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REMINISCENCES

OF

BALTIMORE

BY

JACOB FREY



BALTIMORE
MARYLAND BOOK CONCERN
1893

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By JACOB FREY



TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAP.		
	AUTHOR'S PREFACE.	
I.	Introductory	27
II.	Recollections of Boyhood	46
III.	The Mexican War	65
IV.	In the Roaring Forties	80
V.	Baltimore a Convention City	102
VI.	The Turn of the Tide	112
VII.	The War Cloud	125
VIII.	After the Storm	139
IX.	Charity and Reorganization	146
X.	The Constitution of '64 and '67	162
XI.	Commutations and Alarms	177
XII.	Grove, the Photographer	197
XIII.	Baltimore's Military Defenders	211
XIV.	Banking Extraordinary	221
XV.	“ “ “ Continued	235
XVI.	The Sequence of a Crime	252
XVII.	The Wharton-Ketchum Case and Others	266
XXVIII.	A Chapter of Chat	280
XXIX.	The Story of a Reformation	293
XX.	The Story of Emily Brown	301
XXI.	In Recent Years	311
XXII.	The Marshal's Office	320
XXIII.	The Press of Baltimore	332
XXIV.	The Stage in Baltimore	346
XXV.	Educational Institutions and Public Works	364
XXVI.	Baltimore Markets	380
XXVII.	The Harbor of Baltimore	402
XXVIII.	Industrial Baltimore	417
XXIX.	Street Railways and Their Relation to Urban Development	434
XXX.	Busy Men and Fair Women	443
XXXI.	Public and Recent Buildings	456

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Jacob Frey	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Pratt Street	Opposite Page, 30
Washington Monument	" " 41
Charles Street at Franklin—Looking North	" " 52
Portrait of C. F. Meyer	" " 56
Portrait of F. L. Latrobe	" " 72
Odd Fellows' Hall	" " 90
Phoenix Club	" " 110
Maryland Club	" " 116
Taney Statue	" " 130
Portrait of Chief Justice Taney	" " 132
Fountain in Patterson Park	" " 136
Associate Reformed Church	" " 158
Portrait of Reverdy Johnson	" " 166
Cathedral	" " 192
Cardinal's Residence and Cathedral	" " 194
Zion Church	" " 210
Eutaw Place	" " 298
Synagogue	" " 314
Portrait of Enoch Pratt	" " 372
Pratt Library	" " 374
Broadway	" " 382
Entrance to Druid Hill Park	" " 384
Lake, Druid Hill Park	" " 386
Silver Spring, Druid Hill Park	" " 390
Baltimore	" " 402
St. Paul Street Bridge, over Jones Falls	" " 434
Harlem Square	" " 442
Portrait of James Hodges	" " 446
Portrait of R. C. Davidson	" " 450
Old Post Office	" " 456
Kaminsky Inn	" " 462

INDEX.

A.

Abell, A. S.	335
Academy, Established in 1798.	32
Academy of Music, Incorporated.	131
Aguus, General Felix.	334
Albaugh, John William.	357
American Bank Building	161
American Party, or Know-nothings, The.	90
American Seamen Impressed by the English.	30
America's First Railway	129
"Annabel Lee," Poe's wife, the original of.	87
Anniversary of the City, The 150th.	311
Anti-Registration Convention of 1866.	171
Archer, defalcations of State Treasurer.	316
Architectural Features of Baltimore.	456
Arrest of Prominent Citizens by Gen. Dix.	129
Athletic Exercises for the Policemen.	326
Awls used as Stiletos.	99

B.

Bagnio, War on a	298
Baltimore and Ohio Riots of 1857.	177
Baltimore and Ohio Strike of 1877.	179
Baltimoreans in a Tropical Hurricane.	406
Baltimore College, The.	366
Baltimore Dispensary Incorporated.	32
Baltimore Female College, The.	374
"Baltimore," Ill Fortune of the Ship.	30
Baltimore Museum, The Old.	358
Baltimore Soldiers in Mexico, Behavior of.	74
"Baltimore," The Cruiser.	404
Bank Robbers and their Patience.	241
Banks Chartered, The earliest.	43
Banks Swindled by the Brockway Gang.	221
Bank Thief captured.	323
Baptist Church, The First in Baltimore.	31

Barnum's Bequest to Education, Dr. Zenas	376
Barnum's City Hotel	43
Barnum's generosity, Phineas T	81
Battle Monument	380
Beauty of Baltimore Belles	454
Becker the Crook and his career	235
Belair Market	400
Bell and Cleary extradited	227
Belt Line Railway Tunnel	410
Belvedere, the Howard Homestead	451
Benton and Rigdon, Slaying of Policemen	63
Blockade in the War of 1812	35
Blockade of Trains at Martinsburg, W. Va	180
Booth, Anecdotes of the Elder	361
Booth Family in Baltimore, The	360
Booth's Kindness to Animals, The Elder	361
Border State Savings Bank Building	464
Boundaries of the City, The Early	27
Boundaries of Baltimore in 1840	51
Boston, The Fifth Md. Regiment in	218
Bowie, ex-Governor Oden	447
Boyd, Death in Action of Captain	78
Breckenridge Convention of 1860, The	109
Broadway Market	401
Brockway and His Gang, Charles C	221
Brockway the Forger Arrested	232
Brown, appointed State Treasurer, Edwin H	318
Brown, Arrest of Mayor	129
Brown, Courage of Mayor	123
Brown, The Story of Emily	301
Bruce Fellowship, The	370
Builders' Exchange Association Building	463
Burking Case, The Emily Brown	301
Business Colleges	374
Butler's Occupation of Baltimore, Gen	126

C.

Calvert Building and Construction Co	462
Calvert Family, Colors of the	311
Canton Market	401
Captain of Police, The Author Appointed a	152
Carey, Escape from Arrest of Miss Hettie	453
"Cataract," The Fire-boat	412
Celebration of the City's 150th Anniversary	311
Central Savings Bank Building	463
Centre Market	400

Charity Work of the Police	324
Charleston Convention of 1860	105
Charleston Earthquake, The Great	324
Churches as Political Convention Halls	102
City Government, Changes in the	33
City Hall, The New	28, 157
City of Mexico, Celebration of Fall of the	79
City Passenger Railway	150
Clarke, John Sleeper	353
Clay, Observance of the Death of Henry	61
Clay, Ovation to Henry	41
Cleary and Bell Extradited	227
Coal Fields, Proximity to	423
Coastwise Trade, The	127
Cole's Harbor	108
Collapse of a Convention Floor	107
Colleges, The Business	371
Colored Militia Companies restrained	155
Commerce of the Port	29, 101
Confederate Army, Baltimoreans in the	131
Confederate Flag, Attempt to hoist the	117
Confederate Flag, Union Troops behind the	120
Conflagration of July, 1873	188
Constitution, Adoption of a New	112
Constitutional Conventions	162, 175
Convention City, Baltimore as a	102
Conway, Attack on Bank-watchman	216
"Corsica," Attack on the Steamer	393
Courts, Changes in the	33
Criminal Code Amended	32
Criminals of Early Times, Some Noted	41
Cropp's Crime, Marion	64
Gross Street Market	100
"Cull Law," Passage of the	395

D.

Davidson, Robert C	419
Davis, Killing of Robert W	122
Death Sentence Dramatically emphasized	209
Debuts on the Baltimore Stage	357
Defenders, Monument to Baltimore's	37
Defenses of Baltimore in 1812	37
Democratic Conventions	52, 105, 110
Denny and Ferguson, The Pirates	43
Deputy Marshal, Jacob Frey appointed	157
Desperation of a Murderer on Trial	273
Difficulties in Suppressing Vice	282

Dingle, Murder of James	205
Dissection, Murdered for	305
Dix, Martial Rule of Gen. John A.	129
Dobbin, Robert A.	333
Donovan Professorship, The	370
Douglas Convention of 1860, The	105
Douglas Nominated for President, Stephen A.	109
Drama in Baltimore, The	346
Drovers' and Mechanics' Bank Building	464
Druid Hill Park	382

E.

Earthquake in South Carolina, The Great	324
Editors Incarcerated in Fort McHenry	340
Editors with Courage	342
Educational Matters	364
Election Riots	95
Elevated Railway Construction begun	442
Elliott's Criminal Career	245
Emigrants Objected to	28
Equitable Building, The	460
Escape from a Turkish Prison	236
Europe, Steamship Traffic with	427
Eutaw Savings Bank, Attempt to Rob the	250
Exchange Publication Office Sacked	343
Export Business in 1805-6	35
Export Trade, Value of Baltimore's	426

F.

Fair, The Southern Relief	146
Fall of Fifty Feet, The Author's	60
Farlow Appointed Marshal, Colonel	152
Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank	462
Fatal Excursion, A.	91
Fatal Fight between Troops and Citizens	121
Federal Hill, Butler's Defenses on	136
Federal Hill Park	384
Federal Troops in the City	125
Fell's Point Market	400
Female College, The Baltimore	374
Ferguson and Denny, The Pirates	43
Ferguson, Memorial of William	382
Fidelity and Deposit Company Building	463, 465
Fifth Regiment, The	211
Fire-boat "Cataract"	412
Firemen, Riotous Tendencies of the	58, 88
First National Bank, organized	131

Fisheries of Maryland	397
Flag Presented to the Fifth Regiment	215
Flag Presented to Volunteers for Mexico	77
Fleet of Merchantmen, The	127
Floods in Baltimore	133
"Ford," Fatal Voyage of the Yacht	159
Ford, John T.	317
Forgery as a Fine Art	223
Forest Macready Excitement, The	350
Fortifications of Baltimore, 1861-1865	129, 136
Forty-nine, The Gold Fever of	88
Fourth Presbyterian Church Dedicated	129
Fraud, Curiosities of	285
Franklin and Powhattan Railway	131
Freedmen's Bureau Established	169
Free Library, The Pratt	372
Free Schools, Introduction of	365
Frey, Gottlieb	46
Frey Appointed Captain of Police, Jacob	153
Frey Appointed Deputy Marshal, Jacob	157
Frey Assaulted in Court, Deputy Marshal	273
Frey Promoted to be Marshal, Jacob	320
Frey, Mrs. Mary Ann (née Hines)	47
Frugality of Early Times	28
Fulton, Charles C.	333
Future of Baltimore, The	130

G.

Gallows, How Unger Escaped the	271
Game in Maryland	398
Garrett, Miss Mary	452
Gift Concert Swindle, The	158
Gold Fever of 1849, The	88
Goss Mystery, The	252
Government, Changes in the City	33
Grain Elevators of the B. & O. R. R.	414
Grain Trade of Baltimore	424
Granger, Killing of James	208
Gray Appointed Marshal, John T.	157
Gray, Resignation of Marshal	320
Gray, John T.	152
Greeley Nominated for President, Horace	111
Greeley Expedition, Departure of the	311
"Groome," Capture of the Police Sloop	392
Grove, the Photographer, Murder of	197
Gymnasiums for the Policemen	326

H.

Habeas Corpus Suspended, Writ of	126
Halls Springs and Harford Railway	131
Hampton Roads held by the British	35
Hanover Market	400
Harbor of Baltimore.	402, 413
Harbor Survey of 1799	29
Harper, Robert Goodloe	41
High Schools, Establishment of	366
Highway Robbery, A Bogus Case of.	287
Hildebrand's Ready Shot, Henry	208
Hollins Market	401
Hollohan's Crime and Execution	271
Hopkins Hospital, The Johns	459
Hopkins, Johns	368
Hopkins, Rigid Economy of Johns.	439
Hopkin's University, The Johns	368
Horn, Execution of Adam	49
Hospital, The Johns Hopkins	459
Hotel Remert, The	466
Houston, Ovation to General Sam	67
Howard, John Eager	38
Howard, Mrs. John E.	450
Humors of Police Experience	288
Hyer-Sullivan Prize Fight, The	82

I.

Incendiarism for Fun	58
Industrial School, St. Mary's	374
Industries, Variety of Baltimore's	419
Insurance Companies Defrauded	252
"Insurgente," Capture of the Frigate	31
Iron-clad Oath of the Constitution of 1864	164

J.

Jackson, Ball in Honor of General	43
Jackson's Death, Commemorative Observance of.	54
Japanese Embassy, Visit of the	100
Jarrett, Henry C	352
Jefferson's Career in Baltimore, Joseph	351
Johns Hopkins Hospital.	459
Johns Hopkins University.	368
Johnson, Impeachment of President	155
Johnson, Mexican War Speech of Reverdy	67
"John T. Ford," Fatal Voyage of the Yacht	159
Jones' Falls, Survey of	29

K.

Kane, Appointment of Marshal	100
Kane, Arrest of Marshal	127
Kenly Appointed Provost Marshal	127
Kenly, Captain John R.	68, 127, 130, 134
Kenly, Excitement over reported death of	130
Ketchum, Poisoning of General	266
Key, Francis Scott	409
Kidnapping, A Bogus Case of	285
King, Frank B.	445
Knights Templars' Convention of 1871	45
Know-nothing Movement, The	90
Know-nothing Riot of November, 1856	95
Know-nothing Rule Ended	101
Know-nothings Sack a Newspaper Office	313
Kossuth, Visit of Louis	55
Kunkel, George	348

L.

Lake Roland Elevated Railway	412
Lamarde, Suicide of Murderer Jean	42
Lamplcy, Murder of Mrs.	271
Lanier, Sydney	381
Lannan, Deputy Marshal	320
"Lannan," The Police Boat	402
Law Bulding, The	464
Lexington Market	395
Library, The Pratt Free	372
Lincoln's Assassination	133
Lincoln's passage through Baltimore	115
Lind and the School Children, Jenny	355
Lind, Ovation to Jenny	354
Lind, Visit of Jenny	80
"Liverpool of America," The	427
Locust Point	411
Lottery Support of Education	32

M.

Mail Robbers Hanged	42
Manufactures of Baltimore	417
Manufacturing Interests, Great Growth of	419
Markets of Baltimore	389
Marsh, or Centre Market	400
Martial Law Proclaimed	126
Maryland's Attempted Neutrality in 1861	117
Maryland Club Building	458

Maryland Club House Confiscated	169
Maryland's Fisheries	397
Maryland's Game Birds	398
Maryland's Loyalty Asserted in 1861	173
Maryland Steel Co., Works of the	415
Maryland's Tribute to Her Dead Soldiers	78
"Massachusetts," Voyage of the Transport	71
Mayer, Charles F.	443
Macready-Forrest Excitement, The	350
"Marie Roget," Origin of Poe's Story of	85
McCoy, Bequest of John W.	369
McDonough's Bequest to Baltimore, John	161, 374
McDonough Farm School, The	375
McDonough Monument	381
McHenry, British Bombardment of Fort	37
McHenry, Fort	408
"Meadows," Former bad Character of the	282
"Medora," Explosion of the Steamboat	50
Menzies, Persecution of Mrs. James	275
Methodist Free School Founded	32
Merchantmen, The Fleet of	427
Metropolitan Police, Creation of the	99
Mexican War, The	65
Military aspect of Baltimore in War Times	129
Militia of Baltimore	211
Miller, the Confidence Man	289
Monterey, Advance on	74
Monterey, Fall of	76
Monuments in Baltimore	380
Moral Disease, Problem of Dealing with	293
Morality Fostered	57
Morse's Proud Day, Inventor S. F. B.	53
Mount Clare Depot Attacked by Strikers	185
Moxley, Thomas	349
Murdered for Dissection	305
Murderers Speedily Punished	41
Murderer, Tracking a	201
Music in Baltimore	346
Music, Incorporation of Academy of	131

N.

Names, Baltimore's Honored	38
National Bridge, Fighting at the	77
National Conventions in Baltimore	102
National Guard, Re-organization of the	219
Navassa Island	405
Negro Question, The	170

"New Departure" Convention of 1872	411
News-Gathering Extraordinary	338
New South, Steamship Traffic with the	129
Newspapers of Baltimore, The	332
Newspapers Suppressed	129
New York, Baltimore's Gift of a Flag to	55
Nicholson's Crime and Execution	271
Normal School, St. Catharine's	374
Normal School, The State	367
Northern Bitterness Against Baltimore	122
North Point, Baltimoreans Killed at	37

O.

"Old Brick Hotel," The	304
Opera in Baltimore	346
Oriole Parade of October, 1881	313
Owens, John E.	353
Oyster Battles of 1888 and 1889	392
Oyster Business, Extent of the	390
Oyster Dredging, Method of	391
Oystermen and Their Experiences	389
Oyster Navy of Chesapeake Bay, The	392

P.

Palo Alto, Battle of	69
Panic at a Convention	104
Park Fund, The	382
Parks of Baltimore	382
Patapsco, The River	413
Patriotism in Revolutionary Times	31
Patrol Wagons for Police Work	326
Patterson Park	384
Peales as Theatrical Managers, The	358
Peale, Charles William	358
Pegram, Mrs. John (Hettie Carey)	152
Penitentiary Authorized, Erection of a	32
Pennsylvania Steel Works, The	120
Peoples, Bank Robbed	217
Presenti's Crucifix	149
"Petrel," Launch of the Gun-boat	103
Philadelphia Oyster Dredgers Attacked	310
Philadelphia, The Fifth Md. Regiment in	217
Phosphate Factories	413
"Pig Alley," Emily Brown's Home in	304
Pigeons as News Carriers	339
"Pinola," Building of the Gun-boat	129
Piratical Oystermen Arrested	390

Poe, Edgar Allen	84
Poe Monument	381
Poetic Suicide, A	410
Police Beneficial Association	154
Police Board Arrested	141
Police Boat "Lannan"	402
Police Commissioners Superseded	141
Police, Creation of the Metropolitan	99
Police Department, Government of the	143
Police Districts, The	325
Police Force, Beginings of the	34
Police Force Disbanded, The Old	100
Police Force, Re-organizations of the	143, 152
Police Headquarters, Work at	330
Policemen's Back Pay Claims Settled	160
Police Pensions	152
Police, Reliance upon the	327
Political Dissensions After the War	139
Political Parties of 1866	172
Population in 1800	28
Port, National Importance of the	427
Post Office Building	458
Pratt, Enoch	448
Pratt Free Library	372
Presbyterian Church, Dedication of the Fourth	129
Press, Acknowledgment to the	325
Press of Baltimore, The	332
Privateers, Depredations by	30

R.

Railroad Bridges Destroyed by Police	122
Railroad Facilities	429
Railway Companies Incorporated	130
Randolph, Dying Journey of John	41
Rapid Transit Systems	440
Ravages on Shore by the British	36
Rebellion in School	48
Reformation of a Fallen Woman	294
Reform Bills of 1860	99
Registration Act of 1864	139
Registration Law of 1865	169
Religious Spirit of the People	57
Rennert, The Hotel	466
Richmond Market	401
Richmond, News of the Fall of	133
Ridgely, Death of Captain Randolph	76
Rigdon and Benton, Slaying of Policemen	63

Ringgold, Heroic Death of Major	69
Rioters Fired Upon by the Police	186
Riots at Elections	95
Robbery, A Bogus Case of Highway	287
Rogers, Mysterious Murder of Mary	85
Roland Elevated Railway, Lake	412
Rollins, Thornton	419
"Rosebud Sociables," The	307
Ross, Crime and Execution of	306

S.

Sabbath Observance fifty years ago	57
Safe Deposit Company of Baltimore	131
School Act of 1816	366
School Boys' Battles	48
School Farm, The	375
School Fund, The Earliest	364
Schools, The First	365
School System, Development of the	366
Secession Sentiment in Baltimore	112
Secret Political Societies Denounced	93
Seizure of Public Property by Gen. Butler	127
Sesqui-Centennial Anniversary of the City	311
Shaking Up the Police Depreciated	280
Ship-building in the "Forties"	56
Ship-building of the Present Time	103
Ship-yards of Early Times	29
Social Evil, Perplexing Aspects of the	293
Soldier Vote, Provisions relating to the	165
Sparrow's Point, Ship-yards at	115
Stage in Baltimore, The	316
St. Catherine's Normal School	374
Steamship Traffic of the Port	127
Stewart, George H.	135
Stewart, William A.	416
St. Mary's Industrial School	374
St. Mary's University	374
"St. Nicholas," Seizure of the Steamer	128
St. Peter's Male Free School	374
Stock Exchange, The	123
Street Car Lines	434
" " " Mileage of the	412
Suicide of a Poet	410
Summer, Demonstration against Charles	118

Sunter, Fall of Fort	116
Sunday Cars, First Running of	157
Sunday Newspaper, The First	335
Sun, Pony Express of the Baltimore	338
"Surveyor," Capture of the Cutter	37
Susquehanna, Fish in the	397
Swedish Nightingale, The	81

T.

Taney, Death of Chief Justice	131
Taneyhill, Death in Action of Lieutenant	78
Teachers, Trying Times for	48
Telegraphic Communication Inaugurated	53
Terminal Facilities	442
Terrapin, The	398
Theatres Unpopular in Early Times	28
Theatrical Matters in Baltimore	346
Third National Bank Robbed by Becker	239
Thomas, Ex-Governor Francis	174
Tierra Caliente, Fighting in the	77
Travis, Bravery of Captain Samuel	37
Trapping a Crook	228
Troops, Repugnance to Passage of	117
"Trunk Mystery," The Great	274
Tucker, Mrs. Harvey	357
Tunnel of The Belt Line	440
Turkish Prison, Becker's Escape from a	236
Turnbull Lectureship, The	370
Tyler Convention of 1840	53

U.

Udderzook's Conspiracy and Tragic Career	252
"Uncle Perry's Plot," The Farce of	307
Unger's Crime and Confession	274
Union Flags, Compulsory Display of	130
Union Troops Attacked	121

V.

Valuation in 1798	35
Van Ness, Attempted Poisoning of Engene	266
Van Nostrand appointed Marshal	130
Vice, Difficulty of Suppressing	282
Volunteers for the Mexican War	66

W.

Wallis, S. Teackle	342
War of 1812	35
War Ships Built in Baltimore	103
" " Sent to Suppress a Riot	187
Water-front, Extent of the	111
Water Supply Company Incorporated	21
Watson's Death at Monterey, Colonel	76
Wells and McComas Monument	380
Wharton-Ketchum Case, The	266
Whetstone Point	108
Whig Convention of 1840	52
Whig-Know-nothing Convention of 1860	101
Willey Monument	381
Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Barney	353
Wilmington's Rivalry as a Port	132
Wool, Baltimore under Command of General	130

THE recollections of a lifetime spent in an active city in a busy age can hardly fail to present a picture which shall have at least some interesting details. The value of the narrative will depend upon the selection of material as well as upon the skill of the narrator. I do not pretend to have written an exhaustive history of Baltimore; anything further from my intention than this cannot be conceived. Neither have I tried to give in anything like their chronological sequence a full record of the important events of the past fifty years. That would be the work of a historian and such I do not pretend to be, nor is there need, it seems to me, for another book of chronicles of our city.

Every man who is at all in touch with his times and appreciates in the least the significance of the things which transpire about him every day, has material which may be of value should he contribute it to the general fund of reminiscence and observation. Every man who thinks at all is more or less of a spectator and each of us must see the world a little differently, so that old facts take on new faces, because we each observe through different eyes. I suspect that we each have our own pet colored glasses and whether we call them "bias" or "prejudice" or "individuality," the result remains the same; we each have a story to tell that is all our own because each man sees and observes in his own way.

Very long ago a wise man wrote that "of making of many

books there is no end": yet we cannot help wondering what Solomon would have thought could he have wandered among the alcoves of the Peabody Library, or the Pratt. His royal eyes would no doubt have opened very wide. Now let me forestall the critic who may not spare me for adding one more book to the already interminable list. I shall not apologize for assuming the responsibilities of authorship, because I believe that when a man has anything to say, that fact becomes his best excuse for saying it. I trust that it will not appear to the reader as though the present author has abused the prevailing fashion.

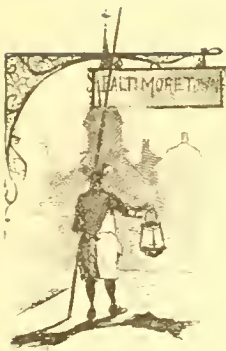
The men—so many of whom have passed away—the fashions of life and thought and action, the deeds that have been done and outgrown, the courses and causes that have helped shape the city of Baltimore into what it is to-day; and, indeed, all of the various factors that enter into the sum of our urban life, business and character, have an interest for thousands of people. Owing to the opportunities of a life of official activity, personal contact with many public men and participation in many noteworthy events, I cannot but feel that I have a story to tell.

It is in the telling of the story that I may fail to interest those whom I would like to have as readers and here I may have to fall back upon the leniency of the court after all.

I have tried to avoid the reopening of old wounds, the reawakening of old animosities, whether personal or political. Wherever a public measure of moment has been discussed I have striven to present the facts of the case in a dispassionate manner and have left out personalities that might give needless pain. As to the style in which these recollections are presented, I have nothing to say; in that matter, as, indeed, in all others, I must patiently await the judgment of my readers.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.



THE last half century embraces the most active portion of Baltimore's history and over this period my recollections extend.

I have thought it well to say something at the outset about Baltimore, as it was at the beginning of this century, and contrast its condition then with that at the time of my birth, so that the reader may be able better to appreciate the increased rapidity of development in latter years.

The town at that early day was confined to Fells Point and vicinity—that is, mainly to the eastward of Jones' Falls and reaching back but a very short distance to the northward.

There were not many palatial houses, though a few made pretensions to architectural beauty. The majority of the buildings, both dwellings and stores, were simple, as befitted the habits of the people who owned them. Here and there some house of worship bravely lifted its wooden spire above the surrounding roofs.

Places of amusement there were none, except a hall for dancing called the Assembly Room, until some years later. A petition is now extant, signed by some two hundred and seventy-nine names in 1812, January 4th, and sent to the mayor of Baltimore. In it "all exhibitions of the theatre, circus and all others of like character," are referred to "as being injurious to religion, morality, good order and life." A "recent" accident, which occurred at Richmond, Va., is cited as a signal instance of the evil that might visit those who had to do with theatres.

Great care was taken at that early day as to who should be admitted to the privilege of a residence in Baltimore. In 1805 James Madison, then Secretary of State for the United States, sent a letter enclosing a copy of correspondence to the mayor of Baltimore. The enclosure was from Antwerp, announcing the departure of two ship-loads of destitute emigrants from that place, to be landed in Baltimore. The Secretary of State sagely suggested that there might be something in Maryland laws to prevent their landing.

The people of Baltimore were frugal. A dollar did not come as readily at that day as it does now and it has wisely been said that there was hardly a pauper or a millionaire in all the land. Men saved and lived plainly and took pride in their plain ways. That was why, in 1797, Mayor James Calhoun received a petition or letter of protest against the erection of a new City Hall, then proposed. The ground of the opposition, with which were associated some prominent names, was that it would entail excessive taxation to put up such a building, and that it was not necessary at the time. Eleven years afterwards the plan was carried out.

In 1800 a census of the city was made which gave a total

of thirty-one thousand five hundred and fourteen people, of whom two thousand eight hundred and forty-three were slaves. This census showed an increase of eighteen hundred and eleven people in ten years. In 1797 Capt. David Porter, Sr. built a signal-tower "opposite, but not near to, the city" on Federal Hill.

Pratt Street was opened as far as the Falls in 1811; North Street, then called North Lane, was ordered extended about 1816. Centre Street, from Howard to the Falls, was opened in 1807. So we see that the little city of that day did not extend as far as the present site of the Washington Monument on one side, was limited by the Falls on the east, and regarded Federal Hill from afar as a green spot, probably a pleasant country walk on a spring day. A plan of the city was published by Charles Varle in 1799, and another somewhere near the same date by George Keating.

Before the city was chartered, Jones' Falls had been surveyed and their extent determined as sixty feet above Baltimore Street bridge and eighty feet below it. A survey of the harbor was made in 1799 and confirmed in 1807, and at the same time it was resolved by the authorities to widen and deepen the Falls.

In 1800 a law was passed authorizing the corporation of Baltimore to introduce water into the city and a society was formed by Robert G. Harper and others, who obtained a charter and in the year 1804 bought a mill property near the city, proposing to raise the water by water-power to an elevated reservoir and thence distribute it by means of a canal. This society or company was finally incorporated in 1808, and I believe that it was the first attempt made to meet the growing needs of the city in this direction.

A considerable commerce had developed and at an early day there were ship-yards and many people whose business

had to do almost altogether with vessels. Of course the foreign depredations on our commerce was felt by them very severely and the complaints were not mouthed.

The privateers even sailed into American ports, it will be remembered, and seized American vessels. The "Hope," Captain Rogers, was taken in this way as a lawful prize, and so was the "Plato," commanded by Captain Lawrenson. This was almost too much for American endurance. The frigate "Constellation," of thirty-six guns, was built at Harris Creek; Captain Truxon was assigned to her. A little while afterwards the ships "Baltimore" and "Montezuma," merchantmen, were fitted with twenty guns each and made ready to act as convoys. But the captain of the "Baltimore" came to grief—in this way: Having convoyed a number of American vessels to Cuba he met a British squadron under Admiral Loring, who treacherously invited Captain Philips of the "Baltimore" on board of his flagship, and while he entertained him there, caused more than fifty men to be taken off the American fleet under the old pretense that they were British seamen. Philips protested bitterly and at last, by what arguments we do not know, induced the admiral to restore all but five. As Captain Philips had no commission for his vessel he thought it the part of wisdom not to press the matter any further and allowed Loring to carry away the five sailors, believing, as he afterwards stated, that the government would find some better means of redress. But the government did not see the matter with Captain Philips' eyes, and that unfortunate officer was cashiered without a hearing upon his return to the United States.

America was the under dog in the fight, having to protect herself as best she might against both England and her former ally, France. In 1797, after the French Directory



Pratt Street.

had refused to receive or to listen to our commissioners, Messrs. Pinkney, Marshall and Gerry, all claims being paid in full, the United States resolved to annul the treaty with France and prepare for war. Congress in July voted an addition to the army and navy. At the same time the seizure of armed French vessels was authorized.

General Washington accepted command of the army again. One of the new brigadier-generals whom he appointed was Colonel Howard, of Baltimore. The people of this place were already greatly worked up and ready for war measures. There has never been a time in the history of the Monumental City when her people have not shown a brave and loyal regard for her interests and an eagerness to stand up for her rights. This was the case at the time of which we are now speaking. Two new troops of volunteers were immediately raised and Captains James Biays and Bentalon took command of them.

David Porter, Jr., whose father built the watch-tower on Federal Hill, was a midshipman on board the old "Constellation." John Rogers and Andrew Sterrett with a number of Baltimore boys were present and aided in the capture of the French frigate "Insurgente," on the 9th of February, 1799. There was considerable hardship on account of the war. Even flour, which had been \$8, rose to \$10 a barrel.

About the time that the dancing hall already spoken of was projected there was a Baptist Church established, the first in the city. A short time afterwards the Swedenborgians built the "New Jerusalem Temple." That was in 1799. The presence of the members of new faiths had only just begun to be felt in Maryland. Before that the Catholic Church and the English or Episcopal were enough for most of the people.

The first generation after the Revolutionary War saw many changes ; it was a time of reconstruction and experiments in creeds as well as in politics and institutions.

An academy was started on Greene and Franklin Streets in 1798. Its projector was Bishop William DuBourg, of Louisiana. The money for this establishment of learning was raised by means of a lottery, a thing which in the days of our fathers and grandfathers was looked upon as being perfectly proper. Diplomas to graduates of this academy were granted by the Legislature of Maryland. After a few years the buildings were enlarged and a church or chapel added.

The Methodist society founded a free school for children in 1808, at a day when education cost more to the individual than it does to-day. A little earlier than this the Reverend Doctor Bend and others had started a similar school on Prince Street, for the education of poor female children.

In 1807 the Baltimore Dispensary, a noble and useful institution, was incorporated. A few years previous to this there had been a law passed regulating the practice of medicine and surgery, requiring diplomas and registered licenses to be obtained—a bit of enlightened legislation which was not imitated in some of the sister states for a number of years. It was about this time that the yellow fever broke out with violence in Philadelphia, and Baltimore was obliged, after sending all the aid she could, to quarantine her neighbor on the North.

As an offset to the churches, schools and charities of those days, we read that the Legislature decided that the city needed a penitentiary and in 1804 resolved to erect one. Five years later the Criminal Code was amended and the number of capital offences was reduced to four, viz.:

murder, rape, arson and treason. Before that there had been a number of offences punishable with death, as on the old English statute books, where there was evidence that a man's life was valued at less than that of a sheep.

Let us glance at the changes in the courts, city government, etc. Before 1797 the criminal business of the city and county was conducted by the same courts and officers. In that year, however, it was changed and the City Court made separate, but the county justices remained justices of both as before. A couple of years after this change another was made. Levy courts were organized to take charge of all business not judiciary and so relieve the existing courts. This made necessary the appointment of eleven new justices. A very important function of the courts of justices, that had anciently been exercised by the vestries of the different parishes, was the appointment of tobacco inspectors. These appointments were now transferred to the new levy court.

At the legislative session of 1799 a new Court of Oyer and Terminer was organized for Baltimore city and county. New justice courts came into existence in 1804 and 1805. The General Court was abolished and chief justices of the district courts were constituted a Court of Appeals, then much needed.

The state had eight congressional districts, of which Baltimore city included the fifth and sixth, Baltimore and Harford counties being the last.

The new court house, which had been cried down several years before, was decided upon in the session of 1805, and Messrs. McElderry, Payson, Jessop, John and Alexander McKim, Dixon, Rutter and Goldsmith, commissioners, were appointed to attend to its erection. The site selected was the public ground on Calvert Street. Four years later

the county records were removed to the new court house and the courts held session there. That same year the old court house was taken down.

The watchmen, or police, who also had charge of the street lighting, were but a very small beginning for the department which has gradually formed and developed into the Baltimore police force of the present. Perhaps in no way could a clearer idea be given of the size, work, limitations and pay of the police of the city at the beginning of the century than by printing in its entirety a bill for expenses approved by the Mayor in 1808. It is as follows:—

THE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE, 1808,

To the WATCH ON FELS POINT, Dr.

March 31st.	2 Captains, one month,	\$44.44
	1 Lieutenant, one month	
	double duty,	22.22
	6 Watchmen, one month,	120.00
	1 Quarter's watch-house rent,	16.67
	John Ramsey's bill of candles,	2.00
	To making 11 lamp posts at 50c.	5.50
March 23d.	Paid for draying 2 loads of oil,	1.00
	1 cord of wood,	4.00
	Carting and sawing do.	.87½
		<hr/>
		\$216.70½

April 7th. 1808,

Examined and approved,

J. SMITH.

Pay the above and charge the same to appropriation for watching and lighting the city.

THOMAS SMITH, *Mar.*

THE REGISTRAR,

7th April, 1808.

The city property subject to tax was valued in 1798 at £699,519, 9s. and 6d., and assessed under a general assessment law on that valuation. There were ten commissioners appointed at the time for making assessments, five for the city and five for the county. Within the next decade the business of Baltimore had materially increased. The exports from Maryland, nearly all of which were from the city, from October 1805 to 1806 reached the total sum of \$14,580,705, of which \$3,661,131 were in domestic produce. The receipts into the Treasury of the United States from this city in 1806 were \$1,224,897.

A period of the deepest interest to the people of Baltimore was the three years of blockade, hardship and battle, generally known in history as the War of 1812. When the United States declared war against Great Britain, that nation was too deeply engaged in the more important adversary to pay any attention to the challenge. It was several months after the declaration of war on our side that England declared the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays to be under rigid blockade. This was in the latter part of 1812.

The British naval forces did not appear in numbers until the beginning of the succeeding year, when a fleet under command of Admiral Cockburn took possession of Hampton Roads.

We may notice one curious point in connection with this war and that was that the States of the Union seemed to be regarded almost as separate powers by Great Britain, or at least as individually responsible members of a somewhat loose confederation, for we find that the first expression of hostility on her part, was shown towards Maryland and some few states which had most strenuously opposed her tyranny on the high seas while Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New

Hampshire were exempt from blockade. Of course this condition may have been caused by the insufficiency of England's naval force to maintain a blockade which should take in all the American coast, yet this reason seems hardly sufficient to account for the pertinacity with which this part of the coast was besieged.

Cockburn harassed the shores of the Chesapeake on both sides and intercepted vessels, of which the growing commerce of our city provided so many. Some Baltimore vessels fell an easy prey to the enemy, but the majority yielded only after hard fighting. Sometimes the programme was changed and privateersmen which set out from Baltimore in quest of prizes returned successful to the city. The nearer approach of the English fleet was constantly feared and urgent appeals were made to the Federal government for aid, both in money and in men. These requests, just and natural as they were, were almost entirely disregarded. Some of the Philadelphia papers of the day allowed their jealousy to express itself in the hardly concealed hope that Baltimore would be destroyed. The Secretary of War notified her that she was to expect little or no protection from the Federal government, so that her dependence was almost entirely upon the fortitude of her citizens and the wisdom and bravery of her militia leaders. Yet in that same year Baltimore subscribed three million dollars of the sixteen million dollar loan asked for by the general government.

Although there were many threats and the blockade was strenuous, yet more active hostility did not occur during the year 1813. Not content with the capture of merchantmen, and, indeed, vessels of all classes, the enemy landed on Sharps, Pools, Tilghmans and Poplar Islands, where they plundered houses and committed all sorts of depredations.

INTRODUCTORY.

Maryland was doing her best for self-protection, but her best was not sufficient to keep the foe from landing at Frenchtown and burning and sacking Havre de Grace. Admiral Warren re-enforced Cockburn and Beresford. The British force on Chesapeake Bay in the summer of 1813 consisted of eight ships of the line, twelve frigates and a number of smaller vessels. Among the captures made at this time was that of the revenue-cutter "Surveyor" of Baltimore, under command of Captain Samuel Travis. She was taken by the British frigate "Narcissus," but the heroic manner in which her people, led by their brave captain, disputed the enemy's progress inch by inch for hours, until further resistance was utterly impossible, roused the admiration of the British, from the commander of the frigate to the meanest powder-monkey. Captain Travis received his sword back from the Englishman with a note expressive of the latter's admiration for the noble courage he had shown in the fight and earnest hope that both he and his crew would soon be admitted to parole.

Early in the next year were fought the battles of Bladensburg, Caulksfield and Chippewa. Following the capture of Washington and the retreat of the American army, Baltimore seemed to be chosen as the next point of attack. Half a million dollars had been expended already in the defences of the city and to these were now added for further safety several lines of breastworks constructed at different points, and batteries on elevated sites. A four-gun battery was erected on Lazaretto Point and a number of vessels were sunk across the harbor between this point and Fort McHenry. Up to this time it is hardly possible to enumerate the vessels which fell a prey to the British. In that year Fort McHenry was bombarded and many a Baltimorean fell at North Point. The monument which stands in the

public square opposite the present Post Office tells in brief the story. Its legend reads thus:—

September XII. A. D. MDCCCXV.

In the XL. Year of Independence.

JAMES MADISON BEING PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE BRAVE DEFENDERS OF THE CITY WHO FELL IN THE BATTLE OF
NORTH POINT, ON THE XII. SEPTEMBER, 1814.

AND AT THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT McHENRY ON THE XIII OF THE
SAME MONTH.

Edward Johnson, Mayor of the City,

Major-General Samuel Smith, Brigadier-General John Stricker and
Lieutenant-Colonel G. Armistead, United States Artillery, laid the Corner
Stone of this Monument of public gratitude and the deliverance of the city.

A city is honorable or the reverse, as its citizens are worthy or unworthy men. Without question the city of Baltimore at the beginning of this century was rich in such men as those whose names appear in the records of her courts, councils and libraries. The very names of her streets tell of her proud heritage of noble men. There are Baltimore and Calvert to perpetuate the names of the leaders of the olden time, but they do not recall richer associations than do Howard, Johnson, Jenkins, Biddle, Harper, and a host of others.

Baltimore lived in the lives of such men. She might not boast of a theatre, or have a public place of amusement within her boundaries, and her streets might be lighted with candles and her total expense for guarding and illuminating amount to less than some of her citizens now pay for a head clerk, but her soldiers were high in rank, her statesmen were in the nation's Senate and her jurors on the way to the Supreme Court bench.

There was John Eager Howard, who came loyally to the front when the war for independence broke out. He was

offered the rank of colonel, but refused the honor, his modesty holding him back, and contented himself with the humbler rank of captain. In that capacity he served at the battle of White Plains, in Westchester County, New York. The short term of enlistment soon brought his company home again, and he with them was mustered out of service, but immediately rejoined the army, this time receiving a major's commission. No work was more important in that day of small means and great difficulties than that of recruiting, and to this Major Howard set himself, working with great zeal and succeeding in raising a body of efficient men. His next active service was at the battle of Germantown, Pa., where occurred one of those romantic incidents which in fiction we would call improbable.

There was on the battle field a country house which the British had occupied, garrisoned and in a measure fortified. From it they made matters very warm for the Colonial soldiers. After the war Colonel Howard was captured by one of the occupants of that very house, but it was a lady, Miss Chew, the daughter of the owner of the house, who caused the soldier to capitulate. She kept him a prisoner for life. At Camden, Cowpens, Guilford Court House and Eutaw, Colonel Howard also saw service and earned the right to be called a veteran. For his gallantry on the field of battle Congress bestowed on him a medal, which was not among the least valued of the possessions he acquired.

I have mentioned Howard Street as being named after Colonel Howard. In memory of his gallant service at Eutaw the street bearing that name was called.

His interest in public affairs was not lessened by his military honors, and in 1788 the people of Maryland paid him the highest honor in their power, by choosing him Governor of the state.

When the war with France was threatening in 1798, Colonel Howard was appointed brigadier-general, but happily that cloud blew over and the danger was averted. Before this time the ex-Governor had been made major-general of militia.

Washington, recognizing the rare virtue and ability of this man, invited him to a seat in his cabinet, an honor which the veteran, with great modesty, declined—or perhaps a variety of motives led him to refrain from taking further part in public life. He retired to his country estate in 1804 and devoted himself to the congenial life of a country gentleman, content to see his family grown up about him and to let other men take their share of the hurly-burly of life of which he had seen so much.

But when danger menaced again the old warrior came out of his retirement. Baltimore was threatened. 1814 had come. The British were once more reaching out a hand for their old possessions. All the young men went to the front and the city was almost defenceless. Then a troop of old men, veterans, graybeards, fathers and grandfathers in Baltimore, banded together as a home guard and they chose as their captain Colonel Howard, who only chafed that he could not serve more actively. When the city of Washington was taken and some of the more timid citizens of Baltimore talked of capitulation the spirit of '76 answered in those memorable words, "I have as much property at stake as any one, but rather than disgrace my country I would see my sons weltering in their blood and my property in ashes."

I have dwelt a little at length on the life of Colonel Howard because he was a central figure of the time of which this chapter treats and because the record of a life like his is always wholesome reading for those who come after.

Another man of mark was Robert Goodloe Harper, who was born in 1765. He also was a Revolutionary soldier, serving under General Greene in the Southern campaign. He was the son of poor parents and won his way by hard work. His preparation for college was a courageous fight and when he finally graduated at Princeton College he had the education he craved but hardly a dollar in the world with which to make a start. Wandering to Charleston, S. C., he was so fortunate as to fall in with an innkeeper who was the father of one of his Princeton classmates. This man became his friend and put him in the way of following the legal profession, as he desired. He was admitted to the bar of South Carolina, in which state he practiced law and wrote considerable on political subjects. He was sent to the South Carolina Legislature and in 1794 to the United States Congress from that state. He was a Federalist, a supporter of Washington and Adams. He married a Baltimore lady, Catherine, the daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, whom he met at the Capital. This marriage was the cause of his adopting Baltimore as his home. Here he practiced law very successfully, was employed in many important cases and won influence with the best people of the place.

In the war of 1812 he became a major-general and on his retirement from the army was chosen to represent our people in the United States Senate. General Harper died in 1825.

Quite another class of people also claim our attention. The city at that period was not without its criminals—was there ever a city without them?—but the promptness with which execution followed conviction and sentence, shows that neither the right of appeal nor the “exercise of executive clemency” were allowed often to interfere with the

course of justice. There were the four men implicated in the killing of a jail warden who had tried to prevent their escape from confinement. It was just one month and four days after the crime was committed that these four criminals, of whom three were colored and one white, stood together on the scaffold and looked their last on the sunlight.

One of the most singular letters ever written by a man under sentence of death was found in the cell of a Frenchman named Jean Lamarde, who had killed a farmer. He escaped the public penalty for his crime by hanging himself by a rope made of his shirt. The writing he left ran as follows: "A Chinese condemned to death by a special court, it is to his honor to be his own executioner. That which is virtue in one nation is vice in another. The sun enlightens all. What were you before you existed? Nothing. What will you be when you cease to exist? Nothing. So ends Jean Lamarde, aged 47 years, 9 months, and 9 days. Died victim."

Mail robberies occurred occasionally, and, indeed, at one time seemed to be a favorite occupation for criminals. Two notorious fellows, named Hare and Alexander, were arrested for robbing the eastern mail a very few miles out of the city. As it transpired at the trial that they had put the mail-carrier "in jeopardy of his life" they were both hanged in the jail-yard. Formerly the cart had been used at executions, but at this execution the drop and trap were used for the first time in the history of Baltimore.

It may be thought that this would deter mail robbers from further attempts against the letters intrusted to Uncle Sam's keeping, but the records show that Hutton and Hull were arrested, convicted and hanged for the same offence only a short time afterwards, during the same year. The robbers were caught red handed, one of them still having

the money which he had taken concealed about his clothes, and following these there was a fifth man who suffered for the same crime.

The case of John F. Ferguson and Israel Denny is unique in the annals of Baltimore criminals, from the nature of the crime for which they suffered piracy. Ferguson stated on the gallows that he had intended to make a full confession but that the "Almighty had changed his mind."

Piracy was no doubt the legitimate effect of the privateering which the several wars and interference with our infant commerce had made fashionable. A privateer was, after all, an authorized pirate, whose depredations were limited to certain nationalities. But, however he might be accounted for, the pirate was not to be endured. Baltimore had too much property at stake. Her people were becoming conservative and prosperous in a financial way.

The Union Bank of Maryland received its charter in 1804. William Winchester was its President. Its place of business was on North Charles Street and its proposed capital \$3,000,000, which was afterwards reduced twenty-five per cent. by an Act of the Legislature.

The Mechanic's Bank, started in 1812 with a proposed capital of \$1,000,000, was similarly treated, the reduction in the latter case being forty per cent.

Among Baltimore institutions of the past one which has very recently been removed must not be forgotten. Associated with many brilliant public men and notable events was Barnum's City Hotel, built and owned by David Barnum, who died in 1844. The original hotel was torn down in 1825 to give place to the one lately demolished. It stood opposite the Reverdy Johnson mansion. In 1825 a great ball was given there in honor of General Jackson. That was in March. The Democratic hero received his

guests at the hotel from twelve o'clock till two. At the request of his friends he presented a stand of colors to the Forsyth Rifles, one of the crack military organizations of the day. Henry Clay visited Baltimore in 1828. He came in the steamboat "United States" and was met by a great crowd of citizens on the steamboat "Patuxent." It is said that his reception and the subsequent ovation was a complete surprise to Mr. Clay. He was escorted by a multitude of people to Barnum's hotel, where he met many prominent people, declining, however, the banquet that was tendered him, dining with a number of officials in a more private way.

On the Centennial anniversary of Washington's birth in 1823, the mayor and corporation of Baltimore entertained the visiting guests and delegates at Barnum's. Hardly a prominent man, politician or soldier, of that day but tarried at this famous hostelry.

Probably one of the most picturesque, significant and even sad visits ever paid there was that of John Randolph of Roanoke, in 1833. He was on his way from Washington, going home to Philadelphia to die. His coach was an old-fashioned English chariot, drawn by four horses, with postilions in livery, footmen, etc. On the box was Mr. Randolph's body-servant, Juba, to whom alone he would trust himself in his physical weakness.

There was quite a furor in the city when this great equipage appeared. The crowd gathered rapidly till the way was blocked by hundreds of curious people. Within that stately coach was the feeble form of the great statesman, and the lips that had charmed a nation with their eloquence were no doubt framing words of anything but a pleasant character for the thoughtless throng that prevented his arrival at a place of rest.

At last the coach reaches the Fayette Street door of the hotel, stops. Juba descends from his perch and tenderly lifts his master and carries him out of the sight of the crowd into the shelter of Barnum's.

In 1834, Webster, Preston, Binney and McDuffie visited Baltimore, were escorted to Barnum's hotel by 5,000 citizens and afterwards addressed the people from the hotel. In September, 1871, one of the later triumphs of the old house occurred when John H. B. Latrobe, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Masonic Order in Maryland, with Grand Commander Warren and other noted Masons, banquetted there at the time of the great Knights Templars' Convention.

I could not begin to enumerate the events or the men that the name of Barnum's hotel suggests to the Baltimorean. Like many another landmark it has gone to make room for the requirements of business, and the hand of progress and change are everywhere apparent in our city.

CHAPTER II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD.



My father was born in Switzerland and passed his boyhood under the shadow of the Alps. His disposition, character and habits were such as might be expected from one of that race. Like most Swiss boys he learned a trade, becoming an expert shoemaker, and in the hope of advancing his fortunes he left his mountain home and travelled through Germany, after a fashion much followed at that day by members of different guilds or crafts, moving from city to city. But Berlin, Stuttgart and Leipsic with their governmental restrictions did not suit a youth who had known freer institutions and so he resolved to follow his brother, my oldest uncle, to America, where he was convinced that he could better his fortunes.

He sailed from Bremen for Baltimore. The voyage was a long and tedious one, occupying thirteen weeks. It is almost needless to say that he came by a sailing vessel. The weather was stormy, provisions ran short, the sailors had more than they could do to manage the ship and the male

passengers were obliged to assist them. It was a glad day for all on board when they arrived in Baltimore. Gottlieb Frey was a young man seeking a fortune among strangers whose language and customs he was unacquainted with, but before long he had found employment and made friends and had won his own place in a city which was to be his home. As soon as his efforts had been sufficiently successful to warrant such a step he married Mary Ann Hines, a girl of Scotch parentage. I have every reason to be thankful for the double heritage of Scotch and Swiss parentage, for I know of no other which will fit a man better for fighting the hard battle in life. I think that my mother was a woman who showed more than ordinary tact and energy, for quite early in my parents' married life, while their children were still young, my father received a serious injury from which he never fully recovered, and the duty of providing for the household devolved mainly upon his wife. It was then that her energy showed itself. She started a small dairy, which was afterwards increased and became quite profitable, continuing so until her death, by which time quite a considerable fortune had been accumulated as the result of her enterprise and industry.

In my boyhood days I was first put as a scholar in the charge of Miss Mary Baker, whose school for small children was well known in the neighborhood of Conway Street. That was before the day of public primary schools, and as I soon outgrew the little classes at Miss Baker's, I was removed to Grammar School No. 4, where I was placed with other very small boys in the female department. My teacher was Mrs. King, the mother of Judge John C. King. When I reached the age of seven I was considered large enough to go in the boys' department and there some of the rougher experiences in life began for me.

That was a day when it was not considered wise or politic in the school to spoil the child by sparing the rod, and the personal conflicts which arose between master and scholars were sometimes very exciting. There were a large number of scholars, but only two teachers, Mr. Faulkner, the principal, and his assistant, Mr. Coulter. Some of the larger boys refused to be punished and any attempt at correction by the teachers was apt to be the signal for a perfect volley of books, slates, inkstands and whatever missiles came handy. I sometimes wonder at the teacher who would have remained in a position which entailed so many wounds, cuts and bruises. He must have been a plucky man. I had frequently to go and get cobwebs for him from Mrs. Faulkner to patch up his cuts after some of these encounters.

All the fighting was not done in the school-room. The ships' carpenters' apprentices and others who attended there in winter were perhaps responsible for inciting animosities outside as well as rebellion inside of the building. Like all schools, this one had its bully and there came a day when little Jacob Frey found it necessary to fight the bully. Truth compels me to add that he did not like the job. This boy, whose name was Fahey, was anxious to have me adjourn with him to a stone yard near by where we could fight it out. This I declined to do and finally had the delight of thrashing him soundly in the school yard. Not long after this, when I went to the High School at Holliday and Fayette Streets, I found it necessary to battle for a foothold, which I promptly did and established my standing there. There was another school (Public Grammar No. 9) in the same building with the High School, of which Patrick Harshaw was principal. The masters were usually very careful to dismiss their

respective charges at different hours so that there should be no collision, but it happened occasionally that we got out together and then a general fracas was sure to be the result. I recollect once standing at the bottom of the steps as Mr. Harshaw's boys came down, and throwing taffy paper into their faces. One of the boys who was bigger than I was did not like this proceeding and we went around in an alley to have it out, but as ill fortune would have it, a policeman happened along just then and took us both in. This was my first acquaintance with the police department and I could not but feel that I had begun at the wrong end.

From my mother I learned very early in life to be busy, and the habit of work which I then formed has stuck to me ever since. A live boy in a live city soon begins to use his senses to find out all that is going on around him, and there was plenty of life and excitement in Baltimore when I was a boy.

The beginning of my recollections nearly corresponds with the commencement of the "roaring forties," which was certainly not the least active period in Baltimore history. Like most youngsters, I suppose I followed the crowd whenever there was any commotion, and that is probably why one of my first vivid recollections is that of the execution of Adam Horn, in 1844. He was an assassin whose crime had roused great indignation in the city and there could not have been less than thirty thousand people present to witness his taking off. Among them I stood and the scene and incidents made such a deep impression upon me that if the site had not undergone very radical changes since that day, I could go without hesitation to the very spot from which I saw the tragedy enacted. You may be sure that there was very little study that afternoon for one

small school-boy who had used his noon intermission for such a purpose. Of course I did not know all the facts of the case then, and those I have gathered since are not necessary to the purpose of this book, but I had learned a much more serious lesson than any that my teachers in the public school could have taught me of the shadow side of human life.

Another occurrence which about this time horrified every one and brought mourning into many a Baltimore home was the explosion of the new steamboat "Medora." Steamboats at that day were so much less common than now that the building of the "Medora" by the Steam Packet Company attracted a great deal of attention. She was intended to run on regular trips between Baltimore and Norfolk, Va. The best skill of the day had been employed to make this vessel as perfect as possible. No expense had been spared and she was pronounced by those who had inspected her to be a marvel of workmanship.

When the day for the "Medora's" launch and trial trip arrived, a crowd so large gathered upon the wharf and pushed their way over the gang-plank that it was thought dangerous to leave her in that position, as fear was entertained that she might be capsized. Pulling out, therefore, a short distance into the stream, her passengers were brought aboard in a small boat. The steamboat at this time did not lie above thirty feet from the wharf.

At half past three o'clock, when there were eighty-two people on board, the engines were started, but before three revolutions of the wheels had been made there was a terrific explosion. In a minute of time a mass of debris marked the spot where that beautiful boat had been. The air for an instant was filled with splinters of wood, pieces of iron

and fragments of every description, while the force of the explosion was sensibly felt on the shore. The crowd was rigid with horror. The cheer that had burst from a thousand throats as the boat moved off from her mooring was suddenly checked and there was absolute silence, broken after a moment by the screams and groans of the injured and the appeals for help from the few survivors.

Then the silence of the throng on the wharf gave place to the wildest excitement, and those who could, manned boats to aid the unfortunates who were struggling in the water, while many of the people ran up and down, wringing their hands, perfectly demoralized.

There were eighty-two people on the "Medora" at the time of the explosion. Of these, twenty-seven were killed outright, forty were wounded more or less badly and only fifteen of the total number escaped without injury. There were few people in the city to whom loss had not come in the person of some relative, friend or acquaintance through this accident.

The Baltimore of my boyhood was far from being the large city it is to-day. On the south it bordered the harbor and basin, but to the west of the basin it did not extend further south than Cross Street, except for a few scattering houses toward the present Riverside Park. On the west Poppleton Street was the limit and beyond Franklin on the north was open country. A Baltimorean, speaking of the Washington monument several years before, mentions the "touching solitude" in which it stood, and in my early days it was not much better. The line to the eastward of Jones' Falls was a little further off, reaching on Monument Street as far as Gay Street. It then zigzagged down Gay to the market and across through Orleans to Centre as far as Baltimore Street. It followed Baltimore Street eastward

to Broadway and from there along the water-front to the southward of the present Patterson Park. The Baltimore & Ohio workshops, the Washington Monument, the Johns Hopkins Hospital and Federal Hill Park all lie outside of what were then the inhabited limits of Baltimore. I attended the public school at the corner of Lee and Hanover Streets. At that time the old reservoir and water-works were at Calvert and Monument Streets, a couple of squares east of the Washington Monument.

The Whig Convention of 1840 is just beyond my recollection, or if remembered at all is jumbled in with a good many other memories. I have no doubt that a child of five years old is fully capable of noticing with keen interest such a pageant as the procession of State delegates at that time, with their banners and music, carriages drawn by snow-white horses, log cabins, hard cider and all the rest of it. But the memory of it is not at all sure to remain distinct after the lapse of fifty years.

Perhaps that and the Democratic Convention of the same year, at which Martin Van Buren was nominated, and the great gala day that the Odd Fellows made when they dedicated their new hall in September, '43, were all eclipsed by the '44 convention and the subsequent Whig jubilee in the same year, which I *do* recall very clearly.

It was at the old Universalist Church on Calvert Street that Henry Clay received the Whig nomination for the presidency, which was given by acclamation, Theodore Frelinghuysen being nominated for the second place on the ticket. That was an occasion of great display and furor on the part of the Whig party. It would hardly be possible to conceive a scene more full of life and color and animation than that which attended the subsequent jubilee. The Whig Young Men's Convention of ratification brought



Charles Street at Franklin, Looking North.

people of all classes and conditions from every part of the country, north, east, south and west. Every point of view, every balcony, window, doorway, every lamp-post and awning and railing was crowded with the thousands of spectators. The ship "Tariff," full-rigged, bright with flags, manned, armed and equipped, was one of the central objects of display in the parade. Delegates from different states, military bodies, bands of music and all the usual accompaniments of a political procession were there. There were speeches made by Daniel Webster, Reverdy Johnson, Thomas Ewing and others. Baltimore Street was handsomely decorated and at Calvert Street there was a fine triumphal arch erected, gay with bunting and flowers. Such things are calculated to catch the eye of a boy of nine years of age, as they also appeal to the senses of children of a larger growth.

Following this on the 27th of May, the Tyler National Convention met and nominated John Tyler, and two days later James K. Polk and George M. Dallas were put up by the Democratic National Convention.

A singular and interesting occurrence in connection with the Democratic nomination should not be forgotten. For some time Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse had been struggling to introduce the electric telegraph into general use, and finally, on the 20th of May, 1844, the first wire from Washington to Baltimore was finished, ready for operation. No doubt that was a proud day for the inventor. It was also an occasion long to be remembered by the Democrats that the first time in history that the names of candidates for election had been telegraphed from the place of convention was when the names of James K. Polk and George M. Dallas flashed over the wire from Baltimore to Washington in May of 1844.

The apparatus of Morse was primitive in some respects as compared with that in use to-day. The wires were cumbersome and were protected from the weather by a covering of rope-yarn and tar, but they did good service for some months. The newspapers were not slow to take advantage of the new facilities which the telegraph supplied and news was regularly reported from the Capital to the Baltimore press, but in February of the next year Professor Morse telegraphed his apologies to the papers for the statement he was reluctantly obliged to make, that the appropriation had run out and he would therefore have to shut down. There was no money for anybody, he said, and he could no longer report for them.

Among the occurrences which made a deep impression upon all the community, without regard to party preferences or political views, was the death of Ex-President Andrew Jackson. A few years previous to this the memory of William Henry Harrison had been honored by commemorative services at Baltimore. The same forgetfulness of old resentments marked the ceremonies in honor of Jackson, and indeed his funeral was one of the most solemn occasions Baltimore has ever known. A great procession formed and made its way to Mount Vernon Place, where eulogies were delivered and a dirge, especially composed for the occasion, was sung by the Baltimore Musical Association.

Our city has always shown a keen interest in the progress of liberty in whatever part of the world it has manifested itself. Having a liberal portion of the spirit of independence themselves her citizens have been foremost among those who have extended the right hand of fellowship to the laborers or sufferers in the cause of freedom elsewhere. This was shown by the enthusiasm evinced in the mass

meeting which assembled in Monument Square in May, 1848, to express sympathy with the Revolution in France. Some of the foremost orators of our State and Nation were heard. There were Messrs. Reverdy Johnson, Charles F. Mayer, Charles Leloup, George Fein, William P. Preston and Thomas Swann.

So it was when the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, arrived in Baltimore with Madame Kossuth and Madame Pulaski and suite. There was a silent, expectant mass of people waiting to receive the representative of freedom when he stepped from the cars, and when the people caught sight of him the silence was broken by cheer after cheer. The great man was dressed in black, wore knee breeches and a dress sword, and presented a very trim figure as he bowed his acknowledgments.

Mayor Jerome received him and made him the guest of the city. He was invited to enter a barouche which was waiting, and, attended still by the crowd, was driven to the Eutaw House. Afterwards he made a speech in very good English from the balcony of the hotel. Later still he reviewed the military with the critical attention of a soldier who was familiar with the armies of Europe. He was addressed with speeches of welcome by the mayor and other prominent men, and in every way wore as little the appearance of an exile as is possible for a man to do.

At that day it was easier to rouse enthusiasm on any political matter, especially in one that involved parade and show, than it is to-day. That is not peculiar to Baltimore. All over the country the great serious fact of the war seemed to surfeit the whole nation and took away the appetite for political theatricals to a large extent.

In March of 1845 the Democrats of Baltimore made a grand display of a flag which they designed to present to

the Democrats of New York City. It was certainly a magnificent affair: the centre was of white satin, fifty-four square feet in size and decorated with the portraits of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and other eminent men, painted by a Baltimore artist. The border of the banner was made of blue velvet, embroidered by the fair hands of Baltimore ladies. Even the gold fringe that it was finished with, the tassels and the silken ropes that depended from it, were all of home manufacture. The total cost of this gift was said to have been over a thousand dollars. For several days it was on exhibition at the Assembly Rooms, and a great number of people went to admire it.

At this period ship-building was brisk in the city and increasingly so in '45. At one time in the spring of that year there were twenty-one vessels in process of construction, several of them quite large, their aggregate tonnage amounting to over five thousand tons. There were nine shipyards, all of which were busy. On the south side of the Basin was Mr. Skinner's yard; Flannigan & Trimble's was at the foot of McElderry's Dock. Mr. Butler had his yard near the lower end of the Falls. Then were Messrs. Duncan, Seymour & Hunt, John A. Robb & Company, the Gardners, Cooper & Abrahams, Smith & Goodwin and Richardson, who all had yards of greater or less size. The vessels built were not all for Baltimore or its vicinity. Some were intended for the coasting trade. One was a whaler built for New England parties. Two were passenger steamboats and one a lumber boat, and so on. Without question the activity in this direction was much greater in proportion to the population than it is to-day. In this particular, half a century has not seen the advance that we might expect. We were not troubled then with the restric-



Wm. F. Mayer

tive laws which hamper us now and in spite of which we have thriven and grown. Business was healthy, there was plenty to do for the workingman, and house rent was very low.

In point of religious observances and deference to public opinion in matters of morality, one might almost have supposed himself in Connecticut. There was an unwritten law for instance which made church people unwilling to be seen at the theatre. In this connection I may say that there was a certain very convenient museum in town which occupied a floor of the same building with a theatre. It was quite wonderful how the very good people patronized that museum. They would proceed devoutly to be instructed on the museum floor and no doubt would have been quite shocked had any one intimated that they were ever induced to linger by the attractions of the theatre.

On one occasion the press exulted in the capture by the police of a lad who had been caught pitching pennies on the Sabbath. He was caught red-handed, as one may say, with the copper evidence of his total depravity in his hand. There was no use expostulating. This sort of thing must be stopped without further delay, so the offender was shut up over night to meditate on the enormity of his offence, and in the morning was brought trembling before the justice of the peace, who fined him a dollar and costs. Not having a dollar, (probably if he had had one he would have pitched that too,) the boy was committed to jail, as there was no House of Refuge or Reformatory for boys. For the offence of tossing a cent on the Sabbath the young culprit was introduced to criminals, and yet the same issue of the paper which published an account of this arrest, on the succeeding day gave up its columns to the unblushing advertisement of a lottery gotten up to tempt the unwary.

Really, newspaper morality has never failed to present an amusing side.

But neither the morality of the press nor the strength of public opinion was sufficient to stop the riotous proceedings of the firemen and their satellites, whose acts called for daily comment.

A Baltimore paper reported ten fires, most of them (in fact all but two) of incendiary origin, between one Saturday and the following Monday. Almost every issue of the daily press had its record of riots or fights. There was a law passed for the suppression of rioting and a number of arrests were made by the police, but for a long while the evil was on the increase. Many of the incendiaries fired buildings for purposes of plunder, but others no doubt only wanted to provoke a fracas. What could be more inspiring to the unthinking young rough than a combination of those two most exciting spectacles, a fire and a fight! After a while the fire-bugs worked with hardly a pretence at concealment.

One evening a boy was found by a watchman on the Point and questioned as to what he was doing there. He said he was waiting to see the fun. "What fun?" Why, so and so's warehouse was to be burned and he was not going to miss it. The fact that the watchman had discovered hardly an hour before, preparations to set fire to that very warehouse, material of an inflammable nature being piled against it and everything in readiness for a conflagration, made him very anxious to catch the boy, who however eluded pursuit with some companions. Later he fell into the hands of the police, and was identified by the watchman, but persuaded the justice before whom he was brought, that he knew nothing about the preparations and was only joking with the watchman.

Young scoundrels, to use a favorite expression of the day, used to set fire to leaves, barrels, or anything else to make a blaze and call the Volunteers out, and then set upon them with sticks and stones. Sometimes the police interfered; one gallant officer had his collar-bone broken with a brick and was laid up for awhile but usually they managed to have things pretty much their own way.

Justice Brewer fined a young man \$50 for getting up a row and trying to throw the reel belonging to a rival company into the water of Hartford Run, but many a fine equipment did go overboard there, or in Jones' Falls or at the wharves.

When the rival companies would not be accommodating and fight each other, a mob of roughs used to gather and shout out some nonsensical war-ery and then rush in for a scrimmage. Every engine-company had its corps of hangers-on and to these latter was probably due most of the riotous behavior attributed to their patrons. Out of these disturbances grew more serious difficulties, of which I shall speak in another place.

Baltimore at that day was an exciting city to live in. Although so much smaller in area and population than it is to-day, yet there was a greater amount of daily excitement arising from the almost unchecked lawlessness of a certain class of the populace. My earliest recollections of city life are therefore of the liveliest description.

Although Baltimore had grown very much during those first seventeen years of my life, yet it was far from being the city it is to-day, either in size or in its reputation for orderliness. As already suggested, safety was not always as fully insured as now.

At the age of seventeen years I left school and began work, and I have worked ever since. I had graduated to the high school in the winter of 1848-49 and three years

later I entered my apprenticeship to Joseph Steward in the stove business, on Baltimore between Howard and Eutaw Streets.

I had, as every young man who thinks at all must have, a good many ideas about what I should accomplish, but probably about the only thing that did not occur to me was that I should ever belong to the police force, and much less that I should one day be chosen to command it.

One of the most surprising escapes of my life, (and I have had several that were narrow,) was toward the end of my apprenticeship. I was employed in tinning the roof of a building in Mount Washington, Baltimore County. It was an octagon building, used as a young ladies' seminary, and is still standing. In spreading the tin out, walking backwards and rolling it towards me, I miscalculated the distance and suddenly, to my horror, stepped off. Nothing can be more dreadful than the sensation of backing into the empty air, clutching vainly for something that will save one and then falling. I fortunately lost consciousness before I struck, although I have a perfect recollection of my falling at the instant that I made the misstep. The height of the roof was fifty-two feet from the ground and I fell all but a few feet of the whole distance, but to my good fortune there was a pile of flooring boards piled up against the side of the house. Upon these I struck, bounding off again and landing on a pile of stones a few feet away. Those who had seen my fall ran to pick me up and of course believed me to be dead, but strange to say, I was able to be about my work the next day, very much bruised and sore and stiff, but otherwise not much the worse for my remarkable adventure. I should not advise any one else to try that method of diving, however; there are plenty of other amusements which offer less risk.

A decade before the commencement of the war the great statesman, Henry Clay, died. There was an extra session of our City Council held on the 30th of June, to arrange for appropriate obsequies here.

The town meeting was held in accordance with a public call made by the mayor and at the Exchange, which was draped in black for the occasion, a very large gathering, over which Mayor Jerom: presided, concurred in resolutions of respect and grief. An address by Z. Collins Lee, Esq. contained these words, which seem to express the sentiments of every one present, of whatever party creed—
“Let, then, the nation which mourns his loss, let men of all parties, now pause and contemplate his noble example and learn from it the true love of country and mankind. Around this great statesman’s tomb be the voice of faction and disunion hushed and the spirit of partizan rivalry extinguished forever.”

Among the resolutions was one inviting all citizens who could conveniently do so to attend the funeral at Washington in a body, and providing for the appointment by the chair of a committee of twenty-four representative citizens to visit Washington and testify the respect of the city for the illustrious dead. Every preparation was made in Baltimore to do honor to the statesman—“The sage of Ashland,” as he was called. When the hour arrived for the car which should bear the funeral cortege to leave the capital, three guns were fired in quick succession from Federal Hill. The procession which was to escort the remains from the depot was formed in Poppleton and Pratt Streets, with the right resting on Baltimore Street. Besides the military there were various societies, including the Odd Fellows, Old Defenders, Sons of Temperance, Firemen, etc. These formed to the eastward of the military.

The chief marshal on this occasion was John Pickett, his assistants were Colonels Benzinger and Kane, Majors Spedden, Barry and Hall, Captain John Marshall and other prominent gentlemen. Besides those already enumerated there was a mounted corps under the command of Colonel Bouldon, and a number of carriages in which the county and city judges, members of congress, visitors and the clergy rode. The marshal was distinguished by a black scarf and rosette and his assistants by white scarfs and black rosettes.

The train which left Washington at four o'clock on the 1st with a guard of honor of the Washington Light Infantry arrived at the Mont Clair depot about twenty minutes after six p. m. Although the rain fell in heavy showers before the arrival of the funeral train a dense mass of people awaited it. When the coffin was moved from the car to the hearse which had been provided, bells and minute guns testified to the universal respect and grief, while to these were added the solemn effect of the sable decorations and emblems of mourning. The Fifth Cavalry Regiment, mounted bands, Independent Light Dragoons, German Taylor Light Dragoons and Mounted Carbineers acted as a guard of honor. Next followed the funeral car and the pall bearers under the immediate escort of the Independent Grays, and after these came the military and civic bodies already mentioned.

Thus the remains of Clay were taken amid the trappings of grief and to the mournful music of muffled drums to the rotunda of the Exchange and placed upon the cenotaph prepared for them.

The city was literally hung with mourning and all around the line of march flags, festoons and drapery of black gave a gloomy and sad aspect to the city. Stores were closed

and work at the shipyards and other places where large bodies of men were employed was stopped.

During the time that the statesman's body lay in state it was visited by thousands of people. One of the papers of that date, referring to the occurrence, says: "The scene of yesterday with the occasion of it will not be erased from the memory of any one who witnessed it, but with life itself. No event probably has ever elicited a more general, spontaneous manifestation of public feeling. And as far as the external homage of our citizens could render honor to the remains of the departed statesman, Baltimore has acquitted herself with fidelity."

The people of Baltimore were much stirred about this time over the slaying of two policemen, named Rigdon and Benton. These two together had arrested two men named Houck and Eisenhart for disorderly conduct. The offenders, while intoxicated, had been trying to force an entrance into a private house on Biddle Street, where a social party was in progress. The policemen arrived to find the occupants of the house very much exercised, the women frightened and the men provoked. The guardians of the peace had taken their prisoners but a little way when Henry Gambrell attempted a rescue, and, during the fight which followed, shot Benton, after which he succeeded in escaping and took refuge in a house on Eutaw and Ross Streets. But he was afterwards captured, stood trial and was sentenced, the chief witness against him being Officer Rigdon.

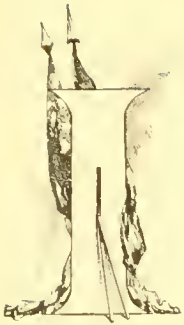
There were loud threats made against Rigdon and these became so violent that the captain of his district advised him to remain at home for a short time until the excitement caused by the affair should blow over. This advice was taken, rather against the officer's will, it is said, and he went to his house at 488 West Baltimore Street. Captain

Lineweaver had not underrated the danger to which Rigdon was exposed, as the event proved.

While at his home, standing in front of the mantel in their little parlor and talking with his wife about the affair in which he had the misfortune to be implicated, his adopted child, whom in the kindness of his heart he had taken from the street to care for and educate, was playing upon the floor at his feet. To one looking upon that scene, it must have appeared a charming though simple spectacle of domestic peace and tranquillity, unless the eyes of the beholder were blinded by a base passion or hate. Not two feet from where Rigdon stood there was a window and outside of this there was a spectator whose malice and rage prevented his seeing in the picture before him anything but an opportunity to gratify his revenge. This was Marion Cropps, a friend of Gambrill's. In his hand, resting upon the window-sill, was a fowling-piece, the barrel of which had been cut down to the length of an old-fashioned horse-pistol and which was loaded with slugs. An accomplice of Cropps, one Peter Corrie, was waiting at the mouth of the alley by which Cropps had gained access to the yard. As Officer Cook passed this point on his beat the sound of a shot surprised him, and at that moment Corrie, brushing past him, started on a run up the street, firing at the officer as he passed. Cook gave chase, returning the fugitive's fire, but without injury to him, and followed past Pine as far as Penn Street. Several times during the pursuit Corrie turned to fire at his pursuer, who at last overtook and captured him on the corner of Penn Street. He weakened and confessed the crime and the name of his accomplice, who was very carefully hidden at Erasmus Levy's tavern on Holliday Street. Thousands of people assembled to see these men executed, for they both were held guilty and paid the extreme penalty of their crime.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEXICAN WAR.



IN 1846 all eyes were turned toward Mexico. Twelve times since independence had been proclaimed the United States had been engaged in wars or disturbances with her foes. Now Mexico was trying her strength against ours. General Taylor was in Mexico and General Taylor was in trouble. The call for reinforcements sounded from state to state. It reached Maryland and stirred the hearts of the people of Baltimore.

At first there were the usual knots of people at the street corners, in the stores and around public places. There was the newspaper call, the occasional speech, the appeal to patriotism. In a little while all these things crystalized in a public meeting on Baltimore Street, to raise volunteers for the Mexican service. The people flocked into the hall, filled it, overflowed it. When the hour was announced an organization was effected by the leaders and Captain B. F. Mauldin was called to the chair.

By this time the throng had grown so that the lobby,

steps and street in front of the hall were full of people. Then a motion was made to adjourn to Monument Square. The cry "To the Square! To Monument Square!" was passed down to the street and taken up by the crowd there and a general stampede was the result. Those within made the best time they could in getting out; a cry of fire could hardly have cleared the building more quickly, and they followed in the wake of those who were already marching up Baltimore Street, joined at every block by recruits. That was the first war meeting. There were eloquent addresses by Messrs. Yellott, Gallagher and Preston, and there was great enthusiasm shown; but that meeting was insignificant compared with subsequent ones.

It would be almost impossible to overstate the practical interest which the people showed in this war. Every bit of news from the front seemed to have the effect of a call for volunteers. From May to mid-summer the recruiting went forward. Companies belonging to the United States army and navy paraded with drum and fife to attract recruits. The militia regiments perfected their organization, completed their quota of officers and men, and stood ready to be of service, while Germans and Hebrews vied with Americans in enrolling themselves under the banner of Baltimore's patriotic sons.

When the first news from the Rio Grande was received, Colonel Watson of the Independent Blues offered that corps to the Government. This he did without consultation, but was afterward unanimously upheld by his men. His proposal was to take charge of Fort McHenry in the absence of regulars. Roll books for volunteers were opened at the Exchange early in May, and at Union Hall also the enrollment went briskly on. The first company was that of Capt. James E. Steuart of the Washington

Blues. This company paraded through the streets to Howard's Park, where they pitched nine tents loaned them by the Eutaw Infantry. This camp was near Captain Frederick's reservoir house. It was visited by a great many people, attracted by patriotism or curiosity, and among others were Generals Houston and Rust, United States senators from Texas.

The Chesapeake Riflemen, recruited by Captain Steiner, had overflow meetings at the "Slashes of Hanover" on Pratt Street. This was the second company raised, and owing to the illness of Captain Steiner was commanded in the field by Captain Boyd.

