




JOHNSTOWN, PA., BEFORE THE FLOOD OF 1889.



RED CROSS HOTEL, LOCUST STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

N the thirty-first of May the knell of disaster rang over the entire world, and we were sharply reminded that the need of the Red Cross is ever present, and that its members must hold themselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. The news of the awful calamity of Johnstown, Pa., with all its horrors, appalled us; and so frightful and improbable were the reports, that it required twenty-four hours to satisfy ourselves that it was not a canard.

In order to get an intelligent idea of this disaster and the terrible damage wrought by the irresistible waters, it may be well to give a short sketch of the city of Johnstown and its adjacent surroundings. Before the flood there were thirty thousand people in this busy community, which embraced the city of Johnstown proper and numerous suburbs. The city is situated at the junction of Stony Creek and the Little Conemaugh, forming the Conemaugh River. These streams are liable to sudden overflows, and owing to the contraction of the waterway in the lower part of the city by the dumping of cinders and slag from the large iron works on the banks of the stream, and also encroachments by riparian owners, the upper portion of the city is liable to inundations. About nine miles above the city a dam had been thrown across the Little Conemaugh River many years ago for commercial purposes, but had been abandoned and the site with much surrounding property had been subsequently purchased by a sporting club, whose membership embraced some of the wealthiest citizens of Pennsylvania. These gentlemen were attracted by the picturesque scenery, and the hunting and fishing of the vicinity, and they spent thousands of dollars in improving and beautifying their holdings. The dam was raised to a height of over seventy feet and held an immense body of water covering many acres.

This large mass of water was a constant source of fear to the inhabitants of the lower valleys, who were aware of the danger that

threatened them ; and many protests were made against the continuance of the danger, but owing to the prominence of the owners of the dam, and the strong social and political influence they exerted, they remained unmolested in the possession of the monster that was to break its bounds and carry death and destruction in its pitiless pathway.

A steady rainfall for several days in the latter part of May caused overflows in all the streams in western Pennsylvania, and much of the city of Johnstown was already under water to a depth of from two to ten feet, when suddenly the dam over the Little Conemaugh gave way, and its flood, resembling a moving mountain of water thirty feet high, was precipitated upon the doomed city. Numbers of the inhabitants, who had carried the fear of this disaster in their minds for years, had become so alarmed by the long continued rains, and the floods that were already upon them, took their families and fled to the high grounds on the hillsides. But the great majority of the people, who, though fully aware of the danger, had lived with it so long that they had become careless and indifferent, took no precautions whatever. These were overwhelmed by the tide almost without warning, and before they could seek safety were swept away.

The number of lives lost will never be accurately known ; but in all probability it reached in the entire valley nearly five thousand. It is said that property to the amount of twelve millions of dollars was absolutely lost.

It was at the moment of supreme affliction when we arrived at Johnstown. The waters had subsided, and those of the inhabitants who had escaped the fate of their fellows, were gazing over the scene of destruction and trying to arouse themselves from the lethargy that had taken hold of them when they were stunned by the realization of all the woe that had been visited upon them. How nobly they responded to the call of duty ! How much of the heroic there is in our people when it is needed ! No idle murmurings of fate, but true to the god-like instincts of manhood and fraternal love, they quickly banded together to do the best that the wisest among them could suggest.

For five weary months it was our portion to live amid these scenes of destruction, desolation, poverty, want and woe; sometimes in tents, sometimes without; in rain and mud, and a lack of the commonest comforts, until we could build houses to shelter ourselves and those around us. Without a safe, and with a dry goods box for a desk, we conducted financial affairs in money and material to the extent of nearly half a million dollars.

I shall never lose the memory of my first walk on the day of our

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arrival—the wading in mud, the climbing over broken engines, cars, heaps of iron rollers, broken timbers, wrecks of houses; bent railway tracks tangled with piles of iron wire; among bands of workmen, squads of military, and getting around the bodies of dead animals, and often people being borne away;—the smouldering fires and drizzling rain—all for the purpose of officially announcing to the commanding general (for the place was under martial law) that the Red Cross had arrived on the field. I could not have puzzled General Hastings more if I had addressed him in Chinese; and if ours had been truly an Oriental mission, the gallant soldier could not have been more courteous and kind. He immediately set about devising means for making as comfortable as possible a “poor, lone woman,” helpless, of course, upon such a field! It was with considerable difficulty that he could be convinced that the Red Cross had a way of taking care of itself at least, and was not likely to suffer from neglect. I don’t believe he quite got over his mistrust until a week later, when carloads of lumber from Iowa and Illinois began to come in consigned to the president of the Red Cross. As this was the only lumber that had come, the military were constrained to “borrow” from us in order to erect quarters in which to entertain the Governor of the State on the occasion of his first visit.

