

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

RUNAWAY BOY

BY JAMES OWENS.

## ERRATA .

On page 76, chapter 10, second line, it reads 3,000 people whereas it should read 30,000 people.

On page 81, third line from bottom the word Carnegie should read Braddock, as it was near the present site of Braddock.

Again on page 135 and chapter 36, it speaks of Mr. Isaac M. Pinnick, which name should be Isaac M. Pennock.

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# Recollections

...OF A RUNAWAY BOY....

1827—1903.



BY JAMES OWENS.



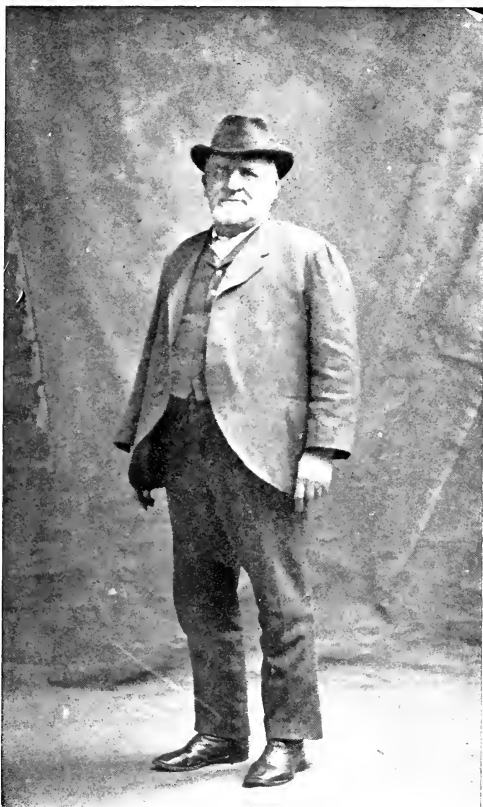
PITTSBURG, PA., 1903.

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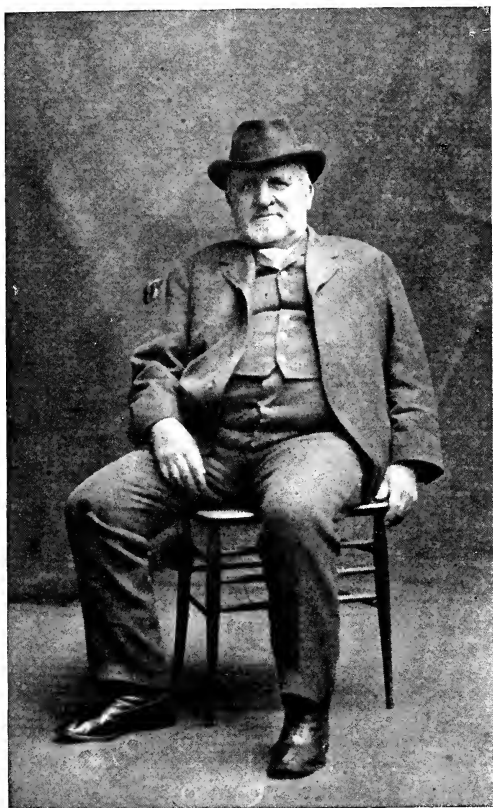


JAMES OWENS.



To the wife who was ever a loving companion, devoted mother and helpful friend, this volume is affectionately dedicated.





A FAVORITE POSITION OF THE AUTHOR.



## CHAPTER I.

### Introduction.

This is the life story of a man who, in the seventy-six years he has traveled about the world, has proven the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. Unlike the novelist, who draws upon a vivid imagination for his tales of adventure, the hero of this story has but to draw upon his memory of events he has seen—in most of which he has been an actor. The events herein recorded are mostly incidents jotted down in leisure moments the past few years for the amusement of children and grandchildren, and they may also find much to instruct them in the ways of the world fifty, and even seventy years ago.

Ireland was my birthplace, and the date was April 10, 1827. That was in County Derry, near Curran. My father's people were of Welsh stock, and my mother Scotch, though both were born in Ireland. Shortly after my arrival in the family my parents moved to Entrem, where father took charge of John McChesney's Blichgreen. I was my father's namesake and he was very fond of me. The first incident I can remember was one day I was sitting on his knee. He was smoking, and ashes fell from his pipe and burned my little body. He was sorely grieved, and threw away his pipe, declaring he would never smoke again. And he never did.

That was an incident that showed the strength of his character. When he took a line of action he kept to it to the end, and I believe that that strength of character was my chief inheritance, and in fact it was my only inheritance, except life and health, for almost from the first I made my own way in the world.

A little incident, wrong though it was, or would be for one who had reached years of discretion, occurred when I was about four years old, and it shows that, like my father, I went through with whatever I undertook. I took a fancy to a pigeon belonging to a neighbor named Brown, and I caught it and took it home. Mother did not know whose it was, and allowed me to keep it, thinking it was only a stray bird. But one day a little later, Mr. Brown was passing and saw the bird. He told my mother, who compelled me to carry the pigeon back, liberally using a willow switch on my back and legs until we met a neighbor woman, Mrs. McChesney, whose pleading in my behalf saved me further punishment.

The following Sunday, while my father and mother and the Browns were at church, I went to the Brown home, got the pigeon again, brought it home, killed it and hid it under a stone pile. It was missed of course, and they blamed me for having taken it. Mother often questioned me, but I never would admit that I knew anything about its disappearance.

Whenever I saw Mr. Brown, I would imagine that he was thinking about that pigeon, but I was too stubborn to ever admit the crime and ask forgiveness. I felt that the whipping I got for taking the bird was

punishment enough for both offenses, and really the whipping was the motive for the second crime, and I am not a believer in the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," for many a boy has been spoiled by too liberal application of the rod.

Seventy years ago there were curious remedies for the small ills of childhood, and for the ills of our elders as well. Shortly after the incident of the pigeon—I almost said the tragedy of the pigeon—I was taken with whooping cough. It is not a very serious malady, but it is annoying, especially so for people living in the house when a whooping spell comes on the patient in the night. I must have been very noisy, for they took extreme measures to cure me. They brought a donkey into the front yard and carried me out of the house. Three times I was put around and under the donkey, then I was made to eat bread that had been first put into the mouth of the donkey. I soon got well, and the donkey got credit for being a great medicinal agent, but I have never been thoroughly convinced that he was any more of a doctor than some of the donkeys who in this day put an M. D. at the end of their names and promise to cure everything from measles to consumption with some combination of drugs that promises to do everything, instead of helping nature to make you well and keep you strong by obeying her laws.

It was not long after the affair of the donkey that the family moved to Belfast, where father took charge of Craig's weaving factory, on the Falls Road. We were only there a short while when father died.

I can remember little of the occurrences of the next two years. Mother kept her little family together and we were all happy and contented. Those two years were spent so pleasantly, and with so little to disturb the even tenor of our ways that there is little to record. One cannot make a story of happy domestic life, but must needs get out into the world, where there is less of happiness and content, and more of turmoil and strife.

This I soon learned, for mother married about two years after my father's death. Her second husband was a retired naval officer, Capt. Hughey Drain, and his man-of-war ways did not suit me or my brothers and sisters. Capt. Drain was a valiant officer, and had been retired on pension, which he had undoubtedly earned in the service of his country, but I was too young then to look only at the glory his name brought the family, and I did not consider that his bluff and burly manner towards his step-children was excusable on the ground that he had fought in "the King's navee." He was overbearing, and rough, and if there had been any such thing as a marlin spike around the house, I guess he would have used it on some of us, but that and the "cat o' nine tails" being out of his reach, he made things as unpleasant as possible with his tongue, and soon drove my sister and older brothers away from home.

One day the captain asked if I had not taken a half crown from his pocket. With indignation, I told him I had not. He said nothing more then, but when I went to bed he searched my clothes. He found noth-

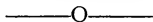


ing in my pockets but cherry stones, but that did not save me from a beating, and that was the beginning of the end of my life at home.

All that day I nursed my wrath. In the evening I went to a blacksmith shop and secured a staple. This I drove into the side of the wall at the head of the stairs, and about six inches from the floor. Then I secured a rope and tied it from the staple to the balustrade. I expected my step-father to trip over it when he went down stairs to lock the door for the night, and break his neck, which I considered but light punishment for the trashing he gave me, but my mother had gone to the store, and on her return she tripped and fell upstairs, instead of the captain falling down.

I was not blamed with this attempt to murder the man whom I thought had committed the greatest possible wrong against me, but a neighbor boy was suspected of having placed the rope there.

That was the last night I ever spent under the roof of my home in Ireland. I feared the Captain would find out who it was tried to trip him and I would be punished, so I got out of bed and left the house.



## CHAPTER II.

### The Runaway Boy.

In the darkness of the night I crept out of the house. I did not know what time it was, but with the fear of coming punishment in me, I fled as fast as my

little legs could carry me. Mother had said that past the graveyard where my father was laid to rest was the road to grandfather's home. I felt that if I could only go there I would find a haven of rest. I sped on down the road, and as I reached the Shinkle graveyard I was tired out. I tried to get through the gate to sleep on my father's grave. But the gate was locked. I rattled at the gate, then tried to get through the hedge, but at last I lay down on the grass beside the fence and went to sleep. No thought of the gruesome surroundings entered my mind. I was too tired for even the small fears of childhood, burdened by a heavier fear of the punishment that would be my portion if I returned home.

The gray of dawn was just creeping over the trees when I awoke. I looked around, puzzled for a moment at my surroundings, then the whole injustice of my position came upon me once more, and I started up and ran as though I had seen the Captain coming after me. I sped on, over Davis mountain and down into the little green valley. For hours I walked and when I came to the toll gate at Ben Water I could not pass, as I had no money and feared the questions of the toll keeper. I stood in the road, ready to weep from fatigue and hunger and fear. Suddenly the toll keeper came out.

"Where are you going, laddie?" he asked.

"I don't know," I told him.

He soon had the whole story out of me. Taking me into his house he ordered something for me to eat. **Fearing that he would take me back home, as soon**

as he disappeared to return to the toll house I ran out the door and down the road. Fear was stronger than hunger. All that afternoon and far into the night I sped on. At last, weary and hungry, I again lay down on the soft, cool grass and slept.

I was awakened by the sun shining in my eyes. I did not know how long I had slept. My legs were stiff from the long journey, and I could scarce bear the terrible pangs of hunger that were gnawing at my stomach. Still I walked on, though more slowly than on the day before, more often stopping for a rest at the roadside. But at last my spirit broke. I crept up beside a thorne hedge and cried for my mother.

As I was sitting there, with the tears running down my cheeks, a man came riding by on a pony.

"So small, and in trouble already?" he said riding up close to the hedge and looking at me with a smile in which even I, young as I was, could see sympathy and friendliness.

In answer to his questions, I told my little tragedy, holding back nothing. I was too thoroughly worn out to try to deceive him, willing even to accept return home to the bullying of Captain Drain, rather than to pass further torture in an attempt to escape him. But I had found a friend.

"It hardly seems possible for a lad so small to walk so far," he said. "But you need walk no further. Come home with me, and we will see what we can do for you."

Then he lifted me up on the back of the pony, and in a little while he sat me down at his door, as meek

a little run away as ever was caught up. While I was satisfying a ravenous hunger, he told me his name was Samuel Stormy. He was the owner of a marble quarry and a plaster-of-paris works. After my dinner he laid me out a good suit of clothes, and soon after I was escorted to the attic, to sleep in the bed with the serving man.

Tired as I was, I was soon asleep, and not until morning did I awake. Even the fierce storm which broke upon the place during the night failed to awaken me, and I knew nothing of it till I opened my eyes to discover the sun shining above me, the roof gone, all the bedclothes gone, and the room stripped of everything but the bed with me lying upon it. I looked out, and could see Mr. Stormy and a crowd of people in the meadow searching for something.

I went down and stood in the doorway for a moment, then started towards them, and I made up my mind they must be crazy. Some of them started to run away, while Mr. Stormy came running toward me.

"We thought you were killed," he said, "and were looking for your dead body in the meadow, where the roof of the house was dropped by the wind."

And naked as I was, he picked me up and carried me out among the superstitious ones to prove that I was flesh and blood and no ghost.

That was the beginning of a happy life of two years at the home of Mr. Stormy. Little work did I do, scarcely enough to pay my friend for the clothes he bought me and the food I ate. Everything that a

son could expect was done for me, and the thought of my brothers and sisters and mother began to seem like a dream of the distant past. Mr. Stormy had accepted my story of the terrible Captain who beat me, and did not even attempt to send me back. His heart was too kind to allow me to return to a home of cruelty, and he preferred to have me remain with him.

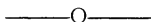
Scarcely a cross word he gave me in two years. At the end of that time I had grown to be quite a large lad of nearly eight years. I thought I was then large enough to ride the horses and occasionally when Mr. Stormy was not around the stableman would put me on a quiet horse and give free rein to gallop up and down the road or across the fields.

One day Mr. Stormy came into the barn as I was trying to get on one of the colts tied in the stall. He caught me by the scruff of the coat and dragged me out into the shed, where he began to whip me with a bunch of straw. I began to laugh and he became angry. He got a willow switch and gave me a genuine thrashing, though not severe, and when I began to cry he threw the switch away, talked to me awhile about the danger I was running in trying to ride the colts, and left me in the shed.

I did not realize then how kind he was. He had not really hurt me, but had wounded my spirit. All that day I brooded over what I considered his injustice. In a moment I forgot all he had done for me in the two years from the time he had picked me up by the roadside, and although I had come to look upon him as a second father, always kind and considerate,

all was blotted out in one real blow from his hand.

That night, after all had gone to bed, I put on my best clothes, slipped out of the house and down the road, my only thought to get away and to get still further from the place where I still felt the terrible **Captain** was waiting for me with a strap in his hand, a grim and forbidding picture of vengeance.



### CHAPTER III.

#### I Find a New Home.

My second runaway was under less trying circumstances. My friends at the Stormys had given me an occasional shilling or sixpence, and I was fairly wealthy, and also as well clothed, when I got up in the night and stole away. After walking all through the balance of the night, and just as the light of day began to appear in the east, I began to realize what I had left behind. But my pride would not allow me to go back and ask to be taken in again. So I kept walking on, until I came to a house where there were people stirring about. I went in and asked if I could get breakfast. I ate with the family, and proffered the good woman a shilling, but she declared I was too small to be paying for my meals. I insisted that I was no beggar, and we finally compromised on a sixpence, and I started on my way.

I jogged long pleasantly enough all that day, occasionally being given a lift by a man with a cart,

and when night came I asked for lodging at the first cottage that took my fancy. I was given a warm welcome, a good supper, bed and breakfast, and this time I could not force my money on my host, but was sent on my way with as cheery a God-speed as could be accorded the most honored of guests.

Now I thought I was far enough away to begin hunting a place to work. Everywhere I went, I asked for work, but there was little for a lad of eight to do, and time after time I was turned away. Late in the afternoon, I told my story to a man who had given me a lift in his cart.

“Jimmie McClatchy’s is just the place for you,” he said. “He’s an old bachelor, and there’s not a lad on the place. Go to him and tell him I sent you.”

I was given minute directions, and was set down on the road as near the McClatchy place as possible. Then bidding my new friend good-bye, I trudged on to the McClatchy farm, where I found just such a welcome as he had promised. The McClatchy family consisted of two men, James and his younger brother, Tommy, both old bachelors, and their mother. I had landed on my feet again, found as good a home as the one I had just deserted.

While I had plenty of work at McClatchy’s to earn my board and clothes and a little beside, I also had plenty of leisure time, and I soon became acquainted with all the boys in the neighborhood. We were all Irish lads to the core, full of the old nick, and to this day I have to laugh when I think of some of the

pranks we used to play, though some of them were more boyish than humorous.

Paddy McMullen was for a time the butt of our fun. He had a fat pig which I had trained as a saddler, and I was wont to ride him every time I got an opportunity—when Paddy was not looking. But one day when I was having my ride, the pig showed he had a mind of his own by running into Paddy's house, with me on him. Paddy was sitting by the fire, and the sight of his favorite pig being used as a saddle horse was too much for him.

"Git out o' this, ye dirty thafe," he shouted, as he reached for the poker.

I did my best to escape, but dodged in the wrong direction, and got the poker squarely on my head. Luckily it did me little harm, but it taught me that it would be best not to fool with Paddy, especially not take liberties with his pig. Thereafter when I wanted to take a ride, I was very careful to see that Paddy's door was closed so that I could not be rushed into trouble again.

Next door to McClatchy's lived Adam Duncan, a wealthy man who bought port and flax in the country round and sent it to Belfast. He handled large sums of money, and all of his returns from Belfast had to be carried by a man, as there were no banks to handle such financial matters as there are now. Hughie Henderson was his messenger, and always when he returned in his cart from Belfast he had large sums with him. One day, as Hughie was driving out of Antrim, an old crippled man asked to be given a lift.



"The boss doesn't allow me to take anybody in the cart," said Hughie:

"Sure, an' ye wouldn't refuse an ole cripple?" the poor fellow pleaded.

Finally Hughie agreed to give him a ride if he would get into the back of the cart and cover himself up with the bags so no one would see him. So the cripple clambered in and did as Hughie told him.

About five miles out, five policemen came out of Lord O' Neil's demesne, and one of them pointing a pistol at Hughie, they demanded his money.

"You can't have it," said Hughie.

The cripple peeking from under the bags saw one of them knock out Hughie's brains with a club, and another take the bills from his inside pocket. Then all five disappeared again within the shrubbery on the O'Neil estate.

Just as the cripple had crawled from under the bags, Duncan came along, and seeing Hughie lying dead in the road, he accused the cripple of the murder.

"'Tis a sorry day," wailed the cripple, "I never touched him, but if ye drive back to town I can show you the men as did it."

Back to town they hurried as fast as the horses could go, leaving poor Hughie's bleeding corpse lying in the grass by the road. They drove directly to the office of the Mayor, and the cripple told his story. The Mayor rang his bell and ordered that all the policemen be called in. A number of men appeared, but the murderers were not among them.

"Are these all ye have?" asked the cripple.

"No," said the Mayor, "there are a few more," and he ordered that the others be brought in.

The cripple stood beside the Mayor, and as the culprits came through the door he pointed them out, one at a time.

"There is the one that knocked out Hughie's brains," he said, "and there is the one that held the horses, and there is the one that took the money and put it in his coat pocket. The other two were with them."

