

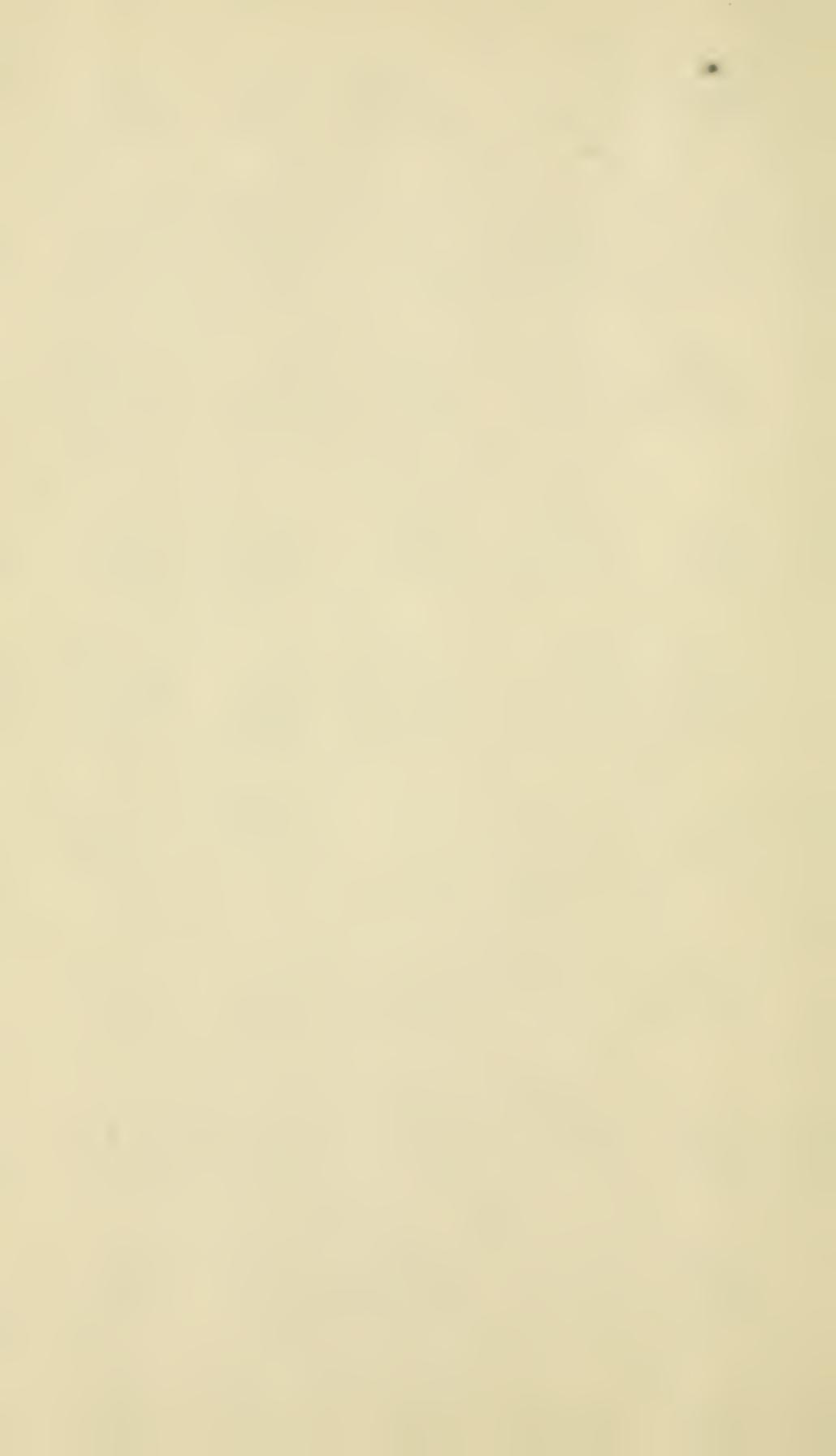
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JOHNSTOWN DISASTER,

IN A

Journal of Poems.

UNPARALLELED ON THIS SAD OCCASION.

BY



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(MEDICAL STUDENT.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA

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THIS MANUAL

IS DEVOTEDLY DEDICATED

By the Author,

In appreciation of the memory and happy rest of
the souls of those who were lost in the Johnstown
disaster.

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INTRODUCTION.