One of the most largely attended of the war meetings was one in Monument Square, at which Col. Henry Stump and Gen. Branch T. Archer and others spoke. But the greatest gathering of all was one presided over by the then mayor of Baltimore, Mr. Davies. It was held in the same place. During the interval men had had a chance to fire each other's enthusiasm. There had been fresh news from the seat of war. The necessity for volunteers was imperative.

On the 23d of May a great mass of people stood in the Square. They were for the most part quiet and earnest when the chairman, Mayor Davies, arose and announced the first speaker. Few Baltimoreans but knew the fame of Reverdy Johnson and many had heard his eloquent voice. His was the rare case of a prophet who had honor in his own country. Seldom had he addressed a better audience on a more inspiring occasion. But when the hero of San Jacinto stepped to the front of the platform the cry "Houston! Houston!" was followed by prolonged applause. The man who knew the Mexicans, root and branch; who remembered the Alamo; who leaned on his

cane to relieve the pain of a wound from a Mexican ball; the man who had succeeded in calling Santa Anna to account, and who had wrested Texas for the Union from the Mexicans, was the man who drew from that Baltimore crowd its most extravagant expressions of enthusiasm.

Senator Houston's voice has been described often. It was clear as a flute. His forcible language and energetic delivery never failed to arouse enthusiasm in his audience. Their effect on that occasion was marked.

Among those who heard the news of the first campaign on the Rio Grande; of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, was Captain, or rather at that time Lieutenant, John R. Kenly of the Eagle Artillery Company. When the call of President Polk for volunteers followed, striking while the iron was hot, Kenly posted to Washington and begged the President for a commission in the regular army. Mr. Polk advised him to return to Baltimore and recruit a company there, on the ground that he could thus attain higher rank than would be possible in the regular army. Hesitating about receiving this very sensible advice and still seeking a commission, the ardent young soldier was met by Lieutenant-Colonel Watson and urged to return. He did so and commenced recruiting at once, opening for the purpose a rendezvous at the Armory of the Eagle Company and another at the Trades Union Hall at the corner of Baltimore Street and Tripolette's Alley. The men immediately began to pour in so that in three days Captain Kenly returned to Washington with fifty-eight men, afterward receiving accessions which swelled the number to eighty-four. This company was called "Baltimore's Own."

Still the contagion spread. Captain Kelly and others started the ball rolling among the ship-masters, pilots and

mates. Their services were also offered to the Government. Another camp, on the corner of Calvert and Madison Streets, was that of the Towson Rifles. They were commanded by Captain Marriott. In the west part of the city Captain Piper enrolled an efficient company.

Altogether by the last of May the volunteers of Baltimore numbered upwards of five hundred men; among those who subsequently offered their services to the Government of Maryland was the Eagle Artillery.

While these things were transpiring and the rumors of war were filling the hearts of young Baltimoreans with the generous ambitions of youth there came the news of the sad death of Major Ringgold. He had been in Mexico with General Taylor and had participated in the great hardships and partial successes which attended our arms there. Major Ringgold was a West Pointer. He had served with General Jackson in Florida, his health in fact being somewhat undermined by his life in that country. Before the Mexican War the War Department had entrusted him with the task of revising the United States Army tactics: he was a Baltimore man and beloved in his city. The news of his death followed close upon the tidings of the victory of Matamoros; he died from a wound received at Palo Alto. In that battle he occupied the right of the line, his command consisting of the Fifth Regiment of infantry and the Third Horse Artillery, the guns of the latter drawn by oxen. The centre of the battle order was occupied by artillery, and the left by Duncan's Battery and the Fourth and Eighth Infantry. Lieutenant Ridgely, also a West Pointer and a Baltimorean, was with the centre.

The first attack of the Mexicans was a cavalry rush. Making a detour behind a thicket of chaparral, the enemy were met by the Fifth Infantry, who formed in square to

receive them. They were successful in repulsing the attack. Shortly afterward the artillery got to work and the gallant Ridgely conducted a duel on a large scale, advancing rapidly with his pieces along the road, and driving the enemy back. But during the firing Major Ringgold was hit with a cannon ball and lived but a short time.

It was just after this news reached the city that Captains Steuart, Steiner and Piper with their companies left this city for Washington.

Preparations were at once made to remove the remains of Major Ringgold from their resting-place on Mexican soil and bring them home. The conduct of this affair was entrusted to the Eagle and Junior Companies. About July 1st, of that year, a vessel belonging to Baltimore brought home the sword, saddles, holster and other possessions of Major Ringgold. These relics were of course given to his family. The saddle and holster were torn by the cannon ball which had taken the life of their owner and they were stained with his blood.

One of the papers of the day said that it was hardly possible to keep the run of the new companies organizing or old ones reorganizing. Every day in the streets there were heard the roll of drums and the tramp of marching feet. And these were no play soldiers; they proved on Mexican soil the good stuff of which they were made.

Of course there were the usual presentations before the troops started for the front. After arriving in Washington Captain Steuart received from the ladies in Baltimore a beautiful flag, accompanied by a letter of complimentary import. His reply was manly and appropriate. Captain Kenly's company was the last of the first four recruited, to leave for the capital. His rolls had been filled in much shorter time than the others. The captain was presented

with a pair of epaulettes by Capt. G. D. Spurrier in behalf of the Third Division of the Maryland Volunteers. Captain Kane of the Eagle Artillery just before the train started which was to bear the company to Washington, stepped forward and handed him a very handsome sword and belt. Captain Kenly's pledges on receiving the sword, unlike many such promises, were manfully kept. In Washington, "Baltimore's Own" united with the companies which had preceded them from the Monumental City, in a battalion under command of Lieut.-Colonel Watson. This command proceeded almost immediately to the front. It was composed of four Baltimore and two Washington companies and was styled the Baltimore and Washington Battalion. Company A was that of Captain Stewart. His lieutenants were Owens, Wilt and Chapan. Company B was commanded by Captain Piper, whose lieutenants were Dolan, Taylor and Morrow. Then came C and D, which were Washington organizations. Next was "Baltimore's Own," Company E, with Lieutenants Schaeffer and Oden Bowie. Last came F, officered by Captain Boyd and Lieutenants Ruddach and Haslett.

These were mustered into the army of the United States for twelve months or until the end of the war. Few people anticipated that the war was going to last longer than a year. General Taylor was fighting with the troops he had raised in Louisiana and those from Texas and Ohio. The additional forces from Maryland and other states it was thought would prove sufficient to bring the war to an end. But people reckoned without Santa Anna. That wild and implacable genius, banished to Cuba after the Texan war, had been allowed by the United States to return to his own country and to a new destiny. On the 13th of June Colonel Watson's battalion, carrying with it the prayers and hopes

of many of Baltimore's mothers and wives, sweethearts and sisters, embarked in the transport steamer "Massachusetts," and shortly afterwards started for the scene of action.

The voyage of the "Massachusetts" was not an auspicious one. Her course lay through the Bahama Islands and in that region of uncertain currents and deceptive bearings the captain lost his way. After an alarming passage over banks where the clearness of the water constantly alarmed the soldiers with the impression that they were about to ground, the steamer ran ashore on one of the keys known as the Little Isaacs.

Had it not been for the strength of the "Massachusetts'" hull and for the knowledge of seamanship displayed by some of the soldiers on board, the expedition of the Baltimore Battalion would have come to an untimely end like that of the "Three Wise Men" of the nursery tale. But fortunately their better destiny prevailed. The vessel was got off by skillful manœuvring of her sails and proceeded on her way. It was, however, a long, tedious voyage. The water ran low, the crowded condition of the men in a tropical climate in mid-summer, made the seventeen days which elapsed before reaching their destination seem much longer, and the fact that the force was as yet undisciplined added greatly to the anxiety of those in command. But at length Brazos Island, near the Government depot of supplies for General Taylor, was sighted and a landing made. Several of those who had gone so far to serve their country found a grave there in the sand on the very border of a land they had come to invade.

Captain Ridgely, of whom mention has already been made, was among the first of those who met the volunteers on their arrival.

The campaign of the Rio Grande tested the mettle of



Edmund Z. Lutz
Mayor.

the new soldiers. Hardest of all to bear perhaps was the apparently causeless delay which kept them inactive for the first month after their arrival. There were skirmishes toward the end of that time, and finally about the middle of August they were brigaded with the Louisville Legion of Kentucky Rangers and twelve companies of Ohio volunteers, making a brigade of two thousand men. These were obliged to march over a desert, treeless and arid, where after several days the men became frantic with the fatigue, heat and thirst, sometimes falling by the way in convulsions, from which a number never arose again. Such was the march from Matamoras to Comargo, such the first experience in the enemy's country, of men who had such a short time before gathered in Monument Square to listen to the ringing words of Houston and Johnson, who had paraded in all the pomp and pride of military display in the streets of Baltimore, who had perhaps pictured the soldier's life as something in the nature of a prolonged holiday.

In the meantime, events transpired at home that brought more forcibly to the minds of those here the shadow side of warfare. The body of the lamented Major Ringgold had been at last brought back to Baltimore for burial. There are many who will recollect the solemnity of that time. A sense of loss seemed to pervade the city, and pride and regret struggled for the mastery. Of course all the military organizations which had not gone to the front took part in Major Ringgold's funeral. The rotunda of the Exchange was the spot selected for the body to lie in state, and there for three days it held solemn court, while thousands of people crowded to pay their respects to the memory of the dead hero.

At this time other volunteer troops were ordered to hold

themselves in readiness to advance to the seat of war. In Fort McHenry there were several companies and in September the brig "Saldana" of Baltimore carried two companies, one of infantry and another of mounted rangers, in the command of Captain Mason, to the front.

Capt. Randolph Ridgely, who had succeeded to the command of Major Ringgold's battery, was with the Baltimoreans in the army of occupation of Brazos, and all were looking forward to Monterey. As we know, the advance toward Monterey was largely an experimental campaign. General Taylor was confessedly feeling his way with six thousand men, doubting if he could support a larger column in that country, so far from his base of supplies. With that little army were included the Baltimore volunteers. Let me quote here what one of their own officers says of their organization at this time when they are as yet unformed soldiers.

"Its character was that of being disorderly and riotous, which reputation it had brought from Washington and had added to on the Brazos, at Camp Belknap and at Matamoras; but I say as a soldier that its behavior was as orderly and that it was more obedient and its appearance more soldierly than any I have seen. The reason why frequently its conduct was considered disorderly was owing to the fact that nearly every man was from the cities of Washington and Baltimore; many of them had been sailors, others members of fire companies, etc.; and they were a wild, frolicsome, reckless set, full of fun and hard to keep in camp. They frequently came in collision with volunteers of other states, who, being mostly from the rural districts, would not understand the character or take the fun of these city fellows, particularly as they were dressed in army uniform."

In approaching Monterey a further description is given by the same writer.

"We marched along steadily and compactly all day, a west south-westerly course, keeping the mountains on our right and making apparently for a gorge in the Sierra. Our division was in the advance, preceded by Texan cavalry and followed by Worth's division and Butler's volunteer division. I was struck with the elasticity and the spirits of the men which, notwithstanding the withering heat of the sun, found vent in song and laughter as they stepped solidly to the front. The victories of Palo Alto and Resaca had given confidence to these men which was communicated to the volunteers, and I could not but reflect on the value which the prestige of success gave to our raw troops and the good policy which guided our being brigaded with the regulars."

There were many incidental hardships to be encountered, deaths from climatic causes, etc. But these things were forgotten as the troops approached the enemy's stronghold and came within sound of his guns.

Monterey was strongly fortified. Its commander was General Ampudia, a man of valor though lacking in generalship. Generals Taylor and Worth acted in concert in the attack upon the city. It is not at all the purpose of this chapter to give a history of the Mexican War, but only to recall the part taken by Baltimore men who were known to all Baltimoreans and whose relatives and acquaintances are, many of them, still among us. Most of our boys were with General Taylor and were among the first to advance upon the Mexican stronghold, though not the first, by any means, to retire. Under the command of Brigadier-General Garland they entered the city gallantly, subjected to a severe, direct and enfilading fire, which might

well have appalled veterans. The loss was heavy, especially after the city was gained, and through the perfect system of barricading in the streets further advance towards the citadel was impossible, yet here the brave fellows staid and failed to hear the order to fall back, until the command had been peremptorily repeated. The Baltimore Battalion became separated; Captain Kenly took command of a part of it, in the absence of Colonel Watson, and fought with it till dark. Colonel Watson having gotten away from his own battalion, fell in with some of General Worth's Ohio troops, who were storming from another direction, and he died fighting bravely at the head of their column. His body was afterward identified by Captain Kenly and brought home by Mr. Samuel S. Mills of Baltimore, who visited Mexico for that purpose.

After three days of hard fighting Monterey fell. It is not necessary to tell the story of that magnificent battle here.

Shortly after this Captain Ridgely, who had gone safely through this and other conflicts, was killed by a fall from his horse—a fate more strange because he was considered one of the best horsemen in the world.

He was a great favorite with all the army, from General Taylor to the men in ranks. His funeral was the occasion of much sorrow and was generally attended by his brother officers. It is said that General Taylor, as well as many others present, was affected to tears. It was further affirmed concerning Captain Ridgely that "if any officer has particularly distinguished himself, it is the lamented Ridgely, one of the most heroic and gallant officers in the army."

The Baltimoreans were placed, after the death of Colonel Watson, under the command of Major Robert C. Buchanan, a West Pointer and a strict disciplinarian, who, they afterward said, made soldiers of them in point of discipline.

We cannot follow them through their various services. After the battle of Buena Vista, ended the campaign of the Rio Grande; the first Baltimore Battalion was mustered out and before long a second body, similar to the first and largely composed of the same material, was enrolled and in the field. There was also organized a battery of Baltimore recruits under command of Capt. Lloyd Tilghman.

Among the most brilliant actions which took place after the second enlistment of the Baltimore Battalion was that of the National Bridge and the fortress guarding one of the main passes in the Tierra Caliente. This was a large stone fort at the summit of a hill and completely commanded the road. It became necessary to take this stronghold. While part of the battalion made a feint of attacking from the front Major Kenly led in person a surprise party that ascended by a ravine at the rear of the fort, in order to take it in reverse. It was necessary after reaching the ridge which extended back of the works to advance in single file, or by threes at most. The surprise was complete. In a few moments Ridgely was in possession of the fort and the Mexicans were escaping as best they might down the steep hillside. Afterward, for two months the command kept this important pass, upon which largely depended the arrival of General Scott's supplies, engaging constantly in a guerilla warfare.

The presentation of the flag under which the Baltimore Battalion had fought at Monterey, must not be forgotten. When that body of tried and true soldiers was mustered out of service at Tampico, on the 30th of May, 1847, its commander, major Buchanan, wrote the following letter to the Mayor of Baltimore:

“Dear Sir:—The term of service of the Baltimore Battalion having expired, it becomes necessary to make a suitable disposition of the flag under

whose folds it so gallantly fought and so faithfully sustained the toils and privations incident to the last twelve months' campaign. The officers of the battalion desire that it should be presented to the Corporation of the city to be kept in the City Hall as a memorial of their regard for Baltimore. In this arrangement I most heartily concur. It therefore becomes my agreeable duty to forward the flag to you, the chief magistrate of the city, with the request that it may be disposed of in accordance with the wish of the donors. By our fellow-citizens it may well be regarded with a feeling of pride as having been the standard of a body of their friends which, for good discipline, soldierly deportment and efficiency for hard service stood in a most enviable position. The Rio Grande, Monterey, Victoria and Tampico will all bear witness to the service of the battalion. Sergeant-Major William T. Lenox, who carried the flag in the battle of Monterey after Hart was wounded and who has been the color-bearer since that time, will be entrusted with the duty of delivering it to you.

"I am, sir, with much respect,

"ROBERT C. BUCHANAN," etc. etc.

On the 10th of July the flag was formally presented to the City Corporation, not by Sergeant-Major Lenox, as mentioned in the dispatch, but by Captain Steuart. The mayor received the flag, making a neat speech on the occasion, and then the crowd called vehemently for Captain Kenly, who responded eloquently. This occurred while Captain Kenly was recruiting the second Baltimore Battalion. It was just one year later that Captain Boyd and Lieutenant Taneyhill were killed in an action near Hangujutta, Mexico. Their funeral service was performed in Baltimore, in the presence of a very large number of their fellow-citizens, in the month of September.

The Legislature of Maryland in January of 1847 adopted resolutions of regret for the loss of those who had laid down their lives on the fields of battle. Among the names especially mentioned with a sense of loss were those of Colonel Trueman Cross, Major Samuel Ringgold, Colonel William H. Watson, Major William Lear, Captain Ran-

dolph Ridgely, and Past Midshipman John Ringgold Hynson.

The last scene of the Mexican war had been enacted. The capital of that country had fallen before the victorious American arms, and Baltimore, that had contributed so lavishly to the army that achieved the victory, was justly proud and jubilant over the result.

Perhaps, as a city, we have been always a little fond of pageantry and celebrations. It may be that our people both know how to fight for a victory and how to rejoice over it. Be that as it may, the oldest inhabitants said that since Lafayette had been received in 1824 there had been nothing seen in Baltimore like the brilliant festivities with which our people celebrated the final victory of Scott in Mexico.

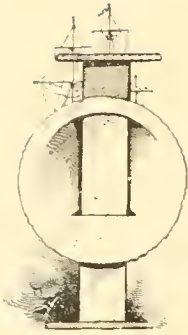
A moving multitude swayed back and forth through the streets, talking, laughing, congratulating each other. Above them, around them, from every point where bunting could fly, waved flags and banners. Flowers and music, bon-fires, speeches, the discharge of fire-arms and the ringing of bells, proclaimed the gladness and exultation that filled all hearts.

The Washington monument was illuminated; the shipping in the harbor decorated; even private houses wore, for the time, a new front, and for a time all but the few to whom sorrow had come most closely made a great holiday.

And so I will close this chapter, not pretending that I had personal knowledge of all or most of the matters I have given in detail here. Many of them have been carefully gathered from records, newspaper files and reports, to make more accurate and complete my account of this not-to-be neglected period of our history.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE ROARING FORTIES.



GRADUATED from School Number Four, on Lee Street, to the high school, in the winter of 1848-49. The high school, where I stayed for three years, was in a building on Holliday and Fayette Streets, formerly the Assembly Rooms. The new Assembly Rooms, at the corner of Lombard and Hanover Streets, still stand.

I was at the high school when Jenny Lind came to Baltimore. She arrived in December, but the warmth of her reception must have made some amends for the coldness of the season. It would not have been strange if the great singer's head had been turned by the adulation she received. From the time she arrived at New York, when the crowds that gathered to receive her actually pushed people into the water in their eagerness, to the thousands of people who thronged around the depot at Baltimore to catch sight of her, it was one continuous triumph. Yet if she was spoiled she succeeded in concealing the fact so that no one ever suspected it.

The "Swedish Nightingale," as it was the fashion to call her, was under engagement to sing for \$1,000 a night. In Baltimore, at the Front Street Theatre, an eager throng gathered to attend the auction of seats for the first concert. The price of admission to all parts of the house, according to the terms of sale as stated by Mr. Gibson, the auctioneer, was fixed at \$3; but the choice would go to the highest bidder. After some spirited bidding an enterprising daguerrotypist, Mr. Whitehurst, bid \$100, at which the seat was knocked down. This, it goes without saying, was as good an advertisement as he could possibly have had.

There were in all four concerts. The receipts for the first one amounted to \$12,000, and the course aggregated more than \$60,000. Front Street during the time of these concerts was literally jammed with vehicles of all descriptions, and the crowd of people on foot blocked the sidewalks. Within the theatre the audience was as brilliant as can be imagined. Baltimore is justly proud of the fame of her beautiful women, and it is to be hoped that she will always have as good cause to be so as to-day, but never did the fair dames of the Monumental City appear more to advantage than when the great songstress drew the brightest and most cultivated of them within the magic circle of her power.

Do you wonder how I, a school-boy of fifteen, knew all this? Where I got my impressions about the fair audience and the wonderful voice of the great singer? Of course every one knows that the school-boy, whatever he may have to-day, did not use to be financially in a position very often to enjoy Jenny Lind concerts.

This was the secret. The "Queen of Song" was managed by the "King of Advertisers," and it entered his wise head that a good way to win a golden opinion in Baltimore was

to invite all the high school—or was it all the public school children?—to a free treat. So we, who paid nothing, thankfully went to enjoy with those who paid twenty or fifty or a hundred dollars for the same pleasure, and I venture to say that we were no less moved by the marvelous music than were they. Thanks to Mr. Barnum's foresightedness the visit of Jenny Lind to Baltimore is one of the pleasantest memories of my boyhood, that keeps green in spite of the years.

I recollect well the fight that took place between Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer in 1849. The efforts of the police and military to prevent it and the laughable fiasco that resulted from their joint efforts was the talk of Baltimore. I was then a school-boy, attending the high school, but in common with a great many other boys, I was greatly pleased with the appearance of Hyer, who used to walk up and down in front of the old United States Hotel. But that was after his victory. He was a spare, active, six-footer, with an immensely long reach and the appearance of great strength—at least, so it seemed to me. Sullivan was a heavy-jawed, beetle-browed fellow, rather the superior of his adversary in size. In 1848, in an informal fight in New York City, Sullivan had been thrashed by Hyer, the latter having been saved by the activity of Officer (afterward chief) Walling, from the vengeance of Sullivan's friends.

Before the Baltimore affair Hyer trained for the contest at Govenstown and Sullivan at Kendel's Race Track, Canton, in the neighborhood of Baltimore. Both he and Sullivan were New York men, however. Not only did they propose to settle the old dispute here, but the fact had been thoroughly advertised among the sporting fraternity. Every one knew when the "event" was to come off. Even the police were by no means ignorant of the proposed fight

and were informed of the place where it was to take place. As prize fights were then, as now, against the law, there was considerable curiosity to know what the force was going to do about it. The stakes were very heavy for that day, being \$10,000, — and this fact perhaps added not a little to the excitement which aroused almost everybody. They set February 7th as the day. The High Constable, Gifford, started his force in hacks towards Carroll's Island, from which point they intended to swoop down on the pugilists and their supporters. Taking into account either the prowess of the principals or the size of the crowd with them, or else fearing that his force would not be sufficient to divide for strategic purposes, the constable applied to the mayor to exercise his authority, who speedily ordered out the Independent Blues and the Independent Grays under Captains Hall and Shutt. The supreme command of this army was assumed by the intrepid mayor.

Very quietly, so as not to arouse any undue suspicion, Attorney-General Richardson chartered the steamer "Boston" as a transport boat to carry the military. The dignity of our laws was about to be vindicated, even if Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer had to be obliterated from the face of the earth.

Very quietly, as befitted an army that was to move in several divisions upon so important and hazardous an undertaking, the forces gathered at midnight and embarked.

On the boat intense excitement prevailed; the expedition, before it ended, might perhaps take on some of the characteristics of a lion hunt.

About three o'clock the combined forces rushed in from both sides to the ground where the fight was to take place. They found—the ropes. The giants, had met; Tom Hyer had given Sullivan a terrible thrashing in sixteen

minutes by the referee's watch and then both had quietly left for parts unknown. The constables and the military were both reticent about this affair for some time. For reasons of their own they did not care to discuss it.

Among the events of '49 we must not forget the tragic death of Edgar Allen Poe, who began his life in Baltimore ; and although the greater part of his life work was done elsewhere, came back to the city of his fathers to enact its last sad scene. The poet's people had been Baltimoreans for several generations. His grandfather, David Poe, Senior, won fame during the Revolutionary War. His mother was an English actress, named Elizabeth Arnold, from whom it has been supposed that Poe derived that eccentricity of genius which is so characteristic of his work. He was not born in the city of Baltimore—in fact it is not known whether Boston or Richmond is the place of his birth, as his mother at that time was absent from her home. The date we know to have been January 20th, 1809. Both of his parents dying while he was an infant, Poe was adopted by Mr. John Allen, a Scotchman, who lived in Richmond. The story of the care and love bestowed upon him by both Mr. and Mrs. Allen is well known. He was sent to England to school, where he began his education under Dr. Buzby ; on returning, he attended the University of Virginia. Although of excellent mental endowment, as we know, his career at school and college was a most unfortunate one. Both at the University of Virginia and at the West Point Academy, to which he was afterward admitted, he was dismissed for irregularities and compelled to return to the house of his adopted parents. As long as the first Mrs. Allen lived excuses were found for everything that the youth did, but upon her death his patron married again and Edgar and the new wife were unable to agree ; so

he left that household and, thrown upon his own resources, began to earn his livelihood with the pen. There were several stories and poems published during the early part of his literary career which, although betraying great ability, did not attract much attention. We will not attempt to follow him in his upward struggle for recognition and a livelihood. He was employed upon the staffs of several periodicals in different cities, and among others upon that of the *Home Journal*, of New York, which was then conducted by Gen. William Morris and N. P. Willis; and here it may be remarked that after Poe's death, when stories, greatly exaggerated, of his dissipated life and habits were currently told, Willis in a letter to the *Home Journal* described his relations with the dead poet and stated that through an acquaintance of several years he had never once seen him under the influence of liquor or other than mild and courteous in his manner.

Without question, Poe's dark, melancholy, brooding temper not only led him to perform work which was peculiar to himself, but made him always misunderstood and misjudged by the majority of those that he came in contact with. Not only were his poems weird and wild, but some of his prose tales, deeply interesting as they were, were almost repulsive in their picturing of the darker side of human life and thought. One or two of Poe's stories show remarkable detective ability, and though Chief Walling in his book says that Poe would never have caught a thief in his life, yet we must admit that on paper he could carry a clue to its logical conclusion. Take, for instance, the story of Marie Roget. Stripped of its French name and Parisian surroundings the story was a true one. John Anderson, the New York tobacconist, who a few years ago left ten millions of dollars to his heirs, used to keep in his early days a small tobacco

shop in the lower part of New York. All of the young men of the town knew the place; many would go far out of their way to buy their tobacco and cigars there, because behind the counter was Mary Rogers, the most beautiful girl in the city. Suddenly it became the talk of the town, the gossip of the clubs, the news of all the morning papers, that Mary Rogers had disappeared. Every effort was made to find what had become of her and after it was ascertained that she had been killed the police with redoubled energy endeavored to discover her slayer, but they did not succeed. Poe, reading what had been published, the testimony of those who had found the body of the unfortunate girl, and several items which had escaped the notice of the reporters and detectives, worked out his theory of the crime in the form of a story, and merely transplanting the scene of the whole matter to France called it "The Mystery of Marie Roget." In the story, as told by Poe, a sailor, or at least some one connected with shipping, is made the guilty party. Twenty years after the occurrence and publication of this narrative, it is said that a sailor dying in a New York hospital confessed that he had killed Mary Rogers and that Poe's account was substantially accurate.

There was a newspaper story told by a priest and published half a dozen years ago, which shows another phase of Poe's character and is a relief to the darker side of which we have heard so much, as it illustrates the poet's personal courage and self-forgetfulness. It is not generally known that he was an athletic man, well able to take care of himself and of others. The story referred to tells how in mid-winter he swam among floating ice in the Hudson river to rescue a boy who had fallen into the water, and upon getting his charge safely out, strode rapidly away in his wet clothes as if to escape recognition.

No better testimony could be given as to the poet's sweetness of temper and pleasant disposition than the loving admiration with which he was always spoken of by Mrs. Clemm, the aunt of his little wife, Virginia. Mrs. Clemm lived with them during their married life. Virginia Clemm was the Annabel Lee of the poem; to her this singular genius paid the devotion of a lover until her death, and yet to illustrate how short-lived love and protection sometimes seem, we learn from Mr. William Fearing Gill's narrative, how in a very few years the resting-place of the poet's wife was so neglected and forgotten that her bones were thrown aside, at the Fordham Cemetery, to make room for others. We know that this never could have happened during Poe's lifetime. After his wife's death Poe was lecturing on temperance at Richmond, Virginia, when he met an early flame, who had become a widow. Renewing their old attachment they became engaged. On his way to New York to make preparations for his marriage, Poe stopped in Baltimore, where he was induced by some convivial companions to take a glass of wine. From that first glass, through two days of wanderings, of which we have no record, until he finally awoke to himself in a hospital at Washington, he was *a madman, without sense to shame or ability to control his actions*. Upon recovering himself, finding out where he was and realizing the awful disgrace that had overtaken him, his heart seemed to break and in a few hours he was no more. One might easily suppose that in some foretaste of that hour he had written the concluding lines of "The Raven"—

And the raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
And my soul from out the shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted, nevermore.

One cannot speak of 1849 without suggesting at once to most people the excitement of the gold fever. With other cities of the East, and perhaps to a greater extent than most of them, Baltimore shared the infatuation which led so many thousands of men to leave home and all that made home dear to face untold perils, trials and hardships for the chance of getting a fortune out of the newly-discovered gold mines of California. A great many of those who went on this expedition after the "golden-fleece," went overland by way of Missouri, but by far the larger number of those who started from here took vessel, and going to Panama, approached El Dorado from the Pacific side. Without doubt it requires more courage at such a time to be left behind at home than it does to go with the crowd in all the activity and stir and life of the new adventure. Those who started for California in '49, were not all of them, or even most of them, from what we have been used to call the lower class—that is, people who are used to a rougher life and have little of this world's goods. A great many were young men, sons of prominent families, who had been delicately, carefully, brought up and used to every luxury. On the wharves, there was many a touching scene, as wives and mothers and sisters parted from the young adventurers. Among the vessels which took from Baltimore those who were enchanted by the golden vision, were the Greyhound, Sovereign, John Potter, Kirkland, Tarquin, Juniata, Hebe, John Mayo, Richard W. Brown, Wilmington, and many others.

I have spoken elsewhere of the firemen's riots, which made Baltimore streets so lively at times. These disturbances assumed a serious aspect in '47. Every possible method was used by those who desired to encourage fights between the rival fire companies to bring about meetings.

Fires were frequently started at different points in the city, being so arranged that in going to them collisions were almost impossible to avoid. In September there was a fight between the Newmarket and United Firemen's Companies and the Watchman Company, the first two being combined. At the corner of Light and York Streets the encounter which was anticipated took place. For two hours a running battle was kept up along Light, York and Camden Streets; bricks were torn up from the sidewalks and used as missiles; pistols were fired; the Newmarket Company's reel and suction were carried after a hard battle, but the Newmarkets and their friends made a sudden sortie and after a sharp struggle succeeded in recapturing the suction, and the reel was thrown off the wharf.

The character of the volunteer firemen in Baltimore was similar to that of the same class of men in other cities. In the earlier days of the fire organization were some of the best known and most influential citizens, who were proud of their record as fire laddies. The reputation of the force differed from that afterward acquired. Gradually a much rougher element crept into the ranks. A rivalry gradually developed which grew in intensity and finally overrode all sense of chivalry and manliness. Added to this, the custom of allowing supernumerary members of companies, generally boys or very young men, added an irresponsible element to the already deteriorated bands. It was not long before this organized fighting force in the city, for it was nothing less, became the natural ally or instrument of the contending political parties. From the firemen's riots, pure and simple, it was but a step to election riots that disgraced Baltimore. For awhile it seemed that whichever party gained the ascendancy over its rivals at the polls, did so largely by the use of such methods as those referred to.

At the time of the municipal election of 1850 two prominent men, Mr. Turner and General Watkins, were expectant candidates for the office of mayor. Mr. Turner was finally nominated, but there was so much dissatisfaction that General Watkins became the candidate of a seceding wing of the party.

Some of the bolting Democrats who had withdrawn from the party with General Watkins, formed a political club and decided to support the Whig candidate: this club soon received the name of "Reubenites," and nearly all the toughs of West Baltimore were said to belong to it.

The American party, or, as it was called, the "Know-nothings," dated back as far as 1845, making then its first nomination for candidates for Congress and House of Delegates. Several years later the Whig party, feeling its integral weakness, bid for Know-nothing support, and the combination cut down the Democratic majority to very small proportions. After this the Know-nothings gained in force of numbers. In some other cities they became more powerful than in Baltimore prior to 1854. What the American party demanded in the first place was the modification of existing naturalization laws and a curtailing of the privileges of foreigners in the exercise of the elective franchise. Its opposition to whatever was un-American and foreign to the interests of the native born, was strong and bitter, and, perhaps, not wholly without excuse, but the ways in which this sentiment or principle frequently manifested itself were in themselves thoroughly un-American and dictatorial. This, however, was not the case at first, but rather developed after the party had gained strength and had fallen under the governing influence of what would today be called "the machine."

The first public meeting which was held in the interests



Odd Fellows Hall.

of the Know-nothing party in Baltimore was in 1853, and on that occasion a large concourse of people gathered in Monument Square, some enthusiastic supporters of the new idea, and others simply attracted by curiosity.

The speakers on this occasion argued very earnestly for an extension of time in the naturalization of aliens and the restriction of office-holding by foreign-born citizens. Colonel H. K. Elliott, of Philadelphia, had a fine baritone voice, and interlarded his speech with songs. The "Old Oaken Bucket" and "Home, Sweet Home," which were both much newer then than they are to-day, appealed to the sentiments of a certain part of the audience more directly than the most elaborate arguments would have done. The songs were most enthusiastically received.

The election of 1854 was, in my opinion, a fair and honest one, in which each party contended for its own candidates and principles without recourse to other than legitimate means, or if there were other methods used, they were not general nor confined to one party. It is almost impossible to eradicate this sort of thing entirely from an election.

The Know-nothings had nominated Mr. Samuel Hicks as its candidate for the mayoralty and Mr. William Thomas as the Democratic nominee for the same office—the latter was defeated by a majority of 2,704 votes. The American party also gained the entire first branch and eight members of the second branch of the Common Council, thus practically controlling the city. The result of so complete a victory in municipal affairs could not but be harmful to any party organized as the American party was, giving as it did almost unchecked power to work out its own theories and designs.

A tremendous excursion was organized by the Know-nothings in July of that year and thousands of Baltimo-

reans went out to Rider's Grove on the Susquehanna railroad for a good time. The number of these merry-makers was so large that extra trains had to be put on the road and even freight cars with chairs in them were used. This over-crowding of the road led to a terrible accident in the evening, an excursion train colliding with the regular passenger train to New York and a dreadful loss of life resulting. Besides the numbers who were seriously wounded there were twenty-eight people killed. The scene at the place where the accident occurred was extremely distressing, as the splintered fragments of wreck, broken wood and twisted metal were only the accompaniments of a more awful tragedy. The mutilated forms of those who had been killed, the cries of the injured and the deep grief of the bereaved could not but move the hardest heart to pity. An incident of this accident may be given to show how even skillful men may err in their judgment. A German named Reichenberger was so badly hurt that the physicians told him that his lower limbs would have to be amputated. He demurred at this, refusing to listen to any arguments on the subject. He would live with two legs or not live at all. Finding him so obdurate the surgeons let the limb remain and to everybody's surprise the man recovered. Indeed, he became too strong and active for the peace of the community and was obliged, several years afterward, to serve a term in the penitentiary.

The opinion of a portion of the press, as given at the time, was that the Know-nothings were mostly recruited from the Democratic ranks, and, in fact, were essentially Democratic. Shortly after the election one of the papers said editorially that "The choice of the new municipal government has been effected under circumstances which will give it great power to benefit the city. Placed in cōfīce by

an overwhelming manifestation of public sentiment, untrammelled by party ties and bound to none of the errors of its predecessors, we hope to see its energies devoted earnestly to the reform of abuses."

After the victory there was a jubilee parade in which all the organizations of the new party took part. Among the transparencies displayed was one which bore this legend: "We have triumphed and the power is in our hands, we will use it for the good of the people." Very different was such a sentiment as this from those which afterwards were blazoned on the banners of the same party. The American party seemed to have come in on a tidal wave and for a time completely overwhelmed its rivals. The success of the Baltimore election was but the prelude to as complete a victory in the state in '55. Seldom has Maryland been the battleground for so fierce a political encounter as at that time. The conflict resulted in a Know-nothing majority of 2,699 votes; four out of the six congressmen were elected, eight of the eleven state senators and fifty-four of the seventy-four members of the House of Delegates.

From this time a change was apparent. However correct might have been the motive of the party managers at the outset, it soon became apparent to the least observant that within the outer organization was another which was practically a secret league, the methods of which not being subjected to the scrutiny of the people became a menace to the operation of popular institutions. There were Know-nothing clubs and Know-nothing lodges throughout the city and state and these became known by appellations which would have befitted societies of bandits rather than those of reputable political workers.

The growth of the pernicious influence resulting from

the dominant influence of unprincipled men was very rapid and as early as 1856 called forth a denunciatory clause in the message of Governor Ligon to the Legislature. He said upon that occasion: "I should fail to discharge a public duty were I not to allude to a new element in the political controversies of the times, which, in my opinion, has been productive of more baneful consequences and has done more to sever the ties which should bind our whole people together as one common brotherhood than anything which has occurred since the organization of our government—I mean the formation and encouragement of secret political societies. The welfare of the Union depends so much upon the united patriotism of the whole people that any formidable effort to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection to segregate and divide them into clans or classes by a proposed exclusion of any right of citizenship, either on account of place, or birth, or religious opinion, must excite in every one feelings of painful solicitude. All history admonishes us that a war of races or sects is the deadliest curse that can affect a nation."

The governor further stated that the Know-nothing party was seeking to bring religion into politics, to practically disenfranchise the members of the Catholic Church and was, therefore, subverting the cherished principles of the Constitution.

Both the majority and minority reports were offered by the committee to whom the governor's message was referred with its suggestions in regard to the American party. The result was what might have been anticipated from a House constituted as that was. The majority of the committee simply refused to act in the matter. From the minority report the following language may give a clearer

idea of the regard in which the Know-nothings were held. "This party openly assumed the name of the Know-nothings. It became publicly known that its members had secret places of meeting and conference in almost every quarter of the state and country where its proselytes were made and received and where great vigilance and care were used to prevent anything that was done or said coming to the knowledge of the public. Witnesses concur in ascribing to this party the practices of observing secrecy as to their movements and purposes, of binding its members by forms of oaths to proscribe from all offices by their votes or otherwise if possessed of political power all persons not of native birth and all members of the Catholic religion and of aiming at and laboring to obtain for themselves political power and place."

In November, '56, on election day, there was a terrible riot in which both political parties were represented by bands of armed men. Fire-arms, knives and clubs were freely used. The Democrats and Know-nothings alternately drove each other from the polls. In one skirmish the latter were pursued up High Street, then rallied and drove their opponents back, until the conflict became general. Houses were closed and the more timid portion of the population were afraid to appear on the streets. After a number of encounters, advances and retreats the Know-nothings were finally triumphant and the Democrats driven from the polls. But they retreated, fighting as they went. Most of the difficulty took place in the Sixth Ward. Interference was attempted by the police from the Eighth Ward, who marched to the scene of battle, accompanied by a big crowd with fire-arms and two cannons. This force was several hundred strong. Between Bel Air market and Orleans Street they were met by a mob of infuriated rioters. A fra-

cas was in progress between the Eighth Ward Democrats and Sixth and Seventh Ward Know-nothings, the first in the market house and the latter in the fish-market on the corner of Orleans Street. Here the cannons were brought into play by the mob, who completely surrounded the small force of police. Finally, however, the defenders of the peace succeeded in capturing the cannon. In the course of this affair there were many killed and wounded.

The election riots of '56 were due to the efforts of the Know-nothing party to prevent the votes of naturalized citizens. Although this was a municipal election, the city was in a state of anarchy and the mob defiant of police power or authority. As Governor Ligon in his message says, "The subsequent record comprehended a list of killed and wounded truly appalling." There was considerable criticism upon the failure of the governor to call out the military on this occasion, which he explained by stating that he could not command them.

The approach of the Presidential election of 1856 roused fear of similar proceedings. Before election Governor Ligon came to Baltimore and had a long conference with the mayor, Thomas Swan. He complained afterwards that Mayor Swan was unwilling to assume the responsibility of any preventive measures. And as it was then too late for him to act he also refused the responsibility, which thus became a shuttlecock between the chief executives of the state and of the city. Between the two, adequate measures for preventing the repetition of former scenes dropped. The consequence was that when the time came there was more rioting and Baltimore was once more a battle-field.

"Bloodshed, wounds and death," says the governor, "stained the record of the day and added another page of dishonor to the annals of the distracted city. I retired

from the scene convinced that all this might have been prevented, and not without a painful sense of duty unfulfilled." This occurred in the governor's message to the Legislature of that year.

Another year rolled by; the fall elections of '57 approached and again there were premonitions of approaching trouble. The press was full of it. Every one looked forward to even more violent disturbances than those of the preceding year—an anticipation in which they were not disappointed. The Democrats were driven from the polls by the Know-nothings and were virtually disfranchised. The governor, as he explains, being appealed to, resolved after a long delay to interfere. He again went to Baltimore and conferred with Mayor Swan with about the same result as before, except that the latter disputed the right of the state to interfere. On October 9th, Governor Ligon issued a proclamation informing the people of Baltimore that he had taken measures toward militia organization.

General Steuart was ordered to hold his command, the First Light Division, Maryland Volunteers, ready for immediate service, and to Major-General John Spear Smith to enroll without delay a force of not less than six regiments of six hundred men each to be ready for service at the time specified. After these orders were given, the controversy on the question of state authority continued between the governor and mayor but a very little while, the mayor soon declining to commit himself further on the subject.

Soon the mayor suggested a plan for the preservation of peace in the city and the protection of the rights of citizens at the polls. A strong pressure was brought to bear upon the governor to recall his proclamation, and refrain from his proposed interference, leaving the matter entirely to the

mayor. As a compromise measure Ligon stated through the public prints that he would not use the troops called for upon election day, though he did not resign the principle of state authority in the matter. The following election while not as bloody or as riotous as the preceding, was nevertheless disgraceful and the polls remained practically in the hands of the dominant party.

The following year, at the municipal election, Col. A. P. Shutt, the Independent candidate for mayor, seeing the state of affairs and believing that it would not be possible for his friends to approach the polls, took the precaution of withdrawing in preference to suffering defeat.

The election troubles and disturbances of these several years culminated in the terrible riots of the contested November elections of '59. The actors, though still practically the same, were now warring under other names. This time it was the Rip Raps and Reformers. The most horrible atrocities were committed. Germans, both naturalized citizens and some who had been in the country but a little while, were seized, confined, kept prisoners for days, forced to vote at different polls in the city, in some cases as many as sixteen times apiece. Men who opposed these proceedings were mobbed and shot down on the street. In the Fifteenth Ward the Kyle brothers were attacked for having tickets of the other party. One, in the struggle which ensued, was severely wounded; his brother, after having been knocked down and struggling again to his feet, was finally killed. A number of firemen who had taken their position in windows overlooking the polls made free use of fire-arms, intimidating those of the opposing party who tried to approach. In the court of investigation which followed the fact was elicited that no man was allowed to vote at that election except at the pleasure of the Know-nothings. A

new weapon came into play at this time. It was pictured upon the calls which the Know-nothing leaders freely circulated. This was the shoemaker's awl, which, easily concealed, became as dangerous as a stiletto in the hands of an unscrupulous man.

One can easily see how effectually a ruffian, bent on mischief, could work his way through a crowd with such a weapon, undetected. It was a cowardly spirit which prompted its use and was thoroughly in keeping with the other methods of those who wielded it.

The efforts which were made by earnest, respectable men to put a stop to these abuses were finally successful, or at least partially so. On February 1st, 1860, the reform bills were passed, though not without serious and fervent opposition. Part of the provisions of these acts referred to a reorganization of the Baltimore police. The plan of reconstruction called for four commissioners with whom the mayor was to act. The change in the force was radical. Previous to this time the police had been municipal; now they became metropolitan.

The four commissioners who had been appointed under the new law were Charles Howard, Wm. H. Gatchell, Charles D. Hinks, and John W. Davis. Legally the new commissioners were ably represented, their counsel being Reverdy Johnson, S. Teackle Wallis, J. Mason Campbell and William H. Norris, Esqrs. Through these gentlemen the Board demanded possession of all the station-houses, police equipments and other property pertaining to the Police Department in the city.

Immediately upon the passage of the new bill, Mayor Swan had announced his intention of testing its legality. This he did by refusing compliance with the demand of the commissioners, and there was nothing left for them to do

but to apply to the Superior Court for a *mandamus* compelling the surrender of the property. Judge Martin of that court delivered his opinion, which was adverse to the mayor and was immediately appealed from and the Court of Appeals finally rendered a decision in favor of the Board of Commissioners. There was nothing then left for the opposers of the reconstructive measures but to submit with as good a grace as possible—which they did. On the seventh of May, 1860, therefore the mayor bid good-bye to the members of the old police force, who were disbanded.

Marshal Herring and Deputy Marshal Manley stepped out, and Marshal Kane assumed command of the Baltimore police. The first public affair in which the new force appeared was that of the arrival and reception of the Japanese embassy, the guests of the United States, who made a short stay in our city before going further north.

Foreigners from the far East had not become so familiar a sight in America at that day as they have since. Their strange faces and stranger costumes could not but excite intense interest on the part of those who thronged to see them. They were the representatives of a heathen people, about whom all sorts of curious things were told and believed, and who were vaguely confounded in the minds of most people with the Chinese. The fact that our government had entered into treaty relations with this nation added to the interest with which they were regarded.

Great preparations had been made for their reception. The City Council had so far as possible arranged everything with a view to making the short visit of these Orientals as enjoyable as possible. Early in the morning the people began to gather, windows along the line of march were at a premium, stands were erected in front of stores,

and the standard of Japan mingled its folds with the stars and stripes in numberless decorations.

Mayor Swann met the guests when they arrived at the Camden Street station, from whence they were conveyed in carriages, escorted by the new police, the paid fire department—which also made its first appearance in public on that day—and a great civic procession, to the hall of the Maryland Institute. There the formal reception was held, after which the Japanese were escorted to the Gilmor House, where suitable preparations had been made to entertain them. In the evening fireworks and illuminations concluded a rememberable gala day.

On October 10th of that year the elections were held in an orderly manner. The new police proved its efficacy, the reform candidate for mayor was elected by a large majority, and the long rule of the Know-nothings was over in Baltimore.

CHAPTER V.

BALTIMORE AS A CONVENTION CITY.



HERE were two churches in Baltimore that became very famous for other than religious causes. These were the Calvert Street Universalist Church and the old Presbyterian place of worship on the corner of Fayette and North Streets. They were the scene of many a hot convention of Whigs, Democrats and Know-nothings. Other places which were associated with national conventions were the Assembly Rooms at the corner of Fayette and Holliday Streets and the hall of the Maryland Institute.

Ours was for a number of years the great National Convention city, from which news went out to the anxious states before elections, telling them for whom they were to vote and fight and get worked up to a fever heat.

Some of these conventions I have already spoken of, some occurred before my day or before I was old enough to appreciate what was transpiring in the world. In the year that I was born, 1835, Martin Van Buren received his

first nomination for the Presidency of the United States and R. M. Johnson for the second place on the ticket.

In 1840 the Democrats again nominated Van Buren, leaving the choice for a candidate for the Vice-Presidency to the states. That same year there was a great occasion for the Whigs when they held their convention. That is one of the traditions of the city, which I can only give as I have heard it, for even unlimited hard cider and log cabins fail to impress the boy of five years old. That was a meeting of the giants. Daniel Webster was there and spoke, so also were Henry Clay, John Sargeant, William C. Preston and other brilliant men. It would be hard to imagine a more noteworthy group of characters, whose powers and foibles have alike become historic.

In 1852 the Democrats met at the hall of the Maryland Institute, and after five days of hard fighting and a great expenditure of energy, nominated General Franklin Pierce for the Presidency and William R. King for the Vice-Presidency. It was in '52 also that the Whigs met in convention sixteen days later than the Democrats, at the same hall, and nominated General Winfield Scott, who came before the country enveloped in his Mexican laurels. There was some question in the minds of the people at large as to what proportion of those laurels belonged to General Taylor. Scott was nominated on the fifty-third ballot. William A. Graham received the nomination for Vice-President.

After the adjournment of this convention on the evening of the 21st of June, Monument Square was the scene of one of the largest assemblies ever seen there. The people came from all quarters, many from out of town, the purpose announced being to ratify the Whig nominations. The meeting was organized with Hon. H. F. Jerome in the chair. Messrs. Preston, Gardner, Yerger and other well-known

speakers addressed the surging crowd which, it has been estimated, must have numbered at least twenty thousand.

There was an incident which created considerable temporary excitement among those who attended the Democratic convention held in the basement of the Universalist Church in 1848. It was on the third day of the convention, I believe; the hall and galleries were crowded and great interest had been evinced in the exercises. Suddenly a crackling sound like the noise made by wood breaking and giving way alarmed the people. The speaker—I have forgotten who had the floor at the time—paused and looked toward the galleries. In a moment, almost before a breath could be drawn, a panic had taken possession of the people in the building. Some shouted that the gallery was falling, that the supports were giving way; others cried “Fire.” Of course there was a stampede for the exits and many people were bruised. After the excitement had somewhat subsided, and the audience had vanished, an examination of the gallery was made and it was found that a bench had given way.

Never has there been in this land such excitement and intense interest shown in the result of the National Conventions, as in the years immediately preceding the great war and never have platforms and candidates received closer scrutiny or been more really important to the whole people than then. The often discussed merits of the dissensions and antagonisms of that day I do not propose to discuss, since this is a work, not of philosophy and political economy, but of recollections of people and events.

In the old Presbyterian Church already mentioned there was in 1860 a convention of combined Whigs and Know-nothings, the latter party being almost defunct by that time. The Know-nothings had declined steadily, as issues

of more immediate and paramount importance than they represented came up for popular consideration. But they still had the strength requisite for an alliance.

John J. Crittenden of Kentucky called the convention to order, Washington Hunt of New York was chosen chairman and after a session of two days was nominated for the Presidency and Edward Everett's name completed the ticket. At that convention there were ten states—California, Florida, Iowa, Louisiana, Michigan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Oregon, South Carolina and Wisconsin—that were not represented.

The National Democratic Convention of that summer was one which had met at Charleston, S. C., and had adjourned after a sharp quarrel. The question of the Cincinnati platform and its articles, the recognition of rival delegates, the adjustment of conflicting interests and antagonistic views, all proved to be too much for that convention. It re-convened at Baltimore on the 18th of June. The place of meeting was the Front Street Theatre. This building had been used for comedy, as a circus, as a hall, but never had its stage supported the actors in so exciting a drama, so absorbing a tragedy as now.

A flooring was built over the whole of the stage and parquetry so as to give level footing for the delegates. These, with the newspaper correspondents and those who had business on the floor, occupied the centre of the house, while the galleries were filled to overflowing with an eager and expectant audience. There were murmurs of expectation, expressions of impatience that grew louder. Then every one was quiet once more—the convention was choosing a chairman. Caleb Cushing was selected to preside over the deliberations of what turned out to be the stormiest convention ever held in the United States.

The most breathless attention was given when the calling of the roll by states was announced, because every one wondered whether the delegates who had seceded at Charleston would be recognized at Baltimore.

The question was immediately, though only temporarily, disposed of by the ruling of the chair to the effect that states not present at the adjournment of the preceding convention should not be received. This ruling barred out South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas.

In the lull which followed, the convention was opened with prayer by the Rev. John McCron. Immediately afterward the debate began upon the right of seceding delegates to re-enter the convention. The debate was a heated one, lasting for several hours and working the members into a fever heat of partisan feeling. Some of the speeches made were exceedingly bitter.

The states recognized as being fully represented were New York, Massachusetts, Maine, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, North Carolina, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, California, Oregon, Connecticut, Kentucky and Pennsylvania. Eight of the Southern states, beginning with South Carolina, were not called, being left out by the direction of the President on the ground already stated.

The vexed question was at length referred to the committee on credentials, and it was proposed to instruct the committee that no delegate should be allowed to return till he should express his willingness to submit to the will of the majority and support whatever candidate should be chosen. This called forth a renewal of debate.

On the 21st of the month, the fourth day of the session,

the committee on credentials, finding it impossible to agree, submitted a majority and minority report. The majority report recommended the admission of the contesting Douglas delegates in place of those who had seceded from the Charleston convention. The Douglas delegates were from Louisiana and Alabama and several partly represented states. The minority report was against the admission of the Douglas faction and in favor of the seceders.

On the 21st, when the report of the committee on credentials was handed in, as though all of the events of that unfortunate convention had not been sufficiently dramatic, there was a sudden panic on the floor. As if to illustrate the instability of the credentials and pretensions of the rejected delegates, the floor upon which the convention was held began to move. The centre was sinking. New York began to slide, other states joined in and united more closely physically than they would consent to do in opinions. For in a moment a mingled mass of men lay huddled and struggling at a point where the props had given way and the floor caved in. Presently they began to disentangle themselves from the chairs and desks which had shared their sudden disastrous descent, and after calling vainly for assistance from their fleeing associates, crawled back to a place of safety. Fortunately the distance from the flooring to the parquet beneath was only three or four feet, so that there was no great damage done. It was the comedy scene in an otherwise sober play. As soon as the excitement from the breaking of the floor had partly subsided, one of the delegates, Captain Rynders, rose and shouted: "Mr. President, the platform has not broken down, only one of the planks." There were many jokes at the expense of New York and Pennsylvania, who, it was said, had gone down together. One member moved to adjourn while

seats and platform were repaired. Another replied, they might adjourn and repair the Democratic party.

On Friday the majority report was adopted. A motion to reconsider was made and lost by the deciding vote of the New York delegation. This put the Douglas men in a position to be heard. Immediately after the decision was made known, twenty-five out of Virginia's thirty delegates withdrew. Following the example of Virginia went North Carolina, California and Oregon. Georgia refused to return and other states were divided.

When the California delegation returned, Mr. Smith of that state made a speech, in which he alluded to the propriety of enacting such a tragedy in a theatre, and predicted that when it was fully played the Democratic party would be found to be the victim.

In the meantime, while these exciting events were going on in the theatre, Baltimore was the scene of nightly meetings of excited Democrats, who talked and argued persistently and angrily, and listened to speeches in which were repeated the acrimonious utterances or the grave words of forethought and wisdom that had been spoken in the convention. It was an intense, fervent mental atmosphere in which men lived at that time. Everything assumed a sinister aspect. That night was one of great tension. Every one was wondering what the morrow would bring. Those who reflected most deeply on the events of the times, dreaded the disruption of the old party and anticipated defeat. The events which followed were among the most significant in the history of any party or of any country. Few understood how important the hour was or how much was involved in the approaching separation. It was the final expression of opinion that differed so radically, so vitally that the world should be shaken before the breach

could be healed. Back of the questions of seceders and Douglas delegates lay principles which each faction considered worthy to be maintained at any cost.

On Friday morning Caleb Cushing, the president of the convention, announced his intention to withdraw, and with him went the Massachusetts delegates. Benjamin F. Butler made a speech, stating that his personal action was taken on anti-slave trade ground. The doctrines of non-intervention and popular sovereignty were hotly alluded to.

Governor David Todd, of Ohio, assumed the chair on the retirement of Mr. Cushing, and those of the Southern men who were satisfied with the Cincinnati platform remained in the convention. After the withdrawal of the new seceders Stephen A. Douglas was nominated by acclamation. The excitement was intense. For a few moments no single voice could be heard above the uproar which filled the theatre. A storm of applause was mingled with cheers and with the strains of the band, which was endeavoring to play "Hail to the Chief." From one of the galleries the Keystone banner was displayed.

Fitz Patrick of Alabama was nominated to the Vice-Presidency, but declined. The nomination of Stephen A. Douglas created a furore in the city hardly less than that which had characterized the proceedings in the theatre. There were speeches made from almost every prominent point, at the Gilmore House and at the Douglas headquarters on Monument Square especially. There was a large procession and a serenade to Mr. Douglas in the evening, to which he responded in a speech which set forth his well-known principles of non-intervention. The delegates which had withdrawn from the convention met at the Maryland Institute on Saturday. With them were those who had been refused admission previously.

New York, Vermont, Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, Georgia, California, Oregon, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Missouri, Mississippi, Texas, Massachusetts, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Delaware and Pennsylvania,—in all twenty-six states were represented. These called themselves the true Democratic convention, on the ground that they represented a majority of the states in the Union. Caleb Cushing was again called to the chair. The delegates to the Richmond National Convention, which had been refused admission by the adjourned convention, from which they themselves had seceded, were invited to join with the National Democratic Convention then assembled, on the same platform of principles, if they felt authorized to do so.

The majority report which had been offered in the convention of Charleston and rejected, was again offered by Mr. Avery of North Carolina. George B. Loring of Massachusetts after a stirring speech nominated John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, for the Presidency. This was known as the "Breckenridge" convention, and the other as the "Douglas." Daniel S. Dickinson of New York was nominated to the second place on the ticket.

On the 9th of July, 1872, the National Democratic Convention met at Baltimore, at Ford's Grand Opera House. Every state was represented by delegates, as well as most of the territories. The large theatre was packed with people. Besides those who took part in the convention and the host of newspaper men who represented leading journals of the country, there was a brilliant assemblage of men and women who were eager to witness a spectacle such as had not been seen in the city since before the war. There was a wealth of decoration, flags draped and festooned between the coats-of-arms of the different states, and long streamers of bunting or of silk added to the display. The effect of the gaslight made the scene still more attractive.



Phoenix Club.

James R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, was chosen permanent chairman. After considerable debate, the platform of the Cincinnati Liberal Republican Convention was adopted, and the candidates nominated at that convention were also endorsed as best illustrating the principles of the platform. These were Horace Greeley for President and E. Gratz Brown for Vice-President. Every one remembers Thomas Nast's cartoons, in which Greeley, with all his peculiarities, was held up to popular ridicule. It has even been said that they were the cause of Greeley's death, which followed so soon after his political defeat in that campaign. But at the convention there was not a thought of such a conclusion as that. All were, apparently, enthusiastic and confident. Yet it was a confidence that had little foundation; for the adoption of both platform and candidates was a compromise and ended only as compromises most frequently do. It is hard to discover which is the most surprising spectacle; that of a really wise and able man, so carried away by ambition as to present himself as a candidate to the party of whom he had always been one of the strongest opponents, or of such a party accepting him as their leader.

At the time of the convention the "New Departure" split from the main body and met at Maryland Institute, on the 9th of July, to nominate a ticket on the straight out party platform. Their nominee was the clear-headed New York lawyer, Charles O'Connor, but Mr. O'Connor could see a long way with those quick blue eyes of his and he saw defeat ahead for the bolting wing of the party; so he declined the nomination, after which the promoters of the new movement for the most part fell into line with the body of the party and enjoyed the general defeat the following November.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.



It was in the fall of 1860 that the first outward sign of sympathy with the secession movement was shown in Baltimore. Several palmetto flags were unfurled, the first being from the window of the Liberty Engine House, on Liberty Street, near Fayette. This building has since been torn down. The date of this occurrence was November 26.

Early in January of the succeeding year a mass meeting of workingmen was held in Maryland Hall, its object being to express a desire for the perpetuity of the Union. On the night following, the Maryland Institute was the scene of one of the largest assemblages ever held there. This was also a great Union demonstration. At seven o'clock the doors were opened, fifteen minutes later the floor of the house was packed and the galleries were then used to admit the crowd. When the meeting was called to order the chair was filled by Archibald Stirling. Among the speakers were W. H. Collins, A. W. Bradford, Reverdy

Johnson and other gentlemen. Mr. Johnson, who spoke with his usual brilliancy and force, was then sixty-five years old, but his natural fire was unabated. One side of the great question of the day, and only one side, was represented in the crowd that attended that meeting. Those who looked upon the question in one light were permitted to express their views undisturbed, the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle" and other patriotic airs and the national flag was displayed.

We must not forget the position of Baltimore at this time; only those who lived here then can fully realize the conditions. The city was divided between Northern and Southern sympathy. Born to a heritage of belief in state sovereignty, naturally siding on the question of slavery with her more southern sisters, bound by ties of blood and of creed with both the North and the South, it is little wonder that all Maryland and especially the city of Baltimore should have been in a turbulent condition. Upon each side could be found some of her greatest citizens. It was the case of a house divided against itself, a position no less hard in a state or a city than in a family. Consciences and principles equally strong were pulling men of equal position, character and ability in opposite directions. Between these was a large class of temporizers. There were meetings at which extreme views of both factions were expressed, for Baltimore has never lacked for eloquent men when there was anything to say.

So for a time the whole state hung on the edge of secession. Nothing could better describe her situation at that time than the illustration of a delicately balanced pair of scales that a hair would tip one way or the other. At a meeting of committees to discuss the all-engrossing subject, Mr. Duvall and others favored a "masterly inactivity."

The meeting referred to was held in the Law Building on Lexington and St. Paul Streets.

It will be remembered that senators from Alabama, Mississippi and Florida, stated in the United States Senate upon the 21st of January that the states that they represented had withdrawn from the Union and they from that body of which they had been members. An anxious delay followed this announcement. There was a withdrawal of states, but no war. All over the country people were waiting for the surrender of Fort Sumter, but the news did not arrive.

Other meetings in Baltimore followed those already mentioned, some in favor of restoring the Union of the states through discussion and arbitration, showing a faith in the power of words that was misplaced—since the day for words had gone by. In February a people's convention met in Maryland Institute Hall to send delegates to a convention which was to discuss Maryland's attitude toward the Union. The announcement of the organization of the six states, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Florida, under one Confederate government, made this move pertinent. The seceding states had set an example which many of our brightest leaders thought it would be most wise and patriotic to follow. Still no blow had been struck, though the surrender had by this time been repeatedly demanded by the South. Indeed a great reluctance in resorting to actual war and bloodshed led to the expressive term "verbal secession" which was in use at the time.

Yet right in the midst of all the excitement and turmoil, Washington's birthday was celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm; indeed, it seemed to be an occasion in which both sides were glad to unite, a unique performance on the eve of a civil war. Men who a year afterward would be

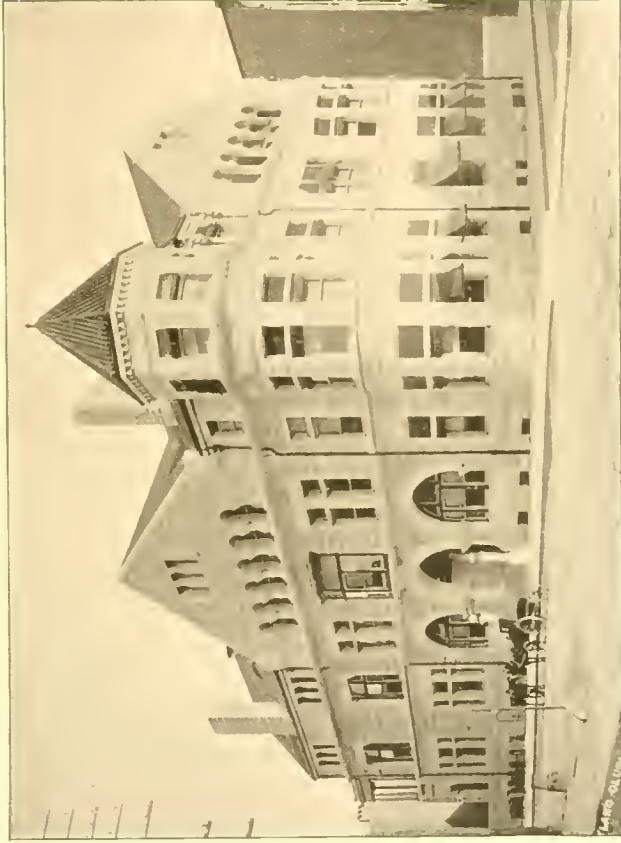
fighting with patriotic heroism in opposing armies, at this time marched side by side in procession to the inspiring quickstep of national airs, under the folds of a flag beneath which they became reunited only after many dear bought experiences.

No doubt Abraham Lincoln's passage through the city of Baltimore did something to strengthen the hands of those who leaned to the Southern cause. The *Baltimore Sun*, which with the other papers had noted and reported the course of Mr. Lincoln on his way through the Northern states to Washington, came out on the 23d of February with a strong editorial, in which it appealed to the people to treat the President of the Union with dignity and respect. It told at what hour he was expected to arrive on that day, and said: "It is of great concern to all who love and would honor the state of Maryland and city of Baltimore that no demonstrations, even by a single individual, inconsistent with our self-respect, should be made. We would a thousand times rather see the most elaborate exhibition of official courtesy, (unbecoming as it would be in such a case,) than that the slightest personal disrespect should mar the occasion or blur the reputation of our well-ordered city."

While the press was pounding out this appeal to the good sense of the people, Mr. Lincoln, who was badly advised, and who, perhaps, recollected Mr. Buchanan's rather stormy passage through Baltimore, stole quietly through our city in the dead of night, on the way to his inauguration. It would be difficult to estimate the effect of this act upon the Union men of Baltimore, who could not but be stung by such an exhibition of mistrust and fear. We now know that Mr. Lincoln had been warned by letters that his assassination was planned, but he was neither the first nor

the last of the Presidents-elect who received such correspondence and the avoidance of danger did not fill a Southerner's idea of courage in a leader.

The excitement which, as we have shown, had been steadily growing for a month, reached a climax when the news from Charleston told of Sumter's fall and Anderson's surrender. The long anxiety had got to be almost unbearable when the guns spoke at Charleston and echoed from one end of the land to the other. It was no longer a war of words. Those who had favored a masterly inactivity were forced to abandon that position which became as untenable as Sumter itself. Henry Ward Beecher said "There have been many speeches made by eloquent men, but the guns of Sumter have spoken more than them all." That was a time for the gathering of the clans. There was a meeting of Southern Rights men at Taylor's Hall; in the morning of the same day four young men, wearing Confederate badges, strolled up the street and were immediately surrounded by an excited crowd. "Take those cockades off!" was the cry. A refusal brought on a scene in which the spirited young men might have been roughly handled but for the interference of the police. A little later this scene was repeated and only by the strenuous exertions of Marshal Kane were they rescued. At another time a South Carolinian was set upon in a similar manner for a like cause and only rescued with difficulty. In the harbor, scenes of very much the same character were being enacted. The bark "Fanny Crenshaw," which lay at Chase's Wharf, at the foot of Thames Street, flew the secession flag from her mizzen-topmast. There were five vessels in the immediate neighborhood that at once ran up Union flags: these were the "Agnes," "Mondamin," "Chase," "Seaman" and "Washington." After a little



Maryland Club.

while the crowd from these vessels boarded the "Fanny Crenshaw" and demanded that the flag be pulled down. Upon a refusal they hauled it down themselves.

An attempt was made to hoist the Confederate flag on Federal Hill, and to fire a salute of one hundred guns in honor of South Carolina, but the young men who made the endeavor were forced to desist, after they had fired three or four times, and, at the conclusion of a sharp struggle, their piece was taken away from them, the gun-carriage broken into fragments, the flag destroyed and both gun and ammunition thrown into the Basin. The neighborhood of Federal Hill was the recruiting ground for one of the first companies of Baltimore volunteers that went into the Federal army. The Southern Rights men raised a flag at the corner of Monument and Charles Streets and fired a salute of one hundred guns. The flag remained there on an elevation, where it could be seen by all, till the succeeding day—I do not know but longer.

Upon receiving news that several companies of Pennsylvania volunteers with one of the United States Regulars, had been ordered to Washington by way of Baltimore, there was a meeting of Southern Rights men, as they were called, at which it was decided that these troops should go unmolested. Again we must go back in feeling and thought to those times to fully understand the situation. Lincoln had called for volunteers to be used against the Confederate states. Maryland, striving to adopt a neutrality policy in the main and falling back on her sovereign right to refuse admission to Federal troops, objected strongly to the march of the volunteers from the North across her boundaries. This sentiment is inborn in the Marylander, while it is hardly comprehended by the New Yorker or New Englander, and, naturally, nowhere

in the state was it so strongly expressed as in the city of Baltimore. While some citizens were madly cheering for the stars and stripes and others erecting the flag of secession, many united in strenuous opposition to the disregard of state rights by what was construed into an act of invasion.

While things were at this pitch a train containing three or four hundred troops, mostly Pennsylvania volunteers, arrived at Bolton depot, accompanied by a few regulars, who proceeded at once to Fort McHenry. This detachment of volunteers, without uniforms, undisciplined and raw, were received warmly, if not graciously, by the crowd which rapidly gathered as soon as their arrival was announced.

There were cheers for Bell and Everett, groans and hisses for the Pennsylvania invaders, but nothing more violent than this in the way of a demonstration. Marshal Kane and his force deserved all credit, for the way in which they acted both on this and subsequent occasions, sinking individual preferences and doing their duty like men, and very active and efficient men too. The volunteers were escorted by the mob to Camden station, where they found that they had missed their train and were obliged to proceed to Mount Clare station.

A report was circulated that Charles Sumner was at Barnum's Hotel. There was an instant stampede; the crowd surrounded the house and the air rang with groans and cheers, but it was finally found that Mr. Sumner was not there.

In the evening of April 18th, a train arrived at Bolton depot from Harrisburg, bringing six or seven hundred troops. There was one company of the Fourth Artillery, U. S. Army, and three companies of Pennsylvania volunteers and Logan Guards. The United States troops acted as infantry. There was an evident conflict of feeling among the multi-

tude who, as usual, gathered to witness the arrival. The sentiment of animosity to the volunteers was more strongly shown than on the previous occasion, but Marshal Kane provided an escort for the newcomers, and did all that he could to preserve the peace and prevent an actual breach. The march was through Howard, to Camden, to Eutaw, to Pratt Streets, to the Mount Clare depot. The mob took to cheering for Jeff. Davis and singing "Way down South in Dixie," thus working their feelings to an ungovernable pitch, so that when the volunteers were finally in the cars it was with the utmost difficulty that acts of violence were prevented. At Mount Clare station some stones were thrown, there was a perfect babel of noise and the excited people seemed on the verge of a riot. This, however, was only a foretaste of what was to follow. Although the proceedings had been boisterous and sometimes more than a thousand persons assembled and words had been bandied freely, yet up to this time no weapons had been drawn.

A train of thirty-five cars on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad arrived at President Street depot on the 10th of April and brought about twelve hundred troops from Boston and a thousand more of the Pennsylvania volunteers. This was done in the face of repeated protest on the part of Baltimoreans and warnings from many prominent men to the War Department that trouble would undoubtedly ensue if the custom of sending the volunteers through Baltimore was persisted in. On this occasion there was wild excitement among the great concourse of men that assembled on Pratt Street. There was less division of sentiment noticeable than at any previous time. The expressions of contempt were all for Lincoln and the Federals, while the cheers were for Davis and the Confederacy.

The Jones' Falls Bridge was well guarded. The encroaching military were transported in cars past that point. Seven cars had passed in safety when the eighth one, full of troops, was stoned. The driver of the car, becoming alarmed, unhitched his horses, removing them to the other end and the car with its load was soon in rapid retreat. Then the track was torn up to prevent further passage; for an entire block the way was made impassable by these means and to make the obstruction more perfect, two large anchors from the docks were brought and placed upon the tracks. Added to this several loads of sand were also dumped across the street, the crowd evidently intending to make their injunction permanent.

Prevented from using the cars the volunteers began their march to Camden station by a more circuitous route. The mob, which by this time contained more than twenty thousand men and was composed largely of the most unruly element of the city, upon learning of the new move rushed down President Street toward the depot. The police again at great personal risk stood between the populace and the volunteers. When the latter disembarked to follow the line of march of the detachment which had preceded them, there were savage threats made. At this juncture a Confederate flag was displayed and its appearance was greeted with cheers.

With that sense of humor which an American crowd will show even in its most serious moments, those who surrounded this flag conceived that it would be a fine thing to force the Federal volunteers to march behind it, an opinion which was not shared by the volunteers; but turn whichever way they would, marching and countermarching, to avoid compliance with the design of their persecutors, the Confederate flag headed them off whichever way they

turned, and finally, amid cheers and laughter, the men of Massachusetts were obliged to march for two squares behind the flag that they had left home to fight against.

Several attempts were made by Union men to seize the flag, which, however, was well guarded by a band of about two hundred people, and on being pressed in turn, these Unionists took refuge behind the troops. This was the beginning of actual trouble, for in chasing the Union men, the mob, either through accident or design, stoned the volunteers. The police did all that they could, but they could not prevent what ensued. Several soldiers were knocked down by stones, and after enduring as long as possible without striking a blow in return, the whole body of soldiers started on a double-quick to escape from their tormentors. In doing this several fell and their guns were taken away from them, but were afterward retaken by the police. While these Massachusetts men were on their march across the city, and while the demonstration was only of a threatening character, Mayor Brown met the troops, introduced himself to the officer in command and shook hands with him, afterwards marching at his side through the streets, striving by the influence of his presence and by his words to quiet the excited people. Even after the fracas had commenced in earnest he kept his position for some little distance, until he found that the exposure was perfectly useless. It was a plucky action.

At Commerce Street, where the pavement had been torn up with pickaxes, etc., there was a perfect fusillade of stones. Several men were knocked out of the ranks and injured. Then for the first time, seeing that it was impossible to avoid actual fighting, the order was given to the volunteers to fire, and several of the crowd fell. At this, the latter gave way and the troops pushed forward at

double-quick with set bayonets. The mob followed them, flanked them and still surrounded them when they arrived at Camden station. In this affair there were four soldiers killed and many wounded, and about a dozen of the citizens were killed.

Mr. Robert W. Davis, an estimable citizen of Baltimore, was returning from out of town after the riot, and not knowing anything about it, made some motion or menace toward the cars in which the troops were re-embarked, being forwarded to Washington. It has been explained by those who witnessed the occurrence that this was done laughingly and not with malice, but there being a slight demonstration by others at the same time, one of the Massachusetts men, heated by the recent fray, took deliberate aim at Mr. Davis and killed him. When Davis' body was brought to the Southern Police Station, his left hand had a kid glove on, and the right hand had the glove half on. Neither glove was soiled.

There were other troubles of a less violent character, into the details of which it is not necessary to go.

A carload of arms and ammunition belonging to the Massachusetts troops, left at the Philadelphia depot, were taken charge of by the police. After this the railroad bridges on the lines of the Northern Central and Philadelphia railroads were destroyed by the police under orders to prevent the passage of more troops. This was decided upon by the Governor, Mayor and others in authority, after they had in vain counselled moderation to the people of Baltimore, who were much excited by the foray in which so many citizens had been killed, and also by the wrathful threats of Northerners as to what they would do with the Baltimoreans. The feeling at the North became so bitter that many of the newspapers counselled an invasion of the

city and summary vengeance for the acts of its mob. We must explain that this objection to the passing of Federal troops was not confined to secessionists, nor were they always the strongest objectors. In some cases the most faithful Union adherents opposed it as decidedly. As already explained the North did not understand this sentiment in the least, it being foreign to the temper or local tradition of any Northern state. There was on both sides a total misunderstanding, a misunderstanding which though fearful in its results was far from being unnatural. To show how very wrong an impression had been created, there was in Washington quite a general belief at headquarters that the troops in passing through Baltimore were in danger from the police. We know how perfectly erroneous this view was, but the feeling grew in spite of overwhelming testimony to the contrary. The letter of Captain Dike of Company C, Seventh Massachusetts Volunteers, to the *Boston Courier*, is explicit on this point. He attests to the courage and even heroism of Mayor Brown and speaks feelingly of the police, to whom he gives full credit for their support.

Mayor Brown issued a call for contributions of arms for the defence of the city. At this time Lincoln gave assurance that no more troops should pass through Baltimore if they might be allowed to pass around it in safety.

The city was full of rumors. One of these was to the effect that Fort McHenry was to be attacked. There was a muster of Baltimore volunteers, but the report was soon followed by the assurance from Washington of Lincoln's promises. Again there was a false alarm of the approach of Northern troops and a little later a man on horseback announced the proximity of five thousand Federal volunteers. They were reported to be at Cockeysville. This

was on Sunday: the churches were deserted, the alarm bells rang, the troops were ordered back to Harrisburg. Every preparation was made to give them a warm reception if they came to Baltimore. Meanwhile the telegraph was busy. George William Brown used his influence with the President and was wiring the results of his conference to Baltimore. John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, was also busy telegraphing at intervals during that day. Still Mr. Brown counselled calmness. Owing to his efforts probably more than to any other cause, the order was given for the return of the troops to Harrisburg.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WAR-CLOUD.



THE error, if error it was, of declaring that no troops from the North should pass through Baltimore and the effort to repel such an invasion of Maryland soil, was forced upon the local authorities by the course events had taken. It is difficult to see where a departure could have been taken or any other action have been possible.

But it is no less strikingly true that from its standpoint the Federal Government could only regard this refusal at such a time as an act of defiance.

As Baltimore naturally lay on the way to Washington for troops coming from the North, and to avoid it would have entailed great loss of time and untold inconvenience, and, moreover, the safety of the national capital being doubly menaced by the chances that Baltimore would declare in favor of the South, there was but one course to pursue, and that was to put Federal troops in the city. Without attempting to discuss the political aspect of the case at all, we must recognize this as a military necessity.