The Mayor immediately started an investigation. The money was found in their pockets, and all that the cripple said was found to be true. The trial was brief, and the men were promptly sentenced to be hanged. Justice traveled with rapid strides in those days, and the next day the murderers were hanged to five trees in Lord O'Neil's wood, where they had hidden till Hughie drove up.

The bodies were left hanging in the wood for ten days as a warning to evil-doers. With a party from the neighborhood I went to see the bodies hanging among the trees. It took us a whole day to go there and back. The sight was terrible, and for weeks I could hardly think of anything else, and the sight of the four bodies dangling in the breeze would come before me at all sorts of times, and make me shiver with dread.

## CHAPTER IV.

## Jimmie McMullin's Ghost.

Jimmie McMullin and his wife, Nancy, were the butt of many of the pranks of the lads of the neighborhood. Jimmie was a little inclined to drink and when drinking would fight with his wife. One night, when Jimmie was ripe for sport, we boys hollowed out a turnip and filled it with flax. Then we lighted it and by holding it to the keyhole and blowing through it we soon had the house full of smoke. As soon as the smoke got thick, Jimmie and his wife began to fight. I was behind the jamb wall, and I carried Paddy McMullin's old rooster from which we had plucked all the feathers and which we had singed with straw. When the smoke got so thick they could not see me I put the rooster into the house, the boys stopped blowing in smoke, and we waited for developments.

Pretty soon the smoke began to rise to the ceiling, and Jimmie saw the rooster strutting across the floor.

"It's the divil," he yelled, and ran for the door.

I was in his way, and he fell over me.

"There's another one of 'em," he shouted, and he jumped up and down the road as if pursued by a hundred devils.

Nancy, left by herself, was scared almost to death. She fell on her knees and screamed at the top of her voice:

"Oh, Good Lord, don't take me. It's not me that wants to be taken."

A little way down the street Jimmie came upon a crowd of men, and thus reinforced, he started back to put the devils to route. We boys had started home, and when we saw the crowd coming we hid in the road to let them pass. They were telling what they would do to the ghosts that were in Jimmie's house, and one of the boys laughed. Jimmie let out a yell you could have heard for a mile, and started back the way he had come, and all the other ghost fighters followed him as fast as their legs would carry them.

The next night we boys went to call on Jimmie, and we were all sitting around listening to Jimmie's story of the ghosts, when Paddy, his brother, came in.

"Jimmie, there's something going to happen around here," he said. "Last night when the ghosts were up to your place, one of them visited mine. He took all the feathers off my old rooster as clean as a whistle, and didn't leave a feather in the hen house."

That upset the whole crowd of us, and we burst out laughing. Paddy thought we were laughing at him, and he ran us out of the house and down the street.

I got my scare the following night. I was walking down the lane, when I heard an awful rattle and clatter, and decided the devil was around this time for certain. With a scream of terror I started to run for the nearest house. It was Paddy McMullin's place. I never stopped to open the door, but burst it in and fell on the floor, white and faint with terror. I was

just recovering enough to tell Jimmie, who happened to be there, what I had heard and what I thought I had seen, when Paddy came in dragging a huge log chain behind him. And that was my ghost. It was Jimmie's turn now to have fun with me.

There was a Spa woman in the neighborhood, and a night or two after the log chain event, Andy Ewing and I went to see her. She told Andy's fortune, and his was so good I wanted mine told, also. I had no money, so I pawned my cap to get it. When I had "crossed her palm with silver," she told me I would get a wife worth her weight in gold. And that was once she told the truth, but it was many years later, and many thousands of miles away from Ireland that I found her.

The lads in the McClatchy neighborhood seemed to run to the ghost idea for a time, and all our fun was making the superstitious people think they had seen the devil or some of his satellites. One night when William Johnson came home he saw a pumpkin head, which his son and I had made, setting on his fence post. When he saw the flaming eyes and blood red teeth and the terrible face staring at him he jumped on his horse and rode into town. He never came home till the next morning.

The next night, Johnson was sitting in front of the fire place with a number of others at McClatchy's. His son and I climbed up on the roof and dropped horse-chestnuts down the chimney. Soon they got hot and exploded, throwing sparks in every direction. The people paid no attention to the first explosion, but soon

half a dozen came, one right after the other, and the crowd fled from the room in consternation, sure there were ghosts in the fireplace.

Hugh Dempsey was another queer old character living near the McClatchy place. I would often go to visit him and listen to his queer talk. One afternoon when I was there a little pig was running through the house. As it went under the clock one of the weights fell on it and made it squeal. I told Hugh he ought to knock the devil out of the clock, and he did. He picked up the weight and threw it at the clock with all his force. When the weight hit the clock it began to strike.

"You will strike back," shouted Hugh, and he kept on stoning the clock till it quit striking because it was completely ruined.

Old Dave McClatchy, an uncle of the McClatchys with whom I lived, resided on the farm. He died shortly after I came to live there, and of course they had a wake. Old Davy was so crooked physically that when they laid him out they had to put weights on his chest and knees to make him lie straight. All the people in the neighborhood came to the wake and the folks at home got supper for them.

While they were eating supper, Ellen McClatchy sent me up to the room where old Davy lay to snuff the candles. When I opened the door I was surprised to see Davy sitting up in bed.

"What have they been doing with Davy?" I shouted down the stairs to Ellen. "He's sitting up in bed."

She came running up, and sure enough she found him sitting there as though he had become tired of lying down so long.

She called some of the others, and when they saw him they ran out of the house and would not come back, declaring the old man's corpse was bewitched, but Tom McClatchy found that the weight had slipped off Davy's chest and the weight on his knees made his head rise. Tom fixed the weight again and old Davy lay down, never to rise again.

"I don't see what you are all scared about," I told them. "I should think you would be glad Davy is alive again."

A couple of nights later I was sleeping with Tom, as he promised to take me to the fair next day and wanted to be sure to get up in time to get an early start. Shortly after daylight Tom waked me up and told me to go down stairs and see what time it was. I got bewildered and got into Old Davy's room. In the dim light I thought I saw his ghost, and I began to scream. That awoke the whole house and the folks came running in with lighted candles. There in the corner stood a spinning wheel with the white flax on it, and that was what I thought was Davy's ghost.

Although it was a little early to get up, it was still too late to go to bed and try to sleep. So we soon had breakfast and Tom and I got an early start for the fair. Tom saw some fine looking butter, and decided to buy a roll of it. Then he sent me to his cousin's store with it. His cousin cut it in two, and

found that only the outside was butter, while the inside was potatoes.

When Tom was told how he had been sold, he investigated, and found that the butter was made by Ann Pitt, who had a reputation in the country for making dirty butter, although it was always of excellent quality.

One day she declared she would make some clean butter. So she took a bath and put on clean clothes and prepared to retrieve her reputation. She had the butter all churned and was working it out. She got upon a chair to reach the salt above the stove, when the chair slipped and she fell back into the butter bowl.

"I'll never try to make clean butter again," she declared, and I guess she never did.

After that as she walked along the streets the urchins would shout after her, "I'll never try to make clean butter again," and then she would chase them down the street.

Shortly after this episode, Ann went to the seashore at Port Stewart, and there she found a man she liked better than she did her husband, and ran away with him to Scotland. Finally she came back home, but her husband refused to take her in. So she was sold in the market at Marfet, and her father bought her for half a crown. That was the way they divorced people in those days.



## CHAPTER V.

## My One Day in School.

When the fall days came and there was little work for me to do on the farm, Mrs. McClatchy decided I ought to go to school. I was then about 8 years old, and though I had learned to read a little I had never been in school. It won't take a very long chapter to tell all about my school days, because there were no school days, only one day, and hardly that.

Mrs. McClatchy gave me a piece of turf, for we had to carry fuel with us if we wanted to share in the warmth of the fire. With my turf under my arm, I started off. The master sat me on one of the rear benches and when he called the first class out to recite, I picked up a slate and began to draw pictures. The master told me to stop, and I laid the slate down. When he wasn't looking, I picked it up again and he soon heard the scratching. He picked up his heavy rule and threw it at me, striking me on the ear, breaking my ear drum.

Though the blood was running from my mouth and ear, I jumped from my seat and taking the rule I threw it at him with all my strength. It struck him squarely on the forehead, knocking him down. I jumped on him and kicked him, and before he was able to get up, I ran from the room.

That was the end of my school days. Instead of gaining an education I lost the hearing of one ear. When I went home, Mrs. McClatchy said she would

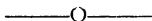
not allow me to return to school, but would teach me at home. And she did. Every day, as long as I stayed there she continued to give me instruction, and from her I got the ground work. The balance of my education I have worked out myself at nights, getting books and reading, studying all my spare time. I shall never forget the kindness of Mrs. McClatchy, and I wept bitterly one morning when I awoke and was told that she was dead. (I believe Mrs. McClatchy was the grandmother of James J. Corbett, the pugilist).

Although my education was "finished" that one day, I watched for a chance to get revenge on the schoolmaster. I did not succeed in revenging myself on him, but some time after this I met his son, about my own age, coming to Johnson's pasture to milk the cow. I watched for him to return, and when he came to McClatchy's lane I ran out and kicked his bucket of milk over, spilling it all. He tried to thrash me, but after a tustle I got the better of him, and gave him a beating which resulted in the loss of one of his eyes.

This fight cost me the loss of another home, for I feared arrest, and being an orphan, I felt that I could not escape jail, though the boy's father had burst my ear drum, and the damage was about equal.

So again I became a wanderer, without a home, and with no friends to look to. I had been about nine months at the McClatchy farm, and I had begun to think I would remain there all my life, or at least until I had become a man, but it seems that I was doomed to spend my boyhood days wandering around the world. I saw there was no escape, so I packed up a

little bundle, put on my best clothes, bade good-bye to my third home, and started out in the night to look for another place where I might earn my livelihood—and perhaps be happy.



## CHAPTER VI.

### My First Sweetheart.

Now came another tramp of two days in search of a new home and work to earn a living. Finally Thomas Bowman, a farmer, gave me a place and it was while with him that I met my first sweetheart. I was then about 9 years old, and near-by lived Margaret Harris, a little younger. Margaret was a little flaxen-haired Irish beauty, and I was soon her devoted admirer. When the fair was on at Marfet, Margaret and I decided we would like to go, and we slipped away without anyone being the wiser. Mr. Bowman had given me a shilling, and we bought candy with part of it. We were both industriously eating off the same stick when Margaret's brother saw us. He was going to beat me, but I was too spry for him and kept out of his way. He finally decided to take his spite out on Margaret, but I gathered up a bunch of stones and kept up such a fusilade that he had to run to keep from being seriously hurt.

Margaret then decided we had better go home, and we started. Her brother got home ahead of us and there was trouble coming to me when we arrived.

But I was wary of the old folks, and leaving Margaret at the gate, I scurried away like a criminal.

After supper I decided that I ought to go and see what they were doing to Margaret. I went to the house and got behind the jamb wall, and found that I was the subject under discussion.

"Indeed, if that brat comes back again for Margaret I'll take the kettle and scald him from head to heels," said Mrs. Harris.

From where I was standing I could see Margaret in another room, so when their backs were turned I slipped through the door, and we were having a very pleasant chat when I saw the old folks coming into the room to retire. It just took one jump and a bit of a roll over to get under the bed, and there I had to remain till they were asleep and snoring. Then I crawled out and made my escape.

Margaret and I remained fast friends as long as I lived with Mr. Bowman, but we always kept our eyes open for fear of that kettle of scalding water.

One of the first duties I learned on the farm was to milk the cows, and that was part of my work at Bowman's. Shortly after I came there the cows began to give bitter milk, and as usual the people decided they were bewitched. Among the chief and loudest adherents of the witchery theory were an old shoemaker and his wife, who lived in a cottage on the farm. For several weeks this condition of affairs kept up.

One night when I was coming home late I saw a light in the stable. I went to the house and awakened

Tom and told him the witches were in the stable and we could catch them. Tom was afraid to go out with me, so I awakened his sister, Jane. She said she was not afraid of man or devil. We went to the stable, and as we opened the door we saw the witches, or their chief supporters, the old shoemaker and his wife. They had been stealing the milk all the time, and after finishing the milking they would rub bitter aloes on the teats, which would give what little milk remained a bitter taste.

That ended the reign of the witches in Bowman's stable, and it also ended the tenancy of the old shoemaker on the Bowman farm.

Tom decided he needed another cow, and went to the Cross fair to purchase one. He was very near-sighted, which made it very difficult for him to attend to any sort of business, except to count money, which he seemed to know by the feel of it. He came home late that evening, and announced to me—I was in the stable—that he had found a fine cow. I went out into the yard and there stood a big red bull.

"That's a bull," I told Tom.

"It's a cow," he said. "Don't you think you can give me such a story as that."

"I tell you it's a bull," I declared, and he got mad and chased me into the house.

I called for Jane, and told her what was wrong, and she followed Tom to the yard. When she told Tom the same as I had, he was furious and drove the bull out of the yard into the road. But there was no use loosing the cow and the bull, also, so Jane and I

convinced him that since we could not have a cow we would keep the bull until we had a chance to sell it.

One morning Huch McGuiggen, a crazy fellow, who always had a pack of dogs following him wherever he went, came to the farm. He had a dog he called the Captain, and when I began to tease him he set the Captain on me. I picked up a rock and knocked the Captain down, and he lay there for a moment, the breath out of him, as if he were dead. Hughy, thinking I had killed the dog, fell on his knees, and prayed to the Lord to smite me dead. But his prayer was not answered.

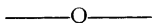
In the fall of that year the hunters came to the country. One day they chased a fox through Mr. Johnston's field, which was surrounded by a high thorn hedge, and all the hunters went around to a low place to take the leap. But there was a Mrs. Gaston in the party who rode a fine horse, and she thought she could make the leap.

The horse failed and fell back, throwing her off. Two men working in a field across the way, one named Henderson, the other McJimsey, went to her rescue. They helped her to get straightened out, tightened the saddle girth, and helped her to mount. When she was ready to ride on, she turned to Henderson and thanking the men for their kindness, asked Henderson if he were married. He said he was, and she handed him a five-pound note. Then turning to McJimsey, she asked:

“And are you married?”

"No," he replied.

"Then the sight was enough for you," and she rode away without giving him so much as a penny.



## CHAPTER VII.

### I Become a Circus Performer.

Early the following Spring a circus was billed to show at the Cross, and I wanted to go, but Tom told me boys never went to circuses. I was not satisfied, however, and that evening, when he and his sister announced that they were going to spend the evening with some friends. I went out and hurried to the circus grounds. There was no chance to carry water for the elephant, and as I had no money, I tried to sneak under the tent, but one of the circus men caught me and drove me away. I then went to Jane Ditty, who kept a store, and she loaned me the money, and told me to go straight home as soon as the show was over. I had hardly got seated in the tent when I saw Tom and Jane sitting in the reserved section.

That was the first time I had ever seen a circus, and though I have seen many since, of course, the first is always the best. I was delighted with the lady in the pink tights who so bravely rode around the ring on the big fat white horse, from whose back it would seem impossible to fall, and I thought it would be easy to imitate her. But the fellows who swung themselves between heaven and earth on the high

trapeze won my admiration most. It looked like a gay life to me, and I wished I could get a job with the show and learn to win the applause of the great crowds of people.

But I had no idea that there was a chance for a poor boy as I was to climb so high on the ladder of ambition, so as soon as the show was over I hurried to the door, thinking I would find Tom and Jane and get to ride home with them. But I missed them in the crowd and had to take the long walk home.

When I reached the farm, I found the door of the house locked. I tried the stable door and it was also locked. So I went back to the Cross and slept with Hugh Watt.

In the morning I went down to the circus grounds, and walked around among the ponies. One of the men told me what a fine lot of ponies they had, and I agreed with him.

"How would you like to go with the show and ride one of the ponies every day in the parade?" he asked.

"Most of anything in the world," I told him.

Then one of the managers came along, and he asked me whose boy I was, and when I told him I was an orphan, he asked me all sorts of questions.

"Well, if your nobody's boy, we'll just take you with us," he finally said, and from that moment I became a member of the profession.

The circus loaded up that night after the show was over, and we rode through the darkness to the next town. It was a wagon show, long before railroad



shows had been dreamed of, and from the standpoint of "The Greatest Show on Earth," which one sees now-a-days, it was not so much of a circus. But I thought it was great then, and still think so, looking back through the eyes of memory at the happenings mellowed by the flight of time.

I was not only a performer, but was one of the animal keepers. I had charge of "The Wild and Ferocious, Untamed" Billy Goat, and also "The Educated Pig."

When the show was on I my first act was to wrestle with the goat, then Billy would climb a ladder, ride a swinging horse, and do many other tricks.

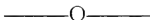
Later I would ride furiously into the ring on the trained pig. When we reached the mat, he would stop suddenly and I would be thrown over his head. I would then toss a lot of cards on the mat, and would ask the pig:

"Who is the wisest man in the house?"

He would promptly root around among the cards, pick one up and bring it to me. One of the clowns would then read it, and the crowd would go wild with delight when the name of the most notorious town fool was heard. The pig would also find the name of the laziest man and other persons of like distinction.

I enjoyed circus life. I was a boy, and what boy would not for a time be dazzled by the glamor of tinsel and gaudy paint. We traveled all over, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and I thus got to see every section of the kingdom.

From Liverpool we were to have gone to France on the ship "Dolphin," and we had the animals aboard and were ready to sail when it was discovered that the ship was leaking and we were compelled to disembark. There was no other ship to carry us over just then, and the manager decided to tie up in Liverpool. That threw me out of a job for a time, which did not suit me, and I severed my connections with the "profession" forever.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### Off For the Tropics.

Again I began looking for work, for it was not my nature to be long idle. Here was I a lad of 13, alone in a strange city, and my only chance for my three meals and a bed was to find something to do, and that very shortly, for the funds I had in my pocket would not last long. I did not look for something great, all I could do was to sweep floors, run errands after I should learn the city, or something of that sort. Almost the first open door attracted me. It was near the Princess dock that I saw a large building with the sign "Miller Bros." above the door. I at once entered the door and asked to see Mr. Miller. As I was well dressed and did not look the poor orphan that I was, I was ushered into the presence of the senior member of the firm, a kindly old gentleman, who looked at me over his glasses, and really seemed disappointed when

he told me he had no work of the sort I could do. There were a number of boys around the place, and as most of them seemed to have plenty of time on their hands I realized there was not much chance for employment of another to help them to do nothing.