Our first duty was to study the situation and take up the line of relief as necessities developed and opportunities presented. Western Pennsylvania and Ohio had been “instant in season.” Pittsburg had mainly provided for the survivors who were injured. Ohio had sent its troops under its efficient Adjutant-General Axline; and food, the first necessity, was literally pouring in from every available source.

But the wherewithal to put and keep clothes upon this denuded city full of people, and something to sleep on at night was a problem; and shelter for them, a present impossibility. The *possible* must be attempted.

The first days brought in dispatches and letters to the amount of about a hundred a day, tendering sympathy, offering help, and giving notice of material and money sent. We were then living in tents and working literally night and day, some of us at work *all* the time.

From one mammoth tent, which served as a warehouse, food and clothing were given out to the waiting people through the hands of such volunteer agents, both women and men, as I scarcely dare hope ever to see gathered together in one work again. The great cry which had gone out had aroused the entire country, and our old-time helpers, full of rich experience and still richer love for the work, faithful to the

cross of humanity as the devotee to the cross of the Master, came up from every point—the floods, the cyclones, the battlefields—and kneeling before the shrine, pledged heart and service anew to the work. Fair hands laying aside their diamonds, and business men their cares, left homes of elegance and luxury to open rough boxes and barrels, handle second-hand clothing, eat coarse food at rough board tables, sleep on boxes under a dripping canvas tent, all for the love of humanity symbolized in the little flag that floated above them.

Clergymen left their pulpits, and laymen their charge to tramp over the hillsides from house to house, find who needed and suffered, and to carry to them from our tents on their shoulders, like beasts of burden, the huge bundles of relief, where no beast of burden could reach.

Let it not be supposed that all this was accomplished without perplexity to someone. Goods came in from many sources of transport, five entries by freight and express requiring to be constantly watched; for, strange to say, there is no work in which people grow more reckless, selfish and jealous, than in the distribution of charities. Persons outside grew anxious that the receipt of goods was not acknowledged before they were received; that checks were not drawn and returned before the bank safes were out of the mud; and that houses were not built and the people living in them before it was possible to find a cleared spot for a little tent in which a workman could sleep at night. We finally found space, however, for the erection of a pine warehouse, fifty by one hundred and fifty feet in dimensions in the centre of the old town. The building was put up in four days, and, still in the rain, our accumulation of supplies was removed to it on the first of July.

We had been early requested by official resolution of the Finance Committee of the city of Johnstown to aid them in the erection of houses. We accepted the invitation, and at the same time proposed to aid in furnishing the nucleus of a household for the homes which should in any way be made up. This aid seemed imperative, as nothing was left for them to commence living with, neither beds, chairs, tables, nor cooking utensils of any kind; and there were few if any stores open, and no furniture in town.

It now became possible to more fully systematize the work; and a committee of Johnstown ladies of every denomination was formed, at our request, to receive the people and ascertain their greatest wants, which were carefully noted on printed blanks to be returned to us. These wants we undertook to fill without further trouble to the people themselves.

The result of this committee's work was the written requests of three thousand families, aggregating eighteen thousand persons, to be served, in addition to two thousand others whom we had previously promised to help.

The great manufacturers of the country, and the heavy contributing agents, on learning our intentions, sent, without a hint from us, many of their articles, as for instance, New Bedford, Mass., sent mattresses and bedding; Sheboygan, Wis., sent furniture and enameled ironware; Titusville, Pa., with a population of ten thousand, sent ten thousand dollars' worth of its well-made bedsteads, springs, extension tables, chairs, stands and rockers; and the well-known New York newspaper, *The Mail and Express*, sent car loads of mattresses, feather pillows, bed-clothing,—sheets, and pillow slips by the thousand, and cooking utensils by the ten thousands. Six large teams were in constant service delivering these goods.

When the contributions slackened or ceased, and more material was needed, we purchased of the same firms which had contributed, keeping our stock good until all applications were filled. The record on our books showed that over twenty-five thousand persons had been directly served by us. They had received our help independently and without begging. No child has learned to beg at the doors of the Red Cross.

