

Female. Age twenty-four years. Short white hair. Gold ring enameled. Ruby glass ear-rings. Buff dress with yellow, brown and black spots.

110. (43) Akers, Alver

111. (44) Bryan, William
Moustache and goatee. Cork leg.

112. (45) Unknown
Male. Age twenty-six.

113. (46) Park, Will
Gold watch, paper, etc.

114. (47) Park, Miss

115. (48) Park
Female. Two years old.

116. (49) Park, Mrs.

117. (50) Unknown
Female. Large. Black hair. Gold band ring. Slippers.

118. (51) Unknown
Female. Age thirty years. Blue calico dress. Gold band ring. Gas key. Seventy-five cents in coin.

119. (52) Unknown
Female. Black hair. Flannel skirt. Gold ear-rings.

120. (53) Unknown
Female. Age twenty-four years. Scarred scarf pin No. 6.

121. (54) No record.

122. (55) Unknown
Female. Supposed to be Annie Eager.

123. (56) Unknown
Female. Large. Age twenty-four. Black hair. Ruby ear-rings. Brass hair-pin.

NOTE: -- The foregoing 123 names reported by W. G. Thompson, in charge of Kernville Morgue, June 14, 1889 (see list on file).

124. (57) Howe, Tom

125. (58) Unknown
Female. Age twenty-four. Black hair. Gold ring. R. O., 1886.

126. (59) Pike, W. W.

127. (60) Unknown
Female skeleton.

128. (61) Pike, W. W., Jr.

129. (62) Pike, Stuart B.

Age nine years.

130. (63) Swank, Fred
Age twelve. Knee pants. Music box.

131. (64) Unknown
Female. Age twenty-four. Black hair. Black jersey jacket. Knit shirt.

132. (65) Unknown
Female. Age thirty. Black hair. Blue calico dress. Two gold rings. Break-fast shawl.

133. (66) Lindell, Mary
Calico dress. Breast-pin. Charm with different metals set in.

134. (67) Stuft, John W.
Woodvale.

135. (68) Unknown
Female. Age twenty-two. Ear-rings with white set. Polka-dot necktie. Two rings, one engraved E.

136. (69) Unknown
Male. Six years. Short pants. Dark blue suit. Gingham apron.

137. (70) Unknown
Male. Large. Black hair. Black clothes.

138. (71) Unknown
Female. Age forty. Calico dress. Gingham apron. Two rings with clover leaf pearl set. Breast-pin.

139. (72) Unknown
Male. Age twelve years. Short black pants, old.

140. (73) Unknown
Chinaman. White vest. Drilling clothes. Oroide watch. \$5.15 coin. Thirty pennies.

141. (74) Unknown
Male. Age fifty. Silver watch. Gold chain with charm, marked "God with us." Keys. Pocket-knife. Sacred heart. \$2.56 in money.

142. (75) Unknown
Male. Age five years. Gingham apron. Red calico dress. Striped flannel shirt. Black stockings. Black hair. Stocking supporters.

143. (76) Unknown
Baby. Age three months. Long white dress. Brown bib.

144. (77) Unknown
Chinaman. Paper with Chinese letters. Keys. Necktie. Pin with square and compass. Lead dollar with hole in it.

145. (78) Unknown
Male. Age seven years. Blue suit. Barred flannel skirt. Barred flannel waist with round pearl buttons. Spring heeled shoes.

146. (79) Unknown
Female. Age fifty. Calico dress with red and white spots. Gingham apron. Crooked legs. All toes off left foot except small one.

147. (80) Unknown

Female. Age about forty. Gingham apron. Canton flannel underclothes. Woolen stockings. Delaine dress with metal buttons. Ear-rings, with five point star set with glass.

148. (81) Unknown

Female. Age thirty. Blue calico wrapper, brown and white stripes. Black stockings. Light brown hair.

149. (82) Unknown

Female. Age twenty-five. Blue calico dress. Striped calico skirt. New buttoned shoes No. 2 1/2. Black hair. Long coral breast-pin. Silk umbrella with two patches on it.

150. (83) Unknown

Female. Age four years. Light hair. Red alpaca dress. Blue gingham with white buttons. Spring heeled shoes. Plaited underskirt with edging two inches wide.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

MORGUE E - ST. COLUMBIA, CAMBRIA BOROUGH

This Morgue was presided over by the Rev. Mr. Davin, the Roman Catholic pastor of that part of the city, and by his assistants. Priest Davin assured me that so great was the number of the dead brought to his church during the first days of June, and so complete was the confusion, that he was unable to give descriptions of most that passed through his Morgue; but that he merely counted them. He told me that he was confident that the total number reached six hundred. Unfortunately, Mr. Davin died before he had finished the report he was preparing for this history. Out of the records accessible I have been able to recover only the following names in connection with the St. Columbia Morgue.

Kratzer, Mrs. Mary

Unknown.
Female. Dark eyes and hair.

Wise, Miss Annie

Ault, George

Unknown
Boy. Dark hair and eyes. Scarlet underwear.

Cush, Joe

Unknown
Female. Dark hair. Brown eyes. Check apron.

Kane, John

Boyle, Thomas

Unknown
Female child. About two months old.

Lambert, Mrs.

Child of John Wise

Riley, Frank

Unknown
Female. Red dress. Blue calico overskirt.
Unknown
Female. Supposed to be Mrs. George Ault.

Schuell, Mrs.

Unknown
Boy. Fifteen years old. Dark hair. Gray eyes.

Cush, Daniel J.

Unknown
Boy. About four years.

Unknown

Girl. About eight years. Blue calico dress.

Unknown

Female. Blue gingham apron. Blue dress, red braid bottom.

Scull, Mrs.

Unknown

Female. Silver ring left hand. Heavy woolen stockings. No shoes. Blue calico dress.

Unknown

Female child. Blue dress. Red flannel skirt.

Herman, E.

Frank, Katie

Weiss, J., and boy.

Couthain, Mr.

Slick, Josephine.

Unknown

Two small children.

Bishop, Julius.

Haas, Mrs.

Unknown

Female. Supposed to be Mrs. Pearce.

Baby. Child of Justin O'Neill.

Unknown

McHuaeney, Mr.

Unknown

Three unknown females.

Riley, Mary.

Unknown

Girl. Baby.

Unknown

Girl. About seven years.

Nixon, Miss Emma.

McCann, John.

Lightner, James, and wife.

Howe, Gertie.

Child of Michael Hays.

Fogarty, Thomas.

Dunn, Miss Mary A.

Cush, Mrs. Patrick, Sr.

Cush, Mrs. Patrick, Jr.

Cooper, Mrs.
Colored.

Unknown
A man with gray beard.

Howe, L. S.

Kush, Jos.

Kane, John.

Kush, Emanuel.

Hester, Ann.

Harrigan, Ella.

Child of John P. Hitch.

Brady, John.

Unknown.
Woman.

Jockell, James.

Fisher, Amy.

New, Frank.

King, Mrs. S. F.

Shaefler, Jacob Sr.

Child of John Jones.

Bronson, Charles R.

Johnson, Mrs. John.

Johnson, John.

Pennell, Eldridge.

Ross, Jos.

Unknown.

Two.

Unknown.
Lady.

Fink, Mrs. Mary.

Smith, Mrs. John.

Sharpen, Jacob, Jr.

Holmes, Mrs. Eliza.

Unknown.
Plain gold ring with S. T. How on. One ring with red set. Dark hair. Weight 135.

Garber.

Penninger, Mrs.

Frank, Miss.

Kurtz, Mrs. Mary.

Kurtz, Mrs. Catharine.

Lambert, Mrs. Ann.

Schnell, Mr.

Collohen, Mr. Frank.

Albetter, Mr.

Youst, Edward.
A boy.

Wise, Mrs. Martin

Cambiske, Mrs.

Cambiske, John.

Cambiske, Mrs.

Smith, Mrs.

Holtzman, Joseph.

Unknown.
Lady.

Warren, Wm.

Morgan.

Unknown.

Two.

Korass, Mrs. N.

Smith, Mr. Thomas.

Creg, Catharine.

Goleghter, Thos.

McConaghy, Jas. P.

Smith, Robt.

Smith, John.

Unknown.

Three.

Shebaugh, Mrs.

Smith, William.

Ferdinan, M. W.

Unknown.

Berkshire, Ross.

Evans, Maggie.

Evans, Daisy.

Unknown.

Five children.

Kerlin, Frank.

Kerlin, Edward.

Unknown.

Malcom, Cora.

Madam, John.

Barkly, George.

Skinner, John.

Worthington, Mrs. R., and child.

Stern, Bella.

Briscelle, Jessie.

Heaff, Mr.

Monteverde, Mr., and two children.

Osage, Christ.

Williams, P.

Overdorff, Isaac.

Knoble, Leonard.

Knoble, John.

Cole, John.

Pheby, Barney.

Sheiver, George.

Sheiver, Neil.

Plumer, Alvin.

Kelly, Charles.

Overdorff, J. R.

Wise, Mart.

Stinsman, Jos.

Yocum, Sam.

Oiler, George.

Overdorff, Jacob.

Unknown

Female. Light complexion. Dark hair. Two gold rings. One with set and the other with inscription, *Will to Mary*. Age twenty-one. Had ear-rings.

Hennings, Mary.

Maden, Mame.

Kerlin, Mrs. Mary, and husband.

Hennings, John.

Berkebile, Malin.

Edwards, Levi.

Mozo, Thos.

Bagley, Wm.

Rainbrough, Henry.

Tomb, Chas.

Davis, Mr.

Thomas, Mr.

Crage, Annie.

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MORGUE F - MORRELLVILLE

As in the early management of the "E" or Cambria Morgue, so also, in that of the "F" Morrellville Morgue, little system seemed to have been attained. Owing to the confusion, the piled-up debris, and the swollen streams the superintendent of Morgues could not reach the place for several days. At Morrellville a saloon was appropriated for Morgue purposes, and different persons whose names could not be learned at first directed its affairs. The following, though, like Cambria, very imperfect, is all the superintendent was able to secure.

1. Keland, Frank
2. Keland, Frank, Jr.
3. Dolan, Catherine
4. Fisher, Emma
5. Arms, Nicholas
6. Caul, Mary
7. Kinner, Lizzie
8. Welsh, Thos.
9. Mirkey, August
10. Thurn, Levi
11. Purse, Mary Ann
12. Sheldon, H.
13. Strauss, Chas. (child).
14. Temple, Levy
15. Nue, Elinore
16. Heiner, August (Mrs.)
17. Newel, August
18. Unknown
Man.
19. Unknown
Woman.
20. Boyle, Chas.
21. Jenkins, Thos.
22. Reese, Sarah
23. Thomas, John

24. Myres, Chas.
Druker's Cemetery.

25. (1). Nadi, Frank
Perhaps Frank Wear.

25. (2). Unknown

26. Unknown
Female. Aged about five years. Red flannel skirt. Weight about 45 pounds.

27. Unknown
Female. Height 5 feet 2 inches. Age five or six years. Weight about 45 lbs. Red flannel underwear. Black stockings. White skirt. Cotton undershirt. Heavy red wool coat.

28. Unknown
Male. Height 5 feet 6 inches. Brown hair. Age twenty-one years. Dark pants. No shirt. Laced shoes.

29. Unknown
Female. Age thirteen. Light cloth waist with oval brass buttons. One black stocking and one button shoe. Buried in Morrellville.

30. Unknown
Female. Aged about thirteen months. Weight about 15 pounds. Black and white striped dress with a black cross stripe.

The responsible persons at this Morgue report me that there were sixty-one additional unknown bodies of which, owing to the confusion and the necessity of immediate interment, no description could be given. Squire Ambrose held inquests over many of the bodies, and secured a depot for the valuables found on the persons of the drowned.

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MORGUE G - NINEVEH AND OLD NINEVEH

1. Fritz, Katie, Railroad street, Johnstown, Pa.
2. Fritz, Maggie, Railroad street, Johnstown, Pa.
3. Gold, Miss H., Railroad street, Johnstown, Pa.
4. Albetter, Miss, Cambria City.
5. Sheetz, Jacob, Conemaugh, Pa.
6. Oswald, Charles, Johnstown, Pa.
7. Viering, Mrs. H., Johnstown, Pa.
8. Clark, Thomas, Johnstown, Pa.
9. Fitzharris, Mrs., Johnstown, Pa.
10. Maclay, Mrs. Sarah, Market street, Johnstown, Pa.
11. Davis, Mrs. P, Johnstown, Pa.
12. Greenwood, Jennie, Cambria City, Pa.
13. (1). Mauser or Moses, Miss or Mrs., No. 59 Conemaugh street, Johnstown, Pa.
14. Female aged forty, supposed to be Mr.s Gust M'Cue, Conemaugh, Pa.
15. Cornelison, Mrs. Maggie
16. Saylor, Henry
17. Gust, Edward
18. Witch, Frank
19. Dignan, Mrs.
20. Wolford, Frank
21. Evans, Katie
22. Hubburt, Bryan, Market street.
23. Garber, Mrs. John
24. Anthony, Frank
25. Unknown male, full grown.
26. Shonenviskie, Miss
27. Hunkey, Miss

28. (1). Sauerbrieskie, John

28. (2). Mr. Haunerer

28. (3). Samuel M'Claran. Buried at New Florence.

29. Unknown

Male. Age about forty. Light mustache.

30. Unknown

Female. Age forty-five. Black hair slightly gray.

31. Unknown

Male. Age about twenty. Dark hair.

32. Unknown

Female. Age forty. Gold filled teeth. Two rings.

33. Dobbins, J. R.

Age four years. Light hair, slightly gray.

34. Unknown

Male. Aged twenty-five. Large very light mustache.

35. Unknown

Female. Age eighteen. Light hair. Plain ear-rings. Plain ring on finger of right hand.

36. Unknown

Male. Age about twenty-one. Sandy hair. Very light mustache.

37. Unknown

Female. Age about forty-five years. Light hair slightly gray. Large mouth.

38. Unknown

Female. Age about forty-five. Large. Light hair turning gray. Plain ear-rings. Small plain ring on left hand.

39. Unknown

Male. Age fifteen. Light hair. Watch No. 1 on person.

40. Unknown

Female. Age about twenty. Very large. Light brown hair.

41. Unknown

Male. Age about fifty.

42. Unknown

Female. Age about twenty-two. Light brown hair. Left incisor tooth broken. Supposed to be Mrs. White.

43. Unknown

Female. Age about twenty-five. Tall and slender. Light hair. Breast-pin shape of star.

44. Ruberts

Male. Age sixty-five. Upper part of face shaven, also upper part of lower lip. Heavy gray beard on lower part of face. Long shaggy eyebrows.

45. Unknown

Female. Age about twenty. Brown hair. Fancy ear-rings with sets.

46. Unknown

Female. Age about fifty. Light hair partly gray. Silver ring and gold ring on second finger of left hand.

47. Unknown

Female. Age about four years.

48. Unknown

Female. Age about thirty. Tall. Brown hair.

49. Jones, Mrs. E. W.

Vine street, Johnstown, Pa. Large. Age about forty-five. Black hair.

50. Unknown

Female. Age about sixteen months.

51. Unknown

Female. Age about sixty years. Large. Brown gray hair.

52. Unknown

Female. Age about twenty. Full face. Light hair.

53. (1). Unknown

Female. Age about fifty. Iron gray hair. Short full face.

53. (2). Frederick, Mrs.

Age forty. Catholic. Large. Full face. Light brown hair. Plain gold ring on third finger of left hand. Taken back to Johnstown, Pa.

54. (1). M'Arreny, Mrs.

Wife of Neal M'Arreny. Souvenir of Father Hollinger's scapular. Two plain hoop rings on third finger of left hand.

54. (2). Unknown

Female. Age fifty. Catholic. Light brown hair, slightly gray. Front teeth wide apart and protruding.

55. Unknown

Male. Age about thirty-five. Catholic. Height 5 feet 7 inches. Black hair and mustache. Supposed to be James Haltzman.

56. Unknown

Female. Age eighteen. Catholic. Light brown hair. Ear-rings with brilliants.

57. Unknown

Female. Age eighteen. Catholic. Light brown hair. Supposed to be Maggie Hipp.

58. Unknown

Female. Age about thirty. Tall and large. Light brown hair. Ring on third finger of left hand with set.

59. Unknown

Little boy. Age about four years. Medal with initials J. W. O.

60. Unknown

Little girl. Age about ten years.

61. Unknown
Girl. Age about eight years old. Supposed to be Sarah Wengle.
62. Unknown
Girl about ten years.
63. Unknown
Girl about six years.
64. Unknown
Girl about five years.
65. Unknown
Boy about nine years.
66. Unknown
Boy about six years.
67. Unknown
Child about seven months.
68. Unknown
Boy about two and a half years.
69. Unknown
Boy about four years.
70. Unknown
Child about two years.
71. Unknown
Child about one year.
72. Unknown
Male. Age about thirty-five. Black hair. Smooth face.
73. Unknown
Male. Age about four years. Full face. Supposed to be Walter Jones. Disinterred and found not to be Walter Jones.
74. Unknown
Male. Age about twenty. Light hair. Smooth face.
75. Unknown
Female. Age about thirty-five.
76. Unknown
Female. Age about nineteen. Black hair. Set band ring on third finger of left hand.
77. Unknown
Male. Age about forty. Red hair and mustache.
78. Unknown
Female. Age about thirty-five. Large gold ring on third finger of left hand.
79. Unknown
Female. Age thirty-five. Black hair.

80. Unknown

Male. Age about ten years.

81. Unknown

Female. Age about twenty-five. Catholic. Stout. Brown hair. Band ring on third finger of right hand, hoop ring on left hand.

82. Unknown

Female. Age about thirteen. Light sandy hair. Freckled.

83. Unknown

Female. Age about thirty. Dark hair. Large plain band ring on third finger of right hand.

84. Unknown

Male. Age about forty. Large. Heavy sandy hair. Red mustache.

85. Unknown

Female. Age twenty-two. Catholic. Rather slender. Brown hair. Wore black belt with double clasp.

86. Unknown

Girl. Age seven years. Light hair.

87. Unknown

Boy. Age three years. Sandy hair.

88. Unknown

Boy. Age nine years. Dark hair.

89. Unknown

Boy. Age nine years. Light hair.

90. Unknown

Child. Light hair.

91. Unknown

Girl. Age four years.

92. Unknown

Girl. Age four years. Dark hair.

93. Unknown

Baby. Age two years. Red hair.

94. Unknown

Child. Age two years.

95. Unknown

Child. Age two years.

96. Unknown

Boy two years. Supposed to be Mr. Bridge's child. Cambria City. Father a letter carrier.

97. Unknown

Boy. Age four years.

98. Unknown

Boy. Age four years.

99. Unknown
Boy. Age five years.

100. Unknown
Boy. Age seven years.

101. Unknown
Child. Age five years.

102. Unknown
Girl. Age two years. Golden hair.

103. Girl. An infant.

104. Unknown
Boy. Age five years.

105. Unknown
Boy. Age ten years.

106. Unknown
Boy. Age eight years.

107. Unknown
Boy. Age eight years.

108. Unknown
Boy. Age six years. Light hair.

109. Unknown
Boy. Age six years.

110. Unknown
Babe. Age eight months. Found with Mrs. Nitchie.

111. Unknown
Boy baby. Age eight months.

112. Unknown
Child. Age one year.

113. Unknown
Male. Age about twenty-five. Black hair, smooth face.

114. Unknown
Female. Supposed to be the daughter of Daniel Convery, of Greensburg, Pa.

115. Gussie, Miss
Age twenty. Heavy set. Light hair.

116. Unknown
Child. Age eight months.

117. Unknown
Child. Age about twelve. Dark hair. Brown eyes. Supposed to be child of John Thomas.

118. Unknown
Baby. Age six months. Gold band ring on third finger of left hand.
119. Kidd, Joshua, Johnstown, Pa.
120. Unknown
Child. Age about three months.
121. Unknown
Child. Age about eight months.
122. Hammer, Mr.
A mill man. Johnstown, Pa.
123. Unknown
Girl. Age four years. Light complexion.
124. Unknown
Boy. Age about three years. Supposed to be son of Andrew Baker, Johnstown, Pa.
125. Unknown
Man. Age fifty. Bald head.
126. Unknown
Woman and child. Age of woman, 45. Long gold breast-pin. Dark hair mixed with gray.
127. Unknown
Female. Age about eighteen. Dark hair. Small ring on third finger of left hand.
128. Unknown
Baby. Age about three years.
129. Unknown
Boy baby. Age about six months.
130. Unknown
Boy. Age about eleven years.
131. Unknown
Girl. Age about ten years.
132. Unknown
Girl. Age about ten years. Dark brown hair.
133. Unknown
Boy. Age about two years. Yellow hair.
134. Unknown
Girl. Age one year.
135. Unknown
Female. Age fifty-five. Catholic. Gray hair.
136. Unknown
Girl. Age four years. Dark hair.

137. Unknown
Girl. Age four years. Blonde hair.
138. Unknown
Female. Age twenty-two. Dark hair.
139. Wagoner, Henry
Cambria City.
140. Unknown
Girl. Age five years. Light hair.
141. Unknown
Age thirty. Brown hair.
142. Unknown
Baby. Age four months.
143. Unknown
Girl. Age eight years. Brown hair.
144. Unknown
Child. Age two months.
145. Unknown
Male. Age about twenty-two. Brown mustache. Brown badge, O. O. S. of A. One band ring on finger of right hand.
146. Unknown
Child. Age four years. Reddish hair.
147. Greenwood, Maggie
Cambria City.
148. Unknown
Child. Age two months.
149. Unknown
Girl. Age two and a half years. Light hair.
150. Unknown
Male. Age thirty-five. Brown hair. Supposed to be George B. Sutliff, Crawford county, Pa.
151. Unknown
Male. Age fifty-five. Dark hair and stubby beard mixed with gray.
152. (1). Evans, Mrs.
Cambria City.
152. (2). Shiptman, Tony
Cambria City.
153. Mashton, David
Johnstown, Pa. Brought from Indian Co., Pa.
154. Unknown
Girl baby. Age two weeks.

155. Unknown

Boy. Age twelve or thirteen years.

156. Workeestin

Female. Age twenty. Full face.

157. Unknown

Female. Age about sixty. Wore truss and had false teeth.

158. Unknown

Child. Age about eighteen months.

This is the last of the six Indiana Co., Pa. bodies Nos. 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158.

159. Unknown

Female. Age twenty. Medium build. Full face.

160. Unknown

Female. Age about thirty-eight. Right wrist badly scarred and crippled at one time. Supposed to be enciente.

161. Stinson, Eliza

Norristown, Pa.

162. Unknown

Female. Age about fourteen. Black hair. Scar on side of face. Red and black flannel skirt. Wore a sacque. Blue stripe stockings.

163. Unknown

Female. Age about fifty. Weight about 150. Hair half gray. Forehead slightly narrow. Teeth short and dark. Collar with scapular and cross crape around it. Wore blue calico dress. Large waist. Supposed to be Mrs. Griffin.

164. Unknown

Female. Age about fifty-five. Guttapercha comb holding heavy head of black hair. Six front teeth in lower jaw. One broken. Full face, large forehead. Large upper teeth, front second tooth on left side broken or removed. Large carved gold ring on third finger of left hand. Ring in possession of J. W. Young, clerk of County Commissioners, of Westmoreland county, Pa. Supposed to be Mrs. John Oswald.

165. Unknown

Female. Age about sixteen years. Height 5 feet 1 inch. Light brown hair. Large front teeth not close together. One ring. Ring in possession of J. W. Young, clerk of County Commissioners of Westmoreland county, Pa.

166. Unknown

Male. Age sixty or sixty-five. Full beard three-fourths gray. Top of head bald. No teeth above. Below stomach teeth and two side teeth. Supposed to be William Owens.

167. Schry, William

Taken home to Johnstown, Pa.

168. Unknown

Female. Age about nine years. Light brown hair. Handsome fine features. Supposed to be the daughter of Jacob Babb.

169. Unknown

Male. Age sixty-nine. Light hair. Cow-lick on right forehead. Fair complexion. Heavy nose.

170. Unknown

Female. Age about forty. Dark hair. Medium build. Height 5 feet 4 inches. Button gaiters. Common gingham apron.

171. Unknown

Female. Age about thirty-six. Black hair. Very heavy build. Two strips of muslin tied around the body.

172. Unknown

Female. Age about thirty-five. Full face. Heavy build. Black hair.

173. Unknown

Male. Age about fifty. Large broad face. Dark hair. Full face. German look. Sandy mustache and goatee.

174. Unknown

Male. Age twenty. Light brown hair, cut very short.

175. Unknown

Female. Age thirty. Very fair and fine looking. Extremely heavy golden hair.