On the night of the 13th of May, General Benjamin F. Butler, with a detachment of Boston Light Artillery, Massachusetts Sixth Infantry and five hundred men of the Eighth New York, entered the city of Baltimore and took possession of Federal Hill. The story of his entrance, as told by some of those who endeavored to oppose it, is rather interesting. The troops were at the Relay, between which point and the city some of those young men whose fathers and elders had expostulated in vain with Butler, tore up the railroad tracks and took the only two available locomotives entirely to pieces, making, as they thought, ingress by that way impossible. But they reckoned without the host of New England mechanics which were so valuable, though so often unrecognized a part of the Northern army. No body of men has ever been assembled for purposes of war, among whom could be numbered so many skilled workmen in all branches of trade as in the Federal army during the great Civil War. It happens often that the efficiency of an army lies in its ability to move and that ability depends upon its own skill in repairing and constructing. While those who had endeavored to protect our city, by making the railway impassable, were congratulating themselves upon their success, the engines were restored, the track repaired and General Butler in occupation of Federal Hill. He had been assured that his entrance into the city would, without question, result in bloodshed. On the contrary, there was not a single case of disturbance nor any opportunity for an outbreak.

The city was immediately put under martial law. The principal centres were held by Federal troops. The suspension of the writ of habeas corpus was ordered by the Department at Washington, but strongly objected to by

Butler, who argued that we were under constitutional government and asked to be relieved unless this order was revoked.

Great injustice was done to those who had been most faithful in the discharge of their duties. Marshal Kane, after all his efforts, made at personal and official risk, to preserve peace in the city, was arrested, together with the Board of Commissioners, whose countenance he had had throughout. They were incarcerated in Fort McHenry. This was a grave error on the part of the commander and not a solitary one in this distressing era of military rule. Col. Edward F. Jones, of the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, in writing to Police Marshal Kane about the soldiers who were killed during the passage through Baltimore, uses these words: "And thereby add one more to the many favors, for which, with my command, I am much indebted to you. Many, many thanks for the Christian conduct of the authorities of Baltimore in that truly unfortunate affair." We cannot but contrast this testimony with the arrest of Marshal Kane and his imprisonment in Fort McHenry.

But much more wise and reassuring was the appointment of a new Provost Marshal to take charge of a reorganized police force. This was no less a person than the popular Colonel Kenly, than whom a better known or more generally respected Baltimorean could hardly have been selected. We have already seen how Colonel Kenly conducted himself during the Mexican War. His appointment placed him in a position which was more embarrassing and much more difficult than any which he had occupied before the walls and towers of Monterey or the fortress of the Tierra Caliente.

At the same time the telegraph operators were removed and others of Butler's own force substituted, the station-

houses and public property were seized and placed in charge of Federal guards and the right to hold elections in the city was suspended. Of course under these conditions free speech was not largely indulged in and those who desired a wiser man and wiser measures were obliged to keep silent.

Among the incidents discussed at the time was that of the seizing of the steamer "St. Nicholas," which left Baltimore with fifty passengers on board; among others Captain Hollins of the Federal navy. A Frenchwoman who came on board at the last moment and went immediately to her stateroom, emerged after the boat had got under way in the character of a Zouave, having thrown off the disguise, and upon giving a preconcerted signal was immediately joined by twenty-five companions who had come on board in the character of mechanics. This happened after the first landing at the Point had been made. Acting with great promptness these men took possession of the steamer, made prisoners of the passengers and also of Captain Kerwin and his crew. Most of the passengers were landed at Cone Point on the Virginia shore, and there one hundred and twenty-five Confederate officers and men were taken on board. Captain Kerwin and fourteen of his men were not landed, but were held as prisoners. The captors stated that their purpose was privateering. At the mouth of the Rappahannock River the privateers met three large brigs loaded with coffee, ice and coal; these they captured and conveyed into Fredericksburg. The party soon after separated and the leader, Thomas, with several others, boldly returned to Baltimore, where they were speedily discovered and taken in charge by Marshal Kenly. There was also a strong effort made to arrest participants in the attack which had been made upon the volunteers on April 19th.

Federal Hill was strongly fortified; the plans for the work were made under the direction of Colonel Brewerton, of the United States Topographical Engineers, who has since been somewhat widely known as an artist; Fort Marshal, east of Patterson Park; Fort Worthington, on the heights at the northeast of the city and other commanding positions were occupied.

Never was the city in a more uninviting condition; its parks were turned into camps, its mansions into barracks and hospitals, and yet, although it was occupied while the war lasted, it soon recovered its elasticity so far that public buildings as well as private ones were erected, and the life of the people flowed on as far as possible in the old channels.

The ship-yards were not idle during this time; the United States gun-boat "Pinola," of thirteen guns, was built at the ship-yard of Abrahams and Ashcraft. She was a vessel of five hundred and twenty tons. Other smaller vessels were also launched here.

After the removal of General Butler and while Gen. John A. Dix was in command of the city, great excitement was caused by the arrest by his order of Mayor Brown and seventeen other gentlemen, who were placed in Fort McHenry. Why this should have been done remains a mystery among the very many mysteries of that troubled time. Arrests seemed to be the order of the day; several newspaper men were also imprisoned and *The South*, *The Exchange*, *The Maryland* and other newspapers were suppressed. *The Maryland* was a new sheet which had not got far beyond its first numbers when it came to an end.

I have said that the life of the city did not entirely stagnate at this time. The Fourth Presbyterian church was dedicated in the presence of a large crowd; the Balti-

more City Passenger Railway was incorporated by the Assembly and several other indications were given of renewed activity. In March, '62, there was an act passed by the General Assembly by which seven thousand dollars were appropriated for the relief of the families of the killed or disabled of the 6th Massachusetts Volunteers. This money was awarded to twenty beneficiaries and was paid.

Marshal Kenly, who no doubt found the difficulties of his position unbearable, asked to be relieved and his successor was Marshal Van Nostrand. Colonel Kenly then went into active service in the field. On the 25th of May the news of General Banks' retreat was rumored in the city and it was also reported that Colonel Kenly had been killed. A great crowd gathered in front of the newspaper offices, and various opinions were expressed; disputes which took on all the violence of political disagreements and bid fair to culminate in a riot. By a great many Kenly was spoken of as a traitor to his state and city, and satisfaction was expressed at the news of his death. This was promptly taken up by the opposing party, who marched in a body from place to place compelling the display of Union flags.

General Dix called for Marshal Van Nostrand and said that if the police force under his command was not able to cope with the difficulty he would call out the military, as he would not allow such a disturbance in the city. The police let the outrages go by for several days, during which time the Unionists, counting on the sympathy of the military authority, were in the ascendency. To their surprise, however, General Dix interfered, arrested the ringleaders and restored peace. This action made a great furore among the Union men.

After General Wool succeeded to the military command of Baltimore there was a large Unionist meeting on Monu-



Taney Statue.

ment Square at which Governor Bradford presided. At that meeting a resolution was passed requesting the President to instruct the general in command of the military department at Baltimore to administer an oath to all male citizens, by the terms of which each man was to "maintain the National sovereignty, paramount to that of all states, counties or corporate powers—to forever oppose secession, rebellion and the disintegration of the Federal Union." This matter in due course of time was presented to General Wool, who regarded it in a very practical, common-sense way. He said that it did not appear to him wise at such a juncture to send twenty thousand more men into the army of the South, and nothing further was heard of the resolution.

The First National Bank of Baltimore was organized in the latter part of '62, and about this time also the Safe Deposit Company of Baltimore, the Academy of Music, the Franklin and Powhatan Railway Company and the Halls Springs and Harford Railway Company were incorporated. Most of the papers in the city were stopped from time to time, a number of business houses were closed, the clerks thrown out of employment and stock to the amount of over eight millions of dollars put under military guard, to the great loss of the owners.

We must turn aside for awhile from the condition of Baltimore during the military occupancy to speak of the career and character of Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, who died in 1864. Chief Justice Taney was born in Calvert County, Maryland, in 1777. We learn that he was of English ancestry. From his earliest life his health was never robust, and he had continually to fight against a delicate constitution and frequent ill health, yet he graduated with honors at Dickinson College at the age of eighteen

years and was admitted to the bar at Annapolis in 1799. He removed a few years later to Frederick, where at the beginning of this century his popularity was almost unequalled. From there he was elected to the State Senate in 1816 and six years later, at the expiration of his senatorial labors, removed to Baltimore, which was his home during the remainder of his life. At the age of twenty-seven Mr. Taney was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland, a rare compliment to be paid to so young a man; indeed the rapid recognition given to the powers of this young Marylander reminds one of the early career of the younger Pitt. Later General Jackson nominated Mr. Taney Attorney-General of the United States and in 1833, Secretary of the Treasury, but the Senate refused to approve this latter nomination because of opposing political sentiments. Again, two years later, the same refusal by the Senate to confirm was made, when the President again nominated Mr. Taney for the vacant Associate Justiceship of the Supreme Court, but upon the death of the great Marshall the nomination of the Marylander to succeed him was again made by Jackson, and this time was confirmed by the Senate, whose political complexion had undergone somewhat of a change during the interval. To this highest office to which an American lawyer can aspire Mr. Taney took the oath of office in 1837. He was the fifth Chief Justice of the United States.

Although physically frail, few men have possessed greater personal attractiveness. He was in every way a leader, a man of keen thought, fluent language and in both his judgment and his dealings known to be wise and just.

The death of Chief Justice Taney had a deep impression upon his fellow-citizens, but occurring at the time that it did, when the interest inspired by the national struggle was at its height, men turned quickly to the all-engrossing topic.



Chief Justice Taney.

In 1865, on April 6th, the Unionists had their day. The news of the fall of Richmond was the cause of great display of bunting, illuminations and fireworks, a clamor of guns and bells, and general acclamation.

There was but one voice, one note heard. Those who could not sing to the same tune kept in retirement.

Following the close of the war very closely, while all the people were looking forward to a return of the benefits of peace, the news of Mr. Lincoln's death came to shock and surprise those of both parties. The absurd charge of a conspiracy, of which Wilkes Booth was only the tool, was for a time believed in other sections of the country, but has long ago been disproven. The character of the assassin, his training, his parentage, and all that went to make up the man must be taken into account. His ideal, implanted and fostered by his father, was Brutus. Upon the stage he had frequently not only seen but impersonated the character of the patriotic Roman, and a chance remark made upon the afternoon of the very day that Lincoln was killed probably gave direction to his thought and act. A friend meeting Booth, who was then somewhat excited by drink, was asked by him why some one had not removed Mr. Lincoln, and this friend jokingly replied, "There is no Brutus nowadays." Upon this clue I have no doubt that the son of Junius Brutus Booth acted.

Faction was forgotten in the general distress which followed the reception of this news. On the 21st of April the President's body lay in state in the rotunda of the Exchange, and every expression of respect and grief was given.

The story of the war time would be incomplete without a reference to the brave men who served on each side in the armies of America in defence of their principles. Already

something has been said of the career of Brevet Major-General John R. Kenly. We have followed his exploits in the Mexican war and his efforts at that time to raise recruits for the service. We have seen how his services were appreciated and his popularity increased as the evidences of his energy and character were shown.

On the arrest of Marshal Kane, Colonel Kenly was made Provost Marshal, resigning from that difficult position as soon as he could do so with honor. Being relieved at his own request, as before stated, he joined the army at the front. After the report of his death in May, '62, he continued in active service until in the latter part of that year he was appointed by Governor Bradford to command a brigade for the protection of Baltimore.

The First Maryland Volunteers were recruited and Colonel Kenly was appointed to command them by President Lincoln. The First, Fourth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Regiments of Maryland Volunteers, with Captain Alexander's Battery of Baltimore Light Artillery, were soon afterwards placed under his command. Their record is a matter of history. Kenly was made Brigadier-General on the 22d of August, '62, for gallant conduct at the battle of Front Royal. On the consolidation of the Federal army of the Potomac into three corps instead of five he was assigned to the command of a military district in the middle department. His parting from the troops that he had led in active service was the occasion of farewell addresses and expressions of great esteem on both sides.

In September, '71, the Mayor and the Council of Baltimore presented General Kenly with a sword and belt in recognition of his services.

While the regiments already mentioned were winning honor on one side, the gallantry of those bodies of Maryland

Volunteers that served under the flag of the Confederacy was no less noteworthy. Both individuals and companies won from their commanders repeated praise for their devotion and daring. The First Maryland Regiment (Confederate) belonged to Kirby Smith's division of Elzey's brigade. Among other deeds of valor this regiment won special notice by checking a flanking movement of the Federal forces at Alexandria. The account of General Kenly's career suggests that of his former brother in arms in Mexico, General Steuart. Since the beginning of the century this name has been a prominent one in Baltimore annals. The elder George H. Steuart was prominent in the service of his country and state in the beginning of the century. He was one of the committee of welcome to General Lafayette, was prominent in political affairs and an important member of several commercial companies. He died at the age of seventy-seven years. The younger man was worthy of his inheritance.

We find the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Steuart mentioned in the general orders of his commander, Joseph E. Johnson, "For the faithful and exact manner in which his command (the First Maryland Regiment) carried out their orders at Harper's Ferry." Then follows a compliment which the heart of a soldier can best understand: "The soldierly qualities of the Maryland regiments will not be forgotten in the day of action."

At Manassas the First Maryland had the right of line under command of General Steuart. The magnificent charge they made there excited the admiration of all who saw it and won for the brigade before they left the field, the personal praise of Jefferson Davis.

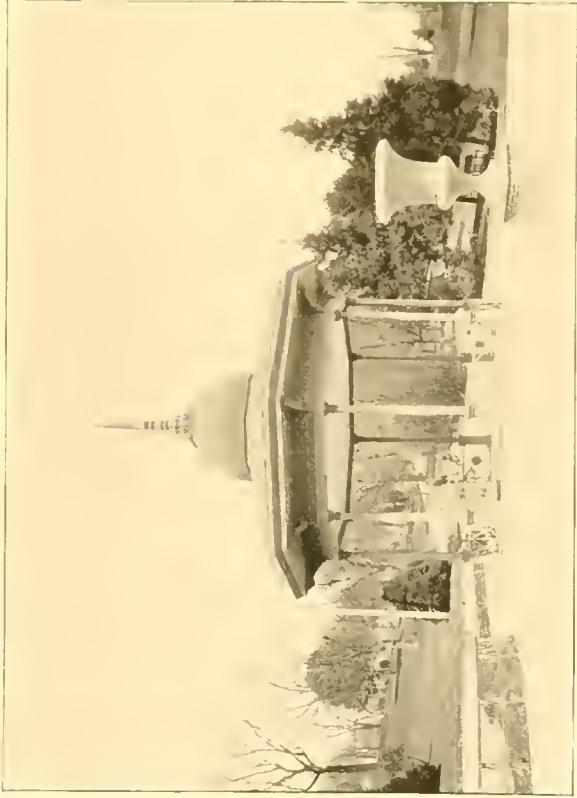
At Winchester General Steuart commanded a brigade to which the Maryland Battalion was attached. General

Early makes particular mention in praise of individual members of that command.

On both sides, wherever they fought, North or South, the courage and discipline of the Marylanders were displayed in such a manner that their deeds can never be forgotten or overlooked in the history of their country.

From the time that General Butler entered Baltimore till the close of the war, the preparations for possible hostilities were kept up. Not only were barracks, hospitals, headquarters and camps plentiful within the city limits, but forts sprang up like mushrooms, the harbor was made the scene of engineering work, planned with a view to military operations, and every mound or hillside might be found on any morning bristling with guns. The City of Monuments had become the "city of defences"—and of offences as well, some people said. As I have said, the eminence known as Federal Hill was fortified under the direction of Colonel Brewerton of the United States Topographical Engineers. The earthworks were thrown up by the Fifth New York Zouaves, and mounted more than half a hundred heavy guns. This work not only commanded Fort McHenry, but also overlooked half of Baltimore. It occupied the entire crown of the hill, and was so constructed that each bastion became a separate fort, capable of raking, by an enfilading fire, every street approaching it. Within the enclosure were the barrack and store buildings, and a house bowered in trees that had been there long before. Of course one of the prime purposes of this work was to control all vessels in the harbor, an end which would no doubt have been amply fulfilled had occasion served.

Fort Marshall was the next completed. This was constructed to the eastward of Patterson Park, and was a work



Fountain in Patterson Park.

of very great strength. Like Federal Hill, it mounted a number of heavy guns and occupied a commanding position. Later by a year or two than this work, Fort Worthington was built on the heights to the northeast of the city, and beyond the Maryland Hospital. Its necessity for being was justly estimated after one or two projected raids by the forces on the opposing side alarmed the authorities in charge into seeing that from those hills a successful attack might at almost any time be made. As has been said, "The key to Baltimore lay in the heights to the northeast of the city, an invading column being sure to attack by way of the Belair road and others in its vicinity."

Then, too, there were several works that were of minor importance, and were simply numbered. The first was on General George H. Stuart's estate, at the head of Baltimore Street. No sadder sight for those who strenuously objected to Federal occupancy of the city, could be seen than that which attended the confiscation of property. In the case of the Stuart estate, the beautiful grounds in which he had taken so much pride were converted, or perverted, into a camp and infirmary. His house was known as the Jarvis Hospital, and all over his broad acres the grass was trodden and the foliage destroyed. A fort, No. 1, overlooked this ruined home, and from there in an almost complete semicircle, enclosing Baltimore, these extensive earthworks reached. The one known as No. 5, was just within the enclosure of Druid Hill Park, but within a very few years the Park Commissioners, as shown in their report, caused it to be removed, while at the same time carefully preserving from destruction the noble trees which have grown since that day of military rule.

No. 4 stood where Gilmore Street and the Liverty road intersect. No. 7 was near the Mount Royal reservoir, but its guns were never mounted.

Besides these works, the Federal government held a strong garrison at Fort McHenry, where from time to time prisoners from the city and government were confined.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER THE STORM.



THE passing of the war-cloud did not find the city by any means in a condition of calm serenity. It bore the aspect of a field over which a tornado had passed. People were nervous and apprehensive even while feeling the relief from the strain of constant anxiety. The storm had blown itself out, but the debris still obstructed the stream of political life; the channels of trade were choked, and only time could restore the social equilibrium.

No city in the Union had been so divided against itself. We know that political dissensions are only excelled by religious differences in the power to produce discord among men, and Baltimore was in a position to fully illustrate the truth of this.

In 1864 the Maryland Legislature passed a Registration Act which provided for the appointment of three men in each ward to act as registration officers. These officers were chosen by the governor. Their duty was "to register all free white male persons," and the restrictions imposed

by the law were such that upon this apparently broad basis not more than one quarter of the voting population of the city could exercise the right of elective franchise.

At the election for congressmen, state senator and a portion of the local ticket, which was the first time that the new law was in operation, the total vote polled was only a little over five thousand. The Republican ticket won.

In the following year a number of gentlemen met to discuss the advisability or feasibility of holding a city and state convention to advocate the repeal of this registration law. The convention was held and delegates were sent to it from Baltimore and the various counties of Maryland, and resolutions were adopted and an address prepared in which the people of Maryland were addressed on the subject of their grievances. A committee was appointed to present the resolutions of the convention to the General Assembly then in session at Annapolis. Many signatures were also secured to the Memorial, the number reaching over one thousand names.

The General Assembly in reply to the petition stated that "Neither the temper nor the conduct of the people of this state who have been hostile to the Government, nor the condition of our national affairs nor the provisions of the constitution of the state warrant any interference with the registry law and that it ought to be rigorously enforced."

The ultra wing of the Unconditional Union party met in convention and endorsed the action of the Assembly.

On November 2d, 1866, a message was sent from President Johnson to Secretary of War Stanton, in which attention was called to the dangerous condition of Maryland, and a suggestion that General Grant's attention be called to the matter and that he should be left to act upon his own discretion.

The cause of this letter was the signing of a memorial by four thousand citizens, protesting against the continuance in office of the new commissioners of registration who they charged had, in violation of law and good faith, chosen two hundred and forty of their own political faith and also that the board had given orders to the police justices not to hear or decide any cases on election day and to release any prisoners arrested during that day. Governor Swan notified the commissioners that he would take up their case on a particular day and they denied his right to do so. The affair grew in magnitude as election day approached till the resort to arms was threatened and it seemed probable to the timorous that other states would take a hand in the general disturbance. That was what called forth President Johnson's letter to the Secretary of War and brought General Grant and General Canby to Washington.

Messrs. Woods and Hinds, police commissioners, were then relieved by Governor Swan, and Messrs. Valiant and Young appointed in their place. But the deposed board had their successors, with William Thompson, sheriff, who assisted them, arrested and brought before Judge Bond, who not only bound them over to keep the peace, but who also exacted the promise that they should not again perform the duties of their office. They were charged with inciting riots in the city. Again Baltimore was on the edge of a riot. General Grant occupied a most unenviable position. The crowd surged around his headquarters and there was every promise of trouble, but fortunately nothing further resulted.

The counsel of the imprisoned commissioners got them released on a writ of habeas corpus from Judge James A. Bartol of the Court of Appeals. Messrs. Hinds and

Woods mustered about three thousand five hundred regular and special police, with which force they succeeded in guarding their offices and persons until after election. The writ issued by Judge Bartol either was not presented or was not obeyed, for the new commissioners were not released till after election.

We cannot attempt to follow all the various changes and vicissitudes to which the political parties were alternately subject. Just as in a pool of water wave follows wave when a stone is thrown into it, so disturbance succeeded disturbance and one trouble came after another before the political pond became placid once more. I say placid, and yet has there ever been a time when it has been stagnant? There is always a ripple upon its bosom.

A new constitution for Maryland was asked for and Congress was petitioned to assist the people of the state in framing it. At the same time a petition was filed in the Superior Court to restrain the people from holding an election to decide whether the constitutional convention should be held.

But the election was held and the majority of the people in the city and state were in favor of holding a convention which finally met and by a majority of over twenty-four thousand decided to adopt a new constitution, which was therefore framed and adopted and the first election held under it in October, 1867. At this election there were chosen a judge of the Court of Appeals, five justices of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore and a mayor and city council. The Democratic candidate for mayor, Mr. R. T. Banks, was elected. At the subsequent election for state officers, Owden Bowie, the Democratic candidate, was elected Governor of Maryland. In local as well as state elections there were at first Independents and Labor-green-

backers besides the Democrats and Republicans, but after awhile the voters narrowed down to the two old parties with the Democrats generally in the ascendant.

The police force, which was reorganized in '60 and discharged upon the appointment of Provost Marshal Kenly, had hardly time to prove its efficiency, and yet in that short period it succeeded in leaving a favorable record. In '67 another reconstruction occurred and the force as then organized is that which still guards the city. Under the new law there were three commissioners appointed who should hold office for four years and until their successors were qualified to take their places. The law fixed the salary of each commissioner at twenty-five hundred dollars per annum and required bonds to the amount of ten thousand dollars. These commissioners were empowered to appoint or remove any police officer on the force under certain conditions and restrictions. The organization of the Board consists of a president and treasurer and all vacancies must be filled either by the General Assembly or by the governor of the state. The clerk of the Board is required also to give bonds. Their duties and powers are to watch over the peace of the city, preserve order on ordinary and extraordinary occasions, supervise highways and waterways, see that laws are enforced, etc. In addition to this the Board is authorized to enroll and employ a police force, to arm and equip them and whenever necessary to engage extra men to act with them. The police force at the present day consists of a marshal, deputy-marshal, one captain, two lieutenants, and such number of sergeants as the Board may deem necessary, and two turnkeys for each district, with six hundred and fifty-five regular men, besides specials. I have shown in other chapters how valuable and indeed indispensable these specials have sometimes been in the case of riots.

The regular force is appointed for four years on good behavior. The characteristics necessary to an appointment as police officer are intelligence, bravery, physical strength, good character and a good record.

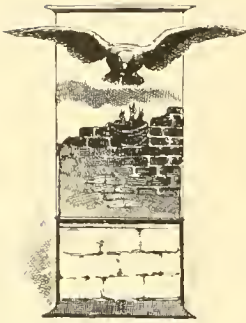
The Police Board were empowered to assign justices of the peace for station-houses. The Legislature of 1876 changed the law which had existed prior to that date, and authorized the Governor to appoint magistrates for station-houses. Such police magistrates do not act in civil cases. The arrangement made for the financial basis upon which the Police Department is run is as follows: The Board estimates the necessary expenses of the department for a year in advance, and submits a certified report to the Mayor and City Council, whose duty it is under the law to assess and levy the amount necessary to cover the estimate without delay. This arrangement was made upon the principle that it will not do in any case to allow any delay in appropriation to stop the work of the force, which is so necessary to the safety of the city. In order to make this even more certain, a further safeguard is provided in a clause which allows for an alternative in case the appropriation is not immediately paid. It is required under such circumstances that the Board issue certificates of indebtedness in the name of the Mayor and Council, which shall cover the amount of the requisition. These certificates bear six per cent. interest annually, and are receivable at par in payment of city taxes. This clause is binding on the corporation, and the interest of the certificates is as recoverable as though they were issued by the Mayor and Council of Baltimore.

The Police Board can call upon the Sheriff of the city to act under its control in his official capacity for the preservation of the peace, and at their order he is obliged to

summon posse to aid him, and can even call out the military by the same authority. It is a misdemeanor in any case to refuse compliance with the provisions of this act. All vacancies in the police force, with the exception of the Marshal and Deputy-Marshal, must be filled from the next lowest grade, when competent men can be found. The details of uniform, discipline, relief, etc., are left to the discretion of the board. The Mayor has no authority or control whatever over the Board or force, which makes the police organization of the city at present very different from that which existed before the war.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARITY AND REORGANIZATION.



IN 1866 one of those philanthropic enterprises which have always appealed so strongly to the people, especially the gentler sex of Maryland, was started and carried through in a style that made it forever unique and unapproachable. I refer to the great fair for the relief of the Southern sufferers by the Civil War.

Both North and South felt greatly the effects of that long and terrible period, but to the South the conflict had especially brought home its devastating effect, for not only had the defenders and the bread-winners fallen on the battle-fields and in hospitals and prisons, but thousands of houses had been swept away, thousands of families had been left utterly destitute. Everything was needed—food, clothing, shelter. There not only was nothing left of the property which had existed before, but there was no way of repairing the dreadful loss. Business was at a standstill; women unused to labor were penniless, and children, unprotected, in want.

I need not dwell upon the details of that sad picture. It has been often described and at the time when it was a present fact the destitution which prevailed could not but rouse the sympathy and stimulate the desire to help which animated every human heart.

Naturally from its geographical situation, as well as from its social relations with the South, Baltimore was the city where the feeling of sympathy and pity found its first and most practical expression.

The great Southern relief fair, preparations for which were begun early in the year, was held in April and was conducted by ladies who were well known as leaders in the social world. Their names alone were a guarantee of the character and success of the proposed enterprise.

Mrs. Benjamin Howard was the President of the association which organized for this work. The Vice-Presidents were Mrs. Charles Howard, Mrs. J. Hanson Thomas, Mrs. W. Prescott Smith, Mrs. J. J. Bankard and Mrs. J. S. Gittings. Mrs. Peyton Harris was Treasurer and Miss Frick Secretary. Miss Dora Howard and a committee of twenty other prominent ladies constituted the executive committee and besides these there were two hundred lady managers and a number of gentlemen "auxiliaries."

On April 2d, which was a Saturday, the Maryland Institute Hall was taken possession of by the ladies and preparations begun for the fair. A sound of construction, as though an army of workers were engaged in building, decorating and arranging, was soon heard. The interior of the hall was changed in appearance, tables and booths being built and decorated and everywhere a grand display of color and light, to which was added the perfume of flowers and the bright presence of the ladies who worked as only women can who are heart and soul with the accomplishment of the matter in hand.

Soon gifts of various kinds, from presents of money to donations of goods, began to come in from all over the country. California aided, sending her contribution in good season. New York showed a proper and generous spirit. From Brooklyn came a pound cake, made by some ladies there, which was estimated to be worth five hundred dollars. Publishers from all over the country followed the example set by Harper Bros. in sending books. One Baltimore merchant donated a handsome piano and other generous competitors followed suit. A classification of the presents made would be almost impossible, since they included almost everything ever made or designed by man or developed by nature. Furniture, jewelry, a very handsome pier glass, a well-fatted steer, a valuable mule, barrels of flour, mowing and reaping machines, wax works, flowers and in fact almost every imaginable article for use or beauty was to be seen when the fair opened.

In spite of the inclement weather, which was unfortunately suffered at the beginning, the attendance was very large from the first. A bevy of beauty and fashion such as few occasions could call together, even in Baltimore, enlivened the hall. Bright women flitted here and there; beautiful dresses, gay smiles and animated voices made the fair attractive, apart from either its object or the valuable and curious articles which loaded the tables or were arrayed in tempting display upon the walls.

The "Blue's" band, led by Professor Holland, was in attendance, adding its attractions to those already hinted at.

I have said that the objects of art or of utility were arranged upon the tables or on the walls. Let me correct that statement by saying that many of the donations were of such a character that neither tables nor walls could have accommodated them. For instance, beside the pianos

already spoken of, the Harford County ladies offered for sale a splendid pair of gray horses which were raffled for. Things intended for use were abundant, and he who came simply as a spectator remained to buy, for who could resist the influences of Baltimore's brightest women?

Among other objects of interest was a richly carved ivory crucifix loaned for exhibition by Mrs. General Tyson. This carving has been considered one of the most curious and artistic things of its kind in the world, and the story of its making, as told in a pamphlet which accompanied it, was interesting.

It seems that a Genoese monk, Pesenti by name, conceived the idea of doing some great work. He had carved some little in wood, but was by no means a remarkable artist, when the idea came to him to produce something which should be worth his effort and thought. Being of a very devout frame of mind Pesenti's inspiration took the form of a vision, in which he saw the body of Christ upon the cross, and something stirred him to try to copy that. Waking or sleeping he affirmed that the vision stayed with him, and his hands in carving the ivory only followed the lines and forms that he constantly saw with the eye of his imagination. Thus praying and working by turns, but never forgetting his ideal, the sculptor carved patiently away on his hard white block till he had completed the likeness he sought.

Then some of those who saw it brought it to the attention of artists and art critics, with the result that it was exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts at Genoa and was there the object of admiration and wonder. At the King's request it was then sent to the palace for his inspection, and wherever it went it was hailed with delight by the pious peasant or the accomplished connoisseur.

A former American Consul at Genoa, Mr. C. Edwards Lester, purchased the crucifix, which afterwards he brought home to the United States. Its appearance at the fair caused great interest.

Day after day the money rolled in and the goods rolled out. Saddles and china, Colonial relics and confectionery, furniture and live stock added to the already handsome amounts which were footed up every evening, till at last the grand total of \$164,569 was announced as the result of the self-sacrificing devotion and labor of those who did not forget, amid their own surroundings of comfort and luxury, that others, less fortunate, were suffering for the necessities of life. While relief was thus being afforded to sufferers at a distance there was much changeable work needed nearer home. The winter after I was appointed Captain of the Southern District was a very long and cold one. A great many cases of suffering and destitution were brought to our notice, to relieve the more worthy of which I suggested to the men under my charge that a collection be taken up among ourselves. The response was prompt and generous, so that within a few days quite a sum of money had been put in my hands for the poor. As a next step the men were requested to report any cases of deserving charity which should come under their notice. When these were reported I sent one of the sergeants to inquire into the case and to procure what he thought would be needed for the comfort of the sufferers. Before long the coal dealers, butchers, grocery-men and others from whom we purchased our supplies learned what we were doing and were liberal with donations of provisions, fuel and clothing, all of which we turned to good account.

This system of charity has been kept up from that time to this. I have been encouraged in it by the citizens of

Baltimore, who for the last quarter of a century have contributed sums which will reach an annual average of five thousand dollars. I believe we have reached more cases of deserving poverty and relieved more real destitution than any other charitable agency in the city, and the system works without friction.

Since the reorganization of the police force in 1867 it has been a custom to care for sick and disabled members, and this work was made permanent by a statutory enactment only a few years ago. The first voluntary police beneficial association, or the forerunner of it, was started in the Southern District more than twenty years ago. The men who were then under my command agreed between themselves to submit to an assessment of fifty cents each to defray the expenses of the funeral of the wife of an officer or one dollar to the widow of an officer in the event of his death. The Police Beneficial Association of Baltimore, which included the whole force, grew out of that earlier attempt. We had made an experiment which had proved so successful that it long ago became part and parcel of the working of the force. It was purely a life insurance plan and all of those connected in any way with the Police Department except the matrons are eligible for membership. In event of the death of a member the resident according to our rule was to notify the members of the executive committee in his district to collect the required sum from each member and pay it in as required by the rules. There was also a clause inserted in the agreement by which the members pledged themselves to pay the assessment of any retired member who was unable to do so for himself, but any officer who was discharged or who resigned from the force at once ceased to become a member of the organization. The amount paid on the death of a member amounts to upward

of eight hundred dollars, and in connection with this fund there is no expense, so that the beneficiary receives the full amount of his insurance.

The Board of Police is authorized under the law to pay a pension to retired officers. The second section of the statute reads thus: "In addition to the sums of money now authorized to be paid out of the fund as above constituted and designated (that is special fund) the Board of Police Commissioners are hereby empowered whenever in their opinion the efficiency of the force may require it, to retire any officer of police, policeman or detective and pay him in monthly instalments out of said fund for life a sum of money not to exceed one-third of the amount of money monthly paid to him as such officer of police, policeman or detective at retirement, provided however he shall have served faithfully not less than sixteen years or shall have been permanently disabled in the discharge of his duties," etc.

On April 23d, 1867, at twelve o'clock the new appointees of the police force were ordered to report at the office of the Board of Police Commissioners. The new Marshal was Colonel Farlow, who was a citizen of the eastern side of the city, well known politically and socially. His military title was due to his connection with the Eagle Artillerists, of which organization he was for a long time the commanding officer, and whose excellent form was owing largely to his proficiency as a commander. He had also been a respected member of the City Council. Deputy-Marshal John T. Gray, who became Marshal at a later day, was Captain of the Central Police District, under the original metropolitan police bill. Among the list of Captains was the name of Jacob Frey, whose appointment had been a surprise to him, inasmuch as he had never had any knowledge of police work or any leaning in that direction.

The business which I had established after leaving Mr Stewart at the expiration of my apprenticeship had prospered so that I did not feel inclined to abandon it for the untried glory of a blue coat and shoulder-straps. I knew the Southern District moreover, and I was confident that if there was credit to be gained, there was also difficult work cut out for the man who should undertake to command it. A life of some years in the district could not but teach one how to criticise, if nothing else, and theories are easily formed. It is altogether probable that I had more theories twenty-five years ago than I have to-day.

The way in which I came to receive the appointment to the Southern District was peculiar. After the war closed, when the Democrats got rid of the old Police Commissioners they appointed a new Police Board consisting of Messrs. Jarret, Fussellbaugh and Carr, who organized the present police force. Benjamin F. Kenney, Captain of the Eastern District, John Mitchell of the Central District and William Cassell of the Western District had all seen police service. I was the only one who was entirely new to the work. I had taken an active part in the organization of the force and had with others recommended several men who we thought would make good Police Captains. Isaiah Gardner was my first choice, and some other citizens of South Baltimore wanted Frederick Boyd. These men, who had both been Captains of police, were in contest for the position up to within two weeks of the time the appointments were to be made, when the board notified us that neither of them would be appointed and we should nominate somebody else. None that we could think of seemed to meet the requirements and the matter was not settled when two days before the appointments were to be made Mr. John W. Davis came to me, and after speaking of the dilemma that the Board

was in said that my name had been brought up as that of a suitable nominee. My answer was prompt; I told Mr. Davis that while I appreciated the confidence shown me I had no idea of going into police work nor did I wish to do so. While my business was new I felt confident that the outlook was a good one and that it would not pay me to abandon it. My visitor asked me to think it over until the next day, and although I told him that I had no intention of taking it he insisted on not accepting my refusal as final. The next day he returned, saying that the Board had named the officers of the force and that they wished me to take the position until they could select some one else. This at last I consented to do, but not until late upon the evening of the last day before the appointments were made. I was then instructed how an application should be written, and having submitted it felt very much dissatisfied with the step I had taken. I did not feel less so when I saw in the paper the next morning the names of the newly-appointed officers published.

I cannot pretend that there were no objections to my being made Captain. There was one man, John Marshall by name, who with his friends were quite disgusted, since he himself had been working for the position. It was said by them so that it afterwards came to my hearing that I knew nothing about the work, was not fit for the place and that the boys would walk away with me. I made up my mind then and there that if there was any walking to be done, it should be by somebody else. I intended to do the very best that I could. I did not know the ropes but I was more than willing to find out all that I could that would aid me in the discharge of my new duties. Several of the men in my command were old policemen who had been in the service previous to the reorganization of the force. There

was an evident impression on the part of several of these officers that they were a good deal wiser in regard to police work than their Captain was, and very likely they were correct, but I did not propose to let them think so in a way that would interfere at all with the discipline which I intended to enforce. I knew that there would be disinclination shown to obey orders promptly and so was ready to seize the first opportunity to nip any such insubordination in the bud. On the first Sunday morning after I had taken charge the ringleader of this opposition, if I may call it so, failed to respond promptly to the roll call, coming in five minutes late. Calling to him I inquired what had delayed him. "Well," he replied, "I was reading the paper and did not think of the time." I explained to him that the roll was called at six o'clock and that I expected him hereafter to be at his post on the minute. I think he understood that I would allow no trifling and there was no repetition of this sort of annoyance. A short time after the new force had gotten to work Baltimore was very much stirred up over the question which at that time was agitating the whole country. I mean the impeachment trial of President Johnson. The people were excited, as they often are at such times, and we had a good deal of trouble with them and especially with the negroes, but we let them understand that while they must behave themselves we would treat them fairly and that all classes of the community should be protected. Colored military companies paraded the streets nearly every night, getting constantly more and more unruly and requiring more constant care on our part to prevent the perpetration of mischief. At first they were content to carry their guns in a peaceable manner, but after awhile they took to discharging fire-arms in the streets and at the same time showed a disposition to be ugly. One

evening a number of them commanded by Colonel Young were parading in my district and I went out and halted them on Hill Street. I requested that they be drawn up in lines as I wanted to talk with them, and the Colonel did as I wished. I told them they were causing more excitement than seemed to be necessary, that the police were the protectors of the city and they did not need to march around the streets with loaded guns, and then I said that as I was the commanding officer of that district I should inspect their arms to see if they had loads in them, and that I should take away any which were loaded. The Colonel assisting me I inspected every man's musket, trying it with the ramrod and taking all that were loaded, and by the time I had finished a furniture wagon which I had sent for was full of the confiscated arms, which I sent to the police-station. In another part of the city another South Baltimore company were parading, when in the course of a disturbance some people were killed, upon which the Police Board issued an order prohibiting any parade with fire-arms except by the military or the police. After the failure of the impeachment of Mr. Johnson the excitement of course quieted down.

Although I did not accept the appointment without persuasion, yet upon taking hold of the Southern District I made every other interest subservient to that. My business I placed in the hands of a subordinate, who was to manage it and account to me for the proceeds. Of the practical working of this plan I have a few words to say: The more attention I paid to my police duties the faster I found my business went to ruin. I did not feel that I could afford to lose that income entirely, as the pay of a Police Captain would not suffice to support my family in the way that I thought they had a right to demand. After thinking the

matter over very carefully I called on the Police Board and reminding them of the fact that I had only promised to serve until some one else was found to fill my place, I begged that they would select that new man as soon as possible. Mr. Jarrett was very anxious to have me hold on. He said that something would come up in a little while, he would not then say what, but that they would be in a position to do better for me if I would stay. In reply I told him that my business was rapidly going to ruin and that I must resign. Then I was told that as soon as the Legislature met there would be a change. Mr. Davis explained to me in confidence that the Board of Police had determined to appoint a new Marshal. He said that they appreciated Colonel Farlow's good qualities, but that he was not sufficiently active for the head of that department; that they proposed to use their influence to have him appointed magistrate, and if they succeeded in doing so Mr. Gray would then succeed to the vacant office and I should have his. Acting upon this information, I sold out my business, resolving to cast my lot with the Police Department, and as soon as the arrangements of the Board were completed I received the appointment of Deputy Marshal as Mr. Davis had promised; a position in which I served for fifteen years and a half. It did not take me long to become accustomed to the work, which I soon began to like very much and had no thought of changing for anything else.

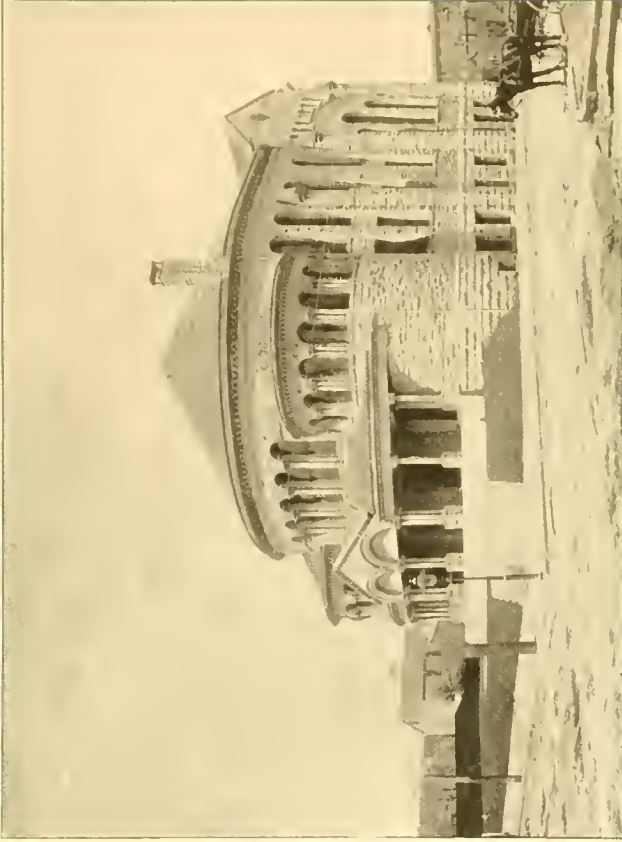
This same year saw the first running of city railway cars on Sunday. The Madison Avenue line and the Gay Street line especially were crowded with people, and a great many hailed this as a decided advantage and convenience to the city, but others objected strongly. Early in May a number of citizens presented a petition protesting against the running of these cars and praying for an injunction to stop

them. The Sabbath Association of Baltimore was the prime mover in this effort. Mayor Chapman endorsed the petition with the hope "that their application may meet with a favorable response from the City Council."

Among the very many schemes which were gotten up at this period to work upon the sympathies of charitable people was one which was largely advertised and by which a great many were victimized. This was a so-called Gift Concert in aid of Southern orphans. It was held in Concordia Hall, on Eutaw Street, in June, '67. A lady of some apparent means was the President of the Association that engineered this scheme, and the other officers inspired sufficient confidence to induce the sale of a very large number of tickets.

The gift part of the affair was of course that in which the people were interested; the music was decidedly a secondary consideration, for which few would have gone far. But, oh, the tempting bait that was held out to ticket buyers in the way of prizes!—a thirty thousand dollar farm, for which two or three thousand and a mortgage had been paid; a gift of ten thousand dollars in gold and another farm of the same value as this largest cash gift, which it appeared only existed on paper; the numberless gold watches, pianos, horses and carriages and other valuable personal property might easily turn the brains of the unwary.

When the drawing took place, the police force was represented by the Deputy-Marshal, Sergeant and ten men, and a force of detectives. These were to prevent the activity of pick-pockets and other enemies of law and order among the audience. But they did not regard the promoters of this scheme as people requiring special surveillance—why should they? Could the people who had so generously offered to give away farms and property be



Associate Reformed Church.

capable of an ungenerous thought? Even when a legal gentleman got up and explained to the audience that owing to certain legal questions which had arisen the drawing would be postponed for a week but that the concert would go right on, the audience made no demur. When the people left the hall the police left too, very well satisfied that no pockets had been picked.

But the legal question which was brought up referred to the violation of the lottery law, and the leaders, officers and directors wrangled over their shares in a most philanthropical way; as to the share which the poor Southern orphans should receive of the proceeds of the thirty thousand tickets which were acknowledged to have been sold, I have not yet heard.

Mr. John T. Ford had a little vessel named in his honor; a craft which interested all of that rather large class of people who mistake foolhardiness for courage.

The papers all over the country chronicled the departure from Baltimore on the 22d of June, '67, of the two and a half tons schooner yacht "John T. Ford," for Europe. She was a wooden boat, not built on the life-boat principle, and was intended for exhibition at the great World's Fair at Paris. She was commanded by Captain Gold and manned by several Baltimore men. Of course there was a large crowd to see this miniature vessel depart for her perilous ocean voyage. She sailed from the Pratt Street wharf, and as she was being towed down the harbor by a steam tug all of the vessels in the neighborhood saluted by blowing whistles and ringing bells. It was expected that the schooner would make the voyage in thirty-five days.

Mr. Riddle went on the yacht as far as the Bay of Fundy, and left her there and returned to Baltimore. The reasons for his parting company with his companions were

set forth in a letter from Captain Gold. They were simply that the boat required expert seamen to man her, and as the space was so limited it was necessary to leave Mr. Riddle, who was not a good sailor, ashore, which was an extremely fortunate occurrence for him. Early in September a report was received which came by the Atlantic cable to the effect that the yacht had been reported in England to be lost, and that only one man was saved of her crew.

A little later more definite information in regard to the "Ford" was received and it became certain that the unfortunate little vessel and her crew had met an untoward fate. The British ship "Aerolite," from Liverpool for Bombay, picked up a man clinging to the bottom of an overturned boat. This man proved to be one Armstrong, a sailor who had been shipped in place of Mr. Riddle when the latter left the party on the Maine coast. On the night of the 19th of August the schooner capsized and Captain Gold and his Baltimore companions perished. The boat was finally washed ashore on the Irish coast.

In the general confusion which attended the beginning of the war a claim had been allowed to remain unpaid. This was the amount of money due in arrearages to the police of 1860. It will be remembered that the dissolution of that force was quite sudden and its officers had reason to complain of the treatment they received at the hands of the men who were in temporary charge of the city. Finally after seven years the efforts of Messrs. Teackle Wallis and R. C. Barry, attorneys for the police, were successful, the claim was allowed and the Assembly ordered it paid and finally settled.

At this time the cost of the Police Department was

estimated to aggregate four hundred and sixty thousand dollars per annum.

The will of Mr. John McDonough provided for the establishment and maintenance of a farm school in the county and free schools in the city of Baltimore, from the income of his estate. Over this will the city officials who were trustees of the fund, were much disturbed. Some argued that the sum left was not sufficient to carry out the designs of the philanthropist, and others argued that they were not relieved from the responsibility of doing the best they could. It was suggested as a compromise that a combination of farm and city schools might be made.

The result of this discussion I have given in the chapter on Educational Institutions.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF '64 AND '67.



X-GOVERNOR HICKS was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1864 by the Maryland Legislature then assembled at Annapolis. He was a Republican, who had been a slave-holder but voted for the abolition of slavery and the Constitution of 1864. The same session of the Legislature which elected Governor Hicks framed a bill which became a law, calling for a popular vote to decide upon holding a convention to frame a new constitution for Maryland.

The members of this convention were obliged to qualify by taking a cast iron oath to support the Constitution of the United States, each one vowing to "be faithful and bear true allegiance to the State of Maryland and the Government of the United States, any law or ordinance of any state to the contrary notwithstanding, and that I have never either directly or indirectly, by word, deed or act, given aid, comfort or encouragement to those in rebellion against the Government of the United States," etc. etc.

That is to say, the convention was to be composed of men who were virtually pledged to a certain line of policy, which perhaps was the wisest way to avoid any difficulties just at that juncture.

The Constitutional Convention met at Annapolis in April, 1864, and was in session for four months, Henry H. Goldsborough being permanent chairman. The changes in the articles of the constitution adopted by the convention were most radical, the abolition of slavery and "paramount allegiance" to the Federal Government being fundamental enactments.

Article Fifth of the declaration of rights, which was also adopted, was as follows: "The Constitution of the United States and the laws made in pursuance thereof being the supreme law of the land, every citizen of every state owes paramount allegiance to the Constitution and Government of the U. S. and is not bound by any law or ordinance of this state in contravention or subversion thereof." That was of course a blow aimed at the doctrine of state rights, which at that day could not be as coolly discussed by the majority of Marylanders as to-day.

Article Twenty-third declared the abolition of the institution of slavery. As the value of slave property in Maryland was computed to aggregate \$35,000,000 or over, it may be considered as perfectly natural that Article Twenty-third should have met with quite as much disfavor as Article Fifth. The third measure which seemed obnoxious to many was one which had the effect, under certain circumstances, of curtailing the liberty of the press.

After providing for the registration of voters throughout the state, Section 4 presented an oath which practically disfranchised the majority of citizens, if not in its letter, at least in the spirit by which it was afterwards inter-

preted by those interested. The oath mentioned read in full as follows :

“*Section 4.* No person who has at any time been in armed hostility to the United States, or the lawful authorities thereof, or who has been in any manner in the service of the so-called ‘Confederate States of America’; and no person who has voluntarily left this State and gone within the military lines of the so-called ‘Confederate States or armies,’ with the purpose of adhering to said States or armies; and no person who has given any aid, comfort, countenance or support to those engaged in armed hostility to the United States, or in any manner adhered to the enemies of the United States, either by contributing to the enemies of the United States, or unlawfully sending within the limits of such enemies money, goods, or letters, or information; or who has disloyally held communication with the enemies of the United States; or who has advised any person to enter the service of the said enemies, or aided any person so to enter; or who has by any open deed or word declared his adhesion to the cause of the enemies of the United States, or his desire for the triumph of the said enemies over the arms of the United States, shall be entitled to vote at any election to be held in this State, or to hold any office of honor, profit or trust under the laws of this State, unless, since such unlawful acts, he shall have voluntarily entered into the military service of the United States, and been honorably discharged therefrom, or shall be, on the day of election, actually and voluntarily in such service, or unless he shall be restored to his full rights of citizenship by an act of the General Assembly, passed by a vote of two-thirds of all the members elected to each House; and it shall be the duty of all officers of registration and judges of elec-

tion carefully to exclude from voting, or being registered, all persons so as above disqualified; and the judges of election, at the first election held under the Constitution, shall, and at any subsequent election may administer to any person offering to vote the following oath or affirmation:

“ I do swear or affirm that I am a citizen of the United States, that I have never given any aid, countenance or support to those in armed hostility to the United States, that I have never expressed a desire for the triumph of said enemies over the arms of the United States, and that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States, and support the Constitution and laws thereof as the supreme law of the land, any law or ordinance of any State to the contrary notwithstanding; that I will in all respects demean myself as a loyal citizen of the United States, and I make this oath or affirmation without any reservation or evasion and believe it to be binding on me.”

Provisions for receiving and counting the “ soldier vote,” even of soldiers outside of the state, were also made, and many minor changes, which however did not so deeply affect the people as those just alluded to.

As the members of the convention were carefully weeded, so that no one could have his credentials accepted who was not on the side of those afterwards known as the Radicals—so the voter who went to cast his ballot when the new Constitution was submitted to the people in October found himself so hedged about with disabilities that unless his opinions were affirmed under oath to be of the proper complexion he could not vote.

This was not at all to be wondered at when we consider the hot prejudices of that day, but it was not calculated to soothe the feelings of any one who had perhaps looked with kindly eyes over the political border.

Bitter as the opposition was, there seemed no way to prevent the culmination of an act which would take from Maryland that which her citizens had been wont to consider an inalienable right.

The Honorable Reverdy Johnson, an Unconditional Union man and well known as one of the ablest constitutional lawyers the country has ever produced, gave an opinion upon the constitutionality of the oath proposed in the following language :

“ In the existing constitution no such oath as the one in question is required to give the right of suffrage, nor for voting on the new constitution that might thereafter be framed under the authority of the Legislature.

“ Nor did the law passed by the Legislature, and under which alone the recent convention was elected and held, authorize any other qualification for a vote on the constitution, that they might recommend, other than what was required by the existing constitution. On the contrary, in this respect its terms are perfectly plain. The sixth section provides ‘ that the constitution and form of government adopted by the said convention shall be submitted to the legal and qualified voters of the State for their adoption or rejection.’ If the Legislature had authority so to legislate, then they have by so doing, secured to every legal and qualified voter of the state the right to vote on the adoption or rejection of the new constitution. And no one, I suppose, holds that they did not possess that power. Indeed, they had no authority, except as it might be granted by subsequent popular assent, to prescribe any other qualification. Their powers being derived from the constitution they could not themselves take away any right of suffrage, nor authorize it to be done by any other body. The right being secured by the organic law, from its very nature is



Reverdy Johnson.

beyond the reach of mere legislative authority. No one can think that they could by the mere force of legislation, have extinguished the right, or could have authorized the convention to extinguish it, in a vote on any constitution they might propose.

“The Legislature were but the agents of the people by whom they were chosen, and these were the then ‘legal and qualified voters of the State.’ How can it be that as such agents they could deprive their principals of rights secured by constitutional guarantee? And what difference is there between such an act, and that of limiting or controlling such rights? In my opinion each is alike void from want of authority.

“But the Legislature, in the law providing for the convention, attempted no such usurpation. On the contrary they provided that the constitution which that body might form should be submitted to those, and to all of those who, at the time, should have a right to vote under the existing condition, and to no one else. It has been, I learn, suggested, rather than seriously maintained, that the act of the convention in question was authorized by reason of that part of the law under which it was elected, which says that the constitution is to be submitted to the people ‘at such time, in such manner and subject to such regulations as said convention may prescribe.’ This suggestion, it seems to me is wholly without warrant. The question is to whom, and not under what regulations, the constitution is to be submitted. And the law says that the persons to whom the submission is to be made are ‘the legal and qualified voters of the State.’ At what time, in what manner, and under what regulations the submission was to be made, not being provided for by any prior law, nor by the law authorizing the convention, it was proper and necessary that these

should be left to the convention itself. But that this authority was intended to give the convention the power to exclude from the right to vote the persons, who, by the same law, were secured in that right, cannot be even plausibly maintained. Indeed, so far from this having been the purpose of the words quoted, they were used not to take away or impair the existing right of suffrage, but merely to provide for the mode of exercising it."

Others coincided with this opinion, and a minority address was offered to the people by certain members of the convention in which these cool and reasonable words appear :

"At the outset of this movement we, in common with a large portion of the people of the State, entertained the opinion that this period of civil war—a war in which scarcely a family in the State was exempted from the excitement necessarily resulting from the personal participation of one or more of its members, and in a large number of cases, from the death of such member, and from the destruction of property, and the pecuniary loss to which they had been subjected—was not the appropriate time for a calm, considerate work, which of all others demanded the cool deliberations of men in the highest degree divested of personal or party prejudices."

That indeed was the marrow of the whole unfortunate business. Men were attempting to deliberate when the time for deliberation had not arrived.

Memorials, petitions, protests were offered from all over the state against the test oath, but not only was the oath administered, but additional questions were required to be answered. Governor Bradford gave unequivocal testimony as to his partisanship at this time by his favorable attitude toward the provisions of the proposed constitution.

And yet, in spite of all these precautionary measures, the promoters of the new constitution would have lost and did lose the contest but for the soldier vote, which changed a majority of 1995 votes against the measure to a poor majority of 375 votes for it. The result was so close to a tie that every effort was made to test the legality of the result, but without avail.

Following this came the establishment of General Lew Wallace's "Freedman's Bureau," which had some good and wise provisions as well as some very foolish ones. The confiscation of the Maryland Club House as a house of "rest" for the negroes was one of the most unpopular acts ever performed in Baltimore.

It would be bootless to continue to analyze the constitution of 1864, and its effects. The measure was put through at a time when few men could think dispassionately or act rationally in any matter which had a political side to it.

It is at least too late to-day to take a partisan view or to doubt that those who then displayed the most active zeal would at this day show a spirit much more liberal and in accord with nineteenth century standards.

The Legislature of the following year, convened in March, passed a law which regulated the registration of voters, so that an oath should be administered by registers appointed by the Governor, to each person signifying an intention of voting at the coming election. Among some of the questions asked were the following, which will speak for themselves:

"X. Have you ever been in any manner in the service of the so-called 'Confederate States of America?'

"XI. Have you ever left this State and gone within the military lines of the so-called 'Confederate States' or armies, for the purpose of adhering to said States or armies?"

" XIII. Have you ever in any manner adhered to the enemies of the United States or the so-called ' Confederate States ' or armies ?

" XIV. Have you ever contributed money, goods, provisions, labor, or any such thing, to procure food, clothing, implements of war or any such thing for the enemies of the United States or the so-called ' Confederate States ' or armies ?

" XVII. Have you ever advised any person to enter the service of the enemies of the United States, or the so-called ' Confederate States ' or armies, or advised any one to enter ?

" XXII. Have you on any occasion expressed sympathy for the Government of the United States during the rebellion ?

" XXIII. During the rebellion, when the armies were engaged in battle, did you wish the success of the armies of the United States or those of the rebels ? "

The result of all this was such as might have been predicted, and doubtless was, by the minority in power. About one-fifth of the people governed themselves and the other four-fifths, giving them what laws they pleased.

The vexed question of the status of the negro came up repeatedly ; not as now a familiar problem of which the answer has been patiently worked out, at least in part ; but a question new, strange, and to many people, terrible. Added to the great loss of property involved was the other question, " What shall we do with him ? " It was not easy to answer all at once.

Gradually a more strenuous opposition to the registration law was developed, those who had shown apathy, or at least an ignorance of how to work at first, gradually becoming the units of an organized force which should after awhile make itself felt. The course of reconstruction is almost always very slow, especially when the good to be gained is great.

Several of the newspapers of Baltimore were active and earnest in their opposition to the obnoxious law. This was especially the case with the *Sun*, *Gazette* and the *Sunday*

Telegram, The *German Correspondent* too, fought in line with the others. The *Sun* especially has been eulogized for its temperate, though decided attitude at this time, and Mr. A. S. Abell, the proprietor and publisher, should be ever respected in the State.

The wishes of the people and the utterances of the press finally crystallized in a meeting held in Baltimore in January of 1866, at which a committee was appointed and resolutions adopted looking towards a convention which should adequately voice the sentiments of the majority of the people of Maryland.

The call for the convention was responded to upon the 24th of January. It met at Temperance Temple in Baltimore with a full showing of delegates from all the counties in the state. The names of those present included many of the most honorable men in Maryland. The Hon. Montgomery Blair was chosen as chairman and supporting him were gentlemen of well-known character and ability. The resolutions which were adopted, were as follows :

" I. *Resolved*, by this Convention, representing all the people of Maryland who are in favor of the restoration of political rights to the disfranchised citizens of the States, that the persistent efforts of the President of the United States to restore to their political rights the citizens of the Southern States, and to protect them in the enjoyment of their constitutional relations to the Federal government, receive our cordial endorsement, and we pledge to him our support in his efforts to re-establish the rights of the States under the Federal government upon a constitutional basis.

" II. *Resolved*, That the president of this convention be directed to communicate to the President of the United States a copy of the proceedings of this convention, and to express to him their high appreciation of his patriotic efforts to restore peace, good feeling and political equality between all sections of the country.

" III. *Resolved*, That we will, and all who are opposed to the odious laws of proscription and disqualification should be, determined and persistent in the effort to regain the freedom that is now most unjustly and tyrannically withheld from the majority by the minority of the citizens of the State, and that there should be no cessation to the struggle to recover such freedom until equal liberty to all citizens of the State is made triumphant.

" IV. *Resolved*, That the registration law of this State is odious and oppressive in its provisions, unjust and tyrannical in the manner of its administration, the fruitful source of dissension among the people, calculated to keep alive the memory of differences which ought to be forgotten, and that sound policy, enlightened statesmanship and positive justice demand its immediate repeal.

" V. *Resolved*, That the provisions of the 4th Section of the 1st Article of the Constitution, which prescribe conditions to the elective franchise, before unknown to the people of Maryland, are retrospective, partaking of the nature of an *ex post facto* law, and repugnant to the terms of the Declaration of Rights, as well as to the Constitution of the United States."

The resolutions, an address and a petition signed by over twenty thousand citizens were presented to the Legislature, which body however refused to consider any "interference with the registry law," which "ought to be rigorously enforced."

There were at this time two principal political parties in the state, the first being the so-called "Radical" party, which though numerically smaller than the other, yet had the power in government. The second was known as the "Conservative" party. The difference was mainly that the first kept up, long after the occasion for it had died away, the distinctions born of war differences, while the latter believed in burying dead issues. Both were composed of men who had been Unionists during the war, else they would have had no voice in politics whatever.

In the fall elections of 1866 the interpretation of the registry law was somewhat modified by those appointed to

enforce it, though the application of the same principle prevailed at the polls. The result has been called a conservative victory, and indeed was so in effect. A more threatening election than that has seldom been known and a strong pressure was brought to bear to induce Federal military interference. On this point a wise letter from General Grant to the Chief Executive of the nation contained this passage :

"Military interference would be interpreted as giving aid to one of the factions, no matter how pure the intention, or how guarded and just the instructions. It is a contingency I hope never to see arise in this country while I occupy the position of general-in-chief of the army, to have to send troops into a State in full relations with the general government, on the eve of an election, to preserve the peace. If insurrection does come, the law provides the method of calling out forces to suppress it. No such condition seems to exist now.

"U. S. GRANT, *General.*"

The removal of Police Commissioners Hinds and Wood, by Governor Swann, in response to a strong petition, constituted one of the exciting episodes of this election.

On the 24th of January, 1867, a bill passed the Legislature which provided that all citizens who had opposed the policy of the Federal government might vote upon taking oath "to bear true faith and allegiance to the United States and support the Constitution thereof," etc. etc. This, however, was withdrawn before it had obtained the Governor's signature.

But the revolution in power was finally being accomplished. The election of '66 was practically a victory for the conservative Unionists, and the conservative Democrats were not slow to take advantage of it.

Perhaps the real character and status of Maryland, which had been so misrepresented by partisans and not misunder-

stood by strangers, was shown in a speech of General Phelps, on the question of removing the Naval Academy from Annapolis. He said, "Now, sir, it is too late in the day for gentlemen to come in here and say that Maryland is not a loyal State. Fifty thousand of her sons upon the muster-roll of the Union army are the answer to the libel. Thirty millions dollars thrown into the breach, with eighty-seven thousand of her slaves, as a voluntary sacrifice to the Union at the time it was imperiled, is the answer to the libel. The first State to advance her quota of the war tax, she was the third to ratify the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. Sir, it is too late for any man to come before an intelligent body of gentlemen, no matter how strong their party feelings or party prejudices, and deliberately ask the removal of this national institution, not called for by any considerations of propriety or economy, on the ground that a State with such a record is not a loyal State."

One of the remarkable men of that time was Ex-Governor Francis Thomas, an orator of great power and brilliancy of thought and diction, whose record had been one of great courage and not a little obstinacy. He had retired from public life for private reasons before the war, but that epoch brought him from his retirement and made him a power in Western Maryland, where he was a leader of the most strenuous Unionists. Until after the war, however, Thomas was not an extreme Radical, though he afterwards united with that wing of the party. To him was due much of the opposition to the measures on foot to remove the ban under which the state lay politically. He was sent to Congress by his party, where he served it most loyally.

Owing to Ex-Governor Thomas and others, the growing popular sentiment in favor of a new constitution was made the excuse for a plan to reconstruct the government of

Maryland on the same basis upon which the governments of Confederate states had been remodelled.

The Radical minority in the Maryland Legislature about this time presented a memorial to Congress praying for Federal interference. Senator Nye of Nebraska was intrusted with a petition signed by "The Grand Council of the Union League of Maryland," and a Radical State Convention framed a set of resolutions, all seeking the same end, viz.: Federal interposition to prevent the majority from ruling in the state—in other words, martial law.

Finally, the Legislature decided in March, 1867, to allow the people to decide whether a convention should be held to discuss the subject of a new constitution. The vote in favor of the convention cast at the April election was 34,534 out of a total of 58,718 ballots.

So the Governor, acting in accordance with the provision made by the Legislature in its act, issued a proclamation calling for a convention of delegates at Annapolis on the 8th of May.

That was a notable meeting. Richard B. Carmichael, of Queen Anne's County, presided over its deliberations, and a session of over three months resulted in the presentation to the people of a new constitution, which was adopted by a vote of 47,152 to 23,036.

That constitution, which is still in force, went into effect on the 5th of October, 1867. The reorganization was a peaceful and successful step in the direction of good government and rational political methods, yet it still met with opposition from Governor Thomas and his faction, who reported from the Committee on Judiciary a resolution to "continue the inquiries heretofore ordered by the House concerning public affairs in Maryland, with all the power and authority given to the committee," etc.

This attack brought from Mr. Phelps the following eloquent amendment, which was the last word in the history of opposition to the rights of Marylanders. "The attempt has been made here and been persisted in for more than twelve months, by a secret *ex parte* inquisition, no voice from that State being allowed to be heard in her defence, not only to impeach a State of this Union in full relation to the general government, but to put that State upon trial for its life, its independence, its sovereignty, its integrity. It is time the country should know what has been passing in silence and secrecy through the subterraneous channels underneath this floor. I have made the effort, by appearing before the committee having in charge this investigation, to secure for my State something like a fair hearing in the examination of witnesses. I had always supposed that the constitution of a State of this Union was a document of such authentic character that it proved itself. But it appears that in these days it is regarded as standing upon parol evidence, depending on matter *in pais*, and established or overthrown by such partisan testimony as can be drummed up in the interest of a defeated and disappointed political faction. Such testimony as this is brought forward to prejudice the minds of those who are already sufficiently hostile. Even the very reasonable request which I made was refused or indefinitely postponed. The testimony has been taken in the absence and without cross-examination on the part of those who, knowing the character of the witnesses and familiar with the political history of the State, could probe and sift the testimony upon the spot, prove the extravagance of willing witnesses, and thus aid materially in eliciting truth."

The subsequent elections were peaceably held, and the long trouble and discord was finally settled, let us hope, forever.

CHAPTER XI.

COMMOTIONS AND ALARMS.



THE Baltimore & Ohio riots in '57 created a great commotion. Living in a city where all classes of society are represented, is very much like living over a volcano which may possibly become active at any moment. The conductors and brakemen of the first and second divisions of the road refused to work on the 29th of April. The woods between Baltimore and the Relay House soon became a camping-ground for the strikers, and it was necessary in sending freight trains through to put them under armed protection, because the strikers not only refused to work themselves but proposed to keep any one else from working in their places. For a week this state of things lasted. A crisis arrived on the afternoon of the 1st of May. At this time Sheriff Pole, of Baltimore County, with a posse, embarked at Camden Station for the main road, near Gwynn's Falls. He went in a passenger car attached to a freight train, and following were several trains from Mount Clare depot.

At Jackson's Bridge there was a deep cut, and just before

reaching this the engineer on the locomotive of the sheriff's train saw a man on the track waving his arms as though signaling the train to stop, but no heed was paid to this warning. In a few moments it was discovered to have been given with friendly purpose, for the strikers held possession of the cut, and as soon as the train came within reach they began firing shots and throwing missiles at it, though without effecting any material damage at first. The men on the train fired a return volley, by which several of the strikers were mortally wounded. While the train which contained the sheriff and his posse got through safely the rear trains were stopped and uncoupled. The windows and panelings were smashed, and many of the people on board of them were injured.

While passing under the bridge the advance train was attacked from above and much damage was done to it by the shower of rocks which was poured down upon it.

For two days the same course of conduct was pursued on the part of the strikers. Then Governor Ligon came to Baltimore and held a conference with the officers of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at Barnum's Hotel. As a result of this meeting, a proclamation signed by the governor was issued, warning all persons to keep away from the neighborhood of these disturbances. Of course, following such a proclamation, there could be but one logical result. People knew what to expect; it meant that the military were to be called into play.

The Baltimore City Guards and the Independent Grays, the first commanded by Captain Warner and the latter by Captain Brush, joined with the posse under the sheriff and advanced in the bunk car Sebastopol, which was attached to a freight train. The conductors of this train, in command of the expedition, were Colonel Shutt and Captain Raw-

lings. Accompanying the expedition were Colonel J. Alden Weston, Adjutant Johannes, Paymaster Tyson, Quartermaster McKim, and last but not least, Sergeant Stewart, all of the Fifth Regiment. General Egerton and Colonel Montgomery were also present as volunteers. When the train went off a great throng of people were assembled to see it. It was like a battle-ship going out of harbor.

Now at the same place as before, that is, the cut at Jackson's Bridge, there were stones thrown and pistols fired at the train, from which shots were returned but without doing any damage. A mile further on, the train was again assailed in a cut, and this time the retaliation was much more effective. There were several men hurt and one killed. A few miles beyond this the expedition overtook a derailed train. Having removed the wreck it proceeded to Endicott's Mills, the members congratulating themselves in that they had cleared the track for that distance.

They left the Mills at ten o'clock and on the return trip met with no serious opposition, getting back without injuries to within two or three miles of the city, when a spiked rail threw the locomotive and several cars from the track, by which occurrence several of the military were injured. There being no other engine on hand the members of this force were obliged to return from their raid on foot to the city. There were no further difficulties after this, as the affair was soon afterwards amicably settled by arbitration.

One of the most important strikes connected with railroads which have occurred in the history of the country was the great Baltimore & Ohio strike of 1877, twenty years after the conductors' and trainmen's strike already narrated. The strike began on Monday. By Tuesday it had reached the Ohio river and spread to all the divisions of the road. On Wednesday the papers came out with big head lines

announcing that the firemen's strike was assuming dangerous proportions; that freight trains were unable to move, transportation at a standstill, a riot under way at Martinsburg and serious injury of various people in the encounters which had already taken place between the rioters and the military.

In the blockade at Martinsburg, in West Virginia, thirty or more trains were stalled. Up to the 17th of July, which was the second day of the strike, no passenger trains had been molested, and there was every evidence that the strikers would refrain as long as possible from resorting to any acts of violence against the travelling public. The trouble arose from the grievances which the freight men considered that they had against the management of the road. Their troubles, as described by themselves, were certainly severe enough to have merited, if true, the compassion of any charitable person. The difficulty was that they had taken illegal measures to secure the redress of their wrongs. They claimed among other things that the trainmen who ran the freights on the line were often thrown out several days in the week, and worked like machines or rolling-stock of the road the rest of the time. There were, they said, more men employed than the business would warrant and smaller wages paid than the work called for. The number of cars in a freight train was increased, but there was no increase in the number of men on each train. The trainmen had more labor than formerly while they were employed, but the employment was less. They said that on down grades, owing to the weight of the train, it often slid a mile or more after the brakes were applied, because there was never a sufficient force to apply all the brakes at the right time, and also for the reason that the trains were too heavy to handle.

The percentage of accidents to the men employed was much greater than formerly, the average being one every other day. Men who had no other employment, and yet found themselves unable to keep the wolf from the door by their earnings as freight trainmen, became depressed and hopeless; and this condition, which was caused by under pay, was increased by overwork. In two cases brakemen were reported to have committed suicide by throwing themselves under the wheels of the moving cars. If a stop was made on the road from any cause the loss came upon the employee, as he was not paid by time, but by the run; so that if it took forty-five hours from Martinsburg to Baltimore, it only counted one day's pay. Men living at one end or the other of the line were not granted return passes if laid over at the other end of the route; thus they had to pay board, sometimes for several days at a time, in one town while their families were living in another. And with all these extra expenses the average pay of the men did not exceed thirty dollars a month. On top of all this the directors of the road issued the following announcement:

*“ To the Officers and Employees of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company:—*At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

“ Whereas, The depression in the general business interests of the country continues, thus seriously affecting the usual earnings of railway companies, and rendering a further reduction of expenses necessary, therefore be it

“ Resolved, That a reduction of ten per cent be made in the present compensation of all officers and employees of every grade in the service of this company where the amount received exceeds one dollar per day, to take effect on and after July 16th instant.

“ Resolved, That the said reduction shall apply to the Main Stem and branches east of the Ohio river, and to the Trans-Ohio Divisions, and that it shall embrace all roads leased or operated by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company.

"It is hoped that all persons in the employ of the company will appreciate the necessity of and concur cordially in this action.

"The Board postponed action until some time after its great competitors, the Pennsylvania, the New York Central & Hudson River, and New York and Erie Companies had made similar reductions in pay, with the hope that this necessity would be obviated. In this they have been disappointed.

"The President, in announcing the decision of the Board, takes occasion to express the conviction and expectation that every officer and man in the service will cheerfully recognize the necessity of the reduction, and earnestly co-operate in every measure of judicious economy necessary to aid in maintaining affectively the usefulness and success of the company.

"JOHN W. GARRETT, *President.*"

The account of the grievances of the men as stated from their standpoint in the daily press at the time has been given here that we may understand fully the importance of this movement and the difficulty that there would naturally be in quelling the riots which grew out of it. There were also several minor complaints, as for instance that the firemen who used to have hostlers (as they were called) to clean their engines, were obliged to do that work for themselves. It was stated on the authority of the leaders of the striking engineers that half of the firemen in the employ of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad after paying board at the other end of the line and other expenses, did not have ten dollars a month for the support of their families.

After the strike was in progress there was a busy time at the office of Vice-President King. Lawyers were going to and fro, messengers hurrying about, dispatches received and sent and all the usual machinery put to work to stop the serious evil which menaced the community.

The strike did not confine itself to one road. Indeed at one time there was serious apprehension that a great deal of the business of the country would be tied up. The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern were among the first

roads heard from, but the Ohio & Mississippi, and in fact nearly all the Central and Western lines bid fair to follow. In different states, in New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio, as well as here, the military had either been called out or ordered to be in readiness, and appeals for Federal aid were even made in some quarters.

The President of the United States was addressed by the Governor of Maryland in the following letter:

CAMDEN STATION, *July 21.*

His Excellency R. B. HAVES:

Sir:—An assemblage of rioters that cannot be dispersed by any force at my command has taken possession of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad depot here, set fire to the same, and have driven off all the firemen who attempted to extinguish the flames; and it is impossible, with the force at my command, to disperse the rioters. Under the circumstances, as Governor of the State of Maryland, I call upon you, as President of the United States, to furnish the force necessary to protect the State against domestic violence. The Legislature is not in session, and cannot be convened in time to meet the emergency.

(Signed) JOHN LEE CARROLL, *Governor of Maryland.*

This letter was referred to George W. McCrary, Secretary of War, who replied in the following letters:

To Governor JOHN LEE CARROLL, *Baltimore, Md.*

The President directs me to say that he will aid you to the extent of his power. Available troops will be sent, but a call upon neighboring States will probably be necessary. Communicate with me here, and I will advise you more definitely in a short time.

(Signed) GEORGE W. McCRARY, *Secretary of War.*

SOLDIERS' HOME, *July 21.*

Gen. Thomas M. Vincent, Acting Adjutant-General, has been ordered to send to your aid any available force, especially artillery from Fort McHenry, which, it is hoped, may prove very useful. If General French can be spared from West Virginia, he will be sent to your aid. Address any further communication to-night to General Vincent, who has full authority.

GEORGE W. McCRARY.

It will be seen from these dispatches that the magnitude of the strike was appreciated, as indeed it could not fail to be, since the whole country, as we have seen, was in a state of anxiety, and business was everywhere, along the lines of the Baltimore & Ohio and its leased roads, seriously interfered with. The riots, and damage to property and business in other cities we will not attempt to retell here, as it is already a matter of history, and has nothing to do with recollections of Baltimore. In our city not a few outrages against life and property were committed. As an example of the rough temper of the mob may be instanced the case of a private of the Sixth Regiment, who being caught by the rioters, had his uniform literally torn from him and was thrown into Jones' Falls. The militia regiments did good service at this time and this is especially true of the Fifth Regiment. Indeed the nerve and self-control shown by both the officers and the men of this popular command is worthy of all admiration. While the disturbance was not confined to one point, yet a great deal of it was in the neighborhood of Camden Station, and here the Fifth Regiment, meeting a body of rioters bent on mischief, refrained from firing, but led by Captain Zollinger, marched steadily, in compact order, through its assailants and gained the depot. During this progress the regiment was rather severely handled, and at the end was rescued by the police, who arrested a number of the ringleaders while the regiment, with fixed bayonets, kept the crowd at bay.

A number of private citizens, men of position in Baltimore, responded to the occasion and voluntarily acted with the force under the direction of the Police Commissioners.

At this time the method of handling the police force was such that it was extremely difficult to concentrate any number

of men at a given point on short notice. Added to this our police had had little experience in handling strikes. Naturally therefore, arguing by other riots, the expedient of arresting the ringleaders was first resorted to. We were somewhat surprised to find that this had little or no effect upon the rapid growth of the mob. At first fire-arms were not used by those who were endeavoring to preserve the peace. We were wise I think in refraining, because the people had not yet awakened to the necessity for strong measures and had we begun by using our pistols we would have been subjected to the most severe criticism from the very people who were afterwards most willing to endorse us in any action. We found that this riot was not to be stamped out without recourse to measures which would seem at ordinary times violent. With the increased amount of mischief done by the strikers the sentiment of the citizens underwent a decided change. At the beginning of the week they would have said "Brutal police" if we had used our fire-arms, but by the end of the week, it was "Anything to quell the riots."