Meanwhile our building contracts were not neglected. It is to be borne in mind that the fury of the deluge had swept almost entirely the homes of the wealthy, the elegant, the cultured leaders of society, and the fathers of the town. This class who were spared, were more painfully homeless than the poor, who could still huddle in together. They could not go away, for the suffering and demoralized town needed their care and oversight more than ever before. There was no home for them, nowhere to get a meal of food or to sleep. Still they must work on, and the stranger coming to town on business must go unfed, and return to Cresson at night, if he would sleep, or, indeed, escape being picked up by the military guard.

To meet these necessities, and being apprehensive that some good lives might go out under the existing lack of accommodations, it was decided to erect a building similar to our warehouse. The use of the former site of the Episcopal Church was generously tendered us by the bishop early in June, for any purpose we might desire. This house, which was soon erected, was known as the "Locust Street Red Cross Hotel;" it stood some fifty yards from our warehouse, and was fifty by one hundred and sixteen feet in dimensions, two stories in height,

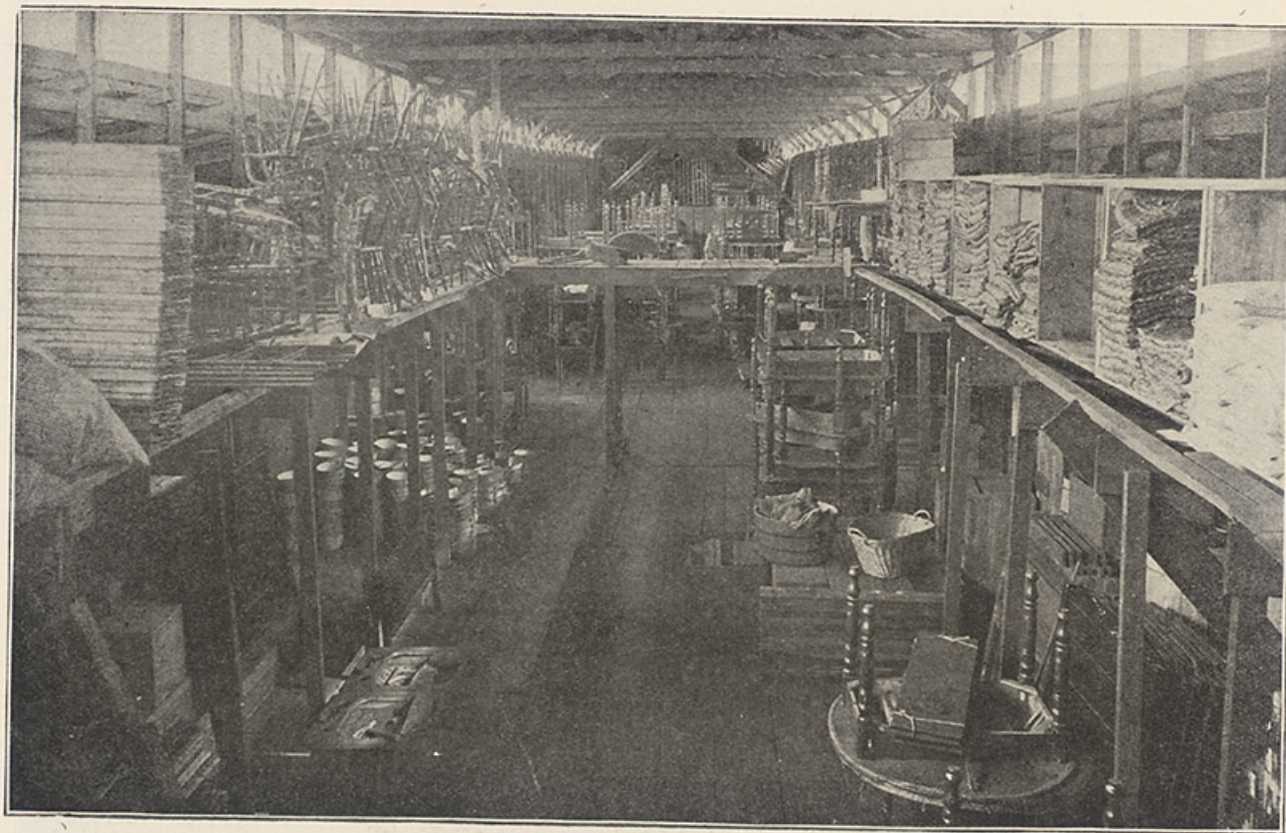
with lantern roof, built of hemlock, single siding, papered inside with heavy building paper, and heated by natural gas, as all our buildings were. It consisted of thirty-four rooms, besides kitchen, laundry, bath rooms with hot and cold water, and one main dining-hall and sitting room through the centre, sixteen feet in width by one hundred in length with second floor gallery.