It was a bright sunny morning, the sky was tinted with its usual soft, translucent blue, save where a few light fleecy clouds frolicked amid the prone descending rays of the sun, which were lent to illuminate the valley below at which point was located Johnstown, a town of great business resources owing to the extensive mills in operation and the vast number of workmen therein employed.

Johnstown is situated in the Conemaugh Valley in the western part of Pennsylvania, a few miles distant from Harrisburg, the State Capital. This valley is a picturesque one, overlooked by towering up hills which are quite numerous on either side of the river, and extend away back over the moors, to be shorn of their sylvan splendors, their conical slopes exhibiting to the artful eye a garb of beauty dressed by nature's own nimble fingers, selecting all of the different hues in her bright cestus. But the industrious farmer compensated the scene by the growing of the different cereals which bowed their golden heads to the wandering winds, giving a wavy surface to the fields of grain, which were a beautiful sight to behold.

Nature seemed to lavish her beauties on the surroundings of Johnstown, making the people who were honestly engaged in the various avocations of life enjoy their own existence and the happiness of all others. Such was life in Johnstown in its palmy days when there was prevalent an ennobling and exalting spirit among her people.

But alas! Soon it was destined to destruction. The vapors of the earth were attracted, breaking loose from their foul beds, arose, polluting the sky, which was fast becoming surcharged with wrathful vapor, drawn from the surface which encloses the busily working mineral generations. Unusual darkness brooded and gained full possession of the sky for miles along the valleys of the Conemaugh, Susquehanna and Juniata. At last down came a deluge of prone descending rain, filling up the rivers and tributaries leading to the reservoir, which was formerly built by the P. R. R. Co. for the purpose of feeding a canal which was afterwards condemned, the Conemaugh Lake with some surrounding land then becoming the property of a syndicate of gentlemen from Pittsburg, who made a happy hunting ground and fishing lake out of said property.

The water was slowly rising on the streets, still the people did not comprehend any great danger, as they were previously summoned on similar occasions to flee from the town. Had they obeyed the first orders which were given on that fatal day all lives might have been saved.

At last the hour of desolation came. It was on Friday evening at 8 o'clock, May 31st, 1889, that the Conemaugh dam ceased to resist the high pressure of water any longer, gave way in the centre, opening like two barn doors swinging on hinges in opposite directions. Down swept the liberated waters in mountainous torrents, obliterating everything on its course, Johnstown included with several hundreds of men, women and children.

This was the greatest calamity known to have taken place on the American continent as regards the loss of lives. There are several other disasters on record which occurred in different countries which were still more destructive to life and property. (See under the head "Contrasting Calamities.")

It is with a mingled feeling of sadness and embarrassment the author picks up his pen to endeavor to emulate this sorrowful calamity in words, truth and in rhyme, having no desire to exaggerate but rather manfully cling to the *truth*, which is the daughter of Jupiter and wisdom and descends from the sky.

In giving an account of the series of happenings which have occurred during this terrible disaster at Johnstown, the purpose is to elucidate the whole affair in rhyme, as it will tend to make the loss seem lighter while the truth still remains on the surface.

CONEMAUGH LAKE.

High up on the summit lies Conemaugh Lake,
 Owned by some 'burgs of the upper class make,
 They called it their fish-bay, a beautiful name,
 And the forest around it abounds in wild game.
 At first a natural pond on the hill,
 Next an artificial lake, the canal to fill,
 Later the source of a deluge well known,
 Will stand out in history in every American home.

What a disastrous incubator for the finny tribe,
 Three miles long and nearly two miles wide,
 A hundred feet high measured down from above,
 Where cat-fish, bass-fish and pickerel did rove.
 The gents felt so happy riding out in the cars,
 With fish-hooks and champagne, oh, lucky stars !
 Baiting their hooks the fish to delude,
 Saying big sin words in their imperative mood.

Pop ! Up shoots the cork ! " Put on your gown,
 Those catfish are a mighty hard fish to drown.
 Lower your line, Sam ! Hand me that bait !"
 " Well, here, George, put on your weight."
 " Look ! See those in the other boat haul 'em in ?
 Whoop ! We're the stuff, a little more gin ;"
 A mist arose, their eyes grew dim,
 " Say, Sam, I-I-kin, my head kin swim."