176. Unknown

Male. Age forty or forty-five. Weight about 225. Red or sandy hair. Large full face. Cut in upper lip. Small red mustache.

177. Unknown

Male. Age about four years. Red hair. Two red skirts. Blue striped calico dress. Black ribbed hose. Buttoned shoes, tipped spring heels.

178. Unknown

Male. Age fifty or fifty-five. Iron gray whiskers and mustache. Supposed to be Richard Worthington, a laborer, judging by receipts found on his person. Receipts at Greensburg, Pa.

179. Unknown

Age three years. In bad condition.

180. Unknown

Female. Age twenty-five or thirty. Ring on finger. Earring.

181. Unknown

Female. Age thirty. Breast-pin. Large waist, golden spotted.

182. Unknown

Male. Age five years. Sandy hair. Checkered waist. Ribbed knee pants. Red underskirt. Black stockings darned in both heels.

183. Unknown

Male. Age three years. Sandy hair.

184. Unknown

Female. Age ten years. Red underwear. Blue waist. Button shoes. Dark hair. Full face.

185. Unknown

Female. Age fourteen years. Two gold rings on right hand. One with two hearts, other with three sets. Mr. Young, the clerk, has the rings.

186. Unknown
Male. Age fifteen. Hair lip.

187. Unknown
Female. Age forty-five to fifty. Large. Weight 180 to 200. Light hair.

188. Unknown
Female. Age twenty-five to thirty. Earring. Black jersey. Blue and white calico dress striped, sample retained. Weight 165 to 175. Unusual heavy head of hair.

189. Unknown
Female. Age twenty-five. Height 5 feet 4 inches. Black hair. Rather small face. Striped black and white skirt, pleated front and pearl buttons. Two gold band rings. Rings in possession of R. B. Rodgers. Enciente.

190. Unknown
Girl baby. Age about nine months. Very bad condition. Found and coffined at Tunnellton, Pa.

191. Unknown
Female. Age eight or nine. Dark hair. Red dress. Bright steel buttons. White and black barred flannel skirt. Buttoned shoes.

192. Grady, Mrs. John
Identified by receipts found on her person. Body delivered to her husband and taken to Morrellville, Pa.

193. Unknown
Male. Age two years. Blue calico dress, new, with white vine stripes. Black and white plain skirts. Black stockings. Buttoned shoes.

194. Unknown
Female. Age ten years. Blue cambric dress. Woolen skirt. Woolen stockings. Buttoned shoes. Dark hair.

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Chapter IV - The World's Sympathy - 1. Shown By Letters, Telegrams, Checks

I felt the world weighed down with heavy care,
And heard sad cries in darkness everywhere;
And heard them as I would be heard in prayer,
With large, sweet pity, taking instant share
Of the great burden of the laboring earth,
Holding one lifted heart of greater worth
Than scores of hopes and selfish birth. - Zadel Barnes Gustafson.

The seamless robe of the Son of Man, woven throughout, typically signified the unity of humanity. As the Son of God, he had clothed Himself with humanity as a vesture. All the threads of the common life, which all men derived from God, and which had been unraveled and broken by sin, He gathered and wove together in Himself. On that night in which He finished His work of restoration, there were assembled men of different races; and upon His cross, over His crucified and pierced body, they read the inscription in the three languages of the earth: "This is Jesus of Nazareth."

Amid that scene of tragic suffering, amid nature's portents, the brutal soldiers were seen casting lots for that seamless robe. It could not be parted without injury. True type of our humanity, He had worn it around His sacred body; and it remains the sacred symbol of the oneness of mankind, which scenes of suffering and of death will ever display.

The human suffering at Johnstown touched the heart of humanity and demonstrated in noble strains that "the whole world is kin." From every civilized quarter of the globe the springs of sympathy were opened, and streams of supply and relief promptly flowed into our stricken valley. Telegrams and letters of sympathy and proffers of aid poured in from every direction. Hundreds and hundreds of telegraphic dispatches and thousands and thousands of letters were received within a few days, expressive of this sympathy. Postmaster Baumer, to whom, with Mr. Ogle, too much credit cannot be given for extemporizing a postoffice on the outskirts of the flooded districts, were hardly able with all their force to handle the immense mail matter which was daily received; for sometimes my own letters averaged almost a hundred a day. It will be both interesting and instructive to put on permanent record abstracts from a few of them.

From North Adams, Mass., the Rev. Jno. S. Coyle writes me: "Your telegram reached me just as I was about to enter my pulpit. I made it the text for a plea for money, and I presume, as a consequence, several hundred dollars have already gone to John D. Roberts, whom you name as a proper person to receive it. I want to say that you are all in our hearts and prayers, as you are in the hearts and prayers of the whole world."

The Finance Committee were addressed thus from Salt Lake City: "The shock of your terrible calamity was felt in Salt Lake City, nearly 3,000 miles away, as though in sight. Reading the accounts of the appalling disaster, our eyes were suffused with tears. But mourning cannot raise up one life or heal one broken limb. We send money, therefore. A spectacle was witnessed a few evenings after your catastrophe, the like of which has never been seen since the city was built. Ten thousand people gathered in that wonderful building, the Tabernacle, to listen to a concert, the proceeds of which are to be sent to Johnstown."

The Rev. Dr. Hunter Corbett, of Chefoo, China, writes to me, under date of July 19th: "I cannot tell you how our hearts have been filled with sadness as we have read of the terrible calamities which have come upon your people. You all are constantly in our thoughts and prayers. Only God can comfort and sustain those who have lost those dearer than life. May God's richest blessings be upon every sad and bleeding heart! If we did not have full faith in the wisdom, the goodness and mercy of God, surely at such times we should be utterly cast down and be tempted to give up in despair. I am so glad to learn from the papers that you were among the missing. I trust and pray that God still has

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co.
1890)

Chapter IV - The World's Sympathy - 2. Shown By Churches, Secret Societies and the Red Cross

The Red Cross Society

The work of the Red Cross Society, under the personal direction of Miss Clara Barton, has been extensively published in the daily press and magazines, so that it is generally known and appreciated. Miss Barton, with a corps of assistants, appeared on the scene at Johnstown five days after the flood. As the founder and leader of the Red Cross Society, which had done noble and humane work in wars at home and abroad, and in calamities in other cities, she was gladly welcomed, and every facility was afforded her by the national and State authorities. She became prominent in the location and management of hospitals, through which the work of the Society was very largely done. Dr. Robert S. Wharton, the resident physician of the Philadelphia Branch of the Red Cross, was put in charge of the medical work. The efficiency of the work was greatly due to his experience and skill.

While some aspects of the operations of this Society have been quite freely criticised by the citizens of Johnstown, it did a great deal of good, which has been freely acknowledged by them in suitable testimonials.

Perhaps if the Society had confined its assistance to the sick, the wounded and crippled by the flood, - the classes for whom it was organized, - there would and could have been no occasion of complaint or criticism; but, when it undertook the distribution of provisions and clothing, it at once assumed the risks with which such benevolence is always attended, - of being imposed upon, and of helping the lazy and shiftless to the neglect of the worthy and needy. This is precisely what happened. Complaints came to us from reliable sources that impostors, many of whom had arrived after the flood, were being furnished over and over again by this Society, while our own people, who were penniless and homeless, and yet too noble to beg, received nothing. Their cases - some of widows - were represented to the Society, but, because they did not appear in person, they were "neglected in the distribution." Whenever strangers, even with benevolent purpose, attempt to do this work, they are liable to make mistakes from their inability to distinguish between residents and non-residents. Here was the great error in all departments of the work of relief: they were, for the most part, committed to non-residents, some of whom had never before been in Conemaugh Valley. The people of Johnstown and the other boroughs were, therefore, put in the attitude of beneficiaries or beggars, which the majority felt keenly. Out of this condition arose much of the disaffection which was felt, though not loudly expressed, towards the distributing work of the Red Cross Society. As late as October 7th the regular correspondent of the *New York World* thus writes from Johnstown: "They (the citizens) are beginning to elbow out the outsiders who came here for revenue only, and to demand that the city shall be allowed to rely upon its own resources. They frown upon the Red Cross Society, and declare that it introduced pauperism by giving out provisions and clothing to the more shiftless class, who will not do work of which they are capable as long as they can eat the bread of charity."

That the services of Miss Barton, Dr. Wharton and the corps of the Society were appreciated is evident from the receptions and testimonials which were given them before their departure.

The Cambria County Medical Society passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the representatives of the Cambria County Medical Society, residing in the Conemaugh Valley, hereby tender to Miss Clara Barton, President of the American Red Cross, their sincere and heartfelt thanks for the sweet spirit of charity and loving kindness which has prompted and controlled her actions with the stricken people of our community, and for the gracious manner in which she has aided us on many occasions.

The most valuable result of Miss Barton's work and mission is the UNION BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION, with a Ladies' Branch. To this Miss Barton conveyed all the hospital property and

requisites remaining in her possession. At a meeting of the two, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the Association:

WHEREAS, Miss Clara Barton has kindly tendered to the Union Benevolent Association the Infirmary on Locust Street, which she has fully and completely fitted up for the reception of patients and convalescents; now, therefore,

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be tendered to Miss Barton for this additional proof of her thoughtful and tender regard for the suffering people of JOHNSTOWN.

Resolved, That the President of the Association be authorized to consult with the President of the Ladies' Branch and arrange for the management by the Ladies' Branch of the Infirmary and property connected therewith.

And by the Ladies' Branch:

Resolved, That the President of the Ladies' Branch be authorized to consult with the President of the Association, and to appoint a committee of lady managers and members to take charge of the Infirmary which has been so kindly turned over to the Association by Miss Clara Barton.

Resolved, That the Ladies' Branch extend to Miss Clara Barton their thanks for the opportunity which she gives them of entering at once upon the work of caring for the sick and infirm, and that we will carry on the good work which Miss Barton has been performing for this community to the best of our ability.

THE UNION BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

The Presidents of the Union Benevolent Association and the Ladies' Branch gave given for publication a statement of the purpose of the Association and its workings. Copies of the constitution, which have just been printed, can be obtained from the officers. Mr. James King is Secretary, and Mr. W.C. Lewis, Treasurer. The constitution fixes the annual membership free at \$2 and a life membership at \$10. The following statement is self-explaining:

JOHNSTOWN, PA., November 30, 1889.

To the Public: - The President of the Union Benevolent Association of the Conemaugh Valley and the President of the Ladies' Branch have been authorized to make the following statement for publication:

The Association is a charitable organization for the relief of the destitute. It is intended to be a permanent organization, and it is not in any way limited in its charities. It is not organized merely for the relief of flood sufferers, or to make good their losses by the flood. Such stores and funds as it can control will be used to prevent suffering among the destitute and worthy poor, and none others need apply for relief. The District Committees of the Ladies' Branch are charged with the duty of ascertaining the condition of the people within their districts and sections, so that if any persons are suffering for food, fire, clothing, or other of the necessities of life, and are worthy of assistance, their distress may be relieved. In no case is it intended to give anything without personal investigation by the District Committee or District Visitor, and no attention whatever will be paid to any requisitions or recommendations where there have not been such personal investigation and such a report of the facts as will show that there is a necessity for relief. Any needy person, or any person having knowledge of a case of distress, should write to facts to the Union Benevolent Association of Johnstown, and the communication will receive attention by being referred to the proper committee for investigation and action. It is useless for the people to make personal application by besieging the members of the committees in their houses or going to the headquarters of the Association. Whenever any application for relief is granted, prompt notice will be given to the parties by the Secretary of the Association. The Association has but a small stock of supplies, and but a small amount of funds at its disposal, but it is now, and will be hereafter, able to relieve all cases of actual distress, and all such cases should be promptly made know to its officers. The visitors will also make known to the

Committee in charge of the Infirmary any cases of infirm persons who cannot be made comfortable in their homes, and in such cases, when investigation and found to be of proper character, the Committee in charge of the Infirmary have authority to grant an order of admission. Persons able to make payment, or partial payment as inmates of the Infirmary, will be expected to do so.

We wish to say again, and say it emphatically, that the Association has the means of relieving any case of distress among our people. It is organized for this purpose, and it is unnecessary for any poor person in Johnstown to beg, and it is unnecessary for anybody elsewhere to beg for Johnstown. If there is anywhere, in the hands of the committee, funds or stores contributed for Johnstown, and belonging to Johnstown, the Association would be pleased to receive them, and will endeavor to make good use of them.

Helen Moxham.
Cyrus Elder.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter IV - The World's Sympathy - 3. Services Rendered by the Press

It is difficult to express, in adequate terms, the value of the services rendered by the press. Among the first to come into our deluged and devastated city and valley were the ubiquitous reporters. They came primarily for news, and the immediate publication of the situation was necessary to our relief. But these gentlemen, who came to see and report, were moved by the scenes they beheld to sympathy and help. They freely bestowed money with which they had been supplied for personal expenses, and engaged in the work of rescue and repair, while they kept their pens busy in portraying the facts to the world.

The information they spread through the press - in the main truthful - awakened the sympathy of mankind, brought speedy relief from our own countrymen, and, soon afterward, from other countries.

They sent the pulsations of their own hearts back to the editorial office, and made the great heart of the cosmopolitan press swell with sympathy and leap to the work of mercy.

The thought and compassion of the civilized world were daily directed to and centered upon Conemaugh Valley and Johnstown. Proprietors, editors, reporters, printers and pressmen combined in the merciful work of relief. The newspaper offices in city and country were converted into subscription and collection agencies; and with the dispatch characteristic of the press, from these were received the speediest and most constant supplies of money and material. They came as if borne by the fabled Mercury, whose winged feet seemed scarce to touch the earth in his speed.

It would be gratifying and interesting to give all the items of aid rendered by the press, but I have only those that passed either through my hands or within my observation.

One of the most signal examples was that of the *New York Mail and Express*, of which Colonel Elliot F. Shepard is proprietor and editor. He was one of the first to communicate with me, not only with promises of large sums, as soon as they could be raised, but with immediate help in money, bedding, provisions and other things needed at once by the suffering survivors. These gifts and promises were accompanied with manifestations of sympathy and Christian concern for our people that gave to them additional value. The following letter, dated June 1st, the day after the flood, illustrates this:

Mail and Express
NEW YORK, June 1st, 1889.
Rev. Dr. David J. Beale, Johnstown, Pa.

DEAR SIR: - Your heroic exertions in the calamities that have befallen your regions have been observed with keenest interest by many of your fellow-citizens. It is now both my duty and pleasure to forward you a contribution which has been made toward a fund for helping you to restore your church edifice by the Knox Presbyterian Church of this city, of which Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie is pastor.

We also inclose you a check for five hundred dollars, to be applied by you as you may think best, for the relief of the sufferers by the flood, or in the work of restoration of help in such form as you may elect.

We also beg to notify you that we have received a fund specially to aid and to be divided among the oldest male and female survivors of the calamity - a fund contributed by the Baptist Church of Mount Vernon, Westchester County, New York, and to ask you to select and name to us, five aged persons fulfilling this description, that we may remit to them the respective sums of one hundred dollars each.

We shall be pleased to hear from you in regard to any features of the great calamity and its mitigation.

May God bless our beloved country.

Yours most truly,
ELLIOT F. SHEPARD

Colonel Shepard had telegraphed a contribution of ten thousand dollars immediately after the news of the disaster was received in New York. Mr. W.A. Deering ably represented the *Mail and Express*, and rendered us valuable service in many ways, besides writing truthful accounts of our calamity.

The reporters of the Pittsburgh papers were, of course, the first upon the ground, having been sent on Friday evening, May 31st, three hours after the flood, on a chartered train. They could not get farther that night than Bolivar. On the next morning, they entered Johnstown and began at once their arduous work. They made use of the rudest accommodations and extemporized shelters among the ruins. They were soon afterward joined by their brethren from other cities, East and West. Not only were their services, as telegraphers and correspondents, valuable, as already intimated, but their presence was a comfort to us. We knew that they were a body of brave, intelligent men, upon whom we could rely in all emergencies, and for any assistance which we might be compelled to ask of them; besides this, their cheerfulness, good humor and encouraging words aided greatly in the recovery of our depressed spirits and mustering of our courage to carry on the work of reconstruction. Many of these gentlemen made themselves known to me, and offered their services in many ways that were consistent with their duty to their journals. It is not easy, indeed, it is not possible, to describe the influence upon our spirits of these intelligent, bright, cheerful men in the circumstances in which we were placed. But they often added to these words of encouragement, deeds of kindness and acts of self-sacrifice. I wish that all their names were known to me, that I might record them. I gladly name A.E. Watrous, H.S. Brown, F.J. Crute, of the *Philadelphia Press*; Wilson, of the *Times*; J. Hampton Moore, of the *Ledger*; Curley, of the *Record*; W.A. Deering, of the *Mail and Express*; and Herbert Smythe, of the Associated Press of Chicago.

Some of the journals established bureaus of relief in Johnstown where money and provision were distributed. Mr. J.F. Graham, an editor of the *New York World*, established one where, up to July 1st, 1889, \$9,688.00 were distributed to deserving sufferers.

The most hazardous and difficult trip to Johnstown was that taken by Henry S. Brown, of the *Philadelphia Press*. He was sitting at his desk at 11 o'clock, Friday night, when he was ordered to the scene, and, without making any preparation for the journey, took the 11:20 train from the Broad Street Station. At Harrisburg all railroad communication with the West was interrupted. The Pennsylvania officials said it could not be restored for several days - in fact, it was not restored for two weeks. After studying the maps, the *Press* correspondent decided to travel to Johnstown, a proposition that was scouted by many people, who knew that all the country intervening had been ravaged by the flood. The Cumberland Valley Railroad took him to Chambersburg - a hundred miles from Johnstown as the crow flies, and much more than that by the country roads. Hiring a double team, he pushed across the Cumberland Valley and over the Tuscarora Mountains to McConnellsburg. Another team was in waiting, and he pushed onward. The roads were washed out, bridges were gone, and mountain streams were still swollen to roaring torrents. The horses had to be unhitched, and the wagon drawn across Licking Creek. On the side of Sidling Hill Mountain, the merest chance stopped the team on the brink of a yawning precipice. The wagon could only get within a few miles of Juniata Crossing, and the bed of the turnpike was, for a mile, a rushing stream, which the correspondent had to wade. On the other side of the Juniata he was met by another team that had been telegraphed for, and he drove through Everett and Bedford, and thence across the Alleghenies to Stoystown. Here another relay of horses was procured, and he got into Johnstown on Monday, having made the terrible journey of over one hundred miles in less than twenty-eight hours, by traveling day and night, without halting for food or rest. One of the first faces he saw that he knew was that of F. Jennings Crute, also of the *Press* staff. Mr. Crute had been told to get there by rail, and he beat Mr. Brown by an hour. To accomplish this he made a trip of nearly 800 miles, journeying by way of New York, Buffalo and Pittsburgh. They were joined the next day by Mr. A.E. Watrous, the city editor of the *Press*, and their reports attracted widespread attention. The other Philadelphia journalists who took the same route as Mr. Brown, were John J. Curley, of the *Record*, H.P. Wilson, of the *Times*, and

Peter Bolger and Arthur W. Morrow, of the *Ledger*. Mr. Curley had no sooner entered the town than he narrowly escaped death by falling through the trestle-work at the fatal bridge, and was seriously injured, but this did not prevent him from continuing his work. Mr. Brown stuck to his post after all the other Philadelphians had been recalled, and until he was stricken down with illness.

THE JOHNSTOWN PRESS

In giving this willing and grateful testimony to the outside press, we should not forget the local journalists, the *Johnstown Tribune*, *Democrat* and *Freie Presse*. Undaunted by the destruction and their losses, the proprietors and editors evinced a fortitude and enterprise that could not be surpassed by the metropolitan press. It was truly marvelous how speedily they mastered the difficulties of the situation - how they secured the means and the labor necessary to the collection of news and items and the daily issue of their papers. They greatly facilitated the work of all who had charge of the difficult task of recovery and reconstruction. In their labors they were truly heroic, for those labors were herculean indeed.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter IV - The World's Sympathy - 4. The World's Charity and Fund Distribution

Ere the roar of the angry flood had subsided in Conemaugh Valley, the wires flashed the tale of horror to every city in Christendom. A dam that served no useful purpose had given way, and a city of thirty thousand people was inundated. Their business-houses and homes were destroyed, thousands perished, and the rest were left destitute and dismayed. The sympathy of the world was aroused, and quickly manifested itself in most substantial ways. Food and clothing came from near and afar to supply the immediate and most pressing wants of the suffering survivors. Trains were dispatched from Pittsburgh and Baltimore at once, and subsequently from other cities, with provisions and clothing, to which the people at way-stations contributed. Thus was the desire shown to administer without delay to the Conemaugh Valley sufferers.

For a few days after the flood there was no systematic distribution, consequently some avaricious persons obtained more than their proper portion. A number of farmers who lived miles away successfully demanded a share of the supply, on the plea that they had refugees in their homes. In some cases, they were charging board for these victims of the flood.

The sympathy of the world began to express itself in raising and sending money. Individuals, associations, societies, States, cities and towns, generously contributed. The civilized world with open hands poured out money, to what extent has never been, and perhaps can never be, accurately stated. Relief committees were appointed in cities and large towns. The Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce acted as the financial agent, to whom a large portion of the contributions was sent. A local committee of finance was appointed in Johnstown by the provisional government formed immediately after the flood. The first relief the people had was from the fund in its possession. It was a *per-capita* distribution of ten dollars. The committee also paid all the expenses of government and the work of reconstruction during the existence of the local administration.

The committees in the various parts of the country and private contributors naturally communicated with or sent drafts to the Governor of the State. For a long time no definite information was received concerning the local authority, and the uncertainties of communication with it suggested this course. Governor Beaver then decided to appoint a commission, of which he was chief, to be called THE STATE FLOOD COMMISSION. This was to have the control and distribution of the funds, and the desire was officially expressed that all contributions of money should pass through its hands.

This arrangement was received favorably by the people and country at large, as it seemed to provide for a speedy as well as proper distribution. When, however, the Committee was announced, and not one of the residents of Johnstown or the Conemaugh Valley was upon it, surprise and disappointment and some indignation were expressed. The Governor, however, had offered a position on the Committee to four different residents, whose circumstances or other reasons prevented their acceptance - viz., John Fulton, James McMillen and John P. Linton. William Horace Rose also was appointed, but he had been severely injured by the flood, and, being absent from home, was not aware of his appointment. His son telegraphed the facts to the Governor.

Notwithstanding this, the citizens contended that there were many other men of like character and standing in Johnstown and vicinity, and that the Committee should not have been constituted without some of them upon it. They claimed this as their right of representation in matters affecting themselves in their calamity; that it was necessary to have those on the Committee who were bound to them by their domestic and civil ties, and had endured with them the perils and results of the flood. They also contended that a proper distribution of moneys depended largely upon personal knowledge of the people and community, by the Committee. The Commission was constituted with twelve members from different portions of the State - viz., James A. Beaver, Chairman; J.C. Bomberger, Treasurer; J.B. Kremer, Secretary; Edwin H. Fitler, Thomas Dolan, John Y. Huber, Robert C. Ogden, Francis B. Reeves, James B. Scott, Reuben Miller, S.S. Marvin and H.H. Cummin. This was

the first occasion of the disaffection which subsequently became so outspoken. The next was when the Commission appropriated a quarter of a million dollars to indemnify losses in lumber and other material property east of the Alleghenies, where there had been little or no loss of life or ruin of cities. The inhabitants of Conemaugh Valley said that the world's sympathy had been aroused not by the destruction of property, not by individual losses of lumber, rafts and mills; its great heart had been wrung by the cries of their drowning women and children; their fathers and husbands; by the destruction of their homes, and the wailings of the orphan. It poured out from its wealth and its poverty alike; it made the most willing sacrifices to send immediate help to the stricken, sorrowing, despairing victims of the Conemaugh flood. They declared that they would not have been the special subjects of the world's sympathy had it not been for this human aspect of the flood and the human sufferings from it. They had been previously subjected to inundation in which there were property losses similar to those east of the mountains, but they had not awakened any widespread sympathy or aid.