It was fully furnished with excellent beds, bedding, bureaus, tables, chairs and all needful housekeeping furniture. A competent landlady, who like the rest, had a few weeks before floated down over that same ground on the roof of her house in thirty feet of water five miles below the city, rescued in a tree top, was placed in charge, with instructions to keep a good house, make what she could, rent free, but charging no Johnstown person over twenty-five cents for a meal of food.

This was the first attempt at social life after that terrible separation, and its success was something that I am very glad of. The house was full of townspeople from the first day, and strangers no longer looked in vain for accommodations.

The conception of the need of this house, and the method of selecting its inmates and the manner of inducting them into their new home, were somewhat unique and may be of interest to the reader. We had noticed among the brave and true men, who were working in the mud and rain, many refined looking gentlemen, who were, before this great misfortune carried away most of their worldly belongings, the wealthiest and most influential citizens. Never having had to struggle amid such hardships and deprivations, their sufferings were more acute than those of the poorer and more hardy people; and it did not require any great foresight to know that they were physically incapable of such labor if prolonged, nor to predict their early sickness and death if they were not properly housed and fed. As the salvation of the town depended in a great measure upon the efforts of these men, it was vitally necessary that their lives should be preserved. Realizing all this, it occurred to us that the most important thing to do, next to feeding the hungry, was to provide proper shelter for these men and their families. The idea once conceived was soon put in the way of realization.

It was decided that we should erect the house as quickly as possible, furnish it completely, and when ready, invite the citizens to a reception within its hospitable walls. This arrangement was carried out, and a printed invitation was issued, of which the following is a facsimile:



RED CROSS FURNITURE ROOM, JOHNSTOWN.



TYPICAL SCENE AFTER THE FLOOD AT JOHNSTOWN, PA., MAY 30, 1889.

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A Five O'clock Tea

is to be given at the

New Red Cross House, Locust Street,

Johnstown,

Saturday, July 27, 1889.

Your presence will be esteemed a favor.

Clara Barton,

Pres. Nat. Red Cross of America.

J. B. Hubbell,

General Field Agent.

On the afternoon of July 27, hundreds of citizens called on us and congratulations and good wishes were the order of the day. As the members of each family whom we had selected to occupy apartments in the house arrived, they were quietly taken aside and requested to remain and have dinner with us. After all the guests were departed except those who had been requested to remain, dinner was announced, and the party was seated by the members of the Red Cross. Beside the plate of each head of the family were laid the keys to an apartment, with a card inviting the family to take possession at once, and remain as long as they chose.

I cannot describe the scene that followed ; there were tears and broken voices ; suffice to say, the members of that household were

made happy and comfortable for many long months ; and I venture to assert that those now living recall those days with the fondest recollections.

This revealed a want so great, that a second house of the same dimensions and qualities was erected just across the river, known as the "Kernville Red Cross Hotel." Another competent landlady was installed in charge, who had not only lost her home, but her beautiful daughter of twenty years. This house was also filled; and a fourth house of forty by one hundred feet was next built in the form of a block, the families living separately, for the accommodation of the working people of Woodvale, where no house was left. This was known as the "Red Cross Block," or "Woodvale House."

There was no rent to pay for accommodations in this house, the only cost to the tenant being for fire, lights and living.

Johnstown had neither a hospital nor an almshouse—never had, its poor being taken to Ebensville, twenty miles distant. Under ordinary circumstances this might do, but with the scant, poor homes of this winter we felt it to be unsafe, and saw that better provision should be made. Accordingly the use of some half-dozen unset portable houses, known as the "Oklahomas," was asked of the Flood Commission, and erected adjoining our warehouse, as separate wards connected by a covered way, and provided with an adjoining house of eighteen by thirty feet, two stories high, for kitchen, dining, store, sleeping and living rooms for the use of the wards and attendants. These were all fully equipped and warmed for the accommodation of thirty patients, with the best of new outfit, and the hospital was known as the "Johnstown Infirmary."