The Mount Clare Depot was attacked and an effort made to fire the company's workshops in the neighborhood, but this attempt was frustrated by the military. A few hours later a more successful effort was made by the incendiaries on a long train of coal cars which stood on a siding at the viaduct. It was soon a brilliant scene; the flames from the blazing cars illuminated the clouds, while the dense smoke at the sides rolled out over as singular a battle-field as ever man witnessed. Beneath its murky cloud the police were fighting the devouring flames and the no less unguarded and fierce human beings that crowded in to prevent interference with their destructive purpose. We saved a great deal of this property, though the loss

amounted to many thousands of dollars, but it was saved by making a double fight for it.

The entire force that we could muster at that time was insufficient to accomplish all that we desired, and we were not sorry to be reinforced by a party of marines which came to our aid and did good service.

It was not until Friday that we accepted the necessity of firing into the crowd, and when this point was reached it was with the utmost reluctance that we resorted to such extreme measures. Because a man wears a blue coat and is enrolled on the police force, it does not make it easy for him to draw a pistol on his neighbors and friends. The first volley was fired into the ground, as we aimed low purposely, thinking to frighten our opponents; but instead of its having this desired effect our action was misinterpreted, and from all sides we heard the leaders of the mob encouraging their associates by saying that we were shamming and dared not really shoot into their ranks. So it became necessary to aim with most purpose and our volley was so effectual that a number of men fell and the groans of the wounded were soon the only sounds that took the place of the challenges to which we had so recently listened. As soon as it was found that we were thoroughly in earnest the crowd took to its heels.

The Police Commissioners placed on duty a special force of five hundred men. These extra police were to be held as an especial reserve at the station-houses; as has been already said these reinforcements were drawn from among the worthiest citizens of Baltimore. As upon another occasion, the food for the police force was cooked in the Southern District at Headquarters, and served to the men at their posts. Not only were the police reinforced and put in position to be of greater service, but there were also several

thousand troops in town, and the war vessels "Powhatan" and "Swatara" arrived to aid, if necessary, in the work of suppressing the riot. When the United States troops arrived some of the cars in which they were, were menaced, but the demonstration went no further. A corps of the United States Engineers arrived unexpectedly from New York and were attacked with stones in the street. Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock, commanding the Eastern Division of the Army, arrived and made his headquarters at Barnum's Hotel. General Ayers was also present in the city and two new regiments of militia were partially recruited at the Fifth Regiment Armory. Nothing could have shown more distinctly how thoroughly the people of the city had awakened to the necessities of the occasion than the rapid organization of these regiments and the class of men who thronged by hundreds to answer to the call for recruits. The Sixth Regiment seemed to have disappeared entirely. Their arms, ammunition, accoutrements, and even uniforms were abandoned at their armory, and many of the men enrolled in other regiments. Governor Carroll with his staff, and Adjutant-General Bond had their headquarters at the City Hall. There General Hancock consulted with them and discussed the best means for the perfection of plans to protect the city and effect the dispersion of the mob. Indeed the Federal authority responded very quickly to Baltimore's call for assistance, and several efficient corps were thrown into the city.

On Sunday morning there was a demonstration at Camden Station and at Eutaw and Howard Streets. These crowds got to be so annoying that we were obliged to announce our intention of again clearing the street. With twenty picked men I advanced on the mob; some fell back, others disputed the way until forced back. We were

also obliged to clear Camden Street several times that day.

Our duty was not only to fight and quell the rioters, put down disturbances and prevent attacks upon citizens, but also to protect both private and state property. It was also necessary to keep a close watch over the distilleries and liquor shops. As it was alcohol played its full part in the general disturbance. In a few days the traffic and travel of the road had been resumed, the strike, which had died hard, was finally over, and the '77 riots were a matter of history, to be remembered with dread as showing the possibilities to which a large city is always subject.

A tremendous fire that roused people in the threatened parts of Baltimore to absolute terror, devastated a portion of the city in July of 1873. Joseph Thomas & Sons, on Park and Clay Streets, used to have a large planing-mill and sash and blind factory on Park and Clay Streets. The immense quantity of chips, shavings, small wood, etc., that invariably accumulated around such a place, made a collection of inflammable stuff that went like tinder when fire once got into it. In the shavings box near the engine-room of this establishment the conflagration started. Either there was no one near at hand to extinguish the flames at the very outset, or else the suddenness of the blaze made that impossible. At any rate in a few minutes the factory was a mass of flame, a roaring furnace which soon became so hot that the firemen were repeatedly driven away from it. The flames leapt from the sash works to other buildings in the neighborhood, which no efforts sufficed to save. In an incredibly short time their fierce heat was added to that of the mill and the firemen retreated out of Park Street, where they had been trying to work, altogether.

Men were injured in jumping from second- and third-story

windows to escape from being roasted alive, so rapidly did the flames spread. A great many of the neighboring houses were frame structures with shingle roofs, and these of course were like tinder to the sparks that the wind carried over and dropped upon them.

As the circle of fire increased, so the wind seemed to become more violent, as it frequently does at great fires. Houses caught fire by twos and threes. The wind was easterly, so that the sparks and cinders were carried to the westward, sparing Lexington Street, but the west part of Park as well as Clay and Saratoga Streets got the full force of the fiery storm, and the buildings there added to the spreading conflagration.

The Fire Department was almost powerless to check the advance of the flames, which roared and leapt from house to house like a hungry, terrible, beautiful wild beast, devouring whatever it touched. In vain the men stood gallantly to their work till driven back by the heat. Between Thomas' mills and Clay Street the laddies did not retreat in time and a lot of their hose was destroyed by the fire.

Soon the fire extended still further. Park Street, which for a while was the barrier on that side, was crossed and the livery stables of John D. Stewart on Lexington Street fell a prey to the flames. Then carpenter and paint shops went. People began to move out of their houses all over the neighborhood, drays and wagons, loaded with household goods, blocked the streets, and everywhere there was a scene of the wildest confusion. The deep red glow on the heavens could be seen for many miles. It did not need the services of the police to drive idle, curiosity-smitten sight-seers back from the neighborhood of the fire. If there were many people there who had no more than curiosity to draw them they were kept at a respectful distance by the

fierce furnace heat. The uproar was like nothing else that man ever listened to, but that which attends a big fire. The steady roar of human voices, thousands of throats shouting and screaming together till no one could have distinguished one individual voice in the terrific undertone of sound, was pierced by the shrill scream of whistles and broken by the clanging of Saint Alphonsus church bells. And all these sounds were blended into one by the fire that sounded its deep organ tone without ceasing.

Lexington, Saratoga, Park and Clay Streets were a sea of flames that rolled from house to house in great billows.

The German Lutheran church was consumed. The roof of Saint Alphonsus church caught fire, but was saved by heroic effort. Then a new alarm arose from the appearance of fire on Park and Mulberry Streets. Six houses were in a blaze there at once, and by almost superhuman efforts on the part of citizens, the engines being engaged elsewhere, the flames were mastered. A section of the Maryland Institute caught fire from sparks and the roof of the gallery was at one time in a blaze.

Amateur fire brigades were hastily formed in different localities and did noble service, otherwise the whole city of Baltimore might have been destroyed, since the regular fire department was utterly unable to cope with the terrible situation.

The wind shifted at about one o'clock and the Central Presbyterian church was among the first buildings of account to go. At first the spire, then the roof was ignited. The fires then raging upon Mulberry and Saratoga Streets seemed to surround the people who lived in the alleys between, and they, many of them, thought they were shut in. A scene of the wildest excitement followed. Men were totally demoralized, women and children frantic with terror.

They ran about wringing their hands, screaming and praying. This locality was chiefly occupied by negroes, and it was here that some of the most effectual as well as the most difficult work of the police was done in helping the men to organize and help themselves. They were successful in checking the progress of the fire in that direction.

Indeed the police worked well throughout. If one considers what they had to accomplish, the force may be forgiven for their pardonable pride in that day's work. They were obliged to be everywhere, at one moment opening a way through the jam of vehicles on Charles and other streets, where the throng of those who had saved anything from their homes were trying to escape; now acting as auxiliary to the Fire Department, saving property, watching suspicious characters, protecting life, doing all the thousand and one things a police force is hardly praised for attending to, but roundly blamed for neglecting.

But in speaking of the efforts of the police it is certainly not intended to cast any reflection on the Fire Department, whose efforts were worthy of all praise. They acted like men, did their duty nobly and stuck to their work like heroes for a whole day under conditions that a stoker in a steamship furnace-room would consider unbearable for two hours. Theirs was the act of heroism, unrewarded, unknown; the risk of life and limb, the endurance of pain that upon a battle field would make men immortal.

And it must not be forgotten that the militia held themselves in readiness to act in concert with the police, under command of the commissioners, in protecting property. For five hours the Sixth Infantry waited for orders at their armory, till it was decided that their services would not be needed.

At the height of the trouble Washington's Fire Depart-

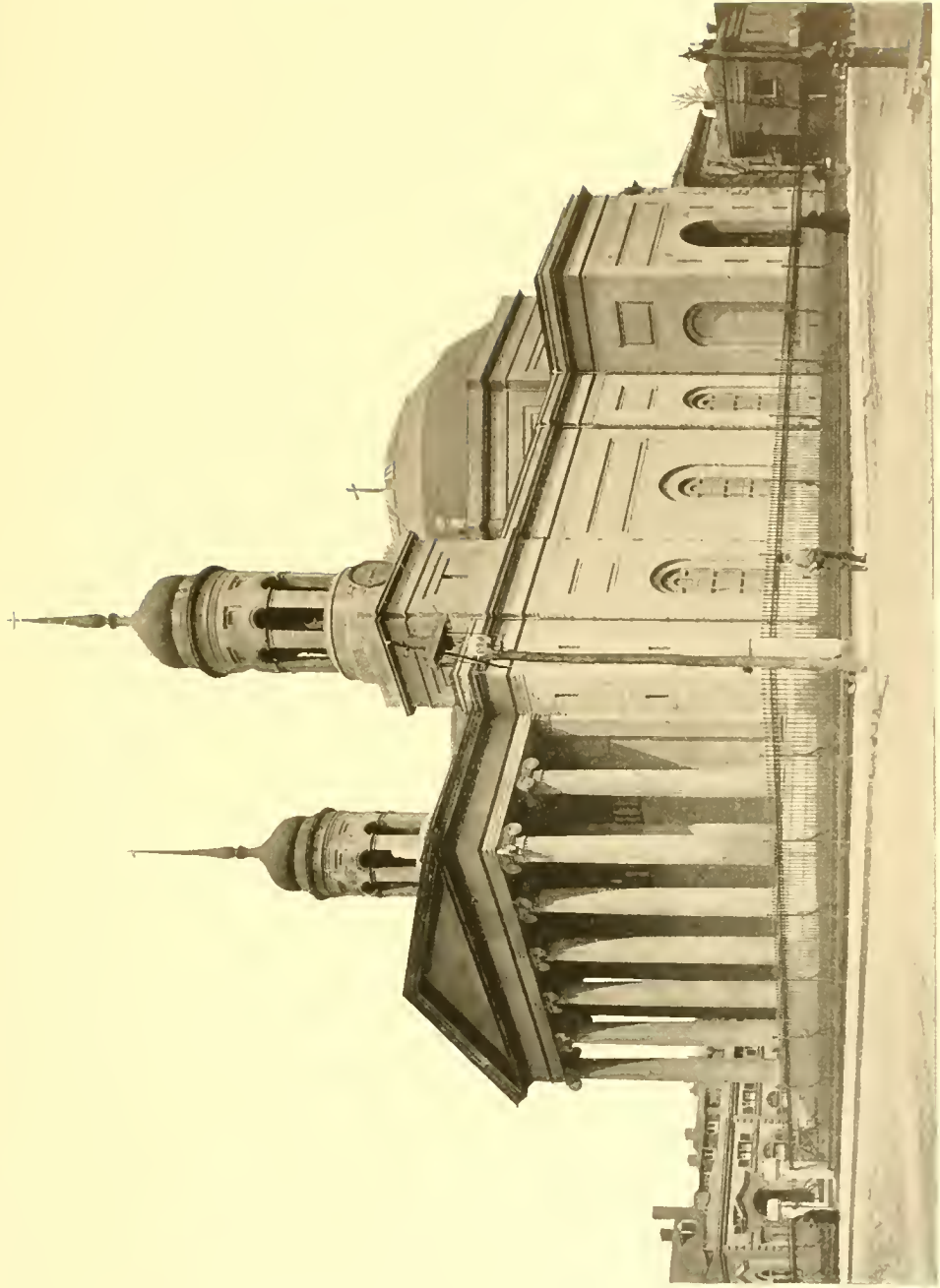
ment sent two engines, with a full complement of men and entire equipment to Baltimore's aid. The train which bore these reinforcements made the run from Washington to Baltimore in the unprecedented time of thirty-nine minutes. Chief Cronin of Washington reported to Chief Spilman of Baltimore, who assigned the visitors to stations where they did most effectual work.

About the same time Philadelphia sent a dispatch offering aid in the way of engines and men, and the railroad companies were eager and persistent in their offers of transportation. The reply was sent to Philadelphia from Baltimore that the fire was under control and no further aid needed. Marshal Gray was tendered the services of a portion of the Washington police force, but our own boys proved themselves able to attend to all the work that the fire had cut out for them.

I must not forget the fight that was made to save the Cathedral. Its dome is a ticklish place for a man to perch, and at a distance those who got up there to fight off the sparks that were blowing in all directions resembled nothing so much as flies on an orange. They might have well been flies from the manner in which they stuck to their footing, but they saved the Cathedral.

There were in all one hundred and thirteen buildings destroyed and nearly a million dollars worth of property. Shortly afterwards a second fire did considerable damage in the very heart of the city, destroyed the Holiday Street Theatre, and very nearly consumed several other valuable buildings.

At the time of this great fire I was Deputy Marshal under Marshal Gray. Of course the actual detail of the work of the force on this occasion fell under our personal supervision. In keeping the men of the command at their work



Cathedral.

we found no difficulty, the chief thought being always how to employ their numbers and strength to the best advantage. The police worked in relays, and the food of those on the scene of action was brought to them from the central supply depot.

There was less thieving and disturbance of the peace by lawless persons than might have been expected at such a time as that.

I was captain of the South District at the time that the great flood occurred. Every one who was old enough to remember compared it with the flood of 1837, which swept away all the old bridges and damaged many houses, but that former visitation could hardly have done half the damage that the later one did.

The four floods that Baltimore has experienced within the present century have all occurred between the early part of June and the latter part of August. The one in 1817 took place on the 23d of August; that in '37 on the 14th of July; the '58 flood on the 12th of June, and the last on the 24th of July.

During the week preceding the storm the weather had been excessively hot, the thermometer ranging as high as one hundred and one degrees in the shade. It is hard work to keep a police force in good working trim in such weather; humanity, whether in plain clothes or blue coats, is depressed and enervated.

The storm must have commenced a little while after midnight or in the early morning of the 24th, judging by its effect and from the reports made in the morning, but the heaviest part of it certainly did not occur till about eight o'clock in the forenoon, and even then few people comprehended what was in store. The first intimation I had of

any flood was when I went to the Marshal's office to report at the usual hour. The Marshal's office was opposite the present City Hall. The water was several feet deep on the floor when the captains arrived. Judge of our astonishment to find that all that part of the city was flooded from the overflow of Jones' Falls, which had swollen in a very few hours to such unusual proportions. As there was then no danger along the Patapsco, which, being a much greater stream, did not respond to the cloud burst as readily as Jones' Falls, we of the Southern District were called upon to aid those in the flooded section.

Already a great many people had moved or were moving their effects to a place of safety, for the weatherwise said that a south wind and a heavy rain portends mischief to those who live near Jones' Falls.

But we found plenty to do of work for ourselves and employment for the boats. There were all sorts of property afloat. One who has not seen a flood of this kind can form but little idea of the various kinds of goods and chattels that get adrift at such a time. Everything that would float was on the move. The water overflowed into Centre Market first, then into Swann and Hawk Streets. It rose rapidly about noon, pouring into streets which had previously been safe, and endangering both life and property. With all our efforts there were some lives lost, and a great deal of property destroyed, yet I think the police had nothing in the way of neglect of duty to reproach themselves with upon that occasion.

A car on the Gay Street line crossed the bridge and met the torrent at Saratoga Street, when it soon floated from the track. Driver and conductor got the horses unfastened and escaped by swimming them. The passengers, not able all of them to get out of this strange ark, were carried



Cardinal's Residence and Cathedral.

down Harrison Street with it. Some of the occupants managed to climb out and save themselves by clutching at awnings and stanchions, but when the car was finally overturned it carried with it several people who were drowned. Those who escaped with their lives were by no means free from injury.

A great deal of our work lay at the intersection of Baltimore and Frederick Streets and in such places as that, where the torrent rolled like a river. The scene near the Maryland Institute beggars description, for there seemed to be the principal dumping-ground for debris of all kinds. As a collector of curiosities the flood proved itself without an equal. Roofs, barrels, dead animals, bales of manufactured goods, furniture, vehicles, pieces of bridges and all manner of wreckage were deposited in a great heap in front of the Institute building.

By one of the strange, unaccountable freaks of nature the flood had protected the Maryland Institute from destruction by building a barrier against its own fury.

A striking feature of this inundation was the way in which a new volume of water seemed to rush from some unexpected quarter like a tidal wave, and as the people fled from it, it would suddenly send a tide of back water in a new direction to cut off retreat. One may form some idea of the tremendous force of the water when it is recalled that entire houses were carried away bodily in one or two cases and wrecked in midstream. The site of the City Hall was a lake, Holliday Street a river, Marsh Market Space, Frederick Street, Gay Street and many others were cataracts, or rather sluices through which the streams roared and rushed, threatening and overturning and sweeping away.

Telegraph communications were destroyed so that I had not been able to exchange intelligence with my district, but

about five o'clock a messenger arrived to tell me that the Patapsco was up and my presence needed there. It is needless to say that I hurried over as fast as possible and found that it was as stated. The larger stream had at last risen and was doing its best to emulate the destructive work of Jones' Falls. Fortunately it had Light Street Bridge to beat against in some measure and against there it kept piling up wreckage of every conceivable kind. Much of the property was valuable and this we saved to a considerable extent and restored to the owners. The South District took in all of Baltimore south of Pratt Street and west of the basin ; several portions of this were completely inundated before the water went down.

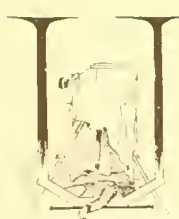
It was reported that one Harrison, the bridge-keeper, was secreting a good deal of the drift that came his way, and an investigation proved the truth of this. Harrison was arrested and considerable property recovered.

A miserable sight was presented by the lower part of Baltimore after the water receded and the full extent of the damage became apparent. Certain localities were hardly recognizable, since all that belonged to them seemed to have been carried away and a heterogeneous mass of rubbish from somewhere else piled in its place. Street pavements and sidewalks were torn up and great gullies appeared, while in some cases the paving formed a mere shell which the water had undermined.

Not only in the city but throughout Baltimore County the damage done was terrible. There was not a bridge that was not more or less damaged, and in most cases they were either carried totally away or else rendered unsafe or impassable. The only bridge that was uninjured was the Belvedere. This had stood for fifty years and it seems as though it was beyond the power of a flood to destroy it.

CHAPTER XII.

GROVE, THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

P and down Baltimore Street, men and boys were running. Past the closed stores and empty door-ways a crowd of people in Sunday attire were hurrying towards a point where a denser knot clustered around the fur store of Mr. Tiralla, the Italian fur merchant. Every one was asking of his neighbor the cause of the disturbance, but few seemed to know more than the fact that something had occurred, or was about to occur, and they wanted to be there.

Was it a fire? what had happened?—a man killed? where?

Two officers shouldered their way through the crowd, following the lead of a pale, excited young man and a physician, into the doorway of No. 105 Baltimore Street, just east of the *Sun* building. Their faces wore that air of serious imperturbable attention to business which I believe is peculiar to policemen on special duty. Deaf to the inquiries of the crowd they ascended the stairway, a few

adventurous spirits following. Up one flight, a second, a third—then they paused at the door of Grove's reception-room—Grove, the photographer. There was nothing there and some one beckoned them on. Still another flight, and this time they entered the gallery with its scenery, chairs, cameras, head-rests and other paraphernalia.

Still the object that they had sought was not there. Back of the gallery was another apartment where chemicals, graduating pans and bottles in confusion littered the table and shelves. At the door they paused again. It was very quiet in that room. Even the empty stores and the Sabbath inactivity of the streets before the crowd began to gather was nothing to the stillness that seemed to pervade the place.

The officers entered and the few followers peered expectantly in at the door. There was the work-table between the door and the window with a partly finished picture upon it, and beyond the table lay something that the policemen were bending over and feeling of.

"He is quite dead," said Mr. Tiralla, from the hallway.

"Shot," replied one of the officers. "Here is the bullet-hole in the back of his head."

"Robbed," added the other.

Then at a command from one of the men the onlookers tiptoed down-stairs again, as though they were still impressed by that awful stillness and were afraid they would waken him who, poor fellow, would never wake again.

But at the street door they found their tongues. When was ever the time that men did not delight in being the bearers of news, good or ill!

"Grove, the photographer, is dead, has been killed, is lying on the floor with his face turned up and his arms outstretched and his hands clenched. There are two police-

men guarding the body ; he has been dead some time, and there is a bloody footprint near the stairs."

In 1865, just after the war, Baltimore was a much smaller place than it is at present, and every occurrence which contained such tragedy elements as this stirred the whole community. The theory of suicide was scouted at. Not only was the wound which had proved fatal in the back of the photographer's head, but he had been robbed. It was a crime of the very vilest and lowest form—a murder for plunder, without the extenuating circumstances of provocation or passion.

That Grove carried a good deal of money and other property on his person many people knew, and his friends had warned him of the danger he incurred by doing so ; but his answer always was that he liked to have it about him. His pocket-book often contained four or five hundred dollars, and he wore handsome diamonds, besides a watch that he was rather fond of displaying, which cost him one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Grove's place of business, as Mr. Tiralla could testify, was never closed on Sunday. There were people who found leisure to have their photographs taken upon that day who could not afford it on any other ; and then, it was a good time for finishing work. Quite a number of men were in the habit of dropping in there for a chat or a game of cards, and these knew his custom of carrying money about his person.

An assistant, named Phillips, used to come in about one o'clock on Sundays, so that the photographer could go to his dinner. On the day of which we are speaking—it was in October—he ascended the stairs, glanced into the empty reception-room and found the gallery deserted. Seeking his employer further he found him as described. He lay

between the work-table and the window—near his hand a brush with which he had evidently just been working, and beside him an overturned chair. The wound in the back of the head, the unfinished work on the table, the position of the victim's body all showed that he had been foully assassinated from behind.

A camera and lens used in taking ambrotypes was in position in the outer room and evidently someone had been sitting for a picture. These things the assistant had noticed when he came in. The body of the dead man had been moved after he fell, for his money had been taken from his pocket, his watch and chain were gone, only leaving in the vest a gold bar which had been wrenched off by the thief in his haste, and the diamond pin had also disappeared.

Phillips did not stop to take in all these details at once. Rushing down the stairs he roused Mr. Tiralla, who occupied with his family the second floor of the building, and breathlessly told his story, begging the fur merchant to go and guard the body while he went for a physician.

When Mr. Tiralla reached the workroom a brief examination convinced him that the physician's services would be without avail, as the victim was quite beyond medical aid.

These then were the facts and the clues: Mr. Grove was accustomed to be in his place on Sunday; he usually carried a considerable sum of money in his pocket, and had probably nearly one hundred and seventy dollars about him on the day of his death, since Phillips had seen him count that amount the day before. He was shot in the back, while at work.

Robbery had been committed, as well as the deeper crime; someone knowing both the habits of the photographer and the position of his rooms must have done the

deed; there was a faint print of a bloody shoe near the door and the broken fastening of a watch chain.

Of course the town was agog over this affair and everyone was willing to give testimony. The singular part of such an occurrence always is that somebody has some useless bit of testimony to give afterwards. In this case two people in the neighborhood heard the shot and one was sure that it was followed by a groan; but neither one of them, apparently, could spare time to investigate. The only possible value of such witnesses was to prove the time of the occurrence.

Besides Phillips, Grove had had two other employes; one of these, a girl named Mattie Hull, and the other a youth called Clare, who had been for several weeks in Grove's establishment, but who shortly before the catastrophe had left his employment preparatory to going to New York.

Clare and Grove had been on the best of terms, having been acquainted prior to the former's engagement. They played cards together when work was over and chatted familiarly about the people who came in and out of the place. Clare was also on good terms with Miss Hull, and paid her considerable attention, it was remarked.

While everything was being done to track the criminal, whoever he might be, a young lady came to Grove's sister and handed her a package which disclosed, upon being opened, the diamond pin which was among the articles missed. Her story was a perfectly ready and straightforward one. The pin had been loaned to her by Grove only a few days before his death. This witness was taken to police headquarters and examined, but convinced the officers that she could not have been in any way connected with the crime. Her name was withheld from the public. Then another matter began to be whispered. The dead

man had had an enemy. There had been threats of harm to him from a quarter where he might expect it. It leaked out that he had been intimate with a woman who had formerly been married, but who had been divorced from her husband. The man had threatened vengeance. Was this the result?

This young man was quietly sent for and appeared at the Marshal's Office. In reply to the request to show cause why he should not be arrested on the charge of killing Grove, he proved on the testimony of a girl (of the *demi-monde*) that at the time specified he was in church with her. Others also had seen him there. This of course led to his immediate discharge.

Then suspicion began to fix itself upon the missing Clare. On the day of Grove's death he had dined with his sister, announcing then his intention of going to New York that afternoon to visit a relative who lived on the Hudson river. A little later neighbors had seen him leave his sister's house and stop in an alley to wait for a negro who joined him there. To this person Clare handed a small black satchel and went on alone, his attendant following at a distance. Those who met Clare at this time said that he appeared very nervous. Later the young man bought a ticket for Washington at Camden Station.

The next step was to send someone to Washington and locate and shadow the fugitive there. This work was assigned to Detective Smith, of the Baltimore force, who was aided by Washington detectives.

After several days of fruitless search Clare's boarding-house was discovered, and also the fact that his time was spent in company with the low and vile in disreputable haunts. A man named Brown, who was apparently a friend of Clare's, was approached with caution by the detective,

who gained his confidence and was rewarded by finding that he and Clare expected to go into business together, to keep a tobacco store. They were then looking for a suitable place in which to carry on business.

This was Smith's clue. He immediately announced himself as a real estate agent, anxious to get a good tenant for some rooms which he was sure would exactly suit the new firm. At last, by skilfully pulling this string, the officer succeeded in getting Clare's whereabouts at the time. One of the detectives called with a letter of introduction from Brown and made arrangements to come again. On Tuesday morning, early, before the family were out of bed, the officers called together, and after some parley and delay succeeded in getting to his room, where they at once announced their errand.

Fairly cornered, the young man showed by his manner that he was much disturbed, but in a little while regained his composure, while the officers searched the apartment. A small black satchel which was found under the bed, he swore was not his but had been left there by a colored woman of the house. It contained some papers tied up with a man's cravat. There was also a Smith and Wesson's four-chambered revolver, with one load discharged. Clare, evidently forgetting the ownership of the satchel, said that he had fired at a cat the night before. No one had heard the shot however, and the condition of the barrel showed that the weapon had not been fired for at least a week. Then an unfinished photograph of himself was discovered. This he said had been taken by Phillips on the day before the slaying. This was true, as afterwards transpired.

Clare had in his possession at the time of his arrest \$41.00 in money. He was locked up for the time in the prison at Washington, while the watch and chain were being

searched for. Before long the searchers were again upon the trail. The watch and chain had been frequently seen in Clare's possession, without the cross piece which should fasten the chain to the vest. He had accounted for it by various stories, announcing to one person that it was a gift from his father, and to another that he had won it in a wager, while a third was informed that he had purchased it in Philadelphia. All described the time-piece as an American Waltham watch with heavy gold cases and a chain to match, minus the cross bar.

Finally the chain was found in the possession of a man by the name of Conner, to whom Clare had sold it for \$30.00. He had tried to sell the watch also, but wanted \$100.00 for both and Mr. Conner concluded not to buy the watch, taking only the chain.

The oil-cloth upon which the blood-stained track had been found was preserved and Clare's boot corresponded very closely with the track—exactly, so far as could be ascertained, the print not being complete or well defined. The boot was placed in the hands of an expert microscopist, and in the sole between the pieces of leather was found a small clot of human blood.

After long searching among the pawn shops of Washington, the watch was at last found at the shop of William S. Goldenstein. The latter came to Baltimore after the prisoner was brought here and fully identified him as the man who pawned the watch.

The bar of the chain, found after the murder in Grove's vest, fitted to the chain and was identified by several parties as being the one which belonged to Mr. Grove. A jeweller in Carlisle, Pa., who had sold Mr. Grove both watch and chain, described them from his memorandum of the sale, giving the number of the watch, the name of the maker.

Its mechanism was as he said it should be. He also described some marks on the chain by which it also was identified. Upon being shown the watch and chain he identified them at once as the articles he had sold to Henry Grove three years before.

Dr. John Stevensen went to Carlisle, Pa., where Grove's body had been buried, had it disinterred, and the bullet was dissected from the brain. It was found to fit the empty shell in Clare's revolver and was similar to those with which the other chambers were loaded.

Clare's trial resulted, as every one expected it would, in the conviction of the prisoner. I say every one, yet I must except Clare himself, who had entertained strong hopes of getting off in spite of the remarkably strong circumstantial evidence against him. His lawyers immediately moved for a new trial, with the result that the decision of the first was reversed and the prisoner finally regained his liberty, only to drop into a life of settled evil, becoming what is known as a professional criminal.

He was one whose chances in life were excellent. His family were respected and his early associations calculated to lead him right, but the devil of cupidity ruled and finally succeeded in ruining him.

One of the most unprovoked crimes that ever stained the annals of our city occurred nine years earlier. James Dingle, an industrious, quiet and inoffensive man, was shot on the steps of his own house in York Street, near Light. He had just returned from his work, and had set his two boys to sawing wood in the basement. The older boy grew weary of his work, left the sawing in the hands of his younger brother, and went out upon the street to join his playmates, who had kindled a bonfire there. Mr. Dingle stepped out of the house on to the sidewalk to summon

him, when three men, Thomas Tower, John Roten and James Gruager, came up, spoke to him in a friendly manner, and one of them shook hands with him. Just at this moment one of the three fired a pistol at Dingle, hitting him in the left temple, and causing him to fall to the pavement. The assassins then fled around the corner toward Hughes' quay. Dingle's eldest son recognized the men, having known them by sight for a long time. He gave information which led to the arrest of the parties a half hour later, in a drinking house near by, where they had gone and where they were apparently indifferent whether they escaped or not. At the time of the arrest there was considerable excitement among the rowdies about the wharfs and drinking houses, but the officers hurried their prisoners along and succeeded in locking them up before any effort was made to release them.

The scene at Dingle's home was a heart-rending one. The husband and father lay in bed hovering between life and death; the wife and mother attending him, and doing what she could to comfort eight small children, who were beside themselves with grief at the dire misfortune that had fallen so heavily upon them. Dingle lived until noon the following day—most of the time in great suffering, and a part of the time unconscious. The bullet had fractured the skull, and passed completely through the brain to the jaw-bone on the opposite side of his head.

The coroner's inquest brought out the additional facts that Dingle was fifty-eight years of age, that he worked around the docks, loading and unloading vessels, and doing such work as he could find there to do. About two weeks prior to the murder he was engaged in unloading a schooner lying at the wharf. He was left in charge of the schooner while the other laborers and the officers of the vessel went

to dinner. During the hour two young men came on board and attempted to pass into the captain's cabin. Dingle told them they must not go in there in the absence of the captain. The young men then assaulted him, and tried to overpower him, but being a man of great strength he whipped both his assailants and drove them off the schooner. Dingle had mentioned the circumstance to several, but had not told the names of the men. It is supposed that Roten was one of them, and that he shot Dingle to avenge the pounding he had received on board the vessel.

Mrs. Keyser, living next door, was looking out of the window at the time of the shooting. She saw Dingle come down the steps, saw the three men approach, speak to Dingle, and "the tall one on the right" fire the pistol which caused Dingle's death. She also described the clothing worn by the men, which tallied with that worn by the prisoners.

The tragedy occurred at about eight o'clock in the evening. The moon was shining brightly, and the light was thrown upon the south side of the street, where the murder occurred.

The alleged murderers were indicted by the Grand Jury, which was sitting at the time of the murder. They were arraigned in court, November 18, charged with murder in the first degree. The trial began December 2, in the Baltimore Criminal Court. The State's attorney tried the three men under one count, all at one time. This fact caused the ruling out of some testimony. The trial was closely contested, and occupied the court eight days. Most of the witnesses could not speak the English language, and the examination had to be conducted through an interpreter. When the case was finally given to the jury, they remained out twenty-four hours, and announced that they could not

agree and asked to be discharged. The judge gave them further instructions and sent them back to wrestle with the case. In seven minutes they came back with a verdict of "Not guilty." It was understood that this was a compromise verdict, and given by the jury simply to get free. They disagreed upon the point that they could not decide which one of the three fired the pistol. Tower was discharged, but the other two held to answer the charge of larceny, for which they had been indicted.

On the evening of the 8th of June, 1868, trouble arose at Swann's Wharf among the calkers. On the previous day the white calkers had struck, and refused to work. A vessel from Bath, Me., was upon the dock, and the captain was in a great hurry to have the calking done. A gang of negroes was employed, and James Granger was placed over them as "boss." Some time during the day of June 8, the white men decided to go to work. The negroes were then discharged, and the white men took their places. About six o'clock in the evening quite a crowd assembled in the vicinity, as it was generally understood that the negroes intended to give some of the white men trouble as they were leaving off work. There was considerable excitement, and pistols were in the hands of both parties. Granger was urging the blacks on, and brandishing his pistol about as he did so. The men who were still at work, climbed down from the scaffolds. Granger noticed this, and stepped to the end of one of the scaffolds, pointing his pistol at Henry Hilderbrand. The latter supposing he was about to shoot him, "pulled his pistol" and shot Granger dead on the spot. Hilderbrand was arrested, and held to await the action of the Grand Jury. He satisfied them that he had acted only in self-defense, and was not indicted.

This was James Granger's end. Tower died a few years ago in the almshouse. Roten is still living.

Henry Hilderbrand became a policeman August 17, 1870. He was known to be a strong and fearless man. He was appointed to post duty at the Causeway, where the lower class of lewd women and the most abandoned men of the city congregated. During the first three years of his duty there he was roughly handled. Scarcely a night passed but that he was obliged to break up a fight between rough women and their dissolute visitors. When Hilderbrand appeared upon the scene, they nearly always turned upon him and a general fight ensued between the officer and those present. Hilderbrand was a man of pluck, and rarely ever gave up the fight until he got at least one of his assailants to the station-house. They soon learned that the plucky officer meant to do his duty, and the Causeway finally settled down into a quiet and orderly place. Once his arm was broken; a number of times he was severely beaten, and once until he was unconscious and his assailants supposed him dead. Six or seven years ago he was made turnkey in the Eastern District, and, more recently, was retired on the pension list. He has been a brave, efficient officer.

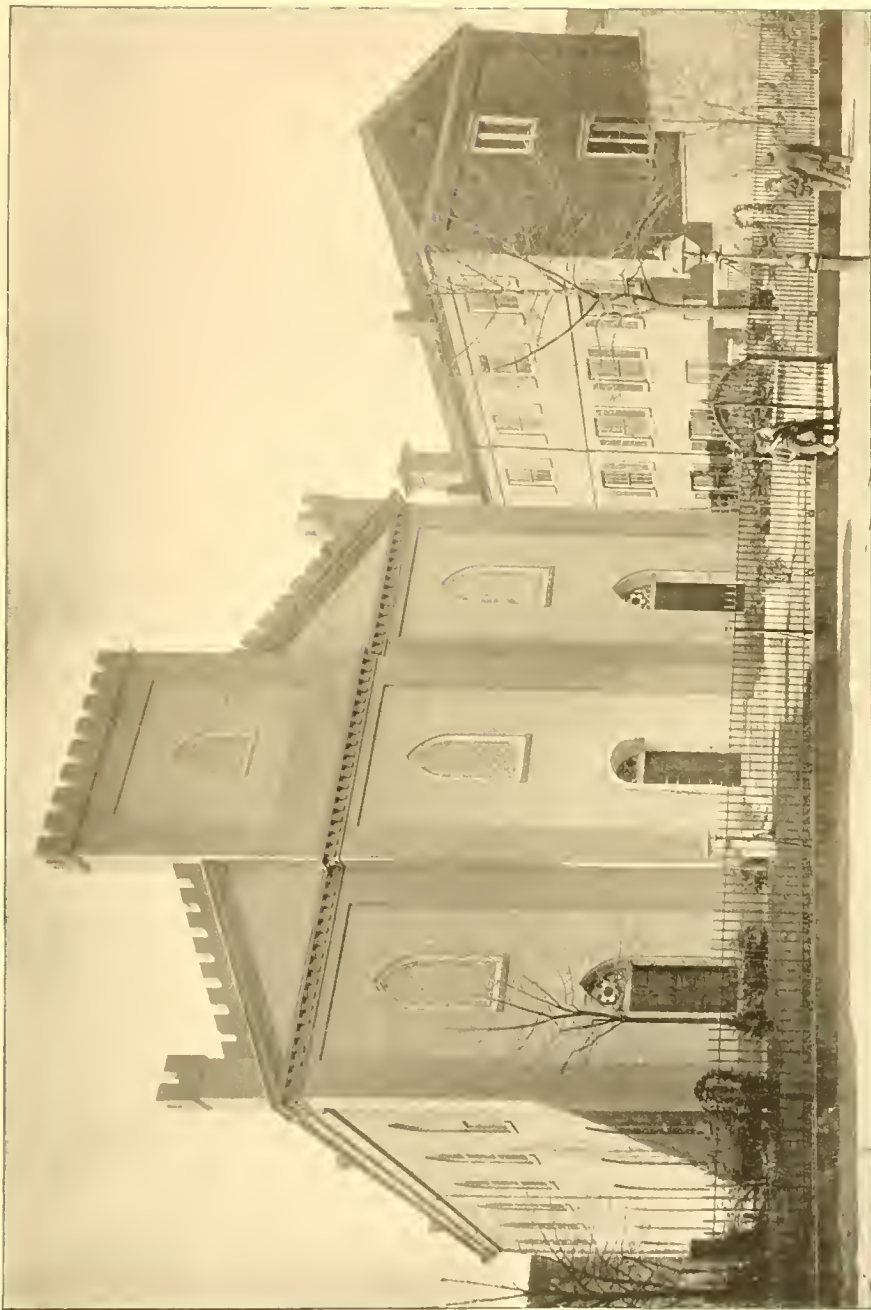
One of those singular and dramatic incidents which have about them a suggestion of design always, occurred during, or rather after, the trial of one McCurrey, who was convicted of the crime of murder and robbery. The victim was McCurrey's roommate at the hotel where he was stopping.

The docket was disposed of in some haste during the forenoon, and McCurrey called in to receive his death sentence.

The judge, placing the black cap upon his head, said a

few words to the trembling wretch before him ; then very solemnly he repeated the words, "Prisoner, your time is short, improve it." As he uttered them, a bell, the strokes of which accorded well in their measured time with the judge's words, began to toll. There was an instant of surprise, of silence. It was noon, and the bells of the cathedral were chiming the Angelus.

Where the name of Christ comes in the music the head of the poor wretch at the bar bowed, while the tears wet his cheeks. Then the judge concluded the sentence of death.



Zion Church.

CHAPTER XIII.

BALTIMORE'S MILITARY DEFENDERS.



IN the days immediately following the war the militia of the state was re-organized under the title of the Maryland National Guards. Of the nine regiments which were formed, recruited and uniformed at that time the only survivor is the Fifth, which has been to Baltimore what the Seventh is to New York, and more.

Messrs. J. Stricker Jenkins, Henry D. Loney, J. D. Lipscomb, S. O. Mellwane, R. H. Conway and L. M. Catlett were its six sponsors, who met at Mr. Loney's office on Lexington Street on the 8th of May, 1867, and then decided upon the organization of the regiment which has so thoroughly identified itself with the city's history ever since.

The short sketch which I propose to give of this famous regiment is largely from personal observation and recollection, supplemented and corrected, however, by reference to files and to the admirable history of the Fifth, written by Mr. George A. Meekins, one of the bright young journal-

ists of Baltimore, and published with the sanction of the regiment's board of officers.

The idea on which the Fifth was founded was that there were a number of veteran members of the former Maryland Guard, who had seen active service and had graduated in the arts of war upon many a hot field, and that these, if brought into conjunction with spirited, though inexperienced, youth, would infuse into the latter their soldierly qualities and benefit them by the results of their larger experience.

A call for a meeting was issued through the mail to these veteran members of the old guard and in response a large number of them attended the meeting held at the Monumental Assembly Rooms at the corner of St. Paul and Centre Streets on May 10th, the meeting being presided over by Captain Pennington.

About ninety men enlisted at the outset. A committee of six, consisting of Messrs. Loney, Pontier, Herbert, Poe, Jr., Birckhead and Anderson, was appointed to manage the affairs of the new organization till the enlistment of one hundred men, the number agreed upon as the nucleus of the Regiment, was effected.

Among the resolutions passed at this initial meeting was one providing that the organization should be governed by the rules and by-laws of the Maryland Guard of Baltimore City so far as the same may be applicable to and not at variance with the laws of the state and general orders.

The first difficulty which presented itself was that of procuring a suitable room for an armory. The new Fifth Regiment was the natural heir of the Maryland Guard, which had in its armory 350 minie muskets and sets of accoutrements. The second meeting of those interested was held on the evening of May 15th at Central Hall, on the

corner of Charles and Baltimore Streets. Mr. L. Dublin presided and the work of organization was carried as far as possible. The one hundred limit being passed an executive committee was appointed.

While the special committee was prosecuting its search for an armory the embryo regiment continued to meet, through its executive committee, at Mr. J. D. Lipscomb's office on Lexington Street.

The Music Hall on North Howard Street was the property of Mr. Charles M. Dougherty and upon this the committee had fixed its eye, but the owner at first refused to consider any proposition to rent for less than five years, which was considered too long a time to pledge the regiment, till it was proved to be something more than an experiment.

Mr. Dougherty then came down to three years, but this was still thought too great a risk to assume. While the committee wisely hesitated to take such a responsibility, Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) J. Stricker Jenkins came to the front and rented the building in his own name, making himself personally responsible.

At once, after being thus housed in an armory far beyond the average, the Fifth began to grow very rapidly. Constantly enrolling new members, it soon received the endorsement of the State headquarters upon its action and at once proceeded to complete its military organization, electing the following officers:—

<i>Co.</i>	<i>Captain.</i>	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>	<i>Second Lieut.</i>
A.	J. Hanson Thomas, Jr.,	Julius H. Anderson,	Chas. Krebs,
B.	Henry D. Loney,	Louis M. Warfield,	John D. Lipscomb.
C.	Thomas F. Billop,	M. P. Caughey,	Robert P. Brown.
D.	Clapham Murray,	Wm. C. Schley,	Wm. M. Pegram.
E.	McHenry Howard,	J. Stricker Jenkins,	E. F. Pontier.
F.	Wm. S. Symington,	Daniel G. Wright,	Nelson Poe, Jr.
G.	Frederick M. Colston,	A. J. Albert, Jr.,	Lennox Birkhead.

<i>Co.</i>	<i>Captain.</i>	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>	<i>Second Lieut.</i>
H,	Wm. P. Zollinger,	S. O. McIlwaine,	E. D. McConkey.
L,	John W. Torsch,	Robert S. Fowler,	Fred'k A. Stewart.
K.	Ed. T. Jackson,	J. E. H. Post,	Wm. H. Symington.

The first field and staff officers were Colonel, James R. Herbert; Major, Harry D. G. Carroll; Surgeon, Alan P. Smith; Assistant Surgeon, C. Shirley Carter; Adjutant, Thos. A. Symington; Quartermaster, Benjamin W. Jenkins. All of the officers were elected or appointed before midsummer arrived.

Colonel Herbert was the first officer commissioned by Adjutant-General Berry.

It was seen very soon that the idea which actuated the founders was a wise and practical one. The *esprit de corps* which it was hoped would be fostered made itself apparent from the very outset and the membership dues, fees and fines, which constituted the revenue of the organization, made each member feel a personal responsibility and interest in its success.

With the reorganization of the militia the Fifth held the right of line. It was the last command started of the two new brigades, but upon the occasion of its first parade, when reviewed by Governor Swann on October 15th, 1867, it made a fine showing and even at that early day showed promise of the excellence in drill, discipline and soldierly appearance which have since characterized it. The Fifth was at that time scarcely two months old, but it had ten companies and presented 457 muskets in line at this review.

It was detailed for escort duty by General Perry, together with the Second Regiment of infantry, which was under the command of Colonel Kalkman, and a company of cavalry.

The division was in command of Major-General R. N.

Bowerman, and consisted of cavalry, commanded by Major Snowden ; Major Berry's battalion of cavalry ; First Brigade, Brigadier-General James F. Cooper ; Second Brigade, Major-General R. H. Carr, and ten bands of music. The First Brigade comprised First Regiment, Colonel Wm. H. Hayward ; Second Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Kalkman ; Third Regiment, Colonel A. A. Stockley ; Fourth Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark ; and battalions of artillery, Major McNulty.

The Second Brigade comprised the Fifth Regiment, Colonel James R. Herbert ; Sixth Regiment, Colonel Robert C. King ; Seventh Regiment, Colonel Wm. H. Boyle ; Eighth Regiment, Colonel Benjamin G. Simpson ; Ninth Regiment, Colonel Joyce. Such a fine display of military strength belongs to the past. The red of the Zouave regiments, the blue of some of the others, and the gray of the balance united in making a scene not easily forgotten.

Through all the first year's work and expense the regiment passed safely. It kept before the public, which soon began to take a pride in it. Its first individual parade of moment occurred in the early part of December.

Its band, under its auspices and led by Professor Rose, gave some very successful concerts, one especially attracting a good deal of attention as it was in aid of the yellow fever sufferers in the South.

When the regiment was nine months old the ladies of Baltimore, who enjoy nothing so well as a patriotic action, presented it with a beautiful flag, which had been originally intended for the Maryland Guard. The scene chosen for this graceful act was the Concordia Hall, where the Fifth appeared with 500 men in line.

Mr. S. Teackle Wallis was selected to make the presentation speech, in the course of which he said :

"I do not think I err in saying that every thread which glistens on the gorgeous folds before you was placed there by the hand of a Maryland woman. Indeed, knowing as I do the ladies whose taste and skill adorned them, I am sure they would not have consented that a stranger silkworm should weave a web for them, if they could have found one which had fed on a Maryland mulberry. They have united in your banner the emblems of State pride and of our Federal nationality. Upon the one side you behold the eagle of your country, soaring, as usual, through the fields of azure; a valiant bird, but yet withal so modest, and so little used to adulation, that to come before its beak with praise were to provoke the terrors of its silken thunderbolts. Upon the other, you have the simple blazon of our good old State, --God bless her! I hold no son of hers a man who is not proud to call her mother. Amid the grief and desolation war has brought upon us, it has bestowed at least this boon, that it has taught us all how much we have loved her. I cannot tell, as you can, if things that kindle the imagination of the quiet student are as apt to stir the souls of men in the grim hour of combat. And yet it seems to me that oftentimes the bosoms of her children must have thrilled with pride as the slogan of 'My Maryland!' arose upon the one side, to feel that on the other the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' a hymn of our own making, was the noblest answer that gave back defiance."

When Mr. Wallis had concluded, the flag was formally received by Colonel Herbert. It was six by six and a half feet large, made of heavy blue silk, gold fringed, and bore on one side the national seal, with the motto "*E Pluribus Unum*" in gold. On the other side was the Maryland seal and the legends, "Presented by the Ladies of Baltimore" and "Maryland Guard, Fifth Regiment," were blazoned

upon it. The response of the Colonel in receiving the flag was brief but appropriate.

Three years after the organization of the Fifth Regiment one of those things occurred which have a notable influence in crystalizing public sentiment and it is worth recording, aside from its immediate interest, because of its significance in marking definitely the new feeling which was beginning to take the place of the bitterness of sectional prejudice.

On its way to its first annual encampment at Cape May, on the Jersey coast, the regiment passed through the City of Brotherly Love, and its coming was heralded in a most unbrotherly way by a certain newspaper of Philadelphia, which took the occasion to perform that act which has since then come to be known as "waving the bloody shirt."

The people of Philadelphia were indignant. They resented having such sentiments attributed to them. Had the paper in question been less violent in its objections it might have had some weight, or at least have failed to rouse any enthusiasm for the Baltimore men, whom it stigmatized as rebels, rioters and worse.

As has been said the reception tendered the Fifth was perhaps warmer than it would otherwise have been, and another one of the Philadelphia papers in commenting on the matter afterwards remarked:

"If the Maryland Regiment is composed of 'rebels and traitors,' as the *Bulletin* asserts, let us see more of Baltimore rebels and traitors. The frequent presence of such men would serve to teach some of our 'loyal' people good breeding in social life without doing any political harm. The courtesy extended to the Baltimore visitors by so many of our prominent citizens, irrespective of party, was very creditable to Philadelphia, showing, as we have said, that such papers as the *Evening Bulletin* cannot communicate their

meanness of spirit to the people of this city. The attempt of that journal to excite prejudice and to prompt incivility to the Baltimore Regiment was a most signal and disgraceful failure."

I may quote the words of the chronicler of the Fifth Regiment upon this subject. He says: "That the scurrilous attack on the Fifth gave a temporary stimulus to the spirit of fraternity there is but little room to doubt. Public sentiment crystallized in Philadelphia into the opinion that charges of national disloyalty, flung in the most offensive manner at a regiment of whose *personnel* the assailant probably knew little or nothing, laid the city itself open to the charge of being wedded to any lie that was couched in wartime phraseology. As a result, when the Fifth arrived in Philadelphia early in the morning of July 22d, they received an ovation which seemed to be the spontaneous tribute of nearly the entire people."

There was one thing which distinguished this body of men at the very outset from most young regiments; that was the fact that it appeared to be composed not of raw recruits but of veterans, and as a matter of fact it was largely so. There was a leavening influence from the start given by men to whom soldiering had long ceased to be boy's play.

The Fifth visited Boston in 1875, and at their departure from the Hub there was certainly less sectional animosity than when they arrived. Maryland for the time became the guest of Massachusetts and a nearer acquaintance could not but destroy old enmities. Upon this ground, as one of the factors in the up-building of new and better relations between North and South, if for no other reason, the Boston excursion was important. Another occasion remembered with pleasure was the fraternal meeting with the New York Seventh. But it was not to these holiday outings

that the Fifth Regiment owed and still owes its claim to the pride and respect of Baltimore.

When the city has been menaced by an internal mob, more terrifying to the populace and more threatening to the peace and safety of the city than an invading army would be, the men in gray were the first to respond to the call to act in concert with the men in metropolitan blue in its defence. The value of the steady, cool, soldierly ranks that stood to their work in the hot days of the Cumberland riots cannot be over-estimated and I would be the last to understate it.

I have in another place spoken of this valuable service to Baltimore. For a regiment to swing into action under the stimulus of a boundless enthusiasm, incited by feelings which can only find expression in daring deeds, is no doubt a noble and instructive spectacle and one which Marylanders have more than once given to the world, but to take the threats and missiles of a mob calmly and coolly, showing that restraint and obedience to discipline which is infinitely more difficult, is an exhibition of manliness not often seen. It was witnessed by those who had the pleasure of seeing the Fifth at work during the riots of '77.

When the Maryland Legislature passed, in 1886, a law reorganizing the National Guard of the State and putting it upon a more efficient footing, it provided for the enrollment of a number of men which should bring the total to not more than two thousand two hundred and eighty men, included in not more than thirty-two companies. These were to form one brigade, comprised of the First and Fifth Regiments, the Baltimore Light Infantry, the Second Battalion, Third Battalion, several detached companies and three colored companies.

The important clause in the bill is that which provides

that the men composing the brigade shall be regularly enlisted for a period of three years, each member being entitled to his dismissal after that period has elapsed if he chooses to retire.

In this and in all other respects the effort has been to conform as nearly to the United States army regulations as the circumstances of a state militia will permit. Even the uniforms are intended to conform to this general resemblance.

An interesting detail, which has often been noticed, is the peculiar long, swinging, marching step that the Fifth Regiment has adopted. It is well calculated to tire out any other organization, not similarly trained, with whom it may happen to parade. Its origin dated to the days when the Second Infantry of General Stonewall Jackson, in the Confederate army, showed how valuable a thing celerity may be in a campaign or upon the battle-field.

At present there is another regiment here, the Fourth, which has recently been reorganized from the Fourth Battalion. The Fourth Battalion was formed in 1877 of a number of separate independent organizations, the First Regiment and companies in other Maryland towns. H. Kyd Douglas, formerly colonel of the First Regiment and now Adjutant-General, effected the reorganization by which the battalion ceased to exist and those companies which were in Baltimore or its immediate neighborhood were consolidated into a single regiment for greater efficiency.

CHAPTER XIV.

BANKING EXTRAORDINARY.



ANY man might be expected to win more than a competency in honest trade with the amount of skill, perseverance and shrewdness that it takes to make a thief. This is doubly true of the successful forger and bank thief, whose calling not only demands the exercise of superior gifts and requirements, but whose nerves must be perfect and manner almost faultless.

The robber may work in the dark and rely somewhat at least upon the exercise of mere brute force to accomplish his purpose, but the men of the Brockway or Becker type must be wise organizers and in addition be gifted with a knowledge of human nature and learn the customs and terms of the financial world.

A few years ago the Merchants' and Third National Banks of Baltimore were the object of a careful and skillful attack by one of the coolest, shrewdest criminal operators the world has ever known, who with his gang of expert thieves and "layers down" came to Baltimore in 1880; a

compliment which the Monumental City could well have dispensed with.

Charles C. Brockway might have been almost anything he chose but for that unknown quantity in every evil life which we perhaps may best call a bias toward crime. He was an expert operator and preferred forgery to the exercise of his great talent in any other direction ; he was something of a chemist and devoted his knowledge solely to the fraudulent imitation of inks and paper ; he was a general who preferred to lead men into mischief and organize crime. As a student of men, with a lawyer's tact and a soldier's courage, Brockway has won for himself an unenviable notoriety as one of the most notable cases of the perversion of great gifts which this country has ever produced.

The career of this notorious thief began in New York City, which was his birthplace. Before he was of age he was branded ; the police knew him and detectives thought him worth watching. Already he was acquainted with the inside of prison cells and was without shame or pride. It is a curious commentary on our vaunted civilization that the sons of many rich men enjoy all the advantages that money can pay for, of liberal education and special training, only to be outstripped in knowledge and authority by some unfortunate youth whose schoolroom was the street, whose literature the "penny dreadful" journal, whose playground was the steps of the city prison and whose heroes went periodically into retirement behind the bars.

There is one thing which a boyhood and youth like that of Brockway does not cultivate, the one necessary thing without which all other requirements are useless ; that is, character. And yet there must have been in him some of the disposition which under happier circumstances goes to make character, for while dictatorial and decided in his

government of those associated with him, we do not find any record of a case where he ever deserted a companion or failed in the obligation of "thieves' honor."

In more than a quarter of a century of crime he made himself the possessor of more than half a million dollars of other people's money, but the details of his rascally business entailed enormous expenses and the support of a number of aids or accomplices, so that in the end it may be questioned, even on the lowest basis, whether the business paid.

The "Brockway gang" consisted of Bell, Wilson, Cleary, Bartlett, Havill, Ogle and Fogerty. These men gathered around their chief as wolves band together for mischief. He knew how to handle them, to win their admiration and retain their obedience. He became a law to these law breakers and sent them to execute his plans in most of the large cities of the Western world. Bell had been a sneak thief. The Eastern Pennsylvania penitentiary knew him well. Wilson, Cleary, Bartlett, were all robbers who had made themselves infamous in one way or another. Most of the gang had operated in England with notorious criminals there and knew the world.

After various experiences, now as the dealer of a faro bank and again as an "operator" of forged paper, Brockway in 1880 planned for his accomplices a raid on Baltimore. Perhaps the impression had gotten into his mind that the banking institutions of the Monumental City were so used to dealing with a conservative class of people that their officials would be less apt to suspect fraud. However that may have been, he sent Farren to Baltimore with a good \$50 bond which he sold to J. Hermanus Fisher & Co., the bankers on South Street. The initial step showed wisdom on the part of the operators. In the first place the cheque

of an individual customer of any bank would not do for a large amount of money, being much more apt to be scrutinized with suspicion than that of a banker whose operations in money would naturally be larger and more frequent. Then, too, Farren was careful to make his sale about the middle of the forenoon when many other buyers and sellers would materially lessen his chance of being remembered.

Armed with the cheque of this well-known firm the confederate returned to the chief, who chuckled as he examined it. It was a well-engraved device, made by A. Hoen & Co., but its delicate lines and coloring only made it more inviting to the forger, whose pleasure in a fine piece of work was, like that of all artists, paramount.

In New York C. C. Brockway had secured a place which should answer him as a workshop and there, unsuspected and busy, he devoted himself to the preparation of spurious paper. Well he knew that what he was doing was only possible to a few of the most skillful men in the country. Oh, if he could only exhibit that work and hear men praise it! Well, after all, an unconscious compliment would be paid to him whenever Fogerty or Cleary or Bell should pass that product of art through a teller's window.

Fogerty returned to Baltimore and, following the same innocent plan by which he had gained the Fisher cheque, brought to Brockway others signed by Messrs. Middendorf & Co. and D. Fahnestock. These were, like the first, carefully copied and no point of difference could be detected between the copies and the originals—except in the amounts for which they were drawn.

Just at the time when this preliminary work was all completed two skillful operators returned "dead broke" from an unsuccessful tour abroad and offered to the chief just the materials he wanted to work with. These men were

Ogle and Havill. They readily fell into his plans and consented to his terms—one-half of the gross receipts of the venture to the leader and organizer.

In the middle of July, 1880, this precious company of criminals arrived in Baltimore.

The first thing which these scamps did on reaching their destination was to get the necessary cheque numbers and private marks so that they could immediately victimize one of the banks. In order to do this and to procure signatures which might be of value Cleary was sent out to Fisher & Co.'s and offered a \$100 United States 4 per cent. bond for sale. He was paid partly in cash and partly in a \$54 cheque on the Merchants' National Bank, payable to George Hunter. Then at D. Fahenstock's he repeated this operation and got one of his cheques. Next he or one of the others obtained signatures and cheque numbers for the day of Middendorf & Oliver. Thus equipped the chief rapidly completed his forgeries, which had simply waited for these last touches. Cleary and Fogerty bought back in the afternoon the bonds they had sold in the morning, so as to remove all traces of their steps.

The first bank approached was the Third National. Cleary was the one selected to "lay down" a spurious cheque for the amount of \$1,394. It was refused on the ground that the paying-teller did not know "Geo. W. Kimball," to whose order it was drawn, and required to have him identified. Cleary retired and in a few minutes was back with the endorsement of Messrs. Middendorf & Oliver on the back of the paper. This was satisfactory and the money was paid. The fact that Bröckway acted as special clerk for Middendorf & Oliver on this occasion was not suspected.

The Merchants' National Bank was done for a like amount

just before closing time and the money paid. Then the conspirators hurried to finish one more job. At their leader's order Wilson rushed around to the Third National again and reached it just as the teller was leaving his desk. By dint of persuasion, urging his immediate need for the money, he persuaded teller Medairy to let him have the cash, the latter not comprehending that he had been deceived and over-reached until he went to balance his accounts for the day when a deficiency convinced him that he had over-paid the last comer.

Hastening to the office of Messrs. Middendorf & Oliver he asked for the address of the stranger, only to be informed that they knew no such person and had given no cheque answering the description of the one in question. The unfortunate teller was shocked, chagrined, confused. His rest that night was broken and nervous. Once more on the morning of July 17th operations were resumed and again the Merchant's Bank was the victim and loser, the sum this time being \$2,160. Still the gang stayed and attempted the Western National Bank, but the teller there refused absolutely to cash the cheque presented, even after it was graced by Mr. Fahenstock's signature on the back, his ground being that he never departed from his rule to refuse favors of this kind to people who were personally unknown to him. Later in the day this fortunate gentleman, apprehending that Mr. Fahenstock might be offended at the refusal should the matter come to his ears, went to the office of the firm to explain matters and there learned the true state of the case.

The neat sum of \$3,901.50 was the profit of Bell's next visit to the Merchant's Bank. The money order offered was apparently from the office of J. Harmanus Fisher and it happened that Mr. Fisher's clerk was present when it was

presented. The teller showed it to him and he affirmed that it was all right. Bell betrayed no confusion at this moment though he must have felt a strong desire to be on the other side of the bank door just at that moment.

At noon time Mr. Morris discovered the fraud. Major Douglas H. Thomas, the cashier of the Merchants' Bank at the time, was informed and before long the town was aware of the presence of the thieves, or rather that they had been in Baltimore, for by the time that the news was circulated Brockway and his company had departed with about \$6,000 as the fruit of their rascally industry. The tellers of the different banks compared notes, the detectives sent out from headquarters ransacked the town and found no clue to the perpetrators of the swindle and every one was at a loss to know what to do. At this juncture a letter from Philadelphia informed Major Thomas that George Bell and Henry Cleary were the guilty parties. He might have said, as did the clergyman when some one alluded to his Satanic majesty, "I have not the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance." But he followed the clue patiently and carefully and commenced a still hunt, in which Inspector Byrnes, of New York, had also a share. Step by step, clue by clue the indefatigable cashier and his assistants worked until they had succeeded in bringing their game to bay in the metropolis and then arresting them, all but the chief, Brockway, and his tool, Havill, who had made their escape.

The Baltimore tellers who had come in contact with the prisoners were sent for and fully identified them, and thus the first act in the play closed.

There was still greater difficulty in securing the extradition of the thieves.

I went to New York City when Bell and Cleary were arrested to secure their extradition and that of their companions.

But Cleary slipped through our fingers for a time in this way: he had been arrested previously in Albany for a crime committed there, but had not been condemned, the trial lagging for lack of evidence or some other cause. When the Baltimore matter came up Cleary thought two years in the Albany penitentiary preferable to five in a jail in Maryland. So his friends revived the old charge and he aided and abetted in securing his own condemnation. However, the trick did not work quite as well as he expected, for while he was removed from our hands for that time yet I was on hand the day that he was released and meeting him the moment he stepped out, a free man, had him under arrest on the old charge.

Bell's case was not at first an easy one to handle. He had money with which to fight and as long as it lasted he did all that was possible, through able lawyers, to interfere with our plans. He not only spent his own money but his companions contributed generously to his defence. At length, however, funds ran low and then Brockway went to Providence to acquire there the sum necessary to continue the fight. The failure of his plans in that city, his detection and arrest cut off all hope of supplies from that quarter and the sponge was immediately thrown up, whereupon I returned to Baltimore with my prisoner.

In August, 1880, about the 10th of the month, two strangers visited the city of Providence, R. I., and calling at the banking-house of Henry C. Cranston, sold a hundred dollar United States bond, asking that a cheque be given them in payment rather than cash, as the money was wanted to pay bills then due. A similar proceeding then took place at Messrs. Chase, Watson & Butts'. The cheques were sent to New York and fac-similed, even the United States stamp being properly affixed. In some way one of

Pinkerton's men became cognizant of the fact and at once reported to the office, where it was not only decided that some one was trying to work Providence, but that that some one was probably Brockway. There was a peculiarity, a masterly finish, so to speak, about his method, which distinguished it from those of an ordinary thief and it was as easy for the police at that time to recognize his hand in an operation as it would have been years ago for the protectors of the peace in old England to recognize the handiwork of Paul Clifford. In fact Brockway was never long out of the sight of the detectives and had but a short time before completed a term for forgery in Chicago.

It was necessary to find a detective who knew Brockway but who was not known by him, and Gaylor, one of the brightest men of Pinkerton's force, was the man chosen to go to Providence and block the forger's game. He at once reported to Chief of Police Hunt, in that city, and was given every facility for prosecuting his work. The cheques which had been obtained by Brockway and his accomplice were on the old National Bank and the Fourth National Bank of Providence.

On Weybosset Street an office which commanded a view both of Mr. Cranston's place of business and the old National Bank was rented by Mr. Gaylor, and there he stationed himself while Detective Parker and Officer Simonds, who were to work with him, were given their post in the Fourth National Bank. Gaylor did not succeed, nor did his assistants, in discovering anything during the first week of their watch. The former showed his keenness of judgment in his estimate of the time that Brockway would probably take in proceeding with his work. His theory was that the attack upon the banks would commence late Saturday afternoon and this opinion he based upon former oper-

ations of the same kind. He knew that it would take a certain length of time to do the necessary engraving and preliminary work, and he knew, moreover, that Brockway would not follow his first step too closely for fear of recognition. The detective argued wisely then, when he fixed Saturday afternoon as the probable time for the next step. He told the bank officials not only when they might look out for the common enemy, but also what his method would probably be. Sure enough, on Saturday afternoon about an hour before the time for closing, the watch was at last rewarded by the appearance of suspicious characters who went into each office with United States bonds for a hundred dollars each, similar to the ones previously offered, and, as before, objected to receiving cash and asked for cheques. In each case the cheque was given as requested. The same plan precisely had so far been followed in Providence as in Baltimore. The cheques were gotten at as late an hour as possible in order to have the numbers nearly up to date, so that the forged ones might be as perfect as possible and escape detection. While Brockway's henchmen were engaged under his direction that gentleman himself was stationed on the street near Cranston's, between there and the old National Bank, and fell under the vigilant observation of the detective in his little watch-tower. When Brockway was first seen he was alone, but was soon joined by two men whose actions at once told Gaylor that he had not been mistaken. He was as fully assured of every step in the game already played as though he had seen the United States bonds passed over the counter at Mr. Cranston's or Messrs. Chase, Watson & Butts', and the cheques stowed away in the pockets of the thieves. More than that, he looked ahead and saw that the conspirators would probably go to some other city

over Sunday and there get all their paper in readiness for the beginning of an active campaign on Monday morning, which they did.

So when Monday morning came the Pinkerton representative and his Providence associates were on the look-out. The work which they had undertaken was not easy or safe, because the men with whom they had to deal were known to be desperate characters, who, if given the slightest opportunity, would resist any effort made to arrest them, to the extent of their ability. No one could be sure when the cheques might be presented and therefore they were constantly on the alert. Gaylor still kept his look-out and his assistants their posts waiting anxiously for a signal; very much as the fisherman of the Northern lakes waits for the movement of the little flag which he has placed above an ice-hole to show when the fish below has taken the bait. It was an exciting time for the detective, not only for the interest which he naturally took in the game, but because of the fact that his professional reputation depended somewhat upon his success in what would be recognized as an important case. So far he had acquitted himself well and he did not wish to have his quarry escape at the last moment.

The unforeseen is the thing which is said always to happen, but the trained detective recognizes that for him there should be no unforeseen, and yet so carefully had all the plans been laid on this occasion that it seemed almost impossible that there should be any slip. So quietly had the detective's work been done that even the newspapers suspected nothing. On Monday morning at about half past ten o'clock, a cheque for thirteen hundred and twenty-seven dollars, signed by Chase, Watson & Butts and made payable to Joseph Cook, was presented at the paying teller's

window of the Fourth National Bank. Detective Parker, who had been provided with a cheque to be used at just such a time, stepped up with it immediately behind the stranger, as if he was there simply upon business, and so got an opportunity to scrutinize the man closely and also to see the order which he presented. The man was asked if his name was Joseph Cook and he affirmed that it was, upon which the money was counted out to him. As he was picking it up, congratulating himself upon his success and no doubt feeling the sudden relief from anxiety, Detective Parker quietly and deftly ornamented his wrists with the bracelets. The thing was done so neatly that those in the bank at the time could hardly have been aware of it. Upon the receipt of a message brought by Symonds, Mr. Gaylor hurried to the spot, and, as he had expected, found Brockway waiting outside of the bank and wondering at the delay of his confederate. Gaylor stood as close to him as he possibly could without being detected and kept his eye on him for nearly five minutes. By the end of this time Brockway showed signs of nervousness, and fearing that he might make his escape without waiting as he had intended to do till an attack was made upon the other bank, the officer put him under arrest. It was a complete surprise and the forger made no resistance whatever, in fact he took the affair rather coolly, simply informing the detective that he had made a mistake. There was only one little thing which occurred when he and Cook were searched, and that was that Brockway endeavored to conceal a small piece of paper by swallowing it, but it was intercepted and found to contain one or two simple memoranda concerning banking houses in the town. The man Cook, who was arrested first, was supposed to be either Ogle or Havill. It proved that he was the latter. Still

another accomplice was suspected to be in the field, and although there was every reason to believe that he would be alarmed and leave the city at once upon the arrest of his companions, yet Gaylor had no idea of leaving his work with any ragged ends and so kept a sharp watch for the third thief. He was not disappointed. At the counter of the old National Bank a cheque for twelve hundred and sixty-four dollars, signed by Mr. Cranston, was presented at about half past twelve o'clock. The cashier of the bank was Mr. F. A. Cranston and he told the man at once that he must get the cheque certified, upon which he started out to find Brockway. He was followed by the cashier and met by Mr. Gaylor upon the stairs. The man was not then arrested, but upon the opposite side of the street Mr. Gaylor spoke to him and asked some questions, upon which the fellow got nervous and started to run. He was pursued by Mr. Gaylor, who was almost immediately joined by Officer Vaughan and the constable employed around the Post Office. Others joined in the hue and cry and to help matters along a pistol was discharged by some unknown party. At the last moment, just as the thief put his hand to his hip pocket, Mr. Gaylor grabbed him and took from him what instead of a pistol proved to be a large pocket-book in which was the cheque which he had presented at the counter of the bank.

The criminal broke away again and was re-captured by his chief pursuer near Crawford Steet Bridge a few moments later, and with the assistance of Constable Keenan was taken to the City Hall. A search discovered a certified cheque, identical in all respects to the one already found. This, like the documents which led to Major Andre's execution, was hidden in his boot. These cheques upon examination proved to be forgeries in every respect, not only

the signatures and stamps but the printing and ink also being counterfeit of the ones obtained from the Providence bankers.

Brockway was a man of forty-seven years of age, with full beard slightly tinged with gray and the aspect and manner of a cool, capable business man. His assistants, although men of good presence in several cases, were not by any means his equal in general appearance.

When arraigned before the Court of Common Pleas to stand his trial for forgery Brockway, who had given his name as Chester C. Brockway, denied that that was his name or that he had given it. He pleaded hard for a postponement of trial, which was not granted. He then declared that he had no defence. Finally the trio captured in Providence received their sentence. Brockway got eight years and Cook and Somers respectively four and three years in prison. Brockway broke down at the last and wept, saying that his sister was lying at the point of death. Cook declared that he was innocent and did not know the others, while Somers simply answered that he had nothing to say except that he had come to the bank for the purpose of presenting the cheque.

CHAPTER XV.

BANKING EXTRAORDINARY--CONTINUED.



I HAVE spoken of Brockway as one of the coolest, shrewdest criminals the world has known. He had perhaps his superior in a German-American named Becker, whose life was a succession of melodramatic incidents such as are seldom matched on the stage, and whose generalship was not only admired by the thieves with whom his career was linked, but acknowledged by every detective in the world.

Becker made no distinctions of country or language. He was as cosmopolitan in his habits as he was masterly in his methods. He operated in England and on the continent of Europe with one of the best organized gangs that ever planned and executed a campaign against property. Not content with London and Paris, Berlin and Florence, he tasted the pleasures of Constantinople and knew the inside of a Turkish jail. His flight from the domains of the Sultan was as full of excitement and of a certain kind of dash as the hungriest devourer of dime novels could desire, and

the desertion of a pal in the prison he escaped from and the suspicion of his subsequent connivance in the murder of that comrade's wife in England, when it was feared that she would betray the gang, are only incidents that ought to satisfy the sentimental.

Becker's account of the escape from the prison at Constantinople may be told in his own words, as given to a newspaper reporter :

"The jail at Smyrna was a poor affair, made of mud walls, and we could easily have gotten out of it. It was the country that held us and not the jail. We could not get out of the country. The Government, lacking confidence in the jail, shipped us to Constantinople, where we were put into a prison of the old-fashioned sort, with walls four feet thick, solid cell doors and cast steel grate-bars an inch and a half square, and of this seclusion we soon tired. The day that Elliott and I were gathered in at Smyrna, Siscovitch was convicted at Constantinople. After our removal there, we fell into each other's company. When we planned to get out Mrs. Siscovitch came and helped us out. It happened in this way. The cell doors locked with tags and iron bolts, and though it had its key, there was a general key that fitted all of them. A key like that was useful, and it was by a mere accident that we got one. One day the prison marshal came rushing in to have a prisoner sign some papers and rushed out again, leaving his key sticking in the lock. We were not long in getting an impression of the key and putting it back in the lock again.

"After getting the shape of the key we had Mrs. Siscovitch bring us some files, Turkish caps and three lanterns. These she smuggled in, concealed in her clothing. Chapman, Elliott and I were in one cell and Siscovitch around the corner of the corridor with some sailors in another cell.

I was the last man to be shut up at night, so when we were all ready and had put enough rope where it was needed, I slipped around the corner and unlocked Siscovitch and then went back to be locked up. About midnight, when the guards were snoring, he got up and unlocked our door. Chapman was asleep. Did we wake him? Not much. He'd have hollered murder if we had. We went out and steered for the storeroom where our clothes were piled away. We broke this open, got our clothes, found our way into the prison-yard and sized up the wall. It was forty-two feet high, but fortunately there was a grating over the top of the gate and our rope was ready. We boosted little Elliott up on the archway, and as luck would have it he stepped on the wire of the prison bell leading into the room where the keeper's head-clerk slept and set it to jingling in a way that froze us stiff. The jig looked up if ever it did. We had lots of fun with that bell. The wire ran under the cell window on its way and we used to hitch a bent pin to a string and fooled him many times by setting her to going.

"It was lucky we had fooled him in that way so often. If the bell woke him he concluded it was another joke and went to sleep again. We waited 15 minutes for some one to come and catch us and then went at it again. The rope was weighted with a block of wood and we threw it over the wall to catch it at the grating, and by fastening it there, we were able to climb to the top. There was enough rope besides that to reach to the ground, and we scrambled down to run into more trouble. We woke up about sixty Mohammedan dogs, who had been snoozing peacefully in the shadow of the wall. I never heard curs bark louder; but they brought no one. Sliding down the rope Elliott dropped the matches and we could not light our lanterns.

We all three got down on the ground and hunted. By-and-by we found one brimstone match and lighted up. The dogs stopped howling then. They do not howl at people who are properly illuminated, and we traveled on to find the apartments which Mrs. Siscovitch had engaged. While hunting around we heard the rapping of watchmen's night-sticks and dropped into an all-night café filled with Greeks, where a band was playing, had some coffee and stayed until morning. Half a dozen of the watch came in, but they did not know us. We were pretty well disguised and topped off with fezzes. Finally we got settled with Mrs. Siscovitch, but one day she glanced out and saw the cavasse or interpreter from the American Consulate, and the porter who brought her baggage to the place, staring straight at the house; then we knew they were after us, and did not wait five minutes. We went out and hired a cab, not knowing which way to go, but telling the man to drive toward the English Cemetery. There we stopped at a café and were sitting over our wine, wondering what was next to be done, when a man came up who had seen Siscovitch tried. He knew us, took us to his home and cared for us three months. I sent Elliott to England for some money I had there and when it came we went to London also. We made our friend a good present and he saw us safe over the border.

“Mrs. Siscovitch was arrested and held for awhile, but got off and rejoined her husband in London. I gave them funds to get to America and supposed they had gone. Both Elliott and I went to board with Mrs. Chapman—I'd known her for years- -and Elliott left his things there when he went to the Orient. She never felt angry with us for leaving her husband in the crib. She knew that he had no courage. His giving us away was to gain commutation time. Now

about the murder. I had not been there long before Siscovitch and his wife turned up, seeking lodgings, with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Chapman from an American friend. I left them, I did not trust him. Elliott had left before. He was somewhere in Germany and I in Paris when we heard she was dead, and both came back to London to testify if need be. When the jury found that she might have died of heart disease, and that if poisoned there was no sign of it, we came back to America and I guess that my record from that time on is pretty well known."