I was leaving the mill, disappointed but not disheartened, ready to visit the place next door on the same errand, when I was met by Mr. Miller's son, who for some reason was struck by my presence, and began a conversation. I was always willing to tell my story in a straightforward way, and he soon had the main points of my short but, to me, eventful, life.

"How would you like to go to the West Indies," asked Mr. Miller.

The place I had never so much as heard of, but that did not deter me for a moment, and did not regret it when I learned that it would mean a long trip at sea, for what boy would not swell with pride at the knowledge that he could take such a long trip alone.

Mr. Miller promised me a trade, either to make sugar or rum, and a trade was what I wanted. So the papers were at once drawn up and signed, and I was taken care of till the boat should sail. First of all, Mr. Miller took me to a tailor and had me measured for linen clothes, so that I could stand the warm climate. Then he told me as much as possible about the new life that was before me and told me something about the work. I was to accept either trade that was needing a lad of my age most when I arrived in the West Indies, where the great plantation lay.

The following Sunday I sailed. The sun was shining, and the air was warm and pleasant, and everything augured well for the beginning of a new and unique epoch in my life. I was introduced to Capt. Murray at the office, and he came for me when he was ready to go aboard. In a little while the schooner Murray was sailing smoothly out of the harbor, with me standing at the rail, watching the land slip away.

Not a storm came to mar the beauty of the sea through the entire voyage. For five weeks all nature seemed to smile on my little enterprise. At first I could not appreciate the beauty and the majesty of the great expanse of water, for I became seasick, but I soon got upon my sea legs, and then I would stay on deck for hours, with my eyes on the horizon, where the blue of the sky and the sea seemed to meet and blend together, as though they were one.

Capt. Murray was very kind to me. One night he took me out on the quarter deck with him on his watch, told me stories of the sea, and answered my thousand and one boyish questions about the details of working the ship. I was sorry it was so soon to be over, and regretted that I had not signed for a sailor instead of going to the unknown land, to the great plantation with its hundreds of slaves.

At last, tired out, I lay down on the deck, and was almost asleep, when there was a great commotion in the water near us. I started up, and the Captain laughed at my fear.

"Jimmie, you thought you were dead," said Capt. Murray, "but it was only the devil after you."

I was ready to admit that it must have been the devil, but the Captain told me it was a whale spouting. I had never heard of a whale, and I kept looking over the rail, hoping he would come back again, but he didn't, and I soon lay down again and studied the stars until I fell asleep.

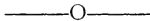
Capt. Murray's wife and little daughter, Mary, were on board, and here was where I fell in love again. Little Mary and I soon became friends. She was the pet of the ship, every sailor was ready to lay down his life, if need be, for the Captain's daughter, and as we were together most of the time I soon was shining in the light of her popularity.

We saw many schools of porpoises and flying fish, and when we were about five weeks out the sailors caught a shark which was nineteen feet and four inches long. Mary and I cleaned the teeth and jaws, and the jaws were so wide we could walk between them. I gave them all to Mary and she said she would take them back to England and keep them forever.

At last we came in sight of land. The ship laid up in Kingston harbor to unload part of her cargo, and Mary and I were allowed to step on land for a little while. We were walking alone around the town seeing the sights when Mary saw a small kid she thought she would like. Her only thought was law for me, and I quickly captured the kid and we went back to the ship. Unfortunately for my gallantry, the owner of the kid missed it and easily traced it to the ship. Mary wept when she was told that it had to be returned to the owner, so the Captain paid the man a few shillings

and was allowed to keep it.

The following morning we again set sail, and in a few days tied up at Savanna la Mar, where I was to disembark. My boxes were put on the dock, there was a tearful parting with Mary and a hearty God-speed from the Captain, and I was left alone and friendless in an unknown land, but with my papers in my pocket, I was sure of a welcome, a place to work and I hoped for the same kind treatment that had always been accorded to me in the years that I had been a wanderer, my home wherever I could get my short legs under a table, or lay my head on a comfortable pillow.



## CHAPTER IX.

### I Begin Plantation Life.

As soon as I made it known that I was destined for Miller Bros.' plantation, I was warmly welcomed, for the plantation was famous there, and I had no difficulty in getting a man to guide me to the place. I was delighted with the tropical country, and every new turn as we drove along opened up a new and charming view before me. The novelty made the long drive all too brief, and even though I was anxious to find my new home, I was sorry the way was so short.

At last we drove up to a long, low building with great porches around it, and I was told that my journey was ended, for this was the plantation house. Around it and but a short distance away were scores of huts.

Thesew ere for the slaves, and they made up quite a little city, for the plantation was forty miles square and there were thirteen hundred slaves on the place. And they were under control of but three white men.

I immediately became a "man" of importance, for I was the fourth white man there and became one-fourth of the white force. Mr. Latham was the manager of the estate. He took my papers, gave me a hearty hand shake and I was at once installed in my new place in the world.

Every day, aye, every hour, brought me into new and novel scenes. The blacks were a study for me, for I had never seen so many of them. My entire experience with them had been to see an occasional one in England while traveling with the circus, and I had never thought there were so many of them in the world.

Mr. Latham set me to work the following morning. I then appreciated the kindness of Mr. Miller in fitting me out with light linen clothing, for the sun beat down upon me with the force of a red ball of fire right above my head. The sugar house and still house were not far from the plantation headquarters, and I was taken through them and told the mysteries of making rum and sugar. I quickly learned my duties and soon became expert in the intricacies of the art. A long trough carried the waste from the sugar house to the still house, and this waste was used in the rum making. Two negroes were kept constantly at work to keep the sugar from filling up the trough. I told Mr. Latham that if he had an Irish spade, the

work could be done easily by one man, who would even then have time to spare for something else. He had never seen just such a spade as I described, but he sent to England for some and they came a few months later. When they arrived I took one of them out to show the blacks how to use it. Just as I got started, I heard a fight out in the yard, and went to see what was happening. It was between two of the slaves. As soon as they saw me they stopped fighting and slunk away, so great was their fear of a white face.

When I returned to the waste trough, I found the negro was using the spade to stir the sirrup. I was always quick tempered, and yelled at him to drop the spade immediately. Then I ran up took the spade and struck him over the head, cutting a bad gash in his scalp. When he got better he went into town and sued me, but when the trial came up and it was found that he had sued a white man they held his horse in bond until he had paid me \$25, a negro not being allowed to sue a white man under the laws of the island.

One Saturday I went into Savanna la Mar and found that a circus was laid up because the ship had foundered in the harbor. I soon got acquainted with some of the men, and when they found that I had been a member of the "profession," I was made quite one of them. I invited some of them out to the estate with me, and as they could not leave the island they went with me. There they saw a little black dwarf they wanted to take with them. He was only about two feet high and his hands and feet were like those of a monkey, the vertiable missing link. They asked me



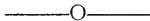
if they couldn't buy the dwarf, and I told them I didn't think they could, as the blacks would not let him go away. They had a sort of superstitious reverence for the little deformed creature.

At last I agreed to steal the boy for them, and one day I found him alone in the cane field, picked him up and jumped on my horse. I started for town as fast as the horse could go, the darkey howling at the top of his voice. At last he was heard by some of the blacks, who jumped on horses and started after me. It was a mad race for many miles, but my horse was overburdened and had been going longer than the others and I soon saw that I would be captured. I was then about five miles from the town, with my horse galloping his best, I loosened my hold on the dwarf and he dropped into the road. I never stopped to see if he was hurt, but kept on going, fearing the wrath of the blacks. They stopped the pursuit as soon as they got the boy, and rode back to the estate.

I stayed in town several days before venturing back among them, but finally returned and found the little dwarf all right, and the incident practically forgotten. The men thought I was only playing a joke, and never found out that I was trying to steal the dwarf, to make him an attraction in a circus, with a place in a cage, like a wild animal.

I had only been on the plantation a few months when the stiller, Mr. Proctor, died, and as there was no one else to take his place it was given to me to take charge of the rum making. I had been working under Mr. Proctor all the time I had been there, and had

learned the chief points in the trade. I had little trouble superintending the work, though sometimes I would find myself in a place where something new occurred, and then I had to wrack my brain for a way to solve the problem. The work was so confining, however, that my health broke down, and when the crop was all taken off Mr. Latham sent me to Retherwood Mountain, a health and summer resort for the white planters. After the crop was off the slaves could easily do the work for the balance of the year.



## CHAPTER X.

### Hold-Up That Failed.

I had only been at Retherford a few days when a slave came with a letter for me from Mr. Latham, telling me I was wanted at the plantation. I at once rode back with the slave, and Mr. Latham told me he wanted me to go to Kingston for money for the estate. He told me it was a dangerous mission, but that he had no one else who could go. I started the following morning, driving a team of mules, with a slave named Tom riding behind with two horses, to be ridden if anything went wrong with the cart. I had two pistols Mr. Latham gave me to be used in case of trouble, and had been taught to use them.

It was a perilous trip for a lad of my years, but I had been so long accustomed to care for myself that I felt little fear of the consequences, and was really a

man in everything but years and stature. We had to sleep at night in the huts of the half-civilized blacks along the way, and no money was given them for our accommodation. On the last day of the journey in, I stopped at the home of Mr. Hayden, about sixteen miles out from Kingston. He invited me to remain one day with him, and he would go to the city with me, but I was compelled to decline, as Mr. Latham expected me to return as soon as possible.

"It certainly is something wonderful that so small a lad is trusted with such an errand?" said Mr. Hayden in parting. "I hope you will fare well on the journey. Stop and see me again on your return."

It was just before noon when I reached Kingston. After dinner I called on Mr. Spot, the banker, who had been sent word in advance of my coming. He was very cordial and asked me to stay in the city all night, but I had promised to be back with Mr. Hayden that evening, so declined the invitation.

I got the money and started on the return journey as soon as possible. Everything went well until we reached Yellow Creek, a small stream about fourteen miles out of Kingston. Tom kept hanging back with the horses, and the mules would not enter the water unless the horses led off. I called to Tom to hurry ahead with the horses, but he seemed not to be so anxious for speed as I was, though it was growing late, and he hung back, though I called to him several times.

Suddenly a negro came out of the brush beside the road, and bowing to me, asked what time it was. I

was annoyed at the delay, and answered that I did not care what hour it might be, and the fellow walked back and began talking to Tom. Then another black came from the brush and asked the same question. It began to look serious, as this fellow did not wait for a reply, but walked back toward Tom and the horses.

As I turned to see what was coming off in the rear, a third black jumped out of the wood and seized the head of the near mule. Quick as a flash, I realized that it was a plan to rob me. I whipped out one of the pistols and fired at the fellow ahead. He bent over as though hit, then turned and ran into the brush, the others following as fast as they could.

Tom was all a tremble. Pointing the pistod at him, I ordered him to ride ahead to Mr. Hayden's and tell him what had happened, while I would follow as fast as possible in the cart.

I made good speed and arrived at the Hayden place soon after Tom had told of the affair, and Mr. Hayden was preparing to come for me.

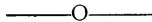
Mr. Hayden and I got fresh horses and rode back to Yellow Creek. We found a black finger lying beside the road, evidently a memento torn from the hand of the man at whom I had fired. A trail of blood led to the creek, but there we lost it, and returned to Mr. Hayden's in time for supper.

Mr. Hayden had Tom put in irons, believing he had told the blacks of the motive of my journey to Kingston, and had formed a plot to rob me. While circumstances were against him, I could not believe that Tom was guilty, but nothing I could say would

save him. When I started for home the next morning, Mr. Hayden sent one of his slaves in place of Tom, and we arrived at the estate in good time without further mishap.

A few days later Tom was brought back to the plantation in irons. His crime was considered the greater, as he was one of the most trusted slaves on the place. Mr. Latham heard my story, and though I tried to shield the poor fellow, it was of no avail. He was put in the treadmill to wear his life away, and remained there till he died. I was always sorry, ever after, that I did not kill the boy instead of letting him live to grind away his life in the tread mill.

The following morning Mr. Latham gave me an extra ten pound note and told me I might return to Retherford, and stay as long as I liked.



## CHAPTER XI.

### A Happy Reunion.

One need not be an old man to discover that this old world is a very small affair after all. Here was I, a lad of thirteen or fourteen years, several thousand miles away from the home of my birth, and every once in a while finding some one with whom I had mutual acquaintances in the good old city of Belfast or at some other point of my wanderings.

Rutherford was the resort for the people who were self-exiled from the Emerald Isle, and there I found

I was quite at home, listening to tales of that little green spot, and drinking in the soft music of the voices of the lads and lassies who came there to spend the hot days of midsummer.

We were all care free. After the cane crop was off, there was little to do that could not be done by the slaves until a new crop was grown. So we took long holidays, and lolled about under the trees trying to keep cool in an almost impossible climate. Cool salt breezes were sometimes wafted to us from the ocean a few miles away, and with talking and smoking and an occasional day of sports such as we used to have on fair days in Ireland, we managed to spend many delightful days. While I was yet but a chunk of a boy in years, the fact that I was stillman at Millersburg—the name given to the plantation house, barracks and slave huts on the Miller estate—gave me the standing of a man among men. What I lacked in stature was made up by a sturdy nature and that self-confidence that ever comes to the young wanderer, thrown from the cradle into the midst of the whirl of life and compelled to sink or swim by his own efforts. There were lads of my own age there with their fathers and mothers, but with them I found little companionship, for while they were yet boys, I was a man grown before my time.

One morning as I was sitting in a party of men discussing home and family, I told them something of my short life—how I had left home when all but a babe and had never seen kith or kin since.

“By the way,” said George Ballans, “there’s a lad of your name living with his mother at Dr. Jellen’s

place about thirty miles from here. Now Owens is not such a common name. Perhaps he may be a relative of yours."

Ballans did not know the boy's first name, nor more than that his name was Owens and that he was from Ireland.

"I'll soon know who he is," I said, and in twenty minutes I was on horseback, flying onward with a hope in my heart—that hope that ever buoys youth up—that the lad named Owens might tell me something of my former home and friends.

And yet, as I neared the Jellen plantation my heart misgave me and I slackened the pace of my horse, putting off the possible disappointment as long as I could. But at last I reached the plantation. Giving my tired horse to a slave, I asked for Dr. Jellen and was ushered into his study.

"I hear you have a lad named Owens here," I told him, "and as my name is Owens I came to inquire. Perhaps—I hope—he's a relative."

"Yes?" said the doctor in a tone of inquiry, but as I could go no further and sat trembling awaiting for some news, he said: "The boy's name is Matthew, and his mother is the widow of Captain Hughie Drain."

"My mother," I whispered so low that for an instant the doctor did not know what I said, but seeing the look in my eyes he understood.

"Wait here," he said, going out.

It seemed like an age, sitting there in the cool quiet study, though it could only have been a few moments that I was left alone.

Suddenly the door opened and for an instant I saw the doctor's kindly face. Then the door was closed and I stood face to face with my mother.

"Jimmie," she sobbed and clasped me to her heart, while I could only weep and cling to her, murmuring that dear old name that is never forgotten, "Mother."

Soon she sat down and tried to take me on her knee, me who had become a man in the few short years I had been from her side—a man, though with a boy's heart in thought and love for the mother he had deserted three thousand miles away across the sea.

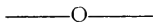
Then we began the history of those years, and I learned that Captain Drain, remembering the tropical beauties of Jamacia, which he had visited while on a cruise in the King's navy, had decided to spend his last years there, and sailed from Belfast within a year after I had run away, bringing my mother, brother and sister with him. For five years they had lived together on the island, then the Captain and my sister died, leaving my mother and little brother to fight the battle of life unaided. Mother had little else to tell me of the years between. She had found good friends in Dr. Jellen and his wife, and the keen struggle for life had been made brighter and happier by their kindness.

While we were talking Little Matthew came in shy but happy in finding the long lost brother of whom he had heard so much. I looked down upon him as a child from my superior age and experience—I was two



years his senior—and I determined that we should not be parted again for long.

After two days of happy reunion I mounted my horse and rode away to Millersburg to arrange for their coming. Mr. Latham gladly welcomed my plan, and in a very short while we were a reunited family—Mother, Matthew and myself—under one roof, and the future seemed brighter for all of us.



## CHAPTER XII.

### Uprising of the Blacks.

Shortly after mother and Matthew came to make their home with me at Millersburg, in 1839, the trouble that had been brewing among the negroes in our section of the islands broke out in full force. The act of emancipation had been passed by the British Parliament, but the time of apprenticeship did not expire and their full freedom come until 1841. It was only seven years after the great riots in the western end of the island, and the ferocity of the blacks at that time was well remembered. When the unrest developed around Savanna la Mar the planters prepared for real fighting. Quickly all the planters gathered their families in the town and prepared for the attack that they felt certain was sure to come.

Savanna la Mar was a town of only one long street, running from the harbor toward the country. The Rev. Mr. Fiddler, who taught a school to which I sent

Matthew, knew something of military tactics, and he arranged the planters into some semblance of military discipline. We secured two cannon from the ship Murray, which happened to be in the harbor, built a barricade at the shore end of the street, planted the guns and awaited the coming of the rebels.

For two days we waited for news. Scouts were kept as far inland as was considered safe. On the second day the scouts galloped into town and reported the blacks in great numbers less than two miles away.

Soon the great horde came down upon us, armed with clubs and machetes. Silently we waited for them as they approached, waited until they were almost at the cannon's mouth, then Fiddler shouted the order, "Fire."

Instantly the cannon belched forth death and destruction. Great gaps were cut through the ranks of the rebels, and they broke and fled.

Then began the rifle fire. We had held back to witness the result of the cannon shots. Now we poured volley after volley into the retreating blacks as they ran, doing terrible execution.

All that day, that night and the following day we kept up the pursuit, driving the rebels on and pouring a merciless fire into their depleted ranks. Hundreds of them fell dead or dying before the barricade, scores fell along the roadside, and dozens in the cane fields. We left them, food for the carrion birds while we pushed on the remnant of the force to the foot of the mountains, where they scattered and escaped.

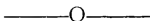
Terrible scenes met our view as we rode back unscathed to Savanna la Mar. We had not lost a man, but everywhere along the road was evidence of a terrible slaughter. Bodies lay at every turn, and here and there where the rebels attempted to make a stand would be seen a little group of victims of the deadly aim of the whites.