Delay in the distribution was another occasion of complaint. The suffering people, who were anxious to begin life again, could not understand why money which had been so quickly and generously given for this purpose should remain idle in the bank, and apparently be benefiting only clerical employees from other sections not affected by the disaster. The people clamored for the distribution, and the Local Finance Committee, whose standing the Governor and State Commission recognized, concurred with the people by an official request for it. In response, ten dollars *per capita* were paid to those who had passed through the flood with loss. This gave temporary relief, because in most instances it was paid to heads of families in aggregate sums. Dissatisfaction again arose from the requirement of an oath from the citizens on their "form of return" of their losses. The registration by the Board of Inquiry required every person to make a return upon a blank furnished of his or her loss in real or personal estate. The Board of Inquiry was composed of citizens of undoubted character and standing, well acquainted with the inhabitants of the district. For weeks they labored in going over the registration returns, and where they found the losses exaggerated they reduced them to what they believed was a just and true amount, calling in, from time to time, to aid them in ascertaining the facts, neighbors and acquaintances of the excessive claimants. Here the matter should have rested, but the Commission was not satisfied with the registration and the work of the Board of Inquiry, and one of their number devised a form of return to be sworn to as the basis upon which the distribution should be made. The return thus devised was regarded as inquisitorial and objectionable, and excited the condemnation of the conscientious portion of the community, who loudly protested not only at the delay in the distribution of the money, but at the inquisitorial shape of the questions addressed to the claimant by the Commission's form of return. An indignation meeting was called, and held in the Presbyterian Church, at which representative persons from the sections of the valley took part, and the action of the Commission and the inquisitorial form of the return were denounced in resolutions. The indignation meeting brought its fruit. The representative of the Commission in charge of the returns took occasion to explain that the blank did not mean what was stated on its face, and some of the requirements were waived when many of the returns were subsequently handed in. The meeting was recognized as, in fact it really was, the first authoritative or representative meeting and declaration of the will and wants of the leading people of the district, every ward, township, borough, village or hamlet having had two or more of its best-known representative citizens participating in the meeting. The press of the State recognized the fact and called the Commission to proceed according to the wish of the stricken people, and hand over to them the fund that had been so lavishly poured out for their relief.

The Board of Inquiry announced that they had ascertained the losses; that they were now delayed by the new form of the return required; and that they found as the new returns came in the amounts differed largely in many cases from the losses as they had adjusted them. The query now arose, What should control - the patient labor and inquiry of the Board, or the oath, in many instances, of an unscrupulous claimant? To what extent persons stretched their consciences in swelling the value of their goods lost or destroyed will remain unknown; suffice it to say the Board of Inquiry found instances in which there was partial damage to property where the amount claimed as damages exceeded all the claimant was worth before the flood. In other cases, where the party had been dodging creditors, claiming that his property was so small that the three hundred dollar exemption would screen him from his just debts, his sworn return showed that his losses ranged from two to

three thousand dollars. Cases like this the Board of Inquiry could and would have reached; the return required by the Commission prevented them from interfering, because it was backed by the oath of the claimant. It is true that, in some few instances, the sworn return was for a less amount than the original schedule filed with the Board of Inquiry called for, but in the instances, for the most part, the difference was owing to the fact that portions of their goods had been found and restored between the dates of the two returns.

A scheme of division into classes was devised by which those made widows by the flood and having children were of the first class; and those made widows and having no children were of the second class; the aged, decrepit and injured were the third class; those who had lost all their property, and not of the first or second class, were of the fourth class; those who had sustained considerable loss were of the fifth class; and young persons able to take care of themselves, and persons who had much left, were of the sixth class. The Commission eliminated the sixth class from any share in the distribution, except what they had received of the *per capita* above referred to. A distribution of five hundred thousands dollars was ordered, giving to member of the first class six hundred dollars each; of the second class, four hundred dollars each; of the third class, two hundred dollars each; of the fourth class, one hundred and twenty-five dollars each; and of the fifth class, eighty dollars each. The distribution was hailed with delight, and did more to encourage the people and stimulate them to action than anything that had heretofore been done.

The Board of Inquiry was ready before the Commission for the final distribution. After having formulated their schedule, they were twice compelled to go over their entire work, by reason of the Commission having twice changed their scheme of distributions to the persons who had lost large amounts of property.

A period of six months elapsed before the final distribution was made. In it, members of the first and second class were paid, in accordance with their age and number of dependent children, from eighty to one thousand dollars. To the remaining classes, whose losses were in property, a percentage was allowed; those whose losses did not exceed five hundred dollars were allowed from fifty to eighty per cent. of their loss; those above five hundred dollars and under one thousand dollars, a sum according to the equity of their case, not to exceed six hundred dollars to any one person; those over one and under two thousand dollars were paid according to their circumstances, not to exceed eight hundred dollars to each individual. The fourth class was distribution to according to the equities of their cases, but no individual to receive more than six thousand dollars; to members of the fifth class a distribution was made according to the equities of the case, no one receiving more than two thousand five hundred dollars. The total amount of money disbursed in all the payments was in round numbers two million two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars.

No statement has been furnished of the amount of money expended for commissary stores and other supplies, and until the Commission furnishes a detailed statement it will not be known what the sum last referred to is.

The local Finance Committee have never given to the public any statement of the amount that came into their hands, but it is believed that the sum aggregates one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and that it will be honestly distributed or appropriated to some public purpose is not to be doubted.

While it may be asserted that mistakes were made and expenses incurred that might have been avoided, no imputation has been, or can be, cast upon the honor of the Governor or any member of the Commission.

The following are the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the citizens. They, with the foregoing, and the official statements of Mr. J.B. Kremer, Secretary of the State Flood Commission, are given as a part of the history, without comment by the author, in justice to all parties:

Resolved, That the citizens of Johnstown and vicinity respectfully yet earnestly request that the fund contributed for the relief of the sufferers by the disastrous flood which devastated the Conemaugh Valley be as speedily as possible distributed in money directly to the people for whose benefit it was

donated, and that all purchases, contracts and expenses be paid for out of this fund immediately cease.

Resolved, That any hoarding up of this fund to meet problematical future wants will materially diminish its usefulness and only result in delaying to a more distant time the restoration of homes, of business, of industry, and of confidence. It will do more good in the hands of the people *now* than at any time hereafter.

Resolved, That we repudiate as insulting to the manhood and intelligence of our citizens (now that the avenues of trade are opened up) the imputation that they cannot and will not wisely and economically disburse any funds placed in their hands, and, because of this imputation, the arrogant assumption that guardians must supervise our expenditures, control our disbursements, purchase our supplies, and make our contracts.

Resolved, That if the statement imputed to His Excellency, Governor Beaver, that "a million and a half dollars has already been expended in Johnstown and vicinity" has any foundation in fact, it is the strongest possible argument that expending relief funds in contracting for buildings, quartermaster, and commissary supplies is not a wise, judicious, or economical way of disbursing such funds when the ordinary sources of supply are opened up. Only by gross extravagance and carelessness could such a sum have been used here, and the people have received no adequate return for the expenditure of so large an amount.

Resolved, That the disbursement of the fund subscribed for relief directly to the sufferers by the flood will stimulate business, will provide work for our builders and trade for our merchants, will provide labor for our artisans, and will tend to restore confidence in the community, and will thus directly and indirectly help those for whom the fund was intended, while any other course, at this day, savors of jobs, redounds to the benefit of non-resident contractors and business men having no interest in this community, and unjustly discriminates against our own citizens.

Resolved, That it is unfair and unjust to exact an oath as to private income and relief before the bounteous charity of our countrymen can be distributed to its beneficiaries.

Resolved, That we hereby appeal to the custodians of funds at Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburgh and other localities to transmit the funds in their hands intended for Conemaugh Valley sufferers direct to our local Finance Committee to be distributed by that Committee immediately, in cash, upon requisitions of the Board of Inquiry upon such fair and equitable basis as may be adopted, and we invite the co-operation of such custodians in making such distribution.

Resolved, That our citizens have entire confidence in the good faith, skill and judgement of the Board of Inquiry appointed at a citizens' meeting and the local boards which they called to their assistance, and this meeting cannot look with favor on any attempt of strangers to supervise their work - perhaps reverse their findings, and, by exacting extra-judicial oaths and inquisitorial inquiries as to income and other relief, reflect on the proceedings of the Board, and, as we fear, delay for an indefinite period the distribution of that portion of the fund graciously allowed for present disbursement.

Resolved, That this meeting express its profound gratitude to the many thousands of people in our own and other lands who have so spontaneously and generously contributed to the relief of our people, and now only venture on this expression of opinion because those here assembled believe they are in this way but expressing the sentiments of the generous donors of so bounteous a fund, as they are sure they express those of the intended beneficiaries.

Chas. L. Dick, Esq., thought the resolutions of the Committee were not strong enough; that the occasion demanded stronger language.

Rev. Dr. Beale thought the resolutions should be adopted as read.

Official Statement as to the Johnstown Fund and the General

Relief Work Performed.

OFFICE OF THE FLOOD RELIEF COMMISSION,
HARRISBURG, Pa., July 12th, 1889.

DEAR SIR:- At a regular meeting of the Flood Relief Commission, held on July 9th, a committee of three members was appointed to prepare for the information of contributors to the fund a statement of the general relief work performed. The committee makes report as follows:

In rough figures the expenditures to date for relief in the Conemaugh Valley, Johnstown and vicinity, aggregate one million seven hundred thousand dollars. This includes the work of the Pittsburgh, Johnstown and Philadelphia committees and the Flood Commission; also disbursements of the State in the abatement of nuisances and payment of the military detailed to staff and police duty.

Various committees in the West have been working through the Pittsburgh and Johnstown committees, and in the East through the Philadelphia Committee and the Governor of the State. The Flood Commission has been formed to create a unit of administration. In that Commission of which the Governor of Pennsylvania is the Chairman, the committees of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and the State at large have representation. All the funds placed under the control of the Executive have been transferred to the Commission, and an implied understanding exists that the committees of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia will do the same. It is also desirable that all moneys now in the hands of other committees for this purpose be placed under the jurisdiction of the Governor and the Commission.

The Commission has held frequent meetings in various parts of the State. All its members, save one or two, prevented by uncontrollable causes, have made personal investigation of the several flooded districts of the State. Relief has been given in all needful directions with the greatest dispatch consistent with the best wisdom that could be brought to bear upon the case. Correspondence and conference have been freely invited for the information of the committees in the first instance, and the Governor and Commission subsequently.

The problem confronting the Commission in the Conemaugh Valley is of great magnitude, demanding the utmost celerity and the wisest and most delicate discrimination.

The number of persons to be fed have varied from a maximum of 31,950 to a present commissary roll of 7,000.

The number of distinct claims to be passed upon, many of them involving the interests of families or dependent relatives, aggregate nearly 4,000.

The Commission has sought to find the will of the donors of the great sums contributed for the relief of the sufferers, and believing that the following declaration of principles met the conditions, it was adopted and promulgated at a meeting held in Harrisburg on June 27th:

To the Public:- That the donors of the funds in the hands of the Flood Relief Commission may know how their generous gifts are to be disposed of, and that the expectant recipients of the same may not form erroneous views of and foster improper expectations for the same, it is now officially declared and announced that the following principles shall govern the distribution of relief:

1. That the said fund is in the nature of a charity to the needy, and not as a general indemnity for losses sustained.
2. That a distribution *per capita* would be manifestly unjust, as it would go alike to the rich and poor and alike to all sufferers, no matter what their needs or extent of their sufferings.
3. That a distribution by percentage on the amount of losses would be manifestly unjust, as it would result in giving the largest sum to the person having lost the most, without regard to the value of the remaining estate of such persons.

4. That this fund cannot be used for the benefit of any private or public corporation.
5. That the fund must go only to the most needy sufferers from the flood in accordance with the spirit of the trust imposed upon it by the donors.

At the unanimous request of the Commission, Hon. Hugh H. Cummin was requested to proceed to Johnstown and remain there as the resident representative and executive officer of this Commission in the Conemaugh Valley.

In accordance with the foregoing, Judge Cummin has fixed his office in Johnstown as the resident executive of the Commission, and is working energetically in harmony with the local Relief Committee and the leading citizens.

Supplies of food, shoes and clothing will continue to be given to the needy as required. It is hoped to shortly discontinue this form of relief. Four hundred portable houses and two hundred to be built on the spot are already contracted for. They will be made ready for use rapidly, as the local committee will indicate the places for them. The numbers will be increased, and the rate at which they will be supplied need only be limited by the ability to find ground upon which to put them. They will be furnished for occupancy as completed. Relief in other forms is also being given.

At Cresson, July 9th, the Commission held conferences with committees from Chicago, Williamsport and Johnstown.

In view of the magnitude of the relief required and the immense detail involved in a just apportionment of the funds in hand to the many curiously involved cases, the Commission, after hearing very fully and deliberately Messrs. McMillen, Elder, Moxham and Johnson, of the Johnstown Committee, resolved to appropriate five hundred thousand dollars, to be distributed among the verified claimants in the Conemaugh Valley, through its representative in Johnstown, Hon. H.H. Cummin, as soon as the checks for the payments can be prepared - the sums so paid to be considered as payments on account of a final adjustment to be made upon a carefully-devised system already approved by the Commission. The details are left to the judgment of Judge Cummin, but there is a tacit understanding that the distribution is to be upon the registration and classification of claims already made with much care by the Johnstown Committee. This cash will average considerably above \$100 to each claimant, and is in addition to cash already distributed by the Johnstown Committee. This, it will be remembered, is beside the general relief work constantly going forward.

It will thus be observed that the total relief already afforded the Conemaugh Valley sufferers is in round figures two million two hundred thousand dollars.

The Commission increased the sum to be devoted to relief in the nineteen other counties besides Cambria to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The largest single sum will be required for the Williamsport district of Lycoming County - this in addition to various relief afforded by committees before the creation of the Flood Commission.

The sums required for the Johnstown district will cover all the moneys coming into the State from outside sources, with large amounts in addition. The appropriations for other localities are from general contributions made within the State of Pennsylvania.

It is the purpose of the Commission to gather and collate the accounts of all the work done everywhere for the relief of the flood sufferers, and place the same in a complete and permanent form for public use.

Very respectfully,
J.B. KREMER
Secretary.

This official statement I received from Secretary Kremer, January 2d, 1890:

Received by the Flood Relief Commission to December 16, 1889:

Money sent direct to Governor Beaver,	\$ 1,224,885
Money received from the Pittsburgh Relief Com.,	\$ 560,000
Money received from the Philadelphia Relief Com., ..	\$ 600,000
Money received from the New York Relief Com.,	\$ 516,199
Total cash receipts,	\$ 2,901,084

Included in the "Governor's Fund" is \$150,000 received from the Boston Relief Committee.

The Commission has distributed in *cash* in Johnstown, \$2,060,000.

(Signed), J.B. KREMER, *Secretary*.

The following amounts from foreign countries have been received by the Flood Relief Commission at Harrisburg: Ireland, \$18,252.24; Mexico, \$130.40; Canada, \$4,464.65; England, \$33,158.36; Turkey, \$876.57; Italy, \$9.46; Austria, \$481.70; Germany, \$34,199.36; Prussia, \$100; Wales, \$68.60; Saxony, \$2,637.20; Persia, \$50; France, \$24,511.13. Total, \$118,939.67.

On November 21st, Secretary Kremer spoke of the nature and difficulties of the distribution as follows:

The property losses of individuals and firms in the Conemaugh Valley are shown by the Commission records to be between \$8,000,000 and \$9,000,000. These do not include the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Cambria Iron Company, or the other large corporations. Months of investigation have been devoted to making these records accurate. In the first place, each sufferer was called upon to fill out a return of his losses. This was itemized like a tax return. Opposite each item was put the value as estimated by the owner. Then local committees took hold of the returns, investigated each, and made an estimate of the value. After that was done each claimant was required to make oath to the value of what he had lost. The original figures underwent two reductions. The committees cut down the original returns, and the sworn returns were in many cases less than the reports of the committees. Upon the final returns the Commission made the awards. The work shows a list of fifty-eight hundred claims.

In regard to relief for widows he said: One of the interesting features of what may be called the flood census is the list of widows. It contains one hundred and twenty-eight names. Widows were placed in the first class of sufferers. They were provided for before any payments were made in property losses. The Commission was in doubt how to deal with the widows. Various propositions were made and discussed. The conclusion was that the amount to be allowed the widows should be paid in cash rather than in installments or in homes. The Johnstown widows have received from \$800 to \$1,250 apiece. The claims of widowhood are now considered fully discharged. One of these widows spent the first night after she was paid in the lockup. Several have already parted with their money. But the cases where the charity has seemed misapplied have been exceptional, the Secretary says. Nearly all the widows have expressed gratitude, and have put the money to good uses.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter V - Shelter and Rebuilding - 1. Private Residences and Places of Business

The house of every one it to him as his castle and his fortress - COKE.

Our experience during the dreadful night of the flood and in the succeeding week made us realize vividly that the three great wants of man are food, vesture and shelter. The vast majority of us were without food; were inadequately clothed and without homes. The remorseless torrent had swept away everything we had, and, worse than all, many on whom the survivors had depended for the supply of these prime necessities to human life and comfort were buried beneath the wrecks in the valley, or were expiring under the injuries they had received.

The supply of food came as quickly from the sympathizing country as transportation was effected. For the first few days, before a complete system of distribution could be adopted, we managed to supply the hunger of the women and children by the self-sacrifice and fasting of many of us who were strong. Clothing of various sorts was sent from cities and towns, which was gladly received, to take the place of the soaked and dilapidated garments with which we emerged from the waters and were rescued from the debris. When, however, there loomed before us the awful fact that the vast majority of people were without homes, and for temporary shelter, even if that could be found, must depend on charity. But the few houses that remained in the city and the homes on the hillsides were not large. They were not constructed with a view to such a demand upon their hospitality and charity. Thus the problem of temporary shelter and future rebuilding became the most serious and difficult of solution.

There are times when men, and even women with their little ones, can do without comfortable homes or shelter. The pioneers of civilization, though possessing noble blood and having dwelt in lordly palaces, cheerfully endure the privations of the camp or bivouac and accept the dome of the sky as their only covering. The Pilgrims who left their homes in Old England and their hospitable shelter in the good old homes of Holland, and uncovered their heads to the bare heavens on the banks of the James River and on Plymouth's rocky shore, did not repine at the fact that there were no houses to enter, that the rude ones in which they were to dwell must be built by themselves; made of trees which must be felled and timber which must be hewed with their own hands. But they were providentially prepared for this. They were impelled to it by noble purposes and firm resolve to be free men under the open canopy of heaven rather than slaves under the gilded domes of royalty. Here were thousands who were the victims of a dreadful calamity. They had lived always in comfortable homes and knew nothing of the sufferings and privations of the homeless. They stood here gazing over the dire scene; their homes gone, whose fragments were inextricably mingled with the wreck of forests and towns. They themselves but fragments of families, with torn garments and bruised limbs, had not where to lay their heads. They had not come out of a conflict with oppressors, with souls nerved to great sacrifices and enterprise. They were saved, and only saved, from the fury of the elements. The powers of nature had combined their strength in that narrow valley, and left its defenseless people crushed and homeless.

In this aspect of the disaster I felt the force of Bishop Tillotson's words: "Of some calamities we can have no relief but from God; and what would men do in such a case if it were not for God?"

The first temporary shelters were, of course, tents and hastily constructed shanties. In a few days the fields around the city presented the aspect of military camps. These tents were, however, inadequate and could not be the abode of women and children, as they were exposed to the hot sun and rains and the dreadful miasma and stench that pervaded the valley.

Now the great problem arose, when and how shall Johnstown be rebuilt with suitable residences and business houses? In the retrospect we can see that the problem was made to seem more difficult

than it really was. It was complicated by permitting hordes of strangers to come into the city, who either encumbered the situation by adding to the number to be fed and housed, or who engaged in labor that should have been exclusively given to the citizens. It would have been well to have permitted none to enter the precincts of the flood except those who came upon errands of mercy and were duly accredited with passes. The builders, masons, carpenters and laborers of the city should have been furnished with the material, means and implements to do the work of rebuilding; only outsiders should have been employed when there was a deficiency of local laborers. This remark does not apply to those extensive and responsible contractors who only could furnish or speedily erect houses on a large scale. But it is a fact that thousands of outsiders came upon us, and both in labor and charity benefited from the moneys that were contributed solely for the sufferers, or were paid from public funds which should have been used in the employment of the impoverished citizens.

The first formal official action for the erection of business structures was a telegram of General Hastings to Hoover, Hughes and Co., of Phillipsburg, Pa. From their letter, herewith appended, it appears that nearly a month elapsed before the rebuilding commenced, and then for business purposes. The people were yet without homes, living in tents and shanties, or still depending on the hospitality of neighbors on the hills. A typical example of living, or rather existence, was given by the New York *World* correspondent four months after the flood: "Let us enter this house, for example. It is a frame house, once comfortable, but of little pretensions. The clapboards on front and sides have all been stripped off, laying bare the first and second floors. The roof was damaged, but has been repaired. There is no stairway, but a ladder leads to the upper floors. Up under the roof you will notice that a little glazed window has been put in, and behind it, in two garret rooms, so low that you would knock your head against the shingles if you tried to walk upright, lives, or rather camps, a family who never before knew the discomforts of roughing it. The wife lies on a bed of sickness - a sickness not improved, I imagine, by the knocking of the carpenters' hammers all about her. The husband gets a small income, enough to support him and a little better, but money is not so plenty with him that he can afford to push work on the house very much. If the share of the relief fund which is ultimately coming to him had been paid, as it ought, a month ago, his family would now be far better prepared to face the angry blasts of winter.

"This case is a fair sample of many. It is not an extreme one by any means - there are many better off, and many, alas! far worse."

Previous to this, a number of the Hoover, Hughes & Co.'s houses had been erected and were occupied. This correspondent remarks: "There were scattered over the plain many newly-constructed board-houses, wearing no other color than that of natural wood. There were miserable little sieves, called Oklahomas, and the larger and better Hughes houses, which, though far from comfortable, must furnish shelter to thousands through the coming winter."

The disposal of the Hughes houses was by the House Distributing Committee to those who made application and who were approved by the committee. On July 19th, 1889, the names were published to whom on hundred and four two-story houses were allotted to be erected. This, of course, meant that it would be some time in August before they were ready for occupancy.

The outside world can never know the experience of the people of the Conemaugh Valley during the summer and fall. The patient endurance of the life that this gentle, refined American community was forced to live; their heroic self-control, in view of the fact that the means of relief, which their sympathizing countrymen had so quickly contributed, was so long withheld from them, cannot be fully appreciated. This community of intelligent and upright Americans was crowded together for months in all kinds of shelter and uncomfortable ways. They were, for the most part, brought up in Christian, comfortable homes, and accustomed to refined or gentle associations. They had sensitive natures, delicate instincts, which would hide their tortures of spirit rather than make them known. Many of these persons had lots where their vanished houses had stood, and four hundred dollars, within a few days after the flood, would have relieved their burdened hearts, and enable them to provide a comfortable shelter for their families as soon as the removal of the debris and obstruction would permit.

A scheme for housing the people was adopted by which persons could obtain what was known as an "Oklahoma" at a certain price for a large or a small structure. At first there was great clamor for houses, and persons rushed to the committee to secure them. The wiser people abstained, and urged the committee, at least members, to abandon the system. A number of the houses arrived. After they were seen, the clamor for them ceased, and many who had obtained them regretted that the value of a flimsy building, unfitted for this climate, was to be deducted from the sum of their share of the fund for distribution. The demand ceased, and a few "Oklahomas" now stand as monuments of the folly of those who procured them.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., December 16th, 1889.

Rev. David J. Beale, Johnstown, Pa.

DEAR SIR: - As per your request we herewith submit a short history of our work done at Johnstown and in the Conemaugh Valley, brought about through the great destruction of property on the afternoon of May 31st. Prior to our coming to Johnstown for the commencement of our work very little had been done in the line of building, except the erection of commissaries and camps for flood sufferers and to quarter the large body of men engaged in clearing up the debris.

In answer to a telegram received from Gen. Hastings, our Mr. Hughes arrived at Johnstown on Wednesday morning at 3. A.M., and was obliged to pass the balance of the night at the Pennsylvania freight depot. Early next morning he presented himself to Gen. Hastings, who, as agent for the Flood Relief Commission, appointed him Master Carpenter for that Commission. He was informed that it had been decided to erect temporary store-rooms to enable the business men flooded out to resume business. These buildings it was decided to erect on the Public Park ground. Our Mr. Hughes at once submitted several plans, and on the afternoon of the same day, at request of Gen. Hastings, a special meeting of Council was held, granting the use of the Public Park grounds for the temporary store-room buildings for eighteen months, and also adopted one of the several plans submitted by Mr. Hughes. Governor James A. Beaver arrived from Cresson that same evening and accepted our proposal to erect fifty 20x40 feet store-rooms with offices above, to be completed in two weeks; also arranged with us to erect the three hundred and ten Chicago ready-made houses as fast as they arrived. On July 3d a contract was made with the Flood Relief Commission for the erection of two hundred four-roomed houses constructed after a plan made and submitted by our Mr. Hughes. A further contract was made on August 3d for one hundred additional, with an option for one hundred more if needed. The latter were ordered August 15th, making a total of four hundred four-roomed houses known as the "Hughes" house, which name they are liable to retain in the Conemaugh Valley for years to come.

