THE

ASHTABULA DISASTER.

BY

REV. STEPHEN D. PEET,
OF ASHTABULA, OHIO.

ILLUSTRATED.

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PREFACE.

The narrative of the greatest railroad disaster on record is a task which has been undertaken in the following pages. No event has awakened more wide-spread interest for many years, and the calamity will not cease to have its effect for a long time to come. The author has had unusual facilities for knowing the particulars, and has undertaken the record of them on this account. A familiarity with the locality, the place and the citizens, personal observation on the spot during the night, and a critical examination of the wreck before it was removed in the morning gave him an exact knowledge of the accident which few possessed. This, followed by intercourse with the survivors, with the friends of the deceased, and the representatives of the press, and by correspondence, which resulted from his assistance in identifying bodies, and searching for relics, all added to his acquaintance with the event and its consequences. The author is, however, happy in making an acknowledgment of assistance from the thorough investigation of the coroner's jury, from the faithful presentation of facts by the reporters of the press, especially those of the "Inter-Ocean" and the "Cleveland Leader," also from the pictures taken by the artist Frederick Blakeslee, and from the articles published and sent by various friends, which contained sermons, sketches and biographical notices. He has to acknowledge also encouragements received from Capt. T. E. Truworthy of California, and his publishers J. S. Goodman and Louis Lloyd & Co.

The discussions before the country in reference to the cause of this accident, the author has not undertaken to give. These have been contained in the "Railroad Gazette," the "Railway Age," the "Springfield Republican," the New York and Chicago dailies, and many other papers.

Prominent engineers, such as C. P. Buckingham, Clemans Herschel, E. C. Davis, L. H. Clark, Col. C. R. Morton, E. S. Cheseborough, Edward S. Philbrick, D. V. Wood, F. R. Smith and many others have passed their opinion upon it.

The accident at first seemed to involve the question of the use of iron for bridges, and whether the European system was not better than the American, and a comment upon this was given by Charles Collins, when he testified that $25,000 more would have erected a stone bridge. Yet as the discussions continued, the conclusion seems to have been reached that riveted iron bridges might be safe if properly constructed, and the engineers appointed by the State Legislature of Ohio, reported that they "find nothing in this case to justify our popular apprehension that there may be some inherent defect in iron as a material for bridges. We find no evidence of weakness in this bridge, which could not have been discovered and prevented."

The erection of iron bridges with the trusses all below the track as contrasted with so-called "through" bridges has also been discussed. In this case the tendency to "buckling" where the track is supported by iron braces rather than suspended from them was most apparent, for engineer Gottleib testified there was not a single brace which was not buckled.

The danger from derailment and the fearful result which must follow in high bridges like this is sufficient argument for the addition of guards, or some other means to prevent trains from going off.

These questions, however, are for railroad engineers to settle. The responsibility of the railroad companies to the American public is a point more important. The "Iron Age," speaking of this disaster says, "it is a disquieting accident." It says also that: "We know there are plenty of cheap, badly built bridges, which the engineers are watching with anxious fears, and which, to all appearance, only stand by the grace of God."

The "Nation" of Feb. 15th says: "By such disasters and by shipwreck are lives in these days sacrificed by the score, and yet except through the clumsy machinery of a coroner's jury, hardly any where in America is there the slightest provision made for inquiry into them.

"Here are wholesale killings. In four cases out of five some one is responsible for them; there was a carelessness somewhere, or a false economy has been practised, or a defective discipline maintained, or some appliances of safety dispensed with, or some one has run for luck and taken his chances."

It may be said of this case that the coroner's jury were as thorough and faithful in their investigation as the American public could ask; and yet from the class of reporters who conveyed so inadequately the results of that investigation from day to day no one was any wiser. The conclusion, however, has been reached, and the verdict corresponds with the evidence given in this book.

We have no space to give to the harsh words that have been spoken. These have come not only from the bereaved friends, but from papers of high standing, among manufacturers and others.

The accident has been bad enough, and the decision of the coroner's jury sufficiently condemning. The action of the State Legislature has also made it a matter of investigation.

The letter of Charles Francis Adams also called attention

to a demand for a Railroad commission, and the subject has not been left, as the "Nation" intimates that it might, to a coroner's jury, nor even to a legislative committee, but an enactment of Congress has already passed to bring the subject before the Committee on Railroads.

Doubtless the results will be, increased safety of travel, and the holding of railroad corporations to a strict account by the authority of law, for all accidents which may be caused by the want of skillful engineering or proper management. The Westenhouse brake may have caused the projectile force of the whole train to have fallen upon the centre of the defective bridge, but is there not some way of stopping trains from plunging entirely down into these fearful chasms?

Increased appliances for stopping trains, proper precautions in putting out fires, the frequent inspection of bridges, some method of keeping a strict account of the numbers on the train will be required.

The object of this book, however, has not been to discuss these points. As will be seen by the narrative, the religious lessons of the occasion are made most prominent.

The author's sympathies were early called forth; access to the survivors enlisted all his sensibilities; correspondence also showed how much need of consolation there was; and the book was prepared under the shadow of the great horror; but if the reader shall find the same comfort from a view of the lovely characters and the Christian hopes which span this dark cloud with a bow of promise, the author will consider that his mission has been accomplished.

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CHAPTER I.

ASHTABULA.

THE scene of this direful event is situated on the Lake Shore Railway, midway between the cities of Cleveland and Erie, and about two miles from Lake Erie.

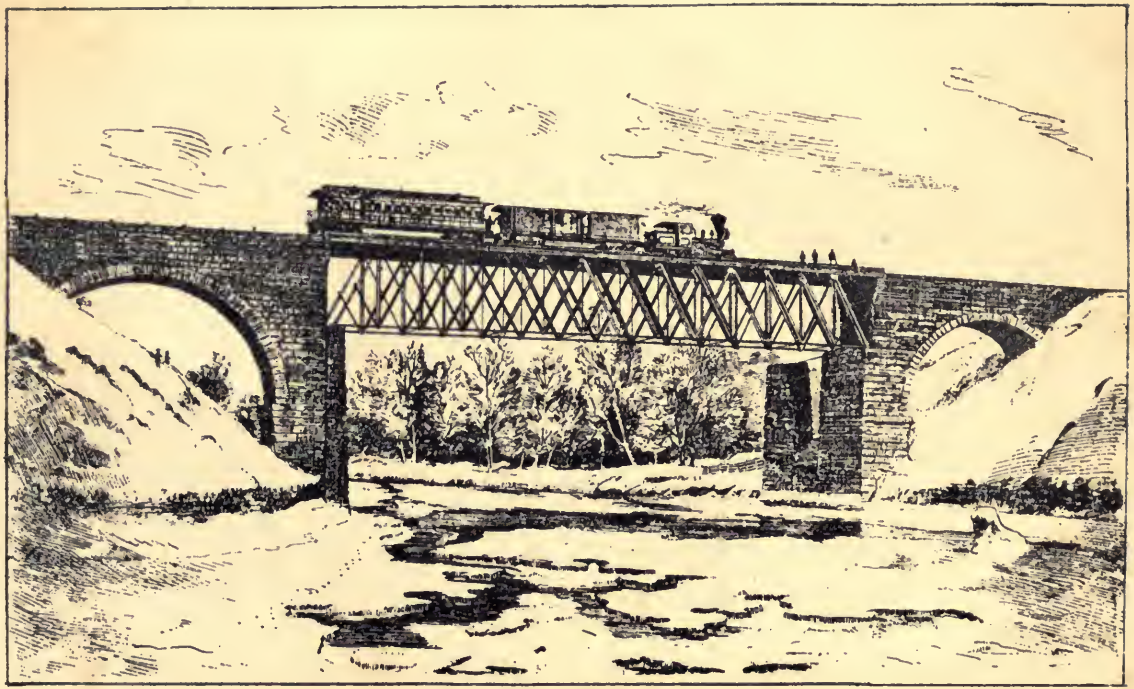
The village itself contains nearly thirty-five hundred inhabitants. At the mouth of the river is another small village, making in all a population of nearly four thousand. Between these points of the village and harbor many families of the poorer classes have made their homes, the most of them being Swedes, Germans and Irish. There are a few fine residences in this part of the town, but the homes of the more prominent citizens are at least a mile away. Near the depot there are several small places of business, two or three saloons, three hotels: The American House,

the Culver House, and the Eagle Hotel, kept by Patrick Mulligan. It was one of the worst places for a rail-road disaster. Near the depot, not six hundred yards away to the eastward, was a deep and lonely gorge. Across this the ill-fated bridge was hung. It was just at the point where the trains from the East were likely to slacken speed. Below that bridge the stream ran darkly. The only access to the gorge was by a long flight of stairs which was at the time of the calamity covered with a deep bank of snow. No road existed to it, and the spot could be reached by teams, only as a track was broken through gardens and down steep banks and across the valley and along the stream. A solitary building was in this gorge. It was the engine house. Here were the massive boiler and engine which were used for pumping water from the stream to the heights above, and so to the tanks at either side of the station house, in the distance. Situated close by the river, and almost under the shadow of the bridge itself, this lone house became to the wrecked travelers a refuge from the fire and storm. On the heights above towards

the depot, another engine house was situated. It was the place where the "Lake Erie," a hand fire engine stood. Two cisterns for the supply of water were located near, one on either side of the rail-road track. It is difficult to picture a place more retired and lonely than this gorge. So near the busy station and yet isolated, inaccessible, and seldom visited. Its distance from the village, and the nature of the surroundings, will account for many things which occurred on that awful night; but it is a strange tale we have to tell. In the midst of the habitations of men untold sufferings took place, and the loss of life and fearful burning.

The fire department consisted of three companies, two at the village and one at the depot. There was only one steamer, and that was a mile from the depot. These companies were under the control of the chief fireman, Mr. G. W. Knapp, who is a tinner by trade, and a man slow and lymphatic in temperament, and one who, for a long time, had been addicted to the constant use of intoxicating liquors; a man every way unfit for so trying an emergency. The re-organi-

zation of the fire department had begun. Many intelligent and prominent citizens were members of it, but these had not been successful in securing the removal of the chief, as several years of association had made many of the fireman satisfied with his services. It was unfortunate that the control was at the time in such incompetent hands, but no one could have anticipated such an event, and no emergency had heretofore shown the necessity for a change.



THE OLD BRIDGE.
[From a Photograph by T. T. Sweeny, Cleveland.]

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVER AND THE BRIDGE.

THE Ashtabula river is a shallow stream which runs through the county and the town. As it approaches the lake it widens and deepens into what constitutes the harbor.

The banks lining the valley of it are high and rocky precipices. They form in the rear or to the southward of the town a gorge which is called, by the inhabitants, by the significant name "the gulf." Near the depot this gorge widens,and its banks become less precipitous; but, even at this point, the river flows at least seventy-six feet below the level of the road, and is four feet deep. Here the fatal, but far-famed, bridge was built. A grade on an arched viaduct conveyed the track to the abutments, but these stood by themselves, straight from the bottom of the gorge, two lofty pillars of stone seventy-six feet

high and just wide enough for the two tracks of the road. Flanking these were the lower and smaller abutments of an older bridge, left standing, but, for a long time, unused. The span of the bridge across this gorge, from abutment to abutment, was the unusual length of one hundred and fifty feet. The bridge was very high, and loomed up in the distance, tall and dark and gloomy.

Travelers by the wagon road, at a distance up the river a mile away, would stop and look at this structure, apparently built high in air, and watch the cars as they passed in bold relief against the sky, almost as if a spectre train were traversing the blue vault above.

It was a dizzy height. There was something almost fearful in the sight. The recklessness of danger impressed the observer. As the full outline marked itself against the sky, the fascination at times almost reached a sense of the sublime.

Here, then, was the bridge suspended high in air,lofty and tall and dark, a mysterious thing. It was not an arch lifting high its springing sides,

it was not a set of beams supported by abutments below; it was a web of iron netted and braced and bolted, heavy, dark and gloomy in appearance, and proving treacherous as death.

This bridge was erected in the year 1865, by Mr. Tomlinson, according to orders and patterns given by Mr. Amasa Stone, then president of the road. It was built after the pattern of the Howe Truss, but containing some elements introduced by the president himself. It was constructed of wrought iron, with long iron braces from lower cord to upper cord twenty feet in height. There were rods stretching from top to bottom and designed to carry the strain from brace to brace. The panels were eleven feet long, and between these the strength of the cords depended on three iron beams six inches thick and eight inches wide. The whole width of the bridge was nineteen and one-half feet; its height twenty feet; its length one hundred and sixty-five feet, in a single span.

When it was first erected it was discovered that the braces were placed wrong, so that they came upon the sides rather than upon the edges.

The structure settled, as the edges were removed, about six inches, and necessitated the change of the process.

This error was remedied by the cutting away of iron, so that the braces could be turned, and this change occupied nearly a year. It was watched with interest by the citizens, and was regarded by the builders themselves as a doubtful experiment.

In its erection Mr. Tomlinson, the engineer, differed with the president so much that he resigned his position, and, even Mr. Charles Collins never acknowledged that it was a work of his inventing, or a bridge receiving his approval. Before the committee, appointed by the legislature of Ohio, he acknowledged that it was an "experiment," and even when it was in process of erection he gave no orders, but rather left the responsibility with the president.

The deficiencies of the bridge, as acknowledged by Mr. Tomlinson, who made the drafts, were that the braces were smaller than was intended, and the weight was very great. Its dead weight was 3,000 pounds to the square foot, making

an aggregate mass of iron of many tons.

The rods or braces had buckled or bent at the first trial, and there was danger that it would fall by its own weight into the creek. As it was changed, however, and the braces sprang back, by the elasticity of the iron, heavier braces were put into it, and in this shape it stood for eleven years in constant service.

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT AND THE STORM.

THE night was portentous. All nature conspired to make it prophetic of some direful event. The sympathy of the natural with the historic event was known and felt.

Ominous of evil, a furious storm had set in. It was one of the periodical snow storms for which the season had been remarkable. Every Saturday throughout the month it had returned, the same fearful blast and fall of snow. As if in warning, it had come three or four times during the season, and now with redoubled force appeared.

The snow had fallen all day long, and was, at the dusk of night, still falling with blinding fury. The powers of nature had seized it again, and were hurling it down as if in very vengeance against the abodes of men. Everything was cov-

ered with a weight of snow. The wreaths and fancy drapery which, during the first storm, had engaged the attention of children, and pleased the fancy with their forms of beauty and delicate tracery, had now increased until they were heavy blankets and burdensome loads. The feathery flakes, which at first were beds of down, had become solid banks. Everything was buried in the increasing drifts, even trees and houses and fences stood with muffled forms and burdened with a snowy mantle. The streets were covered with drifts which were piled high and wide.

No attempt had been made to break the roads. The citizens had, for the third time, confined themselves to their houses, and had not even opened the paths from the doors to the gates. It was, in fact, one of those blinding, burying storms which occasionally come upon northern homes. The greatest comfort was in being at home and having the consciousness of the home feeling. Even the cares of the world were shut out, and many had remained in doors refusing to be called from the loved circle and comfortable fire. Those who were well housed felt a pleasure

in their own security, and often looked out, grateful for the shelter of their homes.

But to the traveler it was a fearful storm. The same clouds which filled the sky with their fleecy masses, became portentous to his gaze. As the dusk of night settled down with more fury in the storm, a fearful foreboding filled his heart. There were many who were impressed with this indefinable sense of danger. It was not because they felt the discomfort of the journey, nor because they unconsciously acknowledged the difficulty of the way, but a strange presentiment continually haunted them and filled them with indefinable fear. Brave hearts sank within many, as the strange feeling came over them, that there was danger in the air. It was like a pall to the soul. It rested heavily upon the spirits. Stout men had to reason with themselves to nerve themselves to undertake the journey.

This presentiment of evil was the common one. Many of the friends urged the travelers to stay and not undertake the fearful journey. Parents at Buffalo are known to have persuaded a daughter to stay until the storm was over, and only

yielded because a light heart was so buoyant and hopeful, in the prospect of a holiday approaching.

A wife at Rochester urged a loved husband to stay, and was only comforted by the promise of a speedy return. A young husband at Erie, away from his loved wife, was sadly impressed, and discussed the question a long time with parents and friends, and only went because absence might disappoint the expectant companion, and because affection for a little babe was stronger than the fear which haunted him.

Even the sweet singer of Israel was strangely impressed, and had so far yielded to his presentiments as to persuade the ticket agent, at the station where he was waiting, to exchange tickets and to give him passage by another route, and only the sudden appearance of the train, induced him to take it instead of another.

Among the many others the same forebodings were felt, but unexpressed. As the sun went down the air grew colder. A blast from the north arose and the snow ceased falling, but the roads and paths were still unbroken. Whoever undertook to breast the storm or to pass through

the streets, plunged deeply into the untrodden snow. Horses were kept from their accustomed duties and were comfortably stabled from the storm. Nothing was stirring, apparently; only the strong iron horse and the solitary train, which slowly made its way along the snow-covered track.

Everything was behind time. The train which was due at Erie at a little after noon, was two and a half hours late. It should have reached Ashtabula before sundown, and it was now dark and the lamps had long been burning. But the engine pushed forward. The same train which had started from New York the night before, had divided at Albany; a portion of it was plunging through the snow-drifts of the mountains of Vermont, and now another portion was struggling amid the snow near the banks of Lake Erie. Both were destined to be wrecked.

Four engines had been used to push the train from the station at Erie. Two strong locomotives were straining every nerve to push forward and overcome the deep snow.

Within the cars there were many already anx-

ious about the time. It was a long and well filled train, but it was greatly behind time. Those from a distance had been delayed throughout all their journey. Those from nearer cities were impatient to meet their friends. To some a long trip across the continent became an immense and gloomy undertaking. But the passengers were making the most of the comforts of the hour. It was a little world by itself. Men, women and children were mingled together in the precious load. Clergymen, physicians, professional men, business men and travelers, young men and women, those from all classes and places were there.

In the distant east and, even, the distant west, from north and south their homes were scattered.

The continent was represented by that train. It bore the hearts of many, many friends. It was a varied company. Each one was pursuing that which best suited the varied tastes, and were beguiling the weary hours. An unusual number of parties had gathered to drive away care and weariness by card playing. At least five such parties had cards in their hands at the hour of

the sudden calamity. Others had been beguiling the time by tales of adventure, and by relating escapes from various dangers.

In the smoking car a group was discussing the weight of the engines and the amount of water used by each engine. Ladies in the sleeping coach were preparing to retire; some had already laid down in their berths. Gentlemen were quietly dozing in their seats; others were taking their last smoke, before settling themselves for the night. Even the sweet singer had just laid aside the Sacred Word, and was quietly meditating, with a song echoing in his heart. It was just the time when every one was seeking to make himself comfortable for the night, notwithstanding the storm which raged.

A few thought of danger as they looked out into the darkness of the night, but the sense of security pervaded the train; when suddenly! the sound of the wheels was stopped; the bell-rope snapped; the lights were extinguished; and in an instant all felt themselves falling, falling, falling. An awful silence seized the passengers; each one sat breathless, bracing and seizing the

seats behind or before them. Not a word was spoken; not a sound was heard—nothing except the fearful crash. The silence of the grave had come upon them. It was the fearful pause before an awful plunge. It was the palsied feeling of those who were falling into a fathomless abyss. The sensation was indescribable, awful, beyond description. It seemed an age, before they reached the bottom. None could imagine what had happened or what was next to come. All felt as if it was something most dreadful. It was like a leap into the jaws of death, and no one can tell who should escape from the fearful doom.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WRECK.

THE cars lay at the bottom of the gorge. That which had been such a thing of speed and a line of beauty, now lay wrecked and broken, and ready to be burned. It was indeed a beautiful train, and was well known for its elegance and beauty. At this time it consisted of two locomotives, one named "Socrates" and the other "Columbia;" two express cars, two baggage cars, two day passenger coaches, a smoking car, a drawing-room car called "Yokahama;" the New York sleeper named "Palatine;" the Boston sleeper named "City of Buffalo;" the Louisville sleeper called "Osceo."

The bridge broke in the centre. The engineer of the Socrates suddenly heard a sharp crack, like the report of a torpedo, and looked out and saw the engine behind sinking. With great

presence of mind he opened the throttle valve an instant, and putting on all steam drove his engine forward. It was "like going up hill," but the Socrates reached the abutment and was safe. The Columbia, as it was drawn forward struck the abutment, and for an instant clung to its leader, held by the coupling rod, but as that broke, it fell. The first express car struck forward and downward, and landed at the foot of the abutment, while the locomotive fell on to it, completely reversed, with its headlight towards the train which it had been drawing. The other express and two baggage cars also fell to the side of the bridge, forming a line across the chasm with the rear baggage against the east abutment. The heavy iron bridge fell in the same instant with an awful crash, to the north, and lay, a great wall of iron rods and braces, ten feet high across the gorge. Singularly enough the track and top of the bridge remained long enough *in situ* for the bridge to sink and sway away beneath, and then fell straight down and lay at the bottom of the stream immediately below where it rested before, but 76 feet down,

in the midst of the ice and the snow and water of the stream. Upon this the first passenger coach landed in an upright position in the middle of the stream and to the left, but close by the wreck of the bridge.