And not all were dead. Here and there would lie a wounded negro, and as we passed his pitiful cries for succor would be heart rending, but we would pass on with scarce a look, or perhaps one more humane among us would end the poor devil's suffering with a bullet from his pistol.

There were no slaves to bury the hundreds of dead, and the bodies would have lain rotting on the roads and in the fields, but Mr. Fiddler ordered that they be gathered up and thrown into the bay. For days we drove back and forth with cart loads of the victims and cast them into the sea. It was ghastly work and nauseating, but work that must be done. No prayers were said, no thoughts of future life for these poor victims of their own wrath, but occasionally a planter would come upon the corpse of one whom he had thought his most faithful and trustworthy servant, and with a sigh he would turn away and leave its disposal to one in whom there could be no thought of sentiment.

With all our care, not all the bodies were discovered. For months and years, we would occasionally find the skeleton of a man in some isolated section of the plantations, and would know that it was only another victim of the rebellion.

One fight ended the uprising, though for months the planters dared not venture to take up their homes in the country as before, but kept their families at Savanna la Mar, only armed guards staying on the outlying estates.



### CHAPTER XIII.

#### My Friend the Pirate.

Three miles out from Savanna la Mar was the plantation of Touselin & Davis. Having nothing else to do, I accepted a proposition from them to take a party of guards out and take charge of the place until it was possible for me to return to Millersburg.

Theirs was a fine old plantation, a most delightful place to spend a few weeks with nothing to do. I gathered together a number of my Irish friends and we were soon having great sport, a sort of vacation trip for all of us. Touselin was reputed to be a pirate, and we found all sorts of evidence of his piratical expeditions in his house, as there was no one to restrain our curiosity.

One evening I discovered great racks of wine in the cellar, and of course told the others about it. That night we robed ourselves in sheets and scared the few faithful servants who remained on the place so badly that they never would venture around the plantation house after dark. Then began nights of revelry. We

figured that it was no crime to rob a pirate, so made the most of our opportunity.

The wine was in bottles behind wire screens through which it was impossible to drag the bottles, but we fixed a piece of wire and would draw the necks of the bottles out, pull the corks and empty the wine into buckets. Then we would push the bottles as far back as possible. The corks we threw on the floor inside the racks.

For four months we were given free run of the place, and we emptied hundreds of bottles.

As soon as all danger from the rebellious blacks had passed, Touselin came with a negro servant and a wagon to get a load of wine. When they unlocked the racks and went in the negro picked up a bottle and found it empty.

"De cockroaches am a playin' hob wif dis wine, Mars. Touselin," he said, picking up a cork that looked like it had been chewed.

The negro's explanation of the empty bottles seemed logical, and the real criminals escaped without so much as being questioned.

A few days after this all came back to the Touselin place and we guards left, Matthew going back to school and I went to the estate. I remained at the estate until the camp was taken off, then went again to spend the summer at Retherford. One day I went out with a party to hunt parrots. We felled a tree with a nest in it, and it fell across a ravine. When I clambered out along the tree to secure the nest I slipped and

scratched the skin from my ankle. It did not seem like it would develop anything serious, and I paid no attention to it. But the next Sunday I was invited to take a trip with a party of friends. I put on my high boots and spent much of the day on my feet. As a result my leg swelled, and that evening when I returned to the hotel I had to cut the boot from my foot.

The wound bothered me always after that until I came to the United States, the climate in Jamaica being such that there was no remedy that would have any effect on the wound. I was finally advised to call on an old Spanish woman well versed in the use of herbs, and I did. She gave me a poultice of plaintain leaves, and this helped to give me some relief, but did not cure me. The wound would not heal in that climate, and that was finally one of the reasons I came to America.

It seemed fated that I could have no health in the climate of Jamaica. After my leg got better I returned to Millersburg to help take care of the season's crop, but before the work was finished I was stricken with black flux, and all the next summer I remained at Retherford trying to get cured up. That was in 1841, the year the blacks finally gained their freedom. Then they would not work, and of course, so long as they would not gather the crops we could not run the sugar and still houses. So I could do nothing, and remained at Retherford all that year. It was a sore disappointment to me, and I was almost as much grieved as the owners at the enormous loss that must be sustained, because the crops were allowed to rot on the ground for want of laborers in the fields.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## Trip to Far East.

I was growing very restless under the enforced idleness, and was just thinking of leaving the country for good, when Mr. Latham, the manager, received a letter from the company, telling him to send me to the East Indies if I cared to go, and I promptly assented, for to me anything was better than continued idleness, and arrangements were made for me to take passage on a man-of-war that happened to be going direct to Calcutta. It was my first experience on a man-of-war, and I found great pleasure in watching the drills of the men, and in listening to some of the tales they told of great sea fights they had been in. It was great experience for a lad of my years, and I did not mind the long voyage at all. We stopped at many ports, and I occasionally took trips on shore with some of the men.

But the long sea voyage did not have the beneficial effect on my health that was expected, and I landed in Calcutta all broken down physically.

I was unable to do anything then, but remained there some time, and had an opportunity to study things in general somewhat from the view of an entire outsider. I was practically struck with the power wielded by the East India Company, which almost ruled the country. They had secured control of some of the heathen gods and had shut them up, and they would

only allow the people to go in and worship on fete days, and then they charged them an admission fee. I also saw a great deal of the work of the missionaries, and I am free to say that I did not fancy them. The missionaries broke up a great many of the native families by converting some of the members, thus causing all sorts of trouble.

I got acquainted with the son of one of the chief men of the native population of the town, and the boy wore a long cue. With a couple of others I one day caught the boy and cut off his cue. He acted like he was crazy, and he got together a lot of men and followed me into the section of the city where I was living. They were armed with clubs and pitch forks, and we had to flee to the ship for safety. They declared they would kill God if He made them cut off their hair.

As my health failed to improve in the Indian climate, the firm sent me to Madras, and I stayed there four months, getting worse rather than better. So the company decided that I had better return to Jamaica to be among my friends, even though that climate was not perfectly suited to my condition. On the way we stopped at Manila, and remained there about six weeks. I did not get out in the country much, but spent most of my time in the city. I had not the strength to do much running about, and as the weather was very bad, I was content to stay in my hotel and take things as easy as possible. Consequently, very little of interest came under my observation there, and I was very glad when the time came for us to resume our journey westward.

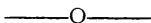


When I reached Jamaica I found the negroes still in a very unsettled state. There were very few yet willing to return to the plantations and work for wages. They had been so long hoping for freedom that they seemed inclined to have absolute rest, though they never were compelled to work extremely hard. But with things as they were then, there was nothing for me to do, and after three or four months of idleness, I decided to go to Cuba and see if I could find work.

All this time the firm had been very fair, and even kind to me. My pay went on just the same as if I had been working every day, and I felt that their treatment of me was a strong compliment to my faithfulness and ability when there was work to be done. I shall never forget their kindness as long as I may live.

My mother and brother I had left at the estate when I went to India, and when I returned I found that mother had been in poor health. Every attention had been paid to her, but she was ageing, and we all soon saw that she was nearing the close of her earthly pilgrimage. At last the end came. Sorrowfully and tenderly we laid her to rest in the little grave yard at Savanna la Mar, and Matthew and I felt that we were indeed left alone in the world, not only to make our own way, but without the counsel and encouragement of a loving mother ever watching over us. Her death decided me to go to Cuba. I felt that I must work to drive away some of the feeling of loneliness that then came to me. So I left Matthew in school with Mr. Fiddler, and I again started out to find a new place in a new world to me. With a party of other young men

in my circumstances I sailed from Kingston, keeping my back to the past and with a strong hope for the future.



## CHAPTER XV.

### Experiences in Cuba.

We found conditions somewhat different when we arrived in Cuba. Work was plentiful, and I had the good fortune to meet a man named Kessuck, who had visited Jamaica and had stopped at the Miller estate. He was also a manufacturer of sugar and rum, and wanted a man to take charge of the still house.

"Can you make as good rum for me as you made for the Miller's?" he asked me.

"I don't see why I shouldn't," I replied, and we promptly struck a bargain.

He gave me a contract which called for very fair pay, but I was to receive a considerable increase if I succeeded in making as good rum as I made in Jamaica.

The following morning after striking the bargain, he took me out to see his still house, and I soon saw where the trouble lay with his rum. The still was too small.

"To make good rum, you must have a larger still, as the rum will burn in such a still," I told him.

His tanks only had a capacity of forty barrels of dunder, and to make good rum I told him it would be necessary to build tanks that would hold two thousand

barrels, and a still the same size with a worm five hundred feet long, instead of the one he had, which was not over fifty feet. In making rum, one must be very careful not to allow any burn to appear in the taste of it, as it can then never be cured.

“If you will allow me to make these changes I think we can make as good rum here as anywhere,” I told him. “The water and everything else seems of the best.”

I did not know then, but learned it afterward, as everybody else has, that there seems to be something in the atmosphere of Jamaica that makes its rum superior to anything else in the world. What it is no one to this day seems able to explain, but it is nevertheless a fact.

However, I was not destined to learn this fact from experience, though Mr. Kessuck gave me free hand at fixing the still house to suit my ideas.

I had about four months to build a new still house and have everything ready for the next crop, but as there was considerable work to be done, I began at once. He gave me as many negroes as I could keep busy, and we soon had the old building torn down and the foundation laid for the new ones. But on the nineteenth day, when everything was in the most chaotic state, two priests came to the plantation with a letter which they handed to me. I refused to take it, telling them that I was not the man who owned the estate and that I did not belong to them. An Irish protestant ever has a great dislike for the Catholic clergy, and though I was never much of a churchman

of any kind, still I had the same aversion. It must have been born in me.

The priests began to talk to each other in Spanish, and not understanding them, I thought they were putting a curse on me. I decided that I could play a little at that game myself, and gave them a string of vituperation that would have made a West Indian pirate proud of my vocabulary.

Then an interpreter came up and told me I must not swear at the priests, as they owned the island and that if I refused to take the letter they would put me in prison.

Now, I never was much of a hand for prison, so I finally consented to take the letter and delivered it to Mr. Kessuck, and the priests left.

When Mr. Kessuck returned, I delivered the letter to him. It was an order for me to attend church every Sunday. I guess I must have been the only unregenerate on the island, and the priests were loathe to lose an opportunity to have the island entirely Catholic—at least to all outward seeming. Still I was little inclined to be taken to church by force, and I so told Mr. Kessuck.

He declared that there was no way out of it, and even he might be sent to prison for harboring a protestant. He asked me to ride up to the church every Sunday, even if I did not enter, but at this I got angry, and told him I was not a Catholic by preference and did not propose to be made one by force, not even if they did send me to prison. Mr. Kessuck wanted me to at

least pocket my prejudices until I had fixed up the place, but I would not do even this.

That night, as I lay in bed, I began to think pretty seriously about the situation in which I was placed and I began to realize that Cuba was the most unhealthful place for me on the globe. So I got up, packed up a little bundle of clothing and slipped out into the night. All that night I walked on toward Havana. When the sun came up, I lay down under a mango tree and slept till night came on, then resumed my journey. I felt like a criminal fleeing from prison, and I would hide in the undergrowth by the road side every time I saw any one coming. At last I reached the city, and I took the first vessel bound for Jamaica, where I knew I could be free from the disturbances of the priests.

What became of the lads who came with me from Jamaica I did not know, and I dared not ask for fear that I might be detected and be made to return to the Kessuck plantation—which I would have been glad to do, but I was more afraid that they would force me to go and sit under the preaching of the priests whom I so thoroughly despised.

Until time to sail away I had another name and for the time Jimmie Owens was lost to the world, to be resurrected when I should again be under the protection of the British flag where a man can have any religion he likes, and can get along with none if he so desires.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## Brief Experience as Ship Steward.

When I returned to Jamaica I found that the negroes were as much unsettled as when I left, and there was then no chance for me to work on the estate. Idleness had become very irksome to me and I decided I could not stand it lying around Retherford, so told Mr. Latham I had decided to go to California.

After staying a couple of days with Matthew at Savanna la Mar, I went to Kingston, where I shipped on board a vessel as assistant steward. The ship was going to California around the Horn, and I thought it a much better scheme to work my way than to have to pay fare and have nothing to do throughout the entire voyage, which would have consumed months.

The second day out they set me to cleaning the compass lamp, and I, not knowing that was loose in the socket, tipped it up to pour out the oil. With a bang it slipped out, struck the rail, then fell into the sea. The mate saw the accident, and I knew I was in for it. I offered to pay the value of the lamp, but money was not what they wanted. They needed the lamp, as there was not another one on board. All that they compelled me to hold candles so they could see the compass and the following day I had to do my usual round of work. I saw that I was doomed to a life of toil day and night for months. As my health was far from good, I knew it meant death to me. During the night, I fell asleep and dropped the candle.

and then got a taste of the cat-o'-nine-tails that showed me that a living hell was in store for me for the balance of the voyage.

The ship put into Green Bay to get a supply of water before making a full start on the voyage and to get a supply of fresh meat. I had only a fair idea of the place, though I knew it was on the lower end of the island, miles away from my friends, but I determined to get away from the ship if possible. My body was marked with welts left by the rope, and I was worn out from want of sleep. My condition made me desperate.

Luckily, I was sent with the party on shore to carry back the meat, and I watched for my opportunity. As we went along, about a mile from the ship I saw a path leading into the deep undergrowth, and I made up my mind that as we returned I would get away by that path or die in the attempt.

All the party but myself were armed with pistols, and I felt that they would not be afraid to use them, but that did not deter me. We were on shore probable an hour or two, and then started back to the vessel. I was carrying a heavy basket of meat, and was walking ahead. I walked as fast as I could when we neared the path, in an endeavor to get a little way ahead of the others.

Just as I reached the path, I dropped the basket and ran for it. The guards fired, but no bullets hit me, and I was convinced they were firing in the air. Still my heart was beating wildly, and I was almost ready to fall from exhaustion. Finally I turned, and

could see no one, nor could I hear anyone coming, so I slackened my pace, and finally lay down in a concealed place in the underbrush to rest.

Suddenly I became drowsy and fell asleep before I realized that I was not yet out of danger. How long I slept I can not tell, but it must have been several hours, as it was nearly sundown when I awoke.

The sleep had refreshed me somewhat, though I was stiff and sore from my experience on shipboard. But I started on, knowing a hard journey was before me. The only way I could get back to Savanna la Mar was to walk. I was afraid to go into the town at Green Bay, for fear the ship crew might have left a warrant for me, so I struck out for the nearest friendly haven, Millersburg.

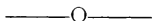
It was a long, weary trip, but at last I arrived there safe and happy to have made my escape, even at the cost of so much fatigue and suffering, for I knew that worse awaited me if I remained with the ship.

It seemed fated that I should not escape from Jamaica, and though I had had many and prosperous days on the island, I was determined to leave, for the days of its prosperity for me seemed to be at an end. After a little rest I went to Savanna la Mar, and stayed a few days with Matthew at Fiddler's school.

I had heard great stories about the chances for young men in America, and though my recent experiences had greatly depleted my purse, I made up my mind to leave for the United States and take Matthew with me. Mr. Latham and Mr. Fiddler agreed that my plan was a good one, though they said they were



sorry to have us leave. I spent the last few days on the island visiting friends in the country, and while there both Matthew and I were poisoned, Matthew suffering from something like ivy poison on the leg, and I had eaten what I thought were mushrooms, but which, by making me very sick, proved that they were not. However, when the ship arrived, I was feeling well enough to start, and we bade good-bye to our many friends, and again started out in the world, full of hope in the future and faith in the free country for which we were destined.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### My Arrival in America.

After paying the fare on the boat for Matthew and myself, I had only about five dollars left on which to start life in America. The health of both of us began to improve on the voyage and we were feeling first rate when we landed at Norfolk, Va., on July 3, 1843.

There a new experience was awaiting us. At midnight as we lay asleep, we were aroused by the ringing of bells; blowing of steam whistles and booming of cannon. We both jumped up, thinking the town must be burning or the slaves had revolted, only to be told that it was the Fourth of July, and this was the noisy way they had in America of celebrating Independence Day. I have now lived in America long

enough to appreciate the occasion, and if I were out of the country when the date comes around each year I would feel lost without the noise and the red fire that are the natural complement of the day.

We wanted to go to Baltimore, but the fare was five dollars each by boat and we could not both ride on one ticket. I tried to convince the ticket agent that he ought to accept the five and let us both go on one ticket, but he could not see it in that light. So, after three days trying to arrange the matter, I decided to let Matthew go by boat with the baggage and I would follow on foot. I bought a ticket for him and helped him on board with the baggage. Just as we got it all on board the plank was pulled in, and the boat started with me still on board. When the boat was between Norfolk and Newport they came for our tickets and I tried to explain, but the Captain would not listen to me, and gave me a good dressing down for trying to beat my way. When about half way across the bay we met another boat and the two ran along side each other and I was put on board the other boat to be taken back to Norfolk. They had hardly gotten started when the Baltimore boat blew its whistle, they came along side again and the Captain ordered me to come aboard. I started to comply when a man on the boat told me to remain where I was.

"They put you off," he said, "now make them put you on again."

It did not take them long to give me a boost that sent me flying to the deck of the other boat and we were soon again on our way.

The man who had spoken to me greeted me cordially and told me he was Samuel Huston, of Virginia. Some one had told the Captain that I was a sailor escaping from the British navy, and the Captain came up and asked me who and what I was, so I told him my whole story. Mr. Huston asked me to go to his place in Virginia and be a slave overseer, but I told him I had had enough of the negroes and wanted to get as far away from them as possible. Then he offered to give me some money, but this I declined, telling him I was not a subject for charity so long as I was able to work.

So we at last landed in Baltimore without a cent. Mr. Huston was still in his berth when the boat landed, and Matthew and I hurried ashore, not wanting to have anything more to say to the Captain, as I was afraid of him. We knew no one in the place, so I put our baggage in a shed and told Matthew to watch it while I hunted for work. I traveled around all that day till dark without success, and at last found myself on a road leading out of town. I met a man and asked him the way back to the docks and he gave me the right direction. I soon came to a livery stable, and there I again applied for work.

“You look more like you were looking for a grave yard than for work,” said the proprietor, but he was still very kind about it and sent me to another stable and told me to tell the man there to give me a place to stay till I found something better.

