

PITTSBURGH, SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1889.

THEIR EPITAPH.

The 10,000 New Tombs in the Conemaugh Valley.

MANY WILL BE UNMARKED,

And Aching Hearts of Survivors Will Make a Vale of Sadness.

REVIEW OF ALL THE FLOOD LOSSES.

What Changes a Week Has Wrought Among the Ruins at Johnstown.

SOMETHINGS NEVER YET TOLD IN PRINT

OD moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His foot steps in the snow, And rises upon the storm. Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain; God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.

Night! Night! Everlasting night! It seemed to have descended upon Johnstown and its surrounding peaceful towns of the Conemaugh Valley. To the dead, to the living, to both alike, there came but one message—darkness! There is a fitness in all things; why not in fate? And so it happened that this Message of Gloom came, not upon a Monday, the fresh and buoyant beginning of new life; not upon a Saturday, the restful close of toil and strife; nor upon the tranquility and sacredness of the Sabbath; but it was written and delivered upon a day peculiarly associated in all the world's history with shadows—BLACK FRIDAY.

A NIGHT OF DESPAIR. It was night to the dead when the roaring waters closed their eyes. It was night to the living in the whole week that has since followed. Darkened souls have had no light, and tear-dimmed vision no illumination for strangely enough the six days have been six days of gloom. There has not been sunshine across the mountain tops uninteruptedly for two hours during the whole week. Hope entirely fled. The blackness of despair followed. First they said "1,500 drowned." Then it increased to 3,000—next to 5,000—8,000—10,000—and now they say 12,000 and 15,000! The survivors groan. The ties of blood and friendship link them all to the dead! They murmur, and their

endeavor to sleep after his telegrams were gone, he saw but one vision, THAT WAS A COFFIN.

Now and then a whole family is identified among the dead; they are coffined and the caskets are piled one upon the other to await burial. In this way the grave-diggers are able to know a family of corpses when they begin removing the coffins, and they are either put in the same grave or in a group of graves close beside one another. Of course, however, where surviving members of the family identify remains they are allowed to conduct the funeral themselves, and thus family burial loss in regular cemeteries are filled up.

Before leaving Johnstown I understood that if the death list reached even 8,000 several additional acres of ground would have to be purchased to make the city's largest cemetery big enough to hold all the new residents of that new city of the dead. In the years which are to come the marble cutters of all Western Pennsylvania will be kept busy making tombstones for these graves. But, ah! how many of the little mounds will have to remain unmarked and unknown? And along the forest-clad mountain slopes between Johnstown and Kineveh new graveyards have already been laid out, and the travelers of future days will be told that they are the last resting places of Pennsylvania's flood victims.

THE NOBLE RED CROSS. To minister to the wants and injuries of the people such eminent persons as Clara Barton, the leader of the Red Cross Association; Drs. Lee (State Board of Health), Fields and O'Neill, of Philadelphia, with a corps of 25 other physicians and nurses from the Quaker City; Dr. McCann and 15 physicians from Pittsburg, and the scores or more of noble women from both Pittsburg

and Philadelphia, come to care for their unfortunate sisters and to find homes all over the continent for the many orphans produced by the disaster.

Both at Filin, the Pittsburg contractors, have accomplished wonders in clearing up some of the wreck and debris, but they officially announce that it will take a month more, with 10,000 laborers, to put the city in passable condition. Rebuilding homes and stores can scarcely be commenced on a general scale before then. As to whether fire and the use of dynamite will help in this great work of cleaning up as much as has been expected it shrewdly to our latest news dispatches will show.

MILLIONS MORE NEEDED. One thing is certain, and that is that the million and more of dollars already raised by the spontaneous liberality of the people of the United States for the sufferers, will hardly be a drop in the bucket for placing the sufferers on their feet. Millions more are needed. The public clamor for an extra session of the State Legislature at once is growing every day. An appropriation from the State seems to be the real way for quickly and thoroughly reaching the remedy.