The second passenger coach followed, but struck around at an angle, and turning on to its side fell among the rods and braces, and was crushed and broken in the fall. The smoker broke its couplings at both ends, struck across and through the second passenger car, smashing it in its course, and then fell upon the top of the first, crushing it down and killing many as it fell. The palace cars followed, but as they fell they leaped clear of the abutment and flew out into the air to the left of the bridge with their trucks hurled beneath them, and dropped 76 feet down and 80 feet out, and landed in the centre of the chasm.

The first drawing-room car "Yokahama" landed on the ice, and the sleeper "Palatine" beside it to the right. The sleeper "City of Buffalo," however, as it flew through the air struck across the two, knocking the "Yokahama"

on its side and crushing it in through its whole length, and landed on its forward end, with its rear end resting on the other two and high in air.

As the different cars fell, every person for the instant was stunned, and the crashing of one car on another struck many dead in an instant, while the survivors waited in suspense, expecting death would also come to them at the next blow.

The work of death was owing mostly to the fall, and to the crashing of cars and heavy trucks on bodies and limbs, and even the very hearts of many.

It was probably instantaneous to the large majority of those who perished. But a few were taken out of the wreck with any evidence of having perished from the flames which soon broke out. The wonder was that any escaped to tell the manner of their escape.

As the cars struck, splinters flew in every direction. The floor burst up from below. The seats were crushed in front and behind. The roofs were crushed from above. The sides opened and yawned, and, as one expressed it, it

seemed as if every limb and sense were being scattered and only the soul was left in its solitariness.

More than one imagined that he was the only survivor, that all the rest had perished in an instant. Many thought their time had come. The thought of fire also arose in many minds, and the fear of a death that might be more dreadful than that by the crash.

Without, the wreck was strewn among the iron beams and columns of the broken bridge and scattered in terrible confusion.

Ice and water and snow were mingled with rods of iron, and heavy braces, and beams, and the debris of cars, and the bodies of men.

Danger threatened from all the elements. If they remained in the wreck, the fire threatened them with a horrid death. If they fled the fire, the water threatened to engulf them. If they escaped the water the darkness and chill of night, the storm and the awful stunning, bewildered and appalled.

The very sight of the lofty abutments towering high, impressed them with fear. The wild and

lonely gorge strewn with snow and swept by the furious storm, conveyed a sense of wildness and strangeness in the extreme. It was a bewildering and an appalling scene.

As one after another of the stunned and stupefied survivors began to emerge from the broken wreck, they were dazed by the wildness of the place.

The experience of every one was different. Some dragged themselves from the debris and escaped through the broken windows, tearing clothes and flesh as they emerged. Others climbed through openings in the side or top and so made their way into the open air, and the gloomy night. Others broke the glass doors with their fists and dragged themselves through the openings thus made and sought to draw out others. Some became insensible and were only removed by force and taken by their friends to a place of safety.

Strong men were bruised and stunned and were led by their wives. Others found themselves bleeding before they knew they were hurt, and even hobbled with broken limbs, not knowing

what was their wound. Some sank into the water and were with difficulty rescued by their companions and dragged out upon the ice and snow. Many, as they got out, found themselves amid the rods and braces and hardly knew which way to turn. Some emerged from the doors and fell into the snow and water. A lady climbed out a window and walked on the sides of the car that lay wrecked beneath, and climbed down the back of a man who was willing to become a ladder for her escape. Another escaped with broken limbs which by force she had dragged from beneath the wreck, and then by the rods and braces drew herself to shore through the water into which she had fallen. Another still was able to get out of the car where lay her child and nurse, and was dragged in her night clothes through the water and snow, and across the ice and then stood upon the bank in the storm like a spectre, exclaiming: "There is my child, I hear its voice." A father rescued his little children, mere babies as they were, and placed them on the snow for strangers to take, and then returned for his wife. She is held by the wreck and is badly hurt and exclaims

that she cannot be saved, but begs her husband to cut her throat lest the fire should reach her and she be burned to death. She is, however, rescued and the whole family is safe. A gentleman gets out but finds that his limbs will not obey his will, but sink beneath his weight, and he is obliged to crawl on hands and knees to a place of safety. After all others have escaped, something attracts the attention of those on the bank, as if a coat were flapping in the wind. Next a man appears as if attempting to arise, and then the man emerges from the region of the flames, and is helped to the shore by others.

Many became so exhausted and faint that they fell senseless upon the snow and were drawn by others to a place of safety. It is even thought that some were so bewildered that they wandered into the broken places in the ice and were drowned.

It was but a very few minutes before all who could, had escaped and the rest were still struggling to get out or were already dead.

CHAPTER V.

THE STARTLING CRASH.

THE citizens were startled by a sudden crash. Those who lived near the bridge knew that the train was late. Many of them were in some way connected with the road, either as telegraph or baggage men or in some capacity of the railroad service.

For some reason there was an expectancy among them all. Those who dwelt on the banks of the gorge could look from their rear windows and see each train as it came. As the first awful crash was heard the whole neighborhood was startled. Then as the ominous sound of car following car fell upon the ear, crash after crash in quick succession, the horrible consciousness came to all with appalling force. Some started to their feet with alarm. Others rushed to the doors and hastened to the scene. One lady,

Mrs. Apthorp, exclaimed to her husband in terror and great alarm: "My God, Henry, No. 5 has gone off the bridge." As her husband seized his hat and coat and hastened out of the door, with a woman's sympathy she put the camphor bottle into his hands, thinking of the wounded, and the suffering which must follow.

But a few minutes had passed before a number were at the depot. The engineer of the pump-engine was standing on the depot platform as the train approached. As he heard the sound he looked up and could see the cars from the middle of the train, plunge off to the side of the bridge, and fall into the abyss. The headlight of the engine was above the track, but the passenger cars were falling behind it. The head painter was also in his shop and heard the crash. The saloon keeper of one of the hotels,and the foreman of the fire engine "Lake Erie," also heard and saw the fall. These were the first to start for the wreck, and reached it very soon. Mr. Apthorp also was early on the ground. These, as they approached were appalled at the awful scene. The engineer seized an axe and pail as

the first things which were at hand, and hardly knowing what he was doing, attempted to break the doors and windows, for the wounded to escape. Mr. Tinlay plunged into the water and swam to the other side to rescue those who were at a distance in the wreck. The omnibus man began to chop to get an opening for those within, but cut an awful gash into his foot, and was obliged to cease. Mr. Apthorp, more deliberate and self-controlled, first thought of the bell and of giving the alarm, but hastened to the train. He went from car to car, entering such as were open and could be reached, and sought to help out those who might be left inside. Others arrived and helped the wounded to escape from the water and ice, and up the bank.

All were excited and hardly knew what they were doing and did not think of what next to do. The engineer fluttered to and fro, excited and uncontrolled. The saloon keeper assisted a few and then disappeared. Some who arrived stood on the bank amazed, and appalled, but idle and passive, amid the scene.

In the meantime the flames began to arise. It

was only a little glimmering light at first, so small that as the passengers pass they throw snow and a portion of it is quenched. A few buckets of water thrown at this time, would have sufficed to have kept down the flame. But the critical moment was passed. The fire began at both ends of the wreck, and rapidly spread. It was just a little flame on the east side underneath the sleeper. It was brighter in the smoker and in the heap near the bridge, but it spread from car to car, and soon enveloped the whole. No one thought that the fire could be prevented. The desire to rescue the wounded, and save the living, was more urgent. It was too constraining for any deliberate thought. It crowded out every effort to prevent the spreading of the flames. Every one was appalled, and overwhelmed, and did that which seemed most pressing at the moment.

The brakeman, Stone, who had escaped unhurt, thought only of another train which was expected soon. He hastened to the telegraph office to tell of the wreck, and to stop the coming train. The conductor was almost paralyzed with terror and

became frantic with excitement, and rushed to and fro, calling for help, and it is said was kept with difficulty from throwing himself into the fire.

The flames kept arising. They spread far and wide. They ascended high and still higher. They filled the valley. A cloud of smoke ascended, too. It was black and dense and pitchy. It came from the paint and varnish, and the materials of that gilded wreck. It was stifling to the breath and deadly to all who breathed it. It enveloped the ruins. It even darkened the sky and rolled a thick cloud through the awful gorge. The worst of fears began now to be realized. Horror seized the living, for death now claimed its victims, and man was powerless to deliver. Within the awful canopy the flames shot up, and from among them came forth groans and shrieks and cries of agony and despair.

Then followed the most heart-rending scenes and incidents. Those who were without, but who had friends still left in the burning cars, shouted loud and begged that the fire might be put out; they even sought to go back to get their

friends. Yells arose from the valley, and were echoed in shouts from the top of the abutments, and one wild scene of excitement pervaded the spot. A little child was heard to exclaim, "Papa, O, Papa, take me!" A woman cried from within a car, "Oh save me, for God's sake take my child!" A man had clasped a woman, to carry her from the flames, but her foot was caught, and he was obliged to leave her and save himself.

Another saw underneath the floor of a car, a man and a woman lying there and calling for help; he tried to extricate them, but, as the flames arose, he went to the firemen and begged them to put on water and save the living.

Mr. Apthorp saw a woman trying to get out of the window of a car, high up amid the ruins; she was half way out and called for help. He hastened to the rescue, but the flames arose between him and her, and she perished there.

Two men were seen, sitting in their seats, surrounded by the flames, but they perished and no one could save them. One man stood by his berth and burned to death, holding to its side. A gentlemen, supposed by some to be Mr.

Brunner of Wisconsin, and by others, to be Mr. P. P. Bliss, the sweet singer, was seen to emerge and then to go back, saying that he will perish with his family.

A gentleman was seen in the midst of the flames, standing as if surrounded by a wall of fire, until he fell. The most appalling sounds and sights shock every heart, and send a shiver of horror through every frame. The howl of a poor wounded dog echoes through the valley.

A woman, whose children have already perished, was seen lifting up her hands and beseeching help, and was at last rescued, among the last, awfully burned, and died in a few days from her wounds. The last one removed was the fireman, and then this poor dog, which had kept up its piteous howling.

The living were driven from the wreck, and could only stand and look upon the awful scene. A cry arose—a horrid cry; it was not a shriek; it was not a groan, nor even a cry for help, but it was a plaintive, melancholy wail—the despairing cry of those who knew that they must die. It was a prolonged, an agonized, a heart-rending

moan; it was the sound of Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Then all were dead, and silence settled down upon the scene—the awful silence which comes upon the dead.

The parched lips were sealed forever; the stifled breath could no longer send forth a cry or groan; the carnival of death had at last silenced all its victims; the slaughter was complete. "Blood and fire, and vapor of smoke." The flames leaped and danced, and lifted high their heads, and death was exultant in all its forces. The canopy of blackness arched the snow-covered valley, while the fiery billows rolled between. All that man could do was to stand and look upon the scene, appalled.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ALARM IN TOWN.

THE citizens of the village were sitting by their fires, or at their tables, or in their places of business. A sound was heard! It was a sudden, startling sound. To those who were living near the depot, it was a succession of sounds; first a crash, then a fall, then a distinct sound for every car. To those who were at a distance it was a single, but a prolonged and terrible crash. To those who were within doors it seemed like a sudden fall of a distant building, or the nearer slide of a heavy body of snow, but much more ominous. Some imagined they heard a sound that followed, which they supposed to be the wailing of the wind. It startled the inhabitants in many houses, and was heard more than a mile away. Presently the sharp alarm of fire was heard, and the bells rang out their pealing notes.

Many started from their seats, at the thought of fire on such a night. Presently the sky was illuminated: a strange glare filled the heavens. It was not like a distant flame, that cast its shadow on the sky. It was not like a nearer fire that shot up sparks and smoke. It was a glare that pervaded the whole horizon. It cast a pale and sickly color into the fleecy air. It covered even the snow with a pinkish, almost crimson, hue. It seemed like an extensive burning, as if the flames were suddenly arising from widespread structures. No one could tell, however, what it was, nor what was the matter.

The men who rushed into the street first whispered, it was an oil train, that had caught fire on the track. Others said that it was the building at the depot. Women who were kept at home were impressed that it was something more than a common fire. Uneasiness seized the aged who were residing in houses far distant. Many hastened for the engines; others ran in the direction of the light. All plunged into the deep snow, and, out of breath, could only follow in single file along the path which the foremost had broken.

A long line of men and boys reached from the main street toward the fatal spot. Horses and teams plunged madly by. Every available horse in one of the stables was put into use. The steamer was got out. The horses attached pulled and tugged the massive load.

"Protection" engine was also manned at first, but afterwards drawn by a team secured. Hose-carts were taken for a distance, and then horses were attached to these.

The villagers had become thoroughly aroused, and were straining every nerve to reach the fire. It had become known that the bridge was broken, and a passenger train was wrecked in the dreadful gorge. An unregulated crowd was rushing with all haste through the impeding drifts. The thought with all was to hasten forward, and save the living. It seemed an age before they could reach the spot. Many became exhausted by their efforts. The snow and drifts were so deep that none could make headway, except with difficulty. Even teams were detained by the snow. It was at least twenty minutes before the citizens arrived.

Time enough had then passed for the work of death. The wounded passengers had recovered from the stunning fall, and arisen to their feet and escaped to the shore, assisting one another from the wreck.

Nearly all who were in the forward car had escaped, except those who had been crushed by the trucks, which had broken through the roof, and fell upon them. One had even, after his escape, looked in the window, and put his face near the cheek of his companion, and found him dead. Those in the smoker, had climbed out and looked back to see how complete, the sweep of the burning stove had been, which had carried several before it to their death. One had fallen out of a gaping seam made in the side of that car, and looked back to see another man caught as the car closed again, and thought to himself that it had opened on purpose to let him out.

Those in the sleeping coaches who were alive, had also escaped, and made their way to land. One gentleman, Mr. Brewster, who was but little hurt, had assisted a man who was badly wounded

and helpless amid the wreck, and laid him down at the east abutment, and then crossed the stream again and called out to others saying: "This way, here's a house!" Women had escaped from the rear sleeping coach and were already at the shore.

Miss Sheppard, who was unhurt, had reached the bank and requested some one to help her up, and then made herself useful in aiding others. Those who had escaped on the north side were already making their way through the deep drifts and the lonely valley and up the steep embankment. Those who were near had done all they could to rescue the living, and the flames were already arising and nearly covered the scene. All this had occurred before the citizens from the town could reach the spot. It was then too late to do anything to save the wounded, or even to keep the flames from destroying life. To be sure the fire engine stood in that engine house upon the hill,but it was never moved. The pump engine also stood in the lonely valley, with its steam up, but it was not used. There was also hose in the upper engine house not six hundred

yards away, which would fit a plug in the house by the river. But in the confusion of the moment no one had thought of engines, or of hose, and not even buckets had been brought down. Meanwhile, the teams from town were plunging on, dragging the steamer and the hose through the heavy drifts.

The station agent, who had received a telegram from the central office, to get surgeons and aid for the wounded, was also hastening to the spot —but it was too late.

The work was done. It was impossible for them now to rescue the living. Those who had reached the scene had already rescued nearly all the wounded and the living, though fearfully bruised, and some of them insensible, from the fire.

Others were standing and looking on from the banks, idle spectators of the scene. And, before the eyes of all, the fire had crept on and on, and was now enveloping the whole. The wounded lay in the snow, or on the damp, cold floor. The water dripped from their garments and ran upon the stone. Blood flowed from wounds and

mingled with the water. Chill and damp and pain and wounds and the shock and fright were combined. Gashed and bruised and broken, they were crowding up that lonely, chilly bank. But the flames without were burning and eclipsing all their misery. Appalling death was shooting from car to car, and the dreadful valley had become an awful scene. It was too terrible for any human mind. The groans of the wounded were mingled with the groans of the dying, and shouts and groans and shrieks and cries echoed through the valley; then the plaintive wail and the awful silence.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRE AND THE FIREMEN.

THE firemen arrived at last; the station agent had reached the spot before them. All was haste and confusion. No orders, and no one in command. The wounded were already coming up the bank. Citizens, as they came, had taken the survivors from the wreck, and were now helping them to a place of safety and comfort.

Appalled by the scene and confused by the horror, none knew what order was to be given or who was in command.

Mr. Apthorp was in the employ of the road, and was supposed to have some control. As Mr. Strong hastened to the rescue, he asked, "What shall we do?" The reply was, "Get men to help up the wounded."

As the chief fireman met Mr. Strong, he asked "Where shall we put the hose?" "Where shall

we apply the water?" The echo of Mr. Apthorp's remark was the only response—"We want to get out the wounded, never mind the water." A second time the question was asked, as the station agent appeared in another place, and a second time the response was, "We don't want water, we want to get out the wounded." "Get all the men to clear a road to the wreck."

Again, as the firemen undertook to lay the hose, another official of the road used a vulgar illustration and saying there was no use in throwing water on the flames. The impression was thus given, by those in command of the wreck and the road, that water was not wanted. The chief fireman was not a man to assume the responsibility under such circumstances: he was dazed and confused and did not seem to know what to do. The horses stood hitched to the steamer. The hand engine "Protection," also stood, with the men waiting for orders. Some one ran up from the wreck begging, for God's sake, that water should be thrown, but both engines stood waiting.

The call for buckets, went up from below. One

old man, seventy-six years old, was in the midst of the wreck, chopping for dear life and calling for buckets at the same time. His son, arriving late, plunged into the midst of the fire and began to work like one made desperate with despair. Others took pails and undertook to go out to rescue bodies that were burning.

The driver of the steamer took the engine to the cistern and stationed it there, but no orders were given; and the hose carts were ready to be unreeled, but no orders were given. The whistle of the steamer was sounded for hose and the men stood ready to lay it; many wondered at the delay and talked excitedly, but still no orders.

The captain of the steamer asked the station agent if he should apply water, but the same answer was returned. The chief fireman still remained stupid and passive, and gave no orders. At last he went, himself, to the wreck and began to help remove the wounded, while the men still waited and the engines were idle. The men became impatient, but they were held by the authority of their chief. The fire was still burning, but that answer of the station agent held the

chief fireman and he yielded to the direction and abandoned the engines and his men.

A man who has seen two persons still living, underneath the wreck, comes up and begs that water be thrown, but the engines stand idle, and the firemen dare not work without orders. The more determined of them leave the engines and go down to the wreck to work without them. Pails are procured from the stores, and with them the firemen work. Great exertions are made to extinguish the flames in this way. Desperation has taken possession of the citizens.

An hour has passed, and it is stated that there are some still living, but the engines stand idle. There is talk, even, of disobeying orders and assuming command, but the law is quoted and that is prevented. Men fly here and there, anxious to save the living; others assist the wounded. Some stand on the banks, with hands in their pockets, and look on unmoved, but the fire still burns. A few seize a rope and fasten it to the locomotive, and try to lift it off from one poor wretch who lies beneath it, but the time passes and the flames are not subdued. A line is begun

for the purpose of passing water, and so putting the fire out, but a voice was heard from the top of the abutment, saying: "You don't want water there." "Don't put any water on the wreck." A few rushed for the hand engine, thinking to take it down the steep bank to the creek; the arrangements are made and a hose is attached, but the decision of the foreman is, not to take it down. Still, a few persevere with their buckets; the flames in one place are put out by this means, but no effort is made by the engines, and the men stand waiting.

Horses become restive; the captain of the steamer remains at his post; the firemen await his command, but the order is never sent. Lives cannot now be saved, and the bodies are burning. A woman is seen in the midst of the wreck; life is extinct, but the body is held by the iron framework, high in air. Her clothes caught fire, and she begins to burn like a martyr at the stake. The spectators are horror-stricken by the sight. A few form a line and, with buckets, throw water in that direction, until the body falls and lies buried with others. The fire at the engine is

next attacked, after the fireman is rescued. The poor dog, which has kept up his piteous howl, was also taken from the same place. This is the last living creature taken out, but the bodies still burn. The wind blows cold, but the fire burns on.

The strangest misunderstanding has taken possession of all. Whatsoever the motive of those in authority, the effect was, to keep the engines from playing upon the flames. There were tanks on both sides of the track; the engines were both on the ground; there was hose sufficient, but the misunderstanding made everything useless, and the department was held back and did nothing. The indignation of the citizens was openly expressed, but the fire continued. Mr. Stebbins, a citizen, asked the captain of the steamer, why water was not thrown? and was answered, that the chief would not order it. He exclaimed, "We had better hang him, then," but the fire continued to burn until, in places, it burned itself out, and there was nothing more to feed upon; nothing was left except the bodies, and these were almost consumed. The fumes of

the burning flesh filled the air, and the horrid consciousness haunted the hearts of the spectators, but the fire burned on, and the strange suspense held the people.

