost unbelievable enthusiasm in his audiences. Men would shout, laugh, cry, throw their hats into the air and beat one another on the back under the spell of his eloquence. In this lecture he would refer to the flag as "some small patch of azure, filled with stars, that an angel had snatched from the heavenly canopy to set the stripes in blood." Lincoln once heard him deliver this lecture in Washington, and applauded and cheered with the rest of the audience.

On the day after Lincoln's second inauguration, Simpson preached in the House of Representatives to an audience made up of Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet Members, Army Officers, and Lincoln himself. Referring to the incident of the day before, how just as Lincoln was taking the oath, the clouds lifted for a moment and the sun shone, Simpson said: "I am not much of a believer in signs and omens. But when yesterday, just as the old administration expired, and the new one began, the rifted clouds let God's sunshine flow, I could not but regard it as an augury of returned peace, and that the War would soon close and that the new administration would be one of peace." This stirred the distinguished audience to prolonged cheering. Lincoln beat on the floor with his cane, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

When Lincoln was laid low by the assassin's bullet, Simpson was summoned to the White House, where he made the prayer at the services. By common consent,

he, and not Henry Ward Beecher, nor any of the political orators and leaders of the day, was selected to voice the nation's thought of Lincoln at the final services at Springfield, Illinois. Standing on the oak-covered hillside on that bright May morning in 1865, Simpson delivered a noble eulogy. In this oration he revealed the fact that Lincoln had frequently said to him, "I never shall live out the four years of my term. When the rebellion is crushed, my work is done."

In his concluding paragraph, Simpson said:

> "Chieftain, farewell! The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record, and from it learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy. Thou didst not fall for thyself. The assassin had no hate for thee. Our hearts were aimed at; our national life was sought. We crown thee as our martyr, and Humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son. Hero, martyr, friend, farewell!"

SOURCES

For the benefit of those who may wish to pursue further the subjects taken up in this book, I suggest the following sources.

For the Colonial Period, *The Frontier Forts of Western Pennsylvania,* by George Dallas Albert; Bancroft's *History of the United States;* Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac;* and Washington's Journal and letters; also the published sermons of Samuel Davies. For the chapters on the Bates duel, the First Republican Convention, Fire and Flood, the Arsenal, and the Riots of 1877, the contemporary newspaper records are valuable. The Report of the Committee of Congress gives perhaps the fullest account of the Railroad Strike of 1877.

I have been able to talk also with some who witnessed the Riots, and with one who was wounded by the Philadelphia soldiers. A good account of the Homestead Strike, from the standpoint of organized labor, is found in the book, *Homestead,* by Arthur G. Burgoyne. For Charles Dickens' stay in Pittsburgh the best record is his *American Notes* and the *Life of Dickens* by John Forster. John Brashear's Autobiography, *Uncle John Brashear,* tells the fascinating story of his life.

The records and published histories of the First Presbyterian Church are the sources for the history of

the church and the life of Francis Herron. The biographies of Stanton by Gorham, Flower, and Joseph Doyle throw interesting light on his Pittsburgh life. *The Life and Letters of Alexander Hays,* by G. T. Fleming, and Grant's *Memoirs* afford much data on Hays. Carnegie's Autobiography contains interesting material on his Pittsburgh life, his Civil War experience, and the Homestead Strike.

The story of John Chapman, or "Appleseed Johnny," is largely tradition; but not always untrustworthy on that account. Most of the published sketches of Chapman are just collections of anecdotes. Of these, perhaps the most complete is Henry A. Pershing's *Johnny Appleseed and His Time.* For the life of Ebenezer Denny and the wars in which he took part, the main source is his Military Journal, found in the *Record of Upland, and Denny's Military Journal.*

For the chapter on Lincoln and Pittsburgh the sources are Lincoln's published addresses, the standard biographies of Lincoln; *The Life of Bishop Simpson,* by Crooks; a reminiscence by James D. Paxton of Lynchburg, Virginia, and the newspaper records of Lincoln's visit in February, 1861.

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