These things accomplished, there remained but one more danger to be guarded against. The citizens still had no organization of their own for the relief of their needy people through the coming winter, and no protection against any alarming report which might be sprung upon them. Any sensational writer could still, if he chose to, report two hundred cases of typhoid fever in Johnstown, alarming the whole country, with not a case of genuine typhoid there, and there were none to say him nay ; or that its people were freezing or starving, with nowhere the authority to correct the misstatement. This protection was needed, not alone for Johnstown, but the people at large as well.

A few well-timed suggestions were sufficient. The meetings were held in our house and some of the leading men and women of the city effected a permanent organization to be incorporated under the name of the "Benevolent Union of Conemaugh Valley."

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This completed, we had only to turn over to their hands, as the leaders of the town, our warehouse with its entire remaining stock, amounting to some thousands of dollars; the care of the infirmary; one of our trained clerks, with all papers and accounts of our relief work from the day of its inception; one of our experienced working men to handle transportation—to fit up for them large, warm rooms for winter use; give them our blessing; accept theirs in fullest measure; say good bye to them and to our faithful helpers, with heavy hearts and choking voices, and return to our home, bearing the record of a few months of faithful endeavor among a people as patient and brave as people are made, as noble and grateful as falls to the lot of human nature to be. Enterprising, industrious, and hopeful, the new Johnstown, phoenix-like, rose from its ruins more beautiful than the old, with a ceaseless throb of grateful memory for every kind act rendered, and every thought of sympathy given her in her great hour of desolation and woe. God bless her, and God bless all who helped save her!

We had employed during our sojourn in Johnstown a working force of fifty men and women, whom we had housed, fed and paid, with the exception of the volunteers who worked for the good they could do and would accept nothing. The means which we so largely handled came from everywhere; accounts were rendered for everything, and no word of business complication ever came to us. There never has in all our work.

There was much to do in Johnstown after we left; buildings to remove and property to care for when it had served its purpose and the ground became needed. But there is always a right time for any benevolent work to cease; a time when the community is ready to resume its own burdens, and when an offered charity is an insult to the honest and independent, and a degradation to the careless and improvident, tending to pauperize and make them an added burden on their better-minded fellow citizens. And then, the moment the tradesman is able to re-establish himself, he looks with jealous eyes on any agency that diverts possible business from his channels. Thus it is not only wise but just to all concerned to withdraw all gratuities from a people the instant they are able to gain even a meagre self-support.

A rather curious circumstance, somewhat on the line of this reflection, fell to our lot after leaving Johnstown. The houses that we had built and furnished were indispensable to the tenants during the winter, when there were no other houses to be had; but in the spring the city, rejuvenated, began to build up again, and we were notified that the land on which our large houses were standing was needed by the

owners, who wished to use it for their own purposes, and they requested the Red Cross to remove its buildings. We promptly sent an agent to attend to the matter, and he began the work of vacating the premises. There was no hardship involved in this, as all the tenants were by this time in condition to pay rent, the relief fund of \$1,600,000 having been distributed among them in proportion to their losses, and there were houses that they could get; in a few days our houses were empty. Then a new factor entered into the situation. When it became generally known that the Red Cross must remove these immense houses, and that a large quantity of lumber and house furnishings were to be disposed of, the self-interests of the dealers in those commodities were at once aroused, and they strongly protested against the gratuitous distribution of those articles among the people of Johnstown, asserting that the inhabitants were now prospering and had the means to buy everything they needed, and that a gift from us of any of these things would be an injustice to the honest traders who were trying to re-establish themselves.

We saw the justice of their objection and gave assurances that no injury should be done them, still to have fully conformed to their idea and transported the entire material to some other point, would have put the Red Cross to an amount of trouble and cost unjust to itself.

I am not prepared to say that our quiet field agent in charge of the work did not find resting places for very much of this material in still needy homes, where it did no harm to any one and for which no one but the pitiful recipients were the wiser.

Notwithstanding the fact that we took away from Johnstown as little material and furniture as was possible, after quietly disposing of the greater part of it, and this at an expense and inconvenience to ourselves which we could ill afford, there were those, who could not understand why we should take *anything* away; and their unkind misconstruction and criticisms have scarcely ceased echoing even to this late day.

The paths of charity are over roadways of ashes; and he who would tread them must be prepared to meet opposition, misconstruction, jealousy and calumny. Let his work be that of angels, still it will not satisfy all.

There is always an aftermath of attempted relief where none is needed; and more or less criticism of any work, for it is always so much easier to say how a thing ought to be done than it is to do it.