CHAPTER VIII.

CARE OF THE SURVIVORS.

AN engine house stood on the bank. It was the place where water was pumped from the river to the tank, at the depot buildings. It was a little brick building with a stone floor and a large boiler and engine occupying the middle of the room. Into this building, the wounded were taken, and were laid on the cold, damp floor,—a ghastly throng. As citizens came, they found them there, suffering from the cold as well as from the shock and wounds. The effort was made to take them to places of more comfort, but where to take them was the question. No one was there at the time to command. A few men were there to assist; some were there to plunder, and more had come not knowing for what they came. A long, weary flight of steps led from the gorge to the track above. Up this flight the wounded

were taken. On the other side the access to the wreck was only through the deep snow and down the steep bank. A line of men was formed at last. Up both sides of the track the wounded are helped, passed from hand to hand where they are able to stand. Others were borne by the citizens, and so by degrees, with pains and groans and amid the wild excitement, the most of them were removed.

The nearest house to the scene was a place called the "Eagle Hotel," kept by Patrick Mulligan. Into this, by some chance, eleven of the wounded were carried. It was a horrid place. A dirty bar-room. Rooms which had never known a carpet, but whose floors were soon covered with snow and water; little bed-rooms just large enough to hold a bed and wash-stand, without carpets or stove; beds that consisted of filthy sheets and miserable straw ticks. It was a house forbidding in every respect. Into this place the wounded were taken, bleeding and gashed, and laid two by two on the miserable pallets. There they lay in the clothes which they had on, covered with blood, cold and cheer-

less, while crowds of curious spectators trooped in and out through the weary hours of the long and dreadful night.

Others fortunately were taken to better quarters, but even some of these were robbed on the way of the money which they had in their pockets by the very persons who pretended to assist them in their helpless state.

Teams were secured. A road was broken. Into the gorge sleds are with difficulty taken down, and into these the badly wounded are placed. The two little children who had escaped are also taken in these, badly burned and insensible, and placed with their father in a private house. The mother is moved, and laid in another house, and lies in great agony. A young girl, timid and frightened, whose limbs are broken, is separated from her aunt, and placed among strangers. Amid great confusion those who are able, walk to the hotel, some of them pursued by those who would rob them. A father calls out from a stretcher for a daughter whom strangers are taking in another direction, and becomes almost frantic with excitement

until the girl is brought back to him. The poor burned woman whose children are dead is borne to the "Culver House."

The bruised, gashed and bleeding passengers are at last removed from the valley. They are distributed through the neighborhood. Upon couches and beds of the few hotels; upon the counters of stores; on the floors of private houses; and even in the saloons—they are scattered until the whole vicinity becomes a hospital. The surgeons are all at work. The wounds are hastily dressed. The blood is washed away. Many are wrapped in warm coverings. Comparative quiet and rest settle down. The spectators have left the smoking ruins, and in curious crowds have trooped through the houses and have gradually disappeared. Those on the abutment returned to their homes. The firemen themselves disperse. The last one in the engine house has gone. Only a very few are left to guard the dead.

A wild and lonely scene remains. The dead are left there alone. The snow drifts toward the smoking ruins. Nature weaves a white shroud.

Night draws down a black pall. The silence of the grave settles upon the lonely spot. A flickering light from the funeral pyre sends up a glare through the darkness, and the dead stare from the blackened bars with eyeless sockets, and the bodies are left to burn.

It is a horrible, heart-sickening sight, the bodies still smoulder in the burning grave, and the smell of their flesh arises on the darkening air.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ROBBERS.

THE fire continued to burn. For a time the wreck was left unguarded.

When it was, that so much plundering occurred no one knows. The flames were lifting up their lurid light, and covering the ghastly scene with a sickening glare. The dead lay in every direction amid the driving snow. A skull lay by itself amid a blackened heap, whitened by the fire. The heap of bodies lying in the sleeping-coaches were still burning, and yet this appalling scene did not intimidate the human vultures who were looking for their prey. The ravening wolf that prowls at night would be driven from such a horrid place by very fear. The hearts of men were on that fearful night more greedy than wolves or vultures are, for amid that awful wreck they sought for spoil. One and another of the

wounded had been robbed. Men were more merciless to their fellows than the cruel flames.

One young man, who had lost both mother and sister, was suffering from four broken ribs and a severe gash in the head. As he looked up and saw the men standing and watching, the thought of robbers crossed his mind. He had a valuable watch, a present from his father, and two purses, one containing fifty dollars in bills, and the other a few dollars in change and his mother's jewelry. As the thought of thieves came up, he turned around with his back to the crowd and dropped his watch down his neck inside his shirt, and there left it suspended by the chain next to his person. One purse he placed inside his vest and in an inside pocket, and the other was left in the pocket of his pantaloons.

Some one offered to assist him up the stairs. As he reached the top this person disappeared and another came. Taking him by the arm, the robber drew it out in such a way that the broken ribs gave intense pain and caused the poor boy to faint and fall. As he fell, he remembers to have felt a hand reached into his

bosom, and then he became unconscious, and lay upon the snow. When he came to himself, his purses and his ticket to California were gone, and all he had left was the watch he had hidden and the clothes he wore. Among strangers, with mother and sister both dead, the poor young man was at last taken to a hotel and telegraphed the sad news to his father in the distant home. Another gentleman, as he was being helped to a hotel, was robbed of all that he had in his vest pocket, on the side towards the one who supported him. Still another was followed by a person who pretended to be a physician and offered to assist, but escaped by threats and such speed as he could command.

Much valuable property was removed from the bodies of the dead. One gentleman had upon his person a valuable diamond pin, a commander's badge, a Sir Knight's pin and other valuable jewelry, but when his body was found, nothing was left except a cheap pair of celluloid sleeve buttons.

Watches were removed from chains, and the jewelry in trunks was taken or mysteriously dis-

appeared. More than $1,500 worth of valuable articles were afterwards recovered by the Mayor by a proclamation, and by detectives. A saloon keeper was found to have appropriated shawls and satchels, and others were found to have diamonds and jewelry in their possession which had been stolen.

A young man who had a splinter from the cornice of the car driven through his collar bone was robbed of $300 in money at the Eagle Hotel where he lay, and a gentleman from Hartford had his boots taken from his feet and carried away.

The dead in the valley and the wounded in the streets, and the survivors in other places were alike subject to this villainous pillaging. A pair of dominos, or black masks, were found, showing how deliberate had been the robbery with the villains who were out that night.

Scarcely anything of value was left after the wreck. One gentleman who had $7,000 on his person was killed and his pocket book found, but the money was gone. Trunks containing the wardrobes of brides, and the jewelry of the

wealthy, were burned and destroyed. Watches were burned in the fierce flames until the gold was melted into nuggets, and everything that could be treasured by friends, whether it was the clothes of the dead or the precious keepsakes they had, or the bodies which were more precious than jewels, all disappeared and not a relic or trace could be found.

CHAPTER X.

MIDNIGHT AT THE WRECK.

AT twelve o'clock quietness had settled down upon the scene. The streets were deserted. All had formed the impression that the bodies were to be burned, and had gone to their homes, leaving the wreck still burning, and the dead to be consumed. The engines had been ordered to their houses. The lights glimmered from the homes where the wounded were lying. A few were at the wreck. The expressman guarding the treasures in the safe, sat solitary and alone through the long hours, while the flames which were burning precious bodies, crackled and threw their lurid light across the scene. The smell of burning flesh pervaded the air even half a mile away. A horrid sight was presented in the awful valley. The flames which had blazed so high had consumed the wood and

furniture of the train. The gilded palaces were reduced to mere skeletons of iron. The bridge lay a mere network of blackened beams. The trucks and wheels and heavy rods were lying in every direction. But beneath these horrid ribs of death, lay the blackened bodies of men, women and children, burned, and still burning, amid the snow and ice. Blue tongues of fire shot here and there amid the blackened mass, as if some unseen monster were still licking up the life of its unburied victims. The white snow lay like a winding sheet along the valley, but the skeleton was in the midst with the tall abutments towering above and the precious bodies silent in death beneath the ruins.

A long line of bodies lay packed on the bridge just above the water of the stream. They were covered with trucks and brakes, and heavy bars, and the debris of wood and the ashes of the wreck. Packed in a horrid mass they lay, crushed and broken, and blackened by the smoke and heat. Ghastly forms lay in this open grave. Headless, armless trunks were packed with the broken limbs, and the heads from which the

brains were oozing, while the stumps of arms seemed lifted from the blackened heaps as if in mute supplication—too shocking for any human heart. The delicate form of a mother lay beside her little child, but both reduced to mere black lumps with scarcely a semblance to a human form. A full sized woman lay amid the mass but with no sign of either legs or arms except the broken bones which had been crushed away by the fall. Bodies of men also lay cut completely asunder, and presenting only the half of the human form—an awful, sickening sight.

Everywhere through the valley there were bodies lying silent in death. The pale flames which flickered here and there, betokened where many of them lay. Underneath the horrid bars of iron, on the black, deceitful ice, in the watery depths of the unconscious stream, packed in heaps underneath the burning cars—were the dead! It was an appalling and terrifying scene. The darkness and loneliness, and the very desertion, were enough, but through the very nerves there came the horrid consciousness of the many, many dead.

Far away were their friends, the night was lonely, and the storm was pitiful, but scattered through that grave were the bodies of the dead. It was hard to realize it, but, to the hearts of friends, these unburied were no strangers, and yet they burned, in loneliness.

The railroad authorities came at half past one o'clock. Five surgeons from the Homœopathic College, in Cleveland, the superintendent, the assistant superintendent, the train-despatcher and others. The wounded were in their beds at the time. The fireman was at the Eagle Hotel. The engineer was at Mr. Apthorp's, two other persons, also, who needed surgical operations, were at the same house. The surgeons of the road, as they arrived, sought first the employees —the fireman and the engineer—and to these, gave their professional attention. The surgeons of the village had already attended to the passengers, had dressed the wounds of most of them, and were waiting for the proper reaction, to perform the amputation on those whose limbs were broken.

Ten surgeons were, at one time, crowded into

one small house, where the worst cases were placed. By morning, however, the amputation was performed by Dr. J. C. Hubbard, assisted by Drs. Fricker and Case, and about twenty of the wounded, including the fireman and engineer, were removed to the hospital in Cleveland. This relieved many of those who were at the Eagle Hotel, as they found comfortable quarters at the hospital, and the rest were taken into rooms where a fire could be built, and where a carpet covered the floor; but through all the night the fire continued to burn. The haggard dawn drove the darkness out of the valley of the shadow of death. Seldom was revealed a ghastlier sight. On either side of the ravine, frowned the dark and bare arches from which the treacherous bridge had fallen, while, at their base, the great mass of ruins covered the men and women and children, who had so suddenly been called to death. The cherished bodies lay where they had fallen, or where they had been placed, in the hurry and confusion of the night.

Piles of iron lay on the thick ice or bedded in the shallow stream. The fires smouldered in great

heaps where many of the helpless victims had been consumed; while men went about, in wild confusion, seeking some trace of their friends among the wounded or dead.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PUBLIC EXCITEMENT.

THE morning dawned. Those who had known of the event, awoke as if from a fearful dream. The horror of the great calamity haunted the sleeping hours, and came back with returning consciousness. The dream was, indeed, a sad reality. The bodies, which were wrapped in the sleep of death and whose bed was the driven snow, were the first thought at the awakening of the living; nothing else was thought of in the village. Those who had not heard of it were startled by the news, but those who had seen and known, were strangely impressed. The smell of the burning flesh seemed to pervade the air. The sight of dead bodies seemed to fill the eye. The flames — the fearful flames — the ghastly wounds, the blackened bodies and the unknown, unburied dead were before the mind.

Death had descended like a bird of night, and flapped a dark wing over the abodes of the living, casting a shadow over the whole place, and then descended into the valley and was still watching its victims. There was something fearful in such an awful devastation by the dread monster.

But with this sense of the nearness of death, came another still more fearful to the mind. There was mingled with the thoughts of the dead, another of the living, which was even more horrible to the mind. A great shadow hovered over the place. It was not the shadow of the angel, which had descended, with its dark wings; it was not the unseen messenger of God; it was not of the horror that walked in darkness, or the destruction that wasted at noon of night, but a horrible suspicion had seized the people; the horrid selfishness of men haunted the waking thoughts as terrible death had the sleep of night. Cruelty was ascribed to men, worse, even, than the awful fall and death.

That burning of the bodies was ascribed to design. The impression was a general one. In-

dignation was mingled with horror; that retiring to homes, while the bodies burned, was not the result of indifference. Few were so heartless as to care more for sleep than for the safety of the dead. Many could not sleep that night, but, somehow, the impression had taken possession of the people that the burning was designed.

As the citizens returned to their homes late at night, they had talked their suspicion, and grown sick at heart. The firemen themselves had laid the blame somewhere else than upon their chief. It seemed too inhuman, and yet it was believed. The station agent was known and trusted. His character was well established. His humane and kindly heart was not impeached. His Christian life and courtesy were well known to all. But the feeling was universal, and the suspicion strong. The control of the company over the cars, and all the contents, was taken for granted. The responsibility of common carriers was known, and no one could understand why orders should be given to withhold the water, except it was to destroy the traces of those who were on the train. For the time this was believed. The

sentiment was so common that even an employee of the road was heard to say that "ashes did not count," but bodies did.

There was no foundation for the report. It was all the result of that strange mistake. As was afterwards shown, no such order had been given, and the persons in command were not responsible for the mistake; but for the time it had its effect. That midnight hour showed how strong this conviction had become. The deserted streets, the silent engines, the stabled horses—all betokened a thought which ruled the night. A strange misunderstanding had controlled that fatal hour, yet none the less powerful because so strange. As men met in the morning, this was the first thought which they expressed. It was the main subject of remark. Many supposed that the order had been given from the central office, but had no means of correcting or confirming their belief. Others maintained that there was a reason for the order, as the throwing of water upon hot iron was likely to create steam, and this, it was said, "would destroy more lives than even the flames, and would deface the

bodies." It was held by some to be the general policy of railroad companies to allow wrecks to be burned, and this was given as the reason: "that steam would be generated which would immediately cover the wreck, and drive away those who would rescue the living." Gentlemen of intelligence and caution discussed that point with earnest warmth.

Little knots of men would gather and express their pent-up feelings. Others supposed that this popular indignation was the result of the terrible pressure and that weighed on the spirits, as if indignation were the safety valve for the oppressed heart.

These convictions of the people arose above all other feelings. The better sympathies were awakened and rebuked the very selfishness which was abhorred. The passions which were excited were to the praise of the better feelings of the heart. The kind and generous emotions were protesting against a cruelty which was imagined. It was not supposed, at the time, that the same humane feelings existed in the hearts of those in command. It was a "soulless corporation," it

was said, and men did not stop to reason. A horrible thing had occurred. A fatal mistake! The awful negligence and the fearful burning were combined. Somebody was responsible! The citizens felt that it could not be themselves, and yet the corporation remained unconscious of the charge. For several days the popular feeling continued. It was even reflected back in the reports of the press. As the friends arrived they partook of the feeling, and swelled its force. The sentiment came back from distant places, and the little village was intensely moved.

It was because the heart of a great nation was moved, and the shock which appalled and paralyzed the whole land, sent back its chilling horror to the very centre. Far and wide over the long wires the startling message had made its way. Families on the distant hill tops of the New England States; men in the green valleys of the California shores; at the distant south and in the snowy north; in the great city and in the little hamlet—the fact was known. Everywhere the shock was felt. Every eye was fixed upon the startling head lines. Every heart was moved as

the news was read. All other things were forgotten in the great horror. The greatest railroad disaster on record had taken place. The Brooklyn horror was eclipsed by a greater. Angola was surpassed. Norwalk and the many other catastrophies were all forgotten. Ashtabula was known, and became the synonym, for the event. But mingled with this startling news was the silent question which the citizens were discussing on that gloomy morning—"Why was not the fire put out?" Nor did the feeling cease, or the surprise and sad suspicion die away for many a day.

As the tidings reached the neighboring counties, vast numbers began at once to flock in. Trains arrived by other roads. Each train came laden with passengers. The streets were filled with people. All were excited. Sooner, even, than the friends of the lost these crowds reached the wreck. The friends at a distance were, however, detained as it was not the purpose to allow them to come to witness the horrid scene until a suitable disposal of the dead was made. The police stationed on the ground endeavored to keep back the curious crowds, but in many

cases found it impossible. It was not known whether the control was in the hands of the railroad company, or of the village authorities. They were mostly railroad men who were superintending the work. The excitement of the citizens was not diminished, as it seemed so doubtful who were in control. The fact that the Mayor of the city was in the employ of the road as assistant engineer only increased this feeling. At the time of the accident there was no coroner in the place. The proper officer had previously declined. Another had to be appointed in his place. Access being denied to the spot, and the supposition having obtained that the control was in the hands of the Company rather than of the village corporation the suspicion increased. The very efforts of the authorities to protect the place and keep back the curious strengthened the conviction. A strange feeling pervaded the place and was spread throughout many parts of the country. It was the element which most excited the people and which called attention from the widespread public.

The only answer is that the calamity was too

appalling for man's reason, and those in command seemed to have lost their judgment in the excitement of the hour and were held by the misunderstanding which so unjustly arose.

There was no evidence that this burning was intended. It is not reasonable to suppose it. The report was entirely untrue, the suspicion wrong, but in the excitement of the hour, it was felt, and was a strange feature in the event.

CHAPTER XII.

SCENES AT THE MORGUE.

AT eight o'clock, work was begun upon the wreck. Guards were stationed about the spot. Planks were placed upon the ice. Men were employed to remove the debris of wood and iron. Boxes were procured, in which to place the dead. A special policeman was stationed at the head of the stairway; no one was permitted to go on the ice, except the workmen, who were engaged in removing the debris.

The mayor of the city was on the ground; the stationing of the police was at his request, but the removal of bodies and the preservation of relics, was in the charge of an official of the road.

The superintendent of bridges and the train-dispatcher, assisted in the work. Even Mr. Collins, himself, the chief engineer, was there, and worked in the water, and forgot himself, in the

sympathy he felt. Throughout the day the work continued, and the crowds passed to and fro.

Men were employed who, in long rubber boots and water-proof coats, worked all day long in the ice and snow; it was a difficult and tedious task. The wind blew cold, the water was deep, the beams were heavy, the iron was netted together, and the wreck was imbedded in the stream. The bodies were frozen, they were packed among the debris, and buried in the snow, but they were, by degrees, removed.

The remains of men and women and children, were taken by strangers' hands, and placed in the rude deposits prepared for the occasion. This was under the idle gaze of many a spectator, who had gathered there. The hands of friends were not there to lift the tender forms, many of these were were far away. Those who could have been there, and whose every nerve and fibre cried out for their loved and lost, were detained by the trains in the distant city. It was difficult for even the citizens who were present, to realize what sacredness there was to these precious forms. Death had been robbed of its solemnity, and now it

seemed a piece of business, to remove the bodies which had burned. The friends had been purposely kept back, that the revolting spectacle might be kept from their sight, or that some decent disposal might be made before they arrived. These bruised and broken and blackened things, did not seem like human beings, and the sorrowing hearts alone could realize how sacred and precious they were, even in all their deformity. It was well that the shock was spared to many, until the distance could be traversed.

Yet it was an awful, shocking sight, when the removal had been accomplished. It was a horrid thing to take these bodies, in all their deformed and distorted shapes, from their beds of ice and snow and iron and ashes and the coals of wood, but it was still more horrid, to look upon them as they were gathered in that gloomy morgue.

The freight house was turned into the place for the dead; its doors were closed, and the darkness of a winter's day settled down in that cheerless place; it was cold, and bare and gloomy, a fit place for death.

As the sleds arrived from the deep gorge be-

low, bringing the awful human freight, this large room was nearly filled with the ghastly rows. Thirty-six bodies were arranged, in boxes, in a double line along the sides; a few had been taken out, with their bodies uninjured, except as they had died from the breath of fire. These were placed by themselves upon the floor, and from their very attidude, showed how awful had been their death. They were mostly men. There they lay, with limbs distorted, with hands uplifted, with averted faces, and with all the agonized and awful shapes which death by fire must produce. One had endeavored to throw his coat over his face, and lay with arms and coat above his head, caught by the flames and transfixed in that shape. Another had twisted his neck and face away, until the head rested upon the shoulders and back, and only the burned hair and whiskers could be seen. Another lay with limbs drawn up and body doubled, and yet his graceful shape and form could be read, through the agony of death. Others seemed to have stood, and held up beseeching arms and hands. With some, even the stumps of arms were outstretched, as if in mute

appeal. A few were drenched, with their clothing on, but partly burned, as if the water and the fire together conspired for their death. These all impressed the eye, with the agony of death by fire. The fear of such a fate, was that which the survivors felt the most.