They soon began to fish in the sky,
 Well, to look at them you'd laugh a cry,
 When suddenly George pulled down a crow ;
 " My great, Sam ! Heavens ! P-Pa-Parleyvoo ?
 P-pull out your blade, dissect him quick,
 Outch ! His darn talons are stuck in my nick ;"
 Kaw, kaw, kaw ! " Wha-what's the matter, Sam?"
 " I-I lost a section of my nose ! Sugar ! Dam !"

One of the syndicate stood on the dam,
His whiskers flirting, eating a sandwich ham,
Pointing down the valley to a load of hay,
Saying, "Ike, that's coming here to stay."
He next picked up a very long pole,
Pointing to the hay then to the hole,
"This dam is strong, it will never burst,
You keep quiet or we'll give you a boost."

It is said that a straw a life once saved,
But hay in a dam to fill in where caved,
To keep back the pressure of several tons weight,
What was the result? What was the fate?
Hay is good enough for the horse and cow,
Stones and earth for the water's flow,
Heart and soul lives for to save,
Here on earth and beyond the grave.

THE HORSEMAN'S RIDE.

Mark on your tablet a hero of fame,
 All honor to the act, it endears the name ;
 The world is your temple, on its face record
 All noble deeds 'though not won with the sword.
 Heroes have ridden fast onward to die,
 Encouraged by cannonading and the war-cry,
 Inciting their ambition onward to rush,
 Crying victory ! Then comes silence, alas ! a hush !

Not so with the rider on that fatal day
 When the city of Johnstown was swept away ;
 He announced the danger of the coming abyss,
 Warning the people not to take it amiss.
 Thousands of lives on this ride depended,
 " How save them ? That valley must be winded !
 We'll do it, Tom ! " patting his horse on the head,
 " Or those folks down there are as good as dead. "

" To the hills for your lives ! " the horseman cried,
 As he dashed down the valley, his steed well tried,
 Heralding the danger, " the dam gave way !
 The tumultuous torrent is winding its way ! "
 Was there ever a hussar more true and brave
 Than the Conemaugh hero who preceded the wave,
 Speeding along in the terror-stricken vale,
 His horse all foaming, his face all pale.

Askance he sprang to climb the steep,
 His life barely saving by a wonderful leap.
 Safe ! Man and horse on a prone ascent,
 Dismounting, turning, on his knees he bent.
 " Oh, God ! Did they heed me in an aspiring tone?
 Have they taken my warning and to the hilltops
 flown ?
 Or did they linger to be swept away
 By this deluge of waters ? Oh, what a frightful
 day ! "

Rising to his feet he looked o'er the sea,
 For such to him it appeared to be ;
 " Is this a dream, or am I him,
 Dispatched from the Lake which was full to the
 brim ?

Yes, I know myself, I know my shoes,
 Oh, but alas ! what a very sad news."
 Looking the direction from whence he came,
 " I will try and be useful in God's name."

Liberating his horse, o'er the hills to graze,
 He did it. Would you believe ? Looked in amaze,
 Shook himself roughly, whined on the scene,
 As much as to say, " Well, it might have been."
 Then the hero of the valley set in to work,
 He knew that this was no time to lurk,
 Hurrying himself along up the flood,
 Always found where he could do most good.

THE FORCE OF THE FLOOD.

The force of the flood better known than described,
 As it burst from its receptacle, spreading so wide,
 In mountainous torrents rolling down the vale,
 Where it found many mortals who it left to bewail.
 Passenger coaches were swept by the tide,
 In which the passengers mourned and died ;
 Some earlier escaping ran to the hills,
 Preceded by many from the Cambria mills.

On the bosom of the flood locomotives were borne,
 Its vengeance so weird everything did scorn ;
 Even the venerable churches went down in dis-
 may,
 With thousands of members on that fatal day.
 Buildings were uplifted and currented down grade,
 Oscillating in movement, floods must be obeyed ;
 The fragments of structures piled up at the bridge,
 As high as a mountain, but not the Blue Ridge.

Rails twisted crescent and spirally, too,
 Decorating a wreck which afforded such a view,
 Raised from the ties all transversely laid,
 Forced off in sections with the rest of the raid ;
 Bridges cast afloat like a duck in a pool,
 Nothing to save was the ordinance, as a rule,
 The huge gormandizer, the flood's appetite,
 Gulched up nearly everything straight outright.

Pianos found exit through opening walls,
 Forced by the flood from embellished halls,
 Waltzing on the waves of the Conemaugh waters,
 Ne'er to be played on by her lost daughters.
 Away out on the sand a piano upright,
 Served as a monument for an angelic sight,
 All dressed in white a virgin lie there,
 Hands clasped o'er her breast, recited her last
 prayer.