As soon as the contract for the temporary store-rooms was accepted, our Mr. Hughes telegraphed to our main office at Phillipsburg, Pa., for the material, and by Monday, June 24th, we had a number of cars on hand, and on that same day the erection of the temporary store-buildings was commenced. Between June 24th and September 7th we erected all the Chicago houses and about three hundred and seventy-five of the Hughes houses, out of the four hundred ordered. We had sufficient force to complete the entire contract by that time, but the Flood Commission desired to hold back a number of houses to provide for cases which had been overlooked. During that time we employed an average of four hundred and fifty men, and twenty-five double teams, and handled over four hundred carloads of lumber and building material, which, taking into consideration the many difficulties which had to be surmounted, such as the almost impassable condition of the streets, freight blockades, and the larger portion of the houses erected on hillside and hilltops scattered east and west from Johnstown, from South Fork to Morrellville, eleven miles apart, and north and south, a distance of five miles apart, makes us feel rather proud of our record. By a special order of the P.R.R. Co., our cars loaded with lumber at our mills were hurried through on fast freight time. At this point they were put at once into the Cambria Iron Company's yard, their engine promptly shifting them to our side-track, by which means we were enabled to get our material quickly, and put the work through with dispatch. Up to present date we have done the following:

The Flood Commission work, number of Chicago houses erected, three hundred and ten (one hundred

and three section houses 16x24 and two hundred and seven 10x20 portable, known as Oklahoma); Hughes houses, four hundred; temporary store-rooms, fifty-five; Red Cross Hotel at Johnstown, headquarters for State Board of Health, and a large amount of special work ordered by the Commission. For private individuals and firms we have done the following: seven Hughes houses, a large brick addition to Cambria Iron Company's Club House, addition to Wood, Morrell & Co., Limited, store-room (now in the course of erection), several of the large buildings at Gautier's Works, one brick stable, three small frame stables, one large livery stable, two school buildings (one at Woodvale and the other in Cambria City), station for P.R.R. at East Conemaugh, double dwelling for P.R.R. at Johnstown, twelve dwellings and additions to same, repaired the brick residence of Mr. Trochneiser, and large amounts of small work too numerous to mention.

Very truly,
HOOVER, HUGHES & CO.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter V - Shelter and Rebuilding - 2. The Children and the Schools

By the fireside still the light is shining
The children's arms round the parents twining. - MULOCH.

The schools had closed on Friday afternoon for the week. The merry children had returned to their homes and put away their books, glad at their release from the school-room tasks.

They were anticipating and making arrangements for a happy holiday on the morrow. After dinner they were engaged in childish sports and games, making home bright with their cheerful faces, their sparkling eyes and ringing voices. Little girls with motherly instinct were absorbed with their dollies, arranging their wardrobes, and arraying them in their evening dresses, or telling them how dear they were to their own little mothers, and that they shall never, never let them go out of their sight. Little groups had gathered in some favorite home and were playing at jackstones or imaginary housekeeping. They boys were devising a game of baseball and other out-door sport, or tinkering about the house; perhaps they were teasing their sisters; at least they were doing what boys everywhere do to make a noise, a racket, though the house, and thereby make themselves more dear even to those whom they seem to annoy. Little babes were resting in their cradles and in their mothers' arms, or cooing at the pranks of the older nestlings. Some little ones were lying on beds of sickness on whom the anxieties and tender ministries of the home were centered.

The holiday never came; the sports were not to be enjoyed; but a long vacation came to those little ones, some of whom will never again enter the school-room. The dearly loved dollies were suddenly snatched from the little mothers. One little girl was found dead, with her dolly tightly clasped in her bosom. In the midst of all this childish life and glee came the avalanche of destruction. Amid the crashing and falling houses these little ones were thrown and dashed about, separated from parents and each other, some to perish, some to be rescued by strangers, many of them to be orphaned. This feature of the calamity goes closer to the heart of humanity than any other. The Rev. Mr. Diller was found near my church, with his babe in his arms and his wife by his side.

There is no home, however well defended, however exempt from the possibility of flood and tempest, in which out demolished homes do not awaken sympathy. The breaking up of their child-life, the scattered and buried bodies of their little ones, the sad lot of the rescued orphan - these are the saddest facts of the flood that touch humanity's heart.

The illustration of the happy little Fenn group, which providentially I have secured for this work, suggests to every sympathetic heart this whole chapter of the flood's history. The fathers and mothers of America need no pen to dilate on the scene; to make them realize what are the unwritten and unutterable experiences of the parents of the once happy homes in Conemaugh Valley. Nor do they need to be reminded of those little ones whose fathers and mothers lie in our cemeteries or undiscovered beneath the mud of the streams and valley. Blessed are those whom the heavenly Father took into His own home to be there nurtured and developed into their immortal stature. *They are safe as well as saved.*

Great concern was expressed about the children, and we received special contributions for them and offers of adoption for many of those who were orphaned. But for some days there did not seem to be any children. We had nearly come to the conclusion that all had been drowned or killed. The day-schools and Sunday-schools could not be held, and the children who survived the flood were scattered over the country wherever shelter could be provided. There was no way, then, of ascertaining how many survived and who were dead or missing. Time alone could reveal this when the rolls would be called in the day and Sunday-schools.

There was a class of children to whom sympathy was not at first directed, who needed it more, for they had not enjoyed much of it in their sad and impoverished homes. It is the poor class. They, too, are the children of the great Father of us all. As their abodes were in the lower parts of the towns,

many of them perished. An example of child heroism is little Joe. W. Dixon, a member of my church and Sunday-school. he is a newsboy of fifteen, whose father was employed in the Cambria Iron Works. He had made enough money to pay \$150 for a news-stand just before the flood. As the wave swept over the city, a gentleman picked him up and carried him to a place of safety. From there Joe saw the flood carry away his stand with all his stock and capital. His father was drowned, his mother seriously injured. The family thus became dependent on him, and all his invested capital had been washed away. He went immediately to work selling papers, without complaint and with a brave heart, saying: "I've got to fix it somehow to do more business now than I used to: for my father is gone, and they will have to look to me." The ranks of commercial failure cannot show an example of greater fortitude and heroism.

The public and private schools, of course, were entirely broken up for the summer. The Sunday-schools, when they were resumed, showed many vacant places of teachers and scholars. It was by them that we first began to learn something about the fate and condition of the children. The Sunday-school, ever since it was inaugurated, has demonstrated in ten thousand ways its blessedness and its usefulness. It is in a time like that at Johnstown that its full value is known. If an atheist, an enemy of or objector to the Sunday-school, could have been present in any of our schools when the teachers and children for the first time met after the awful days, his tongue would be henceforth silent. Heaven ever bless and preserve the Sunday-school. It is not only the nursery of the church on earth, but it is also the rallying place of the scattered family of God: it is the shadow of the home above where

"Around the throne of God
Thousands of children stand.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The public schools of Johnstown were among the objects of its pride. There were few better anywhere. Their destruction was a great calamity, and their reconstruction became a serious and difficult undertaking. Contributions were made by teachers in other countries and districts for the help of our teachers.

The Board of Education has been equal to the exigencies, and is determined to see that the schools are maintained. It met on September 12th, and elected teachers for the ensuing term of eight months. Provision was made for opening twenty-four schools, to which the teachers elected were respectively assigned. The salaries authorized are, of course, inadequate, and will be until the taxpayers recuperate from their misfortune. A most noble and worthy act of philanthropy on the part of some wealthy person would be a gift of \$2,400, to be equally divided among the twenty-four teachers, twenty-one of whom are ladies.

The State Superintendent of Schools and the Johnstown Superintendent gave notice that surviving teachers would be reappointed without examination, and diplomas or certificates that were lost would be replaced on application.

The teachers who perished were: Mattie McDivitt, Emma K. Fisher, Laura Hamilton, Mary P. White, Jennie M. Wells, Minnie Linton, Maggie Jones, Rose Carroll, C.F. Gallagher, Mary Dowling, Kate McAneny, Miss Richards (classical), and Miss Diehl, of Shippensburg.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter V - Shelter and Rebuilding - 3. The Churches

On Friday afternoon, May 31st, the pastors of the churches were making final preparations for their Sunday sermons, doubtless giving them a cheerful tone, to be in harmony with beauties of the summer, which the Lord's day, June 2d, would usher in.

Those sermons were not preached, and doubtless will not be for many months, if ever. There were no services on that day. The pastors who escaped, or were uninjured by the flood, were otherwise engaged. They had a Divine call to exercise the duties of their ministries in ways they never anticipated. Yet they learned by them more of the virtue and power of the religion of their Divine Master than they had ever known before.

The violent transformation from the beauty and bloom of spring merging into the calm and glory of summer, to a scene of tempest, flood, death, desolation and ruin, demonstrated, as sermons can never do, the reality and power of the Christian faith.

The churches were not in a condition to be occupied for that first Sunday. The dawn of Saturday revealed the sad fact that our stately and beautiful sanctuaries had suffered with the rest of the city. St. John's (R.C.), St. Mark's (Episcopal), the Welsh Baptist, Welsh Methodist, the Congregational, German Lutheran and German Reformed churches were destroyed. The rector of the Episcopal church, Rev. Alonzo P. Diller, the pastor of the German Lutheran church, Rev. John P. Lichtenberg, the Rev. E.W. Jones, D.D., of the Congregational church, and Rev. George Wagoner, M.D., of the United Brethren, perished.

The Baptist and Evangelical Association churches were very slightly damaged, and they were quickly ready for occupancy. The English Lutheran church was damaged only by water, and was soon repaired. The Presbyterian church, one of the largest in the city, was injured to a considerable extent, the floor having settled about a foot and a half. As the pastor had been appointed to take charge of identifying the recovered bodies, and as it was uncertain how long the church would be unfit for the use of the congregation, it was decided to utilize it, in its present condition, as a morgue under the immediate supervision of the pastor. Some persons objected to this on grounds of sentiment. The pastor and others determined it a humane act and a religious duty. There were so many reasons for immediate identification of the bodies recovered - moral, legal and family. There were no large and protected rooms where the bodies, and the valuables which were found on them, would be secure from intrusion and robbery.

Regard for the dead and the living required us to suppress our sentiments, and yield, for a time, to what seemed to us a religious duty. We did what we had a right to suppose the Master of our faith would have done if He had been personally present. There were so many occasions on which He offended the sentiments of His own disciples as well as the Scribes and Pharisees. Peter rebuked Him several times for doing what he imagined was unseemly for the Son of God. But He in turn rebuked Peter for knowing so little of the spirit and aim of His kingdom. He denounced the Pharisees unsparingly, whose false conception of holy things caused them to sink the consideration for human suffering and woe out of sight beneath their frigid literalism. They would hale Him before the authorities of the Church and turn Him out of the synagogue for healing the sick or raising the dead on the Sabbath day. They would not hesitate to take their own ox or ass from a pit on the Sabbath, which necessitated great labor, but condemned the Lord of the Sabbath for restoring the paralytic to health and giving him strength to walk and carry his bed. That Phariseism is not yet extinct which will use holy things for its own financial or worldly advancement, and object to their use in behalf of stricken humanity when it offends its sentiment, or has not obtained its stiff-robed consent.

The first services after the flood were held on Sunday, June 9th, at my suggestion. I had personally called on Bishop Whitehead, of the Episcopal Church, Father Tahaney, of the Roman Catholic Church, and the pastors of the other churches, and arranged with them for services in different localities amid the ruins. Bishop Whitehead, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, conducted service in the Peelerville

school-house; other services were held in the Pennsylvania Railroad station, and at the corner of Main and Adam Streets. Rev. Drs. George T. Purvis, of Pittsburgh; John Fox, of Allegheny City; J. Logan Sample, of the Black Hills, Dakota; Chaplain Maguire, of the Fourteenth Regiment; Rev. H.L. Chapman, of Cambria; Rev. James P. Tahaney, Rev. W.W. Moorhead, and Rev. D.J. Beale officiated at their respective appointments on this and succeeding Sabbaths.

Those services were indeed solemn and impressive. Divine worship had never been held and the Divine truth never preached under such circumstances. Around the assembled worshippers was a scene of destruction and desolation that was fearfully sad. The homes of those worshippers were scattered fragments, and their loved ones crushed or buried in the debris at their feet, and their plans and hopes in life destroyed.

Yet the storm and flood had not shaken their faith in God or the promises of the Redeemer. They sang the songs of Zion, lifted up their hearts in prayer, and heard the assuring words of grace. They took heart from this worship to review the struggle of life. They determined first of all to build again the "walls of Jerusalem;" to "restore its waste places."

In this work the various denominations were assisted by their sister churches in other parts of the country. The Presbyterians sent in the aggregate about \$16,000; \$8,000 for the congregation, and nearly \$8,000 for repairing the church and parsonage. The Baptists contributed \$9,000. The Evangelical and Lutheran edifices suffered little damage and did not need much help. The Episcopal congregation had been enabled to erect a neat and comfortable chapel. Rev. W.H. Bates, pastor of the Reformed Church, says that he and the Committee of Classis have received for himself, for the rebuilding of his church, and for his people over three thousand dollars. I could secure no reports from the other churches, except their grateful assurances that they received sympathy and aid from their sister churches.

"Where so much good work has been promptly performed it is difficult and might appear invidious to discriminate; but the service rendered by the various church organizations is worthy of being noted; and among such societies that were active in relieving the needy was that of the Presbyterian Church, under the wise direction of Rev. Dr. Beale, its pastor. Telegrams and letters poured unto him from all sections of the eastern part of this State, and from New Jersey and New York, asking for particulars as to the wants of the people, and boxes of food, clothing, and even bedding were sent to him as soon as railroad facilities permitted. A room was then secured at the corner of Main and Adam Streets, which was put in charge of Mrs. Dr. Beale, Mrs. Jones and Miss Duncan, of this place, Miss Graham, of Wilkesburg, and Mrs. Dr. Marchand, of Irwin, who distributed edibles, wearing apparel, etc., to multitudes of every name, grade and profession who were left in destitute circumstances." - *Johnstown Democrat*.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter VI - Miscellaneous - 1. Consolidation

The most important feature of the reconstruction is the consolidation of the eight boroughs into the one city of Johnstown. An Act of Legislature was passed in the spring of 1889, providing for erection into cities of the third class towns or contiguous boroughs of not less than ten thousand inhabitants. Johnstown becomes the first city chartered under that Act.

This has been the aim of Mr. Arthur J. Moxham and others for a long time. They have urged it frequently, and the terrible disaster which was common to Johnstown proper and the boroughs determined them to renew efforts to effect the consolidation, and thus endow the new Johnstown with all the dignity, authority and advantage of a city. The considerations with which Mr. Moxham enforced this proposition are so forcible and applicable to other towns and boroughs in the State that a few of them are here presented, with a hope that they will follow the example:

As a matter of common sense, if thirty thousand people want to do a thing, they can best do it by clubbing together and acting as a unit, and just now they have something to do. They have to get this place on its feet.

A city with well-paved streets, cleanly sidewalks, and buildings which are pleasing to the eye; in which local transit is rapid and good, in which police protection and discipline are reliable, is just as sure to have a pleasanter, healthier and more progressive life, as a cleanly and well-regulated household is sure to enjoy life more than the household accustomed to slovenliness and dirt. Let any public question arise, how much quicker the machinery of a city can be brought to bear in influencing results for its own good than that of seven or eight puny little boroughs.

Would we have suffered the calamities of the flood if we had had a city organization here? I answer emphatically, No.

The facts which were known to all were these: A dangerous body of water existed in our neighborhood, and grave doubts were entertained on all sides as to the security of the structure which dammed it in.

We then had the strange spectacle of the whole community, as a community, not even taking the trouble to investigate the possible danger. The reason that nothing was done is very evident - simply this: That there has never been in these valleys a competent organization, representative of the community as a whole. There have been a baker's dozen of organizations, each representing a homeopathic proportion of the community. I will venture the assertion that if we had had a city organization, and consequently had become accustomed to acting as a unit years ago would this question of the South Fork dam have been settled.

Well, we have paid for our criminal carelessness - paid for it with the lives of those dear to us - paid for it with our homes, and with our savings.

You cannot build even a house without tools to work with, still less can you control and influence public results without the proper machinery to do it with. Take the history of affairs in Johnstown since the flood. We have had many committees. Please point out to me among all these one committee, which, when it speaks on a general public question, can speak as representative of the whole community. There is not one committee in existence that has not done its work nobly and well. There is not one that has not earned the gratitude of the people; but there is also not one, which, from the nature of the case, is to-day in a position to speak for the whole people.

Many public questions have arisen and are arising from day to day, and they are put back to slumber, and no action taken upon them Why? Because there is no machinery with which to reach the people excepting the cumbersome machinery of lots of little boroughs, and because life is too short and time is too quick for any sensible man to undertake the problem to try to get every little borough to think

with the others on the same question.

With a city organization our city would respond to every public need like a well-balanced piece of machinery; with your borough organization it takes dynamite to move you.

With a city organization you would govern yourselves, and yourselves control the results which affect you. With your borough organization you are passive like a flock of sheep, and until a dog or wolf gets after you, or until something comes along with a bell on its collar to lead you, you do not move.

I, for one, am looking forward to the election with great longing. I am hoping that it will be the beginning of a new life for us all, with the dead past so utterly put behind us that not even the name be left, and in the place of a lot of little mismanaged boroughs without a single collective name, but called Johnstown, by courtesy, I would like to see the birth of a new and vigorous city called Conemaugh Valley - a city that has witnessed the greatest sorrow of the times, and that has enjoyed the greatest tenderness. It cannot fail to have a grand future before it if it only profits by what it has learned - we have learned so much.

That the consolidation has now been effected is due chiefly to the efforts and influence of W. Horace Rose, A.J. Moxham, John P. Linton, W.H. Story, Dr. J.C. Sheridan, Hon. John M. Rose and Rev. James P. Tahaney.

The population of the new Johnstown is as follows:

Cambria	2,902
Conemaugh	3,971
Coopersdale	573
Grubbtown	497
Johnstown	10,253
Millville	2,680
Prospect	819
Woodvale	1,247
Total	22,942

In addition to these boroughs, Moxham and the district lying above and along the Bedford Pike, and between the southern limit of Johnstown and the village of Walnut Grove, will become part and parcel of the city as soon as the proper proceedings can be had.

The population of Moxham is estimate at 1,000, and the other territory has fully 800. This would bring the total population of the new city up to 24,742.

If to this is added the population of that portion of Upper Yoder township lying immediately contiguous to Grubbtown, and whose citizens have joined with those of Moxham in asking the Court for annexation to Johnstown, then the population of the city will be over 25,000.

It is regretted that our friends at East Conemaugh and Franklin could not see their way clear to join us in the creation of the new Johnstown, but it is hoped they will eventually come into the family.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter VI - Miscellaneous - 2. Additional Echoes from the Flood

These papers of participants in the flood, and observers of its scenes and effects, were received too late to be inserted in the first part. They, however, give additional interest to the closing pages and will be all the more appreciated for coming after the many details about the situation.

Mr. William F. Lewis, who has charge of the Cambria roll-shop, was on the Pennsylvania Railroad track opposite Rosenstein's tannery twenty-five minutes before the torrent came upon us. He then saw Mr. Haselbein and Miss Carrie Williams on a little knoll near the bridge that crosses the Conemaugh, with the spray of the swollen stream splashing around them. He waved his handkerchief at them, and Miss Carrie held up a piece of cheese and cracker in her hand, indicating that that was all the dinner they were having.

In about twenty-five minutes after, he (Mr. Lewis) was down at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot and saw the avalanche of water coming on the town. He saw the steeple of the German Lutheran church fall, then Mr. Kilgore's residence, and after that the Assistance engine-house. He noticed that the houses on Iron Street rose bodily and began to twist and grind one another to pieces; and after that everything changed as in a kaleidoscope, and he next found himself asking a man who stood by if it was really so that the town was swept away. The next morning the body of Miss Williams was found at the head of Main Street. He said that when the torrent came, men and women on Prospect Hill wrung their hands, tore their hair, and threw themselves upon the ground in agony.

Mr. Wener, wife and child were drowned. The child was found at the feet of its parents, and Mrs. Wener with her arm on her husband's shoulder.

On the day before the flood Mr. and Mrs. Webber, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Longacre, Mr. William F. Lewis, Miss Carrie Williams and Miss Menocher spent the day at the Viaduct and Mineral Point. They ate their lunch on the Old Portage Road, near the tunnel. When they reached Mineral Point they all joined in singing some patriotic and sacred pieces. The people gathered around them as they sang.

Mrs. S. W. Shields says: In the morning Charlie came home from town; told me he could not get to the Johnstown office for high water, and then it was eight feet at Sandy Vale Cemetery. I was not surprised at all, knowing that was a most frequent occurrence. So we waited and watched the water until in the afternoon (Charlie staying at home). Then I proposed that the children and myself go up to Canan's to see what the water looked like. It was then coming into my yard. It was all the dry ground on that side of the street. The thought struck me that I had better make ourselves comfortable, for we might not get back; yet at the same time I never dreamed that we would be washed out. But I paid attention to the monitor and made us all comfortable, and the clothes we put on we wore for weeks after. We were sitting on the porch, waiting and watching for what was to come. I looked over at the hill above the Conemaugh (after the whistle blew), saw the heavy black cloud and wondered what was in store for us, but did not speak. When Charlie asked what that noise was, I heard it and thought it was hail. Told all that were on the porch to come in quick, that we might be killed by what I thought was hail. We went in at once and up-stairs. Looked out; saw one man wade across the street in water to his waist. I then looked up to the corner of Dibert and Morris Sts.; saw a man trying to catch a tree. The water was up to his neck, and with the same glance I saw two men and a woman trying to climb the electric-light pole. They were partly under water. Then I heard the call to come to the attic, which we all did with one accord. We had just reached it when I heard a terrible scream and breaking of glass. It was Miss Ida Hamilton, who screamed. She came to

the attic, fell on her knees and thanked God for her escape, and also that her mother had been saved (in the house at the other side of theirs). She was a Catholic Christian. We had not been in the attic fifteen minutes when some one said: "There is Mrs. Tittle on a roof." Then began the work of breaking the windows. Some of the men got a plank across to Mr. Joseph's roof, their house having moved some twenty feet, but could not strike us, for the reason that we were on a terraced lot, four feet above the street. Who were the first brought in I cannot tell, but in a very short time the attic was full. Some cries, some prayed, and I waited, feeling that this was God's time now. We, I then thought, had had our time. Dick, Albert and Anna were standing with me. Dick asked: "Mother, will we die?" I answered: "I cannot tell; but one thing I do know, that God does all things well, and if He wants us to-night He will take us; if not, He will find a way for our escape. We will go and sit down, and see what the Lord will do," which we did, and Dick never asked another question. Mrs. Henry, from Market Street, and her family, made a very narrow escape. Just as their house, with the family on the roof, came past the market-house, it fell, throwing the bricks all over them, hitting Mrs. H. and her daughter, injuring them so that they were not over it for weeks. Mrs. McClay had left one of her servants, Mary Manealy, behind, which they lamented very much. Mrs. Henry insisted that, as their house came past Mrs. McClay's, they saw some one in the attic, on her knees; and about 4 o'clock, or just as soon as they could see, Mr. Murphy went across the roofs and found old Mary Manealy, safe and sound, wrapped up in Lizzie Tittle's fur-lined circular.

The little boy of B. F. Hills fretted all night for his papa and sister (she being drowned). He found his father next day on the hill. Mrs. Tittle brought in with her two little children, who had been taken in the afternoon to her house for safety; so when the big wave came she kept them. Their parents found them next day. Mr. and Mrs. Canan divided with every one that was brought in. When we came out the next morning, we walked out on planks laid on the sideboard, the upholstered chairs and extension tables through Mrs. Harshberger's house, over the roofs of some of the houses that were broken up. As I went I looked across to the hill that we were going to for refuge, and saw some men carrying someone on a stretcher. They went to where I was going, and upon inquiry I found she was it wife of Mahlon Speck, who had been confined Thursday night; and on Friday, but the big wave came in, she had to be taken to the attic. She lay there all night without a light, and no one with her but her husband. Saturday some men carried her out over the roofs of houses; and when I left her, on Monday morning, she was doing well. In Mr. Canan's attic there were sixty-nine persons. Of this number there were eighteen or twenty children. One of the men went out and got a loaf of dry bread, which was divided among the little ones; and it was from Friday morning until Saturday noon that no food crossed our lips.

Mr. Josiah T. Evans resided on Vine Street, and lived in good style, with his family. His children consisted of Maggie and her four brothers, all younger than she. Maggie was making preparations to visit Europe, expecting much enjoyment in the trip.