The agony, depicted in these few distorted forms and faces, showed how well founded was that fear. But, fortunately, there were but few. Not a dozen bodies were taken out that, to any human appearance, could have lived. if this fire had been kept down. The rest were broken and bruised, or else their bodies had been completely burned.

A more affecting sight was that, of those who were placed in the boxes, broken and bruised, as they were, in every limb. The boxes could not contain them, as their clothes were stiffened by the water and ice and snow. Those, too, whose clothes had been burned away, were so distorted in limb and body that no box could hold their forms.

Though dead, and stiff and cold, they seemed as if they would start from their graves,

and escape the fearful fate, which had seized and destroyed their life.

And yet, even these would move the heart. They were those whom somebody loved, and, though seen in their distorted shapes and in that horrid place, were dear to their friends and gratefully recognized. Some even impressed the eye with what they were in life. Strong men, with enough of clothing left, or with their form and features sufficiently preserved, to show their gentle breeding or their business habits, betokened, through all the smoke and ruin, what they were and how esteemed. Women, too, were there, whose clothes were sufficiently preserved, to show what taste and culture they may have possessed, and in their forms, though blackened and burned, retained the grace and beauty which had been admired.

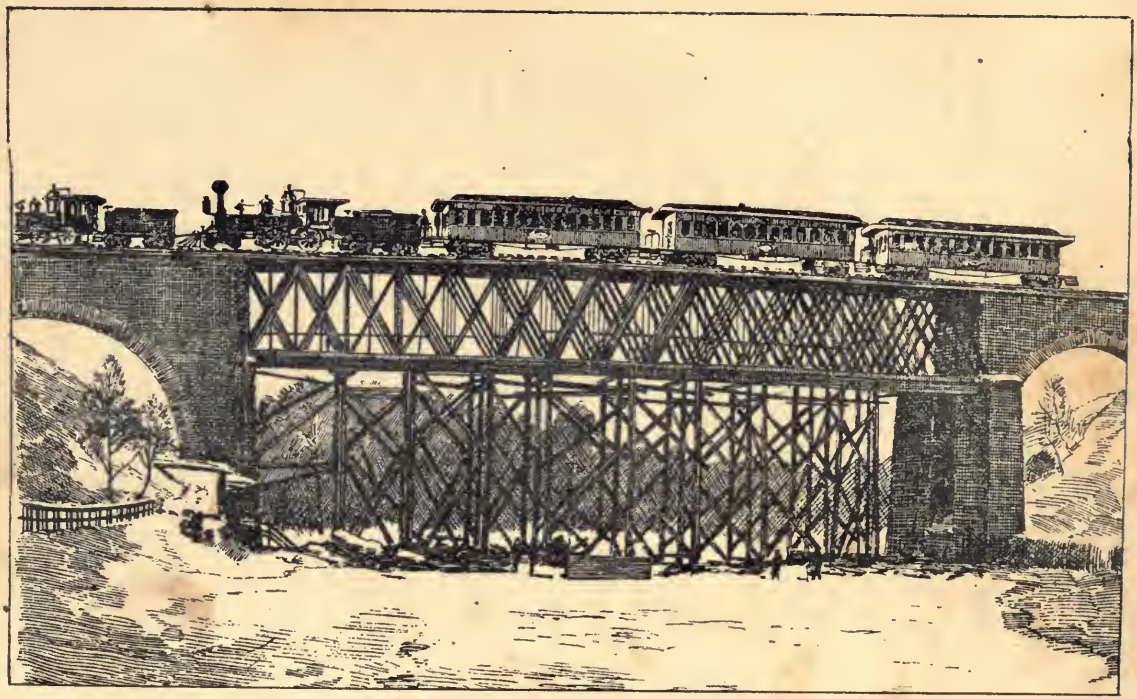
A little child was there, beautiful in death; the delicate little foot hid beneath the closely fitting shoe, the nicely tapered limbs, the graceful, lovely form, the tasteful dress, the hands so tiny and so touching in their shape, one could but love the little thing. Even the stranger wanted to

take that sweet, that precious child, and clasp it to the heart; but no, that awful gash, that cruel blow had stricken all the beauty from the lovely face. If now, the mother would kiss her darling child, she must press her lip upon vacant air, hoping that, as she pressed that loved form to her aching heart, an angel spirit might catch the fond caress.

There were other more revolting scenes than these, but let the veil be drawn. The deformity of death must not distress the living, and yet those were happy, whose loved and lost had been reduced to ashes, in that fearful burning, rather than that they should thus find their precious forms, for the sight would shock their very hearts, and send back its warm affection to a chilled, an appalled, a horror stricken soul. No! the remnants of those deformed, defaced and half destroyed human forms, were better in the hands of strangers than with their friends. The grim certainty of their death, but the uncertainty as to whom the life belonged, were better with those who had less of the yearning for possession, than the friends.

Citizens could take up the poor remains, when no one else could claim them, and could bury them with all the attention and kindness which was in their hearts, but no sense of possession was ever theirs; therefore, they were happy who felt and knew that the sacred ashes of their loved had been covered by the beautiful snow, and the valley was their grave.

The stream could sound their requiem; the lake could moan its lament, and every wave might be supposed to carry a portion of their precious forms to distant shores; but God alone could gather the elements, and fashion it for the future love. Nothing but the sacred urn of earth, which contains all that is mortal of the human race—nothing but this, is the depository of those loved forms which were once so full of life; but everything in nature becomes the more precious to the longing heart. Unseen fingers shall weave their garments in the spring, and the songs shall burst forth from those forest hills, but the better land contains their spirits, and to that, the living must go to claim their own.



THE NEW BRIDGE, WITH TEMPORARY UNDERPINNING.
[From a Photograph by Kitzsteiner & Greene, Cleveland.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RAILROAD OFFICIALS.

IT was well that the revolting sights of that dark, that horrid morgue were denied to many of the friends. Every effort was taken to relieve the pangs of sorrow and to remove the revolting features of that awful scene. Coffins were soon procured. Each body was placed in its silent, its narrow house. The keeper of the morgue was stationed to watch the sacred forms. He was a silent man. Tall and dark and gloomy, he walked amid the dead, but beneath that silent face he bore a kindly, a sympathetic heart. He seemed himself to be struck with the grief which went so deep into so many loving souls. His tones were tender, his ways were kind. He walked amid the dead until it seemed as if his habitation must be the grave, but it was only to express a sympathy for the bereft. His was a

gloomy, a melancholy task, and yet it was a sacred trust, as those bodies which he guarded so well, were very sacred to many hearts.

There were other officials who were appointed for the trying emergency, who seemed peculiarly adapted for their work. A gentleman was stationed in the office of the same building, whose duty it was to guard the relics which should be found. His position was indeed a difficult one. He was an employee of the road and yet had been appointed by the coroner to fill this place. The very equivocal attitude in which this double duty put him, rendered it a most unenviable office. The list of articles was left with him, and at the same time, the articles themselves as they were found. If there was obedience to the claims of humanity and regard to his personal feelings, there might be a loss to the company. If there was a regard to the financial interest of the company and a desire to shield it from loss, there was the fearful temptation to sacrifice his honor and break his trust. The sympathy and courtesy of the man was certainly manifest to all. Even the articles

which had been recovered by the Mayor's proclamation were consigned to him, and everything belonging to the lost of the fatal train. The very proof that persons were on it, depended on the trifling things which were under his care. A key, or watch, or chain, or cap, or dress, might be an evidence in law. Thus the affection of friends who sought for these with such avidity and unwearied diligence, appealed to his humane and kindly heart, and yet a loss to the Company might ensue from every discovery made. The freedom, too, with which these relics were reached, by the constantly changing crowds, rendered a loss by dishonest hands a probable result, yet it was impossible to refuse access to them, without being misunderstood. And so the position was surrounded with embarrassments, and yet the testimony was universal to his courtesy and kindness through it all, and the many relics which were found by friends, showed how faithfully he performed his task.

On the ground where the train had fallen was another official of the road. His work was to superintend those who were gathering relics.

This position was a tedious, a difficult, and in many respects a thankless one. With hands, and feet, and rakes, and hoes, and in various ways, the precious relics were fished from out the stream. Everything was preserved. Bits of rags, and pieces of jewelry; shreds of clothing and gold watches; a worthless strap or a diamond pin; anything and everything which gave trace of the passengers, were gathered and placed in the hands of Mr. Stager and then deposited in the morgue. With all the suspicion and all the rumors, the public became at last satisfied that the authorities were doing all they could to gather relics for the friends, and that the traces of the dead were not intentionally destroyed. They were all railroad men who were engaged in this work. These tasks were performed by humane men, under the shadow of the public doubt and public grief, amid which, there was excitement, and the haste of business and the burden of care. Yet there were humane hearts underneath all this machinery of life. The employees of the road were, many of them, melted to tears. Every one was subdued by the

sudden death. Even the hardness produced by their public life was softened by the common sorrow. The tide of human sympathy burst through even the most rocky hearts and overflowed all other feelings.

In the crowded office in the station house, the telegraph was constantly at work. Its click and buzz was heard as it talked with lightning tongues, and reported the wide-spread grief, and responded with short and comprehensive words. It seemed as if all the nation had been touched. Those nerves of wire penetrated the remotest fibres of the nation's heart, and they seemed to be singing with intensest pain. The arrow which had shot its pang into so many hearts had left the bow-string whizzing in the hand. The griefs of many, many homes were expressed by those very sounds. Hour after hour the messages would come and go, and every word was fraught with intensest feeling.

The division-superintendent sat at the table amid the representatives of the press, and the friends who crowded to the desk without, and it seemed as if the silent man had his hand upon

the heart-strings of the land. How any one could endure the strain of such a place and not falter at his task, was a mystery to many. Only those who are accustomed to the position where so many human lives are under their constant care could bear this crushing weight.

The noble man who came down upon the train and went out upon the bridge, of which, as engineer, he had the charge, is said to have wept like a child as he saw the sight. That stern, care-worn face expressed more than many knew.

As the questions were plied so thick and fast by the representatives of the press, and were sent home by those who knew something of the facts, the same courteous reply went back. No one apprehended the responsibility of his place more than he. No one felt, perhaps, the doubts and suspicions and public feeling more. No one realized more the nature of the calamity in all its bearings, and yet that same calm and courteous manner remained. He was calm without, but God only knew what he felt within. Those who knew him best have told something of the tender sensibilities of the man. On New Year's morn-

ing he was with his wife at her father's home on the east side of Ashtabula River, where they often were. But on that morning as he stepped out doors before breakfast, the coachman met him and wished him a happy New Year. He returned the greeting, but as he sat down to breakfast, his feelings were deeply moved. The tears came into his eyes. His face became suffused and he seemed overwhelmed. At last the brave man gave way and buried his head in his hands and sobbed, and then he controlled himself and said, "John bid me a happy New Year this morning, but how can it be a happy New Year to me?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ARRIVAL OF FRIENDS.

THERE was a succession of arrivals of people: each day brought a different class; first the officials of the road; next the crowds of curious men and women from the village and surrounding country; then the representatives of the press from the distant cities, Chicago and New York; then the long swelling wave of the sorrowing friends. From farther and farther away this wave swept in. At last the two sides of the continent were reached. Two oceans had sent their echoes to moan over the graves of those who had left their shores. The coast of Maine and the Golden Gate had felt the shock.

First were those from the nearer cities. These had either bidden good-bye a few hours before or were waiting at the depot for the arrival of their friends.

New Year's day was nigh. A gentleman was at Cleveland on his way to California. His wife was on her way to meet him. Two children were with her on this train. They expected to spend New Year's together in that city. She had telegraphed that she was coming. He was at the depot awaiting her arrival. The train was late but he waited there. At last the tidings came and he took the train with the officials and arrived in the night. The two children were dead and the wife was awfully burned. She was now lingering between life and death. The New Year would find her dead and the man bereft of wife and children.

Another had been waiting for a wife and child. He came and found them dead. The dread reality was worse than the worst of fears. But the morning came. The friends at Cleveland hastened to the cars at an early hour thinking to take them and reach the spot by 9 o'clock, but at the hour assigned the train delayed. Those who were warned of the wreck by the morning papers also went to the depot, but they could not go. Women, whose husbands were on the fatal train,

were there and became anxious to start, but the train delayed.

The fathers, whose sons were wounded, became uneasy at the delay. Business men, who knew that their partners were among the lost, wondered at the long delay. Mothers, whose little children were among the dead, also were sick at heart; but the train delayed. The suspense became too much to bear; the train delayed. The agony increased; some fainted in their seats, and were taken to the air; the feeling became intense; that busy depot became a house of weeping; sorrow was depicted on every face. Sympathy moved the hearts of strangers; those gloomy walls became a prison to the heart; those heavy columns and lofty arches seemed draped with mourning; the iron roof seemed filled with bars; it was a castle of despair. Even the stir and confusion of the place mocked the grief. Never was that place so full of sorrow; the train delayed. Some returned to their homes and again came down. The city was moved; the fact became known upon the streets; excitement even entered the business circles, yet the train delayed.

A young man lay in the Culver House; his face was deathly pale, his breathing labored. He was slowly dying. The father was in that train, delayed, and became very anxious; he was wealthy and offered money. Yes, the expense of the train he was willing to pay, but the train delayed.

At last, when patience was almost exhausted, and the feeling was so intense, and the night began to darken, the train moved out. The suspense was relieved, but the time was still too long, and the distance great. They arrive at last. The son is dead. He breathed his last among the wounded. Strangers were there to lay him out, but the friends could only bury him.

The arrival brought the whole reality to view. No one could tell the horror, it must be seen to be known. The search for friends must be carried on in the night. That horrid morgue was dark and covered with gloom; the scene of the wreck was also covered with the evening shades. Most of the bodies had, by this time, been removed; those which remained were deeply buried beneath the ruins. The valley was lonely and sad. The death itself, which had come down

with one fell swoop, had ascended, leaving only the ashes of the burned, the dust of death which had been gathered by hands of iron, eaten by the tongues of fire, and the night winds were making them their sport. O! how the heart went down into that lonely valley, where so many perished. The night was full of tears; it was the second night. From one end of the land to the other, the fact was known; the greatest railroad accident on record had occurred. In that fall, so many went down! From the distant east to the distant west, the lightning had flashed their names. It was a stroke that spanned the heavens, and revealed how black they were.

This sorrow was continued. Day after day brought new scenes. Each train brought in new groups of friends. All were moved by a common feeling, but their sorrow was visible. In that dreadful morgue there were scenes which can never be described; God only knows what agony was in the hearts of many. The sorrowing company trooped in and out, and varied every hour; men and women, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, and

even the children of the lost. Some already were dressed in mourning. Others had come in haste and stopped for nothing. The friends of the deceased from different places would meet at this spot drawn together from a distance by the common bereavement. Different circles had been bereft by each one of those who had so suddenly died. Often two or three would come looking for the same person. A different state of feeling concentrated at each separate spot. The morgue, the office, and the wreck, all had their circles and their scenes. Citizens and friends as they came, visited each in succession. The search for relics on the ice; the search for bodies in the morgue; and the sending of messages in the busy office, brought different feelings to those sensitive hearts. There was a language in each place which spoke more than words.

In the hotels at the upper town, there were also many exciting scenes. As the friends gathered from near and far, they passed from place to place, watching for some trace of the lost. Some became so overwhelmed by the great calamity that they were obliged to go home, and

send others who were less afflicted to continue the search. Fathers were almost crushed by the fearful blow, and went in and out of the gloomy morgue and upon the cheerless ice, and into the busy depot, sick at heart, and depressed, and would return to their hotels, weary with the search, and lonely amid the throngs, for the sons or daughters on whom they doted, had gone forever. A young man came alone, and sought his mother for four long and weary days, but could find no trace. Each night he returned to the hotel with every lineament of his face expressive of the grief which was in his heart, and would sit down among the throngs of strangers, desolate and bereaved.

Brothers and friends came, seeking, but finding not, and with tearful eyes would return at night, their sorrow growing deeper as their search was vain. Whoever expressed a sympathizing word to those bereaved and stricken ones, knew how deeply the arrow had reached, and how the soul was riven, but there were none who knew it all. To God's eye and that alone, was the grief revealed, and in His bottle were the tears pre-

served. There were times when it seemed as if the grief were too much to look upon.

A woman was seen to pass through the morgue. Her hard, care-worn face and humble dress showed her to be acquainted with poverty and accustomed to toil. But her husband was gone, and as the horrid scenes came before her gaze, and the awful death was known, she fairly staggered in her steps. Her glaring eye and strange, wild look betokened a mind almost deranged. Yet, the pity did not end, for another would come, so broken and so weak, and so subdued, in the widow's garb, and then the trembling father, and even mother, stricken and bowed and almost heartbroken, so that it would seem as if there was no end to grief.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WAVE OF SORROW.

THERE was a storm of grief. The waves were tossing high upon the sea of life, and their crests were lifted far and wide, and dropping tears upon the deep. The solemn murmur was echoed all along the shore. It intruded upon the business thoughts. Its roar was heard above the noise of commerce, and the city's hum. It was a melancholy sound, men for once were led to give up their eager haste, and ask, to what all this love of gain might tend. The serious affairs of life were brought to mind. The interests of eternity were compared to those of time. All eyes were directed to this wreck of life. All hearts were moved by this suddenness of death. But this wave of sorrow did not cease. When the storm was over, and men lost their wonder, the wave swept on. Long after the calamity had

failed to engage the public ear, and had disappeared from the public press, the wave was spreading still, and while others had forgotten the great event, it moaned along the shore. It reached the most distant homes. It swept into many sorrowing hearts. It was a wave of grief.

A father had bidden his only son good bye, in a distant city of the east. He was a lovely youth. He was destined to the west.. There were those whom he loved, in a central city; one awaited him there to whom he was betrothed. The morning news brought the sad tidings to both those cities, it sent a shock to those loving hearts.

Two husbands were, together, on the Pacific coast. Both were expecting their wives home, they (a mother and daughter, together with a son) were on that train. Eight months they had been away, on an eastern trip. They had a large circle of friends and relatives, on an island, on the coast of Maine. They were on their return. They bore with them, many gifts, from friends. Thirteen quilts, which had been pieced among the visiting circles, and many other valuable presents. It had been a happy summer to them

among those friends. They had hoped to reach their home, by New Year's day, but had been delayed. The father looked into the San Francisco papers and read the tidings of the horrible event. The son, who was saved, also telegraphed from the scene of the disaster. These were the startling words: "Mother and sister are both dead. My ribs are broken, my head is hurt, I have been robbed and am penniless among strangers." On that second night both those men were on their way to the scene of the disaster.

The Sabbath dawned. It did not seem like Sabbath. All time lost its marks. All days were alike in the sweeping grief.

There was a congregation gathered on that distant island. The news reached some at the hour of service. Tidings were conveyed to the church. The shock went through the house, and the grief was such that the services were broken up. The circle of friends embraced the whole community. Those who had been visiting, and had so recently left, were now stricken down by this sudden death. So the wave in-

vaded the sanctuary of God. It overwhelmed the Sabbath sacredness.

That Sabbath passed. The survivors hardly realized it was a holy day. One looked out from his window, and wondered if there were any ministers in town, and inquired where the churches were, for he could see no spires, and only a few chimneys and the tops of houses. The bells rang out—"evening bells." It was Sabbath evening. Yes, New Year's eve! But, O how strange! The distant friends were on their way. Many of the dead were lying there. The festivities of the day were to be turned to mourning.

A father of a lovely girl, arrived that Sabbath evening. He had bidden her good bye only two nights before. She was a favorite child, everything had been done to make her education complete. No expense was spared. She had just finished school, and was now starting out for a winter's visit. A few days before, there had been a wedding scene, her dearest friend was married, and she was the bridesmaid. It was a very accomplished circle and a delightful party. That daughter was dressed in white, her dress

was trimmed with "Forget-me-nots." Her picture was taken in that dress. Her friends remember her as thus "garlanded and adorned," but it was a passing vision. The New Year was to have seen her in a distant city, a delightful circle awaited her there. The first circles of two cities were interchanging greetings, she was the bright messenger between the two. At either end of that treacherous track, there were garlands and greetings. The white feet passed out from the one circle but they never reached the other. Into the valley that form went down, in that ill-fated car she perished, and now the father is looking for, but can find her not, like a vision she has departed. The white garments and the shadowy feet belong to an angel now. They have passed out from earthly scenes into the Heavenly land. In a furnace of fire the Saviour walked, and took her to himself. His form was like to the Son of Man, and the smell of fire was not in her garments, but through the fire she passed into glory; and now the father seeks her, and can never find her—never! until, as an angel spirit, he beholds her there.