IN THE SORROWFUL VALE.

In the sorrowful vale, ere the dam gave way,
 The sky looked like a mighty dome of dark dismay,
 Such a doleful canopy suspended on high
 Seemed evidence enough that destruction was nigh;
 While all was calm in the valley below,
 Save the industrial buzz of the muscular blow,
 The machinery's thud as it circled around,
 And the busy worker at his post was found.

"Hark! Listen! I hear a strange noise,"
 Was uttered from the lips of the bravest of boys.
 "'Tis true! Look! Quick! The Lake is coming
 down!

For God's sake hurry! Run! Leave the town!"
 In a moment all were in a state of consternation,
 Some running for their lives without hesitation,
 Others still lingered, trusted to the mercy of the
 tide,
 In the valley of death took their last ride.

Alas! poor lost ones, how sad to relate,
 To a merciful people an unmerciful fate.
 Heartrending appeals from the housetops afloat,
 The redemption of lives by braves in the boat,
 Who oared with life's strength the sufferers to save
 From the deep, cold sepulchre--a watery grave;
 Long live the rescuers and the rescued, too,
 May they always be happy, always be true.

Mothers clasped children while on the debris,
 Such sights to behold! Conceive that you see,
 While the husband went down, parted from wife,
 Thus ending and beginning an old and new life;
 At once the heirs of heaven and earth,
 Perhaps so ordained at the time of their birth,
 But now a new spirit has breathed into the clod,
 We pray that they knew and feared their God.

Appealing to heaven and to God on high,
 Swelled from their bosoms, ere they die,
 "Oh, God! Be merciful to our poor souls!"
 Alas! They're gone down, the wave o'er them
 rolls.

"Relentless flood! What a terror thou art!"
 Was heaved from the depths of many poor heart.
 "Ah, Johnstown! Fond place of my birth,
 With my soul forever will be swept from the
 earth."

The maniac flood came thundering along,
 Proclaiming its march, so steady, so strong,
 Too weird for description, too disastrous to tell,
 Destroying all before it, what a wicked swell;
 In its bosom was caressed many bright soul,
 Shocked, startled, destined for the eternal goal,
 Leaving hundreds behind their loss to repent,
 The summons of death to them was sent.

To the depths of the dark tomb many went down,
 Some fervently praying, some with a frown;
 On that memorable raft all seemed full of glee,
 Riding to death, singing "Nearer My God to
 Thee."

Men at the windows grabbing all within reach,
 Themselves borne along, how some women did
 screech,
 Taxed creatures, could you blame them? Oh, no!
 'Tis allotted, some must come, some must go.

How sad! Love looking its last through streaming
 eyes,

On parents won, wed, lost. "Oh, our darling boys
 And girls, whose voices cheered us on our way,
 Till now we part on earth forever this day;"
 And lovers whose rosy lips once met and parted,
 When all was bliss, joy, but the survivors broken-
 hearted,

No last farewell, no memory token,
 The lost went down, all vows forever broken.

The spirit of horror from the waters arose,
 But God disposes and man propose.
 The jumbles of Africa are known to be wild,
 To the roars of the Conemaugh they were mild.
 Roaring and scattering its terror along the route,
 The valley surrendered to its first salute,
 Imparted terror to grandeur of the hills uneven,
 And sacred music to the thunders of heaven.

Even the heavily laden atmosphere hanging over-
 head,
 And its concentrated particles of vapor all spread,
 Eclipsing the celestial blue from sight,
 And the glittering brotherhood of stars that night.
 Towards heaven a deploring eye was cast,
 Followed by soft prayers, for some the last,
 Tossed and buried by the wandering big flow.
 Men, women and children were forced below.

Hurled into that secret tomb in an instant,
 Limbs of beauty, manhood and the placid infant,
 No shrouds enwrapping them, the never found,
 No gravestones mark them, no grassy mound.
 The relics of the wrecked and lost, where are they?
 O'er what spot shall the bereaved pray?
 O'er what part of the sepulchre shall tears be shed
 In kind remembrance of the lost, the dead?

In that unwonted cemetery mingled remains lie,
 And the dark, massive rain clouds over them sigh,
 And the journeying winds will o'er them weep,
 When the years pass by, and their friends asleep.
 What an unembezzled treasury for many a brave,
 Engulfed by that insatiable, reckless wave,
 Fast in the sand beds and debris pile,
 Death decomposed still seemed to smile.