On Friday, the 31st of May, at the time of high water, Mr. E. finding the water in his house a foot high and rising, started with his wife, daughter and three youngest sons in a buggy, to go to the hillside. Fondly kissing them, they separated, with the understanding that, if possible, the buggy would be returned, to take the two elder boys to the same refuge.

But Mrs. Evans seems to have been frightened by the rising waters, and entered the house of her friend, Mrs. Pritchard, who was alone with her four children. They all, the two mothers and their seven children, went to the attic, and there, looking out from under the mansard roof, they doubtless watched the ruin around them, until they themselves were swallowed up, when the three-story house was engulfed in the terrible flood, as it swept over that portion of the town, and they were all lost.

Mr. Evans and his two boys meantime remained in their own house, supposing that the mother and those with her were safe; and from the upper windows they beheld the surging waters rise and eventually fall, and they found themselves the next morning in their own house and safe. Had Mr. E. and the rest of the children remained at home, they too would have been saved; but it was not ordered so of God!

Alexander N. Hart, says: When the flood struck my house it began to tremble and move. I took my two little boys, aged respectively 2 and 8 years, by the hands and leaped with them from the second-story window upon a floating roof. My wife and sister followed us. After being whirled by the surging waters we were driven against Rev. Dr. Beale's house, where the family were huddled in his attic story. He helped us into the room which our addition made more crowded. The fierceness of the flood and the sight of tumbling houses made us fear that our refuge would soon fall. We then determined, if possible, to escape over the floating and accumulating roofs and wreck to Alma Hall. Dr. Beale procured a rope, with which he let us down upon the roof of a floating house, which we secured to his residence. There were about twelve persons, women and children, besides Dr. Beale, Mr. Lloyd, and myself. Dr. Beale was the last to leave the attic, having secured our escape. With great labor we made our way over the roofs and debris. Strewed upon and fastened in the wrecks were the dead and wounded and dying. It was a heartrending sight, and we did what we could on our way to help or comfort the sufferers. Among these I recognized Mrs. Young (since deceased), her daughter Rose and son-in-law, J. Fleming. We finally got into Alma Hall, where we spent the night amid scenes that are too sad to recall.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to Dr. Edward W. Matthews, who, though suffering from broken ribs, devoted the night with Dr. Beale to helping others, dressing their wounds and setting broken limbs. One of the saddest things was the distressing cries of little children for water and food. The only water that could be obtained was the drippings from the roof of the adjoining bank, under which I held a pitcher.

In the morning we got out of the second-floor windows, and, clambering for three squares over wrecks of houses, railroad cars, locomotives, trees and every other imaginable thing, with dead bodies all around us, we reached the ground, a sorrowful group indeed. Here I met with seventeen others, and we immediately proceeded to effect some sort of government for our protection and guidance. Mr. A. J. Moxham was chosen chairman, and I was appointed chief of police, with full powers to act. Without food for twenty-four hours, and with insufficient clothing, I organized a force of four hundred men and distributed them through the city, to protect property and the bodies of the dead from thieves, who had already begun to ply their nefarious vocation. I maintained this force until General Hastings arrived.

I cannot end this account without paying tribute to Dr. David J. Beale, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. During the whole time of the flood and afterward, he forgot himself in his care and ministering to us and our suffering people. Throughout that dreadful night in Alma Hall, he was incessant in his attentions, though his own wife and children were among the suffering multitude. By his kind, consoling words, by his calmness and self-control, by his fervent prayers, directing us to our only help in this time of trouble, he made it possible for us to endure the horrors of that night. During the following weeks his work and services in the morgues and among the survivors have laid our citizens under obligations they can never fully discharge.

Mr. W. B. Tice, who had the handsome drug store at No. 31 Portage Street, has written thus his experience:

My wife became alarmed at the rising of the water, so I removed her and my pet birds to the house of a friend, Nathan Oldham, in a more elevated portion of the city.

About 9 A.M. I returned to my place of business. The water had begun to come into the store, so I went to work to save the most valuable articles on the top shelves, which being done I returned to my wife. She requested me to get her some clothing she had brought home and \$160 in money which I had just got from the bank. While packing the clothes I heard a roar like thunder, one crash after another in quick succession, and on looking out of the window I beheld the most horrible sight I ever

saw, and I hope I never may be called upon to witness such a scene again.

The room I was in quickly filled with water, and in an instant I climbed on the roof by the aid of the spouting.

The wall of water which came rushing toward me carrying everything before it seemed to be thirty feet in height, and in an instant, crash! And our building was raised aloft and whirled away by the mad, rushing, bounding and boiling waters of the Little Conemaugh. Eight men were on this roof, and all around us were screaming hundreds of men, women and children. Many of them were swept into eternity; some were praying, some weeping and wailing and some cursing.

I was determined to keep my presence of mind and save myself and all others that I could. We sailed about three squares when the building struck the large brick store of Wood, Morrell & Co. I clung to the roof until it passed the store, when I leaped into the water and swam to a lumber pile, which floated into slack water up the Stony Creek, where I had a full view of the terrible disaster. The Wire Mills and Gautier Works fell, crushing all in their way. Whole families of my acquaintances were entirely wiped out of existence. All this time I was still floating around, over the now famous stone bridge of the P. R. R. At this time the clock struck 4, and I then thought I would never hear the clock strike again. I was attracted by a voice, and, looking about, I saw a lady floating down at a rapid rate and singing:

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.'

This she sang as she sailed down the valley of death. I was again compelled to jump, and after being knocked about until almost exhausted, I reached another house-top, sailing at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour; but, getting close to shore, I again jumped, and a mill-man caught hold of my hand and assisted me to land; he was terribly excited and could not speak. I helped him to take two more men out. I went up on the embankment and looked across the bridge, which was filled full of debris, and on it were thousands of men, women and children, who were screaming and yelling for help, as at this time the debris was on fire, and after each crash there was a moment of solemn silence, and then those voices would be again heard crying in vain for the help that came not. At each crash hundreds were forced under and slain.

I saw hundreds of them as the flames approached throw up their hands and fall backward into the fire, and those who had escaped drowning were reserved for the more horrible fate of being burned to death. At last I could endure it no longer, and had to leave, as I could see no more. I climbed the hillside where I could see the church on fire close to the house where I had left my wife, but I could not see the house, and did not know she was safe.

A more terrible and lonesome night alone in the woods and rain I never spent, knowing that my friends mourned me as dead and I thought they were all lost.

I remember one incident while I was on the house-top: a train of cars consisting of three or four coaches came puffing along the curve, and dashing into the water gave two puffs and was swept under the mad, rushing torrent.

I could not cross the river to see my wife or let her know of my safety until the next day, and when I met her, there was once more a happy but penniless and homeless couple.

Colonel John P. Linton writes: Before noon I was driven, with my family, into the second story of my house, which was situated on the lower end of Main Street, in Johnstown. By 3 o'clock the water was at least four feet high in the first story; and as my house stood on high ground, I would estimate it

as nearly eight feet high in the street in front. Shortly before 4 o'clock we heard the loud and doleful whistling of the engines at the mill, which surely betokens a fire, and which we at the time supposed to be such an alarm. I have been informed since that this was intended to warn people that the South Fork dam had burst, and to prepare for the consequences. To us, even if we had understood the purpose of the alarm, it could have been of no avail, as an impassable flood of water already isolated our house, and we could not have fled to any place of refuge. Ah, what must it have been at about 4 o'clock (as I fix time from subsequent comparison of dates), for then I took 'no note of time;' an indescribable sound of rushing waters, crashing buildings and shrieking people was borne to our ears, and we rushed to the third story of the house. From the window in this story I saw the advancing torrent, many feet high, and bearing before it with terrific fury logs and broken buildings and crashing machinery, and preceded by what appeared to us as a cloud of smoke. The first wave seemed to follow the general course of the Conemaugh; the second, which followed in rapid succession, swept over Millville Borough, carrying everything before it, and the next, with scarcely a perceptible interval, swept along the Johnstown shore of the Conemaugh, tearing down and sweeping away all obstructions. Realizing at once the danger in which my family would be placed if our house was knocked down, and feeling that our most secure place was on the roof, I caused all the family to rush to a kind of observatory on the top of the house, and promptly followed them myself. By the time we reached the roof, the torrent had reached the stone bridge, had piled the debris high against the arches, and recoiling from this obstruction was setting back with but slightly diminished force, bearing up past my house many buildings. One of these buildings lodged for a time on the corner of the house, and a heavy volume of smoke issuing from it caused us to fear it was on fire, and added the dread of a conflagration to the other perils surrounding us. In a short time, however, the larger portion of our house fell, and the dreaded building floated away. Fortunately, when the larger portion of our house fell, that portion on which we stood remained projecting over the rushing waters, and thus seemingly suspended between death and life. Here we remained for nearly three hours, watching the waters carrying building after building to destruction, shivering in the cold, drenched with rain, and in the most fearful suspense. In the meantime we had noticed persons climbing over house-tops and debris to the High School building, about a block away from our house, and which still towered aloft apparently uninjured, the only edifice in our immediate neighborhood which stood on its foundation. All others had been swept away, leaving in their place a tangled mass of timber, broken planks, roofs and other debris. I dreaded remaining during the approaching night in our precarious situation, and before dark succeeded in getting my family out of a remaining attic window, and with much difficulty and peril succeeded in climbing over this debris, over water at least twenty-five feet deep, to the window of the school-house, into which we were helped. That night we spent with nearly two hundred others in the school-house, the scene of desolation around being lit up by the lurid light of the burning buildings at the stone bridge below and the Catholic church above. About 5 o'clock the next afternoon we were carried to the Kernville hill in boats.

I purposely omit, as foreign to the purpose for which you asked this sketch, any effort to describe the tragic scene we witnessed from the top of our crumbling house. I also omit any attempt to analyze our sensations as we stood there and witnessed those scenes, and afterward journeyed with uncertain footsteps across constantly shifting and moving supports, over seething waters to the school-house. These, with all that occurred in our place of refuge during this night of calamities, are indelibly impressed on our memories; but who could describe them so as to convey even a faint idea of all we felt and saw and suffered!

Charles R. Phipps writes: My first intimation that the rise of the water was unusually high was on my way to our office. I was informed that the machinery was stopped on that account. After going through the city, often wading across the streets, I obtained a horse and rode to Kernville to view the situation at the upper end of the city. The lumber boom had broken and was racing down around the bend of the river. With several other horsemen I galloped down the street through two feet of water to get across the bridge before the boom should strike it. As we wheeled the corner to the bridge, the lumber, which had dragged with it the Poplar Street bridge, struck the Kernville bridge, thus stopping us until we discovered that it was not carried away. We then crossed and rode into town. At noon we dined as usual without apprehending any further rise of the rivers or any disaster. After dinner I

wandered about the city for a half hour, and on my return helped to raise a friend's piano above the floor, to be out of harm's way. After entertaining myself in the house I found my dog in the kitchen, and I made sport of his being afraid of the water in the yard. This was about 4 P.M. In a few minutes the water began to enter the room. We started to take up the carpets, but in less than half a minute some one burst into the room, exclaiming "The reservoir has broken; get up stairs, quick! quick!" We did not get there too soon, for as we rushed up the stairs the house opposite crushed into ours, and behind it was a great wall of water bearing on its surface, houses, trees, cars and almost every other imaginable object. From the second floor we saw a three-story brick-house fall to the ground. Our house moved off with the current, and, as it went, the two walls of the room we were in fell. I jumped for the window of the house next door to ours, and from there to the roof; but as it started off and seemed about to roll over, I sprang into the waters to reach what was left of ours. As I got on it the roof fell in, and we crawled to a pile of drift that was whirling by. It lodged some hundred feet from the front street, and we got to the floor of a brick-house which was poised at an angle of about forty-five degrees. I helped the others up (three ladies and two gentlemen). We then discovered that an old man had been left behind. He was kneeling in water, on the second floor of a part of the house, and with clasped hands as in silent prayer was looking toward the cross on the Catholic church. This was the venerable Judge Easy. We managed to get him safely to our frail refuge. When on the drift I saw the back of the Merchants' Hotel fall, and with it many persons who never rose above the water. We waited, expecting each minute to meet the same fate; for huge houses, barns, cars, etc., were crashing into the few places that were left as a refuge from the angry waters. On them were little children clinging to each other, mothers with babes in their arms, strong men and fathers, helpless but calmly awaiting their fate. The square above us was one raging torrent, which afterward calmed and glided noiselessly by where a few moments before were hundreds of happy homes. The silence of this river of death was interrupted by the occasional cry of a poor human being who was being carried on its bosom down to the flames a few squares below. About 8 o'clock the Catholic church, a square and a half away, between which and our little place of refuge this vast body of water glided, caught fire. This helped to warm us, but its fierce flames were driving out those who had taken refuge within its walls and on the surrounding houses. About 10 o'clock the great steeple, after supporting a vast flame that shot high in the air, fell, and the fine building was totally in ruins. This and the whole square that was burned, and the greater and more horrible fire at the stone bridge, added a horror to the night never to be forgotten - one that under other circumstances would have been called grand. We managed to get hold of some floating canvas and made a little tent, under which we (about fifteen in all) managed to get, and huddled close together to keep off some of the rain that continually poured down. My dog had followed us through it all, and as several of us had no shoes on, we made him lie on our feet to keep them warm. Several persons were pulled from the debris beneath our place of refuge, and were taken under our extemporized tent. After sixteen long hours in this condition we managed to rig up a raft and poled ourselves to Jackson Street, where we once more touched dry land, and for the first time felt ourselves comparatively safe; but we were only to witness the more horrible sight of seeing dead bodies by the hundred for the next month.

For fourteen years prior to the disaster of May 31st, Mr. Edward Mayhew and his family lived happily in Woodvale, their home being on Maple Avenue, a short distance above the tannery. At the time of the flood the household consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew and seven children. When the rush of water came all the members of the family gathered in an up-stairs room.

As soon as the flood came against the house, the structure began to go to pieces. Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew and one of the children - Edward, aged 14 years - climbed out of a window on the roof of the porch. Before Mr. Mayhew had time to get his other children out, the house had been smashed in and swept away with them in it, and he and his wife and his son were borne on the deluge down the valley.

At the Gautier Works the current turned them southward, and they were swept across Conemaugh Borough and out Jackson Street past St. John's Catholic church to the Stony Creek, where they succeeded in getting into a house through a window. Later they made their way across the debris to John Thomas' building, where they remained until 9 o'clock Saturday morning.

The children who were swept away in Mr. Mayhew's house were all lost. One of them - Joseph, aged 16 years - was found a week after the flood and taken to the Fourth Ward morgue. James, aged 22 months, was also found shortly after the flood.

The other four were all interred on Prospect, but it was only recently that Mr. Mayhew knew that their bodies had been recovered and where they were interred, these facts being learned by him upon a visit to the rooms of the Committee on Valuables. There he found two rings belonging to Jennie - his eldest daughter, aged 18 - and a medal, some pictures, and an Agnus Dei belonging to Annie, his second eldest daughter, aged 12 years. After receiving the articles from the Committee on Valuables Mr. Mayhew had the graves on Prospect opened, and he fully identified the remains of his children.

Mr. John Brady was a stationer, his store being on the corner of Franklin and Locust Streets. His son Tom is bookkeeper for the Daily Democrat, from which we extract this account of the death of Mr. Brady and the thrilling escape of his family: "Tom, with his father, mother, three brothers and three sisters, was in the second story of the house - the dwelling and store were one building, built of brick - when the flood broke over the city. Three or four freight cars came along and struck the house, demolishing the entire Locust Street side. At the same time the wall separating the bed-room from the stairs and the wall running the entire length of the hall tumbled in, covering every one in the room with a mass of rubbish. Now comes the miraculous part. The floor, having nothing to retard it, commenced to float. It went slowly along with its load of living freight until it lodged against the debris at the Sixth Ward school-house, where Tom succeeded in getting his head above the timbers. Between the school-house and where the frail craft stopped was a solid mass of heavy timbers, frame-houses and wreckage of all kinds. Tom succeeded in getting his mother, brothers and sisters on the debris; but the father, who had been an invalid for some time, was drowned. Then the task of getting into the school-house commenced. Clambering on the roofs of houses that crushed against each other and went to pieces like so much paper, the brave party at last succeeded in reaching the haven of safety. The mother and daughters were pulled into the building by means of a long pole held at each end by the boys, then the others followed as best they could. They remained in the school-house, in company with some forty-three others, until Saturday noon, when the waters had abated sufficiently to allow them to go out.

"Mrs. Brady, who sustained severe injuries, was removed to Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, where she was taken with pneumonia, and died on June 6th. Her remains were brought here and laid to rest by the side of her husband, whose body was recovered two days afterward, in Lower Yoder Cemetery."

Miss J. Louise Mueller writes: It is about thirty-eight years since grandpa purchased the old home which we occupied. Never in all that time, I am told, did the high waters come near it, until the June flood of '87 rushed into our cellar, almost filling it. But on that never-to-be-forgotten May day, 1889, when cellar and grounds had been filled, and the waters, still rising, covered the piazzas, then, about 11.30 A.M., came over the floors, it became evident that the waters were really in our home. By 3 P.M. they had attained the height of the length of the piano-legs. From then until about 3.45 they remained stationary. About 4 P.M. the warning whistle was blown, and for a moment we were startled, wondering what it could mean, when brother laughingly dismissed the subject by conjecturing it was an alarm of fire in the midst of all that water. Then, thinking it about time to look again after things on the first floor, he descended, I following him down the dining-room stairway within three steps of the bottom. Desiring to keep the body of the piano dry, he made his way to the rear end of the house to procure chairs on which it might be elevated. No sooner had he disappeared through the hallway than I perceived the water rapidly covering the top of the dining-table, on which the contents of the book-case were piled; and, looking toward the sideboard to prove - what I wished to make myself believe - that it was a defect of vision, I saw there also it was rising. Then, too, the door, through which brother had disappeared, closed. Fearing he might not soon perceive the rising of the water, I called loudly, but could not be heard. A great fear was beginning to steal over me; but,

hoping still to convince myself that I did not see aright, or that a certain something was causing a rise in but that one room, I sped up the stairway, through the house, into the front hall, and down that stairway, to catch a glimpse of the piano and ascertain the height of the water on it. But oh! it was fast being covered. I could no longer doubt the floods were swelling.

Remembering where brother was, and that he could not escape up the kitchen stairway because it was packed with household goods, I reached the middle stairway again, like a flash, as I had come, and, calling frantically, was answered: "Yes, yes; I am coming. Do not get so excited." It required a big effort to get the door open, when an expression of much surprise broke from his lips; and, hastily handling me a few books, thinking to save some, he noticed the piano through the archway, and decided to save that if possible; while I, filled with wonder as to where so much water was coming from, rushed to the front upper windows facing north, and, as I neared them, I saw on opposite houses that the waters were fast covering the first-floor windows. Thrusting my head through an open window, and looking north-easterly, from which direction seemed to be coming an awful something, I saw what filled me with indescribable horror. A mountain of darkness from the very heavens down was pushing over on us, bringing houses and trees - a great mass of everything. The atmosphere was filled with spray, clouds of dust, flying particles of all kinds. My first impression was that the heavy clouds had broken down at that end of the heavens, and that the whole mass was gradually lowering. Then I wondered if it could be a cyclone, or of the nature of one, since there was such a strong breeze. or, did it come directly from the Almighty's hand? "Anyway," I thought, "it is most evidently death-dealing, and this is Johnstown's last day." All this, from the blowing of the whistle up to that moment, had occupied but a few minutes.

Quickly returning, I found brother flying up one of the stairways, the waters following close. Calling to mama, who had lain down to rest, to come and see the awful something that was coming upon us, I drew brother to the window and wanted to know if he had any idea what it was. He had none. We never for a moment thought of Conemaugh Lake; and, if we had, I presume we would not have decided that was it; for this dark, cloud-like mass, bearing down upon us with everything before it, had not yet dissolved itself into anything, so far as we could see. The fast rising of the waters I attributed to the fact that they were accumulating because of the pressure of this immense body of something.

For an instant we stood, then hurried out to the side upper piazza overlooking the lawn and orchard. Mama then joined us, and for several seconds we stood looking upon the moving mass before us. A good part of our city, in wreck and ruin, was sweeping out Market Street toward the Stony Creek, almost immediately in front of us. Directly everything about us began to move but our own home. The building opposite crushed into our front piazza; the home across our yard, perhaps fifty feet away, turned on its side and moved off; our staunch old trees began to bend and sway like so many twigs. The crashing and creaking of the falling homes; the crunching of the moving particles driven by the black cloud; the dark waters about our feet; our own sensation as if all things, even old earth herself, moving off, getting away from us; the fact before us that this - we could not tell what - would probably overwhelm us at any moment - these horrors can never be forgotten. We wondered where all the people were, there were so few to be seen just then. We wondered, too, how long our strongly-built old home would withstand the power of that awful force.

Suddenly the floods seemed to receive a mighty impetus, and we found we must flee. It occurring to us that there might be safety upon the roof, away we sped to the attic, mamma having the presence of mind first to get the cage containing our lovely canary, "Little Fritz," and throw a covering over him. Into the attic we then went, and shortly found the skylight and got through it to the roof. By this time the dark mass of cloud had disappeared. A great body of water was rushing madly about, tearing westward on the north side of us, and rushing eastward on the south side, apparently a perfect whirlpool, and carrying wreckage with it to which the people were clinging; while we seemed to be stationary in the midst of those waters. Composing ourselves enough to find out where we were, we discovered that our home had faced about and floated diagonally across the square while we were getting up on the roof, and had quietly settled itself on the north side of the Market Street school-house, and that we were in the big jam, none of the surrounding wreckage, however, having struck us hard, and that little more than our roof was above water.

By this time people were springing up from everywhere out of the wreck, and many sought safety on our roof. Some were present from the extremem end of Johnstown proper. The rain began descending in torrents, the dark overhead seeming determined to wash us away too. And directly the easterly current which had swept up the Stony Creek came dashing down, taking with it portions of the wreckage in the jam, and it seemed to us we would surely be carried down to the stone bridge. But we were permitted to remain, and were thankful to God for His care of us. It was perfectly awful to see the people sweeping by on portions of their homes and fragments of all kinds, and with scarcely a hope of escape, entirely unable to steer their crafts to safety. We should look upon them, and scarcely ejaculate a sound, but just stare. All within our reach were aided, of course. Much aid was rendered rather mechanically. We did not have enough sense at times to greet our friends, but sat stupefied and stunned, staring at each other, each wondering how the other got there, but neither opening the mouth to question.

The rain poured down almost incessantly; all were suffering, though every contrivance to relieve the suffering was effected. After a time, the waters began to subside: many persons made their way into the attic of the school-house and rested, perhaps, on the joists all night. Brother returned to our attic at dusk, and, finding it dry, we descended, taking with us all who would go: se we spent the night there. The water had not touched it, so the three feather-beds in it were dry, and we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The fear that our home might settle and go to pieces during the night was not verified. As we found later, it had not been in the way of any of the dreadful currents, so remained intact and was set upon the solid ground.

By morning the water-currents were confined to their channels again, though great pools were visible everywhere. Then, too, heads were seen protruding from openings of all sorts, and the ruin and desolation and death were viewed and numerous inquiries for everybody made; and much we wondered where our breakfasts were coming from, and when we would have homes again. The thoughts of receiving outside aid never came to us.

In the morning mamma, Henry, "Fritz" and I left the mud-soaked house, and, following a guide through that wilderness of wrecked homes, directly came upon the remains of two little children, side by side; and coming out on Main Street, just above our church, near Alma Hall, we started for the hills. We were so rejoiced to see the dear old church building there. Farther up the street, when making my way over the great piles of rubbish and buildings with much difficulty, "Fritz," which I was carrying in uncovered cage, suddenly took it into his pretty head to cheer us up, so burst into the sweetest melody he knows; and for nearly four months since that day he continued almost incessantly his daily thanksgiving lays. But he seriously objects to being obliged to remain in-doors, so I presume his renditions will be discontinued until he is permitted to enjoy the out-door sunlight again. Still we are most glad to have this live flood-relic, and he certainly testified his gladness at having escaped the general fate of his kind by the sweet outburst on Main Street that morning after the flood.

We made our way to the hill, where a family took us in for a few days, when Mr. Wm. Thompson, of Morrellville, found us and took us to his home, he and his wife making us most welcome, and declaring that was our home until we should have another. We were there until the 1st of October, entirely rent-free, and shown every kindness.