Strangers meet him, and tell him it is all in vain; she was in that car, and no trace of her remains. His heart is crushed, but his ways are calm, self-controlled and courteous, in the midst of grief; he returns to his home, without his daughter. She has flown to other circles and he cannot find her, but his hair catches the light of her departure, for it turns white from grief. In the midst of the furnace, he receives something of a transforming power, and the tinge of the better land strikes across his brow.

In a city of Ohio was a public school, and in charge of it was one who had endeared himself to his pupils, and was well known as the superintendent. When news of the accident was first received, fears were excited, that Mr. Rogers might be on the train A dispatch was sent to Niagara Falls, where it was known he was to be. His bride was with him, for they were married on the Tuesday before, and preparations had been made for their reception at home. Tidings came back that both were on the ill fated train. There was most intense anxiety in the place. All classes felt upon the subject, and the least

scrap of information was eagerly sought. Two gentlemen at once started for the scene, and on Sabbath a dispatch was read in church. The worst of fears were realized and the sorrow deepened. Again dispatches were received, that Mr. and Mrs. Rogers were burned to death and no portion of their bodies could be recovered. A special meeting of the school board was called for appropriate action, and "the most affecting and depressing sense of the great calamity came home to all." "A deep gloom was cast over the whole city and mainly put an end to the festivities of the New Year's day."

There was a family in a distant place in the West. It was the family of a well known physician. A mother was there. She was the physician's wife. The husband had left his home for the distant east to visit an aged parent, and was on his return. He had visited a brother-in-law on his way home. The tidings go out that he is lost, and the family is at once stricken with grief. The "whole community where he dwelt was moved." The "sense of personal bereavement extends through the place" and

reaches the surrounding towns. The deepest feeling was manifest and it "seemed as if all the citizens were mourners at once." "All mourned as though one of their own household had fallen." The church and community and even the country around were affected, and afterward gathered at the funeral with the expression of their regard and giving token of the friendship which he had acquired. Dr. Hubbard was dead. A fragment of his body was found, and his death was mourned by the vast assemblies which crowded two houses of worship in his village home. When laid away with public obsequies, and by the different orders to which he belonged, two cities were represented.

And so the wave swept on. It subsided from the public gaze, but its effects were felt. Widows, almost crushed, wept in secret for those they loved, and over their orphaned children, and lifted up their hands in agony of prayer. The letters as they came to the author only showed how wide was this silent, this unknown sorrow.

The friends would write from the distant cities and say, "how cruel had been the blow," "how sad the case;" but no one could tell the silent

loneliness which lingered in those homes. Bitterness was mingled with the grief; and the sweet love of woman was turned so as to almost curse the Company "which had left those dreadful pits for the destruction of those precious lives;" even "God's forgiveness was asked" that the feeling of indignation was so intense.

The secret mourning which followed the terrible crash was even now the most melancholy result of all. The sad refrain must linger for many a day. Through all the noise of business and the sounds of mirth the plaintive note mingles, and the sad calamity has not lost its effect. The secret sorrow was the worst of all. At first the wave broke upon the shore and drew back a quick returning current. The friends came at once and public sympathy was moved, but long after they had returned and the event had sunk away from the public mind, there was a wave which swept into lonely hearts and echoed in unknown homes.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEARCH FOR RELICS.

THE week began with a search for relics. It was a difficult task. The wind was cold; the water was deep and frozen over. Snow and ashes filled the air. A confused heap of iron, tin roofs, broken trucks, and other debris were mingled into one mass of ruins.

A company was organized for the work, with the train-dispatcher at the head. Men were hired, police were stationed, the ice was broken, great iron beams and rails and rods were drawn out, trucks and wheels and brakes and bolts were moved away, and every spot was searched for traces of the dead. Watches, jewels, shreds of clothing, hands of women and arms of men were found. It was a place where diamonds lay; a stream where nuggets of gold

were washed; a mine where they dug for treasures, all that men seek in distant lands, but there were human lives which could not be found. Everything was closely scanned. Curiosity was fed by the constant search, and yet, to friends, the results were meagre.

A single bone was found, around which a chain was wound. It was the remains of a lady's arm.

A watch was found, the gold was melted, the works were lost, but it bore the number and the pattern which proved it to belong to Rev. Dr. Washburn, the Rector of Grace Church, Cleveland.

A gentleman made diligent search for some remains or relics of Dr. Hubbard, of Des Moines, Iowa, and at last found a shawl strap and check which bore his name. The Doctor's brother arrived from Boston, bringing his aged mother's description of his clothing: Woolen socks (which she had knit for him), and two pairs of drawers, one worn inside of his socks. By this description a limb which had been saved from burning with the remainder of the body, by lying in the

water, was identified as his, and taken home for burial.

A cap was found which proved that a young man named Marvin was lost. He was the only son of a widow, and her only support.

A simple string was all that another had, to prove that a body was that of a mother. It was a present from a daughter, and was tied about the hair, and had not been burned.

A key, indentified by a duplicate sent by his partner from Chicago, was the proof that E. P. Rogers was on the train.

A coat was recognized as belonging to Mr. J. Rice, of Lowell.

A pair of initial sleeve buttons were found which proved that Boyd Russell, of Auburn, N. Y., was among the lost. The body had burned, diamond pins and badges and valuable jewelry had disappeared, but these remained.

The father and friends of Miss Minnie Mixer after long search had given up all hope of finding a single trace of her remains. At last her mother came and identified a chain which had been her daughter's.

The watch of Mr.G.Kepler, of Ashtabula, was identified.

A wife did not know her husband was on the train. She missed his letters. She heard that he had gone to Dunkirk. She searched the relics and found his knife.

A lady from Toronto, a Mrs. Smith, came searching for her husband from whom she had heard just as he left Buffalo for Detroit. He had seven thousand dollars on his person. A pocket was fished up from the stream. It contained the pocket-book and the name and a bank certificate, but the money was not there. A letter was discovered among the relics. It bore no name except that of the writer, as the envelope was gone. A brother from Massachusetts came. He found no trace except the letter. He went to Chicago and sought some of the survivors and still did not satisfy himself. He returned and consulted the author of this book. Only two persons were saved from the car which he was in. They described the occupants of the car one by one. "In one seat," said they, "was a gentlemanly man, quiet in manner, and intelligent."

He was going to "South America by way of California." "That's my brother," was the tearful answer. In a low toned voice and tender accents we talked, and it seemed as if the brother could not rest until all was told. Yet there was but little to be said.

An old lady was on the train who was from the east. She was described as sitting in the middle of the car, a young man with her. He was teaching school at the time in Illinois, and had spent his vacation in going after her. She was seventy-nine years of age. Her angular features and loud voice had attracted the attention of passengers. The same lady was described to the author. A description of her given by two young men on the train was recognized by the friends, and a photograph of the young man shown to them was recognized in turn. Thus two more were identified as being on the train.

A family, consisting of a gentleman and his wife and two children,were in the drawing-room car. They were described to the author as "neither stylish nor very plain," "just a comfortable, respectable and happy family." Mr. T.

C. Wright, of Tennessee, had noticed them as they sat together, and was impressed, and told what a happy family they were. They were sitting in the state-room and enjoying one another's company. The little girl was described as having "light hair and curls which hung round her face and was very pretty, but had poor teeth." This description was sent to the "Inter-Ocean" of Chicago by the author. A letter was afterwards received from Mrs. H. H. Gray, of Darlington, Wis., enquiring about a family which was lost ("annihilated" it was written). No one could find any trace of them. An answer was returned, "Look into the 'Inter-Ocean' of January 16 and read my letter." The next letter received was from the administrator of the estate. It described the gentleman as a man of "extensive business, very energetic and honorable," and contained the photographs of two children. "This whole family were on their way from Bethlehem, Pa., to Gratiot, Wis."

The only survivor from the drawing-room car, was a Mr. Ormsbee, from Boston, who was near-sighted and could not tell much about those in

the car. Mr. Wright, who was in the smoker at the time of the fall, belonged in this car. His description had already been recognized by the author, but the photographs were shown to Mr. Ormsbee, and he, after close examination, with solemnity said, "They were the children who were in my car." Another photograph of the whole family was afterwards sent to Mr. Wright, of Nashville, and was recognized as the likeness of the family which he had noticed in that state-room.

There is an affecting story about this family: It is supposed that they were in the state-room at the time of the fall and by some means the wife and children were held in the wreck and could not be extricated. The father tried to save them but the flames arose. He could escape himself and actually did get out of the car and away from the flames, but the little girl cried out, "Papa! oh, Papa! take me!" and he went back, exclaiming, "I would rather perish with my family; I can't live without them," and so all perished together.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PASSENGERS.

THE following account of the passengers on the ill-fated train has been gathered with great difficulty. Communication with survivors and correspondence with friends have been the sources of information, and the description is given more for the satisfaction of the friends than for any general interest. It must however be remembered that each name has its own associations. This is true especially of those who died. Their names are freighted with precious memories and carry a weight of affection which, though unknown to the public, must make even the very mention of it exceedingly valuable.

If it is a consolation to know the last words of the dying, certainly the scenes attending the death of those who perished in this disaster must have a melancholy, a tragic interest.

We give below an account of the passengers in the different cars in succession, beginning at the front and going through, with as much accuracy as possible, to the last one in the train.

From the first car, more persons escaped than from any other. There were at least sixteen of these. Mr. C. E. Jones of Beloit, Wis., was sitting in the front seat; Mr. and Mrs. Martin and two children, of Lenox, Ohio, who were a third of the way back from the front; J. M. Mowry of Hartford, Conn., and Dr. C. A. Griswold of Fulton, Ill., were sitting together in the middle of the car; Thomas Jackson of Waterbury, Conn., and Mr. A. H. Parslow of Chicago; Victor Nusbaum, from Cleveland, and Charles Patterson of the same city, were toward the rear. This constitutes all the survivors on the right side.

On the opposite side, toward the front, were Edward Trueworthy and Joseph Thompson, of Oakland, Cal., with Alfred Gillett of Cranberry Isle, Me., sitting in two seats, facing each other. Mr. Thompson is described as having a smoking cap on, while Mr. Trueworthy had a shawl across his shoulders. Mr. Gillett was the only one out

of this group who was killed. In front of them were a Mr. Walter Hayes of Lexington, Ky., with Miss Sarah Mann, who was also killed. Thomas Jackson of Waterbury, Conn., Robert Monroe of Rutland, Mass., Mr. Alex. Monroe of Somerville, Mass., Wm. B. Sanderson, Alex'r Hitchcock, of Port Clinton, Ohio, and Charles E. Rickard of Biddeford, Me., were upon the same side of the car.

Mr. F. Shattuck of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, is known to have been in this car and to have been killed. Mrs. Fonda and her nephew, D. Campbell, of Milledgeville, Ill., have already been described as among the dead.

There was a lady sitting at the right hand near the front who was "slight built and had a child with her about two years old." The child was described as being "quite forward, for his age, talking well, and was very bright and interesting." Just behind them was a lady who was described as "large, full formed, dressed in a plaid trimmed with black." A younger lady sat behind her who was "tall, well formed, dressed in dark clothes and spent most of her time in

reading a book." These were all killed. It is probable that the trucks of the car above struck down just above where they were, as all in this part of the car seem to have perished. Their bodies lay near where they sat, but were too much crushed and burned to be recognized by their friends.

The author could have identified them had he received descriptions in time.

About the middle of the car upon the left side, were two ladies sitting together, both of them dressed in black. The one was older than the other and had been to the East to bury a daughter who had died of consumption. Both of these were killed.

The second passenger car was well filled. There were many ladies in it. It is not known for a certainty who were its occupants, as no one has yet been found by the author who had escaped from it. The dead who are supposed to have been in it and have since been recognized or otherwise proven to have been on the train, were as follows: George Keppler, of Ashtabula, O.; L. W. Hart, of Akron, O.; Isaac Myer and Birdie Myer, his daughter; Mrs. George and Mattie

George, of Cleveland, O.; Maggie Lewis, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. E. Cook, of Wellington, O.; Mrs. Lucy C. Thomas, Buffalo, N. Y.; Wm. Clements, Bellevue, O.; Mr. M. P. Cogswell, Chicago; Miss Annie Kittlewell, Beloit, Wis.; L. C. Crain, New Haven, Conn.; Boyd Russell, Albany, N. Y.; Doctor Hubbard, Polk City, Iowa, and others whose bodies have not been recognized, amounting in all, according to the testimony of many survivors, to at least forty passengers.

In the smoking car were about sixteen persons. A group was at the rear end. It consisted of Mr. Tilden, the superintendent of water works; Geo. M. Reid, superintendent of bridges, and David Chittenden, of Cleveland. The conductor and news-boy were near by. Mr. Stowe, of Geneva, Ohio, was standing near and listening to the conversation. As mentioned before, this conversation was upon the weight of the engine and the amount of water it used. Mr. Stockwell was sitting on the other side, having just bought a cigar of the news-boy. Another group had dispersed but a little time

before. It consisted of three who called themselves "the three blondes," as the accidental resemblance to one another had amused them. These were, Mr. J. M. Mowry, of Hartford, Conn., who afterwards went into the first passenger car; Mr. J. C. Earle, of Chicago, Ill., and Col. A. Maillard, of California, both of whom remained. Two brothers were in the car—Mr. R. Osborn and F. Osborn, of Tecumseh, Mich.,—who were sitting together. Two young men were in another seat—C. D. Meranville and Wm. B. Sanderson. Mr. L. C. Burnham, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. C. Lobdell, Troy, N. Y.; Thos. C. Wright, Nashville, Tenn., and Mr. Harry Wagner, conductor of the sleeping coaches, were in the same car. Of this number, Mr. Stowe, Mr. Chittenden, Mr. F. Osborn, Mr. Stockwell and the sleeping car conductor were killed. The stove fell from one end of this car to the other, making a clean sweep by carrying everything before it. As it hit the end it broke through the timbers and then set the car on fire. Those who were struck by it were instantly killed.

Mr. R. Osborn, whose brother perished by his

side, was very badly hurt and barely escaped with his life. The car stood after its fall at an angle, so that those who were within, were obliged to go up an inclined plane and to get out at the upper door. Most of those who escaped, went up the north side of the track.

The destruction of life was greatest in the second coach, because, as has been mentioned, the car struck upon its side and was badly smashed; yet it is a singular fact that the bodies from this were better preserved than from any other car in the train, as they fell into the stream where the water was deepest, before the flames could reach them.

The following description was sent by the author to the "Inter-Ocean" of Chicago, and has since proved its correctness by the fact that several have been recognized by the description given in it:

"The drawing-room car contained the following-described persons:

"A lady from Chicago, who is described as being 'very handsome; she had left her husband at Dunkirk, and was returning home,' so a passenger learned.

"Next, a lady and gentleman. The lady is

described as being 'quiet in manner, and evidently a person of culture.' She was about twenty-two years of age. The gentleman was short, had black whiskers and mustache. Opposite, and afterward in the state-room, was a party consisting of a gentleman, his wife and two children, a girl and boy [who have been already described].

"Next was a tall gentleman having on a long ulster overcoat. He was from Boston, and was going to California; was a merchant tailor. My informant, Mr. Thomas C. Wright, thinks that Mr. Bliss was not in this car. He says others were in the rear of the car, but does not remember them. Mr. Ormsbee of Boston, was in the car and is the only survivor. He was at first pinned down hands and feet and could not extricate himself. Afterward something fell on the top of the car, and loosened him and he reached up his hand and dragged himself out. As he went out he heard the lady in the corner of the car calling for help. He has seen the photograph of Rev. Dr. Washburn and recognized it. The probability is that that gentleman was underneath the only part which was struck by the 'City of Buffalo,' and was instantly killed."

It is still a question whether Mr. and Mrs. Bliss were in this car.

The gentleman and lady who have been described above, are supposed to have been Mr. and Mrs. Hall, of Chicago, rather than Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. The gentleman was reading to the lady the book "Near Nature's Heart;" as the newsboy passed, he took out "Daniel Deronda," read it a little, and afterward bought "Helen's Babies." Mr. Ormsbee, the sole survivor from the car, judging from photographs which have been shown him, declares that they were not Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. Mr. Burchell, of Chicago, however, maintains that Mr. and Mrs. Bliss were in this car, and his statement is worthy of credit. There is no doubt that they were either in this or in the "City of Buffalo," and it is probable that no trace of them will ever be found.

The occupants of the "Palatine" were, Mrs. Bingham, of Chicago; Mabel Arnold, North Adams, Mass.; H. L. Brewster, Milwaukee, Wis; B. B. Lyons, of New York city; Mrs. Annie Graham, of New York; Miss Marion Shepard, Ripon, Wis.; Geo. A. White, Portland, Me.; John J. White (?) of Boston, Mass; Chas. S. Carter, of New York; Mr. L. B. Sturges, Minne-

apolis, Minn.; Mr. J. E. Burchell, Chicago, Ill.; Col. A. Maillard, of San Rafael, Cal.; Mr. H. W. Shepard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lewis Bochatay, Kent's Plains, Ct.; John J. Lalor, of Chicago, C. H. Tyler, St. Louis; and Jos. D. Pickering and nephew, of Buffalo, N. Y.

The persons who were in the "City of Buffalo" are as follows: Mr. Henry White, of Weathersfield, Conn., who broke the glass door and got out; Mrs. Bradley, of California; Mr. J. P. Hazelton, of Charleston, Ill., and Mr. Gage, of Illinois, who escaped and afterward died. The nurse and child of Mrs. Bradley, who occupied the rear state-room, perished. Mrs. A. D. Marston and her mother and boy; Mrs. Trueworthy and daughter, Mrs. Coffin, of California; Mrs. Moore, of Hammondsport, N. Y.; Mr. Hodgkins, of Bangor, Maine; "a gentleman going to South America, very polite and fine looking," who afterwards proved to be Mr. J. Spooner, of Petershaw, Mass.; Mr. D. A. Rogers, of Chicago; Mr. Barnard and Miss Mixer, daughter of Dr. Mixer of Buffalo; Mr. Rice, of Lowell, Mass.; Mr. J. F. Aldrich, of Des Moines, Iowa; and, it is

supposed, Mrs. H. M. Knowles, and child of Cleveland;—twenty-one in all. The probability is that all who were in this car were so completely destroyed that scarcely a vestige of them remained. There has been the most thorough search for even the least scrap that might give trace of their presence in the ill-fated coach. It is probable that the fall at first served to crush those who were in it, and that the position of the car gave a draft which intensified the heat so as to consume the bodies. The fire burned here the longest, and was still burning at two o'clock in the morning.

here were but few in the "Osceo," which was the rear sleeper. These were Mrs. Eastman, and Mrs. W. H. Lew, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. T. A. Davis, Kokomo, Ind.; the brakeman Stone and the colored porter who was killed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EXPERIENCE OF SURVIVORS.

EVERY one of those who got out of the train had a different story. These are valuable because they bring before us a picture of the scene in its different features. Some one escaped from every car but one. From the second passenger coach no one was left to tell the tale. Every one perished in the fall or crash. From the first and third and fifth, many escaped; from the fourth, only one; from the sixth, three; and from the last, all but one. The story of Mr. Parslow, who was in the first, has been given through the public press, and it is given here as descriptive of the experience common to others. He says:

"The first intimation he had of the affair was the sound of the crash of the bridge. Then he felt and realized the sensation of the downward tendency of the coach. He clutched one of the

seats to steady himself. All of a sudden, in the flash of a second, the passengers were thrown to the end of the coach which had reached the water. The broken pieces of ice, the snow, and fragments of the car came in with a rush. He caught the stove, which had not yet been cooled from its heat, thinking to save himself thereby from drowning. In doing so he burned his hand to a blister, while the other portion of his body was freezing in the water. He remembered the crashing of the smoker upon his car. As soon as he could collect his thoughts he went to work to extricate himself, but how he did it was unable to state. He only knew he was out of the car and into the fragments of ice and floating pieces of the wreck. From there he managed to reach unbroken ice and from thence he climbed up the height and was the first of that scarred and bruised number to reach the top. In doing this it is to be remembered that the poor man had a piece of gilt molding, one inch wide, three-quarters of an inch thick, and eight inches long, in a portion of his body. It had entered the left shoulder, back of the collar-bone, and penetrated under the shoulder-blade into the side. He scarcely realized his situation until he had been conveyed to the nearest place of comfort. In his car were from 40 to 45 passengers; in the

smoking-car he thinks about the same number. In his opinion there were not less than 200 passengers in all. He says when he got out of the car on the ice the screams of the dying and crushed broke upon his ears, and were the most pitiful sounds that were ever heard. He said that all occurred in such a remarkably brief space that he cannot now realize how it was that so much of human misery could be crowded into a speck of time."

The experience of those in the smoking-car was quite remarkable. Several who escaped from this, have told of the fall. There were but four killed in it. Among them was Harry Wagner, conductor of the sleeping cars, who, it is said, was driven against, and even through, the end of the car, by the stove, which swept through the whole length with terrible force.