How affecting to the heart, mysterious to the mind,
 Suddenly called to judgment, leaving all behind,
 Their own bodies out of which the soul gained
 time,
 To be garbed in golden costumes, forever Thine,
 That is if the soul was in the state of grace,
 And never stooped to sin in the salvation race,
 Even though it had and be cancelled away,
 Caused great rejoicing in heaven that day.

The remnants of the rapids thrombosed at the
 bridge,
 The conquering waters reciting the funeral dirge
 O'er the numerous victims embraced in the pile,
 Which will ever be known as Mount Beguile.
 The heavy pressure made the sand and fragments
 tight,
 Requiring for separation the use of dynamite,
 Driving the timbers and all overhead,
 Hopelessly regardless of the "Bivouac of the Dead."

According as found to the morgue were hurried,
 Where preparations were made, the same to be
 buried,
 Hundreds, yes thousands washed and injected,
 Friends bent with grief, sad, forlorn, dejected.
 One man discovered his dear mother and wife,
 Who were all the world to him during life ;
 How painful to him, his strength nearly worn,
 Acting as grave-digger, pall-bearer and mourn(er).

Limbs projected between drifted debris,
 As life was extinct there was no agony,
 Encouraging laborers to work with intent,
 No death-groans to hinder, nothing to prevent,
 Save the ruined town so recently synthetized,
 And the anxious survivors in feeling disguised,
 Some waiting calmly to claim the dead,
 Others weeping bitterly with down-bent head.

Dainty hands protruded through beds of sand,
 Inviting the workmen with shovels in hand,
 To come excavate the lost, the dead,
 And remove them to the morgue, 'tis said,
 Where rows of stiffened corpses were lain,
 Thick as if in battle field slain ;
 A frightened expression on some still seen,
 Some were smiling, some sad, some serene.

For miles along the river banks were strewn
 With dead bodies, to many unknown,
 Though all were removed without delay,
 Giving back thine forms to Mother Clay.
 "Dust thou art, to dust return,"
 To thine only and last earthly sojourn ;
 This is life's passover, no matter how deprived,
 No use in dodging, no matter how contrived.

"They've gone down," was the expression used
 By survivors who o'er death's valley perused,
 "Gone to join the angels peaceful ever more,"
 Off for the place of bliss—the heavenly shore ;
 Leaving many with heavy hearts, friendless,
 homeless,
 Fever to 'cover this loss, 'tis sadly hopeless,
 "Still we are not angry, God's will is best,
 We pray to Him night and morning, give them
 rest."

Once locked in the cradle of life and death,
 Angels on the wavy rockers between heaven and
 earth.

God looking down from His Throne on High,
 And the favored saved ones on the slopes did sigh,
 As they saw their kinsfolks riding to doom,
 To be swallowed soon in that dreadful tomb,
 Leaving naught behind them but friends to lament,
 Taking nothing with them but what God had sent.

Is this a universal caution for all,
 Always to be prepared for His sudden call?
 Or is it the result of nature's force?
 Even so, nature from God can't be divorced.
 The secrets of nature and of nature's God
 Will be buried with the scientist under the sod;
 There are still secrets many centuries old,
 Science, so far, has failed to unfold.

Farewell, vicious flood! Thou hast done destruc-
 tion!

Killed thousands, then died of exhaustion.
 You need no monument, the hills will do,
 The inscription in history hereafter review.
 Hill and history as long will stand
 As the hardest granite from a foreign land,
 And the word of God, His will is right,
 Until the earth is consumed out of sight.

God made the waters, they are at His command,
 They are borrowed from heaven, air and land;
 "We forgive all damages," as the arrow from the
 bow,
 There's nothing more obedient, flow, waters, flow;
 Flow on gently, make music as you go,
 Cheer up every valley high and low,
 Kiss every shore that God has made,
 You will still be welcome to the last decade.

The surface of the waters are dressed with splendor
 By the various dyes of the clouds so tender,
 No golden garb this side of heaven can equal,
 As it shows up its colors to an artful people.
 The waters of Cape Hatteras are a menace to the
 sea,
 Those of the Alabama as placid as can be,
 Waters rearing icebergs, then off for a spree,
 Now for the boiling in the Southern sea.