Mrs. Mary Hamilton, of Lincoln and Cherry Streets, and five children, the eldest 12 years, were washed down to the stone bridge, the house resting on its end, the family clinging to the window-sills. Willie said: "Mamma, where is that God that Dr. Beale and Mr. Moore talk so much about, and said that He promised to save us?" A large planing-mill, belonging to Mr. Wesley Rose, had swept them down the stream, and now swept them back again to Napoleon Street, where they were rescued at Mr. Cunningham's, with forty-one other persons. In the journey she thinks she saw fifty or sixty persons sink underneath the waves. She saw some one throw an old coat to Mr. John Henderson, with which he covered his little boys, who were almost naked. Mr. Harry Hamilton (Mrs. Hamilton's husband) was in the private residence of Mr. Job Morgan, and was rescued while floating

down to the stone bridge. He was badly injured, and separated from the family for three weeks, and is still under the physician's care. Mrs. Hamilton saw Henry Pritchard's house capsized, and the family crying for help as they went down to a watery grave.

Mr. and Mrs. Helsel and five children were swept over the stone bridge, and one boy (George), 17 years of age, was drowned in the passage.

Mrs. Jones, her four children, and Mrs. Phillips, a widow with five children, were rescued at Colonel Campbell's. These ladies are sisters.

Mr. Harry Campbell was on Conemaugh Street, and saw the Cambria Library washed away and many of the Woodvale people drown. He also beheld McConaughy's brick row and the two bridges washed away. In the morning, before the dam burst, he built a raft, and with another gentleman by the name of Lloyd succeeded in moving fifty or sixty from their own houses to higher places on the hills. These persons were afterward lost, as mentioned in a previous account.

Mrs. Ellen Hite, of Kernville, on the south side, was caught on the street and drowned while trying to climb an electric-light pole at the corner of Morris and Dibert Streets. Her screams were terrible.

Among the households on Vine Street none were more happy than that of Mr. John White, an aged man; the wife of his youth and his children were still around him. They were all at home that day when the torrent came crushing their fine residence to pieces. Mr. White took his wife in his arms, but she was drowned despite all his efforts to save her. Besides the death of his estimable woman, the following members of his family perished: Maggie, Ella, Mina, Raymond, and Mrs. Jessie White Delaney. Lemuel Delaney, his son Jay, and sister-in-law, Miss Ida White, were carried to the stone bridge, while the father of fourscore years was drifted to the residence of Fred Krebs, in Kernville, whence, by the first Baltimore and Ohio train, he was conveyed to the town of Somerset.

Mrs. Hettie M. Ogle and Miss Minnie, her daughter, with four other young ladies, Master Willie Gaither and line repairer Jackson were imprisoned in the Western Union telegraph office by the deep water before the furious torrent struck them. Mrs. Ogle's son telephoned her until she was driven above stairs. The telegraph line had been destroyed before the torrent came. Mr. Charles Ogle is satisfied that his mother and those with her knew nothing of the supreme danger until the saw the approach of the avalanche. They were all lost in the flood. The ladies not mentioned above were Misses Mary Walters, Minnie Linton, Grace Garman and Jane Kush.

Rev. F. B. Cunz, a Lutheran clergyman and profession of German in our High School, was driven with his family, consisting of his wife and five children, to the upper story of his house on Napoleon Street. The house was dashed to pieces, and instantly Mrs. Cunz and four of the little children were drowned.

The part of the building to which Mr. Cunz and his son Herman still clung impinged against the

residence of Rev. Horace Goodchild, the Baptist pastor, who, with his wife, was sitting on the parsonage roof. Here Mr. Cunz and his son were rescued.

Mr. Morrell Swank tells of the thrilling and terrible experience of himself and family on that ever-memorable Friday evening, as follows: When the great flood struck my residence at No. 312 Main Street I was on the second floor with my wife and two children and servant girl. My house was crushed like an eggshell right over our heads. My little son Roy was crushed to death in my arms. Just when I thought my last moment had come, the water raised the house and pushed us upward through the ceiling. In a few moments we were carried down a considerable distance below the Kernville bridge. My wife and I were only about four feet from each other, and she had the baby in her arms. I succeeded in getting loose, and took the baby from my wife and put it on a house-roof that was floating alongside of us. I then reached over to help my wife on the roof. Just then the water commenced to back up from the stone bridge, and I was whirled around out of reach of my wife, who drifted away, and she was drowned right before my eyes. Imagine my feelings when floating on the water about fifty feet deep, and houses crushing all around me loaded with human freight, the city all under water, the Catholic church burning, and the rain coming down in torrents. The baby and I were finally rescued about a quarter of a mile up the Stony Creek. My servant girl, wife, son, parents, one brother and a sister were drowned, and only three of their bodies have been recovered.

The following letter was written by Mr. George Barbour to a relative in Chambersburg, Pa.: My mother, my wife and three children were all drowned. I have been almost crazy. I even did not think of writing to any of my friends. For a week I was kept busy trying to find their bodies. I had to climb the hills to get from one morgue to the other, and had no one to help me. Most of the time I had only one meal a day, and became so weak and sick that I had to stop. I found my dear wife and dear little girl. I had to carry the coffins over a mile to where the bodies were. As the bridges were all washed away I had to get a wagon and drive about four miles over the hills to the cemetery, and it was 8 o'clock in the evening when I got there.

It was the hardest thing ever any man did, to put his own dear wife and child in a coffin and bury them himself; but it was the only thing I could do, and hundreds of others had to do the same.

I could not find my poor dear mother and two little boys. One was about 7 years old and the other was our baby, about 3 months old. It was so nice, and everybody said it was the brightest and prettiest baby they had ever seen. Oh, if I had only stayed at home with them! I had taken them up to my sister-in-law's and told them to stay until I came back. I went to town and stayed longer than I intended to. It got clear and stopped raining, and they went back down town to our home, but could not get out any more.

I was on my way home when the dam broke. I tried to reach the bridge, but when I was about a hundred yards from it, it gave way. I ran up the hill and saw my house and all the rest of the houses in our part of the town (Woodvale) move off. The roofs were filled with men, women and children, but they could do nothing. It didn't leave a house in Woodvale. I cannot describe it with a pen, but must try to tell you all. My cousin, Will Beck, was drowned, with his wife, two dear little boys, his mother-in-law and her niece. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Baker, was drowned, and also her 17-year-old daughter. James Baker, with his wife and child, and Edward Baker, his wife and two children, were all drowned. The Bakers were brothers to my wife. Edward Eldridge, my sister's husband, lost his mother and three brothers.

I believe that completes the list of my relatives who were drowned. I still have my two brothers, Thomas and James; they and their families were saved. My cousin, Andy Beck, was also saved. They are all I have left. He was washed out and lost all he had. He has six children, and got them all out just in time. My brother Thomas hadn't time even to put on his coat.

C. C. Ramsey, who resided at 69 Main Street, says: I arose at the usual hour, and found the waters rising very rapidly - so fast, in fact, that the water covered the first floor before we had time to remove carpets and furniture to the upper floors, at the same time forcing the entire family to the second floor. At the hour of 10 A.M. we were surrounded by at least ten feet of water, which closed all channels of escape from that hour, as the current which swept through the street was so strong that any ordinary boat could make no progress against it. However, a boat was a luxury that we did not possess.

After 11 A.M. all was quiet even to the stillness of death; one could hear the swash of the waters, the voices of neighbors, or the bark of a dog. We were completely cut off from all communication, therefore, not knowing the South Fork reservoir had broken until it was upon us.

The roar of the mighty wave fell upon our ears, and with one impulse we rushed to the third floor, which we gained just in time, as at that instant a string of flat cars, coupled together, struck the house, demolishing the two lower floors, leaving us the mansard, which floated toward the stone bridge. During this time we, with great difficulty, reached the roof, upon which we remained until we were wedged into the debris between the City Guard Armory and Lincoln Avenue, within a few hundred yards of the Morrell Institute. It is beyond description; we can hardly remember, only we climbed over many houses, floating roofs, piles of debris, and finally the haven of safety was reached. During this time there continued a cold, driving rain which chilled one to the marrow. Fortunately the good people of the institute provided us with such protection as could be had in the shape of comfortables and blankets, which served a double purpose - protection from rain, and hiding from view the frightful scenes which were taking place about us.

Darkness ensuing, the scene was made more appalling by the wreckage taking fire at the bridge. Roofs laden with human freight could be seen rushing into the seething flames to be roasted alive.

Late in the evening we descended into the building, where we rested from the elements at least, and, on the following morning, with improvised rafts we reached terra firma, and were correspondingly happy, notwithstanding the fact we were without home or food.

Mary M. Butler resided before the flood at 112 Morris Street, Kernville. She says: Brother John had been running all the morning between our house and his sister's, Mrs. Long, who resided on Vine Street in Johnstown.

At dinner time Brother John said to mother, 'you will have to get some warm clothes on and get ready to go up-stairs, as the water is rising and may come into the first floor.' Somewhere about 4 'clock my sister happened to go to the window, and she heard a man passing, saying that the reservoir was broken. Then she said that we must take mother up-stairs. So we at once carried her up-stairs and put her on the bed, which was a roped bedstead. I had barely time to rush down-stairs to save something off the bed, which I succeeded in getting, that I could rescue from the rising water. Having secured those things, sister came down-stairs and hurried me, grabbing hold of my hands, when the rising waters pushed me up, and I had barely time to get on the bed, when, pushed by the waters, the bed arose, bearing us with it to within some eighteen inches of the ceiling.

We all stayed in that condition all night; and although our house had been moved about a square from its foundation, we did not discover that fact until some time during the night. During the night the chimney, which had been for some time tottering and threatening to fall upon us, eventually took a sudden start and fell through the lower floor, crushing the bedstead on which my mother had lain; and thus we also escaped that danger. During the night some neighbors called to us and asked if we were all there; and then they asked us if we knew where we were; and not till that time did we know that our house had been moved from its foundation, and was now in the middle of the street. About 4 o'clock in the morning my brother Nathaniel found us, and after getting on the roof broke it in, and

about 7 o'clock, with the aid of others, he succeeded in getting mother down through the large chimney-hole and bore her to a neighbor's house on Sherman Street. My sister and myself then succeeded in getting down through the same chimney-hole, and we then joined our mother.

My brother John who had gone to town was never again heard of by us, nor has his body been recognized amongst the many that have been discovered and buried.

For several days after the flood Mr. Henry Viering, the well-known furniture dealer at the corner of Railroad and Jackson Streets, suffered great bodily pain from injuries received on the fatal Friday; but his bodily pain was as nothing compared to his mental agony. He lost in the flood his whole family, consisting of his wife and three children. In an interview he said, substantially as follows:

'I was at home with my wife and children when the alarm came. We hurried from the house, leaving everything behind us. As we reached the door, a friend of mine was running by. He grasped the two smallest children, one under each arm, and then hurried on ahead of us. I had my arm around my wife's waist supporting her. Behind us we could hear the flood rushing. In one hurried glance as I passed a corner I could see the fearful flood crunching and crackling the houses in its fearful grasp, with no possibility of escape, as we were too far away from the hillside. In a flash I saw my three dear children licked up by it and disappear from sight, as I and my wife were thrown in the air by the rushing ruins. We found ourselves in among a lot of drift, driving along with the speed of a race-horse. In a moment or two we were thrown with a crash against the side of a large frame building, whose walls gave away as if they were made of paper, and the timbers began to fall about us in all directions. Up to this time I retained a firm hold on my wife; but I found myself pinned between two heavy timbers, the agony causing my senses to leave me momentarily; I recovered instantly, in time to see my wife's head just disappearing under water.

Like lightning I grasped her by the hair, and as best I could, pinioned as I was above the water by the timber, I raised her above it. The weight proved too much, and she sank again. Again I pulled her to the surface, and again she sank. This I did again and again without avail. She drowned in that grasp, and at last dropped from my nerveless hands, to leave my sight forever!

As if I had not suffered enough, a few moments later I saw white objects whirling around in an eddy until, reaching again the current, they floated past me. My God! Would you believe me? It was my children, all dead! Their dear little faces are before me now - distorted in a look of agony - that, no matter what I do, haunts me. Oh, if I could only have released myself at that time, I would have willingly gone with them! I was rescued some time after, and have been here ever since. I have since learned that my friend, who so bravely endeavored to save two of the children, was lost with them.

Rev. Dr. Davin, of Cambria City Roman Catholic Church, saw the Conemaugh swell and overflow its banks, but this did not cause him to leave his post. Finally, the water rose to the parlor floor, and he began to think something unusual had happened. Taking a man with him, he went to the Sisters' school, in water up to his waist, and carried the Sisters, one after another, to his own house. By the time this task was done, the great volume of water had reached Johnstown and Cambria City. The rumbling and crushing of houses and trees warned the inmates of the priest's house to seek a place more secure, as the water was nearing the second floor of his handsome house.

To the third story the whole party went, and there spent the night in frightful expectation that the worst would come every minute. Several times the house shook; and the shrieks of the injured and dying, who were almost within arms' reach from the windows, were something terrible. Father Davin then went to his second-story window, and, at the risk of his own life, save two or three persons from drowning by pulling them through the windows.

The horrors of that night preyed continually on Father Davin's mind, and broke his constitution. The

next night, when the waters had subsided, Father Davin sent all in his house to the hill for safety, but remained himself. His home and church were partly destroyed, and two feet of mud left on the first floor. His first work after he could get out was to look after the injured and dead.

He turned the beautiful edifice into a morgue. As many as one hundred and twenty-five bodies were in it at one time, and there was not an hour of the day or night that Father Davin was not consoling the friends of the dead. In mud up to his knees he paced from altar to vestibule assisting in the removal of the dead.

During the afternoon of Sunday, June 1st, he walked down to the banks of the Conemaugh. Here he found three men robbing the body of a man. He ran and struck one of the villains on the head with his cane, stunning him. The miscreant soon recovered and dealt Father Davin a terrible kick on the side with a hobnail shoe, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

The effects of the assault laid Father Davin up for some time, and until the time he died he complained of it. During the excitement in Johnstown, Doctor Davin's house was thrown open to every one, and here many a weary worker found a night's rest. He was earnestly advised after the flood by friends and doctors to take a vacation, but he steadily refused, giving as a reason that it looked to him like shirking duty when the wants of the people required his presence. A short time ago, however, he was prevailed upon to go to Denver, where he died. The last words he spoke on leaving were to his sister Stella: 'I am afraid I did not leave soon enough.'

A coat was found in the wreckage, in a pocket of which was a Westminster Lesson Leaf with the following conclusions to the lesson: "What have I learned? 1. That we cannot escape from the power of God. 2. That we should promptly and willingly obey His commands. 3. That He sends the winds and storms to do His bidding. 4. That He is displeased with those who have the truth of God and fail to make it known."

One night in the morgue, after we had arranged the identified bodies at one side of the room and the unidentified at the other side, I assembled all the men at 1 o'clock and offered prayer. Here, in the midst of eighty-four bodies, confined, whose departed souls were beyond the province of prayer, I felt that it was a time to appeal to the living God for strength and comfort, to impress our own spirits with the awfulness and suddenness of death, to be prepared for it in whatever form it might come. I felt also that the inexpressible sadness and gloom of our work could only be relieved by Him who is the resurrection and life.

Among the curious revelations of disposition which the flood made, this one perhaps exceeds all others. If there has ever been an equal exhibition of meanness within recorded history it has escaped our observation. During the dreadful night a young lady was rescued from the debris, where she would have died from exposure, and was taken into the club-house. Her drenched and ruined clothing was removed, and she had to attire herself in a pair of pants belonging to one of the male guests. The party who owned them hunted in every place for them and was informed what disposition had been made of them. He demanded \$8.00 in payment, and it is understood that the young lady has since sent him that amount. We hope that if he is ever married his wife will "wear the pants."

While Rev. Drs. W.C. Cattell and Beale were walking through the town about a month after the flood, they met Mrs. Fenn, whose husband and seven children were lost in the flood on that terrible afternoon, none of whose bodies had then been recovered. She had been digging among the ruins of

her home, this having been her occupation every day for nearly four weeks. When Dr. Beale and Dr. Cattell met her, she had just found a clock. It had been a pet clock. She was sitting there hugging the clock to her breasts as if it were one of her babies. She is a member of Dr. Beale's church, and was glad to see him. She told Dr. Cattell her story. She related her experience on that dreadful day in a simple, straightforward way and without a tear. She passed the clock over to Dr. Beale, and asked him to keep it for her. Dr. Cattell proposed that he should take it to Philadelphia and have it cleaned and placed in good condition again, promising to return it as soon as Mrs. Fenn was ready to receive it. He had hardly finished his proposition when the poor woman's face was bathed in tears: she had been able to tell the story of her dreadful sorrow with dry eyes, but one kind act from a stranger touched the well-spring of her heart, and made the tears course down her cheeks. Through the tender administrations of Mrs. Beale and other ladies, this afflicted soul has been restored to the right use of her mind.

This clock was repaired and taken back on January 3d by Dr. Beale and presented to Mrs. Fenn.

The flood has brought out a "dark horse;" so we give him the prominence he deserves, and hand his name down to prosterity.

The evening of the flood Mr. N.B. Hartzell's black horse was in the stable, which was near the gentleman's warehouse. The stable was washed away, and a neighbor of Mr. Hartzell told him he saw the building lifted up, and the horse floating off into the debris.

"I guess your horse is lost," the neighbor remarked, and Mr. Hartzell answered that he was afraid it was, and to that conclusion he came as Saturday passed and no trace of his animal was found. On Sunday some one said to him: "Hartzell, there's a horse up in the second story of your warehouse." At first he could scarcely credit the statement, but upon investigation he found that it was true, and that the horse was his own - the one he thought he had lost. When Mr. Hartzell entered the apartment where the horse was, it turned its head and neighed and whinnied with evident pleasure at seeing its master. The horse had its halter on, with the hitching strap attached. The fastening had been pulled out of the trough. How the animal was transferred by the flood from the stable to where it was found is a mystery to Mr. Hartzell.

I insert this item from the *Johnstown Tribune*, of January 7th, 1890, as an interesting one in the personal history of the city:

Sir: - I see it stated in the obituary of Mrs. L.H. Roberts, who lost her life in the flood, that she was the first white child born in Johnstown, the date of her birth being given as October 20th, 1807. Now, Mrs. Catherine Burkhart, who also lost her life in the flood, going from Mineral Point, was born in Johnstown, April 9th, 1804, near where Col. Linton's house stood before the deluge came. When Mrs. Burkhart was yet a baby, her father, Abraham Hildebrand, built and moved up to where the Alma Hall now stands. Mr. Hildebrand then owned a considerable portion of the ground on which Johnstown is built. Mrs. Burkhart and Mrs. Roberts were playmates when children, were young girls together, and both could tell all about the great floods of long ago, little dreaming that both would live to see another and a greater flood, in which both should perish. - B.

Miss Nellie Secrist ran into Cover's livery stable for safety. She climbed into the hay-loft, immediately over the horses' heads. She says that the groans and shrieks of the poor animals in their death-struggles while drowning were fearful.

This is a pension which will receive the indorsement of the American people, from the President down through the rank and file: Sarah J. Mackin, widow of JOHNSTOWN who lost all her earthly possessions in the flood, has been awarded a pension and back pay amounting to \$5,966.

The entire money subscription to the *Mail and Express* for the Conemaugh sufferers amounted to \$49,080.08. This does not include many of Colonel Shepard's personal gifts, and his other kind attentions to individuals and classes of sufferers. One of the most tender and beautiful of his benefactions was his sending to Asbury Park twenty-five ladies, and paying their expenses for a month at that delightful seaside resort. Nothing could have been more beneficial, as it afforded of its majesty, and with all the care and attention which Colonel Shepard's purse could command, they obtained relief which was inexpressible.

On Main Street is Thomas's general store. It is in the middle of the desolation. Three women were carefully climbing the piles of rubbish. One had a box under her arm. At this store workmen were wheeling out barrow loads of the dirt deposited over everything by the flood. The woman with the box stopped the workmen, found the man in charge, and said:

"I purchased these shoes before the flood. They are sevens. I want sixes. You made a mistake. I want them exchanged."

Mrs. Emma Robb, stepmother of Mrs. Overbeck, another of the survivors, lived at the corner of Morris and Willow Streets, south side. She is a widow, and with her only daughter she fled to the upper story of her house, taking some provisions with her. Both before and after the great tidal wave struck the house, mother and daughter worked heroically to save the terror-stricken and half-drowned unfortunates who floated past their windows. They succeeded in saving the lives of twenty-six persons, and early Saturday morning the whole party were carried on a raft to the upper part of Kernville. This was heroism compared to which Paul Revere's is tame.

Mrs. Joshua Carpenter, of Johnstown, was so affected by the fire in Seattle as to provide and prepare a box of clothing for those who had been burned out. The box was in her attic ready to be shipped on Saturday, June 1st. The flood came on Friday afternoon. Everything in Mrs. Carpenter's house was ruined except this box of clothing, which, being in the attic, was the only thing that escaped the waters. It was accordingly unpacked, and the clothing was judiciously distributed in her family and among her neighbors.

The dun mare of Mr. Frank Benford was standing in the alley between the Hulbert House and Hornick's Hotel when the great wave struck the town. Persons on the top of the Fritz House saw it go over her with the jam of buildings it had gathered in its wild roll. They thought of course she was killed. What surprise there was when on Saturday she found perched up on one of the highest points of the wreckage, at a considerable distance from where she had stood - alive, but having become blind in the passage.

A farmer in Kansas shortly after the flood wrote to the Bureau of Information asking it to obtain a wife

for him among those ladies who had survived it. He stated his age at 35, and wanted a wife of about 30. He owned a successful stock farm. The officers of the Bureau said that they had received many inquiries for relics, but this was the only one for a living relic, and she to become a wife. I think that the analysis of that young farmer's heart would show it to be healthy and full of blue blood. There was a nobility in this request. He was willing to take a woman who had no earthly possession; he wanted to provide a home and life comfort for one who had been a victim of the disaster; he was willing to trust total strangers to make the selection. He must be a man of unbounded benevolence and faith. Pity it is that more such men did not appear.

I wish the name of this New York lady was generally known. Her action displayed a woman's wisdom and sympathy. She selected from her and her husband's wardrobes all the suits they could possibly spare. Into the pockets of the men's suits she put a jack-knife, a hair-brush and a comb; into those of the women's gowns, a pair of stockings, a comb, a brush, a tooth-brush and a cake of soap. Several of the gowns she was saving for her summer's trip. She said, "I decided to let the Johnstown sufferers have them, and my husband will get me others."

Mrs. S.W.F., of Harrisburg, says: "My three children, Mary, Margaret and Samuel, have felt so sorry for the Johnstown people that on the 4th they had a pin and penny store for their benefit. On Sunday, when they heard the appeal for your church read, they decided to send the amount made, \$1.68, to you. The pins the children gave for the articles were sold for pennies."

A few days after the catastrophe a leading lady in Baltimore wrote: "Since the first news of the terrible disaster which has overwhelmed your little city, I have been watching the papers for tidings of you and yours. On Monday it was announced that you had been saved from the flood, but not until to-day have I noticed any positive assurance that your entire family had been spared. The pastors of the various churches here prayed most fervently and tenderly on Sabbath morning and night for the sufferers, and made earnest pleas for relief, which met with cheerful and liberal response."

Another Baltimore lady writes: "The inclosed sum, \$1.85, is the voluntary offering of twelve little girls (who have very little) to the Johnstown sufferers. They brought it to me, their teacher, for this purpose. I thought it best to send it to you, assured that through you it would go aright, small as it is. May I ask that you would, at your convenience, send me a postal card, just mentioning its receipt, so that I may read it to the girls, as I was the recipient?"

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage writes: "Having seen your name in connection with the work of alleviation in your afflicted city, I write you expressing the absorbing sympathy felt by Brooklyn. The Committee of Relief close their labors to-day, and we report \$95,905.28 raised and sent for the relief of Johnstown and adjoining suffering districts. But many of our citizens are in business in New York City; so that, if those sums were added, we think from the hands and hearts of Brooklyn at least \$150,000 must have been sent. As chairman of the Brooklyn Relief Committee, I thought it might be well in behalf of my fellow-citizens to write this letter, showing that our city has been greatly moved by your calamity. I will next week, on my way to Oregon, pass through your city. If I could be of any practical service I would stop off. What a fearful nervous strain you must all have been under, and how all the energies of the Christian ministers of your city must have been taxed in the effort to comfort the bereft!"

A lady from Rock Springs, Centre County, writes: "My heart goes out in deep sympathy for those who have lost dear ones. I met a Mr. McConaughey, a gentleman of seventy some years, last October. He told me his wife and daughters were members of your church. Now I notice among the dead a Miss McConaughey. Is she his daughter? Or are he and family safe? We here were cut off from travel for so long or I would have gone to Johnstown willingly, if my service would have been needed, to wait on the suffering, but presume by this time you have all the help necessary. Now I trust God will bless you in your labors of love for Him; and you certainly are putting forth every effort to comfort the people, and trust they will look to our Heavenly Father, the Great Comforter."