Becker's first crime, it is said, was committed in order to buy his sweetheart a better engagement ring than he could afford. He was employed as an engraver and was skillful at his trade. The forgery was detected and the matter hushed up by the father of the young forger, who paid for his son's evil deed. The girl who wanted a better engagement ring soon wanted a richer husband and married a well-to-do man who afterwards took her to Paris, where she again met Becker, now grown famous (or rather, infamous) in crime, and left her husband for him. But she deserted her lover as she had done her husband, taking with her the spoils of his Parisian operations.

After the forger's return to the United States, he married a very nice girl who did not know his real character, but who stuck to him like a trump when she did discover it. To this little woman was due the temporary reformation of Becker, who, however, again fell into the hands of old companions, who found themselves lost without his valuable leadership. But to return to Baltimore.

Two men, calling themselves Stabler, and pretending to be cousins, came to Baltimore in the hottest part of the summer of 1872, and announced an intention of starting business here. A vacant suite of offices owned by Mr.

John S. Gittings just suited the strangers and they rented the same, paying three months' rental in advance.

The new-comers were quite prepossessing in manner and apparently well-to-do and they made a great many acquaintances. Perhaps the elder and more American of the two men was the greater favorite, the other being known as "Dutchy" from his somewhat foreign accent.

The Gittings building adjoined the Third National Bank on the north side, facing on South Street. The Stablers occupied the whole lower floor and their business they announced to be grain and commission.

Their taste, as evidenced by the furnishing of their offices, was excellent, and by the clerks employed and the signs of business which everybody might see they appeared to have come to make a success of the enterprise.

People came in and out of the offices and were rather impressed by the style of the new firm. The bank, next door, found the Stablers large and constant depositors and was inclined to treat them with favor. In fact, upon one occasion the senior member of the firm was shown the bank vaults upon his expressing a hope that his money was well taken care of.

One day a visitor came in and asked how business was. One of the partners quickly informed him that it was very poor—so poor that if it did not speedily improve they proposed to open a bank. The caller went away without seeing the little joke or knowing that the great map which covered part of the wall of the inner office was the veritable curtain to a robber's cave; but so it was. Charles Becker and a companion named Joe Elliott, with several pals who passed as clerks, were quietly using the sign of "Stabler & Co., Grain and Commission Merchants" as a blind, while they "opened a bank" from the rear of its vaults

--vaults of which the forger had so well and wisely learned the location when he pulled wool over the eyes of the unsuspecting bank official.

Although the bank watchman, a man named Michael Burnett, was on duty and alert from Saturday till Monday, he heard no sound and detected nothing unusual—yet at that very time the burglars were perpetrating what is probably the coolest and most clever bank robbery on record.

Operations were commenced by breaking away a portion of the wall in the "Stablers'" rear office at a point just opposite the position of the bank vaults. The opening began at about three feet from the floor and was four feet square. This work must have all been done upon successive days or nights for several weeks, and between whiles the damage to the wall was hidden by the use of a large cotton sheet which was afterwards found. This sheet had mucilage or gum on the edges and there were corresponding marks on the wall, showing where it had been hung. But not relying upon this safeguard, a map of the United States was made to serve also in the same nefarious work. If the wind had blown the map aside the gap behind it would hardly have been noticed.

The hole commenced in the plaster of the "Stablers'" inner office, continued through six courses of brick, which was in itself no mean undertaking, and required good tools as well as patience, and having accomplished this the operators were encountered by the iron rear wall of the vault.

Into this plate holes were bored in such a way as to mark the outline of a section 22½ by 16 inches. A diamond drill did the work there is no doubt, though the drill was not afterwards found, but a timber frame, with a muffled beam against which the bit was backed, showed how skilfully the fellows worked.

With this leverage the iron was cut through, but it was found that a miscalculation had been made. Instead of getting squarely into the centre of the back wall of the vault, they struck part of the side-wall, so that the aperture when finally made, was found to be only $9\frac{1}{2}$ by $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Imagine crawling through a hole like that and then working on the inside with a light, depending only upon the air which could come through from the same opening.

Sunday had been chosen as the best day for their work by the burglars. Sunday, the 18th, of August, 1872, was one of the hottest days of the season. Even out of doors, where there was a chance for a cool breeze, men were wishing that they might exchange costumes with the wild South-sea islanders or get down somewhere on the ocean beach and let the surf roll over them. As every one knows, Baltimore is quite a decided city and when it resolves to be hot there is no half-way work about it. But sultry and oppressive as that day was some one of that party of sappers and miners, with a courage worthy of a much better cause, crawled into the broken vault and stayed there long enough to rille it and to so tamper with the lock that it could not be opened in the ordinary way the next morning. The inside of the iron vault was lined with several courses of brick. Within there was still an iron door to be forced and boxes or drawers to be ransacked. One can only marvel at the patience which accomplished it.

One of the interesting details of this work we must not omit. When the excavation was being made, the floor in Stablers' office was covered so that no dirt should fall upon it. The bricks and debris were removed carefully and the latter was dumped into the numerous drawers in the apartment. Another thing, which was found afterwards, showing the coolness of the party, was the indications of

their having satisfied the cravings of the inner man in a generous manner.

Having with such address, courage and cunning secured the booty which the bank guardians supposed to be so securely protected, Becker and his associates left the premises. A policeman was met, and a few pleasant words passed between him and the robbers, who then made the best of their way out of the city.

There was no blunder, no trouble, no unpleasantness. Not a suspicion of the actual facts of the case occurred, even when the teller tried the combination as usual in the morning and found that the vault would not open. Some of the works must be out of alignment he argued,—the lock had unaccountably refused to do as it should. A machinist was sent for, and though chilled steel is not easy to cut through and some time was consumed in getting the door open, this was finally accomplished and then the horrible truth began to dawn upon the waiting officials.

“Robbed!” The word was whispered at first as though it were a secret that nobody dared speak above his breath.

There was the cash safe burst open, its contents gone, its store of money rifled and papers of less value, torn and soiled, strewing the floor. There, too, were the private boxes of depositors empty and overturned. Even the books of the bank were gone,—gone through an ominous hole which the overwhelmed officers finally discovered in the back of the vault.

No one was silent now; this was not a matter for concealment. Some one started post-haste for the police headquarters, and others, seeing that the hole must obviously have another end to it, rushed around to the Stablers' office. There were the sheet and coverings which had been used, the tools of the robbers, the remains of their luncheon,

even the woolen clothes in which they had worked. But even then it took some time to realize that perhaps the gentlemanly and prepossessing grain merchants were the criminals. Their own money was in that vault with the rest.

However, people began to recollect little things that had occurred; clues which fitted together very nicely after the event. They remembered how one of the partners in the concern, the one they called "Dutchy," was in the habit of coming into the saloon nearest for lime punches, and that he once or twice appeared to have been engaged in heavy manual labor. Then too, several people in the bank remembered that on Saturday afternoon they had heard peculiar noises which they had attributed to some work going on in a saloon at the rear of the bank. Two or three things of this kind were recalled very vividly when it was too late.

Evidently the thieves were hours away before the hue and cry was given. About six o'clock on the evening of Sunday a private watchman employed at Hoen's lithographic establishment saw a man emerge from the Gittings building, and after looking up and down the street, lock the door after him and then walk rapidly towards Baltimore Street. That was "Dutchy." Probably by that time everything had been finished and the plunder secured, ready to be carried away as soon as darkness should lend its shelter to the enterprise.

There were immediate conjectures as to the identity of the robbers. One of the papers said that about a year before a firm giving no name hired a postoffice box, to which all their letters were addressed, and that the man who had transacted the business at that time answered to the description of one E. Washburn, who was thought to be identical with one of the "Stablers."

Washburn's appearance was that of a neat, gentlemanly,

but somewhat nervous man, of about five feet seven inches in height, wearing side whiskers, etc., etc. Indeed, of theories there were no end. The only difficulty was to establish a theory which would help to detect the perpetrators of this most daring outrage.

The great reputation which Becker afterwards made was not then established; that was rather just the beginning of it. The carefully laid scheme to flood European capitals with forged paper, the episode in Turkey already given, and the other incidents of his strange career were to follow a little later. He had time to escape across the ocean, he and his companions, and to make a splurge in Paris on their winnings.

Becker's associate in the Baltimore robbery—his principal partner, that is—was Joe Elliott.

Elliott's career was a peculiar one. He had been a shop-lifter, an associate of criminals, a sneak thief and finally a master of the art of "doing" the unwary, so that he always seemed to have a pocket full of money, and while supposed to be a little fast, was nevertheless an associate of young men of good families in New York City. He could dress, drink, talk and play well; what more could be desired?

At the time of the Baltimore robbery this brilliant swindler was a little hard up for funds, and his was probably the first mind to conceive the idea of victimizing the Third National Bank. After the partial success of the forged sight draft swindle in Europe and Turkey, and the return of the gang to America, Elliott became enamoured of Kate Castleton, the actress, who married him, not knowing his career. There were mutual vows. The actress promised to give up her profession. They lived happily for a time, when a quarrel ended in Kate returning to the stage and Joe taking up his

abandoned tools again. But when he was caught and convicted, on the testimony of his treacherous friend Becker, the affection of his wife revived and she did all in her power to save him, though in vain. A commuted sentence was served, after which the couple were reunited and the convict became a theatrical manager for his wife.

More trouble followed however. Jealousy woke again and again; a divorce was obtained, after which the couple married again, and finally Elliott deserted his wife and returned to his criminal practices.

Not only in the attempts of Brockway or the achievements of Becker and Elliott have the moneyed institutions of Baltimore been the victims of attack.

Two years before the raid of the "Stablers" party, the Commercial and Farmers' Bank on Howard Street was the scene of an exciting episode. On the evening of February 6, at about midnight, the community was roused by hearing cries of murder which seemed to come from the back of the bank. Several officers hurried to the scene, to find the bank watchman, Solomon Conway, in a pitiable state from wounds which he had received at the hands of unknown assailants. He was taken to a room, where, after his wounds were dressed, he related that he had entered the yard and found two men there, who in reply to his inquiry as to their business struck him with a billy, knocking him down. They then attempted to finish him, but his cries for help were so piercing that the assailants made the best time they could in escaping from the rescuers, whom they probably heard coming.

False whiskers and a pair of handcuffs were all that the police found at first. But on the following morning a leather satchel containing a burglar's kit was discovered in Thomas Scharff's lumber-yard, near by, and confirmed the

opinion already entertained that the object of the attack was to make way with the watchman and then enter the bank. Besides the satchel was found a twelve-pound copper sledge-hammer such as burglars use. No clue was ever found to the perpetrators of this outrage.

Still earlier, in 1856, the Peoples Bank, at the corner of Baltimore and Paca Streets, was robbed, on the 16th of August.

This was, like the Becker and Elliott affair, a Sunday job, but it was not quite so neatly executed, the perpetrators being evidently robbers of a more common class; and yet they were no inexperienced hands, as their work showed. In some respects the robbery of the Peoples Bank was very much like that of the Third National. The same general plan of gaining admission through the wall of an adjacent building was followed, the base of operations in this case being the warehouse of Aaron Criss & Sons, which was next door. It is not known how the operators gained access to this building, but once there it is evident how they accomplished their purpose of depredation on the bank.

They went first to work about half-way up the wall of the lower warehouse floor and cut through till they encountered a granite wall, which was too strong for them, and after several ineffectual attempts to pierce it they abandoned the effort and recommenced operations at another point not far from the front of the warehouse. Here they succeeded in cutting their way through into a portion of the bank from which the President's office, where the safes were situated, could be reached.

There was no doubt that the thieves were well acquainted with the premises and had made a very careful study of the position of the safes and even of the character of their con-

tents. One was used for the purpose of guarding the books of the bank, while the other was a repository for money and valuables on deposit. This second safe was the one attacked. A large proportion of its contents were bonds and securities belonging to private parties, and as the bank was not a member of the clearing-house and deposited daily through another bank, there was not any very great amount of money of its own in the safe.

Altogether, however, the burglars must have made way with \$20,000, and so skilfully did they cover their tracks that no trace of them was ever found.

One of the daily papers of that date says :

“The work was evidently that of experienced burglars, who had thoroughly studied the premises and set about their work with coolness and deliberation. About three weeks ago some pet cats that were kept in Criss & Sons’ building were poisoned. It was customary for one of the employers to come on Sunday and feed the cats and take a look about the premises. The poisoning of the cats made this unnecessary, and provided it was done in anticipation of the robbery, shows the deliberation with which the rascals went about their work. They knew exactly where to dig through the wall and which vault to open. The hole in the warehouse wall is circular and about two feet in diameter. That in the vault is much smaller and barely sufficient for a man to squeeze through. While digging through the storehouse wall the thieves placed piles of bags of coffee on the floor for the excavated bricks and mortar to fall upon, and when they made their unsuccessful attempt they screened themselves with a number of empty bags which they hung upon a stairway between themselves and the front of the warehouse.

“In the wareroom was found a lot of new burglar’s tools of the most approved workmanship, crow-bars, gimlets, chilled steel augers, wrenches, screw-drivers and lock picks. A large valise was also found in the warehouse, which had been used in carrying these tools.

“The watchman of the building, who lives near by, and a lady living on the opposite side of Paca Street, heard a noise as of an explosion about half-past three Sunday P. M., but did not pay any attention to it.

“Shortly before seven o’clock Mr. Bend, the proprietor of a livery stable

near by, saw two men with travelling bags in their hands pass out of the alley at the rear of the bank.

"Inside the vault were found powder canisters, each holding half a pound, two of which were entirely empty and the others half-full.

"The discovery was made about five o'clock on Sunday evening."

The same bank had been attempted six or seven years before by a young man employed about the Western Police Station. This fellow had thought over the project till it had perhaps had an effect on his brain. At all events he showed a singular weakness of judgment in carrying out his plans. After working for a long time to collect a set of good chilled steel tools and wanting only an accomplice, he approached a sergeant of the station, who listened to his plans and readily agreed to help him carry them out.

Supposing the matter to be a joke, yet not entirely trusting his subordinate, the sergeant went to the spot appointed, to find the would-be burglar engaged according to agreement in making a hole in the wall. He promptly "assisted" to the best of his ability and the young man had plenty of time afterwards to meditate on the foolishness of asking a shepherd to help him kill sheep.

Since I have begun by speaking of one of the latest attempts on the Baltimore banks and have run back as the different cases have suggested themselves without regard to their chronological order, I shall continue to do so in still another case. This book does not pretend to be in any sense a presentation of the "annals" or "chronicles" of Baltimore, and I therefore feel at liberty to take the privilege of one who sits down towards the close of the afternoon to relate to some friend the occurrences of the morning and who does not find it necessary to say "this happened at ten o'clock," or "this at eleven."

The Eutaw Savings Bank building was a two-story brick building on Eutaw and Fayette Streets. While the week day was devoted to the care of money on the lower floor, Sunday always saw a bright-faced crowd of children climbing upstairs to the second story, which was used as a Sunday-school room by a Methodist Episcopal church.

No doubt when the teachers imparted to these youngsters the great truths about laying up treasures in another world and the vanity of riches here, they refrained from speaking of the admirable institution on the floor below with anything but the profoundest respect. Indeed, had they known it they might have got many a lesson and illustration from the vaults of the bank, which in the hour of trial proved to be impregnable. And there were other things which might have been said about the advantages of vigilance and sobriety and the miserable condition of the robber who has lost all shame and self-respect and goes sneaking about his evil work in silence and darkness. All of which would have been forcibly brought home by the occurrences in the Eutaw Savings Bank on the night of March 27, 1866.

The only means of access to the second story of the building was a stairway on the outside.

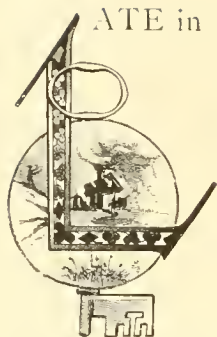
Gaining admission to the upper room by means of a key, and cutting a hole in the floor, the thief or thieves succeeded in removing some of the bricks from the arch of the upper vault.

While engaged in this work a noise was made that engaged the notice of the watchman, who made a careful examination of the cellar, and finding that there was nothing wrong there concluded that some of the occupants of a public-house in the rear were responsible for the disturbance.

The raiders must have known exactly the position of the vault they aimed to enter, for they struck it at once. That they entered through the aperture they had made there is no question, but they found the cross and transverse sections of granite and chilled steel with which they had to cope altogether too much for them. It is not improbable however that if this job had fallen into the hands of a Becker and an Elliott it would have been more successfully carried through.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEQUENCE OF A CRIME.



ATE in the afternoon of February 2, 1872, two men entered a cottage on the York road, about four miles out of Baltimore. One of these was a strongly built mechanic and the other a youth of the neighborhood, named Engle. The scene within the cottage revealed a fire, a few bottles of chemicals, some stuff which bore a resemblance to rubber and a little machinery.

A stranger's first impression would have been that it was the laboratory or workshop of an experimenter, and such a surmise would have been supported by the facts.

Bending over his pans and retorts, changing this combination or adjusting that, stood the genius of the place, so intent upon his work that he hardly noticed the intrusion till the elder of the visitors stood close beside him. Then he looked up and showed some surprise at seeing Engle, making a motion as though he would cover or conceal a portion of his apparatus. But a whisper from the other reassured him and presently he said, "Will, I wish you would

light that lamp for me. It is getting too dark to work here."

Udderzook, for that was the name of the man addressed, took the lamp from the table and tried to light it, but it refused to burn clearly. After a few moments Engle, who had been a close observer of the attempt, suggested that the wick might be reversed, but Udderzook objected, saying that it was too dangerous an experiment in a place which was full of chemicals.

"I am an interested party," he said, laughing, "for Mr. Goss has found a substitute for India rubber, which is going to make our everlasting fortunes, and as I have been backing him I naturally don't want to have anything happen to him just yet."

Goss looked up again in a warning way, as though he thought that his friend was talking too much; but just at that moment Engle offered to go to his house, which was near by, and get a light, and the elder man said that he would go with him. As they left the cottage they heard Goss, who had evidently been annoyed, lock the door behind them.

If the two, upon leaving the cottage, had looked about them carefully, they might have seen the lurking figure of a man who was evidently watching the building. Perhaps Udderzook did see him, but if so he gave no sign to his companion. Together they proceeded to Engle's house, but were some time in getting a lamp, so that by the time they came out of doors again it was quite dark—or, no! not quite; for there was a faint glow that broadened and brightened every moment till the sky was illuminated and the bare branches of the trees were outlined distinctly against it.

Animated by one thought they ran to a point from which

they could gain a view of the cottage. It was as they had surmised; from every window the flame was issuing and a dense volume of smoke gathered and eddied about the eaves or rose heavenward in a dense mass.

It takes but a little while for the cry of "Fire" to arouse the quietest neighborhood. From up and down the road and by every short cut people were hurrying to see what is always one of the most exhilarating spectacles. The mildest and most humane men seem to take an almost savage enjoyment in seeing the ungovernable flame take possession of some one else's property and devour it.

Foremost among those who arrived on the scene was Sergeant Cadwallader, of the Western Precinct, who did what he could to guide the crowd in some effectual work, but almost entirely in vain. There seemed nothing to do but to push in the burning shell as soon as it could be done and so prevent the fire from spreading further.

But now another feature was added to the disaster; a most unpleasant odor began to rise from the burning building.

"It is the rubber burning," said Engle.

"It is something worse," thought Udderzook.

Up to this time it had not occurred to any one, or at least not to more than one of those present, that there might be some one cremated in the cottage. Before the front of the building had got so hot the door had been tried and it was found locked.

Cadwallader succeeded in forming a line with a sort of battering-ram, with which a side of the wall was finally knocked in, and through the opening thus made some one, sharper eyed than the rest, declared that he could see the half-consumed body of a man.

What a sudden hush fell upon the crowd as those who had enjoyed the excitement of the fire realized that they

were spectators of a graver tragedy—that Goss, just as he had perfected his invention, at the moment that he saw a fortune within his grasp, had lost his life, perhaps through some piece of carelessness, among the ruins of the very apparatus which was to have done so much for him.

As soon as possible the almost unrecognizable coal of human flesh was drawn from the embers. One by one the little trinkets which he had worn were found and recognized. Those who knew Goss had no difficulty in identifying him, and it only remained for some one to carry the sad news of his death to his widow, Udderzook's sister-in-law.

Of course the latter took charge of the remains as soon as the coroner's jury had done their duty and settled that Winfield Scott Goss had come by his death through an accident. With a decent show of grief the brother-in-law superintended the arrangements by which the last signs of respect were shown to the unfortunate inventor.

From the grief-stricken house at No. 314 Eutaw Street, the funeral cortege went one February afternoon, and then all except those most nearly connected with Goss would probably in a little while have almost forgotten that such a man had ever lived had not a single circumstance served to keep his memory alive. Goss had carried a very large insurance upon his life, the widow had applied for the amount of \$25,000, for which his policies called, and the companies were contesting the claim.

There is nothing unusual in the fact of the refusal of an insurance company to pay a claim of that kind, but the amount surprised those who heard of it, as it seemed a great deal for a workman, a gilder, to pay premiums upon. Only Udderzook, who had persuaded Goss to assume larger policies and who had furnished him with money to meet his premiums, expressed no surprise. He fought the bat-

tle with the insurance companies coolly and finally succeeded in gaining a verdict in his sister's favor. This was a matter which took time. Half a year passed before it was settled and then, after point by point had been successfully contested, the companies began the conflict anew.

The points made by the companies were principally that Goss was carrying more insurance than his income warranted and that the charred remains found in the burning building were not sufficient to prove the fact of the death of the insured. But at last a verdict was rendered in favor of Mrs. Goss, and a mandamus granted by the Court, compelling the companies to pay the policies to her.

The devoted brother, whose labors in his sister's behalf had been so patient and unremitting, had begun to show the effects of his untiring energy. He was beginning to look somewhat careworn. No doubt the fatigue and worry had been too much for him, unless indeed some other cause for care was giving his cheek and brow their furrows and his eye that furtive, harassed look.

Udderzook took to watching for the postman and reading certain letters in secret, answering them with care. Often the letters which he sent in reply contained money. He made good wages and was a sober, industrious workman, but he could not but feel a secret drain upon his pocket-book ; perhaps that was what worried him.

One day, as he stood at the door of his house, a man stepped up and spoke to him, a forlorn fellow enough, who showed unmistakable signs of drink and debauchery, and yet Udderzook turned white and shivered as he saw him.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, as soon as he could find voice.

"I am tired of this ; no one knows me here, and I want more money," was the reply.

"Where do you think I can get it—haven't I given you all I could get hold of? You know we haven't got anything yet. For God's sake, come away somewheres out of this or we will both get in trouble." One would hardly have recognized the careful cool brother in this angry man, who, however, was fast regaining control of himself and at the same time getting the mastery over his besotted companion. "Come away," he insisted, "and I will talk with you."

He took his unwelcome visitor down to the wharves and there in one of the meanest taverns in Baltimore kept him hidden all that spring day. Their conversation was deep and earnest, but at the same time guarded and low, so that no one could overhear it.

After nightfall Wilson, for that was what the stranger was called, departed, going on a Philadelphia train as far as that city and thence to a little country place in Pennsylvania.

It would have been evident to any one at all cognizant with the facts that Udderzook had not only been engaged in something which he was afraid to have exposed, but also that he had a confederate in the matter. Whatever the crime was it would also be apparent that Wilson was a party to it.

After the visit just narrated Wilson's letters became more frequent and more impatient. He made imperative demands for money, which the other was not always able to meet.

About this time Udderzook, who was by trade a maker of edge tools, gave a great deal of attention to something which he evidently was making for himself, judging by the care he bestowed upon it. This was a long knife or dirk, keen, double-edged and well-tempered. He knew just how to fashion such an implement, just how long to leave it in

the blaze of his charcoal fire and at what instant, as the colors chased along the blade from orange to blue, to plunge it in the bath of oil. Then how he ground and polished it; trying first point, then edge, to see whether there was any flaw, any weak spot. It was a slender, wicked, beautiful weapon that a man might cut a piece of silk with or——

Udderzook was proud of his handiwork; one could easily see that by the way he handled it, holding it horizontally and cutting the air with a swift motion of the wrist or thrusting it downwards as though he was searching, probing with it. But he was content to enjoy this wonderful knife by himself, since he had made it entirely for himself, and showed it to no one. Not every one could have refrained from exhibiting what he was so proud of, but Udderzook was a peculiar man and latterly he had become reticent.

Finally, in the month of June, when the long fight with the insurance companies was nearly at an end and the fatigues of the spring and winter had begun to tell upon him, Udderzook resolved that he would pay a visit to his old mother, who lived in the country, in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Sam Rhoades was a brother-in-law, with whom he was not always on good terms, to be sure, because Rhoades imagined that Udderzook had overreached him at one time, but still they might find an interest or two in common.

The train that left Philadelphia in the morning arrived at the town of West Grove, from which there is no railroad to Jennerville, the little town where Udderzook's mother lived, which is but a mile or two beyond. When the knife-maker got off at the West Grove Station he had with him a companion, who even at that hour seemed to be the worse for drink. There were no conveyances to be had, so the companions started to walk, taking as they went a short cut

through the woods. The green foliage of the early summer was delightful, every tree seemed full of music and the little brook where the other man stopped to quench his thirst laughed in the sunshine.

As the drinker bent over the stream Udderzook's hand sought the handle of his dirk and was withdrawn again. There was something in the day, in the recollections which it brought up, perhaps, which prevented him from carrying out the purpose which for one instant gleamed from his eyes. But when Wilson—for it was that mysterious being—looked up from his unaccustomed draught his face was stony in its composure.

They passed a farmhouse on the way and Wilson insisted on going up there for cherries; a purpose from which his companion tried in vain to dissuade him.

The knife-maker persuaded Wilson that they had better not be seen, for reasons best known to themselves and sufficient in the eyes of both of them, so the twain sat down in the shadow of a thicket and Wilson fell asleep. Again Udderzook seemed to be steeling himself for some terrible purpose, and again he refrained. The breeze came through the trees, and the waking man trembled and shivered as though it was cold; but Wilson slept securely.

After that they went on once more, reaching the home of the old lady late in the day. Leaving Wilson in an orchard near by, Udderzook went across the road to his mother's house, only to find that she was out; so as a last resort he concluded to take his companion to a small country hotel in the neighborhood. After many cautions on the one hand and promises on the other, this plan was carried into effect.

Early in the morning the master-spirit endeavored to borrow a horse and wagon, but failing to get anything

more than the horse he unwillingly left Wilson at the hotel and went up the road a little way to Rhoades' farm, where he found his sister. After dinner she accompanied him to the field where her husband was at work, and the two men, retiring to a little distance, held a long, earnest discussion, in which Rhoades listened to the other's proposition without giving him any answer, further than that he would consent to have Wilson come to the house and stay there for awhile.

There was a stable at the village of Penningtonville and as Mrs. Rhoades said that she was going there Udderzook walked up with her and then procured a horse and wagon, after which he returned to the hotel where he left Wilson, who was ill that day and unable to walk, and taking him in, started off, having first procured a liberal supply of whiskey from Mr. Jeffreys, the landlord.

But Wilson never arrived at the Rhoades' house. After awhile the knife-maker returned alone, and in answer to inquiries said that his friend had decided to leave by the train and that he had taken him over to the railroad station. Then having returned the wagon and horse he went to his mother's house and rested.

She was no doubt glad to see him; what mother is not glad to see her boy, or will fail to be pleased and complimented that he has thought enough of her to come a long way to visit her? Probably she kissed him, and laid her withered wrinkled hands on his shoulders, and with a woman's undying affection was proud of him.

She may have thought him changed and more restless and silent by turns than he used to be. But if she could only imagine what was before those unhappy eyes day and night, could even mother love have survived it?

Every shadow that came across from the orchard in the

evening seemed to him to be taking a familiar form; the quick rustle of a bird's wing startled him; the patches of morning sunlight on the grass grew red as he looked.

He felt that his nerves were shaken, yet could hardly have expressed the utter misery that seemed to have taken possession of him.

Finally he said good-bye and went away from the village, and his mother stood in the doorway and watched him go down the road.

A few days later some people passing a piece of woods between West Grove and Jennerville noticed a great number of crows that collected near a thicket of young chestnut-trees and seemed loth to fly away when disturbed, rising heavily and going but a little distance.

Curiosity prompted investigation and the searchers found to their horror the dismembered trunk and head of a man whose face had been battered beyond recognition. This the carrion birds had uncovered in its shallow grave. The most intense excitement prevailed, and before long the finger of suspicion began to point to Udderzook, whose companion, Wilson, had so mysteriously disappeared.

There were several causes which led to the idea that Udderzook was the guilty man. The fact that he and Wilson had driven off together, and that while the former had stayed in the neighborhood for several days afterwards the latter had utterly disappeared, was the first. Added to this was the circumstance of the breaking of the dash-board of the wagon used, as though there had been a struggle; but more damning than all was the testimony of Samuel Rhoades, who alleged that the accused had approached him with a proposition to assist in murdering a man who had a thousand dollars (as he understood it) about his person.

The coroner's verdict was as follows: "That this man,

whose name is unknown, came to his death between the hours of 7 P. M. July 1st and 8½ A. M., on July 2d, 1873, from wounds inflicted with a dirk knife or other sharp instrument in the hands of Wm. E. Udderzook of Baltimore, Md., either himself or assisted by others."

The sheriff of Chester County, David Gill, came himself to Baltimore on the morning of July 16, to apprehend the murderer. He reported at the Marshal's office and applied for assistance. While one of the officers detailed went to Udderzook's place of residence, the other, Detective Thomas Carroll, proceeded to Messrs. Otto Duker & Co.'s, on President Street, where he was employed, and there found him and at once took him to the Central Station. Sheriff Gill there identified him as the man wanted in Chester County, and on the following morning, after a night spent in confinement, he took leave of his wife and children and was removed to West Chester, Pa., where he was imprisoned to await his trial.

After the arrest of Udderzook, while we were waiting for the requisition to extradite him to Pennsylvania, a scene was reported to us by a negress which convinced me at once that he was guilty. This woman said that from her window, which overlooked that of the room in which the prisoner was confined, she saw his wife come in and fling herself upon the floor, grasping him with her arms flung about his knees and giving way to an abandonment of grief. Suddenly he rose, pushed her away and putting both hands to his throat staggered across the room, showing every sign of horror and despair. The thought that then flashed across my mind was intuitive—I felt that there was no mistake.

Udderzook's behavior after his return from his mother's home had been exemplary. He had betrayed no unusual emotion or excitement, was neither particularly reticent nor

noticeably restless. He went to work immediately at his trade and pursued his usual calm, temperate, industrious mode of life, so that when the detective finally put his hand on him and said, "You are my prisoner, Mr. Udderzook," every one who knew him was astonished.

The evidence was all circumstantial, but of a character so strong and convincing that from the first it seemed impossible to doubt the guilt of the prisoner. He was represented by able counsel, whose efforts in his behalf could only stay the course of events. And yet to the end he showed the same calmness of demeanor, and only those who watched him narrowly, could see the tightening cords in his throat, the swollen veins and the hunted look in his eyes.

As the case proceeded a curious question presented itself, a riddle which for a time bid fair to baffle every one.

Who was the mysterious A. C. Wilson? Was he also a criminal, fleeing from justice? Did the hand of an accomplice only anticipate the hand of the law?

He had disappeared—but before that where did he come from? In the whole length and breadth of the land there was not an A. C. Wilson missing, nor any one answering to his description. But stay: there was one man who in his build, in habits, in character, by every mark by which a resemblance could be noted had resembled this man who called himself A. C. Wilson; that was the man over whose death the insurance companies had been fighting—Winfield Scott Goss.

But Goss had been buried. Some one had been buried who had borne Goss's name and over whom the courts had been in a ferment for over six months—was it possible that after all the insurance companies, who had so strenuously insisted that there was no proof positive of his death, had been in the right?

Gradually all the facts of the great conspiracy to defraud the companies came to light; bit by bit the whole dark secret was unraveled; by letters, photography and all the modern methods which so aid the course of justice the identity of the murdered man with the other, who was supposed to have perished long before, was established. It was almost as though the wretched creature had died two deaths.

One line of inquiry was instituted by the insurance companies and conducted by their detectives. By them the wanderings of Goss, under the *alias* of Wilson, were traced from city to city through the East, into Canada, and among the Western states. A ring which Udderzook overlooked and which was afterwards found near the body of the murdered Wilson was proved to have belonged to the much-insured Goss. Even the body was recognized as being that of Wilson and also of Goss.

Between the companies' agents and the authorities of Chester County, the volume of evidence brought was overwhelming and at last the case was submitted to the jury.

Judge Butler's legal opinion on this occasion was notable. During the examination of witnesses, the arguments of lawyers, the charge of the Court, the verdict of the jury and the sentence pronounced upon him, the prisoner, against whom a mountain of evidence seldom equalled had been piled up, sat impassive and unaffected, playing with his little daughter or interesting himself with whatever might be transpiring in the court-room. Not once did he lose his marvellous composure, even when he came to the scaffold, but to the last protested his innocence, so that many people, overlooking the chain of facts which, as Judge Butler said, "was long enough to twice enfold the prisoner," doubted whether he was really the guilty wretch he had been adjudged.

A confession, printed several years later, but purporting to have been written by Udderzook while in the jail at West Chester, and probably authentic, gives the details of his crime. In it no smallest incident is omitted, and reading it one does not know whether most to execrate the fiend who could deliberately plan and execute so atrocious a crime, or pity the wretch who having taken the first step in crime found himself impelled by every motive of self-interest and self-preservation to continue to the bitter end.

Udderzook was a man of more than average intelligence: he had come into Maryland with Pennsylvania troops and had afterwards been with a Maryland regiment, from which he was mustered out at the close of the war. At one time he had shown a leaning to art, and had given lessons in painting. In his work as a maker of edged tools he excelled, and of his life, with the exception of the crime that led to its dishonorable close, nothing evil is known.

Besides Udderzook and Goss there was but one other who was supposed to know of the plot to defraud the insurance companies; that was Goss's brother, with whom he was thought to have escaped on the night of the fire, and who drove the culprit away in a wagon which he had in waiting.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WHARTON-KETCHUM CASE AND OTHERS.



ARDLY less exciting than the attempt of Goss and his brother-in-law to defraud the insurance companies was a case which occurred in July of the previous year. Although the incidents were not so dramatic, yet the interest was enhanced by the fact that the Wharton-Ketchum case, as it was called, touched people of high social standing in the city.

On the 10th of July, 1871, the following warrant was ordered :

“ Please issue bench warrant on the oath of Deputy Marshal Frey for the apprehension of Mrs. Henry Wharton, residing at No 263 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, upon the charge of feloniously, wilfully and of her malice aforethought, poisoning, killing and murdering General Ketchum, of the United States Army, June 28th, 1871. Issue also bench warrant against the same party for attempting to poison Eugene Van Ness, on the 24th of June, 1871, on the oath of Deputy Marshal Frey.

“ FREDERICK PINKNEY,

“ *Deputy State's Attorney for the city of Baltimore.*”

This lady, who was charged with a crime of so black a nature, was the widow of a major in the regular army, and had an assured position among people of wealth and refinement. The apparent motive for the deed charged in the warrant lay in the fact of a debt which Mrs. Wharton owed General Ketchum. It is hardly possible to conceive of a condition of affairs more startling to the community than that which was brought about by the disclosures which led to the issuing of the warrant just quoted.

The late Major Wharton had had an old army associate and friend who occasionally visited the residence of his widow. This was General Ketchum, of the regular army. On the 23d day of June he visited her home on Hamilton Place, intending to stay several days. The next day he was taken suddenly ill and a physician, Dr. P. C. Williams, was called in. It so happened that while several gentlemen who called to visit the General were in the house they drank of some beer which Mrs. Wharton offered to them, and one of the number, Mr. Van Ness, became so violently sick that he was unable to leave the house. He was attended by his family physician, Dr. Chew.

General Ketchum died on the 28th of the month, and the illness of Mr. Van Ness led the people to suspect that his death was not due to natural causes. His remains were removed to Washington, but before interment, Professor William E. A. Aikin, of the Maryland University, analyzed the contents of his stomach, at the request of his brother-in-law, Paymaster-General Brice, and after concluding his work reported the discovery of twenty grains of tartar emetic. To make the chain of circumstances stronger it was found that Mrs. Wharton was hastening preparations which had been already begun to leave for Europe *via* New York, on the 10th of July.

Mr. Eugene Van Ness was a clerk in the house of Alexander Brown & Sons, the bankers, and was said to have known a great deal about Mrs. Wharton's private accounts. He had received, it was stated, a glass of beer from Mrs. Wharton's own hands, and laid it aside, and this was afterwards analyzed and said to contain fifteen grains of tartar emetic. This discovery occurred on the day that General Ketchum died. The facts were communicated to us by Dr. Williams.

These occurrences sufficiently explain and justify the application upon which the warrant was issued. Immediately after receiving it I went to Mrs. Wharton's house and took her into custody.

On the morning of December 2, Mrs. Wharton was notified that she was to be removed from Baltimore City Jail to Annapolis for trial. Her council were Messrs. I. Nevitt Steele and John H. Thomas. When the order for her arrest was served, Judge Gilmor, who received an application for bail, decided to refer the matter to the grand jury. Mrs. Wharton and her daughter, who had been permitted to occupy the same room with her in the jail, remained till transferred to Annapolis.

This journey from the jail to the steamer was made in a hack which had been procured by her friends. The prisoner was accompanied by Warden Irvin, Mrs. Neilson, Miss Wharton, and so quietly was the departure made that no one except a few policemen knew what was taking place. The steamer "Samuel J. Pentz" conveyed the party to Annapolis, and on the way Mrs. Wharton seemed in good spirits until the sight of the crowd of fifty or sixty people who had gathered to witness her arrival caused her considerable annoyance.

The trial of Mrs. Wharton for the poisoning of General

Ketchum commenced on the 4th of December, and lasted for forty-three days, concluding upon the 24th of January. It was a long and bitter fight, but mostly a fight among the physicians and scientists, who discussed all the *pros* and *cons* of antimonial and kindred topics to their hearts' content.

The most damaging testimony was given and rebutted. It was shown that Mrs. Wharton had purchased tartar emetic at the time that General Ketchum was taken sick, and then that she had used it for another purpose. At one time there was every reason to believe that the case was going against her, but toward the last things began to look brighter for the prisoner. On the last day of the trial, as the carriage in which she was taken from the court-room to the jail appeared, a rush was made by an excited crowd, who all seemed eager to catch a glimpse of her. At ten minutes before ten the jury sent word that they had agreed and Mrs. Wharton was again sent for, returning in the company of her friends, escorted by Sheriff Chairs. She was dressed in black and wore a veil through which her emotion, if she betrayed any, could not be observed. A few moments later the jury were brought in, and the prisoner rose and in obedience to direction lifted her right hand.

The clerk then said, according to the usual formula: "Gentlemen of the Jury, look upon the prisoner at the bar. How say you? is she guilty of the matter whereof she stands indicted or not guilty?"

During a breathless silence Mr. Franklin Deale, the foreman of the jury, rose and said: "Not guilty."

The movement toward applause was speedily checked, the friends of the acquitted woman crowded around her with their congratulations, and the great trial was over. It had been noteworthy not only because of the gravity of

the crime charged and the high standing of the parties involved, but also for the opportunity for the exercise of great ability on the part of the legal gentlemen who took part in it. Attorney-General Sylvester and State's Attorney Revell, whose reputations were hardly surpassed in the country, assumed the case for the state. Opposed to them were lawyers of great ability, whose efforts to acquit their client on this occasion was not their least brilliant performance.

No case has ever awakened more anxious interest here than this, and perhaps never has the verdict of a jury done less to still popular debate on the subject. There were many who held that Mrs. Wharton was freed, but not cleared; that through the carelessness of a chemist alone had she escaped. Rather than "not guilty" they said, the conclusion should have been simply, "not proven."

The papers of the day reviewed the incidents of the affair. Especially was the failure of Professor Aikin to make his analysis complete referred to in the bitterest terms.

It was felt by many people that the brilliant services of her able counsel, coupled with the bungling work of the scientific experts, had conspired to set at liberty one of the greatest criminals of the age, a woman who had in cold blood sinned against every law of hospitality, friendship and humanity, while filling a high social position and posing as a person of religious convictions.

On the other hand, many deplored the insufficiency of the evidence which should leave the slightest cloud upon the reputation of one whom they regarded as an innocent martyr to a diabolical combination of circumstances that seemed to close about their victim like a net. It is but just to say that there are very many people who held and still

hold this latter opinion and regard Mrs. Wharton's trial and all the circumstances surrounding it somewhat in the nature of a persecution.

We have no right to go beyond the "Not guilty" of that jury, though it may well be regretted that any doubt should linger or that this woman, if innocent, should still carry upon her memory the stain and shadow of a great crime.

Another celebrated case in which I was constrained to take no little interest was that of a brute named Nicholson, to whom was due the death of Mrs. Lampley. It was in every respect the very opposite of the Wharton affair, for not only were the position and prominence of the people very different, but the circumstances were of a more brutal though perhaps not more revolting nature.

On the night of the 2nd of January, 1873, two officers came to the house of the veteran Detective Pontier, and told him that a woman had been slain at No. 102 Mulligan Street. As he hastened to the scene of this crime, Pontier heard the story of his visitors, who it seems had gone first to the house in response to a request from young Lampley, who believed that somebody was after his father's chickens. There they found that the elder Mrs. Lampley was dead, and the strong box in which her frugal husband kept his savings, amounting to several thousand dollars, was gone.

Mr. Pontier, with Detective Shaffer, stayed around the premises all that night and the next day, carefully examining everything with the instinct of well-trained detective officers. They used their eyes and ears, talked with everyone from whom they thought it possible to obtain a clue, and followed every thread of evidence with a sagacity that seemed unerring. There were marks upon the throat of the woman, marks that had been made by human fingers. A chisel had been used to pry open a cupboard, and a chisel

found in an alley near by fitted exactly the dents made in the wood-work. There was a deaf mute, a son of Mrs. Sprague, living at home, who recognized the tool as one belonging to him to which he had fitted a handle recently. One Hollohan was said to have had it last. The excitement of the poor mute and his efforts to communicate when he first caught sight of the tool were almost pitiful. He recognized it at once. So the story was pieced together day by day.

I went to Lampley's house at once and found the condition of affairs saddening enough. There was the daughter of the dead woman, weeping over her mother's body; the husband, who for the first time in many years had been to the theatre that night, was distracted and amazed at the magnitude of the calamity which had overtaken him, while the son was dazed and unnerved. The shutters of the window near which Mrs. Lampley's chair had been placed were closed. The remains of a luncheon were on a table in the adjoining room and also two packages of cakes and confectionery which Mrs. Lampley had prepared for Nicholson's children. Nicholson had married a granddaughter of old Mrs. Lampley. After his arrest he was questioned pretty closely and finally offered a confession that put the chief blame upon his associate Hollohan, who was an inmate of Mrs. Sprague's boarding-house. The story in brief was this: Nicholson had heard his mother-in-law, and in fact all the family, discuss the fact of the elder Lampley having money concealed in the house and had imparted this knowledge to Hollohan. Learning in the afternoon before the old woman's death that Lampley was going to Ford's Opera House that night, they met at about seven o'clock and proceeded to the house and were courteously received by Mrs. Lampley, who offered

them cakes and wine. They partook of the old lady's hospitality, but left the cakes which the grandmother had put up in paper for Nicholson's children, of whom she was very fond.

The next step was to ascertain if the coast was perfectly clear, and for this purpose the men asked where Lampley Jr. was and she said that he was in a saloon near and that she would go for him. Hollohan said that he would do that and went out to fasten the gate and shutters which opened upon the alley. Having done so he returned and the wretches announced to the venerable woman their intention of killing her. She begged piteously for her life, plead with them to spare her, but to no purpose. Nicholson claimed that he then went out and left Hollohan to finish the deed, but Hollohan denied that statement emphatically.

Between them they made an end of the kind old woman and then ransacked the house, with the effect that has been stated.

The scene in court was full of interest when Nicholson's confession was admitted and the trial of his associate and himself was in progress. Sullenly Hollohan listened to the damning testimony that was being piled up against him and to the eloquent words of the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Revell, who pictured the diabolical treachery of the man who could accept the hospitality of his hostess and then turn to slay her.

Suddenly, without any warning, Hollohan sprang from the place where he had sat, and with some pieces of iron which he had wrapped in a stocking and had found some means to conceal, he rushed toward me with an oath. The spring was like that of a wild animal, so sudden that I had no time to avoid him, and in a moment I felt a sickening

blow upon my head and the blood poured from the wound which the desperado had inflicted.

I had been sitting just inside of the rail, almost facing the prisoner, so that when he made the attack the impetus of it carried him past me and into the very arms of several people who started forward to avert the blow. They would, I think, have killed him on the spot, if rough handling could do it, but fortunately I was not seriously, though badly, wounded, and had not lost control of my senses. I succeeded in laying my hand on the prisoner and reminding those around that he belonged to the State. So we led him back to his place. Nicholson got nearly to the door, but was captured and brought back.

This effort had one inevitable effect. Had the jury inclined to leniency it would have been hardened to obduracy by such an action. It showed a guilty conscience on the part of the accused which could not be explained away.

The intense excitement that prevailed in the court-room was at length quieted and Mr. Revell concluded his argument, ingeniously using the weapon which the prisoner had put in his hand.

Hollohan was sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for his crime. He was a hardened reprobate, whose acquaintance with the inside of a jail did not begin on that occasion. Nicholson gained a delay, but was sentenced later and executed at the same time as his associate in crime.

There was another shocking affair in which the confession of a man saved him from the gallows. That was the notorious Unger, whose name is forever associated with what the newspapers called the "Great Trunk Mystery." It will be remembered that this man slew his friend, and then in a moment of fright dismembered the body and expressed it in a trunk to Baltimore, where it soon claimed

investigation. Upon being confronted with the evidence of his misdeed, Unger made a full confession in which he alleged that he had slain the man in self-defence. As the State may not accept part of a confession and reject the rest, there was the necessity of accepting that view of the situation and sentencing the prisoner to the penalty for the minor crime.

A Mrs. Menzies, the wife of James Menzies, a resident of Baltimore, was the subject of a series of unaccountable persecutions. Attacks were made against her which were evidently invented to destroy her life and which only failed of their purpose owing to a succession of providential interpositions, which seemed as strange and unfathomable as the efforts to do mischief.

Mrs. Menzies was an estimable woman against whom no offence could be charged. Her character afforded no clue to the malice of her unknown assailant.

The first attack which attracted notice occurred on the 24th of August, 1880. The lady was standing in the door of her home on Franklin Street, and thinking as little of any possible danger as any lady similarly situated might do to-day, when the quick motion of a man who was passing attracted her attention. Before she could realize, however, that any mischief to herself was meditated, she was struck upon the cheek by some missile which gave her sharp pain and almost immediately caused the skin to blister.

Although frightened and stung by this dastardly attack, the lady was inclined to consider it rather the effect of rowdyism than of any more baleful purpose, and while suffering somewhat from the effects of it, was not at all seriously hurt and anticipated no return of the miscreant.

But on the evening of the next day, when turning to close the front door after bidding adieu to a lady caller, she

was again startled by seeing something coming toward her which before she could step aside struck her dress. It was a phial containing vitriol and the deadly contents spilled upon the fabric burned it badly, but failed to come in contact with the flesh.

This repetition of the attempt of the day before filled the intended victim with terror. What before had seemed like the wanton attack of some drunken ruffian was now interpreted to be an incident in a conspiracy to destroy her health and perhaps her life. Nor were her friends less alarmed. Every means were used to prevent a repetition of the assault. A watchman was employed to keep guard over the house and find if possible the perpetrator of these deeds, but with no effect.

Two days went by and Mrs. Menzies began to recover somewhat from her alarm, as no further attempt to harm her had been made. Nervousness had in a measure given place to a feeling of security, and it was thought that possibly after all, the sudden appearance of some crazy man might have been followed by his as sudden departure from the neighborhood.

On the third day, while sitting in her parlor, the persecuted woman was startled by having a small paper parcel thrown through the open window into the room. In alarm she made a hasty exit and summoned assistance. The package which had failed of its purpose was in the nature of an infernal machine, constructed with considerable care and ingenuity. Its outer wrapper was a paper soaked in turpentine and partly filled with a green powder, besides containing an arrangement of matches and sand-paper. The unquestionable purpose was to set fire to the occupant of the room if possible, and failing in this to create a blaze around her. Owing to the poor aim of the assassin and the prompt

action of Mrs. Menzies this attempt also failed to accomplish its purpose.

In the whole range of criminal attacks I hardly know of one on a person in private life which will exceed this one. Certainly nothing could have given greater alarm to the persecuted lady or her family. The throwing of the bomb was not, however, the last effort of the miscreant by any means.

From the time that the infernal machine came flying through her parlor window the unhappy victim of persecution resolved to avoid the front of the house altogether. Not daring to appear out of doors, or even at the windows, and becoming a close prisoner in the rear of the house in mid-summer, was the distressing condition to which Mrs. Menzies was now reduced. The situation was almost unbearable. At the rear of the house was a yard surrounded by a brick wall, and upon this circumscribed landscape opened a window which was thus apparently protected fully against any invader. At this window, in order to get what little air might be stirring, she sat.

No imprisoned lady, shut up in a feudal castle, was ever more really a prisoner than was Mrs. Menzies. But at her brick-guarded window at least she felt safe. Judge then what must have been her horror, when a strange man suddenly ran into this secluded little domain, and evidently knowing her position accurately, threw vitriol again upon her, this time with better aim, burning her body as well as her clothing, and adroitly escaping before she could see or recognize his features.

Mr. Menzies redoubled his efforts to capture or discover the scoundrel who was thus making his wife's existence miserable, but without success. The whole affair, after the fourth attempt, was as deeply clothed in mystery as after

the first. At no time had the victim seen her assailant clear enough to recognize him beyond the fact that she was confident that it was a man.

As though vitriol and inflammable bombs were not fiendish enough, the persecuter, unable to accomplish his purpose otherwise, exercised his ingenuity in another direction, and again the unseen hand warded danger from the helpless woman.

On Saturday, the 30th of August, a ring at the door-bell sounded while Mr. Menzies was away, and the usual scrutiny, induced by fear, having failed to disclose any one more terrible than a small boy, the door was opened and the urchin admitted. He was a messenger, he said, sent by Mr. Menzies with some sweet rusks which he thought his wife would enjoy. He had found them at a confectioner's and considered them particularly good, said the messenger.

Mrs. Menzies supposed the boy to be one employed by her husband at his office, so she took the rusks from him without question. They looked very inviting, but as fortune would have it, the wife was not hungry enough to nibble the sweet evidences of her husband's thoughtfulness. She laid them aside therefore until dinner-time and had almost forgotten them when something which was said during dinner reminded her of them and she rose and got the rusks, placing them on the table and thanking him jokingly for his very polite attention to her tastes. As she proceeded the gentleman first looked puzzled, then terrified.

"You have not eaten any of them?" he said. His wife answered that she had not, and alarmed at his evident suspicion said, "Why, did you not send them?"

"No," was the emphatic reply.

In an instant both saw the diabolical plot that had been made and how nearly it had succeeded. The rusks were

carefully removed for examination, and upon being analyzed proved to have been plentifully "sugared" with arsenic.

As there seemed to be no safety in seclusion the lady went out to call the evening of the second day following. She had been suffering from sore throat, but having only a short distance to go, thought she might do so with impunity. Her husband was down town when she went out, having been detained on business, but when she returned she found evidence that he had been back and had been thoughtful of her health and comfort, for on her dressing-table was a package containing a small bottle of cough medicine and a note directing her to take a spoonful.

Had it not been for former experiences, the prussic acid with which the phial was afterwards found to have been filled, would no doubt have done its fatal work, but wisdom had come with experience and she prudently concluded to wait for her husband's return.

Whether the would-be assassin made up his mind after this venture that the lady bore a charmed life or whether retribution for some other and more successful crime overtook him will probably never be known. The throat medicine was the last thing attempted, and from that day the persecution ceased as suddenly and mysteriously as it had begun, leaving no clue as to the lunatic or fiend who had been engaged in it.

Without doubt few people have ever had within the space of one short week, so much cause to believe in special Providences.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CHAPTER OF CHAT.



THE very recent overturning of the New York police force and the fact that the captains of different precincts, as well as others, have been generally shifted around, suggests a comment. The only wise course, indeed the only possible course, to pursue in such a case as that, is to make a general change; not to discharge men who may be subject to the suspicion of having gotten too well acquainted with their districts. There used to be, and perhaps still is, a curious custom followed by the proprietor of the *New York Herald*. Newspaper men have often told how some fine morning everybody in that great hive, except the heads of departments and those in responsible positions, would be gathered around the doors talking, idle, buzzing and humming in a way not unlike a swarm of bees.

The order had come, as it did come every once in a while, from James Gordon Bennett: "Shake things up." Then the sub-editors and the art critics and the various styles and grades of reporters, together with all the rest of the

busy force of the great paper were suddenly discharged—to be taken back in an hour or so, each in a different capacity.

Now that sort of an order may do with a big newspaper, but it would never work with a big police department. If the individual officer is derelict in his duty let him be relieved at once, but no force that has been drilling for years can be replaced in a day or week or month. The work of organizing a police force is like the work of growing an orchard—it takes time.

Not long ago some one asked where our navy was. A patriotic American at once replied: "Why, how can you ask? Have you been asleep? Have you never seen the "Baltimore" and the "New York" and all the rest of our new cruisers? Don't you know that the country has spent millions of dollars to build and equip war vessels which shall take away our 'No navy' reproach and equal anything of their class in the world?" "Yes," said the questioner, quietly, "I know all about the new cruisers, I see the new ships—but where is the navy?"

All the appliances and conveniences and ordinances in the world will not make an efficient navy or army or police department till you have secured trained men to accompany them.

And when this is done and the work all seems to be well in hand, some critic arises and says: "Oh! yes, the police had better pay less attention to display and more to keeping down vice:" just as if vice ever could be kept down as long as vicious men exist. You cannot legislate it out of existence. It is a wound that can be dressed and covered up and hidden from sight, but cannot be cured until the body is entirely restored to a healthy condition, and that cure it does not seem to be within the province of the police to effect.

I often hear it said that the police department might root out certain forms of vice if they only would. People sometimes have been known to insinuate that policemen are often in league with law-breakers and shield them instead of punishing them. This is a very unreasonable and incorrect view to hold, because it is not true and can only be made by those who are not acquainted with the facts.

Now there are certain forms of vice that seem to be inherent in depraved human nature. They have grown into our civilization to such an extent that it is practically impossible to eradicate them. Vice may be curtailed and crowded into narrow limits by legislation and the proper enforcement of law; but not until some other influence has changed the appetites of men will certain forms of evil be done away.

One or two incidents which occur to me will illustrate the difficulty of dealing with organized vice. Several years ago, there was a region in the vicinity of the present Calvert Station which was known as the "Meadows." Here in a narrow radius, was hived the greatest part of the iniquity of our city—gambling-dens, dance-houses, saloons and places of worse repute abounded on every street and alley. It was perhaps all a man's life was worth to go through the "Meadows" after night; but everybody knew where it was and respectable people gave these streets a wide berth and sought their destination by a longer and safer route.

In course of time the Northern Central Railroad sought a terminus in our city and placed their station where it now is, in the very heart of our "Five Points." After travel commenced over this road, passengers arriving at Calvert Station were obliged to pass through this sink in order to reach their hotels or homes. Frequent and loud

complaints were made that the "Meadows" must be mowed and the unsavory crops gathered in. Finally it was done. One after another the dens of infamy were closed and the "meadows" drained. But what was the result? East and west and south they went and set up their brothels in every part of the city. The polyp was divided and true to its nature every part sprung forth again with life and to-day with our growing city we have a dozen "meadows," if not as thriving and bold and dangerous as the old, yet at least sufficiently troublesome and dangerous.

Then again it is very hard to prove a case against experienced law-breakers of this class. Not long since complaints reached the Department that a house of unsavory character had been opened in one of the most fashionable quarters of our city. The complaint was made by a committee of citizens living in the locality and their testimony was the most assuring kind of indirect evidence, such evidence as a skillful lawyer would pare down to nothing. We sent a detective to the house and learned that it was being kept by a woman whose house had been closed but a few months before by us. We recognized in her one of the wildest women of her class and we made preparations for a long, hard fight.

We sent for the captain in whose district the house was located and gave him orders to see her and try to get her to move away. The captain said he did not think he could accomplish anything with the woman, who would act the part of an injured innocent; but he went as directed.

Within an hour the woman was before me with a look of surprise in her face and an interrogation point in every action. She seated herself complacently, folded her pretty hands and said: "Marshal, what would you like?" I explained to her that a committee of citizens had recently

waited upon me and made complaint that she was keeping a house out of character with the street in which it is located—"They have given me evidence that you are up to your old tricks again."

The woman protested her innocence of the charge made against her and ended with defying the whole city to prove that her house was not respectable.

I told her that I could already prove that it was not and I urged her to save me and herself trouble by moving out of that street.

She flatly refused to do it and politely told me to my face that she did not fear my proofs nor my detectives.

It is not necessary to say more than that in the course of a month we had our evidence all complete. I then took the documents to the Grand Jury myself and laid the case before them. They promptly indicted her and I congratulated myself upon getting rid of the nuisance with comparatively little trouble.

A day or so after I called on the prosecuting attorney and learned to my utter surprise that he had entered *nolle prosequi* in the case. I asked him why he had done so, and he replied that a prominent official had waited on him and convinced him that there was nothing in the charge and that it had been trumped up to annoy a well-meaning and innocent woman.

I told the attorney that he had been misinformed and showed him my proofs in the case, and told him how the woman had brazenly defied the law in my office. He was quite surprised at the array of testimony I had collected and went himself that day and had her re-indicted upon the same charge.

Two days later the woman waited upon the foreman of the Grand Jury and labored with him about the case. She

protested her innocence of the charge and implored him to withdraw the indictment. He told her that the proofs were incontrovertible and that the case would have to go to trial. Some things which he said so thoroughly frightened her that before she was arraigned in court she not only moved out of that street, but out of the city, to parts unknown.

Does any one realize, I am sometimes tempted to ask, how many ways there are of showing a disposition to fraud and how prone some people become to try to overreach or deceive? We are almost constantly in receipt of letters and communications from people who, sometimes in direct and more frequently in roundabout ways, try to prove the truth of the doctrine of total depravity. The curious part of most of these cases is that the effort to cover up a blunder or a fault by lying about it involves ten times as much labor and ingenuity as it would have done to avoid the irregularity in the first place. Occasionally a mere love for notoriety prompts an elaborate scheme to mislead the officers of the law, as in the case of one young man who several years ago cut his clothing and even bruised his own body to give a semblance of truth to a perfectly mendacious story of attack,—a story which he afterwards confessed to have no foundation in fact.

Sometimes these frauds are precocious. A case of alleged kidnapping, which promised at first to be very interesting, was reported to us several years ago and we expected some work to ferret the matter out; but in the end it turned out to be a pure piece of deception on the part of a boy, who had absented himself from home after hours and wanted to avoid punishment.

A letter from the youthful miscreant's father informed us of the alleged facts of the case and asked for our assistance

and advice. The advice we were very soon in a position to give. His history was in brief this : His little son, eight years of age, while sitting on the steps of a public school building was approached by a man who pretended to know him and was given some candy, after which he was picked up forcibly and carried, in spite of his struggles, to a wagon standing near, in which he was placed. The wagon contained two men besides the first, and with a drawn pistol these three ruffians ordered him to make no noise, frightening him into silence and driving with him out into the country somewhere near Druid Hill Park. There fortunately a man on horseback, whom the boy described as a county policeman from the fact of his wearing a badge, although he had on no new uniform, discovered that something was wrong in the wagon and gave chase. As he gained on the wagon the abductors threw the child out on the road and drove on. The description given of the wagon by the boy was that it was a large covered wagon with a white top, drawn by two mules and two horses. One of the men was fair complexioned and the other two rather dark, but they wore something over their faces to hide them so he could not see distinctly. He also stated that the wagon had ropes and other implements in it. The person who rescued the boy gave him in charge of a negro who took him within a few blocks of his home and then, refusing to accompany him further, left him to find his way alone. The letter concluded, after several conjectures as to the probable identity of the miscreants and their purpose, with a repetition of the appeal to us to ferret the matter out. I reflected that there were several discrepancies in the account, or in other words, the urchin's story did not hang together. There were certain facts which were not accounted for in the case ; in the first place, the abduction could not

have taken place at that time in the evening, at the place mentioned, without many persons seeing it. Swarms of people go home between five and six o'clock, and pass the particular street where the boy claimed to have been, and an event causing so much necessary excitement as taking a boy forcibly and putting him against his will in a wagon would have attracted attention and brought help at once. Moreover, we learned from inquiry that two officers of that district were standing within a few feet of the spot talking for several minutes just after five o'clock, and no wagon answering the description was seen by them. Then, too, the absence of motive on the part of the men was strongly against the boy's story. The improbability of the release—the policeman in citizen's clothes noticing something wrong in a covered wagon, such as the one described, and running after it to get an explanation, was totally absurd, and that the man who exhibited so much alertness in the rescue should have afterwards entrusted the boy to a negro who would not conduct him home, was not credible.

The gentleman was requested to report at police headquarters and the discrepancies in his son's statement were pointed out to him. He remarked that he had been imposed upon, allowed us to dismiss the case from our dockets and went home to settle it himself.

About ten years ago a man of some prominence in a certain part of Baltimore reported that he had been robbed of three thousand dollars. He was passing along one of the principal streets, about eleven o'clock, so his story ran, and had just turned the corner when some one coming behind him struck him upon the head and felled him to the pavement. Being rendered partially insensible by the blow he was unable to protect himself from robbery, but retained sufficient consciousness to know that some one was bending

over him and ransacking his pockets. Before the robber was out of sight his victim had recovered sufficiently to call loudly for help, but no one came to his assistance, and finally as his strength partially returned he managed to crawl home.

One so well known in business circles and so prominent socially was of course given immediate credence, and the police did all in their power to discover the thief. A detective was detailed to ferret out the facts of the case, and the first fact that he discovered was that at the very time that the robbery was said to have taken place a policeman was standing on the corner where it was alleged to have occurred. It was also made very clear that no one could have uttered cries of help in that neighborhood without having been heard by others. The man stated that he had received the three thousand dollars that night in payment for some United States bonds which he had sold. He readily gave the denominations and numbers of the bonds when asked to do so, but it was clearly shown that the numbers which he named could not have been in his possession, and furthermore that the government had never issued a bond of that denomination. The explanation came a few months afterwards when the man failed in business, and it was then apparent that the story was concocted to give him an excuse to put off his creditors by working upon their sympathy.

Though I do not intend to make a "police book" of this volume of recollections, yet I make no apology to my readers for occasionally referring to the police and their work, so much of the labor of my life having been devoted to the force, and through the force to the public.

Along with the serious and dreadful things which are always happening there are some amusing ones that help a

little to relieve the shadow side of life. Our relations with those who are just on the edge of the so-called criminal classes, people who live by their wits, are most apt to furnish this kind of amusement.

There is a man known generally as Miller, though I believe he started in life with an unpronounceable Russian name, who is an expert in all the various means used by sharpers to turn the pockets of the "lambs" inside out. Thimblorig, monte, or the wheel, it makes no difference to him, he is familiar with them all. Although a Hebrew, Miller is hated by that community because his first operations in this country were among his race-brethren, who trusted him, not wisely, but too well.

Miller's favorite field of operations is at a county fair or a horse-race. At such places he is in his element and so full of tricks and expedients that instances have been known when he has "done" old rounders. One day a man whom I know well as a journalist, a man who had had abundant opportunity to be wise in the ways of the wicked, came to me and said, "I have just met with a loss and I wouldn't have said anything about it only I cannot afford to lose the money. A fellow was working some sort of a thimble-rig business and won ten dollars from me."

They say there is no fool like an old fool. I looked at the man and I could have hit him he provoked me so, but I merely called one of our men up and said, "Is Miller around here?"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"I thought so. Bring him here."

In a few moments Miller came and was confronted with the loser of the ten dollars, who immediately exclaimed, "That's the man, sir."

Then I said, "Miller, you have got this man's money. What did you do that for?"

There was a look of mingled disgust and alarm on the Jew's face as he cried—

“Vell, I didn't vant his money. He would blay, I had de sheles and I just got a veller nice ven he comes up and tink he shpoil de game. I vish he go away so I vink an' I vink and I vink to him and de more I vink de more he vant to blay. So I hab to dake his den dollars; I don' vant his den tollars.”

I told him that he could do as he pleased, but I advised him to refund, which he did after a few moments' hesitation.

At another time a complaint was lodged of some occurrence which had taken place in the city. The thing looked like Miller's handiwork and he was sent for. The man who was detailed to make the arrest was in the guise of a collector, but it made no difference, he was met by the Russian's wife, who informed him that her spouse was not at home. But not satisfied, the officer made a search, which resulted in the discovery of Miller hiding behind a door.

“Ah!” he cried, “yoost look at all dem starving liddle Millers.” He certainly had a house full of them, but was taken in custody in spite of their outcry and spent some time in a cell pending his identification.

However, the cell had another occupant, a friend in disguise in the person of a very hot little wasp, who showed his appreciation of Miller's presence by lighting on the end of his nose. The result was that that already large feature became abnormally so, swelling to about twice its natural size and so disguising the wearer's face that when he was brought out his accuser had great difficulty in identifying him.

The amusing occurrences are not always confined to the law-breakers. Once in a while the enforcer of the law also comes in for his share, as in the case of a patrolman whose

hospitality once led him to overstep the strict bounds of propriety in entertaining a friend from out of town. The two had "bent their elbows" together once or twice too often and the friend suggested to the policeman, whom I will call Brown, that he needed a nap.

"I think it would do me good," said Brown, and forthwith the pair proceeded to a stable in the neighborhood, where a sleigh offered a tempting lounge. Into this the policeman was assisted by his friend, who wanted to don his belt, helmet and revolver and take his beat for him; but Brown was not so overcome that he could not see how fatal a step that would be. However, he let the other make the round without these trappings, just to see that everything was going on right. On the way the friend met the sergeant, who was looking for his subordinate.

"Looking for Brown?" was the inquiry.

"Yes—where's he gone?"

"Oh, if you want Brown I can show you where he is. He's drunk as a lord too,—dead drunk." So this faithless fellow conducted the officer to where the derelict policeman lay sweetly sleeping, wrapped up in the sleigh robes and with the bells around his neck. The fact that he was fined fifty dollars in the morning did not serve to lessen the slight coolness which sprang up between the friends.

Some time later the same policeman was missing from his beat when the sergeant wanted him. This night there was a heavy rain storm and the irate sergeant was wet to the skin before he had finished his search. At last the culprit was found calmly waiting in the recess of a doorway for the clouds to roll by. His uniform was dry, not a drop of water on his helmet and his shoes not *damp*, though the rain had descended in torrents.

The sergeant looked him over with ill-controlled anger.

"What are you doing here? I have hunted for you for the last half hour."

"Sergeant," said the other, impressively, "don't you know that it is the first duty of a soldier to keep his uniform dry?"

That man is no longer on the force.

A man from Baltimore County once came well recommended and applied for a position on our force. He was appointed patrolman and went on duty. In the course of his first day's duties he arrested a man and was obliged to inquire the way to the station-house.

Captain Delanty once had a man on his force who was not very well acquainted with "regulations." He went out one afternoon in citizen's clothes and found the man leaning against a lamp post talking with a bystander. The Captain stepped up to him and asked if he was ill. "No," said the policeman.

"Well is there anything the matter with the lamp post?"

"No, I guess not."

"Don't you think it would stand alone if you should walk on around your beat?"

About this time it began to dawn on the mind of the patrolman who the personage was that was talking with him, when he exclaimed:

"Oh, you are the fellow that calls off the names over there at the station-house."

"Yes sir," said the Captain "and it is against the rules for you to stop and talk as you were just now doing. You must now go on about your business." At quarters the Captain again kindly but firmly lectured the officer and had no more trouble with him.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STORY OF A REFORMATION.



HERE is a sad side of life which good people usually shun talking about or even knowing about, as though shutting one's eyes to an evil would lessen its magnitude or serve to check its advance. A very wise and tender teacher of men once said to a woman who had been detected in vice, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, sin no more." Men of all classes, clergy and laymen, have admired the loftiness and gentleness of that address. But as for copying it,—why, that is a very different matter. Between a Jewish woman of nearly two thousand years ago and an American woman in Baltimore or some other large city there is a great difference which good people are very quick to see. The main point of the difference is that there is a common feeling which has crystalized in the saying that you cannot touch pitch without being defiled.

Now, let me suggest that that result depends altogether upon the way, the spirit in which you touch the pitch. If you take hold with the idea of cleansing some fellow-creat-

ure from it, it will not defile. The attitude which society takes is this: "We condemn you, go and sin again; there is no other course open to you."

Certainly moral and social disease is hard to cure and is a menace to society, but chiefly, I think because, like most epidemics, it finds society in just the condition to be in danger from contagion. There are abandoned women who are perhaps harder to reach than fallen men are, because when a woman sins her sin is more a part of her whole life, but there are here and there women who would reform and who could be reclaimed were it not for the fact that society resolutely shuts the door by which they try to return in their faces and holds it against them.

I know that this is a delicate subject to touch upon; I know that some people will say that it should be left alone. I do not agree with them, for while as an officer of the law I have mainly to do with vice after it has become criminal, that is, after it has come by violation within the power of the law, yet sometimes a pathetic story comes to my knowledge, little by little, detail by detail, till I wish that I could tell it to the philanthropists and say to them, "Here is your chance; this is out of my line, but quite within your province."

That the difficulties in the way of a reformation are little understood or appreciated by the better class of the community is illustrated by a case which I take the liberty of relating.

A house of evil repute in Baltimore was the lodging-place of a girl who was both beautiful and gifted—I will not say it was her home because such a misuse of the word would be a profanation; but it was all the home she had. The doors of her own home had been closed against her as, both sinning and sinned against, she had drifted out of

respectable life. Perhaps it is not the worst thing that can be said of a woman, that she trusted too much to the honesty of a faithless lover.

But the plunge was as real and as complete as though she had flung herself into the sea. Lost to hope, she readily became a prey to one of the human sharks that are looking for just such victims, and so was before long an inmate of the house I have spoken of.

A year or more passed, and the spark of womanliness which had never been fully quenched re-asserted itself, till the girl's whole nature revolted against the life she was leading and the companions among whom she found herself. She longed to break away from it all. The numb despair which had at first led her to accept her fate as inevitable gave place to a determination to escape and lead an honest life. It was a resolution requiring much of those qualities which we are wont to commend—good impulse and rare courage.

There was in Baltimore at that time a man of standing and reputation, whose name was the synonym for kindness of heart and philanthropy, and to this gentleman the girl went in her extremity.

She told him her whole story, keeping back nothing and not trying to extenuate herself in any way; only that she was in the mire and that she wanted somebody to lend a hand to help her out. Would he do it?

Her narrative roused the quick sympathy of her listener, who took her under his protection and procured for her a position in an office where she could become self-supporting. Here one might think the story would naturally end, provided the heroine of it stuck to her good resolution, but such was far from being the case.

The facts which I have related were no sooner reported

at the house which she had left than the proprietress resolved to have her back again. She was too attractive to lose while her youth and beauty remained. Afterwards, when she had become old and haggard before her time, it would be another thing,—but not yet. The girl had left a photograph in the possession of the mistress of the house, and this was shown to those who frequented the place, who were then asked to observe the new clerk at so and so's store. That was of course sufficient to make her the common talk of a certain class of men who visited the store apparently for no other purpose than to stare at her, or worse still, to annoy her by their familiarities. This species of persecution increased and was carried out upon the street and in public conveyances, by people who were instigated by the mistress of the brothel, till the girl was made conspicuous in every possible way.

Of course the object of this persecution was to secure her discharge by making her employers and others believe that she was habitually in the company of the notoriously vile.

She took the wisest means to put a stop to this by going at once to her philanthropic friend and having a plain explanatory talk with him and with one of her employers. She told how she had been persecuted, and also about the photograph which had been used as a weapon against her. She professed to have repelled every advance which had been made by the men who followed her, and to their credit her friends believed her story, promising to see her through the difficulty.

On the day following this conversation with her protectors, the new clerk saw a man whom she knew well to be an unscrupulous though somewhat fashionable fellow, enter the store and make his way toward her counter. He asked to see some goods, but instead of examining them he took

advantage of the remote part of the store to which she had gone to address her. He told her that he knew her story and that she might as well give up the idea of being respectable and go back where she belonged. Proceeding further, he tried to put his arm about her, with the evident idea of compromising her in the eyes of her employers. Then something occurred which was no doubt a surprise to him.

When he first began to annoy her, the girl had given a signal to one of the cash boys, who called the employer, who in his turn summoned two stout porters and awaited developments. They had not long to wait. The effort to embrace the girl was met by a stinging blow on the assailant's ear, administered by the proprietor of the place, and following this, the porters were ordered to kick him out, which they did with such a good will that if he is still alive his bones must ache whenever he remembers it.

That ended the persecution at the store, and upon the street it became less. Nothing makes people so respectful as the knowledge that one has powerful friends. It is usually the friendless man or woman who gets most of the kicks in life.

But those who had undertaken this matter were thorough in their methods and resolved to have the photograph which was the cause of so much of the trouble. That was how the matter got to police headquarters. The department informed the young lady's friends that they could not compel its restitution, but that we would do all that lay in our power to secure it.

I wrote a note to the woman, stating that the girl had left her former life, was now trying to live in an upright way and earn an honest livelihood. I requested her to return the young woman's picture to me, saying that I would myself give it to her.

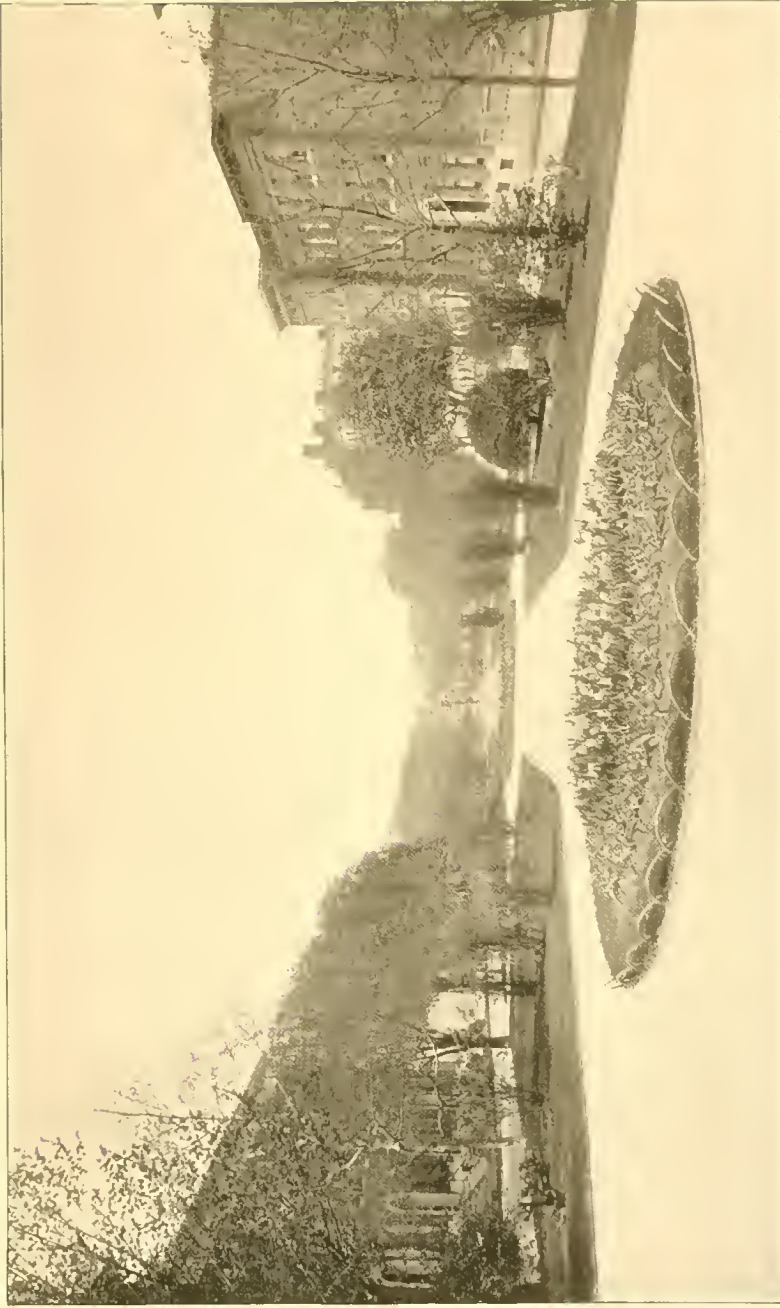
The reply to this note was what I might have expected. The woman said that she had caused the picture to be taken, that it was her property, and flatly refused to surrender it. It was a defiant note and I determined that she should not get the better of me. I stationed an officer on the pavement in front of her house, a man who was well acquainted with the names and persons of Baltimore men, and directed him to take the names of all the persons who visited the house. He followed my orders to the letter and shortly I had a most interesting list.