The geysers and fountains of National Park
 Throw a halo of brightness, lighting up the dark,
 And the numerous fire-basins tempering the sky,
 All give evidence that God reigns high.
 The lower the being the harder to die,
 Know yourself, surrounds, God. Won't you try?
 When it comes your turn to take a last breath
 You will welcome the summons and gladly meet
 death.

O'er the lurid Conemaugh darkness did brood,
 Gained possession of the sky o'er the flood,
 From the secret beds with vapor laden,
 Where the mineral matter is always made in.
 Golden rays from the sun lodged high,
 The silvery moonbeams missed in the sky,
 Everything adverse to the excited throng,
 All that transpired seemed to be wrong.

By the flaming blaze of that funeral pyre
 Horror was added, making all feel dire,
 And the dammed up ruins lit up the sky,
 And the coiling smoke ascends so high ;
 'Twas not a bonfire blazing cheerfully bright,
 Illuming the sky, filling all with delight ;
 Nor a signal fire in the Indians' wood,
 But a memorial spark of the Johnstown flood.

Imagine you see. Don't it make you feel sad ?
 Friendless, homeless, wandering around half mad,
 Looking on the drift their eyes in a stare,
 In return refulgent rays on them did glare.
 Were these from the dead hemmed by the check,
 Or the smouldering embers of the burning wreck ?
 The latter is more probable, as the former were
 deep
 Pressed in the ruins in silent death's sleep.

Unearthed from the heap of recent formation,
 Were borne along to a temporary destination—
 To the charnel house, arranged for the dead,
 Their prostrate forms in order were laid.
 Perhaps out of this clot something noble arise,
 In winged forms soaring high in the skies,
 Purifying the space between the realm of stars,
 Angels, their companions, leading beyond Mars

To the open gates of the heavenly shore,
 Where the virtuous and just shall weep no more,
 But listen to the music, so voluptuous, so grand,
 Skillfully rendered in the grand music stand.
 To think of such glories awaiting on high,
 Truly, to the innocent, it gives joy to die ;
 Not such to those who are burdened with sin,
 Another place can be gained, but better never win.

In a ruined church on the path of the tide
 Stood the Virgin Statue by the altar's side,
 Unchanged, by will of Him looking from above,
 He never could forget His Mother's love.
 The structure and steeple to the fury gave way,
 The figure was motionless, all else in dismay,
 A halo of brightness encircled Her head,
 Appeal to Her mercy in prayers for the dead.

Stop, waters ! Obey ! Do not deface
 My Mother's figure—possessed of all grace,
 Go thine own way, this form do not injure,
 This is a proof Her Majesty not to censure ;
 Queen of all Virgins who wept o'er my loss,
 Mother of Him who died on the cross,
 Your sins of the world to blot out forever,
 I am He, and She is My Mother.

During the first two weeks of distress
 People shied round apparently purposeless,
 With a settled look of melancholy and despair,
 Could notice in their eyes a bewildered stare.
 Seemingly didn't comprehend what was taking
 place,
 Or take any interest in the hospitable race,
 For many were helpless, bereft of all,
 God had occasion their friends to call.

Those of the men who were not at work
 Wandered in the vicinity of South Fork,
 Talked of the flood and the lost likewise,
 In a manner as if they did not realize
 The extent of the disaster in question,
 Or else regarded it with calm resignation.
 This is not a criticism, no fault in view ;
 'Tis a correct announcement, too sad, too true.

Women drew rations of bread, groceries, meat,
 From the relief stores all stocked complete,
 Was it not necessary, would scarcely enjoy,
 Didn't care to live, didn't want to die ;
 Sympathy is with them, really they're fretted,
 Their countenances couldn't be interpreted,
 Thinking of what ? Well, nothing, perhaps,
 While in that reverie they did relapse.

All was chaos. Desolation confronted every eye,
 To look on the scene would make you cry,
 The few houses remaining in contact after the rage
 Would make the place seem like a deserted village
 Were it not for the people moving on the way ;
 The ruins were remindful of a wet Pompeii.
 Many through curiosity visited the spot,
 Which to many survivors will ne'er be forgot.

Visitors brought relics and trimmed them gay,
 Not to exhibit nor put in grand display,
 But in kind remembrance of those gone down
 In the universal known flood at Johnstown.
 Perhaps soft prayers will penetrate the sky,
 Ascending from lips when the relics they spy,
 A sad thought from the fissures of the brain
 May arise and still hope the loss was a gain.