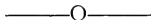
I followed his directions, and was soon at the second stable, where I found a man named Owen

Brown. I told him why I came to see him, and when I told him my name was Owens and that I had just come from Jamaica, he said he knew my brother Robert.

“You don’t look much like an Irishman,” he said, looking me over and noting my yellow sickly appearance. “But Bob Owens told me he had two brothers in Jamaica, and if you are one of them you can stay here without work as long as you like.”

Brown sent a wagon after Matthew and the baggage and brought him to the stable. The following Sunday he sent for Robert and brought him to see us. Neither of us had seen Robert since the family was broke up by Captain Drain, when Matthew was but a baby and I was little more. Robert had come to American soon after that and spent most of his time around Baltimore, and had made many friends by his wholesome Irish ways.

Owen Brown proved himself a good friend to all of us, and Matthew and I stayed with him several weeks until I found a place to work.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### More Experience With Priests.

Finally I got a job driving a milk wagon for a man named O’Toole. It was hard work and the pay was small—four dollars a month—but it was better than nothing, and I did not pass anything by in those

days. I had to get up at 3 a. m., milk seven cows and deliver the milk in time for other people's breakfasts. I was kept comfortably busy until 9 o'clock at night, so there was little time for me to get into trouble.

One morning the family all went to early mass and left me to build the fires, as I did not have to go out with the wagon that morning. The church was not far from the house, and O'Toole soon saw his chimney burning. The whole family left their devotions and came running back home, but meanwhile I had gotten the fire out, at the same time scattering soot all over the house.

O'Toole was a devout Catholic and had three sons in the priesthood. That Sunday morning he told me to hitch up and go to a church about five miles away and bring one of his sons home to dinner. As we were returning, the horse stumbled and I cursed him.

"Don't you know you are in the presence of a holy father?" he asked me, "and you should not swear."

"I'll swear if I want to," I replied.

"I could also drown you right here in the road if I wanted to," said the priest.

"I'll be damned if you could drown me without water," said I.

That ended the controversy, and the priest remained silent all the way home, evidently believing me beyond redemption. But when we got home, he told his father I was a very bad boy.

"He may not be much of a lad for priests," said the old man, "but he's pretty good with the milk wagon."

The following spring another milk man, Mr. Glandell, offered me more money to work for him, so O'Toole raised my wages from \$4 to \$16 a month, and I stayed with him.

One day O'Toole asked me to go to the wharf for a load of wood. As my horse had been out with the milk wagon, I asked him to allow me to drive another horse he had in the stable. The horse was a big raw-boned blind one, and O'Toole told me he would not pull. But my horse was tired with his day's work, and I insisted on hitching the balker to the cart.

"All right," said the old man, "but if you get stuck half way home don't blame me."

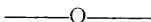
I got the wood and was making good time home, when the horse decided he had done enough for one day. We were only a short distance from the house when the horse began backing. I had done a good deal of coaxing and my patience was gone. I struck the horse, but he continued to back toward the fence and finally ran the cart into a gutter. The weight of the load was too much for the horse, and he was soon standing on his hind legs with the end of the cart in the gutter and his front feet in the air.

I was tired and hungry, so I put a post under the horse's breast, left him standing in the air, and went to dinner.

O'Toole asked me where the horse was, and I told him I had left him below the house to rest. The old man insisted on going to help me unload the wood after we had dinner, and then he found the horse posed up in the air.

"Jimmie," he said, "I didn't think you could be so cruel to an old horse."

Perhaps it was a little cruel, but the old horse never balked again. With horses it is sometimes necessary to use heroic remedies, as it is with balky men.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### Work in a New Place.

The following spring Mr. Glandell offered me thirty dollars a month to work for him, and as O'Toole could not afford to pay me that much, I made the change, glad to have more money in my pocket. About this time I was in the throes of another of those youthful love affairs that come to all of us. The young woman was at Mr. Ould's place, where Robert worked, and I went to see her every Sunday night, as the accepted calling night in the country.

Late one Sunday night in the early fall, when I returned home I found Glandell waiting up for me, which was very unusual, as he generally retired early.

"Did you cut grass for the horses to-day?" he asked, meeting me at the gate.

"I wasn't hired to cut grass on Sunday," I replied "and if you wait for me to cut it the horses will go without."

"Well, if that's all you care about the horses," he said, "you can get out of here."

Naturally that made me very angry, as I did about as much work every week as could be crowded in, and I figured that I should not be expected to do more than the general run of chores on Sunday. I told him so very plainly, and turned around and left for the Ould's place. As a result I lost my pay for the whole summer, Glandell not having paid me at the end of each month. Mr. Oulds gladly received me and asked me to stay there until I found a new place.

I was not long idle, however, as I soon got a place with Mr. Walker, a man in the same business as Glandell, marketing. When I arrived at the market the first morning, I took a stand next to that of Glandell, and before the day was fairly started I had disposed of all my load, mostly to old customers of Glandell. Glandell was there himself that day, not having found a man to take my place, and when I was ready to start home, I noticed him loading up most of his stuff to return home, having sold barely half of it.

When I got a short way down the street I heard some one driving rapidly behind me. I looked around and there was Glandell, coming at full speed. I whipped up, but he had a better horse than I, and he rapidly gained on me. Just before I reached the toll gate, I heard a fflower pot sing by my head. I looked around just in time to dodge another, and I decided it was getting too warm to ride that way. I got down in front of the dash-board, and kept the horse going as fast as he could make it, which I must admit was not half enough to suit me just then—a 2:30 horse was what I needed.



As I passed through the toll gate on the run, the gate keeper ran out and shut down the gate, and Glandell could barely stop his horse in time to prevent breaking the gate. The toll tender would not let him through until I had gotten almost home, and thus probably saved me a good trouncing, as Glandell was a much larger man than I, and I had no hankering for a trial of conclusions with him.

That evening Mr. Walker went to town and got out a warrant for Glandell and he was arrested. He sent for his brother to go on his bond, but as his brother had no property, he was not accepted as a bondsman. Then Glandell sent for an old grocer with whom he dealt and asked him to sign the bond. The grocer asked how he happened to be arrested, and Glandell told him.

"You will have to look elsewhere for a bondsman," said the grocer after he had heard the story. "I wouldn't bail you after you tried to kill that lad, for you told me yourself not so very long ago that he was the best boy you ever had to work for you."

As a result Glandell was left in jail all night and part of the next day. Then he agreed to settle the matter with me by paying me all my back wages—which I was mighty glad to receive—and signed a bond to keep the peace.

He never came to market again while I was there, but sent his wife who was a pleasant little woman and she had always been kind to me. So when I would sell my daily load of stuff I used to turn in and help Mrs. Glandell dispose of her stuff. We got to be

very good friends, but I don't suppose her belligerent husband ever heard how often I prevented him losing a good share of his market day profits.

While going to market I got well acquainted with the New Market Fire Company lads, whose fire house was close to the market house. Being a protestant Irishman, I was somewhat of an Orangeman in those days, though to-day neither religion or politics interests me much so long as I can make a comfortable living and keep my health I am satisfied with the way this world is running and I am not going to bother with the next for a long while yet, I hope. But one St. Patrick's Day I decided to have a little sport at the expense of the Irish. I made a paddy out of potatoes, borrowed a ladder from the fire company and put the paddy on top of the fish shed. Then I awaited developments.

Most of the women who sold fish under the shed were Irish Catholics. They soon saw the paddy, and in about a minute all were gathered around the place with their sleeves rolled up, as wrathy a lot of old dames as it has ever been my pleasure to see.

They went to the fire house to get a ladder, but the firemen would not allow them to have the ladders, telling them they were not to be taken from the building except in case of fire.

"If you set fire to the building we might take the ladders out." said one of the men. But the women seemed to think setting fire to the building a little too serious. and the paddy stayed there all day long.

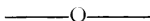
The fish business was very poor that day, as too much time was spent by the women cursing the boys who had played the trick on them. As for myself, I was very careful to keep out of range, as I would certainly have been accused of the trick if I had appeared where they could get at me.

A man named Carroll who lived close to Mr. Walker's kept slaves, and one day two of them robbed the house and ran away. Carroll called out all the neighbors and we followed the dogs in a genuine man-hunt. Late that night the dogs located the runaways in a tree. The blacks would not come down, so we cut the tree and let them fall. We led the slaves back to Carroll's farm, and he gave each of us five dollars reward for their capture.

Finally I decided to come north. I never did like to be around where there were slaves, as I thought it cheapened labor, and as I had to work, I wanted to work where it was considered the proper thing, rather than a mere necessity to gain a livelihood. I had heard of Pittsburg, and had been told it was going to be a great city, so I made up my mind to leave Baltimore. It was a long journey, but was well worth the trouble, and I have never regretted the change. It took five nights and five days to make the trip. There being two of us, one would drive while the other slept, and we made what was in those days called excellent time.

It was in the fall of 1845 that I landed in the city with \$27 in my pocket, but as that was far better than

When I landed in Baltimore, I still had reasons to rejoice, poor as was my financial standing.

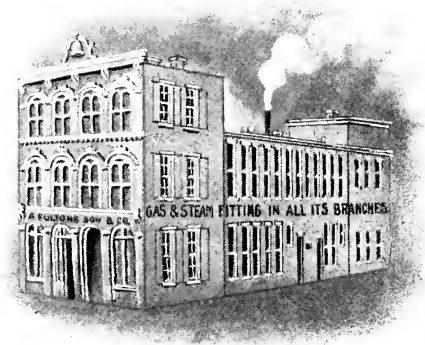


## CHAPTER XX.

### The Pittsburg of 1845.

In the year 1845, when I arrived in the city, Pittsburg was a town of about 3,000 people, built along the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. The town did not then extend above Market street and the balance of the now prosperous and growing city was farmland and wilderness. The stage station was across from where Kleber's piano factory is now located, on Fifth avenue, just above Market. A part of what is now the Kleber building was the first large building above Market street. It was built by A. A. Mason, as a dry goods store, but it was so remote from the balance of the city that the people would not go so far through the mud, and Mason finally failed for want of customers. The place was afterward bought by George R. White, who remodeled it and enlarged it and he used it as a dry goods store. Meanwhile the town had grown up to the store and Mr. White made money on the deal.

All the streets and roads were closed with toll gates in those days, and there was a toll gate on Fourth street road, (now Fifth avenue) where the jail now stands, and another on Penn avenue at Eleventh street, where the canal crossed the street toward the river.



### THE OLD FULTON BELL FOUNDRY.

Corner of First Avenue and Chauncey Lane—"Andy Fulton," proprietor, grandfather of Delinquent Tax Collector, Andy Fulton. He was a friend in need—hundreds of times to the author.



The resident part of the city was on Penn avenue, and the wealthy portion of the population all lived on a couple of blocks. There was no such wealth in 1845 as there is in Pittsburg now, but I doubt if there is more happiness than in those days, when life was not so strenuous and extravagance was unknown. People lived according to their means, and there was no effort at great display. The great homes of that day would not now be called extravagant for men on salary to-day.

Where Union station now stands were two cemeteries, Catholics and Protestant, and out about where Twenty-eight street now is was a brewery in what was then considered far in the country. There were no great manufacturing plants; the churches were small compared with those of to-day, and as for a theater, nothing was considered more remote. People had simpler lives and simpler pleasures, and instead of the drama and the opera were satisfied with the debating society and the singing school for their evening amusements away from home.

Then, as now, iron was the chief industry of the city, but it was then hardly a promise of what it has become. There was an iron foundry located at what is now the corner of Fifth avenue and Smithfield street, owned by Billman & Garrison, Pennock's foundry on the Allegheny river above the canal, and Knapp & Totten's foundry above this, which was afterwards turned into a factory for the manufacture of cannon. James Marshall also had a foundry in the same neighborhood, and Penny's foundry was on the Mononga-

hela river, just above the present location of the Baltimore & Ohio depot.

There was also a prophesy of the coming of the great glass industry of the city. The glass factories were located along the Monongahela river. Wm. Phillips' factory was located at the corner of what is now Try and Second avenue, but was then known as the Second street road. The Adams glass works was located where the Baltimore & Ohio depot now stands, and on the South Side were located Ihmsen & McKee's factory and Wm. McKee & Bros.' factory. These were small affairs compared with those of to-day, but were then considered great evidence of the city's wealth and prosperity.

There were also several rolling mills. There was one on the Monongahela river above Tenth street, where the Baltimore & Ohio railroad tracks now run, another on the South Side, and one owned by James Woods in the West End on the Ohio river. Wm. B. Lyons' was at what is called Sligo, on the Monongahela river, and Spang's was Pine creek. The Schoenberg mill was then located where it now stands, at Sixteenth and Try streets, below Penn avenue.

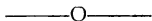
The old Monongahela house was the great hotel of the day. It was located where the present hotel now stands, but was burned the same year in which I arrived in the city. In front of the hotel was the only piece of paved street in the town. All the balance was the natural road, and in bad weather hauling was almost impossible because of the deep mud.



I was about 18 years old then, and have, it will be seen, lived in Pittsburg—or at least had my home here, though I have been away at times for a few months—for 58 years. In that time I have watched the city's growth from a village to one of the chief cities of the world, and I am proud that I can say that I have been a small factor in the city's growth. After I became a contracting builder I had many contracts for the building up of the city, and there are many buildings now standing that I helped to erect long before the Civil War. So that even though my fortunes have not kept pace with some of those who went into the iron trade or became famous as bankers and financiers, I can at least feel assured that I have done my small part, and in my own way I have prospered with the prosperity of the city, and not in any way at the expense of that prosperity. Rather, with every nail driven by me or by men whom I employed added to the growth of the city, and brought just that much nearer the great and wonderful city of the present day. And though I am now a man of near four score years and the great majority of my friends of other days have crossed the river, I am still active in my business and hope for many more years in which to watch the home of my mature choice grow larger and in prosperity and fame.

I have many memories of the leading men of those days and all were my friends. And as I see their

children and grandchildren now the men of affairs, it recalls some of the characteristics of their ancestors who built the city on a foundation, perfect as the rock of Gibraltar and as ever lasting.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### A Trial at Dry Goods Business.

Work was not as plentiful, nor pay as high, in 1845 as it is to-day. None of the trades which I had learned in the West Indies were of any use to me in Pittsburg, and I had to begin all over again at whatever came to hand. I started out to hunt for work as soon as I arrived and first visited the stores, as they were the most prominent places visible to the eye. At last I got a job as porter for George R. White's dry goods store. The pay was only two dollars and a half a week, but I could not be very particular about the work or pay, as I must needs make a living. Mr. White wanted me to board at the Farmers' Hotel, run by Mrs. Little, on Ferry street, so that I could influence the farmers who stopped there to come to the store to do their trading. As a result it took all the money I got each week to pay my board bill and I didn't see where I was coming out much ahead by working for that much. My twenty-seven dollars soon dwindled down to seven, and I saw that it was time something was done, so I went to Mr. White and told him I would have to have more money or look for another job. He said he could



GEO. R. WHITE.

First friend in Pittsburg of the Author. A strong friend in his early youth. He first employed him as an errand boy in 1845. A friend who never failed Mr. Owens as long as he lived. In death he is not forgotten.



not see how I could not get along, since other boys could, but I told him other boys lived with their parents, while I must pay all my own way and pay board every week. He asked me how much more I would have to have, and I told him if he paid my board at the hotel and gave me the same wages I could get along.

"Have you ever brought any trade from the hotel?" he asked.

"You'll have to ask the manager that question," I told him.

So he called in the manager, Mr. Loy—who afterward became a partner with Mr. White—and Mr. Loy told him I had brought a great many people to the store from the hotel. Then Mr. White agreed to continue to pay me the same wages and pay my board at the hotel.

I got along very well at the store. One of my duties was to carry packages to the homes of customers and another was occasionally to go out collecting. One day Mr. White told me to go to James Stewart's farm at Squirrel hill to collect a bill that had been owing for a long time. I took the stage coach as he directed me and asked the driver where to get off and find the place. The driver gave me the wrong direction, and I walked nearly all day without finding the place. Late in the afternoon I met a man who said he thought Stewart lived down the river about five miles. I was then near the present site of Carnegie and I was soaked through, as it was raining and snowing. Still I was not ready to give up, so I started again and it

proved in the right direction. I found Stewart's home just at nightfall and he told me to tell Mr. White that he was coming to town with a load of wheat the following day and would come in and pay the bill.

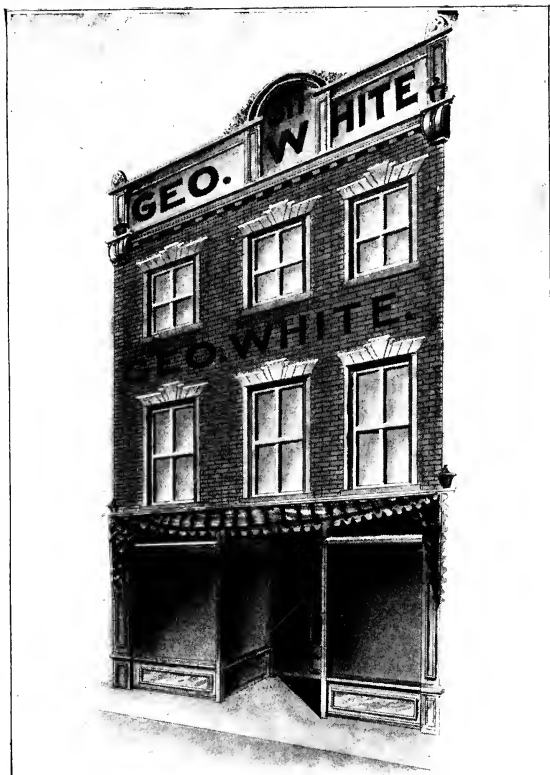
I asked Mr. Stewart for my supper, but he refused to give it to me, though I offered to pay him for it. There was nothing for me to do but walk back to the city, hungry, wet and fatigued as I was, so I left the place in anything but an enviable frame of mind.

It was late at night when I reached the hotel, but Mrs. Little gave me a good supper, and I was glad to get to bed. I was so tired out that I did not awake until 9 o'clock the next morning. When I went to the store Mr. White chided me for being late, but when I explained my troubles of the day before that made it all right. When I told him Stewart was coming in and would pay the bill, Mr. White said :

"Stewart has been coming in with a load of wheat for the last two years and has not arrived yet. If he does not come here to-day I want you to take a horse and ride down there and stay till you get the money."