The conductor, Mr. Henn, speaks of this and says that the stove shot past him on one side and something else fell with a crash on the other side, but he escaped. Mr. J. M. Earle's experience was quite remarkable. He gives expression to the feelings which many had in almost tragic words. He says:

"It did not seem to me as if we had fallen. I was thoroughly collapsed for a minute or two. Then I heard two or three crashes—cars tumbling off the bridge and striking ours. At the second crash I threw myself on the floor and crouched down under the seats. I did not know but the next one would crush us all. There were several people near me, and I told them to crouch down.

In the coming down the feeling was a beautiful conglomeration of swimming and swinging—I didn't know whether I was on my head or heels. I can't describe how I felt when the car struck the solid ice. Every part of my body seemed to be going in opposite directions. I did not experience a dead calm, but a feeling of intense agony; and that continued until I came to myself. It must have been half an hour certainly before I knew what I was doing. Then I got up and struggled around. The terrible noise made by the falling cars made me hold my breath when I thought it was about time for another to come down.

The story of Mr. George A. White is the most interesting of all. For, he not only describes the car "Palatine," from which so many escaped, but he gives such an account as no other one has done. His statement is given at length:

"In going down there was hardly any sound. The only thing we heard was that heavy breathing which bespeaks a fear of something terrible to come. The first sound that greeted my ear was after we struck the ice. The breaking of the glass was like rifle shots, and the train coming down made a terrific roar. Our car fell as it rode,—bodily and straight,—which saved our lives. As soon as the car touched bottom I could see nothing, all was dark. I groped my way out through the east end of the car. Behind us was the Buffalo car, standing on end, almost perpendicular, resting against the abutment of the bridge, one end having taken our platform.

"I think none of the Buffalo-car passengers were saved. The coach fell on end, and I never heard a sound from it after the fall, and no one came out. All was death in my estimation. The Buffalo was full of passengers. The parlor car was just ahead of us, and no one came out of it. I think all the passengers it held were killed.

"At the right of us, facing the west, was a car that lay on its side. The top of it was close on to ours. Our car lay just as it was running. I went up over the roof of the other car to take a look up and around. I saw a gentleman and, I think, a lady, following me. On looking into the car, I saw a large number of people lying together in a mass.

The car was crushed at its bottom and sides. The scene within was horrible, heartrending—indescribable. It was enough to unnerve the bravest. There were maimed and bruised men, women, and children, all held down by the cruel timbers. They were in different stages of delirium and excitement. Some were screaming, some were groaning, and others praying. There was hardly any one within who seemed rational.

"I saw the encroachments the fire was making. While on the roof of that car I took a speedy survey of the situation. I realized the terrible, yawning chasm. I shall never forget the horrors of that night."

The experiences of the survivors of the "City of Buffalo" are also given. So many perished in this car, that a description of those in it may be of interest to their friends.

The story of Mr. H. A. White, of Weathersfield, Ct., as published in the daily papers, is as follows. He says:

"The first thought that came into my mind was that I was dead; that it was no use for me to stir or try to help myself. I waited in that position until I heard two more crashes come, when all was quiet; I then tried to see if I could not raise what was on and around me and succeeded. I

opened my eyes and the first thing I saw, was the glass in the top of the door that opened into the saloon in the rear end of the car. I struck that immediately with my hand and thrust my head through it. I spoke then. Up to this time there was not a shriek or voice heard in the car that I was in—all had been stilled."

He then says that he heard a voice below him and that he endeavored to help a man out of the car after he had got out himself, but failed.

Mrs. Bradley who, with her nurse and child, was in the rear state-room near the section where Mr. White was sitting, speaks of this same silence. She called repeatedly but heard no sound except that of her own voice. She looked below her for her child and nurse. All she could see was that they were underneath the wreck. She vainly tried to lift them but their bodies seemed to sink lower and lower in the debris. Not a sound proceeded from that direction, and the only conclusion she could arrive at was that their bodies had been crushed.

CHAPTER XIX.

PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

THE personal incidents which occurred were numerous. Many of these have been brought to public attention through the press, yet there are others which have not been narrated. Every one had his own story, but in the confusion of the scene no one is really supposed to have a clear view of the whole event.

These incidents are told by the different passengers who escaped and by the citizens who hastened to the rescue. The following are given as showing the experiences of the women who were on the train. There were many who perished, and it is affecting to read the story of their sufferings while so helpless in the wreck. But the heroism manifested by those who escaped, is especially worthy of note.

The "Cleveland Leader" contains the following:

"At the time of the disaster a man rushed down to the scene ready to help; he saw a woman struggling for life and went to her assistance; he carried her by main force to the solid ice, and then, urged by the cries of the mother, went back to the rescue of a sweet child of three or four years of age; the treacherous wood in splintering, had caught the child in its grasp, and the fire completed the terrible work. The man was compelled to see the child enveloped in flames, and to hear her cries of 'Help me, Mother!' ringing out in the agony of death and on the ears of the cruel night. In a moment she was lost, swept up by the sharp tongues of fire, while her mother in helpless agony fell to the earth in a deadly swoon."

Mr. Reid, one of the passengers, saw a woman held in the ruins and burning. She was calling out amid her groans, "Shoot me, and get me out of this misery." The saddest sight he saw was a woman looking at her burning child.

Mrs. Lew says when the crash came she was lying down with her head near the open window. The next thing she knew was that her head was out in the open air, and her body inside of the car. As soon as she got her head out, she saw the newsboy who had a few minutes before supplied her with reading matter. She begged of

him to help her. He said, "I would be glad to, but my old mother is dependent on me for her entire support. If I am killed what will she do?" Mrs. Lew again entreated him to assist her. He then came so near to her as to be able to take hold of her hand by extending his arms full length. As they joined hands the newsboy pulled and Mrs. Lew threw herself forward, coming out of the car. She then walked on the ice to the bank, where she was helped up the embankment by men and taken to an eating-house, where her wounds were dressed.

A villager saw a woman caught, back of the platform railing, and attempted to pull her out. It was only by superhuman effort he succeeded, then only to find them both up to the waist in the water. "Can you save me?" she asked him, in tones that went to his heart. "Yes, if you hold on," he said. She did hold on to him with all her strength, and he got her safely to the shore, although in the water several times.

The story of Mrs. Bingham has been already told. She owed her life to her own determined spirit, though it is remarkable that any woman with a broken limb could summon the courage to break a window and then jump into the water and draw herself to the land.

The heroism of Mrs. Swift has been mentioned by the papers, and the author takes pleasure in adding his testimony to the noble and lovely spirit which she manifested through all the sad scenes. The following is an account of the manner of her escape:

"Mrs. Swift retained her senses and her presence of mind. She was badly injured at the time, but did not realize it. When the accident occurred there was a terrible crash; the bell-rope snapped like the report of a pistol, and the lights were extinguished. As the cars went down there was no noise. Her husband was hurled across the aisle and held down senseless. She was wedged in between two seats, but extricated herself. She spoke to her husband, but he made no reply, and she thought he was dead. The agony of her mind at that moment was fearful to contemplate. She finally, with the aid of Mr. White, got him out. He was then delirious, and hardly knew where he was going. Her anxiety was all for her husband. Miss Shepard, Mrs. Graham and Mr. White then took or assisted everybody out of the car, reassuring them by words and deeds, and thus aided in saving many lives."

Miss Shepard, of Ripon, Wis., proves to

have been a heroine in the terrible tragedy. Many of the survivors have spoken of her as so brave in the midst of the danger. She "was very cool and collected," says Mr. Sturgis, "and she acted in a heroic manner. She helped the women out, and while I was trying to get the men out, she was on the outside smashing the windows with a piece of timber, clearing the way for those inside."

Mr. White, of Portland, says :

"She was one of the bravest and best women I ever met. She got out by herself. When I at last came out of the Palatine, after I was satisfied that there were no more persons in the car, the gentlemen who had had their legs broken were still lying within a few feet of the burning cars, and their lives were now again in jeopardy.

"To save their lives was my next endeavor. I couldn't take the two at once. So I took hold of one and dragged him some thirty feet away. Poor fellow! he had several ribs broken, and his ankle was swollen to three times its size. I was very weary at this time. The fire was all the time encroaching, more and more, and the agonizing cries of suffering and burning humanity were hushed, as they suffocated or the cruel flames sent death to relieve them. I got my man

away, but the other was still there. This one was delirious from pain and excitement. I was anxious for both. A citizen from Ashtabula came along, and I asked him to watch my charge while I brought back the other to a place of safety. He said he would. I had just reached the other man, when I looked around and saw that the citizen had deserted his post. But there stood Miss Shepard by me. We stood in full eighteen inches of snow and six inches of water, the ice having been broken and crushed by the cars. She said coolly, 'Can't I do something to help you? I am uninjured.' I got the other man away to a place of safety, some twelve feet back from the car. It wasn't over seven minutes after the fall before our car was burning, too." Mr. C. E. Torris says: He saw her standing on the ice and dipping her handkerchief in the water and washing away the blood from the face of a wounded man. And the citizens of Ashtabula also speak of her, and say that it seemed so strange to see her, while all the rest were wounded and bleeding, moving around the engine room, assisting in every way, calm and self-possessed. She seemed more like some good angel who had been sent at such an hour to bestow the gentle ministration of her sex upon the suffering.

CHAPTER XX.

KINDNESS SHOWN.

THE citizens of Ashtabula did all in their power. The disaster was no sooner known than many of them hastened to the rescue. Great exertions were made by those who were present, not only to save the living, but as far as possible in their separate action to extinguish the flames. The survivors were no sooner in a condition to be removed than persons were found who were ready to take the worst cases among them to their own homes. Some of the wounded who were left near the depot, especially those who were at the Eagle Hotel, were removed to the hotels up-town and comfortably provided for. Ladies called upon them wherever they were, and carried to them such delicacies as would tempt their appetites, and flowers to please the eye, and vied with each other in giving atten-

tion to the strangers, all of them showing how much their sympathies had been moved by this sad calamity. The mayor of the city was very energetic amid the excitement of the first few days. He not only met the responsibilities of his office with promptness, but he showed the kindness of his heart in that he took one of the wounded, a Mr. Tomlinson, to his house, and there cared for him until he died.

Mr. Strong, the station agent, also, though laboring under the oppressive sense of being misunderstood, did all that he could under the circumstances. Several of the firemen have borne testimony to the great exertions which he made during the night of the fire. The disadvantage under which he labored on that night was that he was not present at the depot at the time of the accident, but was at home, about half a mile away. The orders from the central office in reference to surgeons reached him through the telegraph office up-town, and his first duty was to obey them, but as he reached the scene of the fire the very sympathy which he felt, led him under the excitement of the moment, to give

those answers which did so much damage and which were so much misunderstood.

The railroad authorities continued to furnish everything that might relieve the sufferings or restore the losses of those who survived. Physicians were procured and nurses provided. Every accommodation which hotels could furnish was paid for with a liberal hand. Those whose clothing had been destroyed or injured,were furnished with new suits throughout. The bills of physicians were paid. Return tickets were furnished and sleeping-car accommodations afforded to the wounded to their very homes. As friends came in search of the lost, they at times received free passes each way, and even escorts in some cases were furnished. Bereaved mothers and fathers and the widowed,were permitted to visit the place in search of relics at the company's expense.

The event was a calamity to the road as well as to the passengers and their friends. The managers had prided themselves on the success and completeness of their system. The small number of accidents on the line had been noticed, but the sudden and terrible calamity eclipsed all this,

and now the grief was great and widespread. The horror was overwhelming and the excitement high. It was impossible to know this without feeling it as a personal affliction, and no doubt the sense of it led to the death of the man who, of all others, was the most sensitive and sympathetic.

The attention of religious people to the spiritual wants of the survivors is worthy of mention. Clergymen called and conversed with them as opportunity was offered. The survivors were hardly able at first to give expression to their feelings, as the confusion of the place was so great. Several were crowded into the same room. The wounds inflicted on the head prevented connected thoughts. The pains and weakness, and the shock to the nervous system rendered the condition of nearly every one critical, for several days. It seemed uncertain whether they might not sink away under the terrible reaction and depression caused by the excitement and exposure. Wounds and bruises which no one supposed they had, were felt, and new ones discovered every day. But as one and another were removed to

separate rooms, the conversations and prayers brought out the deeper feelings which had been hidden.

It was with great solemnity that one and another would recount the peculiar method of escape. More than one said that he thought "his time had come." One said that he did not expect to live, and that he took his card in his hand that his name might be recognized if he should die.

The suddenness of death was full of solemnity to all. Even the most reckless and hardened were subdued. One young man in a spirit of bravado as he entered the room of a companion, uttered an oath; but the gentleman addresssd arose in bed, lame and wounded as he was, and with solemn voice and determined manner, exclaimed: "I will not permit the name of God to be used in that way in my presence—especially at such a time as this." The young man felt the rebuke, and turned around hid his face, and soon retired. A few days after, he came back and said that "he had not arisen from his bed a morning without thanking God for preserving his life," and

apologized for having spoken as he did. A gentleman and his wife who had escaped from the "Palatine," were together at the "American House," happy in being spared to each other, peaceful, loving and grateful; but they were especially delighted to receive a letter from their pastor in the distant East, and read, to those who called, sentences from it so glowing with that pastor's affection and sympathy.

The ministration of women was one of the delightful things connected with the event. A betrothed had no sooner heard of the wreck and of the survival of her lover, than she hastened to his side and spent the days in caring for him and comforting him by her presence.

When the clergymen visited those different persons at their hotels, they were most respectful in their cordial response to prayer and words of counsel. Even those to whom the subject had not altogether been agreeable before, listened and seemed stirred to the heart with grateful emotions. The time and place for prayer was given, and such nearness to the Almighty God was never known before. It seemed as if

the veil of eternity had opened, and the presence of God was felt. A loving wife, so gentle and so good, had come to her husband's side. The affection and the care were great, but the gratitude to God was more, and the piety of both became suddenly deep. It was like the stream in the prophet's vision. As the past of Christian life was reviewed so seriously, penitence sprang up within the heart, and then the gratitude to God, and then the consecration, and then the delightful swelling love and peace, and then the faith that seemed to hide itself in God's own heart, and there was a mingling of the emotions as if the ocean of God's presence was receiving them to its own deep love, and they were taking the first baptism of the Spirit.

The goodness of that precious wife, now had its triumph. It brought the husband's heart and soul to the same deep faith and piety which she had possessed.

A gentleman, too, who had never made a profession of religion, but whose conversation showed much of acquaintance with the world, and habits of observation, was led to unburden

his heart's inmost thoughts to the clergymen who called in. He said: "I am not a professor of religion, sir. I am a worldly man—a man of business—but I have been brought up religiously, have had a praying father and mother, and it seems to me as if I had some faith, for as I was going down in that wreck, and felt that indescribable sensation of falling—(and here he dropped his hands beside the bed with such expressive look and gesture)—a passage of Scripture flashed into my mind, and has been running in it ever since. These are the words: "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure." The clergyman turned to the Bible, and found the text, and was impressed with the wonderful appropriateness of it: "The Foundation of the Lord standeth sure and the Lord knoweth them that are his."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES.

THE time at length arrived for laying away the unburied dead. Nobody had recognized them. God alone knew them, and therefore to his sacred earth were they consigned, that at the resurrection day he might bring them forth to the knowledge of all. Garnered in the harvest of flame, they were to be laid away in God's store-house.

The hands of strangers were outstretched to bury them, for the hearts of others could only mourn for them, without claiming the poor remnants which were so unrecognizable.

Their sepulchre was in the stranger's soil, though their memory was in many a home.

The village of Ashtabula, made memorable by so direful a calamity, was now to become the sacred burial place of these bodies which per-

ished. Most sacredly did the citizens of the place regard this trust, which God in His providence had committed to them. No event in the history of the place had so awakened sympathy and aroused the people, and now every attention that was possible, was to be paid at the last sad funeral rites. The town gave itself up to mourning. Arrangements had been previously made for the occasion, and the authorities of the city, the social organizations and the religious bodies were all prepared to honor those who were to be laid away in their midst.

A beautiful lot had been chosen in the cemetery which overlooked the whole city, and there, among the sacred remains of their own beloved, the citizens resolved to place those who were indeed strangers to them, but whom somebody loved. Among the choicest lots of that beautiful hill, a place had been chosen for their deposit. The winding-sheet of snow had been drawn aside, and the graves had been dug, and multitudes assembled from the vicinity, and the result was that an immense assemblage was gathered for the solemn services. A special train arrived

from Cleveland, bringing the officers of the Railroad, and the friends and parishioners of Rev. Dr. Washburn and others. By noon all the places of business were closed, and the citizens gathered at the services or arranged themselves in the long procession. The first church service was held in the Methodist house, as it was the largest in the place, and at this the clergymen of the village took part. The opening prayer was made by Rev. I. O. Fisher, of the Baptist Church, with a few touching words in memory of P. P. Bliss. Rev. Mr. McLeary, of the Methodist Church, read the hymn, "We are going home to-morrow." An appropriate selection of Scripture was read by Rev. Mr. Safford, of the Congregational Church, after which Rev. J. C. White, of the St. John Episcopal Church of Cleveland, delivered an eloquent discourse on the subject of the sacredness of human life. He was followed by Rev. S. D. Peet, who spoke of the need of a sympathy which should be unselfish and universal, and of the need of a preparation for death. Rev. Mr. McGiffert, of the Presbyterian Church, also made remarks upon

God's knowledge and of the unrecognized dead. The choir sang another of the songs of P. P. Bliss—"There is a light in the valley." The services were impressive, and the great congregation which had assembled, seemed moved by deep sympathy. The closing remarks of Mr. White were especially appropriate, being a beautiful illustration, showing that life itself was but a great bridge, one end of which lay in life's beginning, and the other stretched into the great unknown. It spans a chasm full of fire, of death and doom. There are flaws in it which were put there six thousand years ago, and although many have gone over it in safety, it is at any moment liable to fall with some precious soul into the abyss. God had provided a means of escape, and happy was he who would avail himself of it.

A second service was also held at St. Peter's church, at which Rev. Dr. James Moore officiated, assisted by Rev. Geo. Carter, of Cleveland.

The procession then formed, which was arranged in the following order:

Marshal Fassett and Coroner Richards; Clergy, in sleighs; Bearers, in sleighs; Assistant Marshal;

Masonic Association; Friends of deceased, in sleighs; Assistant Marshal; St. Joseph's Society; Ashtabula Light Guard; Ashtabula Light Artillery; Citizens generally.

Arranged in a long line in front of the churches and along the main street, with the different badges and insignia of office, this procession formed one of the most impressive pageants ever witnessed in the place. It was more than a mile long, and as it moved at the toll of the bell and with the impressive sound of the funeral dirge from the bands present, every one was affected with the solemnity of the occasion.

Contrasted with the white snow which covered the landscape,this array of mourning and sympathizing friends and citizens moved slowly to the last resting place of the dead. As the head of the column entered the cemetery where were gathered the sacred remains which were to be deposited in the graves, the members of the Masonic societies divided, and, acting as pall bearers, silently took up the coffins which had been arranged in a line for them, and bore the precious freight to the open graves, amid the

tears of the spectators, who were touched by so unusual a sight. "It was, indeed, a scene which appealed to the heart with sombre power and deep sympathy." The nineteen coffins—containing the secrets of death which will be given up only at the resurrection—carried between the slow-moving ranks of uncovered men; the sad faces and intent gaze of the silent witnesses; a few mourning women, in black, standing apart, made sacred by their sorrow—one gray-haired man, whose wife and child had been swallowed up in the gulf, among them; a dull, gray sky overhead; the fitful wind sweeping through the bare branches of the trees; the shroud of snow, broken only by those yawning graves; the sad strains of the funeral dirge, in time with the sobbing of the women; the solemn hush which men feel always in the presence of death. The exercises at the grave were opened by the Rev. Mr. Moore, who read the burial service of his church. A selection of Scripture was read by the Rev. Mr. McGiffert, after which the Masons proceeded with their ritual, and at its close the assembled thousands, dismissed with a benedic-

tion, proceeded to their homes or to the evening trains which were to convey them out of the city.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SUICIDE.

IN the Ashtabula "Telegraph" appeared the following article :

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE BRIDGE DISASTER.