At this writing the work most occupying the attention of the people at Johnstown is the burial of the dead. The illustrations in this article relate particularly to that sad duty. What has made it sadder is the haste and demoralization with which the burials have to be conducted. In but very few instances are religious services held.

Youngstown. She lost her whole family, "and I am so heart-broken," she said, "that I have left Johnstown and never want to see it again."

That woman did not register as among the living. She left no relatives in the ruined city to inquire about her, and consequently neither she nor her family will probably ever be missed. So it will be with scores of other families. Johnstown being a comparatively large city, it is more than probable that new families were constantly moving there.

THEIR SAD FATE UNWEPT. As is the case in all large communities where laborers are employed for manufacturing purposes new arrivals, and especially foreigners, were little known. Suppose whole families were swept out of existence in the crowded quarters of Johnstown. Very many of them had no relatives short of the wild country, and were not on terms of speaking acquaintance with their neighbors—did not even know their names. Consequently who will ever think of inquiring whether such families were drowned. Yet, it is known positively that hundreds of just such families were annihilated. It is perhaps well that the authorities at Johnstown have devoted their efforts more to making a register of the living rather

than tabulating the names of the dead. The latter is only possible in one register, and that is the Resurrection Book.

THREATENED BY FAMINE. Reviewing the condition of the people who survived the flood, it can only be said to be better in one way than it was the morning after the catastrophe. They have been kept from starving. But even after this lapse of time they are said to be in great need. If reports be true from the scene of operations the great ran out as late as last Thursday. Of course this is in all probability replenished by this time. However, there has been ample clothing distributed to make everybody comfortable from the elements. But during the first part of the week just ended the suffering for proper shelter was dreadful.

It was impossible to reach such settlements as Woodvale and Upper Conemaugh until late in the week. There the people were crowded together in the few houses left standing, and had not sufficient bedding to cover them. Happily all these things are now being remedied. Under the efficient leadership of Mr. James B. Scott, of Pittsburg, and with the methodical assistance of Adjutant General Hastings and Axline, of Pennsylvania, and Ohio, the distribution of food and supplies is now on a basis that promises quick and permanent relief for all the survivors.

VAST MONETARY LOSS. Vast indeed has been the monetary loss involved in the disaster. As far as Johnstown is concerned it is estimated at anywhere from \$38,000,000 to \$45,000,000. More than two-thirds of all the mercantile and manufacturing establishments of the thriving city and its environs have been swept out of existence. The largest of these has already commenced to repair its main buildings—the Cambria Iron Works—and the firm will rebuild the Gauntier steel mill and the wire mill, both of which were completely annihilated, as soon as possible. Some other industrial concerns there will do all in their power to resurrect the city, so far as business and the industry goes.

The loss to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company by damages to its property is at least \$2,000,000. The complete suspension of its through passenger and freight traffic for more than a week will possibly add many hundreds of thousands to that. At Conemaugh yards, just above Johnstown, Mr. Miller says that four of the most perfect tracks were swept up the river. Two were new and had never been used. Now they can be seen with the ties standing on their ends in the middle of the river and on the hillside.

A BURIED RAILROAD. There were enough cars and engines in the yards to equip many a railroad. Just 34 locomotives were carried away, and some of them can be seen now projecting above the

remains of the road here. Two were new and had never been used. Now they can be seen with the ties standing on their ends in the middle of the river and on the hillside.

LINGERING MEMORIES. Three generations must live and pass away before the people who now remain, and will remain at their homes in the Conemaugh Valley, can get rid of the horrible vision of Friday, May 31, 1889. Thus will the memories be handed to their children, and the graves of dead will be gradually become greater and more profuse over the mountain tops.

Over the remains of those found the first few days more attention was devoted by minister and priest, but of late immediate interest has become so imperative from a sanitary point of view that promptness is more

OF A FEATURE THAN CEREMONY. In a great many instances people are being buried without any knowledge of who they are. So fast is decomposition going on that there is no time for identification. In other cases as many as 25 bodies have been buried in the same ditch. Old undertakers say the horror of the Johnstown burials in this respect surpasses the quick and silent interment in Pittsburg during the great cholera plague.