The next scene in this little drama was the appearance of a dapper young lawyer before the commissioners at police headquarters.

He complained that some officious captain of police had stationed an officer in front of the house of a helpless woman, compelling every one of her visitors to give his name. The young man blustered a good deal about "flagrant abuses of authority" and all that sort of thing. He dwelt especially upon the fact that the poor woman of his little tale of woe was being persecuted.

As a result, the scene shifted again and the marshal was before the commissioners being questioned as to his knowledge and purpose in the affair. I reported upon the case, saying that I had every reason to believe that the house was not all that it should be, that its inmates were breaking the law, and that in anticipating inquiries which I expected to have to answer at no distant date I was getting my reply ready beforehand. The commissioners upheld the marshal and the officer continued to add to his long list of names.

The next caller on this subject was a doctor. He did not go to the commissioners with his complaint, but came to me. He informed me that Madame Blank, living on



Eutaw Place.

such and such a street, was suffering from nervous prostration and was in a very critical condition. He expatiated upon the result to his patient if the "heavy tread" and "conversation with visitors," if my officer were continued. Really, if the physician's word was to be credited, the lady in question was in a critical condition and the "persecution" of the police was the cause, he intimated. Then he argued and threatened and begged for the removal of the officer.

At last I saw that it was time to say something, so I opened my case. Said I, "Doctor, I should think the presence of an officer in front of the house instead of distressing your patient would have a contrary effect. Here is a list of the people who have been visiting the house for the past four or five days. Don't it occur to you that it is a pretty long list? Don't you think, Doctor, that Madame Blank is receiving rather too much company for her good? Here on this list are the names of some of the most notorious sneaks, thieves and swindlers in this town. She ought to feel that she is being protected.

"Now, sir, I have this to say to you, if Madame Blank has anything to say to the police department she had better come here herself and say it, and send no more doctors and lawyers, for we understand the case thoroughly."

The doctor wanted to know if the matter would be stopped if the photograph in question was given up, but I declined to make any terms with him. So he went away and the officer on the sidewalk continued to add to his choice collection of names. There were some strange combinations on that roll, I assure you. The man of fashion and family was cheek by jowl with the outcast and the criminal.

It may be stated in passing that the lawyer had made a wager that he would cause the removal of the officer, and had drank several bottles of wine on it beforehand.

In the afternoon following the last call, the woman herself came in. She had somewhat the air of a tragedy queen and showed in her looks and voice a strong disapprobation of myself, which I tried to bear up under as well as possible. She insisted that her house was perfectly respectable and that she was the victim of persecution. I think one or two such words as "impertinence" and "officiousness" strayed into her speech; but I let her finish. Then I said, "My attention was first called to your house through your treatment of Miss ——. You and your friends have been very systematic in your attempts to pull her down. I sent you a polite request to give up the young lady's picture and thus to stop the wicked persecution of a young girl who is trying to do right and who has hard enough work, God knows, to do it."

"But, Marshal, the picture is mine. I paid for it and have a perfect right to keep it."

"Yes, the picture is yours, as you say, and I cannot demand it unless you choose to give it to me; but I can make an attack upon your business, to which my attention has been called by this matter."

What further became of this woman it is not the object of this story to explain. Suffice it to say that at this point in the proceedings the picture was produced and sent to the young woman.

There is only one other thing to add to this story of a reformation. The girl so wronged, so sinning and sinned against, did succeed, as very few do, in winning her way back to a respectable life. Her pluck and determination must have been unusual. She became a trusted employee, and afterwards married one of the head clerks in the store where she had made her brave fight for respect.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STORY OF EMILY BROWN.



ALEB BROWN was known throughout the neighborhood of Easton, in Talbot County, Md., as the proprietor of the "Old Brick Hotel." In those days, for it was more than half a century ago, people lived in a more primitive way than they do now.

There were few books and still fewer newspapers to wile away the time, and people were thrown more upon their own resources for amusement. Those were the times when the innkeeper was in his glory ; his tap-room was the gathering-place for all the wilder spirits of the town, and any afternoon might disclose the immaculate boots of the gentry and professional men of the neighborhood ranged in a shining row on the piazza rail, while stories and jokes, news and politics enlivened the company. Many a fragrant jorum of julep, rich with the spicy odor of mint, was quaffed while the budget of local happenings or state or national intelligence was discussed.

The inn was the great news centre, the place where appointments were made, where bargains were concluded,

where compacts were formed, and sometimes where more serious affairs which the etiquette of the time and place demanded were arranged.

Of course the innkeeper was a man of importance, whose discretion had had ample time and opportunity to develop and whose judgment was apt to be discriminating. That sort of a man was Caleb Brown.

But in and out among the guests, through the doors, among the horses in the yard, or careering through the porch romped the beings that upset all the order and decorum of the place.

These were the hotel-keeper's children. Arthur was a bright lad, who longed for spurs before he had boots on his sturdy little legs, and who knew the story of every fox-hunt, duel or hair-breadth escape in the county before he was out of short clothes. His youthful eye became experienced in telling the good or bad points of a horse or dog, or of a man either, for that matter, in which sort of learning a hotel is the best possible school to graduate at. But in the meantime Arthur Brown did not neglect his books and at a later period was able to put to good use the knowledge which he acquired.

While the boy was getting, as boys will, a host of impressions which were to be of service to him later in life, his little sisters were hardly a whit behind him, and I'll warrant that many a brimming glass they carried to some favorite patron of the house to be teased by a pinch of their chubby cheeks or paid with a kiss or a sip of the julep.

No doubt as the little maids got older and more demure the kisses were less openly given and the favors were more coyly bestowed, and perhaps instead of the gray moustaches who pinched their cheek on the front porch there were some younger gallants in a less prominent locality.

These were the ones that Caleb Brown was working and saving for. If he planned, it was that Arthur, Bessie and little Emily might have a future as clear from care and as free from sorrow as he could make it. And when at last the bow of crape fluttered at the knocker of the Old Brick Hotel, and men who had known him for years told that Caleb Brown was dead and recounted his virtues and his failings, they were most curious to know whether he had provided well for his family.

It was no fortune that he left, evidently, for work became a necessity for both the son and daughters, though not immediately. Elizabeth married a young man of Easton, whose name was William Austin, but Emily, perhaps because of some disappointment of her early womanhood, remained single.

The trio lived the quiet life of a country town. Arthur, true to the promise of boyhood, won a more and more prominent place in the estimation of the public and at last people began to predict great things for the editor and proprietor of the *Journal*, for such he came to be.

In 1850 we find the sisters opening a dressmaking and millinery establishment, and this they kept up together for sixteen years, when Arthur sold out the *Journal* and bought a mill property near Richmond, Va. Then the quiet life of the village, where every one was known to his neighbor and all matters were canvassed and discussed, was broken up. The second chapter in the life of the young miller was ended. Arthur was single; he was going to live in a strange place and it was a day when few people of any account boarded, so Emily went to Richmond to keep house for him.

For eleven years brother and sister lived together, caring for each other and each taking a share of work and respon-

sibility, he at his mill and she around the house. No doubt they were the most contented, happy years of her life, though perhaps even then there may have been some premonition of the trouble which was afterwards to settle down over it, drawing closer and closer till it should utterly envelop and destroy her.

In 1877 Arthur died. Her knowledge of property, and of legal forms was very meagre, so that out of what he had worked to establish she could recover nothing, and finally drifted away from Richmond and was forgotten by those who had known her there.

People sometimes drop out of life that way. It is one of the saddest things that can occur, when a home is broken up and the woman who has been at the head of it drops out. Where do the people go who disappear so every once in a while? Listen to the sequel. Perhaps Emily Brown's story is not a solitary one.

Merchants doing business on Baltimore Street began to notice in '79 a woman of about fifty years of age who solicited alms of the charitable. To those who would listen to her, she told a pitiful story. She had seen better days, and bitterly did she rail against those who she claimed had defrauded her by keeping from her her brother's property.

There was a suggestion of fallen respectability about the woman that touched many hearts and she often received liberal charity, but after a while it was noticed that her speech was maudlin and her eyes bleared. These evident marks of indulgence in liquor got to be more and more frequent, till pity gave place to disgust and the coins that were dropped into her outstretched hand were few.

If any one had followed that wretched creature some night, he would have found her going to a miserable den in a place known as "Pig Alley." There a negress lived

whose name was Mary Bluxom. She had been a slave once and was the mother of eighteen children, of whom the eldest was a repulsive brute called Ross, her son by a former marriage. In this abode of squalor, herding with children of a former slave, Emily Brown made her home. Home! it is a degradation of that sacred word to apply it to such a hovel and such surroundings. But it was all that the daughter of the Easton hotel-keeper, the sister of the editor and mill-owner, the respected milliner of the quiet Maryland village, could now call her own.

Reeling, besotted with spirits and debauched by opium, who could recognize in the gray, haggard beggar woman the blythe little child that had played in the porch of the Old Brick Hotel?

Two dollars and a half a week she had agreed to pay Mary Bluxom, but even that meagre sum was more than she could compass. Gradually she gave less and less, till finally she was in debt, living on sufferance—on the unwilling charity of the least respectable negroes.

Probably no sadder story could be written than this, but the last act of the tragedy added a peculiar horror to what has already been narrated.

Living with the Bluxom woman was a half-paralyzed negro, named Perry, who was employed about the Maryland University, and into his depraved mind came the idea of not only getting rid of the useless old white woman, but of also making something by the transaction. At least, that was the story told by Ross, who in an evil moment killed old Emily, in order to sell her body for the dissecting-room. Ross claimed that his tempter was Perry, whose promise of fifteen dollars was the inducement to commit the crime.

It would serve no useful purpose to harrow the reader's

feelings by a recital of the details of this sad affair. Nothing could better show the evil possibilities of human nature than the callous indifference with which the slayer disposed of his victim.

The doctors, upon examination of a subject brought to them, discovered what they thought to be indisputable signs of violence, and immediately reported the case to us. Our first care was to ascertain whether any one answering the description given had disappeared within a day or two, and a thorough search was instituted. Finally it was found that old Emily Brown, who had been living for the last year or more in Pig Alley, had disappeared from her accustomed haunts, and little Sarah Bluxom was taken to identify the body. This she did fully, her recognition of the clothing worn by Emily, and especially of a curious red patch on her dress, being unhesitating.

Nor did the child stop there, but told how "Uncle Perry," who had received the subject, was an inmate of the same house, and that Emily had given him his coffee on the morning before.

This information, of course, led at once to Perry's arrest and incarceration. He refused at first to talk, but after awhile expressed a desire to see Deputy Lannan, who had been directly engaged in his arrest. He weakened and implicated Ross as the man who had done the deed, and in a few hours we had Ross and a companion named Hawkins, against whom, however, there was not sufficient condemnatory proof.

Ross's confession followed. It was full and complete, and was given without inducements, promises or threats on our part. He was condemned, sentenced and executed, but the trial of Perry did not result in his conviction, and he was finally liberated.

This crime has usually been alluded to as the great "Burking case," a name derived from the fact that a notorious wretch named Burke, who lived in England, was in a like manner a procurer of bodies for dissecting-rooms. Happily, the method is too fiendish for our land, and I rejoice to say that the incident just recited stands almost, if not quite, alone in the criminal annals of America.

It used to be the fashion on the stage to follow a blood-curdling tragedy with a roaring farce; perhaps with a humane idea of saving the nerves of the audience from too heavy a strain.

The farce for this tragedy was furnished by some colored people of Baltimore, who prepared what they no doubt regarded as a highly instructive amateur dramatic performance, of which the title was "Uncle Perry's Plot." It was played by the "Rosebud Socials," at Hollins Hall, and the performers, as well as the audience, were all colored people.

The hall was filled with an eager crowd, and when the curtain went up, prolonged applause greeted the appearance of Ross and Hawkins. True to their color, the villains were playing "keerds" in a solemn manner, when Uncle Perry came limping up to the old wash-bench, which did duty as stage furniture, and said in a blood-curdling whisper, "Don't you boys want some money for Christmas?"

The audience looked at the old man and shuddered. Field, who took the star part (and who, by the way, also played the sheriff), was "made-up" in a way that defies description; his face was ornamented with a black bristling beard mottled with gray, and his features were judiciously disguised with painted lines and wrinkles that made him as hideously evil-looking as possible.

Here were three villains on the stage at the outset—

three undisguised, unmistakable villains. Undoubtedly there was going to be enough "thrill" about the play to satisfy the most exacting.

The card-players stopped their game to gaze at the arch conspirator. Their faces betrayed so many lively emotions that the audience worked all its countenances in sympathy. Not a breath disturbed the silence as Perry continued, except for a titter from some hysterical yellow girl in a corner:

"Yer know dat ole Emily Brown, down to you all's house, John? Bring her body up to de hospittle and we'll get five dollars apiece fo' it. Yer know de way to de back do'. I'se done wuss tings dan dat. Wha' you 'spose I am all dese nights? Standin' at de hospittle do' wid dis stick. When I sees a man comin' along I knocks him in de haid an' drags him in. Dat's de way I fix 'em. Good-bye, boys—think of what I say to you-all."

Certainly, nothing could be more perfectly to the point than this. There were no words wasted about it, and Ross and Hawkins, as well as the audience, seemed to be greatly impressed with it. They discussed the situation in their deepest and most sepulchral tones, that made the "cold shivers" creep up and down the backs of all the old women in the hall.

Finally they agreed to do as "Uncle Perry" suggested, and solemnly shaking hands, made their exit.

They had hardly gone when the intoxicated Emily Brown reeled on to the stage from the other side. The fact that her head was turned from the audience, and half hidden, besides, in the folds of her shawl, did not take away from the interest, and even the two feet, more or less, of plaid trouser-legs that protruded from beneath the ragged hem of the patched skirt, were powerless to destroy the illusion.

She fell into a chair and leaned her head forward, when Ross entered with an ominous-looking stuffed brick, which he held aloft with his right hand, while his features were contorted in a way that would have done credit to Edwin Booth.

Unfortunately Ross's shoes creaked, but Emily seemed to be too sound asleep to hear them. When the property brick fell, the victim's body shuddered with a convulsive throe, and everybody in the hall did the same.

Then Hawkins appeared and proceeded to harrow the sensibilities of the audience still further by showing his dexterity with a knife (or a razor, perhaps it was).

Unfortunately, Emily turned the wrong way when she fell, and destroyed the illusion at this critical point by grinning at some girls in the front row in a manner that threatened to lift the entire top of her head off. It was noticed that Emily looked very young and brown and masculine indeed.

After this the unfortunate beggar was put into a sack which was several sizes too small, and trundled off the stage in a wheelbarrow that couldn't begin to contain her, so that the checkered trousers hung over the edge, to the intense delight of the audience.

The next scene was even worse. Ross was brought out to be hung. But the stage carpenter had failed somewhat in his duty, and owing either to the fact that Ross was too large or the stage too small, the scaffold was decidedly a misfit.

The sheriff (who by this time had changed his black and gray beard for a moustache) said to the prisoner:

"John Thomas Ross, is you prepared to die? Die you mus'. De clock has jus' struck twelve an' de hour of yo' execution is arrive." There was a good deal more to the

same purpose, and then the obliging John Thomas folded up his legs so as to accommodate himself to his surroundings, and was gazing disconsolately over the top of the cross-bar of the scaffold while the supes concluded the arrangements for his execution. At the last moment an unexpected reprieve, not intended by the playwright, was effected by the breaking of the rope with which the sheriff was supposed to work the drop, and the collapse of that individual, while the band played a hymn and the audience expressed their delight at the climax.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN RECENT YEARS.



BALTIMORE celebrated the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the city in 1881. The event actually should have been on the 12th of January, but in order to have fine weather it was postponed until October, beginning on Monday, the 11th, and lasting till Tuesday of the following week. The city appropriated ten thousand dollars, and more than twenty thousand were donated by private individuals for the purpose of beautifying public buildings, squares, etc., and for other expenses of a great scenic festival. Besides this there was at least twenty times this sum expended in the decoration of private houses and places of business. More than a third of the dwellings and nearly all the business houses in the city were dressed for the occasion. Everywhere one could see the colors of the Calvert family, orange and black, and the national red, white and blue, intertwined. Ten triumphal arches spanned the principal streets. More than half of the city's appropriation was spent in the immediate neighborhood of the city

hall and the adjacent buildings, which presented a beautiful appearance.

Very seldom in Baltimore or any other city has there been on such an occasion a parade of such magnitude and beauty as that which drew a delighted multitude of sight-seers to every window, doorway and point of vantage on the first day of the festivities.

The Baltimore oriole, that brilliant bird which darts from tree to tree in the orchard, carrying always the Calvert colors on its back, is not more lively or joyous than were the women and children that made the air ring with their applause as the mammoth parade swept by. There were nearly half a million of these spectators, many of them strangers from a distance, attracted by the announcement of the unusual pageant.

Ten thousand horses, three times that number of men, and an endless train of vehicles marched and pranced and rolled hour after hour through the ranks of spectators, like a river flowing between living banks.

It has been estimated that this great demonstration was at least eight miles long, as it took five hours to pass a given point. The whole week was given up to such spectacles. On one occasion ten thousand school-boys in line made a merry scene as they marched with all the vivacity and enthusiasm of youth; then too the Knights Templars in uniform, the civic functionaries, military, visiting organizations, naval detachments and many other bodies took their part in one or another of the daily processions.

The events of the week included a celebration of the introduction of water from the Gunpowder river into the city. Battle Monument was the centre of the display on this occasion and by an ingenious arrangement of pipes it became a wonderful fountain, from which spouted more

than a thousand streams of water. Near by was a tunnel, out of which an artificial river flowed in a series of cascades. This beautiful sight was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm.

The number of strangers grew till it became a question what should be done with them. To feed and lodge them stretched the city's capacity to the utmost, since there were altogether quite as many visitors as inhabitants.

The decoration of the shipping in the port on Saturday was perhaps the most interesting and certainly among the most beautiful of that gay week. There were miles of bunting and a perfect forest of spars, while steam craft, great and small, from the tiny launch to the naval vessels, were hurrying hither and thither with an uproar as though all the noises that had been lost since the founding of the city had suddenly been discovered, collected and let loose in Baltimore harbor. One of the special features of this part of the affair was the torpedo practice on the part of those belonging to the warships, and another was a naval parade, in which half a hundred steam tugs, decorated for the occasion, participated. The *fête* concluded with a general illumination of Baltimore. Public buildings, private houses, places of business were all made gay with lights of various colors, the result being literally magnificent. It was a worthy effort, most successfully carried out, and was a credit to the city.

The great Oriole parade was composed principally of tableaux on floats, the subjects being historic, allegorical and illustrative. One represented Lafayette and the ladies of Baltimore; another pictured the pyramids of Egypt, while a third showed Doctor Kane's party in the ice fields of the Arctic region. At one time the spectators were interested in Columbus anxiously looking for a new world somewhere along Baltimore Street, and following this came

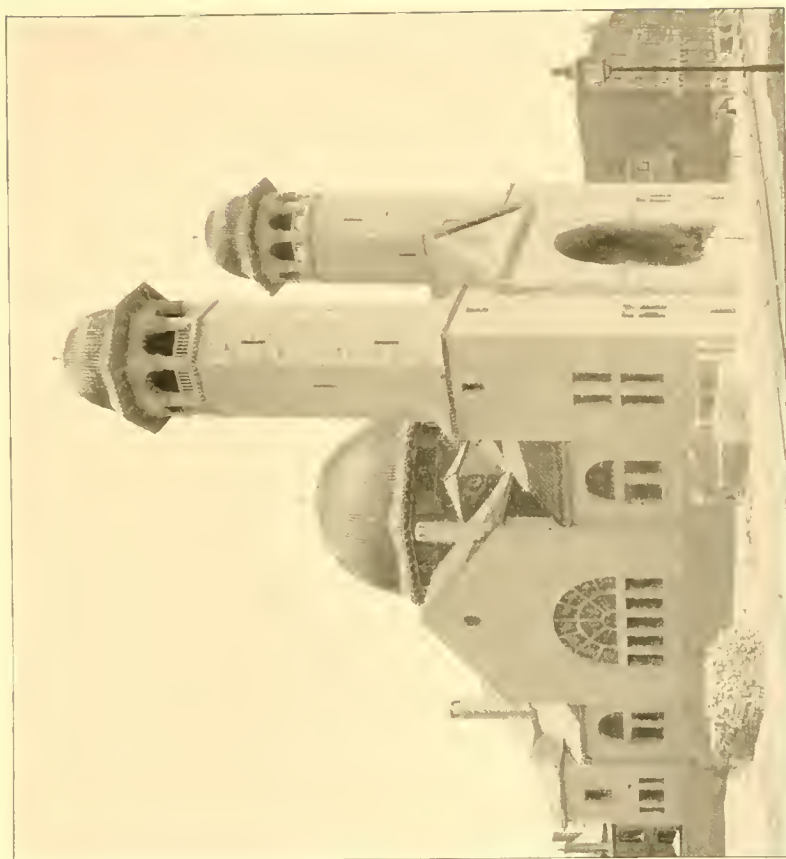
Pocahontas in her favorite act of the rescue of John Smith. When the performers got tired of their enforced inactivity the tableaux became *vivants*, and Columbus fully earned the reward promised for his discovery, while John Smith was in imminent danger of losing his head. There were in all forty of these pictures.

A party of distinguished Frenchmen, of whom the Marquis de Rochambeau was the leader, were the guests of the city, and both the *fleur-de-lis* and the tri-color of France were mingled with the stars and stripes and the oriole hues of Baltimore.

On the 14th of June, 1881, Baltimore saw the departure of the main body of one of the most remarkable expeditions that the world has ever known, and one which three years later set not only the United States but all the civilized world agog, calling forth from sovereigns and private citizens alike expressions of interest almost without parallel. I refer to the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, commonly known as the Greely Arctic Expedition.

First-Lieutenant Greely was to take charge of the party at St. Johns, Newfoundland. Second-Lieutenant Lockwood was in command of the expedition when it left here on the steamer "Nova Scotia."

The purpose of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition was to establish a station for meteoric and other observations within the Arctic circle, to be recorded at the same time with those made by expeditions sent out by other nations. Nearly all of the great powers took part in this work, in which at first the United States was very tardy in joining, till General Hazen having been called to the charge of the department directing such affairs, used his personal influence and labor to promote an object so important to science and so creditable to the nation.



Synagogue.

Professor Daniel C. Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, with other prominent people, took a lively interest in the projected scientific work, and nothing but the short time occupied in Baltimore before the sailing of the "Nova Scotia" prevented this interest taking tangible form.

The history of the adventures, sufferings and subsequent rescue of the Greely party, reads like a dreadful romance. Nothing related of the half mythological characters, the knights and paladins of the so-called days of chivalry, can begin to compare with the quiet, unassuming bravery of these Americans, who, following in the footsteps of Kane and his successors, outdid those great spirits in their record of suffering and fortitude.

This is no place to tell over again the story of an Arctic expedition, yet a few words of reference to this one, to refresh the memories of those who found the account at the time of absorbing interest, may be pardoned me.

Lieutenant Greely's party proceeded from St. Johns to Lady Franklin Bay in the steamer "Proteus." The season was exceptionally favorable, and a house was built in which two years' provisions were left. The great mistake—a fatal mistake, indeed—was in not establishing an intermediate supply station, to be regularly visited by vessels from the United States. The main party passed two winters at this station, where constant observations were made, two complete sets being prepared. From this point Lieutenant James B. Lockwood, who was in charge upon leaving Baltimore, made a sledge journey to the north coast of Greenland, and after a most careful exploration then pushed still further toward the pole, reaching, after great hardship, the farthest point north ever visited by man, so far as we know. Dr. Pavey also did some exploring work from the station.

Several relieving vessels were sent out from the United

States and failed to arrive, and in August of 1883, the commander started for Smith Sound, where at Cape Sabine the party slowly starved to death, only a very few of that brave company living till Commander Schley found them, and they were then in such a pitiable condition that the rescuers could not refrain from shedding tears as they saw them.

Both Lockwood and Pavey, with many a brave companion, had laid down their lives in that barren, frozen country, but there were few, either of the living or the dead, that did not exhibit such prodigies of high courage, helpfulness and unselfish devotion, loyalty to duty, and restraint, that one could not ask to place before the youth of this land more noble examples for their emulation. As long as Americans retain a feeling of honest pride in the men who have honored the nation by their deeds, the expedition which started from Baltimore a little more than eleven years ago will not be forgotten.

The majority of people, looking at the gradual development of a city, would be apt to express surprise at the lack of great or startling events in its history. Baltimore, more than most places, has had its exciting episodes and incidents, and yet as several years elapse without anything of historic moment having occurred, we are apt to question the wisdom of a chronicle of small happenings, forgetting that importance is only a relative term, and a matter does not need to be of national importance in order to be interesting.

Unhappily, the record of wrong-doing often presents its claim for recognition, and the brief fame of a dereliction in duty is prolonged for the lesson it teaches.

The Senate and the House of Representatives in 1890 elected Stephenson Archer Treasurer for the State. It was his third term and no suspicion had ever been breathed against him. His popularity was evinced by the fact that

out of a total of one hundred and eight votes he received seventy-three.

But on the ninth of March, two months after his re-election, the State Comptroller, L. Victor Baughman, wrote to Governor Jackson, charging Mr. Archer with irregularities as Treasurer, as evidenced by his accounts and in other ways. He stated a belief that the Treasurer had taken securities belonging to the sinking fund of the State and had hypothecated them for unlawful purposes.

Of course such a charge as that, coming from such a source, roused the most instant and bitter discussion. A joint committee, composed of members of both the upper and lower houses, was appointed to investigate the matter thoroughly. The gentlemen who sat upon Mr. Archer's case were Senators John P. Poe, John Walter Smith and Delegates Frank T. Shaw, Philip D. Laird and William C. Harnton.

As this committee proceeded with its work it found heavy deficits. At every step new evidences of an unhappy breach of trust came to light. Not only were bonds belonging to the sinking fund gone but a number of coupons were also missing. The members of the committee, who had gone into the work, as every man must enter upon such a duty, with strong disinclination and a hope that the accused was the victim of an error, before long were confronted with sufficient evidences of guilt upon which to base an adverse report.

A resolution was thereupon introduced in the House to impeach the Treasurer, but that body showed its view of the subject by voting the motion down. Considerable feeling was shown upon the subject and the attitude of his friends had somewhat the effect of bolstering Mr. Archer's sinking courage. At all events he sent in his resignation

from the official position he had occupied, and couched it in language which implied that a stricter attention to its own affairs would become the House.

The Treasurer said that the boxes which held the sinking fund securities were under his own exclusive control, and added: "Any irregularities in these boxes is attributable to me alone. If this cannot be explained I must submit myself to the majesty of the law."

On the advice of Attorney-General Wm. Pinkney Whyte Governor Jackson refused to accept the tendered resignation. Following this as a natural sequence came the arrest of the defaulting Treasurer. The officer charged with this duty went to Mr. Archer's home in Harford County, near Bel Air, only to find the man too ill to be removed from his own house, so he was guarded there and kept a prisoner. Mr. Archer was cited to appear before the Governor to answer to the grave charge of malfeasance in office and misappropriation of the funds of the State. The Legislature, before adjourning, empowered a committee appointed for the purpose, to sift the matter thoroughly. At the time specified in the citation the accused failed to appear and was removed from office. On the fifteenth of April Governor Jackson appointed Edwin H. Brown to fill the vacancy. The new incumbent was from Queen Anne's County.

In Baltimore, when the case was tried, three indictments were found against Archer. The securities had been disposed of in Baltimore and the amount charged was \$132,401.25. The indictment on which it was decided to try the delinquent officer was based on Section Eighty of Article Twenty-seven of the Code. Judge Stewart, however, on the same question sustained a demurrer, declaring that the section in question did not apply to the State Treas-

urer. This decision the Court of Appeals reversed, as the Court held that money and evidences of debt belonging to the State had been misappropriated and that Archer was bound to account for the same. The official bond was responsible in a civil action and the defaulter was held to be criminally liable.

Judge Robinson, who delivered the opinion, said in conclusion that: "The object of the statute was to protect the State against loss from the embezzlement of state funds by state officers and it would be strange indeed if the Legislature should provide for the punishment of all officers except the State Treasurer, who is the most important financial officer in the State and by the official misconduct of whom the State might suffer greater loss and injury."

On the 7th of July, Archer appeared in the Criminal Court of Baltimore city. The prisoner, finding that there was no escape and feeling perhaps rather broken in spirit, plead guilty to the indictment and was then sentenced by Judge Stewart to two months in the Maryland Penitentiary. His confession he wrote out and asked to have it filed with the proceedings of the Court. While admitting that he had proved false to his great trust and made use of expressions of self-condemnation quite as severe as any of the aspersions which were thrown at him by others, yet he was careful to state that he had not used the money for gambling, stock speculations or political purposes, adding, however, that he had "not a dollar left."

What had been done with the fortune that he had appropriated Archer did not confess and it may be that we shall never know. It would be an interesting matter to discover in which one of the ways that men have of lavishing money that sum of \$135,000.00 went.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE.



THE list of promotions in 1885 was as follows : Jacob Frey, Marshal, *vice* J. T. Gray, resigned ; John Lannan to be Deputy Marshal, *vice* Frey ; Captain Wm. Delanty transferred to the Middle District, *vice* Lannan, promoted ; Lieutenant Thos. Farnan to be Captain, *vice* Delanty, transferred ; Lieutenant D. H. Bruchey transferred to the Southern Station, *vice* Farnan, promoted ; Sergeant F. H. Scott to be Lieutenant, *vice* Fitzgerald, transferred ; Policeman Foster to be Sergeant *vice* Scott, promoted ; Samuel W. Brayden appointed on the force, *vice* Foster.

Both the papers and the public spoke very kindly of the new incumbent of the Marshal's office, and I would argue myself a very unnatural kind of a man if I should pretend that I did not like it.

On the 15th of that month I assumed my new duties. Perhaps I found them less strange than another might have done in my place.

Three days after I was in possession of my office, election

day arrived, and with it a responsibility which subjected the force and its new head to very close scrutiny. One of the papers, in an editorial headed "The Marshal's Chance," stated the condition of affairs as seen by it and relation of the police to the events of the day, very clearly, apart from its political onus. I venture to give the editorial here in full, as it touches upon several charges which the Independents did not hesitate to make.

"To-day Marshal Frey will win his spurs or forfeit public confidence. An orderly election, a reasonably fair vote, and the observance of strict and rigid impartiality by the members of the force, will commend the new Marshal to the public in a manner to make him an official fixture. He is credited with great executive capacity and with full control over his men. If they do their duty under his guidance and direction, show a disposition to observe the sanctity of the ballot-box, to arrest violators of the election laws and to capture repeaters, they will merit for themselves the approbation of all good men, and for their chief the confidence and esteem of all the people. We have been threatened with the disgraceful and ruinous scenes of 1875 at this and the approaching elections. So far the police by their firmness and promptness have saved us from such a shameful exhibition. If they succeed in preserving the peace to the end and otherwise in discharging their duties impartially, that will be all that could be reasonably expected of any police force.

"Marshal Frey has issued strict and salutary orders to his men and we believe he will see them obeyed. If he does, he will commend himself and the force to public confidence in a manner that will be a source of pride to him in the future. The Independents at this election want nothing but what is fair. They have presented their cause, a conspicuously good one, in a most able and convincing manner. They have put up candidates who are perfectly acceptable and who enjoy the entire confidence of their neighbors. They rely upon the justice of their cause and the excellence of their ticket, and they want an election only by the intelligent suffrage of the people."

I instructed the Captains with all possible care before this election, pointing out to them how far the men were regulated in their action by the conduct and attitude of

their Captains, and expressing the hope that they would do everything to promote the general efficiency of the force. I also had a little talk with the detectives and advised the utmost caution and prudence. I had a good force and I recognized the fact, but I will not deny a slight nervousness till election was over.

On the day following, the papers were very complimentary. The *Morning Herald* published the following :

"The people owe a debt of gratitude to the Police Commissioners, Marshal Frey and the other officers of the department for the perfect order maintained on Wednesday. The campaign just closed was very bitter on both sides, and it is probable that many folks of excitable temperament felt in fighting mood on election day. The firm attitude of the police and their promptitude in nipping disturbances in the bud had a very soothing effect, however, and those who came to quarrel remained to behave themselves in the most exemplary manner. We are proud of our police force, and it never more deserved the faith reposed in it than on Wednesday. The organs and orators of the bosses have made a good deal of capital out of the report that an Independent triumph would mean radical changes in the Police Department. A more absurd story than this could not be concocted. Every good citizen is satisfied with our present police system, and a proposition to change it wouldn't get 1,000 votes in the whole city—and these would be cast by persons who have well-founded objections to all agents of the law."

It was a trying and delicate position, and one in which I hope we behaved with credit. Before the election I issued a general letter of instructions to the police officers in charge of voting precincts which was as follows :—

1. If any breach of the peace occurs while the voting is going on, arrest the parties engaged. If you cannot arrest all at time, arrest as many as you can, and procure warrants for the remainder.
2. Ascertain, if possible, during the morning of the day of the election, the names of the two persons from each

party that will apply for admission to the room where the votes are to be counted, when the polls close.

3. When you have learnt who these persons are, if you think any of them are persons liable to create a disturbance when the votes are being counted, take the first opportunity of communicating with the Marshal or Deputy-Marshal and tell them what you think and they will take steps to remedy the difficulty.

4. When the three judges, two clerks and two designated men from each party are in the room, when the votes are to be counted, lock the door and see that no other persons come in during the count, and take care :

First—That the judges and clerks are not interfered with in their mode of counting the ballots, and that no breach of the peace takes place.

Second—That the two representatives from each party have no words either with the judges and clerks or with each other; but confine themselves simply to observing what is being done by the judges, without indulging in any threats or comments. If any of the representatives of the different parties act in violation of these instructions, place him or them under arrest.

Remember that your duty is to see that peace is preserved and that no violence is done to the ballot-box, but not to interfere with the judges of election or to undertake to do their duty for them.

JACOB FREY, *Marshal*.

About a year after this, when everything was in good running order, I received word that a set of bank thieves would visit Baltimore. The news came from Washington, where a customer of the Metropolitan Bank had been robbed of \$71. So I sent word to all the banks, informing them that sneaks might be expected to make their appearance, and warning them to be on the lookout, at the same time describing the thieves as well as possible. The officers of the banks were requested to telegraph at once if anything

of the kind occurred, and before the officer whom I had sent had gone the rounds of the various banks, a telephone messenger from the Merchants' National Bank at Gay and Second Streets informed me that our fox was in view. The thief played exactly the same game as at Washington, or at least tried to. Mr. George W. Parks was counting some money when a well-dressed man informed him that he had dropped some bills. As Mr. Parks stooped to pick them up, the thief grabbed \$268 and started to run with it, but the owner was too quick for him and overtook him before he reached the door. An officer was in the immediate neighborhood and took the culprit into custody.

Nearly a year after I had assumed the duties of the Marshal's office, there occurred one of those opportunities which come to us all occasionally of doing a neighborly action. The advantage which one has who occupies a position at the head of a department is in the fact that he can carry out a larger plan than the individual could do. The great Charleston, S. C., earthquake, which occurred eight years ago, was one of those opportunities. The people of Baltimore responded with their accustomed liberality to the demand made upon their purses and sympathies by the sad condition of the victims of the disaster. The contribution was a generous one, or rather an aggregation of generous gifts. Among those who were first and most efficient in this field was Manager Ford, who almost immediately announced a benefit performance for the Charleston sufferers, a handsome sum being the result.

It seemed to us after all had been done that could be, by a sale of tickets and distribution of envelopes for the performance, and other modes of relief already organized, that a more direct method of showing our sympathy might be devised. I proposed the matter to the Board, who gave a

hearty assent, and then each Captain was directed to bring the matter before the men under his command. The result of this appeal was a neat sum of seven hundred dollars, which I had the pleasure of forwarding to the appreciative police force of Charleston.

As the reader has already discovered, this chapter is of rather a personal nature. If any one thinks there is too much of the Marshal and the police in it he may skip it. In April of 1887 I completed my twentieth year of continual service in the Baltimore police force. May I not be pardoned for magnifying my office a little? Speaking of that anniversary, I trust that it is not too late to express the pleasure which the appreciative notices in the daily press at that time afforded me. This is the first chance I have had to "talk back," and to say how unfailingly the papers have supported and encouraged both the police of Baltimore and their Marshal in every effort to fulfill their duties. Every compliment which has been paid to the men under my charge has been doubly appreciated by me, for I have done what I could to mold the force into even a more effective organization than I found it, and I believe that I have cause to be proud of it as a whole. It has not gone backward since the *American*, in speaking of it, said that "Baltimoreans, while they are not much given to boasting of their police force, are nevertheless very proud of both officers and men, and are firmly and rightfully convinced that if they be not in truth the finest, they are at least *as fine* a body of men as is similarly employed in any city in the world."

There are seven districts, each in charge of a Captain. These officers are men of clear courage and capacity, who not only have the ability to lead their men in any situation requiring these qualities, but who also have proved efficient aids in keeping up the physical and moral tone of their

commands. The introduction of gymnasiums for the men, where they may practise athletic exercises, has proved of very great benefit. Some of them have become clever athletes, and the good effect of the training is apparent all along the line. Then there have been various improvements in the methods of outside work—experiments which have been tried without fuss, and adopted when found to be useful.

Not long ago a writer in *Harper's Magazine* (Julian Ralph) spoke appreciatively of a system that Chicago has adopted, and which he contrasts with the inferior methods still in vogue in other American cities; this is the use of the patrol-wagon. As Mr. Ralph says, it is much less distressing and annoying when an officer has been obliged to arrest a "drunk and disorderly" to sound a call near by and bring up a patrol-wagon and assistants, than it is to fight his way to the station-house with his charge. I am glad that Chicago has shown so much wisdom. Perhaps that city got the idea from Baltimore, where the patrol-wagon has been in use in the manner just described for several years.

In another direction the police have accomplished a great deal; that is in the way of organized charity. There are not only funds which are intended for the especial benefit of members of the force and their families, but charity is bestowed through the police upon outsiders, who are suffering from cold or hunger and of whose condition the work of an officer often gives him a chance to know, and to relieve such is considered a point of honor. It need not be said that the policeman is far from being wealthy. His pay is small and what he gives he denies himself to bestow, yet not only by contributing his work as a collector and distributor of funds, but by actually putting his hand in his own pocket he does much.

Some persons, misunderstanding the work accomplished in this direction by the police, have criticised their charity. It only goes to show how people who are devoted to a good work themselves may entirely misunderstand the motives of others.

The relief afforded through the police has never been indiscriminately given. To be sure there is no red tape, no investigating committee of ladies or gentlemen, whose knowledge of the wiles of the large class of people who live upon the credulity of others must be limited. A policeman usually knows pretty well who the people in his district or beat are. He knows the poor, especially, whether they are unfortunate and deserving or professional beggars. He can tell without a dozen visits and a book full of questions whether a woman is hard working and has a drunken brute of a husband, or whether she herself is the offender. It is a part of his business to know all this, and as a consequence he is the best kind of an almoner. His sympathy is warm, spontaneous and unflinching when a real case of want comes up, because generally his own life is all that stands between his own wife and little ones and similar want. The rich may pity the poor, but only the one who has realized the possibility of it for himself or his family can sympathize. Sometimes it has been objected that well-dressed women have been aided by the police fund, but even well-dressed persons may occasionally be in absolute need of food. The amount of money collected, contributed and distributed by the police amounts to six or eight thousand dollars in the course of a winter.

One finds that while one very large class of the community look to the police for almost everything in the way of advice and help, another, equally numerous, regard a police office as a place to be dreaded, being inhabited by strange beings whose sole duty in life is to terrify people.

With the first of these classes we have a great deal to do. The stories which are told us to "go no further," the appeals for help and protection, the confidences and complaints, show a great deal of the pathetic or the dreadful side of human life. But it is for the other folks who are not acquainted apparently with the real purpose and working of the police that I should like to write a few lines that may serve to introduce us better.

When a great fire has destroyed thousands of dollars worth of property, and the firemen, after heroic efforts, have managed to quell the flames and save a little out of the wreck, the papers usually publish columns of praise of the wonderful effort; alluding in glowing terms to "the brave fellows who have made such a glorious conflict with the destructive element." They propose all sorts of medals, and hurrah for the Fire Department until the type refuses to express any more praise. Meanwhile the old Chief sits at headquarters, cross and unapproachable; growling at every one who comes near him and inquiring who was responsible for letting that fire get headway. Then perhaps there comes a fire which is not even important enough in its result to find its way into the morning press and the chief rubs his hands and says, "That was a great success; we checked that before anybody knew about it." It is the same way with the Police Department. When arrests have to be made and, to use a homely country expression, "The fat is all in the fire," it is sure evidence that "some one has blundered." The work of the policeman is to preserve the peace. A very large class of offenders are boys whose thoughtlessness and love of mischief naturally lead them into all sorts of scrapes. If any officer commences by antagonizing the youngsters on his beat, he is sure to have his hands full of trouble. His attitude should be a kind

one and by the use of tact he can easily gain an influence which will make his work comparatively easy. The same rule applies in dealing with women and children.

There is, however, a wide distinction between day and night work. At night a very different sort of people engage the policeman's attention, and it is necessary for him to exhibit promptness and resolution in dealing with them. There is hardly a criminal in any great city that is not known to the police, and often by exceeding the strict letter of the law and resorting to what is known as bluff, an end may be accomplished which could not be gained in any other way. It is often wise in coming in contact with men of this class to put the screws on at first. After an arrest is made and the offender is in the hands of the law, it is, of course, too late to do this. A great deal of the most effectual work which we have to do must be done before attempting an arrest. Men are so many-sided, that by having something of a knowledge of human nature, it is generally possible to attain a point without resorting to extreme measures.

The treatment of criminals or disturbers of the peace, when they are banded together, is quite a different matter, and there is then seldom any opportunity for parley or compromise. It will be seen in referring to the story of the '77 riots, how, having commenced on Friday by arresting the ringleaders, imagining the affair would stop there, we found it necessary by Saturday to jump in and fight. The citizens would not have sided with the police had this extreme measure been taken at an earlier period, but when the next strike, which was that of the street-car lines, occurred, the whole thing was known and prepared for beforehand at headquarters. Men in blue were at all the railroad stables, along the track, and wherever there could

possibly be any disturbance, and were ready to use whatever measures were necessary, even the most extreme, as soon as they should be called for. The result of this was that there was no rioting to speak of.

We find much good in human nature, although ours is hardly a position where we might expect much of it. We find also plenty of the evil-doers, and among these the hardest people to deal with are those who swindle in small ways. The people who advertise that they will help struggling young men and women to lucrative positions for a certain number of postage stamps enclosed, and other birds of the same feather, against whom no proof can be found until their game is accomplished and they have flown with the proceeds. It is easier to work up the ordinary case of burglary, where some burglar gets into a house through a back window and drops candle grease in his progress and pawns the overcoats and other personal property which he has stolen, and when caught swears that he had an accomplice, when the tracks in the snow show only one pair of feet. Such as these are not the troublesome cases.

The inside working of the office at police headquarters is, like any other business, largely a matter of routine. The Captains report minutely to the chief concerning the things which have happened in their districts during the past twenty-four hours, and the chief, in turn, reports to the Board of Commissioners. Complaints are listened to, difficulties adjusted, and men assigned to special work, and there is as little of romance or mystery as there is in the work of any other large establishment. But occasionally there is something which we look upon as distinctive, and in which, perhaps, a little personal pride is taken. Such, for instance, are the improvements which we have made in

the last few years in the use of electric apparatus. All the banks and some other institutions in the city of Baltimore are connected with police headquarters, so that we may know in an instant if anything unusual has happened in one of them.

The idea of connecting the banks with the police headquarters occurred in this way: The office of a leading bank wanted to put in a box-call. To this, with the consent of the Board, I agreed, and very soon another friend wanted a call. I considered; it would not do; presently all would want calls, and we would have a room full of boxes with no way of telling who had rung. So, with the approval of the Board of Police, I made estimates and prepared a circular letter or proposition to all the banks of Baltimore, offering to put up circuit wires and have a receiver or ticker placed in my office, if each bank would bear the expense of its share of the plant, which proposition the banks agreed to, and Baltimore has what I believe no other city possesses, that is, a police headquarters so connected with all the banks in the city. At a certain hour each morning the office ticker is examined, the switch is tested, and calls are received from every bank to show that they are all in working order.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PRESS OF BALTIMORE.



FEW words on the press of Baltimore may not be out of place here. In beginning the subject the *American* naturally presents itself, by virtue of seniority, for first attention. The old *Daily Advertiser*, started in 1773, was its direct progenitor, so that the *American*, if papers aged as people do, would be a venerable and feeble periodical instead of the bright contemporary it is.

We will not go over the history of its early days when the nation was young, and journalism, as we define it to-day, almost unknown. It changed hands several times before its suspension in 1814, when all work was stopped, so that the employers might enroll among the brave defenders of the town. Shortly after its resumption of publication the "*Star Spangled Banner*" was printed in its columns for the first time, a week after it was composed.

With the conduct of the *American* the bright names of Murphy, Bose, S. F. Wilson, Geo. H. Calvert, Davidge and others have been associated in those earlier days and

later. Its history has to a certain extent been the history of Baltimore.

One of the early owners was Robert A. Dobbin, whose interest in the paper was large. This he retained until his death, which occurred during the civil war. His share was inherited from his father, he coming into possession when only twenty years of age and continuing in the firm for thirty-three years. Mr. Dobbin was a man of singular character, strong judgment being coupled with most unusual depth of feeling. When the war clouds began to gather he was far from being a well man, and it is affirmed by those who knew him best that grief over the divided condition of his beloved country was the immediate cause of his death. He was one of those who advocated peace, and who believed that the irrepressible conflict might have been averted. When the news of battle came he was often moved to tears.

Joseph J. Dobbin, the only surviving child of the former, succeeded to his interest in the paper, which had then been in that family for three generations.

In 1864 the Dobbin interest was purchased by C. C. Fulton, and the style of the publishing firm was changed to Charles C. Fulton & Son.

Mr. Fulton knew the newspaper business thoroughly, having been Associated Press manager in Baltimore, besides filling other responsible positions. He was conversant with all the methods of news-getting which were current at that day. Previous to the change of ownership, the *American* had always been a commercial paper. Mr. Fulton turned it over, put in a new editorial force, reorganized every department, and with new blood, fresh methods and a greater outlay of money, succeeded in making a potent newspaper of it.

While only editorially in charge of the *American* before purchasing it, Mr. Fulton had done something in this direction, making it quite a strong Federal organ and gaining a larger circulation in General McClellan's army than any other journal had. For awhile the editor was with the Army of the Peninsula, and upon his return to Baltimore was arrested and put in Fort McHenry for the republication, in an Associated Press dispatch, of the plans of campaign, confidentially communicated to him by the President.

When it was shown that the dispatch was of a private nature and not intended to be printed, having been published by mistake, Mr. Lincoln ordered his release at once.

Mr. Fulton's travels, both in Europe and on this continent, resulted in charming books of travels, and he has been widely read as an instructive and entertaining writer. General Agnus has succeeded him in the paper.

General Felix Agnus has had a wide and varied experience in the armies of Europe and the civil and commercial life of the New World. A Frenchman by birth, beginning life in the romantic city of Lyons and receiving his education in Paris, he soon became a traveller whose restless feet carried him into every clime under the sun. He received his brevet as Brigadier-General at Savannah, Ga., during the civil war in this country, after brilliant service in the Federal army.

When at the death of Mr. Fulton, his father-in-law, General Agnus, became the publisher and general manager of the *American*, he brought to the conduct of that paper the energy and courage which had always distinguished him. To the influence which the *American* already possessed he added the force of his enthusiasm and purpose. Satisfied with the position he now holds he has steadfastly refused civil honors offered to him and devotes the remainder of his

prime to the journal which has owed so much of its strength to his ability.

The present quarters of the *American* are in an iron building on the corner of Baltimore and South Streets, to which it was moved in 1876. Its handsome six-story iron building, of quite elaborate ornamentation, built by Mr. Fulton, has long been a noticeable feature of that portion of Baltimore Street.

Just after the war General Felix Agnus took hold of the business management of the *American* and Mr. Hazelton was made editorial chief. Some of the brightest young journalists of the city have been on its staff and have helped to make it what it is.

The *American* was the first of the Baltimore dailies to publish a Sunday edition, a fashion in which the others soon followed in self-defence. So much has been said *pro* and *con* on the subject of Sunday papers that the expression of another opinion on that subject may appear gratuitous. The fact is that the Sunday newspaper, on the ground often advanced, that it causes work on the Sabbath, is much more defensible than that of Monday. But the real difficulty, it seems to me, is in the fact that we get rather too much newspaper in seven days, and a day of rest from them as well as from other things is advisable.

However, I am not inclined to preach and recognize fully that the Sunday newspaper has come to remain, since it is a very potent factor on our city life to-day.

The first number of the Baltimore *Sun* was issued on the 17th of May, 1837, so that I think I may fairly claim it as a contemporary. In that year Mr. A. S. Abell, who was one of the proprietors of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, undertook the establishment of what his judgment told him would be a paying property. The other owners of the

Ledger were interested in the enterprise, but to Mr. Abell belonged not only the plan, but its accomplishment, as the new journal was under his sole management from the start.

The *Sun* was, according to its prospectus, to be the organ of neither party, nor of any religious sect. It aimed at a candid, free and impartial course; one which would give it influence and power of the best description. "We shall give no place," its editor said, "to religious controversy nor to political discussions of a purely partisan character. On political principles and questions involving the honor and interest of the whole country, we shall be firm and temperate. Our object will be the public good, without regard to sections, factions or parties, and for this object we shall labor without fear or partiality."

Mr. Abell soon made his personality felt. In the disposition of the paper and its editorial character it showed the effect of a policy not unlike that which the *New York Herald* afterwards adopted, when a subordinate writer was said to have been discharged because he showed too much individuality in his work. Not that the *Sun* ever carried things to such excess as that, but it was understood that the personality of the paper, the well-considered plan by which it was governed and directed, was paramount, and nothing that was contrary to that plan or outside of it would have a place. In other words, a general was in command, ordering each move, marking every line of action with a precision and force that showed his strong grasp of the problem before him and his ability to meet it.

This idea has, to a certain extent, modified somewhat by new conditions, been kept up till to-day and the early pledges given to the public have been faithfully adhered to. The only radical differences in the character of the paper have been those necessitated by the conditions of growth.

It has evidently tried to be, as some one has said, the public voice, not so much attempting to guide sentiment into new paths as to crystallize the best of that already existing; to take the most worthy and most practical views of life and action already existing and by iteration and reiteration inducing the people to be true to their own highest standards.

There is much wisdom in such a plan, for after all that has been said about moulding public sentiment, that man was right who said that "the people of this country have lots of good sense, enough to carry them through anything, but sometimes they need some one to show them where they have put it."

Probity and independence soon told, and the new paper became an almost instant success. Starting at a time when everything was depressed and the business men complaining of dull times, it ran its circulation in six months from nothing to eight thousand five hundred copies.

One of Mr. Abell's earliest triumphs was achieved in 1838 when the President's message was published by the *Sun*, two days in advance of its rivals. The usual method then in vogue was to receive from Washington supplements already printed, which contained the message and which usually made their appearance several days after the event. That sort of thing would not suit the *Sun*, which established an express consisting of fleet Canadian ponies, hardy and well trained, which made the distance in a shorter time than could otherwise be done at that day. That is how the Presidential message got into the hands of the *Sun* compositors before any other paper outside of Washington obtained it, and was immediately cut up into what the printers call "takes," upon which a large force of busy compositors was soon hard at work.

This plan was carried into execution whenever practicable

and was wonderfully successful, so that the name of the *Baltimore Sun* became synonymous with enterprise and achievement.

A Halifax and Baltimore express, with relays of horses along the road to Annapolis, on the Bay of Fundy, and thence by steamer to New York, enabled the *Sun* to obtain European news in advance of all of its competitors. Whenever possible it associated with other papers, but never hesitated when such a combination was impossible to assume all the expense and risk of new enterprises. As a consequence, the compliments paid it by its contemporaries were warm and frequent, and it took rank with the first papers of the country.

During the Mexican war thirty blooded horses were put on the New Orleans express, and these beat the Southern mail over thirty hours. It is a great pity that some one has not given us the exciting episodes of that rough riding in a graphic narrative. It would, I do not doubt, be rare reading, for the country over which the swift relays travelled by day and night was not all cultivated and settled by any means. There were long stretches of forest, of desolate places, of dangerous neighborhoods, of savage wilderness, as well as of farm land and travelled road. Many a race there must have been when the express had other enemies than distance to contend with; many a night when the dreary loneliness of the uninhabited woods was broken by the panther's cry or the dreary call of the night-birds. Through the hot sun, the damp shades, the sudden storm or the almost intolerable loneliness, the *Sun's* horses and horsemen sped.

The cost of the New Orleans express was a thousand dollars a month. The time made by it from that city to this was accomplished in six days.

So it happened that the first announcement either to people or to the government of the conclusion of the Mexican war appeared in the columns of the *Sun*, and the action of the government was guided by this information.

To private individuals, banking and business houses and the government, by information about foreign matters, stocks, the market, the *Sun* was useful.

Besides the pony express, as it got to be called, carrier-pigeons were introduced and in a short time became exceedingly useful. For this purpose nearly five hundred of these beautiful and interesting birds were kept at a house near the old Maryland hospital for the insane. Late news from Washington was brought in this way and all competitors were distanced.

I have elsewhere spoken of the fact that the Morse electric telegraph was first used by the *Sun*. The experimental line from Washington to Baltimore was built on an appropriation from Congress of thirty thousand dollars, and the fact that the appropriation was granted was largely due to the influence and persistent energy of Mr. Abell and his paper.

The *Sun's* telegraphic copy of the first Presidential message ever transmitted in that way was afterwards republished in the *Proceedings of the French Academy of Science*, as one of the very remarkable achievements of the age. This was done in May of 1846.

At one time a combination was effected with the *New York Herald*, by which these two energetic journals joined forces in gathering news from distant points.

The *Sun's* first publication office was in Light Street. In 1839 it was removed to Gay and Baltimore Streets, and eleven years later the iron building on the corner of Baltimore and South Streets, the first of its kind ever used for a newspaper building, was erected. Upon the death of one

of the partners, the building was sold to settle the estate, and Mr. Abell bought it.

The attitude of this journal during the civil war and the reconstruction period which followed was in line with its previous policy. It often gave the government offence by its courageous utterances. There was at one time an order for its suppression; not an unusual thing at a day when few papers escaped such attention, and it was no mark of distinction for an editor to spend days, weeks, or even months in "durance vile." Fortunately for Mr. Abell he learned of the order in time to avert it by procuring a strong protest from an influential quarter.

About this time Mr. Fulton of the *American*; Messrs. Piet and Kelly of the *Catholic News*, Mr. William M. Carpenter of the *News Sheet*, and afterwards one of the editors of the *Sun* and several other gentlemen were incarcerated in Fort McHenry. The *Daily Exchange*, *South News Sheet*, *Daily Gazette*, *Republican*, *Evening Transcript*, *Evening Post* and *Evening Loyalist* were suppressed at various times. It was a day when the expression of opinion meant danger and exposure to punishment.

Very recently the double page and supplement with which the readers of the *Sun* had become familiar have given place to eight large pages. The Hoe presses which this paper was the first to purchase have been superseded by quadruple web-perfecting presses, printing from four cylinders at once upon an endless roll of paper, with a capacity of ninety-six thousand copies an hour.

The ownership of the *Sun* passed some time ago from the hands of its late founder into those of his heirs, who are true to the traditions of the journal. Its character is well established and it occupies an honorable position among the leading newspapers of the land.

The Baltimore *Daily Commercial*, which was published first in 1866, was the direct descendant of the *Baltimore Clipper*, which was a contemporary of the *Sun*, being only two years younger.

Both the *Clipper* and the *Daily Commercial* were under the ownership and management of Mr. Wailes, who, at one time, had as partners Wm. R. Coale, Dr. C. C. Cox and R. N. Newport.

After the retirement of the last of these gentlemen from his connection with the journal, the stock and good-will were purchased by the Democratic Association, which was represented by Dr. Wm. Cole and Col. Gerger, of Mississippi. These gentlemen started the *Evening Journal* in 1871. First, Dr. Cole withdrew from its management, and then Col. Gerger sold out at auction, Col. Frederick Rain becoming the purchaser for the sum of \$2,250.

During its various metamorphoses the *Commercial* became the *Bulletin*, and later the *Baltimore Bulletin*. At this time Mr. Wm. R. Coale, who had been associated some years before with Messrs. Wailes and Laffan of the old *Commercial*, became its editor.

In 1872 Mr. Coale retired, and Samuel Early bought his interest conjointly with Mr. Laffan. Four years later Messrs. S. Teackle Wallis, Thos. W. Hall, Charles G. Kerr, Wm. Laffan and Lawrence Turnbull organized a company and purchased the paper, starting with a capital of sixty thousand dollars.

Under the direction of this company the *Bulletin* was published as an evening paper. It was very successful, and held its own among the Democratic journals, being well edited and managed. In 1880 the *Evening News* absorbed it. This paper remains with us still.

A story full of interest is that of the little *Exchange*,

which began to appear in 1858, when the Know-nothing party, through its rougher element, was terrorizing the community, and, to a certain extent, intimidating the press; for while there were several papers which showed a proper amount of backbone, there were many which made submission to the tyrant, and let mob-rule proceed unrebuked, because they considered the shoemakers' awl a mightier weapon than the pen. The "Blood Tubs," "Plug Uglies," and all the rest of that ominous crew, gave the law to the editorial sanctums of many of the papers.

After the manner of the youthful champion of the old tales, who suddenly appears in the lists at the tournament, and challenges the giant, so the *Exchange* sprang into being, and defied the mob at once. One of its ablest writers was Mr. S. Teackle Wallis, whose versatile pen was never better employed than then.

Mr. Wallis has been called, and justly, the pride and ornament of the Baltimore bar. He was born in 1816, and studied law with the famous William Wirt, whose letters give us so much of an insight into the life of an earlier time. As a leader of the people, Mr. Wallis early learned to devote time, thought, tongue and pen to their service, and never hesitated in his more active days to fight every dragon as a public champion. His trenchant pen began to draw blood from the Know-nothings. They were wild with anger, and threatened the paper that was doing them so much damage, but the courageous editors replied to every threat with hot shot from the presses, till the whole community became interested in the unequal duel.

At length, on the 12th of August, 1858, the mob began to gather to put its threats into execution. Not a word of those scathing editorials but was to be paid for in the coin that the Know-nothings were most used to handling.

With the manager sitting helpless while a burly ruffian held a pistol to his head, the mob quickly distributed itself over the premises, and destroyed everything they could lay hands on.

The office was at the Carroll Building, on the southeast corner of Baltimore and Calvert Streets. The attack took place on February 22, 1858. Messrs. Kerr and Hall, the proprietors, did not weaken at this demonstration. On the contrary, their heaviest guns were loaded with wit and common-sense, and discharged in the usual way.

The attack had been made at eleven o'clock in the morning. The fearless conduct of the paper had won all chivalrous hearts, and a large number of citizens voluntarily surrounded the office and guarded it for several days, while the paper showed the stuff its editors were made of.

The fight with this faction continued until the enemy was no more, and then the burning questions of the hour in national politics claimed its attention. It spoke as fearlessly as before, and, as a result, when suppression and arrests were the order of the day, its responsible men were taken to Forts McHenry and Lafayette, and its utterances forever silenced.

The *Maryland Times* appeared in place of the *Exchange* five days later. This paper was so clearly the successor of the *Exchange* that people said there had been no change except one of name. Indeed, the same style, type, cases, and even the same advertisements, gave color to this view.

Next came the *News Sheet*, which was mainly a copyist of other journals, culling what was brightest from its contemporaries.

The fact that its sharp sayings were quoted did not save it from the general fate, however. Its quotation marks were a feeble and inadequate defence against the order from

Washington which soon came to suppress it. This was done effectually by destroying the type, and making general havoc with the property.

But although the succession was thus apparently interfered with, yet the *Daily Gazette* came directly in the wake of the *News Sheet* and followed its methods, managing to incur the hatred of the authorities almost from the start. It made no difference that the articles which were considered as being most obnoxious had previously appeared without question in journals in the North and West, or that some of them were even the product, originally, of Republican pens, there was a separate standard established, a stricter censorship for Baltimore.

Mr. George Colton became the proprietor of the *Gazette* in 1881. Mr. Welsh, the former editor, was retained, as were most of the staff of the paper.

The *Republican* was also the property of Mr. Colton during the civil war, and was a recognized organ of the Democratic party in Maryland.

The last addition to the press of Baltimore is the *World*, which has gained a good many friends already and only lacks perspective.

The *Baltimore Evening News*, which is published by the Evening News Publishing Company, has been under its present management since January 1st, 1892, and has doubled its circulation in that time, it is said. It is a bright, energetic paper, and seems to feel the influence of Mr. Charles H. Grasty, the president of the company, whose personal energy has been exhibited in a number of enterprises, both here and in the West. His first experience in journalism is said to have been gained in Missouri, and from his early work on a country paper he drifted to Kansas City, where he became a reporter on the *Times* of that

city. His first work in journalism in Baltimore was as the general manager of the *Manufacturers' Record*. While engaged in this work Mr. Grasty became interested and interested others in the Lake Roland Land Improvement Plan and was prominent in the organization of the Lake Roland Land Company, which has also purchased the North Avenue Railroad.

In December, 1891, Mr. Grasty severed his connection with the *Manufacturers' Record* and assumed control of the *Evening News*. In its new quarters in Carroll Hall, on Calvert and Baltimore Streets, with its now perfect equipment and management, the *News* seems to have a great future.

The *Morning Herald* was founded in 1875 by Wm. J. Hooper, a prominent and wealthy citizen of this city. Its early career was not as successful as was anticipated financially. Mr. Hooper sold the paper in 1876 to its present owners, who changed its politics from Republican to a more independent and conservative course. From this time dates the success of the paper, which is shown by its circulation both of the daily and Sunday editions. The business is conducted in the large iron building on the southeast corner of Charles and Baltimore Streets, and is overseen by Mr. Charles Bechhofer, the general manager, to whose ability and energy the success of the paper is largely due.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STAGE IN BALTIMORE.



IN the old days of Baltimore we read that travelling shows used to exhibit in a large hall over the market house, the Northwest corner of Gay and Baltimore Streets.

These performances were varied by lectures and other intellectual amusements. No doubt the electricians of to-day would give something for a report of a lecture on Electricity delivered in "Baltimore Town," as the advertisement read, at the time when Ben Franklin was still flying his immortal kite.

There was nothing to suggest even a claim to any great interest in dramatic affairs until the present century. There were spasmodic efforts made in that direction, as when Hallam and Henry appeared in the Beggar's Opera, or Wignell and Reinagle opened the first "Old Holliday" with some sentimental performances such as were in vogue at the time.

A little later the walls of the "New Holliday" (Baltimore Theatre) resounded to plaudits given to Hardinge for his

singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner." At the same theatre James Wallack made his first appearance in America under the management of Warren and Wood. The elder Wallack is only a name to most of the living, and even his gifted son has "gone over to the majority," yet the tradition of his power is a very lively one to-day and his unquestioned genius has been the inspiration of a later generation.

Keane, too, won the plaudits of those who appreciated dramatic art, and Mrs. Entwistle delighted the Baltimoreans whose grandchildren have enjoyed Mary Anderson—Morris—Davenport—or the bright particular stars of our own dramatic firmament.

The second decade of the century, if we may credit the record, found a much livelier population in regard to theatrical amusements, or else the people had been educated up to enjoyment of the play-house. The long list of names that greet the eyes in looking over any history of the stage makes one wish that he might linger and discuss them.

When I first began to notice such things, or at least to remember them and understand a little about what was going on, the old Holliday theatre was closed and remained so for several years: then it was purchased, proved a white elephant to the possessor and was resold, finally coming into the hands of a company of whom Mr. John T. Ford was a member. The latter performed the seldom successful plan of putting the theatre on its feet. After proving his ability as a manager for several years, the theatre was remodeled for him in 1859, and reopened with "She Stoops to Conquer," Goldsmith's comedy, in which Stuart Robson took the inimitable character of the raw, uncouth, uneducated, roystering young squire, Toney Lumpkin.

In 1870 Mr. Ford purchased the Holliday, which there

years later was burned, the performance of "After Dark" having just been concluded. The owner, nothing daunted by this calamity, rebuilt the Holliday. The present Ford's Grand Opera House, which was completed in 1871 under the superintendence of Mr. Gifford, the architect, is a large and finely constructed building, well adapted for its purpose. "As You Like It" was advertised for the opening night, and as people were on tiptoe with expectation, there was a large audience present; but the theatre, in spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of the owner and architect, was not quite ready. The auditorium was completed but the stage was not, and the Shakesperian play was postponed, an impromptu performance, gratuitously performed, taking its place. The time was filled with recitations and other forms of entertainment not requiring elaborate stage setting. The comedy was given the succeeding night and was the forerunner of a series of dramatic events that have made "Ford's" memorable for more than twenty years.

The career of Mr. John T. Ford has been one which cannot fail to interest whoever is posted in matters relating to the stage. He is the oldest living manager in America, and has been brought into contact with more prominent professional people than any other; that fact alone would afford sufficient apology, were any needed, for giving a little sketch of his life.

Mr. Ford's father was a mechanic; he was born in Baltimore in 1829. He had an uncle who was engaged in tobacco-manufacturing whose establishment he entered when fourteen years of age. But at the age of twenty the future manager concluded that something else than tobacco would suit him better, and he became the agent for an opera company, and afterwards formed the partnership with George

Kunkel and Thomas Moxley which resulted in their becoming lessees of the Holliday. At the same time the theatre at Richmond, Va., was leased by them. This partnership was dissolved in 1861.

Mr. Ford has built three theatres in Washington, the first being completed in 1856 and that on Tenth Street becoming famous as the scene of President Lincoln's assassination. Upon the conclusion of that dreadful tragedy the place was seized by order of the government, and a resolution passed forever prohibiting the use of it as a place of public amusement.

The Broad Street theatre in Philadelphia also came under Mr. Ford's control in 1878 and was eminently successful. Mr. Charles E. Ford, his son, who was trained to succeed his father in the business of theatrical management, took charge of the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, which his father had leased, and there among other things brought out the "Pirates of Penzance," which had not before been seen in this country.

"Pinafore," too, had been first taken in hand by the veteran manager (Montgomery Field being the only one to precede him), and Mr. Ford was the first to offer remuneration to the English authors for their work.

But not only in the arduous work of a caterer to the public taste has Mr. Ford exhibited that rare balance and ability which he possesses to so marked a degree. In civic life he has shown himself a good citizen, as in private life he has been a sterling friend. In his seat in both branches of the City Council he has evinced a capacity for public business which leads one to question whether the city would not have been a great gainer had he devoted more of his life to political pursuits.

He is on record as having advocated the introduction of

water from the Gunpowder river (which measure was not then carried), and has thrown the weight of his influence and vote in favor of such progressive measures as city extension, sewerage, paving, the electric lighting system, and in fact all the later improvements proposed for the city.

Mr. Ford has also frequently served as foreman of the Grand Jury, has been city director of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, a Commissioner of the McDonough Fund and member of various societies for the aid and comfort of his fellow-men.

Such a man is John Thomson Ford, to whose genial friendship I have owed many a pleasant hour of my life.

Mr. Ford had the theatre in Richmond, Va., in 1857, and Joseph Jefferson, whose name has for so many years been a household word in this country, became its stage manager. Dion Boucicault, with his accomplished and popular wife, "Miss" Agnes Robertson, were among the attractions of the first season there. Miss Robertson was known as "The Fairy Star" and drew large houses. Among the pieces produced were "The Sea of Ice," and "The Naiad Queen," which were both successful. Later Edwin Forrest, then a man in the prime of life and power, electrified his audiences with his Shakespearean personations, and of "Virginius" and other Roman characters.

A feud between the friends or adherents of Macready and Forrest broke out as soon as the former crossed the water. New York was the scene of a popular disturbance in which the patrons of the opposing theatres took part and engaged in a warfare still fondly remembered by the older inhabitants.

In Baltimore, in 1848, a similar scene was enacted. Forrest was playing the part of Macbeth to a crowded house at the Holliday Theatre. At the Front Street, Macready at

the same time personated the same character. The partisans were up in arms about it. The play-goers of the Monumental City had not had anything so exciting to talk about for many a day and discussion grew hot as the time for the performance approached. Baltimore was not so large a city then as it has since become, and we were perhaps more easily excited over matters that now we would take more quietly. At any rate there was hardly a small boy in the city that did not have an opinion and aside, and, as in many a political division, those who knew least were loudest and strongest in their expressions. As for going to see both actors and comparing them, that was hardly thought of by the majority, who would have considered it treason to either favorite to be seen among the adherents of his rival.

Well, Forrest was as popular then as he could possibly be, and his audience yelled and stamped their applause like good partisans, and Macready made his best hits and was likewise endorsed by his side, and then each party, fully convinced that the other could not possibly have enjoyed anything half so fine, sought opportunity to prove by the readiest of arguments its utter detestation of anything like poor taste. It was a funny sort of a conflict, showing as it did, how even in matters of artistic appreciation, as in questions of religion and politics, most men are ready to take up the cudgels.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson won many a triumph in Baltimore, and for almost two generations of theatre-goers he has stood as the preservation of what is best and kindest, most cultured and brightest on the American stage. Jefferson belongs to a *coterie* that have passed away with but few exceptions. Forrest has long since been only a memory. The elder Booth, the great father of a great son, has been

forgiven for all his eccentricities, because of his abounding genius. James W. Wallack gave place to his son, Lester Wallack, and he in turn went over to the great majority from the ranks of the veterans.

Kean, Ellsler, Charles Matthews, Fechter, Montgomery, and a score of others are gone. Still Jefferson is present, and what has he not done in forty years? Stage manager he has been, but fortunately was not deeply bitten with that malady, which to the majority of men is fatal. He has dipped, once or twice, into matters outside of his profession, I believe, as when he attempted a Floridian orange grove, but usually his genius has had its legitimate exercise in creating the parts which have made him famous.

In "The Rivals," which has perhaps been more favorably known to the Baltimore public through his personation than any other of his plays, he showed the keen insight of a master in cutting and pruning Sheridan's production to fit the stage exigencies of to-day. His process of selection was based on an intimate knowledge of what the people demanded or would stand. He realized that the day for long dialogue and poetic speeches was past; so in spite of the strong remonstrance of the veteran John Gilbert, and the no less biting sarcasm of William Warren, who remarked after the first performance, that it reminded him of "Sheridan, twenty miles away," "The Rivals" was produced in an abridged and more popular form. Its success I need not speak of. The same genius for selection was displayed in the recasting of Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," who is better known to most people through the color which the comedian has cast around him.

In 1853 Jefferson became stage manager for Mr. Henry C. Jarrett at the Baltimore Museum. Here Henry Placide, James W. Wallack, Murdoch, Davenport, Adams, Miss

Kate Horn, Mrs. Jane Germon, Miss Lizzie Weston and others made a remarkable list of attractive players. In those days stars were not so plentiful and the modern methods of providing a theatre with attractions almost unpractised, so that the stock company was in its palmy days. Those who began their theatre-going too late to see "The School for Scandal" cast, as was given at the Holliday Street Theatre, to, such a company as the one I have just referred to, have at least one cause for regret. Mr. Jarrett produced it there under an arrangement with Mr. Ford.

Henry Placide was for years one of the most enjoyable old men on the stage, a thorough artist whose personation of Sir Peter Teazle was a thing to be remembered. James E. Murdoch, too, as Charles Surface, in the same play, was an excellent and original actor who, to quote an authority already referred to, displayed a "manliness about his light comedy, which gave it more dignity than the flippant style in which it was usually played."

The lessee of the Baltimore Museum at that time, Mr. Jarrett, was noted for a peculiar habit in business which gained for him the soubriquet of "The railroad manager." He used to play the same company, or part of the company, in Baltimore and Washington on the same evenings, and accomplished this feat by running extra trains—specials—at high speed, from one city to the other, so that the same comedy and cast which opened a performance at the capital could close the one at Baltimore. The actors used to dread these flying trips, which one would certainly think warranted to insure poor performances at the latter end of the route.

Jefferson and John Sleeper Clarke leased the old Olympic Theatre, in 1854, for a brief while. Previous to their becoming lessees, John E. Owens had been manager there. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams ran the theatre in 1853,

and they succeeded the Kemble Company, whose fore-runner was Wm. Arnold. Arnold had rebuilt the Howard Athenæum and called it Arnold's Olympic.

Among the memorable performances at that old house was one on Christmas eve, 1853, when Laura Keene played to an enthusiastic audience.

Originally the Athenæum had been used for other purposes. John K. Randall leased the upper floors of the building in 1847, and made a theatre of it. It stood on the corner of Baltimore and Charles Streets, with an entrance on Charles Street.

In the year following Joseph Jefferson's management of the Olympic, Mr. McClellan altered the building into ware-rooms.

I have already spoken of Jenny Lind's appearance in Baltimore in 1850, under the direction of that prince of managers, the late P. T. Barnum. It was on a Saturday afternoon that the great songstress, long looked for, arrived at the President Street depot on a train from Philadelphia. A multitude of citizens had assembled to receive her, and both at the depot and at Barnum's Hotel, where she was taken, the throng pressed forward to get a glimpse of her. All was excitement and animation. The crowd cheered the "nightingale" lustily when she appeared, and she graciously showed her appreciation of their enthusiastic greeting by repeated bows and smiles. While there was a vigorous struggle to approach the great woman, there was no ill feeling or any disposition to be disagreeable. It was rather a friendly rivalry on the part of the concourse to pay their respects to one who already wore the crown of the world's approbation.

Messrs. Benedict and Belletti, members of her company, accompanied the great singer. When the hotel was

reached, the crowd did not even then disperse till the object of its enthusiasm had appeared at a drawing-room window and showed again her appreciation of their good feeling. On Saturday evening, Gray's band serenaded the songstress.

The scene around the Front Street Theatre, as well as within its walls, was exciting and memorable, expectation being intense till Miss Lind appeared, and then the enthusiasm rising like a wave to break in plaudits when the last tones of her marvellous voice died away.

From six o'clock in the evening, when the doors were first opened, the eager crowd poured in—all of Baltimore's wealth, fashion, taste and intellect seemed to be present. For two hours they came in an unbroken stream.

After a preliminary performance by Signor Belletti, Jenny Lind entered, amid deafening applause, and advanced quickly down the stage. There was on her part a slight expression, either in face or gesture, of timidity; a token of sensibility that still further delighted her audience.

I have already told something about the concert given to the school children. An account published at the time may be of interest as preserving a record of the details of what was really a memorable event in Baltimore annals :

“Jenny Lind, on Saturday morning, held her festival with the children of the public schools, and a most delightful time they had together, the gifted songstress being the cause of minute enjoyment to the thousands who constituted her youthful auditory; she, herself, entered most heartily into the pleasure which she was so generously bestowing upon others. By nine o'clock the schools began to arrive, and in a short time the immense building was crowded in every part by the pupils of the female schools, the boys being unable to obtain entrance and being compelled to remain in the streets. Probably there were not less than three thousand scholars, with their teachers, crowded into the building; and, *en passant*, we may say that a surprisingly great number of teachers appeared with the schools.

“At a quarter past ten the orchestra played an overture, *Aria Figaro*, followed by Signor Belletti. Jenny Lind then sung an air from “*La Sonnambula*” and the flute trio. Her young audience listened very attentively, but evinced more curiosity to see, than gratification in hearing, the gifted singer.

“It was then announced that the girls would leave the theatre in order to afford the boys outside an opportunity to hear Miss Jenny Lind sing. This, after some delay and confusion, was effected. With the advent of the boys and their delight and enthusiasm, the scene became greatly changed. Miss Lind evidently participating in the feeling which appeared to animate her auditory, gave herself up to the occasion and appeared to enter into the enjoyment of it with her whole heart.