"Our community received another shock on Saturday last, hardly less severe than that of the news of the disaster itself. The announcement that Charles Collins, the Chief Engineer of the L. S. & M. S. road was dead, without any cause but that he was found lifeless in his bed, carried every one back in mind to the bridge calamity, and there was an intense eagerness for an explanation. The evening papers brought that explanation, but with it an increased effect upon the sensibilities of our citizens. He was, to be sure, found dead in his bed, but beside him were the implements telling the manner of death. He died by his own hand. The story of his death we abstract and condense from the Cleveland dailies, as follows : Mr. Collins' assistant—

Mr. I. C. Brewer, of the Toledo division, sought his presence at his office on Water street, on Saturday morning, but not finding him or hearing of him, passed over to his residence, and being informed by the colored man in charge that he was not there, determined to make an examination of the house for the settlement of the question—whether he was in the house. Upon passing through the house everything indicated order and quiet, but loneliness, until the bedroom was reached. Here he found the person of his search, dead, and in the first stages of decomposition, marked with blood, a revolver at hand, with which the deed was done, and the handle of another just showed from his pillow. The determined purpose that controlled him was shown by the means for making his destruction sure. A razor was also found upon the bed. It was found that the muzzle of the revolver had been placed in his mouth, and the direction of the ball was upward through the roof of the mouth, and out through the upper and back part of his head. The first shot seems to be the fatal and only one.

"In casting about for a cause for this violent and shocking death, circumstances point to the effect upon his mind of the bridge accident at this place. We find that he laid it deeply to heart, and when he first beheld the scene, he wept

CHARLES COLLINS.

over it in an outburst of grief. That effect he seems not to have been able to shake off. It followed him night and day, leaving no taste for food, and driving sleep from his pillow, until he was led to say to some of his more intimate friends, that he believed it would drive him crazy. His was a gentle, sensitive nature, and his profession carried to its utmost perfection and success, which was shown in the superior condition of the road, and all its appointments were his chief pride. This pride, we apprehend, never extended to this bridge, as his rather guarded observations in reference to it, from the beginning, sufficiently indicate. In the minds of many of the best informed in this community, he rather shrank from the responsibility of it. The special care of it, therefore, seems to have been in a great measure, at least, committed to other hands. Whatever his feelings, however, he could not in his position escape responsibility. The sense of that responsibility seems to have had a striking effect upon him in the recent examinations by the Legislative Committee, and conferences in which he was present on Wednesday afternoon and evening—the night, probably, upon which the fatal act was committed. His state of mind was not unobserved by some of his intimate companions. We are told that Mr. Brewer, his

trusted assistant, had, at his earnest solicitation, consented to remain with him during Monday and Tuesday nights, and was surprised at the alarming state into which his mind had fallen.

It was further shown by the act, and the manner of it. He had tendered his resignation to the Board of Directors, on the Monday before, when with tears he said, 'I have worked for thirty years, with what fidelity God knows, for the protection and safety of the public, and now the public, forgetting all these years of service, has turned against me.'

"The resignation was, of course, not accepted, and he was assured that his view was entirely unjust and unworthy, but all to no effect. The thought of possible injustice still haunted him.

"On Wednesday night Mr. Brewer intended to go, as he had done the two previous nights, and stay with him at his residence on St. Clair street. But, upon calling at the office and being assured that he had left no word for him either in regard to the evening or concerning the trip of inspection contemplated for Thursday, he concluded that the deceased had left for his home in Ashtabula, where of late he spent much of his time. Thus affairs rested till Saturday morning, when, learning that he was not in Ashtabula, Mr. Brewer feared that some evil had befallen him,

and going to the house he inquired of the colored man, went through the house to the family bed-room, and found the remains of the deceased as described above.

"There is little doubt but that Mr. Collins intended to go on the proposed tour of inspection on Thursday, for his traveling-bag was found neatly packed in the bed-room. It is probable that the act was one of momentary desperation, when the troubled thoughts of the previous days and nights, weighing upon him, made life hard to bear.

"Mr. Collins' family had been in Ashtabula, where his wife's relatives reside, for several days, and the colored man supposed that he was alone in the house. But the quarters of the latter are in the back part of the house, while Mr. Collins' room is in the front. It is supposed that Mr. Collins came in without the knowledge of any one and went to bed on Wednesday night. Everything in the bed-room confirmed this opinion. The various articles of his dress were disposed about the room, his collar and necktie upon a stand near the head of the bed, his pants, shirt and coat were laid over a chair, and his shoes and stockings under the edge of the bed. The vest was carefully placed under the mattress. The scene presented to view upon entering the

room, was most horrible. Three chambers of the large revolver at the right of the corpse were empty, but only one wound was found. There was a hole in the wall of the room, recently made, such as a ball would make, and it seems evident from this fact that the deceased was sitting up when the fatal discharge was made. There was no appearance of a struggle, but the discoloring of the blood from the wound which had flowed from the mouth and nose, was terrible to behold. The face was badly stained and presented a horribly ghastly appearance. From the fact that decomposition had already begun, it is inferred by the coroner that death took place some 48 hours before, or on Thursday morning.

"The deceased was born in Richmond, N. Y., in 1826, and was, therefore, 51 years of age. He was from an old and highly respected family, received a liberal education at one of the eastern colleges, and his professional education and graduation, from the Renssaeler Polytechnic Institute. In this latter institute he gave full promise of the abilities which he was destined to display in after years. Immediately after graduation he was employed for several years in practical engineering in various parts of New England, and next took charge of some important work on the Boston and Albany railroad. He came to this section of

Ohio in 1849 to take charge of locating the C. C. C. & I. railroad. He was an engineer also in its construction. Next he was for a time superintendent of the Painesville & Ashtabula road, and when the L. S. & M. S. consolidation was brought about, he was given his present position.

"As an engineer, Mr. Collins enjoyed the confidence of many of the leading railroad men of the country. Among them was Commodore Vanderbilt, whose friendship he also enjoyed.

"We are told that when any work was to be performed upon the great lines of which he had control, Mr. Collins' plans and methods were always accepted by the great commander, without question, as the cheapest and best."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CHARACTER OF MR. COLLINS.

THE funeral services of Mr. Collins were held at Ashtabula on Wednesday, Jan. 21st. The occasion was one of great interest. The Cleveland "Herald" of the following day, says:

"It was the last tribute of respect that could be paid by the citizens of the place to a man who, while not a permanent resident, was one among the most respected and loved. He held a prominent place in the hearts of the people as an exemplary man and faithful friend, and their attendance upon the services yesterday was the last act of respect to his mortal remains. Besides the citizens of Ashtabula present, there were many of the leading railroad men of this city, who had known and respected Mr. Collins during the many years they had been his friends and business associates.

"Rev. Mr. McGiffert made a few remarks upon the life and character of the deceased.

He said that the assembly of people had been called together to pay the last tribute to a man known for honesty, uprightness and truthfulness in all things. He was known in all his dealings for that strict probity of character, that conscientiousness which go so far toward making up the perfect man. He had also the gentle qualities of love and affection for those near and dear to him. The last time he parted from his wife, a few days before his death, not knowing, however, that they were never to meet again, he said to her that he wanted her to remember during their separation, how well he loved her. He was thoughtful always for the welfare of his business associates, and to the young men under him he was a father, a kind friend and firm supporter. In the midst of his many business and worldly cares he did not lose sight of his church relations, and the fruits of his life in this regard are left to testify for him. The spiritual benefit of his employees was not lost sight of while other cares were pressing upon him. After land at Collinwood had been set apart for the erection of a chapel for railroad men, he subscribed first $150, then $350, and when there seemed to be some trouble in raising the necessary amount, he said that the chapel should be built in the spring, any way.

"At the request of the family, Mr. J. H. Devereux, representing the railroad acquaintances of Mr. Collins, then made a few remarks. He said that ever since the accident at the bridge, there had been passing through his mind the idea of falling waters, and the song of Moses and the lamb came to him most vividly. In some manner the character of Moses and that of the dead engineer had assimilated themselves together in his mind. Moses was the type of a perfect engineer. He ran the line of the Israelites through the wilderness to a land of security. He had those characteristics of a noble, true man, which made him great, and in just these particulars did Mr. Collins excel, and they made him the leading engineer of this broad land. The speaker referred to the veneration of the deceased, and referred to the fact that he always rested on the Sabbath day, and that his office was always closed on that day, and that he often went to the house of God. Mr. Devereux attempted to say a few words to the friends, but found himself too much moved to speak further, and closed with a few words of prayer."

Mr. Collins was a man who was held in high esteem by all who knew him. At the memorial services which were held in Cleveland, the Rev. Dr. Hayden, his pastor, said of him:

"Mr. Collins had a praying mother, and when one owes so much to a praying mother as I do, he will not fail to make important mention of this fact. In 1849 he came to Ohio and began the work of laying out the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis railroad. Here, amidst the hardships of pioneer life, there were many temptations to desecrate the Sabbath, yet during all this time the young man remembered the influence of the good mother, and manifested a high moral sentiment throughout. His life work on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad was begun in 1851, and from that time till the moment of his sudden death, his constant attention was given to this great thoroughfare, and his death itself was a sacrifice to it. The busy engineer always had time to look after the betterment of his employees, and there is to-day many a family living upon its own lot, through his beneficence."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

THERE was a young lady on that train. Accomplished and beautiful, she had already become the object of admiration to many, and was the pride of fond parents. Blooming, buoyant and hopeful, she was a delightful companion. Her light, rosy complexion so radiant made her a picture of health. She used to laugh and say to her mother, "I never have any compliments except that I am such a healthy looking girl." Her mother writes:

"On her sweet, fair hand she wore a slender thread of gold which held the setting of a very brilliant, though not large, diamond. On the same finger she wore a heavy, plain, gold ring." Her wardrobe was very complete and almost entirely new. Her jewelry consisted of turquoise, pearls, Florentine mosaics and Genoese silver.

Everything she had in the way of ornament or jewelry, she had with her. She had a link gold necklace and gold handkerchief ring, with a small ring for the finger attached by a slender chain. A Chegary medal in the form of a Greek enameled cross, was in her trunk, the sign of honor from the school where she had graduated. In that trunk were also many dresses, beautiful and expensive and becoming to her form. All she had, she took with her. Her bridesmaid's dress was with her; she was dressed in it only the week before at the wedding of her dearest friend; she also had it on at a wedding the night before she started. Yet she was not a mere child of fashion! She was born to social position and always accustomed to society; it was the daily habit of her life but brought no excitement with it. She really cared but little for parties, and often spoke in that way. She was an active member of the Episcopal church and very conscientious in the performance of her duties. Her love of sacred music seemed like an inspiration; I have watched her face become almost transfigured by a

holiness of expression which would flit across it while she was singing. She had been kept singularly free from the little vanities and excitements of a young lady's life, by the grace of God, who kept her as pure a child as when He gave her to me a precious infant. Oh! it comes to me now how carelessly I thought of my treasure. How little I appreciated the great trust that God had given me. How I thought of her as an ordinary girl."

The thought of her death had never entered the minds of her parents. But she died, and everything connected with her was strangely swept away. The sad consolation of weeping over her silent remains was denied. Her picture, for which she stood two days before her starting, was the only mercy which God had vouchsafed the parents. Her mother again writes: "It would indeed be a comfort to me to have even one little thing which would seem a part of herself, but we have not one trace of her personal belongings." Her funeral was attended in the city of her home, but the remembrance of her sweet spirit and beautiful voice was all that the friends had to comfort them.

The following are the eloquent, heart-felt words which dropped from the lips of an affectionate and aged pastor at her funeral, as the sweet fragrance of her life and spirit came before his mind. He says:

"I dare hardly venture a few words upon the sweet singer of our Israel, who was but yesterday the charm, and the graceful and elegant ornament to our choir. Here she won the confidence and love of all of us. Here she uttered those sweet sounds which captivated all hearts. Here she became known to us as the happy, the cheerful, the glad and always unselfish and noble-natured girl, the almost idol of her bereaved parents and the pride and joy of her companions. Here on the last day of our Holy Communion service she was present and joined with us in that hallowed song of love and worship which she now repeats and sings with the angels and blessed spirits of that other and better world, in the presence of God and His holy angels."

Thus passed away the beautiful, the lovely, the song-like spirit of sweet Minnie Mixer.

The story has been told of a young man who so anxiously looked for some trace of his mother's body during those sad days in which so much sorrow was concentrated.

A description of that mother's character has been well drawn, by those who knew her.

Mrs. Adelia E. Moore, of Hammondsport, was a member of the Episcopal Church and the following are the tributes of affection bestowed by the clergymen who officiated at her funeral.

Rev. Mr. Cushing said of her:

"Can I ever forget her presence and her image under my own roof during three of the most painfully anxious days of my life, watching through the long, long winter night; wakeful to every sound, to every movement, to every want; the low, soothing voice, the noiseless step, the gentle hand wiping away the clammy sweat, and standing by us, patiently and willingly, until the crisis was past? (Mrs. C. dangerously ill of pneumonia is the occasion referred to.) I could not but refer to this, not only as an expression of grateful acknowledgement which is justly due, but also as speaking for many others to whom she was a friend indeed, because a friend in need—just that kind of need in which, above all other needs, we feel the weakest, the most utterly powerless in our own unaided selves.

"In this way, and in these kind offices, she may be said wherever residing and through all the mature years of her life, to have gone about

doing good, unostentatious, unpublished good; and the crowning beauty of it all, as respects her, is that she claimed no merit for these disinterested acts, expected no human recompense, but performed them; went at any one's call, because she deemed it her duty to go, or because it was the impulse of her sympathizing heart. She was truly the Good Samaritan of her sex."

The Rev. Mr. Gardner also said:

"And oh! how much we shall all miss her; we shall miss her as a busy parish worker; we shall miss her in the Sunday-school, and her class of little children will sadly miss her; so will the Ladies' Sewing Society miss her, for she was one of its chief workers, but memorials of her in the Society's work will long remain—even longer, perhaps, than any of us shall live to see. And the sick and afflicted will most surely miss her; for it may be said of her as it was of her Divine Master, she 'went about doing good.' For this work she had a peculiar fitness—going in and out among the sick as if it were her special calling. Many are the families where she has ministered, and with one voice they will attest all that I have said of her. But above all, her family will miss her—the wife and mother, the sister and near relative are gone, gone before, not lost."

And the Rev. Mr. Howard said of her:

"Of the estimable lady whose death we commemorate, it may be said that one has been taken out from the bosom of this church and of this community, who was inspired and warmed with all its life, religious, social and domestic; alive to, and promoting according to her ability, everything which conduced to its welfare and improvement. All the consolation which may ever be legitimately drawn from Christian character, may be justly claimed and appropriated here. She was indeed a *good* woman, and one of the saints of God."

CHAPTER XXV.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

MANY noble characters were lost to the world in this great calamity.

Very few disasters ever reached so far, or brought bereavement to so many communities. The breadth of the land was swept by it. There never was so widespread mourning for any death which brought loss to only private circles. It was more like the mourning which follows the death of some public officer—some great and good man—when a nation is called upon to weep.

It was, indeed, almost a national calamity. The very mention of the names of the dead, and the places to which they belonged, shows how many communities were afflicted, and the very funerals which were held, indicate how many circles were bereaved.

They were not all private mourners, nor were

they merely different circles of friends sharing in a common sorrow. Churches mourned their beloved pastor or the most useful members; villages and even counties were made to feel the loss of the skilful physician; the whole land—yes, the world—has been impressed by the silence which came so suddenly upon the tongue of the sweet singer of Israel; and the various circles of society, from the highest to the lowest, were affected by the death which invaded so many classes.

Out of this number of worthy characters who went down in that awful plunge where so many mourn, it is difficult to select, for it is easy to say many things in praise of all. Indeed, a volume might be written which should contain nothing but the memoirs of the lost. The following sketches are given out of regard to those who have so kindly encouraged the author in the task which he has undertaken, as well as from an admiration of the characters which have been so faithfully portrayed by those who knew the persons well.

The name of E. P. Rogers has been men-

tioned. Of him, Rev. Dr. Collyer has spoken, and the following selection from a sermon preached in Chicago is given, as descriptive of his character.

Speaking of all of those who perished in the train, he says:

"They are lost to this world before their time. Hundreds of homes will have a shadow on them many years. Children are fatherless and motherless. Men and women are weeping. The whole world about us is poorer and sadder, and there is no compensation which can reach the case. Here was our fellow-townsman, Mr. Rogers, in the prime of his life, steady and true as the day, a man whose bond you would not want if you had his word, or even his word if you knew he had made up his mind. There were a mother and sister in his old Eastern home, to whom his presence in the world was as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; people here trusting their property to him as the soul of prudence and honor, and resting without a fear on his sturdy strength. Gone in the midst of his days, with the kiss of his mother and sisters fresh on his mouth. Gone with the world in his heart, the sweet, unwholesome world in which he was so glad to live. Gone with these things all to be

done that only an honest and trusty man can do. Gone from every place that knew him, and was glad for him. Gone—and not a trace of him friendship or kinship or love could recognize. Gone into heaven, and wanted on the earth. It is no great comfort, I fear, to those who were very near him to think of him in the eternal rest. They want him here, and ought to have him here, and would have him but for that which human integrity and clear manhood might have prevented. It is such sad things as this that put the most terrible emphasis on this question. God asks, 'Why will ye die?' and starts the wonder when we shall summon the better spirit to do whatever can be done to put an end to these great disasters."

The following biographical outlines are given by Rev. L. Hand of Polk City, Iowa:

"George Francis Hubbard was born in Ipswich, Mass., May 12th, 1841, and so had passed his 35th anniversary. His parents removed to Claremont, N. H., before he was a year old, in which place he spent his childhood and youth. He studied at Meriden Academy, Dartmouth College, and Harvard Medical School. His first professional work was in St. John's College Hospital in Annapolis, Md., during the war. He

came to Polk City eleven years ago last September, and a year later was married to Eliza E. Tone, who survives him with three daughters. His life work has been here; here he has won his fortune, his good name and a warm place in the affections of our citizens. During these eleven years he has applied himself with great diligence to his professional work. Few men have been able to endure so much labor and fatigue. You all know of his long rides, sometimes lost on the prairie in the stormy night, long seeking some known object to guide his way, sometimes swimming his horse across the high river.

"During this time he has studied to keep abreast with the progress made by his profession, reading medical journals, attending the meetings of the profession and most of the time directing the reading of a student in his office. Few physicians carry to their patients more of sympathy and personal interest, making his visits more like those of a wise friend than that of a professional man. A man who was very intimate with him for years, told me that few persons knew how severely he studied his cases. There is a limit to the sympathy any one man can give, but no one could come nearer to carrying every patient upon his heart as though it were that of a personal friend. His bearing was that of mod-

est self-distrust which forbore claiming to fully understand his work or making large promises of cure. He carried to the sick bed a cheery kindliness, mingled with that dignity and self-reliance which quickly commanded confidence.

"As a citizen he had that public spirit which made him prompt to sustain our educational and religious institutions, or any interest that promotes the public weal. As a member of our Common Council he stood alone in opposing the change in an ordinance which opened the door for the licensing of saloons in our village. He has long been a member of the orders who have charge of this burial service to-day.

"He became a member of this church, some eight years ago. For it he has faithfully worked and generously given. Many is the long ride I have shared with him when all these matters were fully discussed, and it appeared how closely he cherished and valued these interests of religion. He was by temperament, conservative and cautious, not the most hopeful, but his hold was steady and firm to any work to which he applied himself. It will be asked in many circles, how can we get along without him, but nowhere with more feeling and fear than in this little church circle."

P. P. BLISS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

P. P. BLISS.

ONE of the saddest things connected with the whole calamity, and the circumstance which made the event a personal bereavement to many thousands of people, was the death of Mr. P. P. Bliss and his wife.

His name will always be associated with Ashtabula in the sad memories of that hour. Yet there are brighter visions connected with that name, which have a tendency to relieve the gloom of that whole calamity.

The very mention of those loved persons brings up the memory of their sweet songs. These songs may be supposed to echo in the air, and to mingle with all the mourning, so as to give almost a melody to the melancholy sounds. It is, indeed, a plaintive song. Yet there is a hopeful, soul-thrilling strain running through it all.

The memory of the sweet singer is a joyful, happy one, bringing delightful associations to the minds of all who knew him. Few persons ever endeared themselves to so many people in so short a life; but his spirit delighted others with its very sweetness.

The early days of Mr. Bliss were spent in toil. His parents were in humble circumstances, and while yet a youth, his father died, leaving him to meet the obstacles of life with only the counsel of his mother, whom he loved, but dependent on his own exertion for a livelihood. For a time the young man was engaged as a hired hand upon a farm. His home was at this time in the western part of Pennsylvania, where also, he received a partial education as a pupil of the collegiate institution at Towanda, Pa.

After a short period of study he went to Rome, Pa., and taught a district school. Here he met the lady who became his wife and to whom he ascribed the main part of his success. She was the daughter of O. F. Young, Esq., of Rome, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. He used to say to his friends, "All I am, I owe to

my wife." Under the influence received from her, he entered upon the study of music, and first felt the stirrings of that gift which made him so useful. Together they went to Prof. Root's Normal Academy at Geneseo, N. Y., where he made great advancement in music, and won the admiration of his gifted teacher.

It was, however, in Chicago, that his musical career really began; but it is a singular fact that fire was the element that brought out the genius of the man, as well as that in which his spirit was released from his body, and borne to higher realms.