Ah ! Sad dissolution, unforeseen, unfeared,
 All were happy till the sad moment appeared
 And ended with one struggle life forever,
 As death's slaughter ne'er grows weary to sever
 Husband from wife, sister from brother,
 Children, parents, and lover from lover,
 Still life propagates the immortal meal as fast,
 And replaces with little beings of a new cast.

Forget not that he is only strong whose heart is
 great,
 Whose self-poised soul is moved to fate
 By circumstances shifting, and surrounding loss
 Which tests your faith. Be of lofty purpose.
 With thoughts like these engaging your mind
 And the hopes they inspire in the ever kind,
 Warning your hearts to a full swell,
 Bid your lost friends forever, Farewell !

Will mysteries be ever solved ? Who knows
 But Him to whom all nature bows,
 And the highest waves listen with reverence
 To God, our King, our deliverance,
 'Twill be solved when hills have older grown,
 And the just are called to wear the crown,
 His voice shall be heard one day for good,
 And there shall be never another flood.

AMERICA'S SYMPATHY.

America is always the first to take heed,
 When her people are suffering or are in need,
 When the news of a calamity breaks o'er the land
 Millions are to the rescue with a helping hand.
 A sympathizing nation is always free,
 Never made hateful by tyranny ;
 Columbia, fair land of the brave, of liberty.
 Opens her wings of freedom to welcome thee.

What a sympathizing people Americans are,
 Receiving all peoples from away afar,
 Giving them liberty free as the light,
 But only to do what's best, what's right.
 Whenever a disaster breaks out in the states,
 The railroad companies throw off the rates,
 Hurrying contributions to the illfated place,
 Irrespective of party, religion or race.

The Relief Committee worked all straight
 In collecting material to be sent by freight,
 To relieve the hungry and the poorly dressed.
 Would you believe it? On some were pressed.
 Clothes were distributed as free as the flood,
 By those who sized up, on the platform stood ;
 Eatables were handed out to those in a line,
 No doubt to the hungry tasted very fine.

The nation, the state handed out the coin,
 The bankers, the business men fell in line,
 The church societies lead in the van,
 From the millionaire down to the poorest man ;
 Children embezzled their banks with consent,
 To send to the sufferers to make them content,
 Even dimes from the washtub were given 'tis
 known,
 All for the sufferers of Johnstown.

DOCTORS.

The volunteer doctors much praise deserve,
 In hurrying to the rescue and not to swerve,
 Bringing medicine along the sufferers to relieve,
 The injured, the weak ones, all to retrieve.
 In the morgues they've worked with good intention,
 Preparing the corpses for recognition,
 Embalming the air with an odor sweet,
 That the friends of the lost ones might come and
 meet.

They purified the atmosphere along the vale,
 Scattering their preparations as thick as hail,
 Killing all microbes that therein might exist,
 'Twas too good an act for them to desist ;
 Decomposed substances made the air impure,
 The prevention of a plague they sought to procure,
 Working as if with crowbars, the doctors brave,
 Lives were at stake, their object was to save.

WOMEN.

The hospitable women delicately did work,
 From a volunteering task women never shirk,
 When a meritorious work is to be done,
 Mark down the girls for their share of the fun ;
 Will never miss it when pain is to be killed,
 With a desire to relieve their bosoms are filled,
 Bending o'er the suffering, 'tis a cure to behold,
 Just one such a woman is worth all the gold.

See them wiping the sick one's brow,
 In healing tone asking, "How are you now ?
 I've something nice, won't you take it, please ?
 You'll find it will give you greater ease ;
 I'll put another pillow under your head,
 And fix the blankets and this lovely spread,
 And watch you carefully while you sleep,
 And pray to God your life to keep."

REBUILD.

A permanent committee of distinguished men
 Was organized to handle all of the "tin."
 This they've done and are doing it correct,
 Those who have trusted them need never fret.
 Thousands are employed to scrape up the town,
 For the original site, for a new Johnstown,
 Hauling off the debris, the drifting and sand,
 All done according to those in command.

To build up the town is the object in view,
 A fter seeing that the sufferers are well to do,
 Rebuild the mills, give the men employment,
 To *Americans* this kind of work is enjoyment ;
 They feel happiest while assisting the crushed,
 You've noticed how to the scenes they've rushed,
 Doing all in their power to relieve those in need,
 Put them standing again, wish them God speed.