Coffins soon became the most familiar objects in the stricken town. They were to be seen everywhere—on the street corners, in the yards of homes, at the depots, and even between every box of food handed off a provision train was passed out a coffin. Thousands of them have already been used. It is difficult to walk along the streets without kicking a casket. One of the oldest newspaper correspondents sent to Johnstown, a man who has in his day reported all sorts of horrors, and whom I supposed had become hardened to ghastly sights, told me that every time he shut his eyes in the vain

HE was a father. With his whole family he had gone down in the flood with the ruins of their home. His wife and one child were drowned before his eyes. His was one of those natures that loves with madness. Take away the love, and madness only remains. Brooding over his own loss, and seeing the awful mass of clammy corpses around him, he had become insane. When the Pittsburgers saw him he had stopped short in the middle of the street, fled his five children off in a row before him, and then he commenced, with a series of wild gestures:

"One, two, three, four, five! You are all there!" Two squares further on he stopped suddenly again, and went forth with the same performance:

"One, two, three, four, five! No more drowned yet! Ha! Ha!"

CHAZED BY SOBROW. Some of the injured lying in the improvised hospitals of the unfortunate town, and in Mercy Hospital in Pittsburg, have gone stark mad from a sense of their losses. THE DISPATCH has already described how THE

WOFULLY UNDERESTIMATED. Now mark the wonderful difference from the early estimate of work ahead of them. It was first rumored in the city early that evening that about 90 lives were lost in the Johnstown flood. Making an allowance for the usual exaggeration of such rumors, it was figured out by the journalists that upon reaching the spot probably 20 or 30 persons would be found to be drowned. To properly report a disaster of that extent with a corps of competent men, such as were sent out, would have required not more than two days at the farthest.

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of the patients brought to Pittsburg were overheard praying for death. The memories will be perpetuated in the lives of the hundreds of orphans who must now become the wards of the charitable of the nation. Rev. Morgan Dix, of New York, in taking, or agreeing to take when all are recovered, 24 orphans to appertain among some of the best families of the

metropolis, furnishes an illustration of how far-reaching the present sympathy extends, and how sure the heart of the whole country will be to soften in the next decade whenever the name of "Johnstown" or "Conemaugh" is mentioned.

SUSTAINED BY FAITH. The pulpit will cherish some of the memories of the disaster. Religion has been left some remarkable testimonials in the stories of death and escape at Johnstown. The thrilling and strangely beautiful incident of how the steeple of the Catholic convent were saved while gathered in the father wing of the church in their benediced knees when the balance of the church went down with a crash, while they surrounding the holy sacrament were the only survivors in that section of the town. The recovery of many bodies, the hands of which were still clasped in prayer, and the knees bent in the kneeling posture of prayer; the still in the kneeling posture of prayer; the statement of John Reed, a survivor, that as he was washed past a floating mass of debris on a bed occupied by an apparently sick woman, he heard her singing, clear and sweet, a religious hymn; the authenticated stories of bravery and Christian courage with which so many young women perished; the fact that the Methodist Church stood like a perfect Gibraltar in the part of town where the flood was most violent; that churches generally seemed to have been of superhuman strength, as evidenced by the fact that their walls were left standing where not a brick remained of other great structures supposed to have been built upon a rock, so to speak—all these things are material for clergymen to work morals out of for years to come.

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no dinner, a telegraphic order ahead brought sandwiches and coffee aboard at Blairsville Intersection and lanterns at Derry. The lady telegraph operator in the signal tower at Blairsville Intersection was quickly notified to hire an extra operator at any cost, because from 2,000 to 10,000 words would sweep down upon her within the next three hours.