As usual Stewart failed to put in an appearance as he had promised, so the next day Mr. White told me to ride out to the farm. When I reached the farm I tied my horse and went and asked for Mr. Stewart. His wife told me he was not at home and would not return until evening. I saw I was in for a long stay and prepared for a siege. I told the woman I would stay there until the bill was paid.

Seeing a little stable near the house, I put the horse in a stall and gave him some oats out of the bin. I



STORE OF GEO. WHITE.

311 Market Street—Where Mr. Owens Worked as an Errand Boy—  
1847-8. Mr. White was a Life Long Friend of the Author. A True  
Friend in Need.





went out of the stable for a few minutes, and when I looked in again to see how the horse was getting along the feed trough was empty. I thought the horse must be a pretty fast eater, but I put more oats in the trough. Then I went out of the stable and saw fresh footprints. I quickly walked back and caught Stewart taking the oats from the trough. Then I had to fight him away all the time till the horse had eaten all his feed.

When the horse had finished the oats Stewart started for the house, and I followed. We both went into the house and sat down in the parlor. We had been there some time when Mrs. Stewart came in. She only stayed a few moments then went out, and soon her husband followed her. I soon heard the dishes rattling, and my appetite told me it must be dinner time. I decided that if I was to get anything to eat I would have to go after it, as they were not likely to bring it to me. I walked out and picked up two pieces of bread and began to eat.

"You are most mightily unmannerly," said Stewart.

"I don't propose to go hungry just because you have not the manners to invite me to dinner," I replied.

When Stewart was through with his dinner he followed me out of the house and we began to quarrel.

"Jim stop fighting with that boy," shouted his wife. "You'll kill him next. Give him what money there is in the house and let him go."

"I haven't any money to give him," said Stewart.

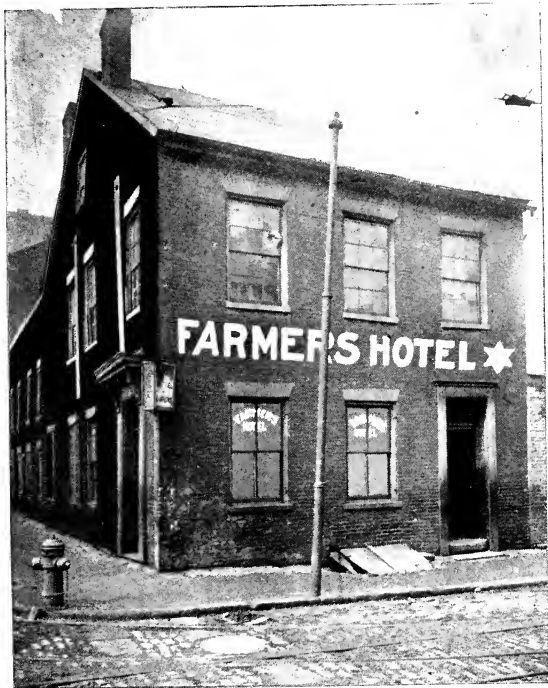
"I have some butter money in the house I will give him," she replied, and she went into the house and brought out \$33. After Stewart had counted it three or four times he handed it to me and asked for a receipt. I told him I had a receipt for the whole bill in my pocket, but I wouldn't give it to him till I got all the money.

Stewart declared he would have me arrested for getting money on false pretenses and started off, thinking to scare me, but it didn't and I stayed right there, determined to get all that was coming to me. Stewart did not come back until 9 o'clock that night, and he found me still there. He had a bag full of pennies, which he counted over till 11 o'clock. Then I had to count them, and I found the full amount there: I asked him for the bag to carry the pennies.

"I don't owe you the bag," he said, and would not give it to me. I filled my pockets with the pennies, and still had a great quantity of them left. So I tied up part of them in my handkerchief and put the balance in my hat.

Stewart would not help me on the horse, and I had to lead him to a bank where I could get on him without using my hands. Then I had to allow the horse to walk all the way home for fear of spilling the pennies from my hat.

It was well for me that the clerks were taking stock and were working late that night, for it was long after midnight when I rode up to the store. I called for Mr. Loy, and he came to the door and saw me sitting on his horse, bare headed and with my hat



### FARMERS HOTEL.

Fourth Avenue and Ferry Street. The x shows the room where the late Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, (Secretary of War under Lincoln), and Mr. Owens roomed—1847-8. Mr. Stanton, at that time, was studying law with Shaler and Umstad, and Mr. Owens was errand boy at Geo. White's store, 311 Market Street.



full of pennies. He had a good laugh at my expense, but finally relieved me of my burden, and I rode the horse to the stable and went home to bed.

The next morning when I was brushing the shelves Stewart came in and walked past me without looking. He asked for Mr. White and was shown into the office. After a while Mr. White sent for me and I went into the office. Mr. White pulled a chair up next to him and I sat down.

"Jimmie, Mr. Stewart tells me you acted very badly at his house yesterday," he said.

"If you are going to side with that old fool, I'll quit right now," I said getting mad at the first mention of the affair.

"Don't be so fast with your temper," he said. "Tell me everything that happened."

So I told him all about it, and Mr. Loy came in and told him how I arrived with my hat full of pennies and that ended the affair with Mr. Jimmie Stewart. Mr. White told Mr. Loy to give me the \$33 I got in bills as a present, and to take me down to a tailor's shop and get me a suit of clothes off the best piece of goods in stock.

As I got almost half of the amount of the bill I considered that I was doing pretty well for myself as a collector for the store, and felt pretty well repaid for the trouble Stewart had given me.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## An Evening With Spiritualism.

One summer evening, Jimmie White, son of the proprietor of the store where I worked, asked me to go with him to a spiritualistic seance. I got permission from the manager, and we started.

The spirits were said to be corraled at the home of Charles Taylor at the corner of Fourth street and Penn avnue. We went and rapped at the door and Taylor came to the door.

"We want to see Mrs. Coe," said Jimmie.

"All right come in," said Taylor, and he ushered us into the parlor.

After giving us chairs, he went out and soon came back with a large plate of fruit and told us to help ourselves. We soon had the fruit looking scarce, and were just putting on the finishing touches when Mrs. Coe's husband came in. Mrs. Coe was from Boston and she was creating quite a furror in Pittsburg with her readings and warnings from the spirit world, and everybody was anxious to see her in action.

Jimmie told Mr. Coe what we wanted and he went out to see his wife. In a few moments he returned and said she had had one seance during the early evening, and preferred to not disturb the spirits again so soon, as it was very fatiguing for them to be called on so often to rap and rattle around heavy tables.

Jimmie and I were both unwilling to overwork the ghosts, so we made our adieus and left. The house

was built high and with a long pair of steps leading to the street. I ran down the steps, then looked around and saw Jimmie come sliding down the bannister "belly-flopper." We both began to giggle, and the people in the house heard us, and came running to the door.

"Come right back here," shouted Taylor. "You can't laugh at us. We'll prove to you that there are spirits."

"We weren't laughing at you," declared Jimmie.

"Yes you were," said Taylor, "and you have to come in and let us prove to you that the spirits do communicate with us."

"All right, let's go back," I said. I had started out to see the spirits and I wanted to get what I went after.

When we got into the house we were ushered into the dining room where we found forty persons sitting around the long dining room table. They were having a seance, and evidently did not want us in, but invited us rather than have us go away as scoffers. Mrs. Coe was seated at the head of the table. They made room for Jimmie and I, but did not allow us to sit together. I was placed between Bob Wilson and a woman through whom the spirits were telling Bob all about his father and mother in heaven. The subject paid no attention to anything around the room, and Mrs. Coe said she had no physical feeling for any one but her.

After Wilson's parents had told him all they knew about heaven, Mrs. Coe said she would cause the

spirits to rap three times on the table to tell her that all the woman had said was true. Everything was quiet, and I got down on the floor to see what the spirits who were to do the rapping looked like.

"You must all sit up and join hands," said Mrs. Coe.

As I was between Wilson and the subject, I took hold of his hand on one side, and the limp and apparently lifeless hand of the subject on the other. I wanted to see if she were as dead to physical feeling as Mrs. Coe said she was, so I got a good grip on her hand, and gave it a squeeze that almost broke the bones. She was out of her trance in an instant, let out a yell you could hear in the next block and jumped so high I thought her head would hit the ceiling.

That ended the attempts at table rapping, but Mrs. Coe, though she was evidently much annoyed by the incident, told us to sit back and she would have the spirits walk the table along the room. I kept my eyes on the table, but it never moved. I guess the spirits were under the table and were afraid to get active for fear some one would see them.

"There is a devil in the party," at last Mrs. Coe declared, "and the spirits will not come out."

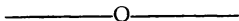
"Yes and Jimmie Owens is the devil," shouted Bob Wilson.

By common consent I was voted the devil, and the seance broke up right there.

Mrs. Coe remained in Pittsburg some time after that, but Jimmie White and I were never allowed to



attend a seance. Mrs. Coe convinced her followers that I was possessed of a devil, and Charley Taylor never would have anything to do with me after that. If he were coming the street and saw me, he would cross the road in order not to meet me.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### I Meet More Home Friends.

For six months I was working for Mr. White, and almost every day I was sent to the dress making establishment of Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Sands with packages. They always knew me as Jimmie, and always treated me as a welcome caller—perhaps because I was always prompt with goods they needed. One morning when I carried in a package it was bitterly cold and Mrs. Scott, seeing that my hands were red from the cold, stirred up the fire.

“Come over here and sit by the fire and get warm, Jimmie,” she said. “You are almost frozen.”

Then she sat down by me and we talked about things in general. Though I was 18 years old, I was small for my age, and people seemed to still consider me a little boy.

“Where were you born, Jimmie?” Mrs. Scott finally asked me.

“County Derry, Ireland,” I replied.

“Why, that is where I was born,” she exclaimed.

"We ought to be old friends. What is your family name?"

"Owens."

"Do your people still live in County Derry?"

"No, they moved to County Entrim, then to Belfast."

Mrs. Scott looked at me quiscially for a moment, then she said:

"Jimmie, you are my own sister's son."

Then she asked me all sorts of questions, to prove that she was right, asked me if I were the boy that ran away, and when I said I was, she told me they all thought I had been lost at sea as they had never heard from me. She said she had not heard from my mother since she came to America, and then I told her the whole story of finding my mother and brother Matthew in Jamaica, and of the death of my sister and mother there.

"You have another aunt in the next room, Jimmie," she said and she called Mrs. Sands in to see the lost boy of her sister. Neither could believe at first that I was Irish, the climate of Jamaica having made me as yellow as a tanney, but after a few questions they were convinced that I was really the runaway boy from Belfast.

And the two aunts were not all. I learned that I had an uncle working in Mitchell's foundry, and that my sister, married and with four children around the hearthstone, was living on Penn avenue.

That night there was a family reunion. We all got together and told over again the story of the twelve

years in which we were parted. It was a happy evening, and was almost morning when we parted for the night. But there were many such evenings, and we never tired of listening to our series of adventures.

Soon I went to live with my sister, and remained there for several months, but one day we quarreled about a girl I thought pretty well of, and I left and went to live at Calhoun's on Fourth street. I had not been at Calhoun's very long until I was taken ill. Dr. Irwin was called in, but he did not seem to do me any good, and after a few days, in which I got worse instead of better, I asked them to send for some other doctor. So they called in Dr. Dickson, of Allegheny. Every one was very kind to me while I was sick, and I was not allowed to want for anything. When I got better I went to the store and Mr. White gave me \$100 and told me to pay my doctor bills.

I first called on Dr. Irwin and asked him for his bill.

"You owe me \$75," he said after looking over his books.

"I'll give you \$25, notwithstanding you gave me the wrong medicine and nearly killed me," I replied.

"Seventy-five or nothing," he said.

"All right, then, it's nothing," I replied, getting up to go.

That brought him down to a \$25 basis, and we settled. I got a receipt in full, and left him.

Then I went to see Dr. Dickson

"I have no one of your name on my books," he told me.

"Don't you remember the boy you treated at Calhoun's?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes, I remember you," he replied. "But you are an orphan boy, and I never charge anything for attending such lads."

I told him I had paid Dr. Irwin \$25, and wanted to give him at least as much, but he would not take it.

So I took the \$75 back to Mr. White, but he told me to keep it to buy myself some clothes.

After I got able to be around town, though still not able to work, my sister, who had nursed me all the time I was sick, asked me to come back to live with her, which I did. As soon as I got strong enough to go to work again I decided to use the \$75 to bring Matthew to Pittsburg, so I went to Baltimore and brought him back with me and got him a place to learn the boiler making trade with Mr. Barnhill. We both boarded with my sister.

When Matthew arrived we had another little family reunion, my two aunts and my uncle coming to sister's house to see what their other nephew had grown to look like. Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Sands would never tire of hearing the story of our wanderings in the West Indies.

Mrs. Scott was the mother of James B. Scott, now living in Pittsburg, and Mrs. Sands, the mother of the Rev. John Sands, of Philadelphia.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## Another Chapter About Ghosts.

While Matthew was working for Mr. Barnhill at the boiler shop, we used to have some great times. Mr. Barnhill was very friendly with all the lads in the neighborhood, and he allowed us to use the yards and office for a play ground. We held debating society in the office, and we had some hot debates on the subjects, "Resolved that a gun is of more use to man than a dog," and "Resolved, that pusuit is a greater pleasure than possession." All those old standbys that I believe are worked in the country debating societies to this day were threshed out by our crowd, and we debated them over and over again.

But we sometimes tired of our literary efforts and spent the evening in play in the yards. We also had to listen to many tales of adventure told us by the nightwatchman, an Englishman who was a great braggart. To hear him tell it, he had been in all the great battles his country had fought for a century, and he had more to do with the defeat of Napoleon than had the Iron Duke himself. He talked so much and gave such vivid descriptions of things he had done in battle that we decided to see how he liked ghosts. A man who had braved the storm of shot and shell of the French army under Napoleon should certainly not fear any such things as a mere ghost, but we had our doubts about all this valor he told us about.

By telling a few ghost stories we discovered that the old fellow was a thorough believer in this preter-

natural. We kept up the ghost stories until he was afraid to go out after dark unless he carried a gun—as if mere leaden bullets would harm spirits.

One night I got into a boiler with a hammer, and the other boys went to the office and told ghost stories to the old fellow. Pretty soon he had to make his rounds to see that everything was safe, and he shouldered his old shotgun and left the office. The boys allowed him to get a good start, then same out and hid near where I was located inside the boiler.

Soon the old fellow came along, whistling to keep up his courage, and when he got just opposite my boiler, I gave it one blow with the hammer that made a noise like the crack of doom. I followed it up with a rattling sound and then began to groan as though I were in mortal agony. The frightened Englishman let out a yell that could be heard a mile and ran out of the yard as fast as his legs could carry him.

When I got around to the office he was telling the boys that there was a ghost in the yard. He had not only heard it pounding on a boiler, but had seen it.

“It had a head like a calf,” he declared, “and hoofs and a tail, but hands just like a human being. And the hammer it was using was red hot. It must have been hammering at the soul of some old boiler maker who used to work here and haunts the place, for the groans I heard were horrible.”

The old man would not venture out of the office again that night, and he declared he would not go out



HON. EDWIN M. STANTON,  
Roommate of the Author in 1847-8.





into the yard after dark again if they would give him the shop. It worried him so much that he hunted up another place to work and left the boiler shop.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Two Men Who Became Famous.

In the early days in Pittsburg I became friends with men then little more than boys, whose names were afterwards written high on the scroll of fame in their country's history. One of them was Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War in President Lincoln's cabinet, and the other was James G. Blaine, "the Plumed Knight."

It was while I was boarding at Mrs. Little's Farmers' Hotel that I met Stanton. He had come to Pittsburg to study law in the office of Shaler & Umpstider, a firm of attorneys famous all over the west. That was in 1846. One evening Mrs. Little asked me if I objected to sharing my room with a young man from Ohio, who desired to board at the house. I told her that it depended very much on the man.

"He's a very fine young man, a gentleman," she said. "He has come here to study law."

"I want to see him first," I replied, and she pointed out to me a quiet young fellow who was sitting at the supper table.

"All right, put him in." I told her, and a little later she introduced him to me as Mr. Stanton.

I found him very pleasant, though quiet, and not the wild sort of fellow that I was inclined to be, looking always for the fun in the world. But we got along famously, and for months, till I went to live with my sister, we occupied the same room and the same bed. He was very ambitious to make a good lawyer of himself, and he studied hard day and night. Still, he would find time to talk with me, and he always seemed ready to listen to tales I had to tell of India, Jamaica, Cuba and Ireland. The story of my season with the circus and the trained goat and pig seemed to amuse him most. But mostly I would spend my evenings out with the boys of my acquaintance, and he would be at work on his books. It was seldom that we could get him out on any of our harum-scarum expeditions, but when he did, he was as lively as the best.

I watched the career of Stanton with great pleasure, knowing him as I did, and when he was in Washington during the trying times of the Civil War, the administration had no more loyal supporter in the country than this same old room mate of Edwin M. Stanton. The memory of his friendship, short though it was, is one of the brightest spots in my life, though perhaps I did not then realize what a great mind I was given the opportunity to know.

My meeting with Mr. Blaine was shortly after I met Stanton, and while I was rooming with him. It was while I was working in White's dry goods store. One day Mr. Loy gave me a package of blankets to deliver to the home of the Rev. Mr. Bryan, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister living on Second avenue.



HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.  
Friend of the Author.



I took up a large bundle so that Mrs. Bryan could pick out the ones she wanted.

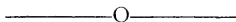
While we were examining the blankets in the back parlor a gentleman came to the door and asked for Mr. Bryan. In a few moments the minister returned and said a young man named James Blaine was there to be married, and he asked me to go over and bring David and Journal Bell to act as witnesses. I went for the witnesses while Mr. Blaine went to the Monongahela House for his bride. I soon returned with David Bell, but Journal could not be found, so as three witnesses were necessary they asked me to act as one of them. So I remained for the wedding, and after the ceremony was performed and the certificate of marriage signed, Mr. Blaine invited us all to go with them to the Monongahela House for a wedding supper.