These little unpleasantnesses, however, cannot deprive us of the thousand memories of gratitude, appreciation, and kindnesses

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exchanged, which were mutually needful and helpful; nor of the many lifelong friendships formed that will bless us all our days.

I may perhaps be pardoned for quoting a few lines from the official report of the Johnstown Flood Finance Committee, appointed by Governor Beaver, as showing how these gentlemen, the foremost men in the community, regarded our efforts to give them a helping hand:

In this matter of sheltering the people, as in others of like importance, Miss Clara Barton, president of the Red Cross Association, was most helpful. At a time when there was a doubt if the Flood Commission could furnish houses of suitable character and with the requisite promptness, she offered to assume charge, and she erected with the funds of the association three large apartment houses which afforded comfortable lodgings for many houseless people. She was among the first to arrive on the scene of calamity, bringing with her Dr. Hubbell, the field officer of the Red Cross Association, and a staff of skilled assistants. She made her own organization for relief work in every form disposing of the large resources under her control with such wisdom and tenderness that the charity of the Red Cross had no sting, and its recipients are not Miss Barton's dependents, but her friends. She was also the last of the ministering spirits to leave the scene of her labors, and she left her apartment houses for use during the winter, and turned over her warehouse, with its store of furniture, bedding and clothing and a well-equipped infirmary, to the Union Benevolent Association of the Conemaugh Valley, the organization of which she advised and helped to form; and its lady visitors have so well performed their work that the dreaded winter has no terrors, mendicancy has been repressed, and not a single case of unrelieved suffering is known to have occurred in all the flooded district.

The Johnstown *Daily Tribune* was one of the enterprising and reliable papers of the unfortunate city, which, though drowned out, would not stay dead, and insisted on "pulling itself together," and cheering the people along in their efforts to re-establish their homes and their fortunes. On the eve of our departure the *Tribune* published an editorial which we are fain to believe reflected the feelings of the people, and which was as follows:

FAREWELL TO MISS BARTON.

How shall we thank Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross for the help they have given us? It cannot be done; and if it could, Miss Barton does not want our thanks. She has simply done her duty as she saw it and received her pay—the consciousness of a duty performed to the best of her ability. To see us

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upon our feet, struggling forward, helping ourselves, caring for the sick and infirm and impoverished—that is enough for Miss Barton. Her idea has been fully worked out, all her plans accomplished. What more could such a woman wish?

We cannot thank Miss Barton in words. Hunt the dictionaries of all languages through and you will not find the signs to express our appreciation of her and her work. Try to describe the sunshine. Try to describe the starlight. Words fail, and in dumbness and silence we bow to the idea which brought her here. God and humanity! Never were they more closely linked than in stricken Johnstown.

Men are brothers! Yes, and sisters, too, if Miss Barton pleases. The first to come, the last to go, she has indeed been an elder sister to us—nursing, soothing, tending, caring for the stricken ones through a season of distress such as no other people ever knew—such as, God grant, no other people may ever know. The idea crystallized, put into practice. “Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.” “Even as ye have done it unto the least of these, so also have ye done it unto Me!” Christianity applied, Nature appeased and satisfied. This has been Miss Barton’s work, and nobly has she done it.

Picture the sunlight or the starlight, and then try to say good-bye to Miss Barton. As well try to escape from yourself by running to the mountains. “I go, but I return” is as true of her as of Him who said it. There is really no parting. She is with us, she will be with us always—the spirit of her work even after she has passed away.

But we can say God bless you, and we do say it, Miss Barton, from the bottom of our hearts, one and all.

Some bard, whose name I do not know, but whose sad, lovely words frequently recur to me, has commemorated the disaster of the Conemaugh in the following beautiful poem, which, I think, is worthy of preservation:

“THE DREAD CONEMAUGH.”

I tarried in Conemaugh Valley
 One beautiful morning in spring,
 And loveliness mantled the mountains,
 The meadows and everything.
 The breezes were laden with odor
 Akin to the blossoming rose,
 And happiness brightened the faces
 Of people refreshed by repose.

But death, the remorseless destroyer,
 Looked down on the valley, so green,
 Beheld the quaint homes on the hillsides,
 The towns nestled snugly between,

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And, hungry for awful disaster,
 For grief, lamentation and tears,
 Death paused where a lake in the mountains
 Had shimmered untroubled for years.