“Belletti sang a fine buffo air in his usually felicitous style. Jenny Lind then came forward and sang with the most touching expression and deep feeling the solo from Handel’s ‘*Messiah*’ ‘*I Know that my Redeemer Liveth.*’ She sang the song with marvellous power and effect, and the boys remained quiet and almost awe-struck as the rich melody rolled forth from her faultless voice; but the moment she had finished they were again wild with delight and acclaim.

“After a selection by the orchestra Miss Lind requested the children to sing, which they did under the direction of Mr. E. Root. The first piece was a pretty little air which Miss Lind listened to very attentively, smiling and beating time as it proceeded, and heartily applauding at its close. The children then sang “*Hail Columbia.*” At its close Jenny herself called out: “*Sing it again.*” This the children did with a will, having by this time perceived that Jenny Lind was much pleased at the sound of their young voices.

“The ‘*Good-by song*’ was then sung by the schools and three rousing cheers for Jenny Lind were given three times over. The theatre at this time presented a scene, for the genuine happy feeling which pervaded it has rarely been equalled, and will be long remembered by the youngest child present. The body of the house was densely filled by the children with bright animated countenances, eager with enjoyment, presenting a scene calculated to stir the best feelings of the heart.”

On the stage stood Jenny Lind, closely surrounded by the members of the orchestra and others, smiling, applauding and joining in the songs of the children by turns and acknowledging with infinite grace and feeling the noisy

shouts and clamors of her youthful admirers. Her whole heart was evidently in the occasion. Afterwards when she was in Washington a large number of eminent congressmen and high officials of the government were present, among them Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Miss Lind was at her best, and sang "Hail Columbia" as she had never sung it before. The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. As the last notes of the song died away, Mr. Webster arose from his seat and bowed to the gifted singer, his face flushed with emotion and delight; she gracefully returned the salutation. In a moment the great audience was on its feet, waving handkerchiefs, clapping hands and shouting with delight.

John William Albaugh made his first regular engagement on any stage at the Holliday, under Mr. Ford's management, in 1855. He was employed as walking gentleman at the salary of eight dollars a week, which was considered not bad then.

Among the theatrical personages about that time was Mrs. Harvey Tucker, who became lessee of the Front Street Theatre in 1854, her managers being James J. Robbins and H. B. Matthews. This house was afterwards closed for some years, but in 1870 was leased by William Seim, in whose hands it became a successful variety theatre.

At this old house Miss Addie Anderson, who some years ago was famous in "Mazeppa," made her *début*. So did also Mrs. Frank Drew, who was a Marylander and one whose reputation added lustre to that of her native state. Her first appearance was in the character of the "Duke of York," played to the elder Booth's "Richard III." In the same character Miss Cornelia Jefferson made her *début*. George Charles Jordon was a Baltimore man and played first to a Baltimore audience.

The old Baltimore Museum had a somewhat varied and not uninteresting history. It was built by a remarkable man, Charles William Peale, whose versatility and pluck made him a notable character.

He was what is known as a "Jack-of-all-trades" and, singularly enough, seemed to have been a master of several of them as well. He was considered a skillful dentist, then took to saddlery, and made a reputation as a manufacturer of pig-skin.

Portrait painting too came in for its share of attention, and while the laurels of Gainsborough or Sir Joshua Reynolds were safe, still a great many portraits by Peale are still in existence and valued by the possessors as interesting if not great works of art.

Mr. Peale's devotion to the pencil and brush was shown in a somewhat eccentric way by the names he bestowed upon his three boys, who were respectively called Raphael, Rembrandt and Rubens. No doubt, having done what he could in this way to make them the successors of the great masters of art, this enthusiastic father dreamed of a remarkable future for his sons.

Besides his various trades and professions Mr. Peale was a naturalist and taxidermist of no mean pretensions, and an inventor who had the usual fortune of inventors. Such a man to-day would either take first rank in some one pursuit—for he seemed to have been blessed with untiring energy, or else he would go to the wall, as many a good man does, as a crank. But in the closing years of the last century, when populations were smaller and skilled men in all departments of life fewer in this country, a man was apt to be valued by the number of things he could do. So Peale and his sons became, if not great, at least important members of the community in which they lived.

The \$14,000 which the Museum cost, involved Mr. Peale for life, so that he found his future one long struggle to adjust his living to his debt, or in more modern language, much of his time was necessarily given to financing.

The Museum was one of the earliest in the United States and was occupied largely with objects of art, or of natural history, painted or prepared by Peale or some of his sons. At a later date the old structure was torn down and a handsome one erected in its place. This also went through many vicissitudes and was finally purchased by Mr. Edmund Peale, who sold its lease in 1845 to P. T. Barnum, from whose hands it afterwards passed to those of Albert N. Hann, who got it for an English musical troupe. Two years afterwards the building was again remodelled by Mrs. Hann and Joshua Sillsbee, the comedian. Then John E. Owens became lessee, purchasing Sillsbee's share. Henry C. Jarrett took hold of it in 1851, making here his first essay at theatrical management. After Jarrett came Mr. George Kunkle, who renovated the theatre once more and opened it for Kunkle's Ethiopian Opera. After that it ran down, becoming a mere drinking-place and not very reputable. While being occupied as a dance-house in 1866 a man was shot there and its character was not improved by the occurrence.

Finally in 1873 this old theatre was burned, and, as if to wipe out all traces of its later history, the site was sold to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, who paid \$225,000 for it.

In the palmy days of the Museum, when Jarrett was manager, besides the company already mentioned, the stars included Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Sinclair, John Brougham, and most of the notables of the day. Miss Mary Ann Graham, who afterwards married Clifton Tayleure, was

engaged at the old Museum, and Mrs. John Hoey made her first appearance on the American stage there in 1839, as well as her two sisters afterwards, Mrs. Charles Howard and Mrs. Fogg.

Salaries were not high. The stock companies of fifty or even thirty years ago could hardly hope to become wealthy from the proceeds of their work. Jefferson, Owens and their compeers and associates were, if not content, at least willing to receive from fifty to sixty dollars a week for their valuable services.

On one noted occasion James Wallack, Jr., Mrs. Wallack and James Brutus Booth—a triangular constellation that play-goers of to-day would go a long distance and give a great deal of money to see—played to a thirty-two dollar house. Barney Williams in a comedy called “Bumpology” played to a forty-six dollar house, and John Brougham in 1845 to an audience which was smaller by one or two tickets.

When Baltimore makes a list of the names she delights to honor, among the statesmen, soldiers, poets and men of affairs, the actors are not forgotten. Chief among these are the celebrated members of the Booth family, the first of whom made this city his adopted home, and the younger found in it the place of their nativity.

Junius Brutus Booth, as the world knows, was an Englishman who filled obscure positions, starred in the provinces, finally rose to the honor of an engagement at Drury Lane and rivalry with Kean, and then came to the United States to be thenceforth identified with the development of the stage in our country.

His arrival here was in 1821, twenty-five years of age, with a reputation already established and his methods thoroughly formed. Too much has been written critically about the elder Booth for me to attempt to add a word to what has

already been said on that score. His genius was of such a high order that it excused if it did not account for his less public life, with all its whims and eccentricities.

One of the most fruitful sources of the many personal anecdotes told about Booth was his humanity toward the lower animals, which in time became almost a mania, so that at one time no Buddhist could have excelled him in his refusal of animal food. He would not permit it upon his table and became, it is said, a strict vegetarian. Less philosophical perhaps than Benjamin Franklin, who was reconverted to meat eating by seeing a fish opened and his cannibal diet disclosed, he resolutely set his face against all indulgence of that nature.

On one occasion, during a starring journey, he was in a Kentucky town, Lexington I believe, when he saw some boys who had caught a rat. Instantly the tragedian swept down upon them and secured their prey, which however could derive no benefit from a rescue, as it was quite dead. Some boxes standing in front of a store attracted Booth's attention, and rapidly arranging these as a sort of pulpit, the unapproachable master of passion and feeling laid the limp body of the little animal on top in plain view and began a fierce but touching tirade upon the subject of man's inhumanity to the lower animals. The wonderful voice that had charmed great audiences, the facility in gesture and all the skill acquired in years of professional training were brought into play, so that the rapidly gathering crowd stood spellbound, some even moved to tears, and all touched and subdued by the mastery of genius.

I do not know whether this story has before been printed. I have not seen it if it has. The authority for it was the late William Ross Wallace, the poet, who was present at the time.

Another anecdote, hardly less characteristic, is on the same order.

A clergyman of the Episcopal Church was invited to read the burial-service of the church at a funeral to take place from Booth's rooms at the hotel where he was stopping. Solemnly, as befitted such an occasion, the minister appeared at the appointed time and was ushered into the apartment, where stood a little casket veiled by a pall. Evidently it was a child that had died—but whose child? The reverend gentleman was at a loss to tell where his consolations should be directed. Booth stood impassive and the words of ghostly cheer died upon the good man's lips as he considered that perhaps the actor, in a moment of philanthropy, had undertaken this office for some stranger.

Overcome with curiosity to see the remains over which he was to pronounce the sacred words he moved towards the little coffin, when Booth, divining his purpose, stepped forward and lifted the pall, disclosing to the minister's horrified view—two spring chickens, with their toes turned up in the most pathetic way.

The reader may imagine better than I can describe the indignation of the clergyman, who strode away in a very unclerical mood; but the tragedian, it is said, never moved a muscle, but having seen his visitor depart, gravely read the service himself.

Yet this incident, which, by the way, is given on the same authority as the preceding one, was not the result of irreverence but rather of a deep-seated conviction of the sacredness of all life, which under certain conditions of mental excitement, which Booth was currently believed to have increased by indulgence in liquor, became a mania with him.

His reverence, indeed, to the forms and even the edifices

of religious worship was well known. All temples of religion were sacred to him, and his head was invariably uncovered in passing a place of worship.

It is said that Booth discouraged as far as possible his son Edwin's early taste for the stage, even denying him the pleasure of going to the theatre when a boy.

CHAPTER XXV.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS AND PUBLIC WORKS.



THE earliest school fund of which we have any record in Baltimore was derived from an export tax on skins and peltries. That was way back in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Then a bear-skin paid nine pence sterling, a wolf-skin one and a half pence, a deer four pence, etc., toward the pedagogue's expenses. With the large supply of skins and small supply of learning at that time, this fund was for some years ample for all school purposes in the colony. Then after the "beasts that perish" had become scarce, the next method of raising the necessary fund was by tax upon tobacco. It is wonderful how many uses it served in the economy of the colonial settlers. Debts were paid with it, as were also minister's salaries, taxes and indeed almost everything for which money would be used were it obtainable. The imposition for school support was three pence per hogshead on all tobacco exported, of which one-half went to this purpose.

The school-masters of that period were of the poorest

material imaginable. From the dissolute priest to the convict who was serving out his term as a white slave, there was a range of incompetent school-masters that could have done little to foster a thirst for learning.

During the eighteenth century we learn that the schools increased, until about the middle of the century the free school, the first in Baltimore, made its appearance. A generation later, Noah Webster, of dictionary fame, tarried in Baltimore on his way from Mount Vernon, and he was so charmed with the place that he announced his intention of opening a school here. But we have no other record of that institution than the advertisement in which he proposes to open a school "for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen in reading, speaking and writing the English language with propriety and correctness. He will also teach vocal music in as great perfection as it is taught in America." It will be noticed that the trick of advertising is not a late invention.

Following this came the announcement, which was important as an indication of what was to follow in later years, of a course of lectures on the English language. Baltimore, as we know it, is a city of schools, libraries, lecture courses, university advantages, and all that can conspire to the cultivation of intellect. Even in the early days of our independence the dawning of the same spirit may be observed. The immediate outcome of the Webster lectures was the establishment of the first Baltimore academy on Charles Street. We read, however, that it was not a success. Its curriculum was to include natural philosophy, higher mathematics and the classics. Four years before the close of the century the new Baltimore academy was instituted, beginning in a school building on Light Street. All that belonged to the college course of that day was supposed to be taught

there. Mr. Priestly, who was the principal, afterwards joined Bishop Carroll in obtaining a charter for the Baltimore College on Mulberry Street, the money for which was procured by means of a lottery.

The School Act of 1816 provided for the appointment of nine school commissioners for each county, and in 1826 the present school system was established by an act passed in February. One of the provisions of this act was for the establishment of primary schools throughout the state, and by another, public schools in Baltimore were provided for. This was followed by the provision for and the appointment of a Board of School Commissioners for the city, which consisted of six members, with the Mayor as *ex-officio* chairman. The city, according to the plan then made, was divided into six districts, with one school in each district. Unless exempted by the Board, each child who attended school was required to pay one dollar per quarter.

The first of these schools was opened in 1829, the earliest being one in the basement of the Presbyterian church, on the east side of Eutaw between Saratoga and Mulberry Streets. William T. Coffin had the distinguished honor of being the first public school teacher in Baltimore. The first Board of School Commissioners consisted of Jacob Small, John B. Morris, Fielding Lucas, Jr., Joseph Cushing, John Reese and William Hubbard.

When I arrived in Baltimore in 1835 there were eight hundred and sixty-seven scholars with eight principals in the public schools. When I left school the number had increased to almost as many thousands of pupils as there had been hundreds before, and over a hundred teachers had taken the field.

Evening schools followed very soon, and ten years after the establishment of the first public school the first high

school for males was instituted, at which the higher branches of English and classical literature should be taught. This was the male Central High School on Courtland Street. It was under the charge of Doctor Nathan C. Brooks. This high school in 1866 was changed in name to Baltimore City College. Starting on Courtland Street, it was moved to the corner of South and Second Streets, then to Lombard and Hanover Streets, and finally back to its starting-place, where it remained until a suitable building was erected for its accommodation on the corner of Holliday and Fayette Streets, where a tavern formerly stood. But this building was removed by fire and the college went back to Courtland Street, where it remained till its Howard Street building was completed. Its course for a few years was more nomadic probably than any other institution of learning in the country.

In 1844 the first establishment of the female high schools was made. Four years later the grading of the public schools was accomplished. Following this came the opening of several schools for colored children, for whom no provision had previously been made. There was, however, considerable difficulty about the payment of such necessary expenses as salaries and rentals, and finally an act of the Legislature was necessary to give the requisite authority to the Board of Commissioners for assessments and disbursements for this purpose.

The number of School Commissioners has been gradually increased.

Besides the Baltimore City College on Howard Street, erected in 1874, and the two female high schools, east and west, each with its well-chosen faculty and modern methods, such as belong to higher educational institutions, there is a State Normal School, for the training of teachers

for our public schools, and to this each county is entitled to send two scholars, under certain restrictions of age, etc., for each representative in the General Assembly. The building occupied by this school was erected on the corner of Lafayette and Carrollton Avenues, upon an appropriation granted by the Legislature. The quarters of this college are, in some respects, ahead of any institution of its kind in the city. The building, one hundred and twenty feet long by over a hundred in width, is of brick; it is well ventilated and lighted, with suitable lecture-rooms, laboratory, gymnasium, library, offices, and other apartments. In its purpose and work this is one of the most important establishments in the city.

But the special pride of Baltimore, and that which gives it its title to preëminency as an educational centre, is the presence of the Johns Hopkins University. This is no make-believe university, such as the United States has a plethora of, but one which ranks with the proudest of the older institutions; a place to which the graduates of Yale, of Harvard, Williams, or Columbia are glad to come for the advantages of a post-graduate course, and whose degrees confer an honor upon the wearer not to be excelled.

This university was founded by a philanthropist who was notoriously careful about his personal expenditure, even to the point of penuriousness, yet was always helpful to the deserving and a magnificent giver to great causes. Johns Hopkins, a grocer, who invested in Baltimore & Ohio stock and other property so wisely that he acquired great wealth, was one of the best-known figures in Baltimore for many a year. He died in 1873 at the age of seventy-eight years, being five years older than the century. The president of the Merchants' Bank of Baltimore, and a director of a dozen other wealthy institutions, could afford to wear

what he pleased and to do as he pleased. When history is written, people will only remember Johns Hopkins as the man who founded schools, homes, asylums, hospitals and colleges, one who gave millions where most men would have given hundreds of dollars.

"The Johns Hopkins University for the Promotion of Education in Maryland" was founded in 1867, during the lifetime of its principal promoter. His endowment to it upon his death amounted to over three millions of dollars, yet so greatly has the work of this institution grown, so successful has it been, that it is to-day in need of funds, in need of buildings. Poverty in an individual often denotes a spendthrift character, but poverty in a well-endowed university that has always been well managed, means growth, activity, usefulness.

The name of Johns Hopkins is so well known all over the world in connection with the university which he founded that the bequests of others to the same institution are overshadowed, and apt to be forgotten. The principal part of the property which he gave was invested in such a way that it still bears interest, but at one time the Baltimore & Ohio, of which a large part of it consisted, was so depreciated in value that had it not been for assistance from other sources the university would have suffered materially. In this emergency the work was carried forward by the aid of several public-spirited citizens of Baltimore, and three gentlemen who reside in other cities, who made up a sum of over one hundred thousand dollars to tide over the difficulty.

The late John W. McCoy, of Baltimore, made the university his residuary legatee. His gift, which exceeded in value a quarter of a million dollars, included his library, which has been of special good to the institution.

Others have given liberally, their donations applying to special urgent needs. Mrs. Donovan was the donor of a professorship for the encouragement of studies in English Literature, on which foundation the lectures of Professors Winchester, Moulton and Kittredge have been given. The Turnbull lectureship and the Bruce fellowship are commemorative of two of the bright young men who began their studies at the university.

Besides the libraries already mentioned, those of Doctors Worthington, Johnston and Donaldson have been added.

Gifts of money for the purchase of books have also been generously bestowed, so that the university is rich in this respect. Here also the Maryland Academy of Sciences has placed a large part of its collection, and the overflow from the Mercantile Library of books not suitable for its purposes, is quite considerable. The published list of gifts of this nature from private individuals and societies is so large that one cannot begin to repeat it here. The works comprise the latest utterances of science, the most profound researches of history, the investigations of the English naturalist and French savant, and the metaphysics of the German thinker. There is no field of learning, no time, no language that does not seem to be represented in this abode of learning. For fifteen years the work of the university has gone on and every year shows a wider scope and greater possibilities. The buildings in which it is situated have grown around a nucleus, formed in 1876, in two dwelling-houses, which stood at the corner of Howard and Ross Streets. There has always been a great deal of discussion about making this a permanent site of the university. But while a great many people were talking about the advisability of moving it to the country and citing the probable intention of its founder, it kept on growing where it was.

Three large laboratories were built, a gymnasium was also added; Levering Hall came next and other property in the neighborhood will probably follow. New buildings, rendered necessary by the increased needs of the institution, are projected.

McCoy Hall was added to the Johns Hopkins University by a vote in December of 1891. It was intended as a memorial to the liberal benefactor of the university, John W. McCoy, who made large bequests to the institution. The building, on the corner of Monument and Garden Streets, on property belonging to the university, was designed to include the much needed accommodations for classes in languages, history and philosophy, as well as an assembly hall to seat six hundred people and a well-arranged library-room.

Mr. McCoy left to the college his valuable library, which was especially rich in works relating to art and archaeology.

There were twelve trustees named in the will of the founder and on the 23d of December, 1874, they elected as the first president of the university Doctor Daniel G. Gilman, a New Englander, who had been president of the University of California. The four professors, eight lecturers and four associates with whom the university was started, have grown to a staff of sixty-four instructors, excluding the student assistants. So the number of students has increased from eighty-nine at the beginning to between five and six hundred at the present time, and this number is so rapidly increasing that it is estimated that at the ratio already fixed it will by the beginning of the new century reach over one thousand. In all, more than two thousand students have already been registered since the beginning, and half of these are from Maryland, while the remainder come from every state in the Union.

Mr. Pratt, in the year 1882, presented the city with his magnificent donation to the cause of popular intellectual culture. The conditions imposed by him were complied with and his gift of one million dollars was placed in the hands of trustees, of whom he himself was one, and applied to the founding of the great library which has made his name one of the most familiar in this city.

Perhaps nothing can better describe the purpose of this gift than Mr. Pratt's own letter to the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore:—

“ BALTIMORE, January 21, 1882.

“I have for some years contemplated establishing a free circulating library for our whole city, and in pursuance of this plan I have entered into a contract to erect a fire-proof building on my Mulberry Street lot, capable of holding two hundred thousand volumes, my purpose being to have branches connected with it in the four quarters of the city under the same management. The excavation for the foundation has been commenced and the building will be well advanced this year and completed in the summer of 1883. It will cost, when ready for occupancy, about two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and upon its completion I propose to deed it to the city.

“The title to all the books and property is to be vested in the city and I will pay to your honorable body \$833,333.33½, making \$1,580,333.33½, provided the city will grant and create an annuity of \$50,000.00 per annum, forever, payable quarterly to the board of trustees for the support and maintenance for the library and its branches. I propose that a board of nine trustees be incorporated for the management of ‘The Pratt Free Library for the City of Baltimore,’ the board to be selected by myself from our best citizens, and all vacancies which shall occur shall be filled by the board.

“The articles of incorporation will contain a provision that no trustee or officer shall be appointed or removed on religious or political grounds. The trustees are to receive the quarterly payments and to expend them at their discretion for the purposes of the library. It is believed that this annual sum will afford a sufficient fund for the purchase of books for establishing the branches. The trustees will be required to make an annual



Erskine Pratt

report to the Mayor and City Council of their proceedings and of the condition of the library, etc."

Then follows a statement of the provisions of the city charter for carrying out such a plan and accepting trusts for projects similar to the one proposed. The letter continues—

"I suggest that if the money to be paid by me as above stated were added to the sinking fund and the interest carefully funded, it would in no very long time pay off the debt of the city, but this is intended only as a suggestion. . . . The debt may be created by the city, provided it is authorized by an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland and by an Ordinance of the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, submitted to the legal voters of the city. . . .

"The plan proposed for the support and management of the library is the result of long and careful consideration, and I am satisfied is well adapted to promote the great object in view,—the free circulation of the books of a large and ever-growing library among the people of the whole city. I trust that it will receive the approval of your honorable body and of the citizens of Baltimore.

“ENOCH PRATT.”

The building on Mulberry Street in which the Pratt library is housed is a Romanesque structure of marble, with large light rooms and ornamental façade and a tower ninety-eight feet high. In addition to the space devoted to books there is a large reading-room.

It will be seen by the carefully arranged plan shown in every line of the above letter that the conception is not a sudden one in the mind of the founder. It had evidently been matured after long and careful thought. In its management we cannot fail to praise this institution and to admire both the wisdom and the good fortune of the benefactor who has lived to execute as well as to plan his work. Although a young establishment, yet no one who sees how thoroughly necessary this library has become to a large

class of citizens can fail to believe that it is one of the wisest benefactions in the city. At its book counter, old and young, black and white, rich and poor are seen standing, with the true democracy of a common want, a universal need.

The Baltimore Female College, started in 1849 and endowed by the State in 1860, was at first a Methodist institution that is now undenominational. Charles Carroll of Carrollton founded St. Peter's Male Free School for boys. This is a Catholic institution, as are also St. Catharine's Normal School and St. Mary's Theological Seminary, which is the oldest establishment of its kind in the United States, and probably the most important. Shortly after its foundation St. Mary's College was added, which became, in 1806, St. Mary's University. The Business Colleges of Bryant, Stratton & Sadler on Charles Street, and of Eaton & Burnett, also on Charles Street, are institutions which rank high in their class.

St. Mary's Industrial School is another institution the purpose of which is outside of the ordinary educational institution. The idea of manual training has been also successfully tried here, and military discipline is a feature of the school, which is divided into a battalion of ten companies, in which between two hundred and three hundred boys are well drilled.

John McDonough was born in Baltimore on the twenty-ninth of December, 1779, and died in New Orleans nearly fifty-one years later. In his half century of life he managed to compress more than an ordinary lifetime's accomplishment of good, being a man of strong purpose and benevolent heart.

His start in life was due to William M. Taylor, who was one of Baltimore's leading merchants in the early years of



Pratt Library.

this century. At that gentleman's instance Mr. McDonough left Baltimore for New Orleans to take charge of the other's interests there, and after that lived in the latter city.

After a while he went into business on his own account, and prospered so that he succeeded in accumulating wealth, being in fact a millionaire. Before the war, it will be remembered, men who could count their wealth in seven figures were far less common than at the present day.

Mr. McDonough was a bachelor whose favorite occupation was the relief and education of the poor. A hobby of that kind is not too often ridden to death, perhaps because comparatively few men even among the refined and educated realize what a humanizing influence education is. We are in the habit of talking about it a great deal at school board meetings and on campaign rostrums, but we hardly value as we should the fact that it not only increases comfort in life but decreases crime. As a rule the man of education is not a criminal: intelligence and vice are not friends.

In pursuance of his idea Mr. McDonough made a will some twelve years before his death, and left the bulk of his great estate, \$1,500,000, to the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore, to further his philanthropic purposes toward the poor.

The portion of the McDonough estate given to Baltimore was not used for twenty years, the delay in carrying out his wishes being caused by the war partly, and in some measure by subsequent litigation. At length, however, the matter was taken in hand and steps were made toward the establishment of a farm school near this city, according to the provisions of the will.

In 1868 the city of Baltimore, through its officers, appointed the present board of trustees, to whom was con-

fided the care and management of eight hundred and thirty acres of farm land, buildings, etc., which were purchased as soon as the city's title to the bequest was confirmed.

The School farm is located twelve miles northwest of the city, on the line of the Western Maryland railroad. It is watered by Gwynn's Falls and is a beautiful and healthy spot. When first purchased it was found necessary to make a great many repairs and additions to the buildings upon the property. In 1873, on the 21st of November, the school was formally opened, there being twenty-one scholars at the commencement. In 1881 the permanent buildings now in use were commenced, and some of these have been only completed within the past two or three years.

There is on the farm a postoffice and railway station, the latter showing clearly how great has been the growth of the institution since its beginning.

Associated with Mr. McDonough's name in this wise charity is that of Dr. Zenas Barnum, who added an estate valued at \$80,000 to the endowment fund of \$708,500 bequeathed by the founder. This money is invested in Baltimore city stock, the farm, buildings and several tracts of Louisiana land, the latter being for the most part unimproved.

The bequest of Dr. Barnum, which was made in 1882, was for the promotion of manual training in mechanic arts principally. It admirably supplements the original design of the farm school.

In no way can I give so clear an idea of the plan and purpose of the McDonough school as by describing its operation. In the first place the foundation is intended to include the poor boys of Baltimore, after them their kind throughout the State of Maryland, and then the lads of

other states, who are unable to compass that most desirable of all objects, a good education.

Owing to natural limitations the working plan only includes the city boys first named. These, to make their application for admission valid, must be of respectable associations, poor, sound in body and mind and not less than ten nor over fourteen years of age. Any such boy, provided the list is not already full, is entitled to the privileges of the farm school.

The accepted applicants are admitted absolutely free from all expenses either for tuition, board or clothing. From the beginning to the end of the course they are supported, cared for and instructed. The farm school does not mean play by any means, but it does mean work, under conditions and in a way that must be better than play to any earnest lad.

There is a regular course of study, including the branches taught in first-class schools; with prizes, medals and awards to stimulate the ambition of the students. To some of the citizens of Baltimore these incentives are for the most part due. In connection with the school is a library which contains upwards of 3,000 volumes. The school is under military discipline, which however is applied in a somewhat modified form to suit the peculiar conditions of the establishment. The scholars are organized into two companies, who have every day a regular drill, I believe, but without arms. Their officers are not only in authority during drill hours, but have considerable to say in the management of the affairs of the farm.

The work of the farm is of such a character that while it gives the boys a better insight into the methods of this too much neglected occupation, it also strengthens the muscles and develops the character of the young farmers. Nor is

the great fact of individuality overlooked, for out of the almost infinite variety of wholesome work offered there is something for the taste of every one except the incurably indolent.

Farming and gardening in all their branches, horticulture, floriculture, the care of bees, the pasturing and stabling of flocks; these all come within the scope and accomplishment of the farm.

Besides these things there is the manual training alluded to, by which the boy who has any mechanical bent has an opportunity to become proficient in the use of some tool or handicraft. Printing is one of the arts taught, and the school has for some time published a paper, written, set up, and printed on the farm.

Besides farm work and handicrafts, the pupils at the McDonough school are shown the open door to scientific study, which they may afterwards enter if they choose. Very often the wisest thing that can be done with a boy is not so much to instruct him in certain branches of education, as to let him see there are a number of paths which he may follow and thus give him the option of doing what his nature calls for.

The McDonough boys have, among other things, the benefit of an elementary training in meteorological work. Instruments, etc., are provided, by which complete weather observations, according to government standards and methods, are made every day; of course this work falls to the share of the few who show special aptitude for it.

Then, too, drawing, mapping and all the preliminary work of a student in engineering, comes within the course. The fact that each piece of woodland and meadow, the location of every building, hill or spring has been charted and drawn by the pupils, cannot but enhance their interest

in the study of geography. Taken up in this way the science no longer remains dead and dry, and an atlas is something more than a printed collection of tangled lines and vivid colors. It is hardly possible to give anything like a complete account of this institution. I have dwelt more at length upon it because I feel that it is as powerful for good as it is unique in its methods, and no one can estimate the value of it. Society, if it advances at all, must be a growth like the growth of a tree—from the bottom up. There is little need to devise ways and means to induce the sunshine to rest on the branches, but if we can bring it to the roots we sometimes may do incalculable service.

I have spoken of the prizes given to those who excel in their work and studies at the farm school. There are certificates of distinction issued for the ones who have shown proficiency in their studies, and besides these, medals and cups for special excellence in certain lines. Scholarships, too, which entitle the holders to an extra year at the farm, are stoutly contended for by the more ambitious scholars. People who are friendly to this institution have made all sorts of gifts in the way of books, maps, minerals, pictures, etc., in fact anything which will in any way help along its work.

What becomes of the McDonough boys? is a question frequently asked by those interested in their progress. They may be found in stores, counting-houses, banks and all manner of places of business throughout the city of Baltimore. A hundred boys at a time educated, trained, elevated, means an output which in the course of a generation must tell very decidedly on the tone of the community in which they live and work.

People hear the name "Monumental City," by which Baltimore is often distinguished, and strangers are apt to ask why it was bestowed. Perhaps it will be well in this chapter to give briefly some account of the principal monuments. The most important, of course, is that erected to George Washington in the early part of the century, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1815. When the project was first talked of and funds for the erection of the monument had been partly raised by subscription, it was intended to place it where the Battle Monument now stands; but there were several objections to this, one of which was that the people in the vicinity thought there was danger in having so tall a shaft near their dwellings. It was therefore placed on the spot it now occupies, which was then some way back in the country. The same year the Battle Monument, commemorating the actions at North Point and Fort McHenry, and celebrating the heroes who fell there, was erected on the site of the old City Hall. Nearly thirty years later, a monument to perpetuate the memory of the brave young men, Wells and McComas, who did such signal service at North Point, was dedicated. Under the auspices of the Monument Association, and guarded by an organization which was called the Wells and McComas Riflemen, the remains of the gallant youths were removed from Greenmount Cemetery to a catafalque in the hall of the Maryland Institute, where they lay in state for three days. On the anniversary of the Battle of North Point they were accorded the posthumous honor of a military funeral, and at its close the bodies were again consigned to the tomb with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of a great concourse of people, in Ashland Square. There a marble obelisk resting upon a granite base was reared to their memory. This occurred during the time Thomas

Swann was Mayor, and he and Honorable John C. Le Grand addressed the assembly. The Willey Monument, in a square on Broadway, donated by the city, was erected in 1805. It was to honor the memory of Thomas Willey and was planned by the Odd Fellows. It consists of an ornate design in the Grecian Doric order, with Masonic emblems carved on the frieze.

Poe's story, elsewhere told in brief, is kept in mind by a simple block of marble surmounting a granite base and decorated with a medallion portrait of the poet. It was erected at the suggestion of one of the public school principals. The first money for the purpose was raised by entertainments given by young ladies of the high schools, and the amount necessary for its completion after various other contributions had been made was generously added by Mr. Childs of Philadelphia. It stands in Westminster Presbyterian church-yard over the remains of the poet. While honor is due to those who made this effort to show their appreciation of Poe's genius, yet it seems strange that no grander memorial should be reared in a city so proud of its intellectual life and achievements, to a great man whose name shall ever be in the first rank of American poets, and whose fame is so intimately connected with that of Baltimore. And here in the City of Monuments let me ask where is the statue, bust or monument (except in the Levering Hall of Johns Hopkins Institute) to Sydney Lanier, whose lines on Baltimore are quoted on platform and rostrum—who more than Poe cast his lot here among us? The naming of a library or public institution after him would be an appropriate honor.

John McDonough, philanthropist, has also his monument, erected at the charge of the city in 1865. It stands in Greenmount Cemetery, and consists of a portrait statue

resting upon a marble pedestal. There is also a memorial of William Ferguson, who sacrificed his life for his fellow-men during the yellow fever epidemic of 1855, and to other worthy men that the people have delighted to honor.

It is a natural transition from the monuments which beautify the city to the public parks. The first of these is Druid Hill Park, a beautiful pleasure-ground a short distance northwest of what were the city limits at the time of its purchase. This was originally a private estate, the property of Mr. Lloyd M. Rogers. Its history is an interesting one, the original patent or title to the estate dating 1688, and the name Druid Hill was suggested by the abundant oak-trees which adorned it. Nicholas Rogers bought it in 1709, and the same family held it, down to the time of its purchase as a park by the city. One of the owners, a grandson of the original purchaser, was a soldier in the war for independence, and an officer on the staff of Baron DeKalb. He laid out the place with great taste as a private park, modelling it after some of the triumphs of landscape gardening in England.

By an act of the City Council in 1858 the Commissioners of Finance were authorized to receive a certain percentage of the gross earnings of city passenger railways, and invest the same in city six per cent. stock, to accumulate as a park fund. Messrs. William T. Hooper, John H. B. Latrobe, Robert Leslie and Columbus O'Donnell were appointed Commissioners by Mayor Swann. After careful examinations of sites, and considerable difficulty arising from certain legal aspects of the case, the Druid Hill estate was purchased by the Commissioners and the work of converting it into a park went rapidly forward from that day. This great pleasure-ground has four entrances, the main one being at Madison Avenue Extended. The others are



Broadway.

at Druid Hill Avenue, Eutaw Street and Oliver Street, which last is called the Mount Royal entrance. The main entrance is through a gateway of Nova Scotia freestone, beyond which is a broad avenue, which until lately was bordered by ugly urns, which, however, have been removed to Patterson Park, and are so well covered with vines and flowers in summer time as to be less objectionable than in the winter. Druid Hill Lake, a sheet of water fifty-five acres in extent, with an average depth of thirty feet, is in the southeast part of the grounds. Besides this there is a smaller lake and the high surface reservoir. The small lake, which is called Spring Lake, is four acres in extent. The chief charm of Druid Hill Park is in its natural beauty. The attractiveness of its wooded hills and pleasant glens has not been spoiled by too much artificial arrangement. Unlike some of the famous parks of American cities, of Chicago, or New York, or Philadelphia, the work has been done along the lines laid down in the first place by nature. As in Prospect Park in Brooklyn, one can wander under the trees and over the grass without being constantly confronted by annoying, impertinent signboards which request him please to keep off. He can gather flowers in the spring or nuts in the autumn without being molested and made to feel that his pleasure-ground is only a show place after all.

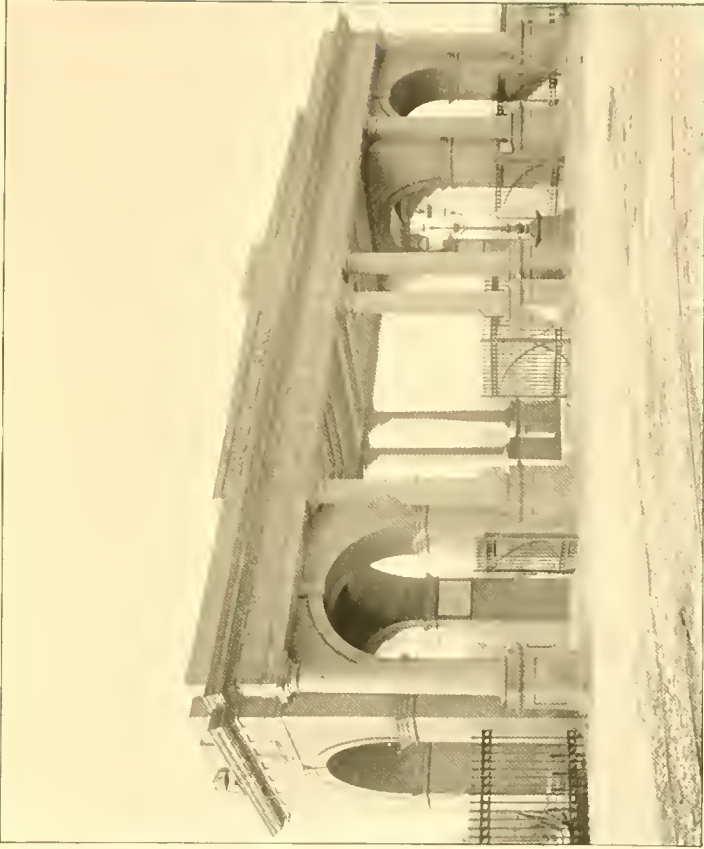
There are nearly twenty miles of magnificent carriage roads in the park, some of the avenues being sixty feet wide, and there are as many miles of foot-paths as a good walker would care to cover in a day. Then there are the springs, Silver Spring and others, where the children as well as older folk, love to congregate. There are facilities for winter sport and summer pleasure; grounds for games—la crosse, football and tennis—and quarters where the skaters may make themselves comfortable.

The very names that belong to the different portions of the park are attractive, such as The Dell, Tempest Hill, Prospect Hill, Philosopher's Walk, etc., etc. From almost every point of any elevation fine views can be had, and the air is pure and pleasant. Not the least attractive thing about Druid Hill Park (in which it differs from that of Philadelphia) is in its approaches. One does not care to drive through blocks of squalor and misery as a preparation for an afternoon outing.

Patterson Park is smaller than Druid Hill, and of a very different character, yet it is also interesting and enjoyable, though much more artificial in its arrangement. Its whole area originally was very little larger than Druid Hill Lake, but it contains a beautiful conservatory and many rare trees and plants. It was laid out in the year 1853 by the city, on ground presented by William Patterson as far back as 1827. Other land has since been added to the original gift.

Federal Hill Park is in South Baltimore, between Hughes and Warren Streets. Then there are smaller parks, and park streets, avenues, and squares, which tend greatly to beautify the city. Baltimore is unfortunate in having Washington as a neighbor. People are too apt to compare its beauty with that of the national capital. It would be impossible to estimate the value of the spots of greenness which abound within our city limits, the trees with their cool shade, the resting-places for birds, and a delight to the tired eyes of man. Nor can we fairly realize the benefit of the hilly land on which the city of Baltimore is situated, that conduces so much to health through the system of drainage which it makes possible.

The present acreage of Baltimore parks is as follows: Druid Hill Park, including lakes, woodland and meadow,



Entrance to Druid Hill Park.

aggregates six hundred and ninety-three acres. To the fifty-nine acres which Patterson Park had originally, sixty more were added in 1882. Riverside has seventeen and a quarter, Federal Hill eight and a quarter and Carroll Park fourteen acres. The total amounts therefore to eight hundred and forty-eight and a half acres.

The addition of '82 to Patterson Park was authorized by popular vote. One of the things for which the people of a large city will most readily vote is a public park: it means so much to those especially who have small means and large families, whose lives have of necessity very little of freshness and greenness in them. The wealthy have little need for an urban pleasure-ground, since they can seek green trees, mountains, rivers or seaside where they please, and come back from long outings with the tan of unlimited breeze and sunshine on their faces. But the poor and even the middle classes in a city need the parks, which become to them great conservators of health, and cultivate the eye and taste as well.

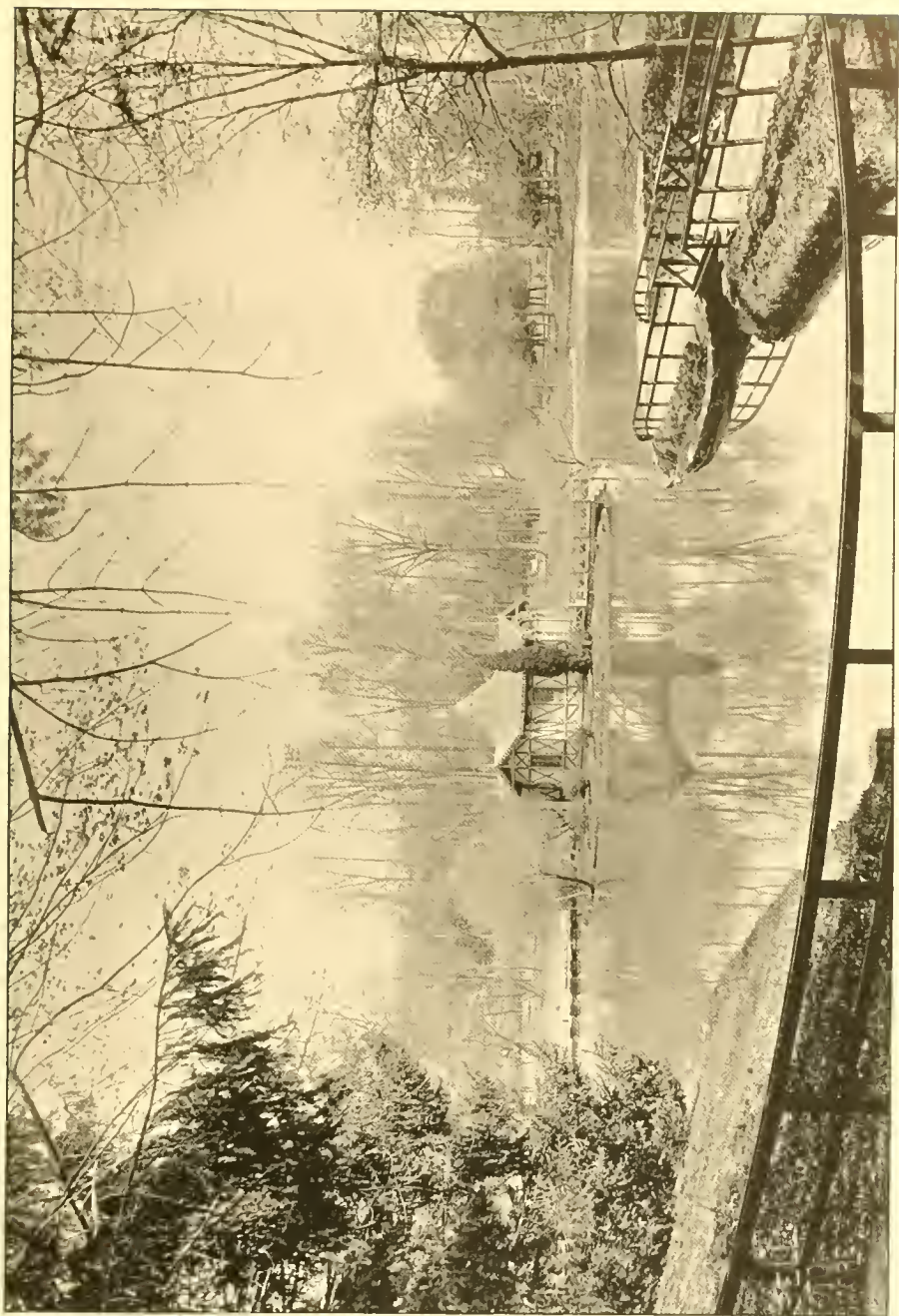
If any one scans carefully the crowd that swarms over Druid Hill Park on Sunday and yet always seems to find room enough for its individual members to follow each his own impulse, he will find that it is composed almost entirely of those whose week days are occupied closely in winning a livelihood. They are glad of the chance to draw a full long breath and for one day to be as careless as the Southdown sheep that graze over the meadows, or the deer in the woods, or the birds and squirrels that have their homes in the great old primeval forest trees and live their little lives without the necessity for municipal machinery or metropolitan institutions.

The ground upon which Federal Hill Park is situated has been subject to many caves in, so that it will be a long time

before it can be made as valuable to the people as it should be.

Within a few blocks in the very heart of Baltimore are to be found libraries such as few cities in this country can equal. The Johns Hopkins, already alluded to, is more than supplemented by that great reference library, which with the building in which it is stored we owe to the munificence of the late George Peabody. This library numbers a hundred and ten thousand volumes, all of which have been collected since 1866. It is said that the public of Baltimore not only have to thank Mr. Peabody for his direct bequest, but also for the indirect influence which he is alleged to have exercised over Mr. Johns Hopkins, thus inclining the latter to liberality. The Peabody Library is particularly full of historical series.

George Peabody, the London banker, was formerly a merchant of Baltimore, although his birthplace was in Massachusetts. The great success which he won in England as a prince of finance never led him to forget his native land, and the gifts which he made to various causes, mostly educational, in America, exclusive of the institution which bears his name, aggregated over six millions of dollars. One of his first donations was fifteen thousand dollars toward the American exhibit at the London Exposition in 1851. This was followed by ten thousand dollars contributed to the Kane Arctic Expedition. In Ohio, Mississippi, New England or London, wherever he saw a chance to do some great good, his hand was always ready. In 1857 he established the institute in Baltimore which bears his name. This was accomplished during his lifetime. The reference library, of which something has already been said, was established and lecture courses and a music academy and art gallery formed, all of which are included in the noble



Lake, Druid Hill Park.

building which faces the Washington Monument, on the corner of Charles and Monument Streets. The original sum donated was a credit of three hundred thousand dollars for building purposes, which gradually grew by gifts to a million and a quarter endowment fund. The ground was a gift from the founder, who chose the site for the institute.

The building was completed in the autumn of 1861. The civil war checked the operation of the project somewhat, and it was not until 1866 that the institute was formally opened to the public.

Appropriate ceremonies in the large hall of the building completed the gift. That hall has seen many an enthusiastic audience since that day. Now a concert and again a lecture course is added to the long list of cultivating influences. One day it is some academic event, for which the hall space at the Johns Hopkins is too small, and another sees a congregation of the votaries of music or of art.

One of the first gatherings at the institute was that of over twenty thousand school children, who gathered to do honor to the founder, who addressed them from the steps of the building, which was not large enough to contain them.

Some years later a new wing was added to the institute. The Conservatory of Music was opened in 1868, under the direction of L. H. Southard. It would be impossible to estimate the advantage and blessing this great donation has been to the people of the city.

Under the title of The Maryland Institute of Mechanic Arts there have been two separate establishments. The first was started in 1825 and was ruined by the fire of 1835. Exhibitions of American manufactures were held there as well as lectures on mechanical subjects. The present insti-

tute was organized in 1848 and incorporated a year later, and in '51 the first Exhibit was held in the new hall. There was likewise presented there a lecture course, while a School of Design and other features were added. One of these was the library. The Maryland Institute is situated over Central Market on Baltimore Street.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BALTIMORE MARKETS.



TO write a chapter on the markets and food supply of Baltimore, which some one has called the gastronomic centre of the universe, presents one great difficulty at the very outset. One is puzzled to know where to begin. Suppose, like the boy who wishes to take a good long jump, we go backward for a preliminary run and discuss the history of the great sources of supply for those delicious staples which have made our market so famous.

Naturally we begin with the oyster and find it impossible to speak of it without also paying considerable attention to the oysterman, and the history of his various troubles and triumphs.

There have been disturbances among the oystermen and their foes ever since the oyster industry was instituted, and that is more than sixty years. In 1849, there was quite a serious battle when the encroaching dredgers robbed the ground they had no license to take oysters from, till the patience of those who claimed proprietorship was exhausted

and they rose against the intruders. There was no oyster fleet at that day and the oystermen took matters resolutely into their own hands. They seized the steamer *Osiris*, armed her and attacked a lot of Philadelphia dredgers, driving them fairly from the field. The strangers' boats were seized after hot fighting and their cargoes sold. Added to this about forty of the pirates were arrested. This affair was quoted as a precedent in subsequent troubles with illegal dredgers.

The oyster dredgers, tongers, and all who make a living by capturing this most delicate shell-fish, are mightily interested in the questions of boundaries and licenses. Under the regulations prescribed by the State, all oyster grounds lying adjacent to the shore of a county are appropriated to the people of that county, and these may enjoy a general right in them, but no stranger is allowed to come in. The State may and does grant licenses to strangers for grounds outside of county limits, but no one having such a license may overstep it and dredge on county grounds, nor can they procure any right so to encroach, though the county people can get licenses to dredge in State waters. Out of this law all the difficulty between the oystermen and the pirates grew, or perhaps it would be better to say that the natural property conditions which lay back of the law were responsible.

In the oyster business, either in dredging, handling, canning or otherwise having to do with the bivalve, there are many thousand people employed in Maryland; indeed it may not be too much to say that one hundred thousand of our population make their living in this way. Sometimes it is a very good living. There are handsome houses and handsome fortunes in Baltimore that are built on a good solid oyster foundation. But the rank and file do not find



Silver Spring, Druid Hill Park.

fortunes in oyster-beds. The pearls are not for them. If they find enough to keep soul and body together they are esteemed fortunate. The ordinary tonger has no easy time of it. He is compelled to work in all sorts of weather, sometimes driven from his ground by storm, but only to return as soon as possible, regardless of piercing cold and all manner of hardship. His quarters are narrow and comfortless, his bed is of the hardest and his work exhausting, and for all this he may get fifteen dollars a month if he is lucky. The oyster dredgers are a class by themselves, these men who supply Baltimore market with the oyster of its pride.

The process of dredging and bringing to market may not be familiar to all of my readers, so I will explain in a few words that the work is done while the vessels are under sail, the dredges being cast off astern and dragged till they are full. An oysterman generally carries a captain, mate and eight men. The rope that holds the dredge, after being fastened, has a buoy attached to it so that if any thing happens to the line it may not be lost. Then after choosing the ground the captain gives the command "Heave," and the great cumbersome dredge with its iron teeth is cast astern. It drags after the boat, raking up shells, stones, oysters, in fact everything that comes in its way. At the word "Roll" the four men who are tending the dredge haul it in and the work of culling then begins, after which the oysters are transferred to market boats and taken to the city.

At the best the work is not the pleasantest one might think of, and it becomes still less so when the men who are making their livelihood from it find that others who have no business there are robbing and impoverishing their grounds. They naturally object to having rival Long Island oyster-beds planted at their expense, or to have other men take their oysters to market.

Out of such considerations grew the notorious oyster battles of 1888 and 1889. The continued aggressions of the pirates finally had resulted in the production of an oyster navy in Chesapeake Bay, a navy which had proved itself very efficient on several occasions, but which was nevertheless sometimes open to criticism. General Bradley Johnson said of it, at this time: "It is proposed to invigorate it with uniforms and stiffen it with howitzers. It sails with sealed orders and goes on secret missions. It is engaged in intimidating the wild fowl on Coan river with the latest improved arms, while the crew of the 'Groome' are crying for quarter on the little Choptank. The oyster navy has good men in it. Give Loker an order and he will execute it and so will most of the men on the force. . . .

". . . . The idea that a police force must equal in numbers the mob it is sent to suppress is ridiculous. Put Marshal Jake Frey in charge of one hundred such police as he commands and he will charge and disperse a mob of ten thousand men, and capture the ringleaders. Does any one suppose that if one of his patrolmen had been caught by a gang of roughs that Frey would not have pursued them to the confines of the continent to punish them? Order General Steward Brown, or Colonel Charles D. Gaither, or Marshal Frey, or Major Frank Bond to protect the oyster fisheries and everybody knows that not a shot would be fired and the law would be respected."

The matter referred to by General Johnson was the capture of the police sloop, the "Groome," by the dredgers. On the Choptank river, early in November of '88, there had been several encounters between the latter and the police. One of these affairs was so sharp that the steamer "McLane" was telegraphed for. Then for several days the dredgers worked unmolested. A large fleet of them being together

till at noon of Wednesday, the twenty-first, the police sloop sailed towards them and fired at long range. The challenge was accepted and the "Groome" finally obliged to retreat. She was then put temporarily in command of Captain Bramble, at his own request, and attacked once more, this time successfully. The dredgers showed a white flag and capitulated.

But about dusk, when Captain Bramble had left the sloop again and the men were below at their supper, it is said, a yawl boat came alongside with seven men in it, and succeeded in surprising and capturing the crew of the police boat. The matter did not stop here. The dredgers of the attacking party were pretty well fitted and they fairly terrorized their prisoners, promising them that they should each one be "lashed to the boom" before morning.

The sloop was robbed of arms and other property and then released. This was the affair to which the words already quoted referred.

In a few days another atrocious act was committed by the emboldened dredgers. The steamer "Corsica," which belonged to the Chester River Steamboat Company, was coming out of Chester when a fleet of dredgers met and fired on her, peppering her hull with buckshot and frightening her passengers. At the same time the dredgers uttered threats against the lives of several of the men who opposed them.

The first decided victory over these marauders was made by Captain Howard, of the steamer "McLane." This vessel left Annapolis at four o'clock one winter afternoon, armed with a Dahlgren howitzer. She met a fleet of fifty of the predatory dredgers together; there was no wind and they were drifting with the tide. These boats, although not actually dredging at the time, it is claimed, were ten or

twelve miles from the grounds where they might lawfully work and directly over beds of especial value. Captain Howard's order to surrender was answered with a defiance, and the next thing the dredgers knew the contents of the Dahlgren gun came hurtling among them. As it had become dark the gun was imperfectly trained and fired too high, cutting sails and rigging. The fleet pluckily responded with Winchesters and a hot firing was kept up for nearly three hours. No one can tell how many of the dredgers were wounded, but among those hurt on the police boat was Captain Howard, who was shot through the arm, just above the elbow.

Finding it impossible to conquer the fleet in this way, the captain decided to run the vessels down. Turning the prow of the McLane against them at once, he succeeded in cutting down two of them and capturing the crews. A third boat surrendered and the others made good their escape.

Naturally there was a good deal of criticism as well as praise over this affair. Some of those who were averse to extreme measures said that the thing was an outrage, that war was not necessary, that the matter could have been settled without a gun being fired, etc., etc. Perhaps so. It may easily be understood, however, that where one-sixth of a population is earning its livelihood by one industry, they are very apt to harbor angry feelings toward any one who interferes with them.

The oyster at one time began to grow noticeably less in the waters of the Chesapeake. There were various causes for this; reasons which it took long and close study to find out. Men of scientific training gave the food, habits and enemies of the oyster their careful study. The student of natural history, the fish commissioner and the practical

business man alike became interested to know what caused the falling off and how it could be checked. Of one thing all were certain; the bivalve was sufficiently prolific to hold his own if given any sort of a chance.

Then another discovery was made, that when an oyster is very young, a "spat" in fact, he (or it) is easily smothered or destroyed by getting in the mud or slime, while he will thrive and grow if he has good clean ground to fasten to. The next step was a very simple one. Observation revealed the fact that an old oyster-shell makes the cleanest and most desirable anchorage for the infant mollusk.

"The cull law," as it is called, was recently passed in Maryland. It provides that all shells, as well as all young oysters below a certain size, shall be "culled," or separated from the rest of the catch and thrown overboard from the boats. A remarkable increase in the oyster yield has followed this common-sense application of a natural law.

The scene in Lexington Market, particularly on Saturday night, is not only a sight for an epicure but for an artist. It is a blaze of light and color. A busy, happy sound of pleasant traffic pervades every part of this great food depot. One does not know whether to pay most attention to the buyers, or to the sellers, or to the gastronomic treasures with which the stalls and slabs are piled. Banked up from the ground, spread out on the dressers, or pendant from hooks is provision sufficient for an army. And an army is waiting for it; with baskets and packages they carry it away, and yet the supply does not seem to diminish. A great general has said that an army travels on that portion of its anatomy which the author of "The Night before Christmas" makes to rhyme with jelly. It is the same with the city. When you strike its market it

begins to groan. The majority of my readers will remember the siege of Paris and the consternation of the inhabitants when they found in their larder nothing but elephant steak or tiger cutlets. The *consommé* of seal is a dish which to most civilized people has a foreign taste, although we have had expert government cooks in that line.

Every housekeeper knows that man is an animal that requires to be well fed to be kept in a good humor. It has passed into a proverb that if one wants to ask a favor of another he should attack just after dinner. All of which goes to show that the story of the recollections of a man who has eaten three meals a day in Baltimore for half a century, would be incomplete without a record of the markets. We have already looked at the oyster and have succeeded in getting it fairly out of bed and where the caterer can reach it. But the oyster, although an important item in the food supply, is only the beginning of a long list. It takes nearly a hundred thousand dollars a day to pay Baltimore's market bill. We contemplate a myriad products of the waters, the fields, the gardens and the woods. We anticipate the luxury of dining upon the royal canvasback, the succulent terrapin, and the delicious shad, and all things which go to make an epicure's enjoyment. Entering one of the central aisles of the market, we find nothing but meat, fresh, firm, juicy beef and mutton, which with all their lesser cousins and relations tempt the healthy appetite of a well man. There is a story told of a wager which a man made with a friend that he would ask for anything he pleased at Delmonico's and have his order filled. The dish asked for was elephant steak, which was forthwith brought to him. I do not know that one could find elephant steak in Lexington Market, but if not, it is because the delicacy is not considered good enough there; but of hoofed kind

there is no lack, from the wildest of venison to Mary's little lamb.

Every one knows how beautiful and attractive the colors and shapes of fish are. Here, where all is cool, clean and shady, we see them in their perfection. The silvery scales of the perch or the delicate blue of the mackerel that lie heaped together on the wet slabs, would satisfy the soul of a Flemish painter, and these are only the beginning of a bewildering profusion.

Maryland ranks second among the States of the Union in the extent of her fisheries, Massachusetts taking the lead. The capital dependent upon this industry amounts to over six million dollars, and there is no other state that employs so many men in this field.

The different fish caught should make one's mouth water simply to enumerate them. First of all is the shad, of which about four million pounds annually go through the markets and the shipping houses of Baltimore. It is a royal fish, into whose bright shapely body there seems to be packed as much excellent flavor as ever swam in the sea. But the royal family of shad is even larger, it would seem, than the royal family of England, for in spite of the thousand nets spread for its unwary members every season and the tons of them that lie flapping in the market or are refrigerated for a distant journey, the number does not seem to diminish. The Susquehanna river is still teeming with them in the early spring, just at the time when nature says to the system of man, "You have had enough of beef and mutton, vary your diet a little, here is shad."

And the mackerel and bass come in their season to dispute the allegiance of our palettes with king shad. We are ready to shout "The King is dead"—we know because we have eaten him—"Long live the King!" Every angler

will contend for the superiority of the bass, the sportsman's prize, over the shad, and show how a fish that is stupid enough to run his head into a net is not to be mentioned in the same day with the bright gamy fellow who makes a fight for his life at the end of a slender line. I shall not attempt to decide the question here.

We turn to the perch and the sturgeon and find in each some peculiar excellence, but the speckled trout from some mountain brook entices us away. There is no question about his supremacy. If the title to the salt water throne is in dispute, that of the fresh water streams is not, and the brook trout seems to those that know all his excellence to be the last expression of beauty, grace, intelligence and flavor.

The pike is here too; that voracious, opened mouthed pirate of lake and river, with all his relations; and while we ponder in surprise on the appetite that could develop such a mouth, the crab and his big cousin, the lobster, sidle up and bid for our admiration. They have it, and with it we give a good word to the oyster's pathetic brother, who being dumb yet becomes eloquent in a chowder.

But may our tongues too become dumb if we can forget our good "Brer Terrapin," who waves all his awkward legs at us in salutation. He has a way that some other homely folks have of finding out all the rare and good things of life and assimilating them. The combination is a morsel so delicious, so toothsome, so rememberable, that no word in the language can be found to express it, and we sum its excellence in the one word terrapin.

From the fishy odors and wet slabs of this side of the market, one turns to the display of game that suggests visions of mountain, lake and river, of gun and dog.

The wild duck is pre-eminently a Maryland product.

Our canvasback is as much finer than the canvasback from anywhere else, as the Chesapeake oyster is superior to any other shell-fish in the world. The reason for this superiority is undoubtedly in the food which abounds here, for it is noticed that the difference between the flavor of duck which have just arrived and those that have been feeding in our waters for a week or two is very marked. The favorite article of their diet is wild celery, which grows in such abundance in the Chesapeake and its tributary waters.

The game laws which protect the ducks are very stringent. The Maryland State law prohibits the shooting of ducks in flocks upon their roosting or feeding ground, or elsewhere, from a boat of any kind, an exception being made in favor of citizens of the counties bordering on the waters where the ducks are. These can shoot, while the flocks are flying, from any boat except a sneak boat or sink boat. Nor can they shoot from a blind or artificial point more than a hundred yards from shore. No one, according to this State law, can shoot over Chesapeake waters with any kind of a gun except one which can be conveniently carried upon the shoulder. The police, whose duty it is to see that the game laws are enforced, consist of two citizens from Harford and two from Cecil counties, who are appointed by the governor. Besides the State law there are county laws which are very strictly attended to. Woodcock, partridges, rabbits, pheasants, and other game are also protected by law in the counties which they frequent.

Stepping aside from the sections where fish and flesh are sold, one comes into an entirely different scene. Vegetables of all kinds, and fruit of almost infinite variety have their appointed places. Still further on we seem to have

gone beyond the domain of the caterer, and the market becomes a flower garden, full of blossom and sweetness.

The markets of Baltimore date back to the middle of the last century, when a market-house was built under a public hall on the corner of Gay and Baltimore Streets. Nearly a generation later this old market-house and ground was sold, and the proceeds appropriated to the building of new markets. One of these was the Marsh or Centre Market, and the other was the Hanover Market, which came a few years later. Then the Fell's Point Market, which may have been completed before either of the others, was legalized by an act of the city authorities. The ground for this market was left to the inhabitants of that part of Baltimore by Edward Fell. Lexington Market, which we have already dwelt upon at length as being the best of these establishments in the city, was laid out in 1782 by Colonel Howard on his own land, but it was not until some years later that the market-house was built. Funds were raised for the erection of the market, which only extended then from Eutaw to Paca Streets. In 1826 additions and improvements were made, and among these provision for a place to sell fish. In 1855 the part of the market between Paca and Green Streets was rebuilt, and the following year the structure was ready for use. Lexington Market suffered somewhat during the Civil War, and was rebuilt after that event.

At the corner of Light and Cross Streets in 1845 and '46 Federal Hill Market was instituted. Between this and the Cross Street Market Hall, a new market called the Cross Street Market House was built at a cost of thirty-one thousand dollars. The Belair Market House stands on the site of an earlier building of the same title, which was wrecked

in a wind storm in 1871. This extends from Hillen to Orleans Streets.

Richmond Market is on Richmond and Cathedral Streets, and from Howard to Tyson, extending under the Fifth Regiment Armory. The Canton Market was erected in 1859 on O'Donnell and Potomac Streets, and Broadway Market in 1864, on the vacant space of ground on Broadway, between Canton Avenue and Aliceanna Street. Besides, there are Hollins and Canton Markets, and these eleven together combine to furnish to our city market facilities equal to those of any in the world.

CHAPTER XXVII.

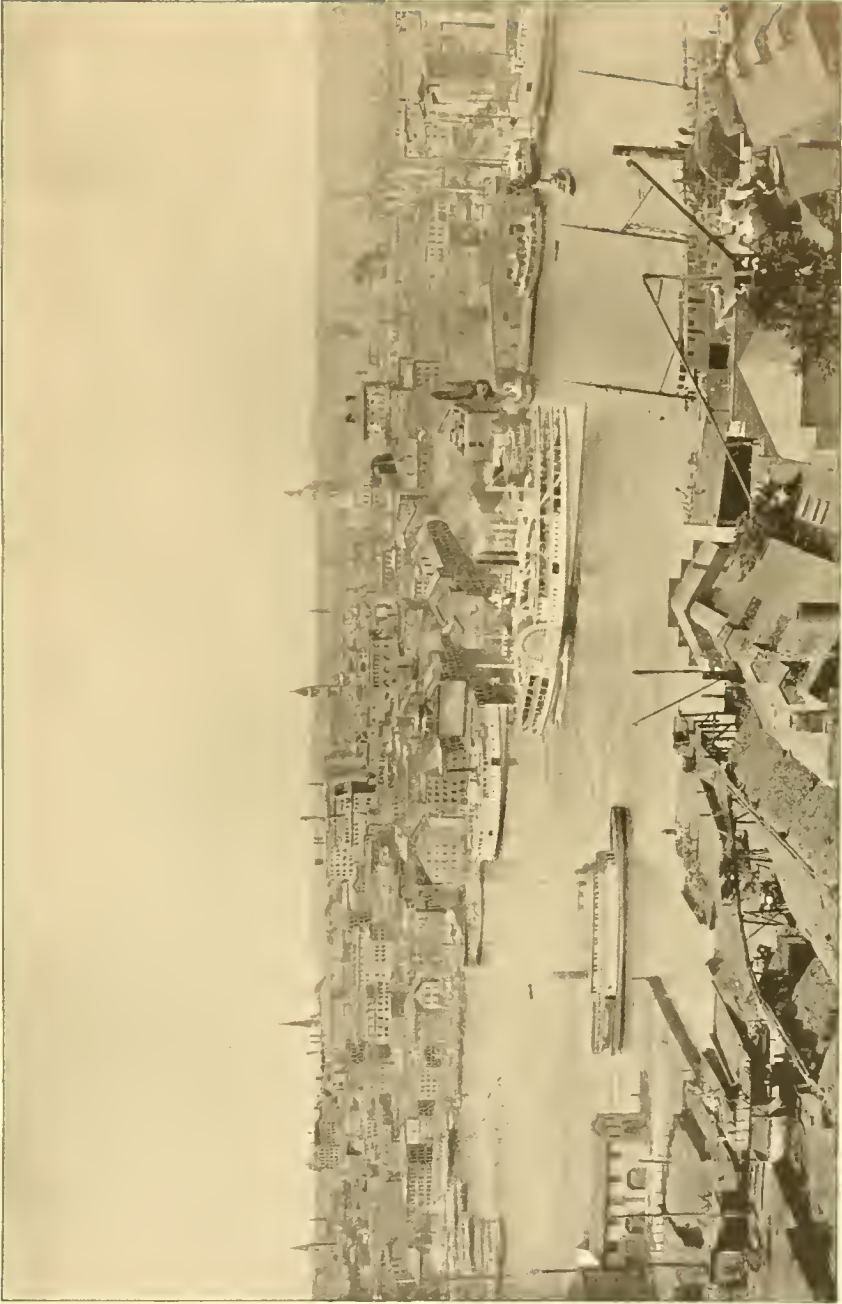
THE HARBOR OF BALTIMORE.



IN connection with the work of the department with which so much of my life has been passed, there is one feature which is of more than ordinary interest, since it produces a marked effect upon the safety of property and life. I refer to the patrol which is kept up in the harbor by the police boat, "Lannan."

The hourly rounds of the patrol-boat during the day and night are full of interest, both for the news they present of the water life and industries of Baltimore, and also for the panorama of historic localities that is unfolded.

Vessels of all nationalities, loading and unloading, suggest the validity of the claim made so often that Baltimore is the natural gate of commerce for the North American continent. Its advantages, given by nature and improved by the art of man, are almost unexcelled in the world. It seems difficult to believe, as one looks at the busy scene and considers how easy of access this port is, both from the landward and the seaward sides, that it can fail to fulfill its



Baltimore.

promise, and become the most important depot of commerce in the United States.

The great lack, here as elsewhere, is that of strictly American shipping. Comparing the ship-building of Baltimore with the activity of the same industry twenty-five or thirty years ago, it is evident that there is less, much less being done to-day, the size of the place being compared with what it then was. As is well known, this is a very old story now to Americans, and is not confined to Baltimore. From Maine to the Gulf the inactivity of American ship-yards, and the absence of the American flag, from home as well as foreign waters, is noticed and deplored.

Yet the builders of our city are not entirely idle. The past two or three years have seen the launching of some of the vessels of the White Squadron, of which the nation is so proud.

With Bath, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Norfolk and other points where naval construction is pursued, Baltimore has held her own. The yards of the Columbian Iron Works have resounded to the blows of metal upon metal and the sonorous clang of armor plates. Here several of the new cruisers have been built. The range from the little gun-boat "Petrel," which has been called the "Midget of the Navy," to the beautiful and important warship, the "Baltimore," is a wide one, and yet it was with no small interest that thousands of people gathered one bright October day two years ago to see the shapely model, the smallest of our steel fleet, glide from the stocks.

Commodore Schley was present among the distinguished guests, and to his daughter was permitted the honor of christening the little beauty. Steamboats, tugs, and, indeed, craft of every description, filled the Patapsco, and

an expectant crowd hung on the wharves and thronged every point of vantage.

The "Petrel's" displacement is only one-fifth that of the "Baltimore," which latter vessel is the especial pride of her namesake city. The service of plate, which was presented by the city to the warship, was a beautiful and costly affair, that has not been excelled by similar offerings in New York or elsewhere. It was received while the vessel was on the Pacific coast, and drew forth warm expressions of appreciation and esteem from the officers in command of her.

In distinct and almost absurd contrast to these engines of a nation's power and pride is a class of humble but useful craft, whose sails whiten the waters of the bay during the "R" months of the year, or whose dismantled spars are huddled together like a little forest of leafless pines for the remainder of the twelvemonth. I refer to the oyster fleet. Perhaps, after all, although the reader may smile at the transition from war vessels to oyster sloops, there is a point of similarity. Far asunder as they are in size, capacity and equipment, there is more than a suspicion that an equally warlike spirit animates the movements of each. The oyster navy has its story of battles and marine encounters, elsewhere chronicled, that have a romantic, if not a historic interest.

Between the great steel ships whose shells are loaded with the latest invention in smokeless powder, and the little wooden ones that are freighted with the harmless, non-explosive bivalve, there is a full fleet of various patterns and purposes, coming and going from all over the world.

There are some swift-sailing vessels, with hulls not unlike those of the old clipper ships in their lines, still trying to compete with steam for the pineapple trade of the

West Indies. But the last fifteen years has so revolutionized the fruit trade that the engine has very largely taken the place of canvas for this purpose. A few days of calm weather, through which a steamer goes with even accelerated speed, is ruin to the cargo of a sailing fruiter, and, as a consequence, the bananas, pines, grape-fruit, and other hot-country products which add so greatly to our markets, are to-day almost entirely carried in specially-built steamers.

Passing some large buildings and wharves almost opposite the point of embarkation, an unpleasant but suggestive odor assails the nose. Our harbor is not one of bad smells, and the perfume (?) of the phosphate, of which these structures are, perhaps, the largest depots in the country, is the most unpleasant that we have to encounter. Its presence brings to mind the excitement that was roused not very long ago, over the revolt that occurred at Navassa Island, in the West Indies. This rock, for it is nothing more, lies between Haiti and Jamaica, about midway. It was first claimed by the government of the former country, who failed, in the presence of the Baltimore company that had taken possession of it, to make its claim good. An act of Congress, passed in 1856, authorized the president, at his discretion, to employ the army and navy of the United States to protect American citizens in the discovery and possession of guano islands not before claimed by other people or nations. That was about the language of the act. Its purpose was to prevent interlopers from interfering with or removing guano discovered or claimed by Americans. It enabled the company which had got hold of Navassa, which was the richest of the guano islands, to successfully resist the claim to ownership put forward by the Black Republic.

Some years ago, upon that treeless, uninteresting, isolated rock, a party of Baltimore gentlemen, with a large number of laborers, many of them under contract from the Baltimore city jail, were the heroes of an adventure of a somewhat unusual character. The governor of the island at that time was a Doctor D——, a man of good family in Baltimore. With him were several fellow-citizens of like character. Their life was as far removed from that of ordinary people as anything that could be imagined, for they spent two years without society other than that afforded by each other, without anything of interest except the daily routine of duty, without seeing a woman from one year's end to the next, or hearing any news of the outside world, except when their boat boarded the Pacific Mail steamer that passed within five miles of their station, or a guano vessel came in for a load of the phosphate. Mutinies were not unknown. On one occasion the "store-keeper," the accountant of the party, cowed eight rebellious negroes with his revolver, while he compelled them to proceed to the point where he expected to intercept the steamer then due.

One day, while sitting in the shadow of their house and talking of Baltimore happenings, as revealed by the lately received home letters, one of the party sprang to his feet and pointed to the appearance of a gathering storm to the southward.

At first his companions laughed at his excited manner, but he soon convinced them that what he announced would be no jest. In alarm they began to secure what they could, but before much could be done the storm was upon them. At first the stoutly-constructed buildings seemed in danger, but after a very heavy blow there came an interval of quiet, at which the inexperienced were willing to rest

and congratulate themselves on their escape. But not so with the storekeeper. "We must save what we can," he said, "for the heaviest blow always succeeds a lull."

So they rushed about, hiding whatever they could in holes and sheltered places, the great oven where the cooking was done for the little army of men employed on the island being found the most convenient receptacle. Hardly had the most necessary supplies been stowed away when the wind commenced to blow again, and with rapidly increasing violence. Crouched in the lee of the governor's house the watchers saw the long barracks at a distance shake and then lift slightly. A second and a third time this was repeated, and then the wind got under the building and it was overturned and swept away like a card house. There was a scrambling scattering flight of black forms, the men making for the pits, which many of them never reached alive. Near the landing on the windward side of the island a train of three or four loaded platform cars stood ready to be discharged. These the wind blew up the grade to the opposite side of the island and dumped into the sea.

Then the governor's house began to move. "Run" was the cry; and there was a general stampede for the guano pits. One of the party had a rib broken, but thought himself fortunate to escape with his life. He found the hole he had taken to already occupied by a negro. He was tall and the black man short, so that when the flood of rain which followed the wind began to fill the pits the latter was obliged to climb out to escape drowning. He was never heard from again.

When the hurricane had done its full work a disheartened little party were left to contemplate the ruins. There was not among the survivors enough clothing to make one

decent suit. Fortunately a boat had hung protected in the lee of the island, and the oven contained food enough for a little while, but that was all. When the losses came to be counted the list was appalling. Forty or more of the men were dead or missing, the shelters and tools gone, and only a barren rock in a tropical sea left to them. When the next Pacific Mail passed the storekeeper boarded her, in a nondescript costume made of contributed shreds and patches from the others, it is said.

The last trouble in the phosphate fields was recent and of an ominous character, being nothing less than a bloody revolt on the part of the men employed by the company.

We have got far enough away from the harbor of Baltimore, but that whiff of the unsavory stuff suggested the distant islands, between which and this port a few old and well-tried vessels form the connecting link.

Beyond the barge line of the B. & O. Railroad, where the cars are ferried from the company's extensive yards to Canton, the green enclosure and armed earthworks of Fort McHenry suggest less peaceful scenes and the precautions of more unquiet times. The land on which it stands is the extremity of what was known as Whetstone Point; so named by Mr. Carroll, who got it from the Quaker, Charles Gorsuch, in 1702. Whetstone Point was made a town in 1706 by an act of Assembly and at the same time was declared a port of entry. Cole's Harbor, including what is now known as the Basin and the City Dock—indeed all the upper part of the northwest branch of the present harbor—was the port of the little town which was springing up about it. For a long while this water facility was ample for the needs of the place. Cole's Harbor was also the name of the town which gradually extended and joined itself to other little towns like Whet-

stone Point, and so the nucleus of Baltimore town was formed.

The history of Fort McHenry is familiar to all Baltimoreans. Its celebrity during the war of 1812 and its association with the names of men whose fame is indissolubly connected with the story and the pride of the city, will always make the pleasant, verdant slope a thing of beauty to our eyes. And, indeed, to the eye of a stranger, that suggestion of war in the midst of peace, of protection to the trade and commerce that surround it, cannot but awaken interest, while its intrinsic charm is but heightened by the recollection of later events of which it has been the scene.

During the civil war, McHenry, strongly garrisoned by the Federal government, became by turns a resting-place for troops and a prison for many men who in the hot prejudice of war time were misunderstood or made themselves obnoxious to those in authority by rash utterances. More than one of the men whom the city delighted to honor found it necessary to spend a period of rest in the old fort.

No one of course looks at Fort McHenry without thinking of Francis Scott Key and the "Star Spangled Banner," to which reference has already been made in these pages. That never-dying song was enough alone to immortalize any locality, and sang its way into history as rapidly and as surely as the French national air, when Roget de Isle first poured it into the ears of his enthusiastic compatriots.

From nowhere else can such a broad general idea of Baltimore's size and growth be obtained as from the harbor. Vista after vista opens to the eye. Past the lines of wharves, of lighters and elevators, of steam-craft and sails, rise the structures that proclaim the wealth and taste of a great city. Public buildings, private edifices, churches and halls and monuments rise in tiers and ranks upon the many

hills on which the city is built. It is an inspiring sight, and becomes still more so if one takes one of the old time maps of Baltimore town and compares the meagre array of buildings and the narrow bounds of that little place with the dignity and distinction of the city that we live in.