FOREIGN SYMPATHY

Dear Old England and her high Majesty,
 And "The Dear little Isle Far O'er the Sea,"
 Made known their sympathy with a lightening
 shot,
 And also made up a little jack-pot ;
 And Australia, too, king of all isles,
 Home of the industrious from other soils,
 Extended her feelings in delicate tones,
 Americans can conceive, they're no drones.

CONTRASTING CALAMITIES.

In contrasting with the Johnstown calamity,
History reveals that others destroyed more prop-
erty,

Greatly exceeded the number of lives by drowning
Than this which leaves so many frowning.

One hundred calamities within the Christian era
Are recorded for reference, look if not weary,
Beginning in the year of Our Lord 353,
And continuing down to the present day.

England, Holland, France and Germany,
Austria, Spain, America and China,
All contribute to this disastrous rhyme,
All sent victims to the Eternal Time.

In Cheshire, England, in the year 353,
3000 perished by waters from the sea;

In Dort, Holland, in the year 1421,

Sea broke through dykes, 70 towns submerged,
100,000 drown.

A similar disaster in the year 1530,

400,000 lives lost and destroying much property ;

In 1483 the Severn, in Great Britain,

Rising for ten days, things looked uncertain,

Carrying off men, women and children,

In silent repose their beds they lie in,

Rising to the hilltops still faster.

It was known as the " Big Water Disaster."

In 1617 in Catalonia, in Spain,

In an inundation 50,000 were slain,

Not slain, not murdered, but simply drowned,

The young, the aged, the strong, the sound ;

A reservoir in Larca, Spain, gave way.

1000 persons were drowned that day ;

This was in the year A. D. 1802,

When lives were taken without review.

24 villages around Pesth were swept away,
 With all their inhabitants on that fatal day,
 O'erflowing the Danube in the year 1811,
 The people of Hungary did look to heaven.
 In 1813 12,000 lives were destroyed
 In central Europe by the rising tide,
 Soldiers comprising half the number,
 Historical research says its no blunder.

250 persons and not any more
 Lost their lives in the year 1864,
 By the bursting of a reservoir, Bradford, England,
 Ordering this number to obey command ;
 In 1875 a large part of the Toulouse,
 Destroyed by the Garronne which broke loose,
 Drowning 1000 persons all told,
 What a rise of waters marching so bold.

The American record of fatal inundations
 Began in 1849 and caused great privations,
 When 1600 houses in New Orleans were flooded,
 And several lives lost, not exactly recorded ;
 In 1874 near Northampton, Mass.,
 The waters from a bursting dam did pass,
 Causing a calamity similar to Johnstown,
 Save in the loss of lives so publicly known.

In this instance 150 lives were lost,
 And several villages were roughly tossed,
 As the Mill River disaster it was well known,
 Its terror in the surviving minds had grown ;
 On July 26 of the very same year,
 The death roll of 200 persons did appear,
 The disaster was known as Butcher Run,
 And to experience the terror it was no fun.

The greatest inundation America knows,
 The Mississippi Valley the waters did enclose,
 Making an island sea from St. Louis to the Gulf,
 One hundred miles wide, oh, what a surf;
 'Twas in February, in the year 1882,
 The most widespread waters known to you,
 The mighty river burst, o'er the country spread,
 The loss was not many, but oh, what a dread.

A similar inundation in China took place,
 On the Yellow River, well, what a race,
 3,000,000 persons from ruined homes driven,
 720,000 dead bodies had lain under heaven,
 A populous district, 10,000 square miles,
 Was flooded over, causing the spoils,
 'Twas in December in the year 1887.
 The question is which, Hell or Heaven?

A BRIEF SUMMARY.

It is impossible to give the exact number
 Of lives lost who are now in a slumber,
 As many have been fast currented away,
 Some buried in beds of sand, others in the debris.
 Still 3500 people are counted as missing
 Out of 25,000 inhabitants—this is guessing
 By gentlemen of Johnstown who know best
 By the number of her living and those at rest.

The number of houses destroyed by the flood
 Is given as 1800 to be understood.
 \$20,000,000 is the amount roughly estimated,
 The loss of the companies not included.
 The human and financial loss may seem high,
 Were it a thousand times less still many would sigh.
 A duty to do is to hope and to pray
 For a home in Heaven. 'Twill come! The last day!

WILL CREEDON,

Philadelphia, Pa., June 25-29, '89.





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