The water grew dark in his presence,
 Grew dark in the presence of death,
 And shrank from the terrible visage,
 Away from his poisonous breath.
 A tempest came forth in its fury
 And soon with an ominous flow
 The overcharged lake in the mountains
 Plunged into the valley below.

A rumble, a roar, and destruction
 Came down with the pitiless flood
 To stifle the cry of the wicked
 To silence the prayer of the good;
 Like straws in a bubbling cauldron
 These homes in the valley were tossed
 Away on the hurrying waters,
 Along with the dying and lost.

There brother was taken from brother,
 The false were destroyed with the true.
 There lovers were torn from each other
 With never a parting adieu.
 Confusion wrought havoc so wanton
 That mercy grew deaf for a while,
 And beings, half demon, made merry
 On Conemaugh's funeral pile.

But Heaven will surely remember
 The names of the noble who died
 To rescue their perishing brothers
 From death in that horrible tide.
 For some of the noblest heroes
 That ever calamity saw,
 Repose uninterred in the valley
 Where wanders the dread Conemaugh.

The incidents attending a field of relief—some pathetic and sorrowful, others laughable and ludicrous—so loom up in the memory when the subject is opened, as almost to encumber the pen as one writes. Referring to our landlady at Locust Street Hotel, Mrs. Henrie, one recalls her wonderful experience during the night of the flood. By some means, entirely alone, she floated down the stream, not only

through Johnstown, but miles below in the darkness of the night, until some time next day perhaps she managed to stay herself in a tree-top, where she clung among the branches, her clothing torn from her in shreds during her struggle for life, until discovered and taken away.

The family of Mr. John Tittle, one of the oldest, most respected and beloved in the town, floated clinging to the top of their house, without knowing that they were moving, but thought others were moving as they passed them ; until at length, fearing that Mrs. Tittle's strength and courage would fail, her husband joined hands with her firmly over the ridge-pole, and thus they hung on opposite sides of the roof through the long night. The courage and strength did often fail, and her pleading went out to her husband : " Oh, let us let go and end it, John ! We cannot escape ! I cannot endure it longer ! " to be answered by his words of hope and cheer and a tightened grasp on the aching wrists. At length, near morning, having reached the vicinity of Kernville, the house struck the bridge and remained stationary. One by one the inmates slid onto the bridge and gained the land on the Kernville side.

They had left within the house, unable to be gotten out, the old, decrepit black mammy of a lifetime, the great silky-haired setter, " Rob," and the poll-parrot hanging in her cage. All had been transferred, as the water rose, to the topmost peak of the attic, where they were left to their fate. The great bread-wagons of Pittsburg, with their sturdy policemen, were already there ; the dead and the living were being picked up together as they floated down. Some consciousness began to return to the dazed survivors, and at length it was thought safe to attempt an entrance to the Tittle mansion, still floating at the bridge.

On gaining the attic, this picture as described at the time, presented itself : the water had never quite reached it ; Poor, old mammy sat in the highest corner, with hands clasped, her chin resting on her knees, and her lips muttering her woes and her prayers ; long-eared, silky-haired " Rob," no longer a " setter " at least, bounding and roaring a welcome that required physical strength to resist ; and " poll," her cage topsy-turvy, striding about the floor, with an air of offended dignity, hungry and cross, said " she had had a devil of a time."

During one of the early days Mr. K., a citizen of the town, came into my tent, bringing with him another man—tall, firmly knit, dark visaged, with hair tangled and matted, and still the bearing of a man if not a gentleman. On introducing his companion, Mr. K. said that

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he had been exceedingly unfortunate, and he had brought him to me to see if anything could be done for him. "I hoped so," and turned to inquire what was most needed. "Had he a family; did they want food, or clothing? Had he little children?" His face grew darker still and his frown deeper, as at length, in a tone approaching contempt, he replied: "No; I don't want anything *you* can give; you have nothing for me." I had still the courage to persevere, and added, "What would you have me do, if I could do it?" Again a silence and a mental struggle that shook his whole frame, as he half hissed between clenched teeth, "Let me look on the face of one dead child;" and rushing from the tent, he disappeared from me forever.

He had had five motherless children, for whom he toiled early and late in the great Cambria Iron Mills. The flood swept his little home before he could reach it, and every child was lost. He had wandered about the river banks, watched the receding waters, dug in the sands for the little bodies hidden beneath, until reason had given way—till even God seemed cruel and mankind weak idiots.