I took the blankets that were not wanted back to the store, and was then given permission to go to the supper. It was a jolly party. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Blaine vying with each other in witty sallies. I was mostly a listener, and in fact, all of us were too well pleased to hear the brilliant talk of the minister and the young bridegroom to offer much in the way of conversation ourselves. We spent a most pleasant and happy evening, and the following day Mr. Blaine and his bride, after a call at the home of the minister, went to their home.

Years after, when Mr. Blaine was a candidate for President, the story was started that he was a Catholic, but I knew better, and knew better than anyone living the story of his marriage by a Cumberland Presbyter-

ian minister. He had been a member of the Catholic church he would have been married by a priest, instead of coming to Mr. Bryan. I was a strong supporter of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, and everywhere I went I was careful to circulate the story of the wedding at the home of the Rev. Mr. Bryan, as an offset to the story that Blaine was a Catholic.

I wanted to see Mr. Blaine elected President, because I considered him one of the greatest men in the country, and still cherish the memory of the young man and bride, at whose wedding supper I was a guest so many years ago.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

### I Learn Several Trades.

After several years at White's store my health broke down, so that the lightest work was a burden to me. I didn't like to give it up, as I had always been well treated there and the surroundings were pleasant. I had also made myself more valuable to the firm, and was getting much better pay than when I started in, so that I was able to have a very good time and still save a little money. But Mr. White recognized the condition of my health, and one day he came to me and talked about it.

"You are a good boy in the store, Jimmie," he said, "but I am afraid the work does not agree with you. What sort of a trade would you like to learn?"



409 SECOND AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.  
The House Where the Late James G. Blaine was Married.  
Mr. Owens was a Witness to the Ceremony.





It seems to me that you require something with more physical exertion and less confinement indoors."

I agreed with him, and told him I thought I would like to be a plasterer. He said he would try to arrange the matter, and a few days later he and my uncle, John Scott, bound me out to James Armstrong for three years.

At the end of two years Armstrong failed, and that released me. Meanwhile I had learned considerable about the business, and decided to try my hand at it on my own hook. Palmer & McCasky were the proprietors of a paper store, and they were very friendly towards me. So that whenever they knew of any work they threw it my way. One of the first jobs they got me was the stucco work on a new Homeopathic hospital near Cleveland. I took some men with me from Pittsburg. We boarded at the Union Hotel, and one night a few weeks later, after we had become acquainted and were going around quite a bit, we went to a dance, and when we returned to the hotel early in the morning, we found only ashes, as it had burned down during the night. What had been saved out of the fire was taken to the Marine Hospital, and we at once started for the hospital to see if anything belonging to us had been saved. On the way we met a man wearing my overcoat.

"Hold up, there, man, you've got on my coat," I shouted to him as he seemed anxious to get away without passing the time of day to us.

"Your coat, nothing," he replied," and when I insisted he threatened to thrash me. I told him that I

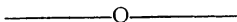
could prove the coat was mine, because there was \$35 in bills in the inside pocket. The man with me promised to stand by me, and we waded in and took the coat off his back. Then I put it on, and reaching into the inside pocket I pulled out my little roll of bills, thus proving my property, and the fellow made off, glad to escape arrest.

When the trustees of the Homeopathic Hospital learned of the fire they told me to come to them if I needed any money, but luckily I was able to get along without accepting their offer of assistance.

After finishing the work at the hospital I plastered the Forest City House, and then as there was no more work for me there I returned to Pittsburg. Finding plastering slack, I again bound myself out to learn a trade, this time working for John Phillips, to learn bricklaying. I intended to learn as much about building trades as possible, and then go west. I had only been with Mr. Phillips about a year when he went into the iron business and let us all off.

Stoker work was then paying very good wages, and I bound myself out to Bassett, Blythe & Morganroth to learn that trade. I did not stay with them very long, and when I left them I formed a partnership with a man named Frazier, to do contracting in building. Frazier died soon after we went together, and I bought his share of the business from his estate and then set up for myself. That was practically the real beginning of my business career. From that

time on, for more than forty years I have been engaged in building work, and the city is dotted with evidences of my industry.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

### Joe Barker's Campaign.

Politics was as strenuous before the war as to-day. Everybody seemed interested in the result of every election, and there was never the great mass of people so disinterested as not to vote, as is the case to-day. Suffrage is a God given right, and every man then realized that it was his duty, not only to deposit his ballot on election day, but to work for the man he thought would best fill the office for which he was a candidate.

Along in the early Fifties, Joe Barker was a unique character in Pittsburg. Some said he was crazy, others said he was only a crank who wanted to make a living on the credulous people, and his main point was to escape hard work.

Joe's chief hobby was his hatted for the Catholics. Wherever he could draw a crowd he would harrangue the people on his favorite topic. His chief lieutenant was a Presbyterian preacher named Kirtland who had been silenced by the church, but the silencing of the church had little effect on his vocal organs. Joe would make the speeches and then call on Kirtland to prove all he said.

When the boys of the town would see Joe and Kirtland coming along Liberty avenue they would follow, shouting and cheering, and soon Joe would reach the court house or cathedral, and mounting the steps would make a speech, and at the end of each telling point would shout,

"That's true, isn't it Kirtland?"

"Every word of it," Kirtland would reply, "and I have the papers here to prove it."

Then Kirtland or Joe would take a paper from a bundle they always carried, but when any of the boys would look over the paper they would find only some old publication with no reference whatever to the point Joe wanted to make.

Joe became more and more of a general nuisance, until finally the Catholics had him arrested for speaking from the Cathedral steps. The judge sent him to jail for thirty days. When he got out, he was more reckless than ever, and also more noisy, so he was again arrested and this time the judge sent him up for nine months.

While Joe was in for his second term, the spring campaign of 1851 opened, and some one nominated Joe for Mayor. It might have been intended for a joke, and it may have been in all seriousness, but the young fellows of the city took it as a fine joke, and they started out electioneering for Joe with all their enthusiasm. The idea seemed to strike everybody, and hard as the opposition could work, they could not overcome the boom of Joe Barker, and he was elected by a large majority,

It was 10 o'clock at night when the returns had all been counted and it was assured that the next Mayor of the city was then languishing in durance vile. The young fellows of the city were enthusiastic over their victory and went marching up and down the streets. Finally it occurred to them that Joe would enjoy being in on the jollification, so the crowd headed for the jail on the run. The leader demanded the prisoner, and the Sheriff refused to deliver him. Then we secured heavy pieces of wood and started to break down the jail door.

The Sheriff, seeing that we were in earnest, opened the door, and Joe was brought out. Some of the fellows raised him up on their shoulders and the triumphant procession started for the Mayor's office, then located on Third avenue.

We found Mayor Guthrie sitting in his office, so we gathered him up in our arms and soon had him sitting on the curb outside, while Joe occupied the official chair. All that night we kept Joe there, listening to his speeches and cheering him, but in the morning the court informed us that he could not become Mayor, even though he were legally elected, until Mayor Guthrie's time expired, which would be two months later. So we allowed Mayor Guthrie to return to his office, and Joe went back to his preaching, the court signing an order for his legal release from jail.

When Mayor Guthrie's term expired, Barker was inaugurated with all the enthusiasm we young fellows could muster, and his term of office started out with every promise of success, and though he spent his

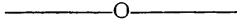
whole time at his official duties, and left off his preaching most of the time, still he was ever ready to make a speech. But his official acts were not such as to commend him to the voters a second time, and when he ran for Mayor again he was beaten by almost as large a vote as his majority at the first election.

At that time it was one of the duties of the Mayor to look after the weights and measures at the market. Joe always did this himself, accompanied by two officers. One day when in the market Barker came to a woman who had twenty-nine pounds of butter in her basket in pound prints. He weighed each one of them and found each a trifle light, probably caused by the evaporation of water after the butter had been first weighed the night before. Just as he was weighing his twenty-ninth print the woman picked up the last one and struck him in the face with it, saying, "Take it all."

"That is good enough for the poor," said Joe, never paying any attention to the woman, "pick it up men."

For the first three months Joe was a pretty good Mayor, but after that he got down on every one in the city, apparently, and every one else seemed to be just as much down on him. He fought with the Councilmen on every subject and denounced them as rogues and thieves, and finally had them all arrested on charges of misusing the public funds. Nothing ever came of this, however.

Toward the last of Joe's term as Mayor he had scarcely a friend in the city, and nearly everybody seemed glad when his time was up and a reasonable Mayor took his place.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Elizabeth Parkhill.

In the spring of 1852, there arrived in this country a young Irish girl of rare education for a woman in those days. She was a typical Irish lassie, and after we became acquainted our mutual interest in the Little Green Isle caused us to be much together. She was a niece of Mrs. Maxwell, who had brought her to America. After her arrival here, Elizabeth boarded at the same home with me, and she worked in Dr. Avery's drug store. Naturally we became great friends, and much of our leisure time was spent together. We always went to the lyceum meetings and singing schools together, and though I could not do much in the musical line, her voice always made up for any deficiency in mine.

One night we went to a singing society in a church in Oak alley. My brother was also there with his "best girl." High hats were then the proper thing and both Matthew and I were diked out in the latest fashion for young dandies. If the word had been invented then, I suppose we would have been called dudes. The girls sat in the class, and we boys, who

could not sing, sat on the opposite side of the pulpit. While the singing was progressing, a number of men from the Napkin English House came in and sat down behind us. Among them was Andy Simms, a pretty tough customers who had served a couple of terms in the penitentiary. They were all pretty well loaded with tamarac, and were spoiling for trouble. They soon began tapping our high hats as an evidence of their disapproval of that sort of headgear. I got up, moved the hats to the pew next to the pulpit and sat down next to them.

I had only been sitting there a few moments when I looked around just in time to see Simms reach around another fellow and hit Matthew on the head. As Matthew had a felon on his finger and was unable to defend himself properly, I decided that it was my duty to rush to the rescue. I ran up to Simms, and he tried to rise, but before he could do so I shoved my hand under his chin and pushed him up against the wall. He happened to be right in front of the door, and when I began giving him all that was coming to him in the way of a trouncing, the door broke and he tumbled out into the vestibule. As he went down I landed on top of him with my high heeled boots and gave him a severe beating, leaving him cut and bleeding on the floor.

When I got back into the church I found that the row had broken up the meeting and every one had run out of the front door, fearing the engine boys would come back in force and clean things out from the front to the pulpit.



Not finding Elizabeth in the church, I decided she had deserted me, and I declared in my wrath if she was afraid to stand by me in my trouble, I would never go to see her again. But when I came out of the door there she stood waiting for me.

"I was just going home alone," I told her. "I thought you had deserted me."

"Oh, I wasn't afraid but that you'd come out all right," she said. "You seem to forget that I was brought up in Ireland, where one expects to see little things of that sort occasionally. And you can always depend upon it, I'll stand by you when the wind is blowing."

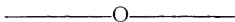
And she always did. That night I learned how much I really loved her, but I could not screw up my courage to tell her. But it was not long after that that I did tell her, and her answer made me the happiest man in Pittsburg.

When our engagement was announced, her friends wondered at her choice of the rough Irish lad, when she could have had her pick of the finest lads of the city. But I don't think either of us lived to regret our choice. We were married on May 7, 1854, and then began the happiest epoch of my eventful life. I was devoted to my home, and my greatest sorrow was that so much of my time was necessarily spent away from it. But it was necessary to attend to business, and much of my work called me away from the city for months at a time to places where I could not take Elizabeth.

And then came the baby. We were as proud as young married folks usually are, and my wife lavished

the full affection of her great Irish heart upon it. She always kept it the neatest and prettiest youngster in the city. People passing would stop to watch the little golden-haired baby, and when it began to creep around the hall way, they would stop and pick it up and love it as though it were their own. One Sunday, when the baby was in the hall in the front of the house, an old colored mammy came along, and my wife, who was in the back part of the house was frightened most to death to see the woman pick up the child. With a scream she ran out, only to find that the old woman was not trying to kidnap the child, but only wanted to show her love.

When the baby grew a little older I built a balcony back of the house. The colored people had a church back in the alley, and on Sundays when they would begin to sing their old-fashioned melodies, the little girl would take hold of me and lead me back to hear the singing. There she would sit in a little chair, with her head cocked to one side, listening as long as the music lasted.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

### Smallpox Appears.

I had only been married a few months when my wife was stricken with smallpox, which was prevalent in the city at the time. I called Dr. Halleck to wait upon her, and he put a sort of paste on her to keep the

air out of the sores. This was so irritating that I had to tie her hands to the bed to keep her from scratching herself. When he came the second day to put the paste on her, I would not let him do it.

"What do you know about medicine?" he demanded of me.

"I don't know very much, perhaps," I replied, "but I do know that that stuff is driving my wife crazy, and killing her by degrees."

So I paid the doctor off and sent him away. He said if she died he would not be responsible, and I told him I had a notion to have him arrested for trying to kill her.

As soon as the doctor was gone, I went to Francis Bailey's drug store and asked him for two bottles of the finest olive oil he had.

"What do you want the oil for?" he asked me.

"My wife has smallpox," I told him, "and I want to bathe her."

"Take the oil and go," he said handing it out and getting away from me. "You need not wait to pay for it."

That suited me very well, as I had no great surplus of money about that time. When I got home, I bathed my wife with the oil, and she felt so refreshed that she slept for four hours, and from that time began to get better, though she was ill for weeks, and I had to give her most of my time, night and day, as I could get no one to nurse her.

The morning after I discharged the doctor, St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church took fire, and the lum-

ber yard between my house and the church was soon ablaze. I stood the heat as long as I could, and then, as I had no one to help me fight the fire that threatened my house, I took my wife in my arms and carried her up the hill to Alex. Malloy's house. When I appeared at the door with my wife wrapped in a blanket, everybody ran out of the house, and left me in full possession.

The fire was kept from reaching my house, however, and after the danger was past I got two men who were not afraid of the smallpox to help me carry my wife back home.

At this time I had the contract to do the stucco work on the new cathedral which was to take the place of the cathedral burned a year or two before. As my wife was ill, and I could get no one to nurse her, I was compelled to let the work go for a time, and the committee in charge of the construction was growing very impatient. The church people wanted to dedicate about Christmas and it was getting uncomfortably close to that time of year. I was using the back room to do the casting in. Bishop O'Connor would not allow them to take the contract away from me, as they wished to do, and told them that under the circumstances it would be very unchristian. So I was given all the time I needed. I finally got Martha Richardson to come and take care of my wife, as none of my relatives would do so, and I finished the work on the cathedral on time, though I had to push things very rapidly for a time.

After my wife got well, I took her to live in Allegheny, and then I got the contract to do the stucco work on the Butler court house. I had taken it on a sub-contract, and the man who had the contract broke up just before I finished the work. As a result I never got a cent, and besides had to pay the board of the men working for me and their wages for the time spent in Butler. I did not have money enough left to pay the hotel bill at Butler, but Mr. Mechling told me not to worry, but to pay it when I could. It was some time before I got enough money ahead to pay the bill, but Mr. Mechling never bothered me about it, and was very much pleased when I took the money up to him. After that I got the contract to move an old hotel from Hunkers to where the Cresson grounds are now located. I had to move the building in sections on the canal. Isaac M. Pinnick, who was a great business man in those days, got me the contract, and he was a firm friend from that time on, and threw many a good thing in my way.

Early in 1855 I went to do the stucco work and plastering in a house for Mr. Ledley on the Washington plank road. Mr. Frazier and I took the contract together. When we had it nearly finished, Mr. Ledley failed in the coal business, and this left us in very bad shape, as we had so recently lost all the money coming from the Butler court house job. I was at the house overseeing the work when Frazier came to me and told me of the failure of Ledley. We had everything done but the ornamental work. Frazier wanted me to quit right there, but I told him it was a fine bit of work,

would be a great advertisement for us and would bring us more business, and so ought to be finished. He insisted that he would not finish it. I offered him \$500 for his interest in the job, and he accepted it, so I had him drive me to Mr. White, the merchant for whom I had worked so long, borrowed the money, and got Frazier's receipt.

I kept on with the work, and a few days later, a man whom I did not know came to the place and asked one of my men for the contractor. He then came to me and told me he was Mr. Ledley. He said he had failed in New Orleans, but that if I wanted any coal I could have all I wanted, but he could not give me any money until he got things straightened up. I told him that was all right, that I would wait.

In a few weeks the men working for me began to give me a great deal of trouble, as I had not been able to pay them. I not only was waiting for the money on the Ledley house and was out the court house money, but a number of others who owed me could not pay. So I was compelled to go to Mr. White again to borrow \$500.

I had just gotten the money and started up Fifth avenue, when I met a man I did not recognize.

"Are you James Owens?" he asked me.

"That is what I am usually called," I replied.

"Well, I am George Ledley," he said, "and I have just returned from New Orleans. Where have you got the bills for the work you did on my house.

I told him they were at my house, and he told me to get them and meet him at Patrick's Bank at Fifth

and Wood. I went home and got my book, and was soon at the bank. As soon as I told him the amount, \$4,754, he made me out a check. In going over the books he saw how neat and well done they were and he asked me who I had for a bookkeeper. I told him my wife was keeping the books, and he made out a check in her name for \$500 and told me to give it to her for a present. I had gotten 1,600 bushels of coal from him and gave it to Mr. White, but Mr. Ledley would not take a cent for that, saying it was a present for me for finishing his house when I stood so good a chance of losing the full amount of my bill.

I went at once to Mr. White and settled for the money I had borrowed, then went to Frazier and asked him if he had any money to pay the men, as they threatened to quit (which they had.) He told me he didn't have a cent. Then I told him I wouldn't take advantage of him, and told him just how we stood with Mr. Ledley. I gave him his full share, deducting only twenty per cent for finishing the ornamental work. He wanted me to take a larger share of the amount, but I was perfectly satisfied to do as well as I had.



## CHAPTER XXX.

### My Last Big Spree.

A man in writing the history of his life usually tries to put his best side forward, and to leave out those things which do not meet the approbation of the

world. I am not a believer in that sort of history. History should tell facts as they are or were, and that is my only excuse for writing this chapter. There is no pride in it, rather a feeling of shame that it is true, but since I have promised that I would write the truth I must keep my promise, for no one has ever accused me of being untruthful.

In 1858 I was doing considerable work around the country, much of the time away from home. I spent some time at Evergreen Hamlet, and there I met Thornton Shinn and his brother, both lawyers. We became great friends, and as our tastes were similar we spent much time together. Besides I did considerable work for them.