To return to the patrol boat, which has lingered while we have digressed;—the duties which claim the activity of its crew are many and require both quickness and nerve in their performance. Many are the lives which are annually saved by these men, who are ready to plunge, at a second's notice, into the water to the rescue of any one who is struggling there.

Not very long ago a son was restored to his mother, only however, to die of exhaustion and lung difficulty on the day following his rescue. Sometimes a suicide, impelled by the madness which leads men to end their own existence, is arrested before his purpose is quite accomplished. There are fewer successful attempts in this direction than formerly. Before the "Lannan" was put on there was no adequate way of stopping them.

Queer things sometimes occur, which are both tragic and comic, over which your smile is apt to end in a sigh or your compassion is appreciation of the humorous side. This is in fact so often the case that those who are thrown officially in contact with human misery grow callous to it, very often in appearance if not in fact.

I recollect a case of self-destruction that occurred in 1883. A stranger, plunging from a ferry-boat at the foot of Broadway, was drowned. He left behind him a number of papers which not only showed clearly how much a matter of intention his death had been, but also how deep a melancholy led to it; and yet the half-dramatic, half-sentimental way in which he expressed what was undoubtedly a very

serious chain of thought to himself, cannot but make the reader feel a pitying amusement over such an exhibition of self-conscious posing.

Among his papers was this effusion :

“ THE SUICIDE.

“ On this beauteous morn, with its clear and azure sky ;
I have sought this quiet spot, on the cold earth here to die,
My soul is filled with sorrow, misgivings, and with grief,
And nothing but that mystery (Death), can give it peace, relief.

“ O God : look down in mercy, watch over those at home ;
Be with them in life's ups and downs, as through this world they roam :
And when at last their time shall come, when they lie down to die,
Sustain them then, and take them up, to the better world on high.

“ Farewell, friends of my youthful hours !
Farewell, ye shady woodland bowers,
Farewell, sweet meadows, I love thee well !
Farewell, fore'er farewell.

“ Farewell, thou land that gave me birth :
Farewell, beloved spot of earth ;
Farewell, little streams that onward swell ;
Farewell, fore'er farewell.

“ Farewell, thou cold unfriendly world,
Farewell, misfortunes at me hurled,
Farewell, O life to me a hell,
Farewell ! Farewell ! Farewell !”

This poetry was written in pen-drawn, old English type letters, and many of the caps at the beginning of the lines are fancy initials. Below was the following, in prose :

“ As the leaves quiver and fall before the autumnal blast, I have come among them, a solemn witness of the end of their summer beauty and verdure, where, in happier days gone by I was ever wont to linger. I have come to die the death of a suicide.

"O life, 'tis hard to give thee up, but 'tis my fate. Ever through life I strive to battle against my misfortunes. The path I first trod had thorns here and there scattered along; but I thought that by honesty and carefulness I would be able to uproot them and behold a brighter and clearer road beyond. My thoughts of that brighter future have all sunk to the darkest depths of obscurity. The thorns that first bedecked it have grown thicker and thicker, until now they completely shut out from me all hopes of any brighter future in this world.

"I pray God's forgiveness for all my wrong acts in the past and for this, my last, in this dark drama of life. The world may look upon the suicide as insane; some may be, but I am just as sane, my mind is just as clear, and my hand and nerves as steady as the most happy and composed.

"Good-bye, wishing you all a long and happy life and a better share of this world's goods than it has been my fate to have, I remain

"Yours, etc., etc."

The name of the young man who wrote the foregoing, I, of course, do not think it necessary to give. He was known to rather a large circle and well thought of.

The greatest number of lives saved by the crew of the "Lannan" are, perhaps, those of the people who fall or plunge in, or are thrown from the excursion boats that often come in during the summer evenings. As soon as one of these comes in sight, the prow of the patrol is turned towards her, and this faithful, silent little attendant sticks close to the bigger vessel till her last passenger is safe on shore.

A chapter on the harbor would not be complete without a mention of the new fire-boat "Cataract," which by many people is regarded as the best boat engaged in similar service in the United States. Whether this praise is just I cannot say. The responsibility for the statement rests with the magazine called *Fire and Water*, which is published in New York and has, I believe, a recognized standing. The hull of the "Cataract" is of white oak, hackmatack and yellow pine. She is strongly built, as the service demands, and is

fitted with Manning vertical duplex double-acting fire pumps, which are capable of working continuously with steam at 160 pounds pressure up to 220 revolutions per minute against a water pressure of 160 pounds. E. J. Codd & Co., of Baltimore, were the contractors for the fire-boat. Brusstar Bros. built the hull. Thos. Manning (of Cleveland, Ohio) furnished the pumps and the Cowles Engineering Co., of Baltimore, constructed the water tube boilers. Altogether the craft is a credit to the city whose harbor and shipping she is designed to protect.

On the south side of the Patapsco is situated one of the great industries of Baltimore. It is a type of a class of works that has been alluded to as making the harbor odorous in certain localities, the phosphate or guano factories. The unsavory product occupies buildings that cover an area of many acres and comprise storehouses, sheds, wharves and machinery buildings. Everything that goes into the cauldrons has apparently arrived at the last stage of decomposition, and is one of the components of a witches' broth that people of weak nerves could not oversee the brewing of. With the lumps of phosphate go in the most repulsive mass of old fish and other material, a by no means inviting chowder; but the result is a product that is annually worth a great deal of money to Baltimore men and is one of the important items of her trade.

The situation of the harbor of Baltimore at the head of tide-water on the Patapsco gives to the port an advantage which has been already noted. The calm of a sheltered basin that yet is amply connected with the ocean and has room for all possible contingencies, is a benefit which few great sea-ports share.

In order to make the harbor of Baltimore perfectly adequate to the needs of her shipping, one of the first

dredging machines ever made was employed here more than half a century ago at a cost of \$70,000. The Board of Port Wardens of that day were fully alive to the importance of keeping every advantage which nature had given in the position of the basin.

But between those days, when a vessel of more than seventeen feet draught was a leviathan, and this day of deep iron hulls, there is such a difference that the old Port Wardens of fifty years ago would probably stare if they could observe the changed conditions under which we work now.

The first harbor dredging was not so much to deepen as to keep clean from the wash of the city the waters around the wharves. In 1852, however, the first effort was made to deepen the waters of the Patapsco, between Fort Carroll and Swan Point. This work was undertaken by the city and State jointly, and has continued with slight interruptions to the present time. Our ship channels, six hundred feet wide, now constitute a system that is unexcelled. There is a mean depth of twenty-seven feet at low water below Locust Point, and above that, around the wharves, from nineteen to twenty-four feet. Colonel Craighill, United States Army, has charge of the engineering work done in the harbor.

The harbor of Baltimore within the city limits has a water-front, measured on the Port Warden line, of 13 miles; $6\frac{1}{2}$ of this being on the northwest branch of main harbor and $5\frac{1}{2}$ on the main and middle branches, known commonly as Spring Gardens. The water area on the northwest branch is 630 acres, and on the main and middle branches 1,300 acres in extent. There is abundant wharf room for ordinary vessels, in addition to which there are greater facilities, deeper anchorage, etc., for larger vessels at several points in the harbor.

Locust Point, where the Baltimore & Ohio grain eleva-

tors, etc., are, and Canton, the Northern Central terminal point on the opposite side, are both within the main harbor and are accessible by means of the surface lines which connect them with the city. They are within the Lazaretto, where the light-house bearing that name stands against its background of roofs and chimneys.

More interesting perhaps than any locality except those just mentioned is Sparrow's Point, where the great shipyards of the Maryland Steel Co. are located. This is a tract of about 1,000 acres, situated on the north shore of the Patapsco about nine miles from the city. It was purchased prior to 1887 and in May of that year the work upon what is known as the "Maryland Extension" commenced. The Baltimore & Sparrow's Point Railroad, built and operated in the interest of the Maryland Steel Co., gives ample railroad facilities by connection with the principal trunk lines. Leaving Baltimore by the Northern Central Railway, the Baltimore & Sparrow's Point Railroad is reached at Colgate creek, passing by direct line to Bear creek, crossing which, on a trestle bridge, 3,405 feet long, it enters the property of the Maryland Steel Co.

Elsewhere, in speaking of the industrial interests of Baltimore, I have touched upon this magnificent plant and will not repeat the figures there given.

The shipyard is a special feature of the works and the first work undertaken there was the construction of the large steel tugs designed for sea-going service.

In connection with the Steelton branch there has grown up a separate and thriving little town, whose population already reaches probably ten thousand people. With churches, schools and other agencies at work, this little centre will be increasingly a factor in our advance.

One of the most important launches from the Sparrow's

Point works took place early in October, 1892. It was then that thousands of expectant spectators witnessed the first public event of that kind which had taken place there. The vessel was the bay line propeller "Alabama," designed to be the flag-ship of the company's fleet of steamers.

Visitors from the city were taken to the works on the Bay Line steamer "Caroline," and were shown through the works. The "Alabama" is a steel steamer throughout. She has four decks, after the fashion of river and sound or bay boats elsewhere, but in her construction the same care, material and workmanship was used as would be bestowed upon an ocean-going steamer.

In speaking of the Maryland Steel Works it may not be out of place to state in this connection that a vast amount of the ore used is brought, not from the mines of our own inland country, but from points which can only be reached by vessel. The company is largely interested in the famous and extensive Juragua mines of Cuba, and from this source is supplied most of the iron for its blast furnaces. It was due partly to the fact that so much of the raw material used must be brought by water, that the plant was finally established where it is. The site was carefully studied by experts and business men, was compared with other eligible places, and when these great works were finally established at Sparrow's Point, it was without the solicitation of the people of Baltimore.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

INDUSTRIAL BALTIMORE.



IN 1870 the number of manufacturing establishments in the city, even if we include plaster moulders, candy makers, and others of less importance than these, was 2,261. The number of hands then employed by all of the makers of all products was a little less than three thousand, while the aggregate value of their products was \$51,106,278.

Domestic cotton manufacturing was at that time very small, there being only one establishment of the kind, and only two hands employed there. The annual product was valued at \$1,500. There were two mills where cotton duck was made, and these gave work to 521 hands. The estimated value of these establishments was a little over a million and a quarter dollars.

The value of Baltimore's sugar refineries in 1870 was \$6,832,462. There were four of these, which gave work to 434 people. Then, as now, clothing manufacturing and tailoring was an important item in the budget of industries.

coming next to sugar refining on the list. There were 211 of these establishments, with \$5,357,871 invested capital, and about 6,500 employees.

The wool mills at that time received a million and a half pounds of wool in a year. More than half of this consumption was of foreign wool, or, to speak accurately, for the year 1869 we used 813,275 pounds of foreign wool to 682,500 pounds of domestic.

Our trade had revived again after the war. It was only small as compared with that of to-day. With trade our manufactures also sprang up, and it is interesting to notice how the same conservatism which has made our banks more secure than those of any other city in the United States, and our financial wrecks less frequent and severe, has also set its stamp upon the productive interests of the city.

We ask in regard to a man "Who is he? What is he worth? What can he do?" There is a personality, an individuality about a city which leads us to the same thought. There is an analogy between the two. The questions of character, wealth and productivity are worth a thought. The last, which this chapter considers, no Baltimorean is ashamed to answer. We are among the very first of American manufacturing cities to-day, and this in direct opposition to the generally received idea that a manufacturing city, like a manufacturing man, is solely or mainly a money-getting one. To-day, in spite of her enormous plants and millions of invested capital and the vast output of the products of her mills and factories, those who are not directly interested in such matters are surprised to hear our city spoken of as an important manufacturing one. They are apt to express their surprise in this way—

"Why, Baltimore is always mentioned as a great intel-

lectual centre ; a place where art, and especially music, is cherished ; where culture has its home."

That is all true, and yet Baltimore is also a place of rolling-mills, spindles, looms, and all the various offspring of applied power. Her heart-beats are the heavy throb of engines and her pulse is watched in all the markets of the world.

One of the most striking things is the varied character of her products. We may glance at the more important ones only in the space of this chapter.

The world is using an immense amount of cotton duck for various purposes. It has superseded hemp in the sails of vessels, and from that use to the covering of fire hose or the dress trousers of holiday soldiers and sailors it has been applied.

The enormous consumption which arises from this very general use throughout all the world is more than half of it supplied by our factories. Instead of the two mills with employment for five hundred and twenty-one operatives as in 1870, we now have over twenty duck mills in and around Baltimore, with as many thousands of people employed as there were formerly hundreds. The pay roll of these factories reaches the enormous figure of a million and a half dollars or more. They use eighty thousand bales of cotton annually.

The world's market for American cotton exhausts seven and a half million bales annually. Eighty thousand bales of that supply goes to our duck mills to feed their one hundred and twenty-five looms. Instead of the six or seven thousand employees of the clothing establishments of twenty-two years ago, there are now at least double that number, their wages aggregating three millions of dollars. Over fourteen millions worth of goods were

produced in 1890. The capital invested in this business alone amounts to several millions of dollars, while the business done on that capital is many times greater. Nowhere else in the United States is so large an output in this line of business, and this is because there are here facilities for producing at a lower figure than elsewhere.

The investment of over seventy-eight millions in manufactures, and a varied product valued at twenty-five millions, was what the census returns of 1890 gave as the industrial status of that year. In these figures we find an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. in ten years.

In the southern and southwestern and eastern parts of the city are situated the brickyards, where are produced bricks that are worth ten dollars a thousand more than similar grades of New York, Philadelphia or Chicago bricks. Carroll's Field was the site of the first brickyards, way back in the early history of brickmaking in this country. From here they have grown and spread, covering acre after acre, mile after mile, till now they are only equalled in extent and capacity by those of the three cities just named. Everything, from kiln to buff press bricks, is made, and the establishments are paying investments to the companies that own them.

Copper rolling-mills, producing annually thirty thousand pounds of copper, besides other products, employ five hundred or more men and have exported six million dollars worth of copper in a single year. Nowhere else in the United States can these figures be surpassed or even equalled, for the great rolling-mill here is the largest in the country.

So, too, with iron and steel. The Pennsylvania Steel Works have established here a plant upon which five millions of dollars have already been expended, and an equal sum, it

is said, will follow. These works will be the largest in the world, indeed, are already so, and are destined to run four furnaces, which will have a capacity of six hundred thousand tons of Bessemer iron a year. Four of these great furnaces have been completed and a rail-mill has also been added, the latter to turn out one thousand tons of steel rails a day. The ship-building yard, for the construction of iron and steel vessels, helps to swell the enormous aggregate of invested capital and wages. Already several thousand skilled mechanics are employed, and this force will be rapidly added to as the proposed addition to the plant is completed.

Of bar iron and steel Baltimore's output for '01 was valued at a million dollars. This amount is already increasing and will increase in all human probability for years to come.

Our trade in tobacco, largely with Holland and other foreign countries, attests the activity of the factories that handle this staple. Nearly eleven million pounds of smoking tobacco and snuff (enough one would suppose, to give the world such a violent fit of sneezing that it would jump the track and get out of its orbit) and nineteen millions dollars worth of cigars are produced and sold every year. The total output has reached something more than fifteen millions pounds annually, which is an increase of five hundred per cent. in a decade.

I hardly know where to begin to curtail the list of Baltimore's industries. The factories make less smoke perhaps in the eyes and dwelling-places of her citizens than those of Chicago or Pittsburg, but they are always in evidence. A large and increasing population is winning its bread at her looms and mills, while those who study the situation most carefully are satisfied that the prosperous present promises a bigger future.

Tanned leather, shoes and manufactured leather goods are the basis of a very large trade. It is safe to say that the combined values of these products reach twenty-five millions dollars a year. Our factories are making more shoes than those of almost any other city in the United States, and perhaps fewer of a poor grade.

Brass, hardware, pianos, furniture and straw goods all come in, with many more, for mention, but I must leave the account of them with the statisticians, whose work I have necessarily followed thus far in this chapter. There are wooden-ware, china-ware, glassware and all the other wares known to commerce; various kinds of manufactured food products, with millions of dollars worth of confectionery and sweets and other millions worth of patent medicines to repair the ravages the first have caused.

In making mention of the harbor, in another chapter, I have referred to ship-building here. Twenty vessels were launched in 1891 and the early part of '92, the gross tonnage amounting to something over eight thousand; since then others have been added to the list, the tonnage and value showing a gratifying increase. Among the important launches, the United States cruisers "Montgomery" and "Detroit" head the list, each of two thousand tons and costing together a million and a quarter dollars.

The opening of the marine department of the Maryland Steel Company's works at Sparrow's Point has increased the activity of this industry. Two forty thousand dollar steam tugs and several passenger steamers have been constructed on their contracts.

As one writer on the commerce and manufactures of Baltimore says: "All the natural advantages are with Baltimore." We have better water power than most cities and as good as any in the country. There are the tribu-

taries of the Patapsco in our neighborhood, (at present for the most part unemployed), the Patapsco itself, besides the Gunpowder, Jones and Gwinn's Falls and various smaller streams. Indeed there seems to be no reason why by the storage and transmission of the Patuxent and other waters we should not be in possession of an almost limitless power. Mr. Scharf suggests in a comprehensive treatise on Baltimore, that "the canal which runs along the Maryland side of the Potomac river, from the falls to Georgetown, serves as a great race which can at any moment be tapped at almost any point for a distance of twenty miles and is capable of furnishing abundance of power to countless mills, for the erection of which, between the canal and the river there is abundant space. Could this be converted into a vast manufacturing region," continues this author, "it would not only contribute directly to the wealth of the State by the large rent which would be paid for the use of the water power, but indirectly by creating a market and demand for the agricultural supply of that section," etc.

Another point which must not be overlooked is the nearness to the Cumberland coal fields, the product of which is acknowledged to be of especial value in manufactures.

We are also in position to receive the raw material, metal, wool, cotton, etc., at an advantage, being central for reception as well as for distribution.

Our general trade, in its magnitude and value, is indicated somewhat by the extent of our manufactures. But not alone in the exportation of the things produced in Baltimore is our foreign commerce great. During one month of the past year we shipped more corn to Europe than did any other port, even New York. In iron and other commodities also there is an immense business done from the wharves on the Patapsco and Basin. The annual shipments

of cattle on the hoof as well as of beef, hides, etc., make an enormous aggregate.

In regard to our grain trade, one of the very best authorities has said that but for the insufficiency of the equipment of the railroads that do the carrying from the grain-producing West, our exports during 1891 would have been very much larger than they were.

President Randall of the Board of Trade, in his last annual speech, said :

“This past year has more than ever clearly proved to us receivers and shippers, bankers and brokers, insurance men and exchange dealers, in addition to railroad men and steamship owners, the value to Baltimore of business made upon this floor. Counting from the first of January to the last day of December, 1891, there have arrived at this port, or been chartered to come here, 800 ocean steamers of various sizes from all parts of the world. Of these 800 steamers, fully 750, or nine-tenths, have been brought here mainly through the instrumentality of the trades represented on this exchange. It is a simple matter to figure the tonnage thus entering and clearing this port, and to state in figures that 1,500,000 or more tons of freight were received, and another 1,500,000 shipped. Such figures convey no impression, nor would the mind grasp more quickly the idea that 3,000,000 tons means the capacity of 150,000 freight cars on our railroads ; but when we add the necessary accompaniment and means for producing this movement, of effecting this interchange of commodities, it is not an exaggeration to say that, for every member of this exchange, twenty-five, perhaps fifty, others are employed in one capacity or another directly interested in this business. Here then is an army of thousands whose livelihood depends upon transactions inaugurated upon the Corn and

Flour Exchange. Besides, the foreign trade of our city in other departments secures thereby greater facilities than if our imports were necessarily handled by rival markets, while our coastwise business is increased proportionally for the same reason. In the mere matter of coal brought here by foreign steamers in the last year for consumption in their voyages, 200,000 tons falls within limits, giving business to coal dealers and transportation companies as well as our own mines, and developing the wealth of Maryland, while the Texas steer on his short-lived trip abroad, though fattened on the plains, must be fed at sea, and consumes thousands of tons of Maryland hay *en route* for Europe."

The commercial interests of the city are mainly in the hands of men whose methods are conservative and whose principles of commercial integrity are well known. A writer in a recent number of one of our periodicals says upon this point :

"Commercial success is rarely attained, individually or collectively, unless there be commercial adaptability. Persevering in the accomplishment of their purposes, they have passed through the storms of war with their principles unshaken, as their predecessors passed through the periods of non-intercourse and embargo. They have prospered under State banks and national banks, and under protective tariffs and tariffs for revenue, and have withstood the ordeals of financial convulsions with a moral heroism second to that of no other body of business men in the land. Filled with honest thoughts and the spirit of commercial righteousness, they have maintained their honor when bankruptcy was stalking through the land and sovereign States were repudiating their lawful debts. Patriotism on the field of battle never made a firmer stand for the honor of country than our business men have made for

public and private credit. In many ways they have illustrated the opinion oft expressed, that commercial life affords the fairest fields for the triumphs of man, not only in material progress but in moral and intellectual elevation. The commerce and trade of a city, owned and conducted by business men of such characteristics as I describe, must necessarily be conducted by intelligence and enterprise, and rest upon the solid foundation of capital and experience."

Our greatest export trade is with England, amounting to upwards of \$40,000,000 in value, and next to that country comes Germany, whose imports from Baltimore are about one-fifth of Great Britain's. Close after these is the account with the Netherlands, the rest of Europe following with smaller figures. The cargoes that we send are grain, tobacco, coal, cotton, metal, provisions, hard-wood, cattle, and in fact everything that can be made or transhipped in the United States.

South America also becomes increasingly a point of interest as our exports to Brazil and other of the countries of that continent is augmented. Flour especially is sent to our neighbor across the equator, whose coffee, nuts, woods and other tropical products freight the returning vessels.

Our Stock Exchange, which is an institution of long standing and high reputation, does a very large business, and as exchanges are certainly the thermometers of business, it seems proper to give it a place in this chapter.

The organization of the first exchange took place at the office of William Woodville on the 26th of February, 1838. Mr. Woodville was made secretary and treasurer of the board, Mr. Jamison being elected president and Mr. Barney vice-president. Bank and railroad stock was listed. But the affair fell through and it was not until 1844 that the present board was organized. It is said that none of

the original members are now left in the board. During the war the Stock Exchange suspended its operations for a while, only to resume when the horizon again became clear. The exchange has a membership of 79 and its quarters are on German Street.

At no time in our history has our commerce been so extensive as now, having kept pace with the activity in manufacturing industry which we have just considered.

A decade has shown an increase in trade of nearly twenty millions of dollars.

Our port is to-day the second in the United States. We have the finest coastwise trade of any city. The increase in our custom-house receipts, shown in the report for the last year given in the census of 1890, proves that the increase of our foreign exports was greater than that of New York, Philadelphia and Boston combined, by about two million dollars.

In the chapter devoted to the harbor I mentioned the guano yards. The great bulk of this valuable phosphate comes here, as does also an important share of the West Indian trade in fruit, etc.

At our wharves and docks lie the great busy fleet of merchantmen that has gained for us the soubriquet of the "Liverpool of America." That so many of the steamship lines plying between this and foreign ports are owned in other countries is a drawback which we share with all American cities. It is due to political causes which need not be discussed here, and I can only express the hope that eventually we may see American commerce once more carried on in American bottoms.

That reflection, however, does not in any way detract from the merits of such steamship lines as the Allan, the Norddeutscher Lloyd, and others. The first of these is

owned in Glasgow, and it was the earliest to carry passengers and assorted cargoes between Baltimore and Liverpool. There are five or six steamers in this service, which not only carry directly to and from Liverpool, but tranship freight from here to London, Glasgow, Hamburg, Hull, Antwerp and Havre.

The Norddeutscher Lloyd line is the Imperial German mail. Its steamers run from here to Bremen, all from five thousand five hundred to six hundred tons burden, and make their run of nearly four thousand miles in an average of twelve days. Last year the line carried forty-five thousand passengers, besides freight. A steamer of this line sails from Baltimore every week.

The Johnston line is one of the largest cattle carriers, plying between the wharves of the Baltimore & Ohio, at Locust Point, to England. Its steamers are large and are fitted for a limited passenger service.

The Baltimore Storage and Lighterage Company, which is agent for the Lord Line to Belfast and Dublin, runs fleet and able freighters across the ocean. The Hamburg-American Packet Line is also represented by the same company, as are also the Empire and others. The Baltimore Storage and Lighterage Company own and manage the Atlantic Transport Line. It is one of the finest freight-carrying lines on the Atlantic, its eight splendid boats being specially constructed for the speed, safety and capacity so necessary in cattle and refrigerator steamers.

I might go on, page after page, enumerating the vessels that contribute to the total of the fleet of cargo-carriers which have made Baltimore the port it is; but this is not a directory of transatlantic steamships.

The commerce of a continent finds here one of its most important gateways, and the great bulk of local in-

dustries swells the figures of our prosperity to an enormous total.

The York River Line and others form the best commercial link with the new South. Through them the various avenues of trade are connected, and their value to commerce severally enhanced. By means of them many of our warehouses are filled, our mills supplied with raw material, our mercantile firms made factors of trade, and our markets supplied with various commodities.

While the deep freighted hulls of incoming and outgoing merchantmen, celebrated in the reports of commercial exchanges and boards of trade, cannot fail to impress us with the importance and magnitude of our commerce by water, the value of the great railway lines and systems that are also feeders to our market, should not be overlooked. Baltimore's position, geographically, is such that one naturally expects to see great results. As has been often pointed out, ours is the nearest port of entry to the interior of the country; ours is one of the finest harbors in the world; the position of Baltimore is so central that New York is out of the way by comparison. Again, we occupy the middle position between North and South, being especially the natural market for the products of the latter. Near us lie the great steam coal fields of the Cumberland; to us the wealth of Pennsylvania and Ohio naturally flow.

Reason after reason might be added to show why we should naturally have here on the Chesapeake the most prosperous, the wealthiest, the largest city on the continent. Has there been any lack in the people themselves? The energy of Baltimore gave to America the first railway on the continent. The people of Maryland spent millions to build a canal before that, across the Appalachian Mountains. Therein, by the way, lay the stupendous difficulty in

our path, the mountains that hemmed us in made a barrier which at first proved too great to be surmounted. New York, having a better natural course for her great Erie canal, and later for her chief railway system, gained that supremacy which has made her the first commercial city in the country.

But Baltimore has gradually overcome her obstacles, or is overcoming them, and we can say to-day that her rate of growth is more rapid than that of any other city, and at the ratio already established, the day cannot be far distant when we shall see her not only in, but leading the van.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, by purchases and extensions, has so shortened its mileage between here and Chicago that it is now one of the most direct lines connecting the East with the West. This railroad also owns three of the six large grain elevators which are run from the harbor. Two of these are at Locust Point and have jointly a capacity of over three million bushels. The third is at Camden Station. The larger elevators can receive from five hundred to seven hundred cars a day and deliver a million bushels. These are on the south side of the harbor at Locust Point. On the Canton side is the terminal of the Northern Central.

The Pennsylvania road owns three elevators also and has increased its terminal facilities to such an extent that it promises well for an increase of business. And yet neither road has had sufficient rolling stock to meet the great demand of an unusually active grain year.

The Western Maryland road and the Baltimore & Lehigh (formerly Maryland Central) are also seeking tide-water terminals and will doubtless add their quota to the growing trade of the port.

I need not go further to show that the basis of Balti-

more's industrial and commercial prosperity and growth is real and solid, not spurious. Anything like a full report of what has been done and is being accomplished along the lines which I have here merely indicated, would fill as many books as I have given pages to the subject. Without question, the general reader would rather leave the perusal of such a mass of figures and facts to the statistician.

I sometimes think that a list of America's manufacturing towns would surprise a great many Americans. Such lists are frequently published, but apparently not read or remembered, as otherwise there would be less surprise evinced when Baltimore is spoken of as the eighth manufacturing city in the country, being close behind Cincinnati and ahead of Pittsburg. In the same way New York's position at the head of the list is often questioned by those who do not seem to realize that a great manufacturing town can be still more important as a mercantile, social or educational centre.

While Baltimore is proud of her position as a city of colleges and libraries, of societies and society, of large commercial interests and maritime importance, she can also make a brilliant showing as a producer of manufactured goods. For such work her advantages are peculiarly good. The chief of them are the cheapness of water supply and the nearness of the Maryland and West Virginia coal fields. Over 2,000,000 gallons of water are used daily in the various factories, being largely drawn from the Gunpowder River.

According to the last census there were over four thousand establishments of various kinds with an aggregated capital of \$46,245,343. These employ more than three score thousand people,—men, women and children,—who receive annually in the neighborhood of \$17,000,000.

Thus about an eighth of the population is engaged directly in the business of making textile fabrics, working metal and wood or supplying the world's wants in some way.

In another chapter I have spoken of the decadence of ship-building here as elsewhere in the United States. That it has not entirely died away is evidenced by the figures for the year 1891, which show that during the twelve months twenty vessels were launched from the yards here, and that the tonnage of these amounted to six thousand seven hundred and thirty-four, while their value was \$1,591,000. The work on some of the government vessels though not completed within the year, should however be counted in considering the amount of employment which is given in the shipyards to a large class of mechanics.

I would not paint everything rose color by any means. While believing fully in the advantages and growth of Baltimore as a trade centre, it is impossible to avoid the recognition of drawbacks. The trade with the Southwest has not increased, has in fact somewhat decreased. The Shenandoah Valley Railroad and the Norfolk & Western have diverted considerable business. Roanoke *claims* a growth of over twenty-five thousand (on four hundred) in ten years and says that in the next decade her population will reach a hundred thousand. This is done through the deflection of trade which should remain with this port. Wilmington, N. C., has become a terminal point and an important one. Lately the *Baltimore Sun* said editorially :

“The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad cannot afford to stop at Roanoke. The unsurpassed advantages of southwestern Virginia as a place for money-making are fast becoming appreciated, and as a consequence capital and population are flowing in. Coal-mining, although yet in its infancy, has assumed immense proportions, and the output this year will nearly equal that of the Alleghany region in Maryland; the iron, lead, and

copper deposits are being more extensively worked than ever before, while there is an increasing demand from east and west for the hard woods which abound in immense quantities and of superior quality all the way from Lynchburg to Bristol. Added to those are in fact, the 'cattle upon a thousand hills,' sheep by the hundreds of thousands, and a soil which yields in great abundance, cotton, cereals, tobacco, etc."

These significant facts we cannot afford to be blind to, even for the sake of saying very pleasant things about the city of our pride. As a lover of its past and a sincere believer in its future, I would see no stone left unturned to discover the best means to achieve its final and permanent pre-eminence among American cities.

CHAPTER XXIX.

STREET RAILWAYS AND THEIR RELATION TO URBAN DEVELOPMENT.



WHEN a stranger comes to Baltimore, he is apt to be bewildered by the apparent multiplicity of the street car lines which intersect the city at so many points. After a while it begins to dawn upon him that there are not quite so many lines as he thinks, but that those that there are double and twist so that they will cover as much territory as possible.

From the first public conveyance, in which the long-suffering people of long ago were jolted over the poorly built roads, to the latest triumphs of the Cable and the Electric systems there is a long jump. Between these two points we will find, if we look for it, the industrial history and much of the social narrative of the city.

Can one stand upon one of the great thoroughfares, now teeming with life and activity, and realize that once these streets and avenues were for the most part roads and lanes where they existed at all, and that few and very far between were the vehicles that travelled over them. There came occasionally an itinerant minister or a lawyer on circuit duty,



St. Paul Street Bridge over Jones Falls.

astride of a nag whose saddle-bags showed how little dependence the rider placed in any providence but his own forethought; or the doctor, busiest and most helpful and least compensated of men, jogged along in a buggy with high, broad wheels and a top like a gigantic scuttle hat.

In those days any one in Baltimore town could tell who had passed his house in the course of a morning, at least if he used any mode of locomotion more pretentious than his own two feet. When a family coach rolled by, heavy, grand and lumbering, built in England and driven by a liveried negro whose pride of station might be seen in every line of his face,—then the young and old flocked to see such an uncommon sight and it was recollected for a long time. The poor were not great hands for riding in those days; it was an expensive luxury, which only the wealthy might enjoy.

People moved in the same way that the town grew,—slowly.

Indeed there is one great distinction to be made between then and now: We have a travelling public, where our fathers only knew a small travelling class. Between this travelling class and the great public of to-day, which does not resent the late William H. Vanderbilt's inverted blessing, but which does resent any curtailment of its privilege of going where it pleases, there is an impassable gulf fixed. Even if we wanted to go back we could not, and there is no evidence, not the slightest, that any one wants to do so.

It is a well-known fact that wherever vehicles have become common, roads have rapidly improved. Not for the few carriages, even of the important rich man, will people take a great interest in roads, but as soon as a man begins to travel himself, the condition of the road becomes a matter of vital interest to him. Even so small a matter as the

bicycle wheel has given us better and fuller country road-maps all over the United States; the saddle-horse needed but a narrow track, the solitary rider built up nothing. But with the advent of the public conveyances, travel gradually increased, a travelling public was created and the value of property was enhanced in proportion to its availability.

What is true of the whole country is true of the city as well. A city grows in two ways, from the inside outward and from the outside inward. Those who are already in it are the ones who push further away from the centre, for elbow-room, in whatever direction they can conveniently travel, and at the same time the people from afar come in to fill their places as though their exodus had created a vacuum.

The history of street-car lines is, as I have said, suggestive of a history of the people in their business and their home-seeking.

The law of supply and demand has its application to city railways as to everything else. Our first electric road was an illustration of this, coming as it did before there was sufficient call for it; yet even this in the right locality, if it could have been carried long enough, would in time have created its own business.

That was the Baltimore & Hampden line, which ran to Hampden village along the line of Remington Avenue. It was not only the first electric line in Baltimore, but in the United States, and I believe in the world. That it was not a success is not strange when one considers the usual fate of pioneer enterprises. It was very much like the first elevated road in New York in this respect. Mr. Harvey, the inventor and projector of the first plan for elevated railroads, lived to see New York dependent upon later and better ones, which might never have been successful if he

had not come first with his failure to break the ground for them.

This may perhaps have been the case with the somewhat clumsy though certainly effective electric locomotives of the Baltimore & Hampden line. The engines were separate from the cars they were to pull, and were constructed on the Daft system, getting their power from a centre rail which carried it from the power house. The main difficulty with this line was not in the application of power, nor in the ability of the locomotives, however, for very steep grades were accomplished and sharp curves successfully made, but the travelling public were not educated up to a realization of its own needs, which is only another way of saying that there was no travelling public for electric roads at that time. So after a time, not finding the profit they expected in the new departure, the owners and managers of the line took off their locomotives again and put back the car horses which had preceded them, for the line had been originally a horse car one only,—and ran on in the old way.

But the city was growing rapidly, and is growing to-day at an ever-increasing ratio. The past two years has seen an addition of forty thousand people to our population and these people must spread. Before the latest trial in rapid transit was made, a deep and increasing murmur was beginning to be heard against the then inadequate facilities for urban travel. The demand was becoming insistent.

When the first cars of the cable system were put on, there was a public enthusiasm which more than anything else could have done, showed that a popular demand was being complied with. The officers of the road, anticipating trouble from the impatient crowds that they believed would await the event, consulted me, suggesting that a policeman be placed upon each car to keep the eager throng

from pressing in to the point of overcrowding. I pointed out that an officer on a car would be much less efficient for such a purpose than one stationed at the corner where the crowd had already congregated, as he could then warn the people and keep them back, better than he could expostulate and fight them back after they were once in motion.

The precaution proved to be a wise one, for upon the day of the formal opening of the line there was as great an excitement as there would have been over a political parade, and thousands of curious, eager citizens evinced an interest and eagerness which was highly gratifying to the stockholders of the road, though a little embarrassing at times to the guardians of the peace.

Instead of dying out, as some predicted that it would do as soon as popular curiosity was satisfied, the interest kept up for some time, and although that which was abnormal or extraordinary about it died down after awhile, yet enough has remained to show that it was not merely a spurious excitement which prompted it. The people needed and demanded rapid transit.

And what has been the result of the establishment of the new cable and electric roads? Already there has been an increase in the value of property; an appreciation in home sites outside of the old limits. Men who found it necessary for business reasons to live almost within hail of their offices, are now looking for suburban residences. Those who used to get their lunches or dinners down town and go home late, find that now they can enjoy the comforts,—not to speak of the economy,—of dining at home. Month by month the travel is increasing. The only people who seem to object with any show of reason to the new order of things are the restaurant keepers whose business has fallen off since the advent of rapid transit.

No matter how vigorously economical people might object to riding in the horse-cars, like the late Johns Hopkins, of whom it is said that he would not ride because one car-fare was a year's interest on a dollar, yet increased speed has made it real economy to do so. The difference between walking and street-car travel, some one has remarked, was too slight to be appreciated, but now the time consumed in a journey from one part of the city to another is cut down at least half, and the consequence is that many ride who never used to think of doing so. This addition to the patronage of the lines is entirely independent of the gain from parallel horse lines.

I have had a good deal to say about this matter, because it seems to me that the growth of internal facilities for transportation is very closely related to the growth and prosperity of the city. There is no boom in Baltimore, yet prices are advancing healthily, realty is progressive and building advances. The system of ground rents, which has been for so many years an incubus, can no longer keep back the expansion, which is due to natural and legitimate causes.

About the middle of September, 1892, on a Wednesday, the Central Passenger railway ran its cars for the public for the first time. The effect was startling even to those who know what an excursion-loving people the Baltimoreans are. They thronged the conveyances, men, women and children by the thousand crowding the cars. Ten days later the same line carried a Sunday crowd numbering at least eighteen thousand people. There were fifteen cars running at six minutes headway, and making the round trip from Broadway to Pennsylvania Avenue in an hour and a half.

Commenting upon the increased values and activity in real estate one of the leading dailies strongly advocated the

bringing to Baltimore the national real-estate conference in 1893. The presence of such a body can do nothing to make a demand which does not exist in a city, nor can it check a movement in realty which has already begun. Discussion will never make values in the world.

When a boy gets too big for his jacket so that the buttons begin to come off he must have a new jacket, a jacket with more cloth and longer seams and more buttons. Well, a city may get too big for its jacket too, since a city is a vital creature after all, with brain and muscle and digestive apparatus, like any other vital creature, and the Traction Company and other rapid transit systems are simply making the new garment ample enough, and in my opinion the more elbow-room it has in its jacket the faster Baltimore will grow into the need for still larger space. It is wonderful what a growing boy or a growing city requires in this respect.

Through the city a busy set of human moles have been digging, tunneling for long months. Just as the four-footed mole makes his way across a garden or lawn, and is only to be detected by the disturbance which he causes to the surface, so the Belt Line railroad tunnel has been constructed underneath the streets and buildings of the city.

Up to the beginning of 1892, about one-half of the work on this great piece of engineering was accomplished. There were shafts in German, Saratoga, Franklin and Park Streets, and the total length as estimated at the start was to be 8,600 feet.

The Belt Line is the connecting link, long needed, by which the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad gains a more direct line to the north, the Western Maryland reaches tide water, and the Maryland Central gets into the heart of the city. Its utility had long been conceded in advance of its con-

struction, and, indeed, like most other great enterprises, it was the outcome of a popular demand for better facilities.

Of course there was great opposition at first, and a great many objections all the time, but the benefits of a short cut through the city have come to be felt by the majority of the people.

In order to accomplish the desired end, considerable property was acquired by purchase and otherwise, so that there will be spaces of open track, bridges, etc.

The course of the Belt Line is from South Howard Street, near Hamburg, in the neighborhood of the yard of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and runs out Howard Street beyond Richmond Market, and then through open and walled cuttings across Jones' Falls to the terminal of the Maryland Central Railroad; then out to and along the south side of Walnut or Seventh Street to the city limits at Loney's lane; then through Baltimore County to Bayview Station, where it will connect with the tracks of the Philadelphia division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; a bridge will be built to span the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Jones' Falls.

The contractors, Messrs. Ryan and McDonald, have encountered quicksand and other obstructions in their course, but have pushed on, disregarding obstacles. Perhaps the worst obstructions, because taking most time and care to surmount, are gas mains, sewer pipes, and other like things.

At certain places the crust has been damaged to such an extent that buildings have been rendered unsafe as the tunnel progressed.

The Belt Line will hereafter insure to the workingman and woman who lives out of town a better and quicker means of reaching their work than has ever before been

given them. Excavating and masonry have been carried on together, the work being done in such a manner that streets are as far as possible protected and travel and traffic unobstructed.

Baltimore has terminal facilities sufficient for present needs, it would seem, but the building of the Belt Line will prove of incalculable advantage in making these benefits more thoroughly available. Among the directors and officers of the company are William Gilmore, John Henry Miller and Mr. Houseman of Pittsburg; George I. Brown, James Sloan, Jr., William F. Frick, Thomas M. King, John B. McDonald, and others.

The city street railway lines had increased in mileage more than 70 per cent. in the ten years between 1880 and 1890. Since then the increase has been even more rapid. In 1890 the 105 miles of road did not include one cable or electric line, while now, in addition to those already running and the traction on the trolley systems, nearly all the important lines are cabling to some extent.

One of the late additions to local railways is the Lake Roland Elevated, for which ground was broken early in '92. The Duplex Street Railway Track Company, of New York, secured the contract to build the line, and an army of men were immediately set to work to push the construction as rapidly as possible. The route connects the Lake Roland Elevated with the North Avenue Line at Oak Street and North Avenue. From North Avenue the cars run up Oak Street to Twenty-third, to Hampden Avenue, to Twenty-fourth Street, and thence in a northerly and northwesterly course over Stony Run Branch to Cedar, to Second, to Hampton, to Elm Avenues. The Lake Roland Heights Company purchased sixty acres of land on Lake Roland, at \$500 an acre, it is said, with the idea of developing the suburbs of Baltimore in that direction.



Harlem Square.

CHAPTER XXX.

BUSY MEN AND FAIR WOMEN.



ONE of the men whose names are closely identified with the Baltimore of to-day is Charles F. Mayer, the nervous, energetic president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. No one can look at Mr. Mayer and doubt the force that is written in every line of his somewhat frowning face. That force of character has led him to devote himself to the work he has succeeded so admirably in accomplishing, of lifting the Baltimore & Ohio back to its old pre-eminence. In doing this Mr. Mayer has almost entirely turned his back upon social or civic affairs, giving a striking example of what concentration of energy will do to accomplish success. It is this devotion to a paramount aim which makes his story and character worth the attention of a younger generation.

The late Louis Mayer, his father, whose name is identified with the development of the anthracite coal region, was a lawyer of ability and prominence in Maryland. The son was born in Pennsylvania in the thirties, and began his

business career as an employee of his uncle, who, in addition to a store, ran a line of vessels in the Valparaiso trade.

Young Mayer went to South America in his uncle's service, and remained there until the death of the latter placed him at the head of the firm.

Later he helped to establish and became the head of the Despard (coal) Gas Company, and with both this and the Consolidation Coal Company, of which he afterwards became president, he was very successful. The coal company was on its last legs when Mr. Mayer took hold and gradually increased its capital to \$10,000,000.

Besides these the names of the companies of which Mr. Mayer has been president or director would make a long list. Among others is the Cumberland & Ohio Railroad Co., running to the coal regions.

A biographer tells this characteristic story of Mr. Mayer's election to the presidency of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad:

"His work in reorganizing the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has placed him among the most noted of railway presidents of the country. When elected president of the road, he was in attendance as a member of the Board of Directors. His election was announced to him, and he arose from the chair, went direct to the president's office, took his seat and went to work. Within a few minutes he had reappointed the clerks in that office, and immediately afterwards had called on the vice-president and secretary for reports. From the moment of his election he was president."

In working toward the end, which he soon accomplished, of dissociating the road from political aims and leadership, the new president showed great sagacity. This was an aim for which Mr. Garrett had also labored. He clearly saw that until that end was accomplished there could be no

business stability. Mr. Mayer carried out his conception by inducing the city and State to sell out the interest which they had heretofore held in the road, and from that hour the property began to recover its old time prosperity and reputation.

Another of Baltimore's busy men is one who is making a success in another field of work, not primarily as a business man, but as the director of a great group of industries.

Mr. Frank B. King is the marine superintendent of the Maryland Company's shipbuilding plant at Sparrow's Point. Under his eye and management the whole vast machinery of those acres of busy shops and yards is equipped and run. Back of the hydraulic machines, planes, rollers, mills and forges; back of the great Westinghouse engine, is the busy brain of the man to whom the mechanical world looks as he undertakes to build up the most extensive plant hitherto established in the United States.

Mr. King was educated for his profession in the shops of John Roach, and then went into the service of the Cramps of Philadelphia, where he remained for some time, leaving that employ to go with the Pusey & Jones Co., of Wilmington, Delaware.

He was appointed to an honorable position on the designing staff of the Bureau of Construction and Repair. When the first of our steel naval fleet were planned, and while holding this billet, Mr. King was detailed by the Chief Constructor, Mr. Wilson, to go with Mr. Hichborn to the best equipped plants of Europe and study there the methods in vogue in naval architecture and construction. Tools and machinery especially were to be carefully noted.

The report made by the envoys was of such a nature that it at once became a standard work of recognized value and authority.

This service brought Mr. King's name and reputation prominently before shipbuilding firms who were looking for just such trained talent, and, as a result, he was offered an advantageous position with the Columbian Iron Works, which he accepted, only leaving it to assume the duties which he now performs.

Still a young man, the superintendent of the Sparrow's Point works has won a right to be considered among our busy men.

Among our representative men, the name of the Hon. William A. Stewart is conspicuous as one of the judges of the Supreme bench. He was born in Baltimore in 1825, of an American family with an Irish origin, was educated in this city and admitted to practise law in the Baltimore County Court in 1847, when twenty-two years of age. Two years later he was appointed clerk of the first house of the City Court, which position he held for three years, and in the following year was elected a member of the House of Delegates from Baltimore, and served creditably for two years, and on the third was chosen as chief clerk of that body.

An intermission to his service in the House was afforded by an extended European tour which Mr. Stewart made previous to 1867. Upon his return he was re-elected to the House of Delegates, and in 1868 became speaker of that body. One of the things which he accomplished previous to his departure for Europe was the revision, under authority of the corporation of Baltimore, of the city ordinances, and a digest of the Acts of Assembly relative to the city. This work was considered, as indeed it was, a highly creditable performance and one which was in its nature monumental.

Mr. Stewart's election as one of the judges of the Supreme bench took place in October, 1882, for a term of fifteen



Amos A. Hayes

years. He has presided at times over each of the six state courts of the city of Baltimore. But during a busy life he has not by any means confined his attention solely to the law. His contributions on historical subjects to the various societies to which he belongs are voluminous and valuable, his special study in this field being upon matters relating to colonial and revolutionary history. Further than this his church and Sunday-school work in the Episcopal Church, with which he is connected, has been unremitting and to his reputation as a lawyer is added the more enviable character of a Christian gentleman.

A year younger than Judge Stewart is Oden Bowie, ex-governor of Maryland, whose identification with Baltimore's progress has been constant for many years. He had just graduated with honors from St. Mary's College, Baltimore, when the Mexican war broke out, and like many another youth of the period his hot young blood impelled him to enlist. His record as a soldier was such that upon his return he was nominated for the Legislature, though at the time he had not yet attained his majority. A term in the Senate followed and finally the chief honor which the State could pay was given him, in the governorship of Maryland. This was in 1867. One of the most important of the many changes and improvements which he effected during his term of office was that of putting the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal upon its feet and making a paying institution of one that had been almost a lost enterprise.

The same energy which distinguished Governor Bowie in public life attended him when he retired from active politics and gave his attention solely to business enterprises. His name is well known in railroad circles as the president of the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad Company. The Baltimore City Passenger Railway, of which he is also president,

owes much of its success to him, and in financial and banking circles there are few of our citizens who are better known than Ex-Governor Bowie.

If it was asked whose name among living Baltimore men is best known to every man, woman and child in the city, it is more than possible that the answer would be "Enoch Pratt." He is a descendant of the Puritans, an inheritor of the grim determination and large conscience of the men who founded Massachusetts. But although a New Englander by birth, Baltimore can fairly claim Mr. Pratt, since he has been here since 1832, when he first started in the hardware commission business. He has been battling with the world for himself since he was fifteen years old, and possesses a number of millions of dollars as proofs of victory; but the great financier's enjoyment of his great wealth has not been selfish, as those who have benefitted by his munificent gift to the city can testify. It is one thing to leave money to found a great institution after one is dead, but it is quite another to do as Mr. Pratt has done and hand over a fortune for the establishment and maintenance of a magnificent library while he is still controlling his own business affairs in this workaday world, and it seems to me a nobler form of philanthropy than the other.

The Pratt Free Library is only one of many charities and benefactions with which its founder is connected—many are the schools, institutions for the halt, the maimed and the blind, houses of reformation and various other establishments whose purpose is to help or to raise mankind, which know his name as director or as president. Besides his connection with these things he is city finance commissioner and an officer in various financial and commercial companies. There is hardly a man in Baltimore to-day who

fills a larger place than this octogenarian, for Mr. Pratt is eighty-four years of age.

Among the little coterie who may be seen almost nightly at Ford's Opera House gathered about that shrewd, wise, kindly veteran of the stage, for a chat over the affairs of the day and the incidents that interest Baltimoreans, is Mr. Thornton Rollins, a man who has won his position as one of Baltimore's largest shipowners and coffee importers. He is ten years older than he looks, and at least twenty older than he feels, which is said to be the true measure of a man's age. His taste for shipping and kindred pursuits he inherited from his father, Captain William Rollins, and his personal efforts and influence have been strongly felt in Baltimore shipping for the last twenty years. When others were going elsewhere for bottoms, as the nautical term is, Mr. Rollins built his vessels here, equipped them here and sailed them from here, and the money that he has made has been for the benefit of Baltimore. Besides being vice-president of the Continental National Bank, a member of the Board of Trade and of the Harbor Board, Mr. Rollins is director in various trading and importing institutions and has been identified with the city government.

Robert C. Davidson, who has recently filled the office of mayor of Baltimore, is a self-made man, having won his way from the position of errand-boy in the employ of Daniel Miller & Co., which he filled at sixteen years of age, to the mayoralty, to which he was elected when only thirty-nine years of age. Mr. Davidson's prominence in the financial world to-day is largely due to his position as president of the Mercantile Guarantee and Trust Company.

The names and achievements of others whose labors have added to the development of the city, have been mentioned in other places, and of necessity many who are worthy of

prominent mention in connection with Baltimore affairs are omitted, because it would require not one volume but a library of books to enumerate and describe the characters of influence and note that deserve a place among the busy men of Baltimore.

Not alone, however, to her sons has Baltimore owed her distinguishing character. Her daughters as well, both in the past and in the present, have been celebrated for their many accomplishments, wit and beauty.

Among the charming women whose names are cherished as part of the city's social history, none is more prominent than that of Mrs. Howard, the wife of Colonel Howard, and the daughter of Benjamin Chew of Philadelphia. Born in the colonial days, a belle in Anglo-American circles during the Revolution, she carried into the present century and into republican society the sweet courtesy and stately manners of the older time. Mrs. Howard was described by those who knew her as having "genial manners" and "much animation." Miss Chew was a Loyalist during the war for independence, and her presence added to the charm of the social events which served to enliven the cities in which the flower of the British army were established. The bright, sparkling life of a garrison town gave brilliant opportunity for a young lady to prove her pre-eminence, and there is every evidence that Miss Chew was an acknowledged queen. The unfortunate Major Andre, adjutant-general of the British forces, who was captured at Tarrytown and hung as a spy at Tappan on the Hudson for conspiring with General Arnold to deliver the American stronghold at West Point to the British, was also a poet, and his rhymed account of a tournament held by the British officers in honor of their fair American friends, was inscribed to Miss Chew. It is said that a very



Robert Davidson

warm friendship existed between the lovely Philadelphia girl and the impressionable and spirited young officer.

However, the loyalist girl finally married a staunch and true patriot in Colonel Howard, and their home, Belvedere, became the centre of social life in Maryland—and, indeed, was not surpassed in the whole country. There were entertained Generals Smith, Middleton and Williams, all men of note at that day; there Pinckney, Harper, Taney, Quincy, Adams, and a host of other Americans who had won or were winning fame, became familiar guests. The stately parlors of Belvedere were the gathering-place for as brilliant and distinguished a society as ever was gathered in any home in the land; there the Marquis de Lafayette found entertainment and congenial companionship, and hardly a foreigner of note visited our shores that did not gain a welcome there. Indeed, the hospitality of the Howard mansion was noted throughout the land, and wherever men spoke of American manners the mistress of Belvedere was remembered.

The old house is now standing, but the old stately manners have departed, and instead of great generals, distinguished jurors, statesmen, men of letters and people of station that once enjoyed the range of its acres of woodland and lawn, the tired people of a big city seek rest and recreation, for Belvedere is now the site of that magnificent pleasure ground, Druid Hill Park. Far be it from me to attempt the gigantic task of describing or even of enumerating the brilliant, beautiful and fascinating women of our city. There are notable names, such as that of the lady whose marriage to the brother of Bonaparte makes her descendants, by all titles of justice, the heirs to the Napoleonic name and dignity. Our history is full of the record of social celebrities and the triumphs of fair women, whose

achievements it would require a poet rather than a Marshal of police to celebrate.

One of the best examples of true and distinguished womanhood is Miss Mary Garrett, daughter of John W. Garrett, the late president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. A firm believer in the higher education of women and in all that will tend to elevate her sex, this pioneer woman has done everything in her power to carry out her advanced views for the benefit of women. Among other notable works she has established and supported the Bryn Mawr school for women, an institution too well known in its liberal plans and accomplishment to need a description here.

The stirring, troublous times that we experienced in the early sixties, have been recently brought to mind again by the death of a lady whose reputation at that time became national for her bravery and her beauty.

Miss Hettie Carey, the daughter of Colonel Wilson Miles Carey, to whose dower of beauty was added also a dower of brains, was a famous Baltimore belle at the breaking out of the Civil War. With Miss Judith Moale and a few other ladies she divided the honors, but there were very few others who were allowed by the common verdict to be competitors.

When the tide of political feeling ran strong, and men and women alike took deep interest in the conflict about to commence, Miss Carey, as well as her family, was an ardent supporter of the Confederate side. Her brilliant mind was bent to the one great purpose of helping the cause she loved, and she was outspoken in her opinions. On both her father's and mother's side, Miss Carey was descended from Thomas Jefferson, and it is hardly to be doubted that her fervent interest in matters of political interest was an inheritance from the great Democratic founder.

At last the words and example of this ardent young Confederate sympathizer drew upon her the attention of the Federal authorities, who conceived it necessary to issue an order for her arrest. Breaking through the lines of blockade the lady escaped from her native city and was received with great attention and homage in Richmond, Va., where her social triumphs were many. All Richmond, in fact, was at the feet of Baltimore's beautiful advocate of the Southern cause.

After some months the lady returned to Baltimore, only to find her foes inexorable. Orders were once more issued for her arrest, and managing to get away via Philadelphia, and from thence by way of the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia, she reached Richmond once more.

General John Pegram was at that time in the capital of the Confederacy. Like every one else he was drawn to the woman whose devotion was the talk of society, and before long the soldier found himself obliged to surrender at discretion to the fair stranger. That the terms imposed by his captor were satisfactory, there can be no doubt. Shortly after their engagement was announced, General Pegram started for the front, and Miss Carey once more ventured to return to Baltimore. Hearing, however, that her soldier was wounded, she again ran the blockade in order to rejoin him, and they were married. Three weeks later the young bride was a widow.

After the fall of Richmond, when General Wooley was in command of Baltimore, Mrs. Pegram and her mother, under the security of a pass from General Grant, came quietly back to the Monumental City; but the officious commandant issued an order for her arrest. Both she and her mother were arrested, but were not long incarcerated, as General Grant acted in the matter with his usual prompt-

ness, ordering the release of the ladies and an apology from General Wooley, whom he relieved from the command of the post. This affair naturally created a great deal of excitement.

During the later years of her life, which unhappily ended in September, 1892, the home of this remarkable woman has been one of the centres of intellectual and social life here. She married the second time, her husband being Professor Martin, the well-known biologist of Johns Hopkins University.

That the Baltimore belles are not less quick of speech than attractive for their beauty is such a well-known fact that I need not dwell upon it. But sometimes an incident occurs which illustrates the fact so finely that it refuses to be left unrepeated. A very apropos anecdote is related of one of the social leaders of the city, a lady whose own reputation as a beauty, added to the fact that she is the wife of one of our wealthiest citizens, gives a prominence to all that she does.

Upon one occasion, when a party of young Englishmen, —a "team" in the parlance of tennis or cricket,— were visiting Baltimore, they were invited to dine at the house of the lady referred to. In order to properly impress the dull Albion intellect and stir the British lion to something approaching enthusiasm the hostess went critically through her very large list of acquaintances and chose eleven of the most beautiful girls she knew to meet the strangers.

She had every reason to be proud of her success, for when the guests had assembled it is doubtful if any table ever presented a more attractive picture. Mrs.—I had almost told her name—looked proudly from one fair face to the next and thought "If this does not dazzle the Englishmen, nothing on earth will do it."

Presently from the other end of the table she heard the following discomforting dialogue.

“ I have heard-er-a great deal of—ah—your pretty Baltimore girls, Miss Blank ; and I have been looking all ova for them, don't you know. Where do you suppose I could find some of them ? ”

Unflinchingly the much-admired, often-praised beauty gazed at this terrible foreign connoisseur, and after a moment's pause replied in a perfectly clear voice and with all the nonchalance imaginable, “ Why, / am one of them.”

It is rumored that a young Englishman has retired from the cricket field to ponder over the (to him) perfectly incomprehensible ways and speech of American girls.

CHAPTER XXXI.

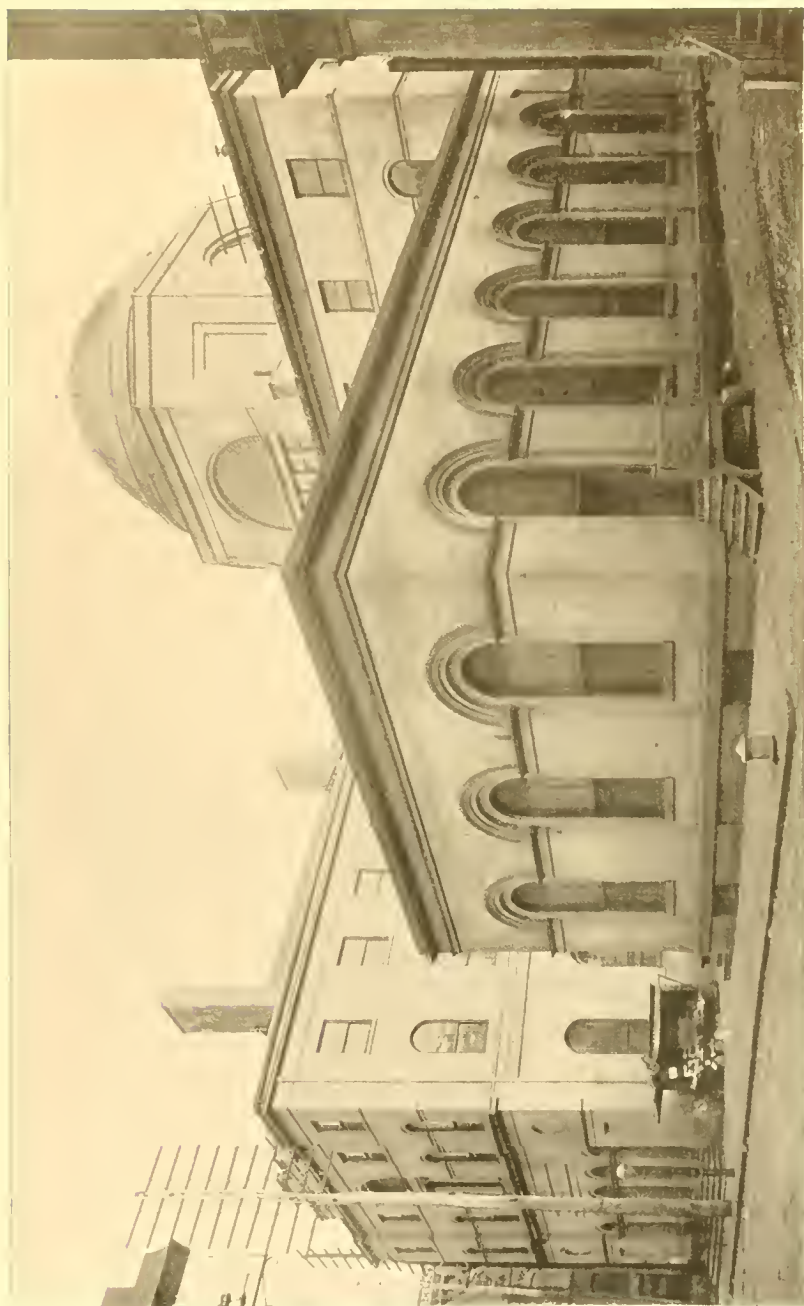
PUBLIC AND RECENT BUILDINGS.



HERE were, at the beginning of 1891, a great many unoccupied houses in the city and vacant lots waiting for the hand of the builder. During the year a sum probably approaching five millions of dollars was expended or invested in new buildings, and the ratio has increased in 1892. Blocks of dwelling-houses of all kinds, most of them intended for people of moderate means, have sprung up in various parts of the annexed districts.

There are to-day in Baltimore between ninety-five and ninety-six thousand buildings, of which eighty-four or five thousand are dwellings, over five thousand business buildings, and the remainder churches and schools. Within the last twelve years permits have been granted for the erection of nearly nineteen thousand of these buildings, besides a great number of improvements and alterations, and the cost has amounted to something very near \$36,000,000.

The later buildings have been of rather a finer character architecturally than was formerly the case. The new Bal-



Old Post Office Building.

timore shows more plainly the influence of modern taste and more luxurious needs, and the demands of her growing prosperity are promptly met by increased facilities and inducements to business men and investors.

Within her thirty-five square miles, Baltimore hums like a busy hive.

Her two hundred miles or more of horse, cable and electric railways, her well lighted thoroughfares and busy avenues of trade, her homes and halls and churches, all speak of a city that has outgrown the restrictions of earlier years and has fully and fairly entered the contest for position with the first American cities.

The City Hall, which was commenced in 1866 and finished in 1875, is a building of which any city might justly be proud. In connection with it a little anecdote is told which is not without humor. A gentleman from New York was regarding its fair proportions admiringly when a friend said to him:

"That is the most remarkable building in the country."

"In what way?"

"Why, when it was completed there was money to return on the appropriation."

The New Yorker looked pityingly at the great building for a few moments and then murmured softly: "Baltimore has a great deal to learn."

The architect of the City Hall was G. A. Frederick. The total amount expended upon it was \$2,271,000, a portion of which was paid for the ground and old buildings which stood upon it. It occupies the block between Holiday, North, Lexington and Fayette Streets and covers twenty-nine thousand square feet. The style is French Renaissance, with ornamental façade, Mansard roofs, etc. The centre part is four stories high, well relieved with col-

umns, arches, etc., breaking the monotony of such a mass of masonry to the eye. It is faced with Baltimore County marble and is magnificent in detail and effect. There is a cupola or iron dome and cage resting upon a base of marble, the height of the top of the dome being two hundred and sixty feet above the street level. It is one hundred and seventy feet in circumference, and consumed in its construction over six hundred tons of iron. There is a projecting balcony which presents a noble view of the city.

Within, the customary offices of city police and fire departments are grouped around a central court, and the beauty and honesty of the workmanship cannot fail to commend themselves to the eye and favor of the discriminating visitor.

Just opposite the City Hall is the post-office building, erected by the United States Government—a beautiful structure built in the same style as the City Hall, but with a somewhat different treatment. Its cost was over a million dollars and its appointments for all post-office purposes are well nigh perfect. Besides the apartments devoted to the post-office service, other United States Government offices are in this building.

In the neighborhood of the City Hall and post-office some of the notable buildings of the city are being erected. First among these is the office building that occupies the site of the old Barnum's Hotel, of which I shall give a description. There are other improvements being made in this neighborhood and it is reasonable to expect that in time it will become a handsome business square, such as one would naturally expect to find in the centre of a great city.

The Maryland Club building, situated upon the corner of Charles and Eager Streets, is by many people considered not only the most beautiful building used for a secular pur-

pose in our city, but also one of the most beautiful club buildings in the country. It is of white marble, modified Romanesque in style, and well proportioned. An octagon tower forms the northwest angle, and affords to each of the three stories a large bay. The arches of the deeply-recessed doorway and art windows which flank it are beautifully designed, and the effect of the whole façade is at once noble and chaste.

Among the noblest in the purpose for which it was erected, and not the least so in its architectural beauty and magnitude, is the Johns Hopkins Hospital, on Broadway between Monument and Jefferson Streets. There are fourteen buildings connected under one general and symmetrical plan, the frontage amounting to seven hundred and nine feet on Broadway, and extends back eight hundred and fifty-six feet. The administration building, apothecary's building, pathological building, dispensary, kitchen, various wards, etc., all so artistically grouped, and the mansards, dome, gables and chimneys break the sky line so agreeably that from distant parts of the city the Johns Hopkins Hospital is a striking and attractive feature in the view.

Among the recent improvements which Baltimore can boast are some of the finest buildings ever erected in the South. It is a significant fact that while the other cities south of Mason and Dixon's line point with pride to their new hotels and hosteleries, our modern improvements have rather taken the direction of bank and business buildings.

A hotel is, doubtless, a fine thing for the travelling public, but the travelling public comes, as a rule, from some other place, and if it has any interest whatever in the place at which it puts up, it is to make all it can out of it. To be sure, the Rennert Hotel has an addition recently made

which is an admitted improvement, and other properties of a like nature are not by any means to be despised; but we feel more interest in such buildings as the Equitable, or the new Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, because they represent the intrinsic business growth and energy of the place.

The recently completed ten-story structure on the site of the historic Barnum's Hotel, on the corner of Calvert and Fayette Streets, is one of the latest expressions of commercial confidence on the part of property holders. It is unequalled in size and architecture by any office building south of New York City, being 117 feet on Calvert Street by 203 feet on Fayette, absolutely fire-proof, with every convenience and appliance known to modern science.

Because of the importance of this leading effort to supply the demand which the rapid growth of the city has created, I append a technical description of the Equitable building.

The general scheme adopted for its construction is similar to that of many of the large structures in the East and West, and known as the "cage" form, a system of columns and girders being employed to support the entire floor loads and interior of the building throughout, the outside walls being of a thickness sufficient to support their own weight and that of the ornamental overhanging cornices. The constructional columns are built within these walls, and rise in sections from the foundation piers to the top of the walls. At each floor these columns are securely bolted together and arranged to receive the heavy girder beams which support the floor beams, all braced and anchored and bolted together, thus forming a complete iron cage, self-supporting and entirely independent of the walls, which perform the duty of screens only, and which could be removed without weakening or disturbing the interior of the structure. The

building is of the very best materials throughout. The formation of the floors, arches or spaces between the beams, which are left on centres, is accomplished by the use of the new tile arch process, which is known to possess great strength, produces no thrust on the walls and is the lightest in weight of all materials heretofore used for this purpose; the ceilings under this arrangement will be domical in form and give a very beautiful appearance when decorated. There are two entrances, one on Calvert Street and one in the centre of the Fayette Street façade, opening each through a stone and mosaic-lined vestibule to the main corridor or lobby. This, which is twenty-eight feet wide, and across corridor twelve feet wide, together give access to six elevators. At the end of the main corridor a grand staircase ascends from basement to roof. On each side of this corridor are located large banking-rooms, forty-three feet by ninety-three feet, and for the main story with a ceiling thirty-one feet high. These rooms are wainscoted in polished marble, and in finish and style and appointments are the best in the country. The rear portion of the building in the Fayette Street side, divided into five large offices, is entered directly from the street. On the opposite side of the light court and opening to Bank lane are the café, billiard-room and barber-shop.

The upper floors, except the ninth, which is specially arranged as described below, are partitioned off into offices of various sizes. The top floor contains a restaurant and café, forty-four feet by ninety-five feet, overlooking the Baltimore & Ohio building.

The main staircase extends up to the roof garden, the floor of which is of tiles laid with a very slight grade and surrounded with a parapet wall about three and a half feet high. From this point a magnificent view of the harbor and shipping and all the surrounding country can be obtained.

The basement contains Turkish bath accommodations with all the latest appliances and conveniences.

Mail chutes are provided from each story leading to the regular United States mail collection box, located near the Fayette-Street entrance, from which the regular collections will be made.

The materials for the outside of the building is Worcester mottled granite for the walls of the basement and the first and second stories. The walls above this point are of buff bricks, and all quoins, string courses, voussoires and the entire main entrance, all of which will be richly ornamented, will be of white terra-cotta.

The style of this beautiful building is Italian Renaissance. It is an object of beauty, and fills the place which the historic hotel, which so many thousands of Baltimore's visitors in times past will remember, occupied for so many eventful years.

The directors of the Calvert Building & Construction Co. are William A. Fisher, president; Daniel E. Conklin, vice-president and general manager; Lawrason Riggs, secretary and treasurer; James A. Grey, William H. Whitridge, Thomas K. Worthington, William C. Seddon, Edwin F. Abell, Ferdinand C. Latrobe, of Baltimore, and Edward B. Smith, of Philadelphia.

Very different in its architectural style, but not less an object of interest and beauty, is the new building of the Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank, where the state funds are kept, and where the merchant of Baltimore also deposits with a confidence which his knowledge of the institution and its directors warrants.

The building, which is Romanesque in style, is on the corner of South and Lombard Streets. Its material is Potomac red Seneca stone, and admirably fitted for such



Kaminsaky Inn.

a purpose by its beauty and adaptability to artistic effects.

The most prominent feature is the turret which makes the angle of the building toward the intersection of the two streets, and this forms a bay window for the corner room on each story above the first.

The entrance is a whole archway on South Street, supported on columns and opening into a large vestibule, finished in stone, from which entrance to the bank and offices is gained. The bank room is fitted in marble and quartered oak and wrought-iron grilles or rails.

The ample and well-lighted vaults occupy the centre of the main room and are brilliantly lighted. The offices, finely appointed, are easy of access. The building is fire-proof throughout, with iron floors, etc. It is one hundred feet high, and overlooks Exchange Place.

Another imposing building devoted to financial purposes is that of the old Central Savings Bank. This bank is an institution whose history is hardly less venerable than that of Baltimore's present commercial life. The Central Savings Bank was organized in 1854, being then known as the Dime Savings Bank. Its recent contribution to the architecture of the city is proof of its standing. Its entrance is at the intersection of Charles and Lexington Streets, from which corner it extends for sixty-three feet on Lexington and seventy-five feet on Charles Streets. It is fire-proof, built of brownstone and pressed brick, and is an imposing structure.

On the same streets at the opposite corner, a nine-story building is a recent erection. It is owned by "The Fidelity and Deposit Company," and facing these two, the Builders' Exchange Association has followed suit with another ornamental structure.

The New American Bank building, situated at the corner of Gay and High Streets, was opened in July, '92, for business. It is a very well planned structure, fronting 27 feet on Gay Street and extends on High Street 96 feet. It is but two stories in height, the basement being designed for the use of the Economy Savings Bank. The base is granite and Indiana limestone and the upper part Pompeiian and buff brick, the whole effect being very pleasing. All of the interior work is of the finest quality, finished in quartered oak, rose and Sienna marble, cream-colored tiling and handsome frescoes.

The officers of this bank are Joshua Horner, President ; Simon P. Schott, Cashier and John T. Stone Asst. Cashier. Both the Border State Savings Bank and the Drovers' and Mechanics' Bank have new buildings in construction, the first being on the northwest corner of Fayette Street and Park Avenue and the latter to be at Fayette and Eutaw Streets. The Border State Bank's home will be of granite and red sandstone trimming on a body of pressed brick, and the corner, which is a square tower, will be capped by a peaked corrugated tiled roof. The interior of the building will be in keeping with the outside. The other bank alluded to has adopted plans which follow the Italian Renaissance.

One of the most imposing of the new structures in the city is the Law Building, just completed, at the corner of Paul and Lexington Streets. Charles E. Cassell is the architect, and his design shows originality and beauty, the fronts of the building facing the two streets being of Port Deposit granite and Baltimore cream-colored pressed brick. There are five stories in all, the lower ones being in deep relief while those above are lighter and airy in effect. The building has two broad entrances which each lead to a central court where are found the stairway and elevators. The

floors and stairway are of blue stone and the surrounding galleries are of iron, the whole structure being fire-proof. Richly carved entablature and ornamental columns give an inviting appearance to the entrances, while the vestibules are finished in Italian and other marbles and the large corner room upon the first floor, taken by the New York Life Insurance Company, is entered by a separate vestibule on the Lexington Street side. This also is finished in marble. The offices in the basement are spacious and light while the office accommodations on each of the seven stories are admirably adapted to business purposes. As the name implies, this building was especially intended to afford a group of offices centrally located for legal gentlemen, and the basement apartments adapted for use for magistrates and other public servants. The steam heating appliances are as perfect as can be made and the material of which the edifice is constructed has been for the most part supplied by Baltimore firms, whose reputation is a guarantee of the integrity of their work. Altogether the Law Building is one in which those who are interested in the material growth of the city can honestly take pride.

This is also the case with the Fidelity and Deposit Company's new building on the northwest corner of Charles and Lexington Streets, which is now in course of construction. It deserves more than passing mention because of the care with which every provision is being made to render it one of the most complete structures planned for such a business, in the country, as well as an object of architectural beauty. The home of a deposit company must be more than a handsome building—it is necessary that it should be as absolutely safe a one as the art of man can make it. General Clinton P. Paine, the president of the company, is chairman of the building committee, and has devoted with

his co-workers an immense amount of care and attention to the examination of plans and appliances, so that it is safe to say that no security that modern skill and experience can supply will be lacking when the structure is completed. The foundations of the building are of granite, as are also the walls, the roof being of red Spanish tin tile, mansard in form. Inside, the finish will be of marble and iron and care is being taken to render the entire edifice perfectly fire-proof.

On the first floor, where the Fidelity and Deposit Company will have its home, will be regular banking, security and safe deposit departments, each perfectly equipped and although separate from each other yet so arranged that one general office will have supervision over all. Besides the usual accommodations, which are planned on a scale of elegance which a few years ago was unheard of in business houses, there will be separate parlors and accommodations in each department for the company's lady clients.

The Hotel Rennert has also added largely to its original building within recent months, and other hotels are making or have made improvements, while some new ones have sprung up, but the purposes of a hotel are hardly those which illustrate the fact of commercial and business growth which I wish to emphasize in this chapter. I have not enumerated, as indeed I have had no purpose in doing the full number of new buildings which have recently been erected here, this being neither a guide-book nor a business directory. The more important purpose which I have in view is to show that the growth which we Baltimoreans claim for the city is not a boom, but an actual healthy increase of prosperity, of commercial activity, of manufacture, of all those things which go to make a strong, live, modern city. I wish to show a reason for the faith that is in me

that no man need be ashamed to say, in any city of the country or of the world, "I am of Baltimore." It is possible that the men of a future generation may find an occasional copy of this book in the libraries, and may discover in the details I have given something by which to measure the growth of the city as it is passing from the nineteenth century into the twentieth.

Recently the arduous work of moving Levering Hall to make room for the new McCoy Hall has been accomplished with very little damage beyond the cracking of a few stones, the material of the trimming of the building being a New Hampshire brownstone, which is rather more pretty than durable.

Gradually, the University property has been added to; slowly, but surely, the buildings are spreading over more and more ground, till it is not unlikely that in the end the predictions of partial prophets will be realized, and the Johns Hopkins real estate will be worth a million dollars more than the original plant. No one will grieve to see such a result, for the spirit of the great university is making itself felt in many ways throughout the city, and it is one of the institutions which one may be proud of without one single reservation.

But the City College property, just next door to the main building of the Johns Hopkins University, has not had so fortunate a time.

The building of the underground belt road in that part of the city had menaced a number of buildings, and indications were not wanting that foundations had been weakened and walls rendered insecure by the tunneling. At last, one day the college building gave unmistakable evidence that it was so weakened as to be unsafe. It settled and cracked till there was nothing to be done but to destroy

it entirely. This was accomplished by a judicious use of dynamite, which blew out most of the front and left the rest in a tottering condition, just ready to collapse but for the beams and joists with which the workmen shored it up.

The work of demolition rapidly followed.

- Other buildings than those which I have mentioned are either in process of construction or are projected.

* * * * *

Enough has been said, I think, to show how real and substantial has been the recent development of the city. Step by step I have recalled for my readers, as far as I have been able, the events of a lifetime, and I have tried at the same time to show how the efforts of Baltimore's business men have supplemented the advantages of its geographical position and the foundation of prosperity which was laid by the fathers. If I have interested others in my recollections of Baltimore, I have accomplished all that an author could hope to do.

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