The following communication reached me June 25th, accompanied by a kind note from the governor:

Charleston, S.C.

Hon. Jas. A. Beaver, Harrisburg, Pa.

Dear Sir: - By direction of the session of Westminster Presbyterian Church of this city, I transmit you herewith my check for \$64.22, same being amount of collection taken up in said church in aid of the sufferers in Johnstown who are connected with the Presbyterian Church there, and, as I have been informed that you are a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church, deem it best to send the contribution to you, and would request you to forward the same to the pastor or session of the Presbyterian Church of Johnstown, and express to them our profound and heartfelt sympathy in the frightful calamity which has overwhelmed them, and which we of Charleston can take a measure of as no other city in the United States can, having ourselves experienced the horrors of cyclones and earthquakes, and remember with gratitude the munificent liberality and the generous sympathy of the people of the Keystone State. I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

J.A. Enslow

Treasurer of Session, W.P. Church

Captain W.R. Jones, of Braddock, receiving the following from Mr. Karl Wittgenstein, the iron king of Vienna, Austria:

Dear Captain: - I ordered \$1,000 to be sent to you on my account, and ask you to be kind enough and take the trouble to use this small sum as you think best to help the people who are suffering in Johnstown. It must be dreadful. I hope your family are all right.

Yours very truly,
Karl Wittgenstein

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter VI - Miscellaneous - 3. The Calamities of Johnstown

There have been so many frightful casualties at Johnstown that some people think it fated; others that it must be a very wicked place, and these are of the nature of judgements. These are hasty and unreasonable conclusions. We always make a mistake when we put such special interpretations on signal or single events. Johnstown is not more wicked than other towns of its size; indeed it compares favorable with other manufacturing districts, and can exhibit as large a proportion of God-fearing people and consistent Christians as any other. Yet it had been frequently the scene of sad calamities. On September 14th, 1866, occurred what was termed the Platform accident. A train from Pittsburgh carrying President Andrew Johnson and party stopped at the station. A large number of citizens had assembled on the platform to greet them. The President was introduced and made a short speech. Then calls were made for General Grant, Admiral Farragut and Hon. W.H. Seward. Suddenly with a crash the platform, which spanned the abandoned canal, went down and precipitated hundreds of people in its depths. There were shrieks and groans as the victims fell upon each other producing death and broken limbs. The train moved on, leaving a wailing mass of humanity and a death-shrouded town. Among those who were injured were Mrs. David Creed, Dr. George Wagoner, Lucy Levergood, Ahlum Cope, Mrs. Oliver Young, John H. Fischer and child, John S. Buchanan, Cyrus Tuttle, John Brady, Mrs. Wild, Jacob Hamilton and Daniel Unverzagt, who perished in the late flood. A large number of others received injuries, among whom was Rev. Dr. B.F. Agnew, of Philadelphia.

Before a month had expired after the broken dam disaster, while the country was yet mourning with us over its dire work, another frightful scene appears. Fire followed flood. As if that all-wasting flood had not done destruction enough, a disastrous conflagration seemed about to devastate what little was left of the stricken town. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the Market Street school-house was discovered to be on fire. This was located near the centre of the town, and was in good condition, having escaped the flood. The flames communicated with the other houses, and it seemed for a time that the rest of the town must go. Twenty-five tenements and three public school-houses were destroyed. General Wiley ordered out the troops at hand, and the section of the Philadelphia Fire Department which was stationed there responded to the alarm. By their speedy and efficient service the fire was soon under control and put out. Most of the buildings burned had been badly damaged by the flood.

After this scene we hoped to be exempt from horrors and peril. We felt that we had received our full complement of disaster, and that we might have rest after so much agitation and distress. On the night of December 10th, 1889, however, Johnstown was again startled by the cry of fire. Parke's Opera House was filled from floor to ceiling with a mass of people to witness the play of Uncle Tom's Cabin. That cry of fire outside was caught by some one in the gallery and repeated. A panic immediately seized the whole assembly. Everybody rushed for the exits. No one took time for second, sober thought. The rush was fearful. Women shrieked and fainted; men and boys yelled. In the mad rush, hundreds were trampled upon. Ten were killed and nineteen injured. It is a remarkable coincidence that this play was acted in the same building as its opening, February, 1869. This disaster was entirely causeless. There was no fire. Dr. A.N. Wakefield's hostler, before retiring, stirred up his fire. His quarter's are in the rear of the doctor's residence. The smoke from the low chimney enveloped it. A passing observer, supposing that the residence was on fire, gave the alarm which was heard and repeated in the Opera House with fatal result. Every one of these calamities is traceable directly to the folly, ignorance and criminal carelessness or neglect of man. They therefore do not furnish any occasion for complaint of or repining at the Providence of God.

DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE ON THE FLOOD

The following letter of Dr. Talmage was written to the *New York World*, on July 20th, 1889, during his visit to Johnstown. The Doctor's ardent sympathy for us and his desire to ascertain our true condition inspired this visit. We received him as a "brother beloved," but we were in no condition to entertain

him as we desired or as we had done. We had no homes to take him in, no tables to spread before him; but our hearts were as wide and ready as ever to receive him whose voice is hailed with delight the world over, and whose presence is a benediction wherever he goes. Mr. A.J. Haws was host to Dr. Talmage.

I desired to strike out from this letter and other articles in the book all personal allusions to myself, but my friends and counselors in its preparation forbade it, on the ground that I was a part of the history for which the book is written - that I must subject my aversion to personal mention to the opinions and views of the contributors to the book and the history it contains.

Dr. Talmage wrote:

When I first came here on Friday I was impressed with the courage and pluck of the survivors of the catastrophe. The will, with the help of outsiders, rebuild their city, and in five years it will be a more prosperous place than it ever was. They are an honest people, and can get any amount of commercial credit they ask for. Many of the citizens temporarily absent will return, and comfortable homes, large storehouses and great factories will stand where now are awful ruins. The stories circulated about the Johnstown people having lost their faith in God, and given up the Christian religion because of this calamity, I denounce as false and scoundrelly. The pastors tell me that there was not one such case. On the contrary, there are more prayer and Christian devotion than ever before. Even infidels pray. One of them, the afternoon of the disaster, in the upper room of a house which was rapidly filling with water, was overheard to pray: "O God! if you can give me any aid at this time, I will be very much obliged to you." All that story published through the land about the people of Johnstown in disgust burning their Bibles is a hemispheric falsehood.

The work that has been done here by their own ministers and physicians and good men and women, and without compensation, should be spoken of everywhere. In applauding outside workers we have neglected to appreciate the Johnstown Howards and Florence Nightingales, who may be counted by the score, though they saved nothing from the wreck except the clothes on their persons. Let all the people North, South, East and West, and on both sides of the sea understand that in their gifts to the flooded districts they did not do too much or give too quickly. Not 5 per cent of the anguish has been told.

My heart is wrung with what I saw on Friday. Can it be possible that this is the beautiful and hospitable Johnstown that I saw in other days? Where once was a street suggesting Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, is a long ridge of sand, strewn with broken planks and twisted iron. At the moment when a great freshet which had been raging for hours had begun to assuage, a wave from twenty to forty feet high rolls over the already angry waters, and on that surmounting wave floated eight hundred houses, twenty-eight locomotives from the round houses and hundreds of people, many dead, many dying, a mass of helpless and appalled humanity. Two thousand dead discovered and two thousand missing make me believe that the story of how many thousand perished will never be told until the resurrection trumpet shall be sounded.

To show how accustomed to scenes of death this district has become, on Friday, while a human body was being taken out of the ruins and I stood looking aghast at the spectacle and the laborers, no crowd gathered, and workmen a hundred feet away did not stop their work.

Such an avalanche of wretchedness never slipped upon any American city. Horrors piled on horrors, woe augmenting woe; bankruptcy, orphanage, widowhood, childlessness, obliterated homesteads, gorged cemeteries and scenes so excruciating - it is a marvel that any one could look upon them and escape insanity. No fear that sympathy for Johnstown will be overdone! The two and a half million dollars contributed is a small amount compared with the thirty millions by this flood demolished.

Was the work of devastation as great as I supposed? Far worse. Types cannot tell it. Only the eye can make revelation. But the worst part of it cannot be seen. The heart-wreck caused by the sudden departure of so many can be open only to one eye, and that the All-Seeing. Think of one family of fourteen all dead except one, and that the wife and mother, and she the witness of their drowning! I

saw the grave trench in which two hundred and sixty were buried, and the whole graveyard like a National cemetery, in which the unrecognized dead have a particular number placed above them and are recorded in the undertakers' rooms with a description of the body and clothes. I can well understand how many of the survivors who had buried their kindred before this disaster occurred, thanked God that they were gone, saying: 'Oh, I am so glad that they escaped this.'

Long after contributions of money have ceased, Johnstown will stand in need of the sympathy of all nations. Let those who to-night have roofs over their heads and their families around them, or the bodies of their departed in garlanded sepulchres, give at least one prayerful thought to the shattered homesteads of Johnstown, and those who know not in what depth of river or what pile of debris the beloved form of father or mother or husband or wife or child may be slumbering. Among the Johnstown people who have been heroic, assiduous and self-denying, I mention Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., who has presided over the morgues and been inspiration and hope and cheer to all people. On the night of the disaster, having escaped with his family from the topmost window of his home and climbed across the roofs of floating homes, he entered the window of a tall building where there were, on the three floors, more than two hundred and fifty people, and he spent the night going from floor to floor praying with the distressed and frantic, and uttering words eloquent with good cheer. But room would fail to write not of the five, but the five hundred acts of this tragedy of centuries.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter VI - Miscellaneous - 4. Personal Sketches

ARTHUR J. MOXHAM

There are unwritten histories of men whose heroic accomplishments in useful industry entitle them to greater fame than the "hero of an hundred battles." The man who, overcoming the disadvantages of a restricted life, without the command of the ordinary resources of money and influence, rises by self-culture and persistent industry to prominence and success, is deserving of great honor. The men who "scorn delights and live laborious days" are educating themselves in a school from which they inevitably graduate with honor to themselves and with benefit to all who follow them. An example of this is one of Johnstown's most valued and valuable citizens, Mr. Arthur J. Moxham, President of the Johnson Company, whose rolling-mills and iron-works are among the most extensive in the country.

Mr. Moxham comes from that sturdy, talented, heroic little country in the heart of England that has refused to be absorbed, and to this day holds the principality which is succession to the throne of Great Britain - Wales. He was born in Glamorganshire, September 19th, 1854. At the age of 15, in 1869, he came to this country. He found his way to Louisville, Ky., and there engaged in iron manufacture until 1875. During this short period he made such rapid progress in the science of the iron industry as to become an expert as well as a practical workman. In 1878, he removed to Birmingham, Ala., where he organized the Birmingham Rolling-Mill Company, and built according to his own ideas and plans the Birmingham Rolling-Mills, which are the largest merchant mills in the Southern States. He retained the management of these for two years and then returned to Louisville. Shortly after this he was elected president of the Johnston Company at Johnstown, to which he moved in 1883. These works, comprising rolling-mills, the Miles foundry and a curve and switch work, have greatly prospered under his direction.

Mr. Moxham married Miss Helen Coleman, of an old and prominent Kentucky family. The public estimate was indicated in the choice of him, immediately after the flood, to be the chief of the provisional government.

GOVERNOR BEAVER

General James A. Beaver was born in Millerstown, Pa., October 21st, 1837. His ancestors came from Alsace in 1740, and were Huguenots seeking refuge and religious freedom in America. They settled in Chester County, Pa., and became principal actors in the affairs of the colony and the struggle for independence. In all the wars of the country and in times of peace they have acted a leading part. James A. Beaver's father died in 1840, three years after the birth of his son, and to his mother's care, training and influence he owes his education and success. In 1846 she sent him to school in Belleville, Mifflin County. In 1852 he was removed to Pine Grove Academy, whence, in 1854, he entered the junior class in Jefferson College. He graduated in 1856, and then read law with H.N. McAllister at Bellefonte, Pa, and on arriving at age became his partner, and later, his son-in-law.

Here he joined the military company, "Bellefonte Fencibles," under command of Captain Andrew G. Curtin, afterward the "War Governor of Pennsylvania." He was 2d Lieutenant of this company at the secession of the Southern States, and on the President's call for troops he offered himself. On the organization of the 45th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers he was made Lieutenant Colonel. On the new call for volunteers, in 1862, he was commissioned Colonel of the 148th Regiment, having rendered eminent service at Hilton Head, South Carolina, and other places. His new regiment was first assigned to the Army of the Potomac, in General Hancock's Corps, at Fredricksburg, and first engaged in battle at Chancellorsville, May 2d and 3d, 1863, when it maintained the advanced position and suffered heavily, Colonel Beaver being wounded at the head of the regiment. During the treatment of his wounds he was appointed, at his own request, recruiting officer of Camp Curtin. He rejoined his regiment at Gettysburg, though his condition would not permit of his participation in the battle. He led

it through the Wilderness campaign, 1864, and led the successful assault upon the Confederate works at Spottsylvania Court House. At the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, Colonel Brooke having been wounded, he was put in command of the brigade, and held the advanced position under fire all day. On June 16th, 1864, he was again wounded in the first assault upon Petersburg. He returned to duty, although not in a condition to do so. He rode to the battlefield of Ream's Station in an ambulance, and just as he assumed command his right leg was shattered, necessitating amputation, rendering him incapable of active service. He was brevetted Brigadier General of Volunteers November 10th, 1864. He refused to be promoted, on the ground that it would remove him from the regiment with which he had enlisted and desired to remain until the end.

Governor Beaver has been successful in his profession of the law. His prominence has not been acquired by his self-seeking, personal efforts, for he has ever devoted himself closely to his own line of duty and life. He has been sought out by his fellow-citizens. He was elected a trustee of the Pennsylvania State University in 1873. He was elected Governor of the State in 1886, in which position he became the natural helper of desolated Johnstown.

Governor Beaver has been true to the religious teachings of his mother and the traditions of his Huguenot ancestors. He united with the Presbyterian Church and was elected to the ruling eldership. He holds this office to-day; and while his Christian views and sympathies are comprehensive, he is a consistent and earnest Presbyterian. This, perhaps, has something to do with one of his leading characteristics - that he is never loth to assume responsibility of duty and action when once he is satisfied that they attach to him.

GENERAL D.H. HASTINGS

It is difficult to express in a few lines the value of General Hastings' services and the kindly regard the people of Conemaugh Valley entertain toward him. He arrived on June 1st, and during his stay discharged the difficult and delicate duties of his position in a manner entirely creditable to himself and satisfactory to the people. Colonel Spangler shows this in his report, in which he renders his testimony as an associate of General Hastings in the government and relief of our stricken valley.

General Daniel Hartman Hastings was born at Saloona, Clinton County, Pennsylvania, February 16th, 1849. His father was a native of Ireland, and his mother of Scotland. This he combines in himself the blood of the two peoples who have made themselves notable in the history of the world in the struggle for civil and religious liberty.

His life until he was 14 was spent on a farm, alternately working and attending the district school. He so improved his opportunities as to be able at 14 to teach school; and in 1867, when only 18, he was elected principal of the Bellefonte public schools, which position he held until 1875. During this time he pursued a course of higher studies, classical and English, and for part of the time was associate editor of the Bellefonte *Republican*. Here he read law with the firm of Bush & Yocum, of Bellefonte, was admitted to the bar in 1875, and entered into partnership with them, the firm becoming Bush, Yocum & Hastings. He subsequently associated with Wilbur F. Reeder, as Hastings & Reeder. In October, 1877, he married Miss Jane Armstrong Rankin, of Bellefonte.

General Hastings has always taken interest in public affairs. In 1876 he was chief burgess of Bellefonte and is now a trustee of the Pennsylvania State University. Ever since he entered the National Guard of the State, it has improved. He has risen from the position of Captain to that of Adjutant General, to which he was appointed by Governor Beaver, January 18th, 1887.

REV. ALONZO POTTER DILLER

Rev. Alonzo P. Diller, rector of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal church, whose death is recorded in

another part of the book, was greatly beloved by his own parishioners and highly esteemed by the whole community. He was a cultured gentleman, and efficient minister of the Gospel. He was a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster City, the resident of his father, who is a very influential citizen of that portion of the State. Mr. Diller was only about 30 years of age, and had attained a wide reputation in his denomination as a writer and preacher. He married one of Johnstown's most attractive and cultivated young ladies. Their death had made a vacancy in the Church and society which can scarce be filled. I have made many efforts to obtain the particular incidents of his life and ministerial career, so as to publish biographical sketch, but have not been successful.

REV. GEORGE WAGONER, M.D.

Rev. George Wagoner was born near Madison, Westmoreland County, Pa. His parents came from Germany. He was 64 years of age when he died. his father, Rev. George Wagoner, was a minister in the Allegheny Conference of the Church of United Brethren in Christ. Rev. Dr. Wagoner early became a sincere Christian, and a useful member of the same Conference. He spent many years in the active work of the ministry, and was an able expounder of the Word - very successful in winning souls to Christ and in building up the Church.

During the last ten years of his life, on account of ill-health, he was not able to preach and labor constantly. He was located in Johnstown, and there organized a Sabbath-school and labored especially for the salvation of the young. He was assigned to that charge by the Conference from year to year until his death. The charge was called Stony Creek Mission. Up to teh 31st of May, when the great flood came upon us, he conducted the Sabbath-school. He had purchased ground on which he intended to build a chapel.

The terrible tempest and flood swept away Dr. Wagoner's house, which was a solid brick structure, drowning himself, his wife and his three unmarried daughters.

Mrs. Mary Wagoner, his wife, was 60 years of age; Miss Cora Wagoner was 23, Miss Lizzie 21, and Miss Frances 18 years.

Another daughter, Emma W., who was married to Mr. Frank Bowman, was also lost in the flood, with her two children, Jessie and Francis, 4 and 2 years of age.

The religious denomination of which this godly man and esteemed citizen was a minister, during a camp meeting at Cape May in the summer of 1889, held a memorial service to him. His character, life and ministry were commended by his brethren in affectionate terms as worthy of all example.

REV. EDWARD W. JONES, D.D.

Rev. Dr. Edward W. Jones was the pastor of the Welsh Congregational church. He was born in North Wales in 1832, and, after fifteen years in the ministry there, emigrated hither, and was for eighteen years pastor in Johnstown. He ably and faithfully performed all the duties of the ministry, and had gathered a devoted flock around him. He was a true shepherd, understanding and fulfilling his office of teacher and guide. He possessed the sturdy and generous qualities of the Welsh people, their strength of intellect and religious principles. He and his entire household perished in the flood, with the little daughter of Mrs. R.R. Thomas, who was at the time in his house. The body of Mrs. Jones is the only one of the family that has been recovered.

Of the 150 members of his church sixty were destroyed. All of these were worthy, industrious and useful people. Such a calamity as this alone would have spread a dark pall over the city. The church building as well as the parsonage was entirely swept away. Thus this congregation of most excellent

people of God was most severely afflicted. Truly "out of the depths they cry unto the Lord." They now hold their services in the rooms formerly occupied by the State Flood Commission.

REV. J. PHILLIP LICHTENBERG

Rev. J. Phillip Lichtenberg, the German Lutheran minister who was drowned, was born in Cassel, Germany. After graduating from the Gymnasium College at Hersfeldt, he entered the Marburg University, whence he went to Basle, Switzerland, to study the Arabic and Amharic languages, with a view to entering on missionary labor in Abyssinia.

By 1867 he was prevented from embarking on his mission there by the war against King Theodore. In this same year, he changed his plans, came to this country, and entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia. After graduating in 1869, and being ordained priest, he received a call to Saugerties, Ulster County, N.Y. In 1878 he accepted a call to the Lutheran Zion Church of Utica, N.Y. After doing good work at this place, he came to Johnstown early in the month on the last day of which the great disaster befell us. On the 24th of May he wrote to Mr. Kessler a letter in which the following language occurs:

"Johnstown is beautifully situated, and has about thirty thousand inhabitants, many of whom are wealthy and cultured German Lutheran people. They were formerly divided among themselves, but have, through my unanimous selection, been happily united, and are now active and enthusiastic in church work. A new school-house will be built, and we have a fine teacher whose father and brother are preachers in Baltimore. I have formed a young men's society, and hope to make its membership over three hundred. I have also formed a young ladies' society. Every seat in the large church is rented, and never before did I see so many men in a congregation. I thank God for the change. He has done all things wonderfully well. My congregation is now engaged on a new constitution, and I can remain in the General Synod. The old constitution forbade this."

Before leaving Utica he sang "Jerusalem the Golden, I would I were in Thee." Sooner than he expected his wish has been granted.

JOHN FENN

The circumstances attending the death of Mr. John Fenn are peculiar sad and touching. He was one of the best and most enterprising of Johnstown's citizens - an honest man and sincere Christian. By honorable and persistent industry he had built up a successful stove and tinware business, and had in the home he was enabled to maintain a happy family group in his wife and seven lovely children. He was at the store when the waters arose to an unusual height, and, becoming alarmed for his loved ones, started for his home. He was overtaken by the fearful wave. He took refuge in the house of the editor of the *Johnstown Democrat*. Soon, however, that house was knocked to pieces, and he was thrown into the flood. Seeing that he must perish, he called to Mr. Henry Derritt to bid his wife and children farewell, and then was swept out of sight. His own house, at the same time, with Mrs. Fenn and the children, was hurled away and demolished. The children all perished; Mrs. Fenn was saved in a wondrous way. She was unable for weeks by reason of sickness to obtain any clew to their remains. But finally the bodies of little Bismarck and Gevieve were identified, and, later, the grave of her husband, in Prospect Cemetery, by a key-ring and pocket-book, which had been preserved in the Presbyterian Morgue and numbered correspondingly with the grave. The picture of the Fenn group in another part of this book emphasizes the sad story of the destruction of Mr. Fenn's home, and of the lonely and childless widow.

JOHN DIBERT

John Dibert was born in Somerset County, Pa., January 1831. He came to Johnstown in 1846, where becoming a hardware merchant he accumulated property until he counted his wealth by hundreds of thousands. His magnificent residence on Main Street melted before the flood. He and his daughter, Mrs. Sue Weaver, and two grandchildren were drowned. Mrs. Dibert was severely injured by the falling of a part of the wall, but is recovering. Mr. Dibert became one of the very first influential citizens of Johnstown - a leader in all commercial and public enterprises. He was a valuable member of the Presbyterian Church, and was ever ready to advance its welfare and encourage the pastor. The loss to the Church can never be repaired.

OTHERS

James P. McConaughey, a nephew of the Rev. Dr. McConaughey, a former president of Washington College, Pa., was one of our most prominent citizens. His large residence on the corner of Walnut and Washington Streets was swept away as grass before a scythe. He, his wife and one son perished. He was one of the most even-tempered and upright men I ever knew. He was about 70 years of age.

Howard J. Roberts was cashier of First National Bank, about 60 years of age, and one of our most reliable citizens. He, his wife and youngest son, Otis were drowned. He was recognized as one of the best bankers in Western Pennsylvania.

From the legal profession, Mr. Harry G. Rose, John N. Weakland and Theodore F. Zimmerman were lost. The bar of Johnstown in their death suffers a great bereavement.

The People's Building and Loan Association, of which Mr. Rose was solicitor, passed a series of resolutions, of which this one expresses the estimate in which he was held:

Resolved, That in his demise the bar of Cambria County has lost one of its shining lights, our Association a valuable officer, his wife a loving husband, society a leading member, and his companions a sincere friend.

Mr. Rose was also the District Attorney, and as such magnified his office, and discharged all its duties ably and to the praise of the courts. His death, just at the time when he had demonstrated his abilities and worth to the whole community, and as he had entered upon the strength of his manhood and powers, is beyond question one of the heaviest losses which Johnstown suffered by the flood.

The medical faculty lost Drs. L.T. Beam, W.C. Beam, J.K. Lee, J.P. Wilson, H.W. Marbourg and C.C. Brinkey, all of whom were skillful physicians, and had successfully established themselves in practice.

John G. Alexander, in 1882, removed with his family to Johnstown, where he took the same position in the Church and in society which he had occupied in his former homes. He was elected an elder in the Church, and superintendent of the Sabbath-school. These offices he filled with great faithfulness and acceptability.

Little is known of the immediate circumstances attending the loss of Mr. Alexander's life, and that of his wife, by the dreadful torrent that swept Johnstown and its people to destruction. He was spoken to by a friend shortly before, and returned to his house. The cold waters cover the rest of the story.

Out of 126 Hebrew citizens of Johnstown, thirty-two perished. Henry Goldenberg, A.J. Nathan and others who were drowned stood in the front rank as merchants.