He often remarked that it was the great fire which made him, because it liberated him from secular occupations, and led him to devote himself to the Lord's work. At the time, he was in the employ of the firm of Root & Cady, but the flames which laid in ruins the great city, also swept away his house, and from that event forward he seemed to have no home except where the service of song might lead him. He became connected with Rev. Dr. Goodwin's church as chorister and superintendent, and there,

he won all hearts, not only by his singing, but by his remarkable devotion as a Christian.

The choir meetings were always opened with prayer; he spoke and wrote personally to the members of the choir on the subject of religion; and he trained and improved them so that they sung from the impulse of loving and pious hearts. Dr. Goodwin bears testimony to his usefulness in this position, and says that Mr. Bliss' services in the choir, rendered his ministry more earnest, pleasant and fruitful.

It was, however, in connection with the precious revival work that the genius of Mr. Bliss was brought to that higher flight which gave such a broad influence, and caused his song to be heard throughout the land. About six years ago, Major Whittle and he first ventured out in the gospel work. It was then that he began to put words to music, both of which had sprung from the deep melody of his own heart.

At a meeting held in Rockford, Ill., a story was told which thrilled him with its interest, and under the inspiration of it, he with a glowing heart, composed that noble song, "Hold the

Fort," which has done so much to arouse and cheer the Christian people in every land.

From this time his own hymns inspired the melody which he sang. There was the inspiration of a heart full of love, united to a voice rich and expressive of emotion. "The effect of his singing was wonderful." "Melting in the fervor of his emotion, with tears filling his eyes, he sang his modest lyrics until every heart owned the spell." He was the author of the most popular songs used in the Moody and Sankey meetings. Any one who has heard these, may know what power they have had in moulding character, and in stirring souls to a lofty devotion.

The hymns "What shall the harvest be," "Whosoever will," "More to follow," "That Will be Heaven for me," "Almost Persuaded," were written by his pen, and the music inspired by his genius.

He also wrote the music of many other of the favorite hymns which have been sung by so many thousands. He wrote many of his songs upon the sudden inspiration of some incident. For

instance, when Mr. Moody at one of his meetings told the story of the wreck of the steamer at Cleveland, and had said that it was because the lights on the pier were not burning, he was thrilled with the anecdote, and impressed with the truth it illustrated, at once wrote out that beautiful song, "Let the lower lights be burning," and set it to music.

For the last three years, Mr. Bliss has given himself to the work of composing and singing for the revival meetings. This was done through the earnest persuasions of Mr. Moody. His success was very great. It was said at his funeral that probably no other man has ever reached so many hearts by song as he. Mr. Moody said: "This man who has died so young, his hymns are now sung around the world. Only a few days ago a book came to me from China, and there were his hymns—his hymns translated into Chinese. They are going into all the world—all around the world."

Rev. Dr. Goodwin said that it was a joyful thought that, though dead, the brother's work had just begun.

A little time ago a friend from South Africa had written how he stopped for a night's rest in the Zulu country, when Brother Bliss' song, "Hold the Fort," burst upon his ear from a company of natives. Just so his influence for good would spread and increase.

Some of his songs seem to be almost prophetic of his death. The last one which he sang in the Tabernacle just before starting for the East was one which will always be associated with his name:

I know not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to His own dear home,
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me!

I know not the song that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harp's glad ring,
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear,
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

Another has been spoken of by a friend as also prophetic even of the manner of his death,

although it was composed on the occasion of that other fire which consumed his home and the homes of thousands of others in the doomed city. It reads:

Hark! the alarm, the clang of the bells!
Signal of danger, it rises and swells!
Flashes like lightning illumine the sky,
See the red glare as the flames mount on high!

Chorus—Roll on, roll on, O billows of fire!
Dash with thy fiery waves higher and higher;
Ours is a mission abiding and sure—
Ours is a kingdom eternal, secure.

On like a fiend in its towering wrath,
On, and destruction alone points the path;
Mercy, O heaven! the sufferers wail;
Feeble humanity naught can avail.

The manner of Mr. Bliss' death was remarkable. He had been with his wife to the home of his parents in Towanda, Pa., where his children were staying, but as he had an appointment at Chicago for the Sabbath, he hastened to return.

Kissing the children a last farewell he left Rome, Pa., and took the Erie train at Waverly, for Chicago. His last stop was at Hornellsville, where the strange presentiments came upon him which were so near to persuading him to forsake the ill-fated train and take another route.

Then came that ride over the Lake Shore and the awful plunge into the chasm at Ashtabula. His wife was with him. "United in life they were not divided in death."

It is said that but a short time before, the good man was seen reading his Bible, and at the hour of his death was quietly composing a hymn. The two died together as the fatal flames approached, giving their lives as a song which should reach the better land.

Like martyrs they died singing their songs of faith, at least in their hearts, and together sharing the baptism of fire.

Memorial services were held in the Tabernacle at Chicago, where he was expected on the following Sabbath, at which Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey, Rev. Dr. Goodwin, and Rev. Dr. Thompson took part. The Tabernacle was appropriately draped and the exercises were very impressive.

The funeral services were held at Towanda, Pa., the home of his mother, on Sabbath, January 7th. Rev. Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago, preached the sermon, and Major D. W. Whittle gave an address full of interesting reminiscences, which

brought tears to the eyes of many. At its close Mr. Bliss' last hymn, found among his papers and entitled "He Knows," was sung. "It breathed the full spirit of his life."

So I go on in the dark, not knowing—
I would not if I might—
I would rather walk with God in the dark
Than walk alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

Rev. Dr. Goodwin in speaking of this funeral, afterward said that he thanked God he had the privilege of going to it. "Not a shadow had come over his face or the face of the friends whom he went to see.

"There was the gray-haired grandmother of eighty-three years, her face already shining with the light of the Heaven to which she was so near. When the news was told her she said, 'Only a step has Philip gone in advance of me.' The parents of Mrs. Bliss walked calm, without a murmur, through the valley of the shadow.

"Of the thirty or forty relatives, with but one exception, all, old and young, accepted Jesus Christ as the foundation upon which they stood.

MRS. P. P. BLISS,

The faces of these bereaved ones shone as faces never shine till God comes into the heart and banishes sorrow.

"Who ever saw a funeral service turned to an inquiry meeting? Yet at that service twenty-five persons avowed their determination to serve God, and at the evening service ten or fifteen more did the same."

Another memorial service was also held at Chicago on January 15th, at Rev. Dr. Goodwin's church, where Mr. Bliss began his public life as a singer, and where his memory is cherished tenderly, affectionately.

The large church was crowded, nearly three thousand people present.

His pastor on this occasion paid tribute to the character of his friend. He said:

1st. "He was one of the most hopeful men I ever knew. His life was unclouded, or at least the clouds came not to tarry. Not that he was exempt from trouble. He had his share of trial, discipline, and disappointment. He knew what it was to be misapprehended—to have mean and selfish motives imputed. He knew what it was to stand by the bedside of one who was dearer to

him than life, whom he expected might at any time be called away. But his mind was in the promises of God. His heart was above the clouds and was assured of the truth. Mr. Bliss will be better known in the future as the singing pilgrim.

"As he went on in the Christian life the Hallelujah grew more frequent. There are few of his songs, wherever they begin, which do not before they close, land us in the glory of the Heavenly Land. Take even 'Light in the darkness, Sailor.' The last verse begins, 'Bright glorious the morning, Sailor,' and it ends with a 'Glory, Hallelujah.'

"The second feature of his character was his peculiar benevolence.

"I know not what proportion he set aside, but I have known the fund to amount to $1,000 in six months. He was unselfish in everything. His devotion was always fervent. When our old church was burning, Mr. Bliss pointed to the cross that surmounted the gable and to the great front window illuminated by the flames and asked a member of the Sunday-school, 'Why will you not come over to us on the side of the cross? It never looked to me more beautiful than it does now, high above the flames, surrounded by stars, and it is certain to have the victory.'

"All these features culminated in the last trait. He was the gospel singer of the age.

"Why is it that while so many hymns pass out of mind, some, like 'Rock of Ages,' 'Just as I am,' 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' have become the hymns of the Christian church? Is it not because the words of God's truth, and especially of the Gospel, are in them? You do not read John Wesley's sermons but you sing Charles Wesley's hymns. Recall some of Mr. Bliss' hymns,—'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,' 'No other name is given.' There is not in the range of English hymnology one writer who put God's truth into song with the power and sweetness that Mr. Bliss has.

"You remember the story of Mr. Latimer, how he wandered drunk into the Tabernacle and was so aroused by Mr. Sankey singing, 'What shall the harvest be.'

"Throngs and throngs are yet to go up from this world to testify that the songs inspired of God while Mr. Bliss was on his knees led them to Christ."

The "Advance," of Chicago, contains the following: "It takes much from the sadness of the singer's awful death that his life was so rounded and complete. His work had been so well done that death could not surprise him and find him

with his mission unaccomplished. He had made his mark, and the mark will remain. His life has stopped, but his work goes on; in every church and in every home all over the world, and years from now, when even his name may be lost, his songs will still continue to inspire faltering men and women with courage, to bring consolation into the house of mourning, to arouse faith in the human heart. For such a life, so perfect, so successful, so far-reaching in its influences, spent in the most beneficent of labor and lost at the post of duty, there should be no tears. Other voices will take up his strains, and the work will go on without stop. Their simple beauty is not marred, nor is their wonderful influence upon the popular heart lessened by his death. Noble and impressive in his physique, affable and genial in his contact with every one, earnest and untiring in his work, he will long be missed as a leader in the evangelical movement which is now stirring the popular heart; but he has left his impress upon the world, with results more lasting than the work achieved by heroes of the battle-field or masters of state-craft. His harp is forever silent; his voice is forever hushed; but the songs which he sang can never die. Their melody, like the brook, goes on forever."

CHAPTEY XXVII.

TESTIMONY OF WITNESSES.

THE following is the testimony of some of the more important witnesses before the Coroner's Jury. It is taken from the short hand report made at the time, but abridged as much as possible.

MR. A. L. ROGERS TESTIFIES:

I was foreman of the raising of the bridge; superintended the screwing of nuts to bring the strain upon the vertical rods; Amasa Stone examined it and said my part of the work was well done; after knocking out the blocks, the bridge settled six inches; it settled gradually as we put in thinner blocks and took them out to put in still thinner ones; it was not in use during this time; Mr. Stone then decided to reconstruct the bridge, by changing the position of certain irons and braces; the bridge was constructed after this design, with one exception; the struts running from the bottom cord to the middle of the first

pair of braces were not put in till afterward; a change was made in the arrangement of the upper cords, which were shortened; after these changes Mr. Stone examined it without taking out the blocks, and pronounced it good; the false work remained in position from October, 1865, to November, 1866.

Cross-examined—When the bridge was first put up, it settled, and I made the remark that if it kept on, it would go into the creek; perhaps I told it to half a dozen others; said it was not Mr. Collins' bridge, but Mr. Stone's; said the bridge had cost a great deal of money, but don't recollect saying it would cost the company a great deal more; was discouraged because the bridge acted so, and that I couldn't see how to remedy it; remember all this was before the modifications were made; Mr. Congdon was with Mr. Stone when the bridge was examined; the plan of changing the braces was then adopted.

Mr. Albert Congdon, testified as follows: At the time of the construction of this bridge I was employed by the Lake Shore Road as master machinist; knew something about the construction of this bridge, as I had charge of the work in making the bridge; found a lack of material to fill the place for which it was designed; told Mr. Thompson about it, and he wanted to know

if he had better let Mr. Stone know it; told him he had better; a short time afterward I was told to take the plans and finish the construction of the bridge as I thought it should be done; do not know how far the work had progressed at the time I assumed control; the braces were not marked so as to designate the position they were to occupy; never calculated the strength of the tension of compression members; did not say much to Mr. Tomlinson or any other man about the bridge, as I did not consider myself a competent bridge man; from the time of Mr. Tomlinson leaving, I had the management of constructing the bridge; Mr. Rogers told me that Mr. Stone had given him orders to erect it, but he did not know how; I asked him why he did not go and tell Mr. Stone so, and he said that he did not like to; I then told him as much as I knew.

Testimony of the man who drew the plans for the Ashtabula bridge.

Joseph Tomlinson is sworn. Resides in Ottawa, Ont. Is General Superintendent of Lighthouses in the employ of the Canadian Government. Was engaged in bridge-building from 1840 to 1870. He made the drawings for the iron Howe truss bridge over Ashtabula Creek—the one which had lately fallen. He did this

under instructions from Mr. Stone. He never approved of a wrought-iron Howe truss over a large span. It makes an unnecessarily heavy bridge, and all the strain accumulates at the end braces. Notwithstanding its weight, it would have been a strong, durable bridge had the main braces been sufficiently strong. They were not made as large as designed, and it was his intention that they should be strengthened, but his connection with the Company was severed on account of a difference that arose between himself and Mr. Stone concerning the bridge.

Mr. A. Gottlieb, engineer of the Keystone Bridge Company, at Pittsburg, Pa., was next called. He testified as follows:

When the wrecked bridge was constructed, the building of iron truss bridges was in its childhood, compared with the progress made since that time.

The first objectionable point in the bridge, therefore, was the unnecessarily great dead weight; the second, the lack of sufficient section in the upper cord; also the manner in which the beams forming said cord were bound together, which brought much more strain on some of them than on others.

I have made a careful examination of the

wrecked bridge as it lay at the bottom of the river, and also of the map of the bridge as made by Mr. Tomlinson, and I think that I have obtained a very good idea of the construction of the wrecked bridge. I do not think that the Howe truss pattern is very well adapted to a heavy iron bridge. During my examination I did not see anything in the plan or construction of the bridge that would lead me to think that the extremes of heat or cold would injure it. I never knew of any other wrought iron bridge constructed on the Howe truss pattern.

Before the committee appointed by the Legislature of Ohio, the following testimony was also given by Mr. Amasa Stone, the former President of the Road:

Mr. Stone swore that he designed the bridge, but only superintended the drawing of the plan, while the details of construction were given into the hands of Mr. Albert Congdon, who was supervised by Mr. Joseph Tomlinson.

I have never constructed any other Howe truss bridge with wrought-iron braces, and know of no other anywhere in the country. When Mr. Rogers made the mistake of putting in the braces it was not negligence in permitting him to continue the superintendence of the erection of the bridge,

for there was no other particular in which he could have made a mistake. It was not even unwise to permit him to continue. When the bridge was changed in correcting the mistake there were no more braces inserted.

Chas. Collins, the engineer of the road, testified before the same committee, as follows:

About the time the bridge was built, my duties were so heavy I was relieved from looking after the bridge. I never mentioned to any one that the bridge was not mine and that I did not want anything to do with it, since it was placed under the charge of a bridge-man; I thought it out of place for me to say anything about it. I never knew of another bridge being built of wrought iron on this plan. I think the bridge was rather an experiment.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LESSONS OF THE EVENT.

THE narrative of this great disaster is finished; space does not admit of the addition of further material.

All that remains to be said is of a religious nature. Mr. Devereaux, as representative of the friends of the Road, beautifully alluded to Moses as a Civil Engineer. So we, in conclusion, go to the word of God for the lesson of the hour.

Moses went up the mountain and received the patterns of all things which were to be made; but the Israelites were not permitted to transgress the bounds set at the base, "lest they die." Skill in art and architecture was in those days regarded as an inspiration from God, as was proved in the case of Bezaleel, who had knowledge of all inventions.

In our day we have invaded the region of

storms, and have thought to seize the forces which belong to the Almighty; but the result has been death—death unforseen, unexpected, appalling, heartrending. Men have found by hard experience that it is dangerous to lay hold of these grand elements of nature. Until they have become more reverent, conscientious, God-fearing and unselfish, they are not fit to enter the dangerous precincts where the Almighty dwells. In some way, even if knowledge is attained, the sin and selfishness of men will bring the lightnings and the fire out of the mountain, and men shall surely die.

The great forces of nature have a sacredness about them, and the laws of the universe an inviolability, which will admit of no wantonness or careless handling for selfish ends. But until a sense of accountability to God prevails, the safety of property and of human life cannot be secured. No coroner's jury, no legislative committee, no congressional enactment, will make men realize how sacred are many of these responsibilities of life. The haste to get rich and the desire to make men serve the purpose of money-

getting, and the control over many to the enrichment of the few, will destroy the sense of accountability and blind men, so that they run profanely into the very place where God has the hidings of his power, but the result is that they do not know how to handle the lightnings and to control the storms, and they are appalled at the calamities which their own temerity has brought down.

The people must understand that with all this control over the elements, the increase of knowledge and power, there is no safety anywhere except in God. It is sad that this lesson has to be impressed by many deaths when it is taught by every one. The terrible experiences of many, concentrate because we will not listen to the hints given gently to each of us. The storms and hurricanes and great shocks and calamities and horrid deaths, come because we will not listen to wisdom; and yet God is not in the storm or in the earthquake, but is in the still small voice.

It is indeed well to say that safety must be secured, selfishness shall be rebuked, laws should be studied, skill employed, this blundering, heedless, reckless mode of life must be stopped; but

where in all the advance of art and education, has there appeared immunity from accidents or safety from death. No, with all the conservatism which may be advocated, with all the plans for skilled labor and with all the attainment of knowledge, is there not need of that which God alone can give, even the bringing in of a better hope.

If there were no vanities, errors, or perversities to bring destruction from out the elements which men have not learned to control, even then death would come. There must be a higher life which is not subject to the destructive forces. The mercy of God and the deliverance wrought out for us by His Son has respect as much to the material creation as to the moral state. In some way we shall attain to a further control of the unseen forces and shall know more of the great laws of God. But happy are we if the death which must come, shall be like that of Moses, who, after his long wanderings and faithful discharge of duty, went up Mount Pisgah and looked over the promised inheritance to which the people should enter, but he himself took up his dwelling place with God.

THE CORONER'S VERDICT.

"It is from a careful consideration of the evidence elicited from professionals and experts that our verdict is made up in the matter of the bridge, and should it seem severe upon the railway company, or upon any of its past or present officials, it is because the truth, as shown by the evidence, demands it at our hands. We cannot do less and feel that we have discharged our duty. Mr. Amasa Stone, President of the company, at the time of the erection of this structure, had been for years a prominent and successful railroad contractor and builder of wooden Howe truss bridges. With the undoubted intention of building a strong, safe, and durable wrought-iron bridge, upon the Howe truss plan, he designed the structure, dictated the drawing of the plans and the erection of the bridge, without the approval of any competent engineer, and against the protest of the man who made the drawings under Mr. Stone's direction, assuming the sole and entire responsibility himself. Iron bridges were then in their infancy, and this one was an experiment which ought never to have been tried or trusted to span so broad and so deep a chasm. This experiment has been at a fearful cost of human life and human suffering. Unquestionably, Mr. Stone had great confidence in his own abilities, and believed he could build and had built a structure which would prove the crowning glory of an active life and an enduring monument to his name. That the officials of the railroad regarded the bridge as safe we have no doubt, as two of them were on the train that went down, and all were more or less frequently passing over it. That the fall of the bridge was the result of defects and errors made in designing, constructing, and erecting it. That a great defect, and one which appears in many parts of the structure, was the dependence of every member for its efficient

action upon the probability that all or nearly all the others would retain their position and do the duty for which they were designed, instead of giving each member a positive connection with the rest, which nothing but a direct rupture could sever. That the railway company used and continued to use this bridge about eleven years, during all which time a careful inspection by a competent bridge engineer could not have failed to discover the defects. For the neglect of such careful inspection, the railway company alone is responsible. That the responsibility of this fearful disaster and its consequent loss of life rests upon the railway company, which, by its chief executive officer, planned and erected this bridge; that the cars in which the deceased passengers were carried into the chasm, were not heated by heating apparatus so constructed that the fire in them would be immediately extinguished whenever the cars were thrown from the track and overturned; that their failure to comply with the plain requirements of the law places the responsibility of the origin of the fire upon the railway company; that the responsibility for not putting out the fire at the time it first made its appearance in the wreck, rests upon those who were the first to arrive at the scene of the disaster, and who seemed to have been so overwhelmed by the fearful calamity that they lost all presence of mind, and failed to use the means at hand, consisting of the steam pump in the pumping-house and the fire engine Lake Erie and its hose, which might have been attached to the steam pump in time to save life. The steamer belonging to the Fire Department, and also the Protection fire engine, were hauled more than a mile through a blinding snow-storm, and over roads rendered almost impassable by the drifted snow, and arrived on the ground too late to save human life; but nothing should have prevented the Chief Engineer from making all possible efforts to extinguish what fire there remained. For his failure to do this he is responsible. The persons deceased, whose bodies were identified and those whose bodies and parts of bodies were unidentified came to their death by the precipitation of the aforesaid cars, in which they were riding, into the chasm in the valley of Ashtabula creek, left by the falling of the bridge, as aforesaid; the crushing and burning of cars aforesaid, for all of which the railway company is responsible."