Before leaving town the reporters had been informed by the railroad officials that they could not get nearer Johnstown than eight miles from Blairsville, which is 18 miles this side of the scene of the accident. In most of the signal towers along the Pennsylvania Railroad only railroad business is permitted over the wires, but on this occasion it was known that by hiring an extra operator at Blairville the press matter could be sent through to Pittsburg by "relaying" or sending it from Blairville Intersection.

Blairville was reached at 9:30. There was plenty of news to be gathered. Both dead and living were being taken from the river there and at Lockport, two miles above. By interviewing the rescued men and women some rather startling and accurate news was soon obtained about the character and

EXTENT OF THE FLOOD at Johnstown in spite of the absence of all telegraphic and railroad communication with the belated city. The extra operator was speedily ferried out from among a crowd of blockaded railroad crews, his salary paid in advance, and off went the first news before 10 o'clock. Among the most important nuggets of news sent out

HE quartet of newspaper reporters who left Pittsburg hurriedly on a special locomotive, Friday night a week ago, never dreamed of the amount of work ahead of them. It was first rumored in the city early that evening that about 90 lives were lost in the Johnstown flood. Making an allowance for the usual exaggeration of such rumors, it was figured out by the journalists that upon reaching the spot probably 20 or 30 persons would be found to be drowned. To properly report a disaster of that extent with a corps of competent men, such as were sent out, would have required not more than two days at the farthest.

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from here within the next 40 minutes was the story of a rescued man who had floated down the river from Johnstown "that 1,500 persons had perished." The most daring correspondent of the party hesitated before he sent such an apparently wild estimate as that out. But how small even those figures appeared two days later when the full enormity of the catastrophe was first realized.

THEY FOLLOWED FAST. Two hours later another special train arrived, bearing representatives of the other Pittsburg papers. But the meager telegraphic facilities at Blairville, then crowded with the matter of the other two papers, prevented them from getting news away from this point. Blairville Intersection, six miles below, was also inaccessible to them on account of the relaying then in progress. At 1 A. M. the second party divided, one section go-

ing by wagon over the mountain to New Florence, six miles east, and the others returning to Derry station, near Latrobe. From these two points they sent away news from 2 to 7 A. M. In the meantime THE DISPATCH moved its locomotive all along the line between Blairville and Blairsville, picking up the news and

KEEPING THE OPERATORS AWAKE. At 5 A. M. Superintendent Pitcair's private train, thundering westward, announced that the water had receded from the tracks and the line was open as far as New Florence. To that point the locomotive proceeded with the dawn of day. A few hours later the party divided, and while some took a regular passenger train for an experimental trip to Sang Hollow, the other reporter rode horseback over the mountains from Florence to Johnstown, reaching there at 12:30.

Another DISPATCH man came in from Somerset by carriage about the same time. That evening the nearest point to get the news telegraphed was at Hooversville, a small settlement 18 miles south of Johnstown, on the Baltimore and Ohio branch railroad. Another special locomotive was

went up the New York Central road to Albany, thence to Buffalo, thence to Cleveland and down to Ashtabula, reaching Pittsburg by the P. R. & O. Monday.

THE WORLD GANG REMAINED AT HARRISBURG in hopes of getting through by the P. R. R., finally took, as they supposed, the trail of a corps of men from the Washington and Northern Central Railroad, never dreaming but that they could get through to Johnstown via Rockwood on the B. & O. from the East. But they were dismayed upon finding the Potomac all over the B. & O. tracks. They almost gave up in despair at Martinsburg, W. Va., lying a corps of men from the Washington and Northern Central Railroad, never dreaming but that they could get through to Johnstown via Rockwood on the B. & O. from the East. But they were dismayed upon finding the Potomac all over the B. & O. tracks. They almost gave up in despair at Martinsburg, W. Va., lying a corps of men from the Washington and Northern Central Railroad, never dreaming but that they could get through to Johnstown via Rockwood on the B. & O. from the East. But they were dismayed upon finding the Potomac all over the B. & O. tracks. 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