The Roman Catholic churches, of which there are four in the borough, lost about a thousand of their people. Ex-Sheriff Ryan and J.J. Murphy were among the most prominent of this faith whom the flood swept away.

Mr. Jacob Swank was an honored Johnstownner. Born in Somerset County, he came to this city when about 30 years of age, and for three decades filled here an important place in society, in business, and in the Lutheran Church.

Among the rescuers at the stone bridge special praise is awarded Superintendent Hayes, Liveryman Young, Jacob Smith, Alexander Adair, and the son of Judge Potts.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter VI - Miscellaneous - 5. Apocryphal Stories

THE PAUL REVERE OF JOHNSTOWN

It may or not be always desirable to disenchant the mind of illusions or to refute apocryphal stories of heroic achievement. When their purpose is to please the fancy, or incite to noble deeds, they may be allowed to stand. We do not even in this prosaic age moot the question whether the exploits of William Tell, or Arnold von Winkelried, or Joan of Arc, or Robin Hood and his merry men were historical, or only mythical, inspired by the spirit of resistance to tyranny and the desire to infuse the love of liberty into the breasts of men.

In times of war there are nearly always some who develop heroic traits and make the "circumstances of war" the occasion of some splendid deed.

In times of calamity there are those whose nature is so heroic as to forget their own peril in the desire to save others. Regardless of personal safety, they fly to the rescue. Some of these supreme ones have become immortalized in art and epic verse, but best of all in the hearts of mankind. Conemaugh Valley furnished many who will never be immortalized in song and story.

When a newspaper employs a correspondent, or the correspondent undertakes to manufacture a hero for a stipulated price, those who know of the fraud should expose it - especially if the conclusions, which will be inevitably drawn from it, reflect upon the common sense of the sufferers in the calamity.

A story was published in a leading daily and reprinted over the world of an alleged young hero who is said to have seized a horse and rode with speed through the valley and the streets of Johnstown, warning the people of the coming flood, crying, "To the hills: the dam has broken." It was said he did not leave the lowlands until he had completed the circuit of the city, and with the leaping, rolling flood fast upon his track sought to reach the hills, but was overwhelmed and drowned. I give my readers a part of this story from one of the books, as a specimen of imaginative heroism: "At last he completed the circuit of the city, and started in search of a place of safety for himself. To the hills he urged his noble steed. Tired out from its awful ride, the animal became slower and slower at every stride, while the water continued to come faster and faster in pursuit. Like an assassin upon the trail of its victim, it gained step by step upon the intrepid rider. But the hills are in sight. Yes, he will gain them in safety. No, he is doomed; for at that moment a mighty wave, black and angrier than the rest, overtook horse and rider, and drew both back into the outstretched arms of death." This fate was very necessary to the story, as it rendered an interview of the hero by another impossible.

He was called the "Paul Revere of Johnstown." The name of the imaginary hero was Daniel Peyton. Everybody outside of Conemaugh Valley believed the story. Consequently, great surprise was expressed that the people did not heed the warning and escape to the hills - that they could be deaf to it thus publicly and heroically given. We were condemned for our supposed heedlessness or unbelief.

The answer which we make to this is that there is not one word of truth in the story from beginning to end. There was not a single incident which could authorize or justify the tragic story. The great daily that published it was either imposed upon, or committed a gross fraud upon the world and perpetrated a cruel myth upon our people. Close investigation has not been able to locate a Daniel Peyton anywhere in the Conemaugh Valley. The circumstances were all against the possibility of such an occurrence.

The South Fork dam and lake are nine miles in a straight line from Johnstown, and over fourteen miles by the turnpike. This road is the only way by which it is possible to ride from the lake to the city. The greatest speed of a horse for that distance would not accomplish the ride in less than an hour. Then the ride through the streets of Johnstown, provided man and horse were not exhausted,

would occupy fifteen minutes more. Now, after the dam broke, the flood traveled as fast as the horse could run. The time of its passage was about twenty-five minutes, and the entire destruction occupied not more than half an hour. But the streets of Johnstown, besides the greater part of the Valley road, were under water. During the hours when this famous hero is said to have galloped through them, there were from three to ten feet of water in all our streets; and the housekeepers were engaged in removing carpets and furniture from their lower floors. The impossibility of a horse galloping through Johnstown between noon and 4 o'clock is at once apparent.

The fact is, that while there had been for years uneasiness in the public mind concerning the South Fork dam, when the flood came it was as sudden as an earthquake. The narratives of our most calm and intelligent citizens which this book contains show this. It was, as they all describe it, "One moment life, the next one death."

Rev. D.M. Miller, pastor of the Conemaugh Presbyterian Church, in a letter, says: "In regard to the warning having been given at Conemaugh Telegraph Station, the operators on duty that day affirm that they had received no intelligence in regard to the reservoir having given way; that the first intimation they had was the sight of the rolling mass coming down the narrow valley above them, apparently thirty or forty feet high; they dropped their instruments and fled from the signal-tower, barely in time to reach the elevation ground, wading knee deep in water much of the way."

Again, the Pennsylvania Railroad trains were lying at East Conemaugh, detailed by water on the tracks. In them were leading officials of the company, and they had sent ahead to ascertain the condition of the road and the prospect of "going ahead." East Conemaugh is from one and a half to two miles nearer the dam than Johnstown. Nothing at this point was seen or heard of the furious and fateful rider.

Miss Ehrenfeldt, the telegraph operator at South Fork Station, gives this account: "Between 11 and 12 o'clock, A.M., that day, a man came into the station-tower and said I should telegraph to Johnstown that the dam would break. He seemed very much excited, and could not tell exactly what he wanted. Communication with Johnstown was cut off after the middle of the afternoon, and not message could go farther than Mineral Point. I tried repeatedly to get the office at Johnstown, but failed."

Thus writes Rev. G.W. Brown to me, inclosing the remarks of Miss Ehrenfeldt: "The people of Johnstown did not receive authoritative notice that the dam either would break or had broken, and did not deserve the condemnation passed upon them."

For the heroism of the event we must look at those brave men and women and children who, while being whirled and dashed about in the angry waters, and before the awful wreck that rushed down upon them, were bearing up and helping others to cling to means of rescue. God only knows how much of this heroism was enacted. We know of some who died in the act of saving others. This was a greater, nobler heroism than that on horseback, real or imagined.

To clinch this refutation of the story, the following prominent citizens have given me authority herewith to attach their names as uniting with me in this endeavor to disabuse the public mind, and relieve our people from the imputation upon their good sense and common prudence:

John Henderson
F.D. Jolly
Chas. Zimmerman
Prof. F.B. Cunz
A.W. Luckhardt
Sol. Reineman
G.W. Mapledoram
C.O. Wilson
John Thomas
L.M. Woolf & Son
Will. B. Dibert

Kramer Bros.
C. Simon
J. Earl Ode
Irwin Horrell, Burgess of Johnstown
J.E. Sedlmeyer
F.H. Roberts
John D. Roberts Casti
Curt G. Campbell
Alex. N. Hart

THE MIRACLE ABOUT THE VIRGIN'S STATUE

One of the most preposterous of the stories that were perpetrated upon the wondering world was that of an alleged miracle in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Cambria City. The waters rushed into the church shortly after the congregation had retired from a service in worship of the Virgin Mary. The floor was submerged, the pews upset, and things pretty generally scattered and damaged. On the next morning the statue of the Virgin, which had been decorated with flowers, wreaths and lace, appeared uninjured. The report added that this was so, although the water had risen several feet above the height of the statue. This created such wide interest that I received inquiries from distant parts of the country about it. One theological student was greatly concerned, and wanted my explanation of the phenomenon.

The phenomenon explained itself. The statue and pedestal were made of wood. Consequently, they floated on the surface of the water. The pedestal, being the heavier portion, kept the statue in a perpendicular position above the waters, and when they subsided, it settled down, showing little effects from the flood. It would have been more of a miracle if it had been submerged and wet and bedraggled like the other objects; for it is the nature of wood to float; and if it had not floated, that would have been contrary to nature, and, therefore, a miracle.

Our intelligent Roman Catholic citizens were greatly chagrined that they were supposedly to be so silly as to accept this most natural occurrence as a miracle. One of them said to me: "Do the people of this country think we are fools to believe such folly?" Yet in a book on the Johnstown Flood there is this concluding sentence to this account: "Every one who has seen the statue and its surroundings is firmly convinced that the incident was a miraculous one, and even to the most skeptical the affair savors of the supernatural."

BIBLES BURNED AND FAITH ABANDONED

This dispatch was telegraphed to the press on June 10th, eleven days after the flood:

"The people of Johnstown have lost all their faith in Providence. Many of them have thrown away their Bibles since the disaster, while others have openly burned them. They make no concealment of this.

During the flood, one of the most upright and devout merchants of the town was rescued as by a miracle. It was with considerable difficulty that he was revived, but as he was lying on the bed a clergyman who was present dropped on his knees and earnestly began to pray.

'Leave me,' cried the merchant. 'This is no time to pray or thank God. I never want to see your face again.'

A lady who had lost her husband and four children was gathering together the relics of her home, when she came across the family Bible containing the record of her birth, marriage and births of her

children. A stranger happened to pass, and, tearing the records out, she proffered the book to him. The man happened to be a clergyman.

'Do you realize, madam, what you are doing?' asked the minister.

'Perfectly,' was the reply. 'I have not further use for that book. I have always tried to be a consistent Christian woman. I brought up my four girls as strictly as I had been, but I cannot read that book any more.'"

As this went through the entire press of the country, the presumption was that it was a Associated Press dispatch. If so, its managers or agents are deserving of severest reprehension. If there were any individual cases like the above, or if the cases cited were genuine, this did not sanction this wholesale slander upon and insult to the common sense and Christian faith of the people of Johnstown. Did the sender of that dispatch suppose that people who had been trained in the Word of God in the home and church, and who had proved its power and consolation in all the experiences of life, would throw it all away in the hour when most they needed it? Had he so little conception of the nature and strength of that conviction, wrought by the Spirit of God in the heart of the Christian, to suppose that any calamity, any suffering, and death could eradicate it from that heart and convert him to infidelity?

The fact is, infidelity inspired that dispatch. Those cases never occurred.

The very terms of the dispatch, the particularity of the circumstances described, the animus that runs through its lines, plainly indicate that it was the work of an enemy to the Bible and the Christian ministry. It was the inspiration of the same being who said to the Lord that if Job would lose all his wealth, his children, his health, if he became involved in disaster, he would give up his faith. This is the charge of Satan against the religion of God:

"Doth Job fear God for naught? Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land: But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." This was Satan's slander upon the faithfulness of God and the strength of His righteousness to uphold His children. Satan meant that religion is a matter of gain: God's righteousness a spider's web that could snap at the first strain. Yet Job, when suffering all the complicated calamities of life, when he let go everything else, cried, "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go." And his experience has been verified by every man and woman with a true faith in God. Witness those prayers in the darkness of Friday night in Alma Hall, in the churches and other places of refuge. Witness that saintly woman who was being swept to her death in the waters, softly singing as she floated down:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Witness the gathering again of the people in the sanctuaries, and reviewing their vows to God and their Redeemer. This press dispatch was inspired by the same animosity with which Satan assailed the religion of Job.

The author wanted to make the world believe that the religion of the Bible is a sham. He used these poor sticken, flood people of Johnstown, who gave him no occasion, to cast his aspersions upon the word and faith of God. The unbeliever takes up the charge of Satan and says, "Men are Christians for the sake of gain or power or influence. They do not serve God for naught. Take away the Christian's health or wealth, and you will take away his religion. Tear down his life, and he will tear down his altar. Touch his flesh and bone, and he will curse thee to thy face." This lie did not originate after the Johnstown Flood. The devil had been going up and down in the earth tossing it to and fro. He who repeats it only echoes the charge of his master.

Part of that dispatch was designed to strike at the ministry. We are not ignorant of the device. The author overreached himself when he presented that alleged remarks of the "most upright and devout merchant to the minister." He had no conception of real religion. If he had he would have known better than to have made such a remark come from an "upright and devout man;" for the first characteristic of true religion is to be sanctified and strengthened by suffering. The religion of Christianity was born in suffering; and its Author was "made perfect - in His redeeming work - through suffering."

It so happened that the passing man to whom the enraged lady gave the Bible after she had torn out the record of her birth was also a clergyman. How very minutely the scene was presented and the words recorded. That scene was born in the head of the author of the dispatch; and in front of that head it does not require close inspection to see the incipient horns of "the slanderer of God's children." No Christian woman could or would have spoken and acted as he alleges this one did. We have diligently inquired for the merchant, the minister and the lady, and have not been able to find or hear of them.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter VI - Miscellaneous - 6. The Flood Commission's Work

On Thursday, January 16th, 1890, the Flood Commission held a meeting in Philadelphia. Governor Beaver presided. The other members present were J.S. Scott, S.S. Marvin, Reuben Miller, of Pittsburgh; Francis B. Reeves, Robert C. Ogden and John Y. Huber, of Philadelphia. The Commission took up the question of caring for the orphans left by the flood. There are thirty-two children on the hands of the Commission who lost their parents in the great disaster.

Mr. Reeves said that he had made arrangements with a trust company which would insure the sum of \$50 a year to each orphan under the care of the Commission. This arrangement contemplated the depositing with the company sum of \$98,900. The Commission approved of this plan, and appropriated that sum for the orphans' fund. There have already been paid to the guardians of the orphans \$16,100; so the fund actually is \$115,000. This fund, it is claimed, will just work itself out so that when the last child becomes 16 years of age the fund will have been exhausted.

Secretary Kremer's report showed that there had been left by the flood 116 widows, to whom have been paid \$179,471, and to whom, for their children, will be paid \$95,250 in annual payments ranging as the number and ages of their children.

The question of erecting and equipping a permanent hospital in Johnstown for the benefit of the Conemaugh Valley was discussed and agreed upon. There were appropriated for this purpose \$40,000.

Francis B. Reeves gave out the cash statement of the Commission to January 15th, together with the appropriations made at the meeting as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Amount received by Governor directly	1,225,872.83
Amount received from the Philadelphia Committee	600,000.00
Amount received from the Pittsburgh Committee	560,000.00
Amount received from the New York Committee	516,199.85
	<hr/>
Total cash receipts by Commission	2,902,072.68

EXPENDITURES.

Appropriations and expenditures, Johnstown	2,430,393.69
Expenditures in other parts of the State	232,264.45
Distributed as specially directed by donors	2,271.85
Office expenses, Harrisburg	1,398.42
General expenses	1,318.70
First annuity to orphans	16,100.00
	<hr/>
Cash on deposit in Harrisburg	218,325.57
	<hr/>
	2,902,072.68
	<hr/>
Above balance deposited, Harrisburg	218,325.57
Undistributed in Johnstown	36,384.03
	<hr/>
Total money on deposit	254,709.60
Less appropriated to other parts of State waiting payment	17,735.55
	<hr/>
Net unapplied	236,974.05
Appropriations made this day:	
Sundry claims ordered paid	22,442.65
Appropriated for Williamsport Hospital	5,000.00
Appropriated for Johnstown Hospital	40,000.00
Annuities to orphans	115,000.00
Less first payment	16,100.00
	<hr/>
	98,900.00
Balance at this date	70,631.40
	<hr/>
	236,974.05

J.B. Scott, in speaking of the money distributed, said: "The \$2,430,000 distributed in Johnstown by the Commission does not include the money sent to the local finance committee, which is in the aggregate somewhere between \$100,000 and \$150,000. Nor does it include the money expended by the Pittsburgh Committee before the Flood Relief Commission was organized, which amounted to nearly \$250,000. Then the money distributed by beneficial societies and private parties has not been taken into consideration. On the whole, therefore, there has been about \$3,000,000 left in the Conemaugh Valley since the first of last June."

Secretary Kremer said: "The total number known to have been lost, as far as my information goes, is 2,228. The morgue records show about 2,000 bodies as passed through their care. During the last sixty days the Commission has had transferred from the various cemeteries, to its plot in Grand View Cemetery, 741 bodies. All but 87 of them were unknown, and there were about 40 identified by their clothing during the removal."

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter VI - Miscellaneous - 7. The Lesson of the Flood

The one great lesson which this disaster teaches and enjoins upon us is the wisdom, duty and necessity of constant watchfulness of ourselves and fidelity in the discharge of present duty. Watching, working and waiting; at morn, at noon, at night, ever ready to labor on or to quit at the Lord's command. Death, wherever and whenever, and in whatever form it occurs, terminates our earthly career and fixes our eternal state. "But the end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer," said the Apostle Peter. The best preparation for the future life is the sober and watchful occupation of the present.

This has never been better expressed than in Whittier's poem on Abraham Davenport:

May Day, 1780, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon
A horror of great darkness like the night,
In day, of which the Norland sages tell -
The twilight of the gods.
Men prayed and women wept; all ears grew
Sharp to hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky.
* * * * *

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the law-givers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Last Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then as if with one accord
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
Be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command,
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where he hath set me in His providence,
I chose for one to meet Him face to face -
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of heaven calls,
And, therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work; we will see to ours:
Bring in the candles."

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)

Chapter VII - Historical Sketch of Johnstown

BY W. HORACE ROSE

Whether the "sugar-loaf" on the hill-top, south of the point of confluence of the Stony Creek and Little Conemaugh was the work of the "Mound-builders," or an altar, or a burial-heap of the first of the Indian tribes who peopled the regions of Laurel Hill, is a matter of conjecture, and the truth of the cause of the peculiar elevation will remain, to this generation at least, undetermined. But certain it is that, on the flat piece of ground lying between the waters of the two streams, at the base of a foot-hill of the Allegheny Mountains was, long years ago, located an Indian town. When it was laid out, how many wigwams it contained, where the cornpatch was located; at what spot the flagstone, on which the hominy was pounded, lay; where the war-dance was performed, or the torture-stake planted, is now unknown. Local antiquaries, including the Chairman of the Committee on Local History of the Cambria Scientific Institute, are not agreed as to the name of the town. Some claim that it was called Kickapoo, others Kickneapawling; many maintain that Old Town was the correct name, while a few - and they seem to have the records, so far as the records exist, with them - that the true name was "Conemaugh Old Town."

The earliest record contained in the Land Office shows that on April 3d, 1769, one Charles Campbell entered, at Lancaster, an application for a tract of vacant land on the east side of Conemaugh Creek, between the Allegheny and Laurel Hill, in Bedford County, called "Conemaugh Old Town," which contained 249 acres and allowance of 6 per cent.; so that those who knew more of the town and its inhabitants, about the middle of the last century, than our local antiquaries, put on record their knowledge of names; and people who are not overly curious will settle down to the conclusion that Campbell gave to the Land Office the proper name of the tract, for the right to purchase which he presented his application.

Several conveyances of land were made, the patent for the same being issued April 26th, 1788, to James McLanahan, who, on September 30th, 1793, conveyed the tract to Joseph Johnson, *alias* Shantz, or Johns.

The exact reason, Mr. Johns, as he was afterward known, gave for now knowing his own name has not been, as yet, settled. Eight years after his purchase he laid out on the lower end of his tract, at the confluence of the two streams, a town, calling it Conemaugh. This town extended no farther eastward than Franklin Street, but contained eight streets, six alleys, a market square, a playground, a graveyard, a square for churches and schools, and a reservation of four lots for county buildings. The charter was recorded at Somerset, the land being at that date within Somerset County.

Johns was looking forward to the time, not when his little town was to be noted as a great manufacturing city, but a stately county seat for the new county then being called for by the residents of Northern Somerset. Conemaugh was at the head of water navigation westward. Blooms were hauled over the mountain by way of Frankstown Road, and then shipped in flat-boats down the Conemaugh River. At an early day a forge was built on the Stony Creek, the dam being located opposite what is now Levergood Avenue. In 1828 the work on the main line of State improvements was begun, and Conemaugh was beginning to assume importance as the head of the western division of the canal and the terminus of the Allegheny Portage Railroad. In January, 1831, the town was duly incorporated into a borough by Act of the Legislature. On July 11th, 1842, the name was, by Act of Assembly, changed to Johnstown. Meanwhile Peter Levergood had become proprietor, and laid out the town above Franklin Street, and the lots which form what is now the borough of Conemaugh, erected by the Act of March 23d, 1849.

Back as far as 1832, prospecting for iron ore began, and resulted in the erection of furnace after furnace around Johnstown, until it became the center of numerous works conducted by George S. King, a resident of the town, in company with the famous iron master and pioneer furnace man, Dr. Shoenberger; Cambria or "Calico" furnace, as it was called, owing to the mode of paying the

employees, located three miles northwest of Johnstown, being the first erection near the town.

But the growth of Johnstown was slow, and, indeed, when the Central Railroad was built, in 1852, the business on the canal was practically abandoned, it looked gloomy enough for owners of lots, nothing but the trade of the furnaces being left to support the town. In 1853 Mr. George S. King succeeded in his great work of organizing the Cambria Iron Company, and the beginning of a new era dawned upon Johnstown. While there was some trouble in the management of the great iron works, and the industry seemed likely to fail, it was the foundation for the colossal establishment which, under its present efficient control and management, is now of world-wide renown.

The population of Johnstown proper is not a fair estimate of the place. Over 30,000 people are located in the irregular valleys of the Conemaugh and Stony Creek, but are divided into ten boroughs or municipalities, to wit: Johnstown, Conemaugh, Millville, Cambria, Coopersdale, Woodvale, Prospect, East Conemaugh, Franklin and Grubtown; and three towns, Moxham, Morrellville and Walnut Grove, either of sufficient size to be incorporated, all of which boroughs and towns are collectively called Johnstown, as they are immediately contiguous or divided only by the streams in their meanderings through the mountains.

Located in the several boroughs are twenty-six churches, some of them stately edifices; twenty-two buildings, containing fifty-three rooms, are used for the purposes of the common schools, while for select and parochial schools three buildings and sixteen rooms are used.

A beautiful and expensive building, the free gift of the Cambria Iron Company, is dedicated to public use as a library, its shelves being filled with well-selected books.

A rolling-mill, two steel works, seven furnaces, with a host of shops of different kinds, the property of the Cambria Iron Company, a wire-drawing mill, a spring manufactory, two barbed-wire works, a tannery, two steam brick works, a steam fire-brick and cement works, a pottery, two woolen factories, two grist mills, five planing mills, two machine shops, two foundries, and the plant of the Street Railway Company, consisting of a rolling-mill, with divers machine shops, foundries and other divisions, with the Pennsylvania Railroad shops, are among the industries giving employment to thousands of sturdy men who dwell on the site of the old Indian village.

A street car line with a rapid transit road from Moxham to Johnstown connects the several towns together, affording easy and rapid communication. Nine iron bridges at different points span the two rivers, affording wagon communication between the towns, to say nothing of the bridges used by the Cambria Iron Company on their lines of railroad which gird the towns.

A gas plant and an electric light plant furnish the means of lighting the streets, dwellings and stores; while natural gas for manufacturing purposes and heating dwellings is carried a distance of forty miles, and distributed through the main portion of the valley.

The people are busy, industrious and prosperous. There is perhaps no town of its size in the Union where there are so few professional loafers - everybody seems not only willing to work, but has employment. It is essentially a town of homes, the majority of the married operatives at the several industries being the owners of their residences. For this reason the town is orderly, riots and disorderly conduct being the exception.

Located amidst the mountains with two clear streams treading their way through the winding gorges, the scenery about Johnstown is of that kind where the eye is ever resting on changing views. The hill-sides, for the most part, are still covered with trees, and the carol of wild birds mingles with the music of a thousand automatic machines in the valley below!

The town is supplied with pure water by means of pipes laid from mountain streams. The climate is good; and health, prosperity and contentment are written on the countenances of the people.

But a span divides two great epochs in the history of the valley, guarded by the silent sentinel knob on

the southern hilltop!

Where once the wild war-whoop broke the stillness, and was echoed back by the high hills, is now heard the steady hum of industry, while those echoing rocks are now broken to give entrance to the locomotives which bring from the bowels of the earth the "black diamonds" dug by a race more rugged than the fleet-footed, who, in the time past, chased the wild deer across the valley or slew the bear on the mountain-side!

Then the village was warned of the foe's approach by the swift-footed runner - now the thousands of workmen are directed by the telegraph and telephone! The stealthy savage located the prowling wolf by the glare of its fierce eyes as it by night prowled about the outskirts of the village of wigwams - now on the same ground, under towering stacks and lofty iron roofs, amid the rattle of machinery, the rush of steam, and the scintillation of myriads of metallic stars, the engineer guides his locomotive by the effulgence of the electric light.

(Compiled from Through The Johnstown Flood by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., Edgewood Publishing Co. 1890)