One day I met Thornton Shinn on Fifth avenue in Pittsburg, and he told me he was doing some business for a couple of gentlemen from Germany who were stopping at the Monongahela House. He was fixing up some business about wine, in which the two Germans were dealers, and he said that as they were going to leave that night, they wanted him to bring a few friends in to supper with them. I joined him, and found sixteen others from the city there when we arrived. All were drinking, and I kept up my end with the true Irish spirit. The two men from Germany were to take a boat for New Orleans at 3 a. m., and we all went to the boat to see them off.

The boat was not ready to start when we arrived, and we decided to remain with our new friends till time for the boat to leave. So we resumed our drinking, and at the same time began to play cards. While



we were enjoying ourselves, the boat arrived, but we were all so well filled with drink by this time, that no one cared, and the next thing we knew we were at the wharf at New Orleans.

Even then Thornton Shinn was not satisfied with his trip, and he took a boat for Cuba. The rest of us were willing to stop where we were, except that all of us were anxious to get back to Pittsburg. An inventory showed us, however, that the total amount of money in the party was ten cents, not even enough to send a message home for money to purchase tickets. We were walking along the levee thinking of home and mother, when I saw Captain Koontz walking toward us. I knew him well, but I was ashamed to have him see me in such a plight, and I turned away from him. But as he saw me, he hailed me and asked what was wrong.

"What did I ever do to you, Jimmie, that you should shun me in a strange city?" he demanded.

Then I told him of our predicament and that I was ashamed to be seen by a friend under the circumstances.

He knew some of the others in the party also, so he took us to the bank and got us enough money to pay our passage home, and some besides for incidental expenses.

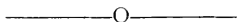
"If my boat were going up the river I would take you all home," he said, "but it won't be ready for some time yet, and this is the best I can do for you."

We took the first boat north, and when we got home, I found my wife was in mourning for me, had

been for five weeks. She had been told that I was last seen going toward the Monongahela river, and it was generally reported that I was drowned.

That was the last time I ever took a drink in a public bar or on a boat. I do not intend to say that I have never drunk anything since, but I have been a moderate drinker and never have since become intoxicated. Drinking, like anything else, can be done in moderation without great harm, but I decided that I had set the limit of my capacity too high. My business had suffered a good deal while I was away, but I had an old man named Moses working for me, who had kept the men at work.

Thornton Shinn did not get back for six or seven months. The first time I saw him after he returned he told me that when he came to himself in Cuba he thought he was in hell because it was so hot, and there was no one but negroes around him.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

### A Visit to South Carolina.

In 1859 I got a letter from Columbia, S. C., asking me to bid on the stucco work on the State capitol building. The letter came from George Oulds, a brother of the man who had been so kind to me after my arrival in this country, and who lived at Baltimore. I bid \$33,000 and got the contract. So I took eleven men and a foreman with me from Pittsburg and went

south. I had the ornamental work made in Pittsburg and shipped to me. We were getting along rapidly, when talk of secession began to be heard. It was a trying time, but I kept my opinions to myself and kept the men quiet, so we were not molested. One day Mr. Oulds sent for me.

"Jimmie," he said when I arrived, "I suppose you are as strong for the North as I am for the South. It begins to look a little squally for your men here."

"You are right about my sentiments," I told him, "but this work ought to be finished, as I have been losing some money recently, and can't afford to give up this opportunity. I would rather take a few chances to finish it."

"I'll see that you get your money," he replied, "but I think it best for you and your men to get away for the North as soon as possible. Keep quiet about this and I will see how we can manage it."

The next day the board met and I was sent for. The Sate Supervisor was there, and he went with me into the capitol building to look over the work as it stood.

"That looks like pretty expensive stuff," he said when he saw the material laying on the floor ready to be put in place. I can tell by the look of it that it is hand carved."

I told him it was rather expensive, but did not think it necessary to explain that it was made in moulds. He asked me if I would take \$28,000 for the job as it stood, and I said I would.

We went back to where the board was sitting, and a check for \$28,000 was promptly made out for me. I was then given passes for myself and my men so that we would have no trouble getting home, should hostilities break out, and we started for Vicksburg.

My foreman, Mr. Anderson, said he would remain in Columbia, as he had never been treated better any place in the country, and said it was a shame to desert such people. So he stayed and finished the job, and got the balance of the money on the contract. I was sorry to leave it half done as it was a fine piece of work, but my heart was in the north, and all my interests were there.

The South Carolina capitol building is one of the finest of the old buildings in the United States, and escaped the ravages of the war because of its beauty. When General Grant was in Columbia he made the capitol his headquarters and would not allow it to be destroyed, saying it was too beautiful to be desecrated by a mob, even though the people of South Carolina deserved all the punishment they received.

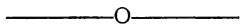
A new year had begun by the time I was in Pittsburg I had only been home about three weeks when I got a letter from Lancaster Oulds of Baltimore, asking me to make a bid on the Parker church. His brother had written him of the good work we had done in South Carolina.

I found just about as strong a Southern spirit in Baltimore as in Columbia. It was a hot-bed of rebellion, and we had to keep very quiet if we wanted to feel half way safe. We had been there but a few days

when a party of men came to my brother and myself and asked us to go to the polls and vote the Democratic ticket. I told them we would do nothing of the kind and this made them very angry.

“I voted the Whig ticket when Taylor was nominated,” I told them, “and after that I voted with the Knownothings rather than vote the Democratic ticket, and I am not going to begin it at this late day.”

The result of the conference was that it was made pretty warm for me and my men in Baltimore, but we finally got the work finished and got home with whole skins, though it did look pretty squally for us at times.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

### More Contracting Experiences.

Soon after I returned from Baltimore I took a contract from William Kerr to do the brick work, stucco work and for putting cement on the outside of his new house in Point Breeze. When I got along as far as the cementing he wanted me to let him off on the balance of the contract, but I refused to do so. He said war was coming on, and he did not care to finish up the work at once. Nevertheless, I went ahead with it, and when the time came for him to pay I had to take his notes or nothing. On the day the notes fell due, his bookkeeper asked me if he had made any arrangements to pay the notes.

"He leaves to-day for a trip to Europe," said the bookkeeper.

I went to see my banker, and found nothing had been done about the notes, so I started out to hunt Mr. Kerr, and I must say I had blood in my eye. I secured a warrant, and the services of an officer, and we at last found him just as he had reached the depot to take the train for New York. When he found that it was going to delay his trip he gave me the full amount and I let him go.

A few years later Mr. Kerr's wife died, and he married again. The second Mrs. Kerr wanted some gutters put on the house and the jobber who did the work broke part of the cement work I had put on. Mrs. Kerr asked her husband who had done the cement work, and he told her that the fellow who did the work was dead.

"It's too bad," she told him. "I want it repaired right, and it's a pity to have it half done by some one else who will be more than likely to spoil it."

A little later she was talking to the man repairing the gutters, and told him she was sorry to hear that the man who had done the cement work was dead.

"Jimmie Owens is not very dead," said the man, laughing. "I saw him this morning on my way up here, and he looked pretty active for a dead one."

Mrs. Kerr at once ordered her carriage and came to look for me. When she told me her husband said I was dead. I told her that I guessed he wished I were, but I was too busy to accommodate him in that respect.

Then I told her all about the affair of the first contract and the notes.

"Well, I want you to come out and fix up that work, anyhow," she said, laughing at the scene I had described, catching her husband at the depot and making him pay the notes. She insisted that I should get into the carriage at once and go out and see what was to be done. As we were walking into the yard at her residence we met Mr. Kerr coming out.

"I have risen from the dead, you see," I said to him.

"I had hoped you would never set foot on my place again," was all the reply he made, as he passed on out the gate on the way to his office.

I made the contract with Mrs. Kerr to fix up the cement work, and while we were looking it over, I saw that the man fixing the gutters was not putting in good copper, and told her so. Mrs. Kerr asked me to stay, take charge of the work and see that it was done right. I told her that if I did that I would have to charge her \$10 a day.

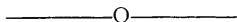
"I don't care what it costs, see that the work is done right, and when it is finished I will see that you get your money."

So I took the contract, and when I finished the cement work I added to the bill four days overseeing the other work at \$10 a day. I handed the bill to Mr. Kerr, and he said it was extortion. I reminded him that I had gotten \$50 for less work many a time, and also that if I took the account to his wife she would

pay it without question, so he paid me rather than have me go to his wife about it.

After that Mr. Kerr and I became good friends, and I built two houses on Liberty street for him. While doing the whitewashing, I put colored men at work, and Mr. Kerr came down and raised another row with me.

“It’s an insult to put negroes to work on my houses,” he declared. So I had to send the colored men away and put white men at the work just to please him.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### Mixing in Politics.

Just prior to the war politics were pretty hot in Pittsburg, and I could not escape getting into the fray if I had wanted to. But my fighting Irish spirit always carried me into the thick of any sort of a scrimmage. I had a good bit of influence in the district where I lived, and was consequently one of the delegates sent to Lafayette Hall when the Republican party was formed. It was an enthusiastic meeting, but enthusiasm alone is not enough to win elections, and our first candidate for President—John C. Fremont—was defeated. Still the result had shown us that there was a place for the party in the country, and a big place, too.



Four years later, J. M. Brush and myself were elected delegates to the National Convention of the party to be held at Chicago. We were instructed for Seward, of New York, and we stood out for him until it was shown that he had no possible chance of election. About 11 o'clock on the fourth day of the convention the name of Lincoln was sprung on the convention. The old rail splitter, as he was known, was of little prominence then outside of his own state, but his victory over Stephen A. Douglass had given him prestige that made his name take like wild-fire. The house was in an uproar, and on the second ballot the man who has since been the patron saint of Republicanism was the nominee of the party for President.

Then a crowd started for Springfield, and I went along. We brought Lincoln back to Chicago with us, and the whole city went wild with enthusiasm. I can still see, in the eye of memory, the great crowds in the streets, and the mass of people in the convention hall as the nominee appeared, and I can hear the cheers as he mounted the platform. It was a most inspiring occasion. The enthusiasm never faltered until the old rail-splitter was seated in the White House, and then kept behind him through the trying times of the years of bloodshed and carnage that followed. There were dark days, when it seemed that the Union of States was doomed, but never did the people lose faith in their champion and friend seated in the Presidential chair, carrying the burden of an afflicted and war-worn nation on his shoulders.

These were trying times in Pittsburg for there was work to do, and work in plenty, for those who could not join the hosts in the field as well as for those who could go to the front. I tried to enlist, but was refused because of the condition of my health, then I helped assume the burden of those who must stay behind. I was on the committee to see that each ward furnished its quota of men to fill the ranks of the army, and then I helped the same committee raise money to support the men we sent out. Our troubles would come in plenty when we landed in a Democratic house. We could get clubs and bricks and almost anything the army could not use, but no money.

There were ropes hanging over the lamp posts to hang traitors, and one Sunday as I was going home with my wife and children after a walk I met Dr. McCook coming down the street carrying a red shirt on the bayonet of his gun.

"They have a man down in the lockup who was caught trying to smuggle goods to the Southern army," he said, "and we are going to hang him."

I sent my family home, and joined the doctor. Crowds began to follow us as we went along, and the street was filled as we got to the prison door. I went in with the doctor to see the fellow. He declared he knew nothing about the alleged clothing that was being smuggled South, and said he was en route to Ohio. Then we called in the conductor on the train and he told us the man's ticket called for a ride to Canton, O. and he was let off and escorted to the train.

Matters continued in this excited state for about a year. We had a hard time getting any money from our own side, and we decided that we would force the Southern sympathizers to pay their share of the expense of conducting the war. We had a meeting of delegates from the nine wards and a committee was appointed to go to Harrisburg to get the Legislature to pass a law assessing a *capias* tax. I was named as the representative of the ward in which I lived.

When we got off the train at Harrisburg we met a committee from the South Side that had gone there on the same mission and was coming away defeated. They had been turned down by a vote of three to one. We were somewhat discouraged at the report of their poor success, but we decided that we had better try our hand at it, since we had come so far. I was well acquainted with J. P. Glass, member of the Legislature from my ward, and I told the committee I would see him. We went to the Capitol Hotel and all registered, then I went to find Glass.

Mr. Glass said things looked pretty dark for us, but advised us to stay around for a few days and see if an opportunity did not turn up to put the thing through. He took us about the town and gave us a good time, but that didn't seem to be doing much good. On the second day, however, he advised us to give a dinner and invite the members of the Legislature. I called on the members of the committee and asked what they would give toward the scheme. Hugh M. Bole said he would give \$1,000 if necessary, and other members of the committee gave as liberally as they

could. I then told Glass to go ahead with arrangements for the dinner. He saw the proprietor of the hotel and arranged for the affair.

The following night Glass invited seventy-two of the members of the Legislature. Supper was started late, and it kept on for hours. All kinds of wine was served and everybody was having a great time. But along about 3 a. m. some of them began to think about getting to bed. Glass called me to one side and told me to keep the party there until they would just have time to get to the legislative hall, so I ordered more wine and the fun started all over again.

Shortly after daylight Glass told me it was time to ease off so they could get away.

When the House met, we all went to the session, and James Onslow carried the bill up to Glass. We were seated where we could see how every member voted. When placed on its final passage the bill went through unanimously.

Then we started for the Senate, where the bill was carried in by Onslow and handed to the President of the Senate, James Graham, and again we lined up where we could watch the vote. The Senate also passed our bill. At just 11:30 we took the bill to the executive mansion and Governor Curtin signed it, so we were ready to return home, successful and happy.

We did not return straight home, but went with a party of members of the Legislature on a trip to Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York and spent two of the best weeks of our lives.

As soon as we got back to Pittsburg we began to collect the tax, but, as before, we got other things besides money. It finally got so hot that Mayor Wilson sent two policemen with each collector. One day a man threw me a bouquet in the shape of a brick from a second story window. I knew the fellow and the next time I met him on the street I gave him a brick, though I did not hand it to him very gently, just to show him how much I appreciated his favor.

We got our full quota of taxes that year, and the next year we had about half the amount collected when the law was repealed by the Legislature. Wm. Ward and some other Democrats tried to get their money back, but the courts decided against them on the ground that while the law was in force we had a perfect right to collect the money.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### War-Time Experiences.

During the war, horses and mules were worth almost their weight in gold, and a man would go a long way to purchase a good animal for his work. I had a little mule I had no immediate use for, and I asked 'Squire Lindsey to sell him for me. I asked \$500 for the mule, and the 'Squire was some days looking for a purchaser at the price. One day he told me he had arranged to meet a purchaser at Sterling's saloon, and we went there to meet the man, who was a miner with

a low coal bank. The miner had not arrived when we went into the place, and while we were waiting for him, 'Squire Lindsey got into an argument with a big Irishman, who was best equipped with the logic of the fists, and when the argument got warmed up, he peeled off his coat and vest and waded into the 'Squire. He knocked Lindsey down and was pummelling him, when I dragged him off. The 'Squire rushed out of the door as soon as he was able to get up, and then the Irishman turned on me. He knocked me against the stove and was kicking me in the face, when a crowd came in, and my assailant ran out the back door.

I got up and put his coat and vest, containing his watch and money, into the stove. By this time, my eyes had swollen shut and I could not see. A man who knew me took me around to the building next to the postoffice, which I was then constructing, and sat me down on a pile of lumber. I had only been there a moment when a scaffold fell, and when my men saw me they thought the scaffolding had fallen on me. I did not disabuse their minds, but allowed one of them to take me home and go for a doctor.

The first day I was able to be out, I went to the postoffice, where I got some letters and was sitting there in the lobby reading them when a friend came along and asked me what was the cause of my black eyes. I told him about the battle in the saloon.

"Would you know the fellow if you were to see him again?" he asked.

"I certainly would," I replied, and happening to look out in the street I saw the fellow passing in a buggy with Jim Williams, and pointed him out.

The two men in the buggy went to Williams' saloon and we followed them. My Irish friend was standing at the bar, when the man who was with me walked up and gave him a punch on the jaw that sent him sprawling on the floor. He followed this up with a few hot kicks that made the fellow yell bloody murder.

"Jump on him, Jimmie, and give him what is coming to him," said my friend, but I wouldn't do it, so he handed him a few more hot ones, then let him get up.

"If I ever hear of you attacking Jimmie Owens again," said my friend to the bruised and bleeding Irishman, "I will kill you, and consider it a pleasure."

That gave me my revenge on the Irishman, but I still had the mule on my hands, as I was not able to see the miner who wanted to make the purchase. But about this time a circus came along, and the manager wanted a mule to send up in a balloon to draw a crowd. He offered me \$100 if the mule came down safe, and \$500 if he was hurt. So I let him take the mule, and he came down all right, so I was \$100 a head.

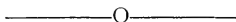
A few days later 'Squire Lindsey came to me, and said the miner was in town again and was still anxious to buy the mule. I went down to Young's with the mule and sold him to the miner for \$500 and the two of us went into the saloon to count out the money, while the 'Squire stayed outside to watch the mule. Just as the miner and I were coming out of the saloon the 'Squire was fooling around the business end of the

animal, and the mule gave him a kick that lifted him out into the street.

"If I had known the mule would kick, I wouldn't have bought him," said the purchaser.

"Did you ever know a mule that wouldn't?" I asked him. "Still, if you don't want him, you can have your money back. The mule is as good as the money to me."

When he he saw I was not very anxious to sell, the miner led the mule away. A few days later he came in and told me the mule was not worth \$5, as he kicked so much he could not hitch him up. I offered him \$100 for the mule, and he accepted, so I had the mule on my hands again. Shortly after that my brother sold the mule again to a miner in Washington county, getting \$500 for him, so I got two prices for the mule and the 'Squire got two lickings.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

### I Become a Horseman.

In 1861 I went down to Summit, O., to buy a horse I had been told was a match for one I had, and when I got there I found he was not the horse I wanted at all. I was very much disappointed, and it was plain to be seen. A wag at the hotel where I was stopping said if I would take him to New Philadelphia he would



show me a horse that I could get which would pick up my other horse and the buggy with it and go ahead of anything on the road.

"If he can't," he said, "I will pay the expense of the trip."

I accepted his offer, and we drove over. We found the horse hitched to a plow, and when I looked at it, I declared that I would be ashamed to be seen driving behind such an old reprobate, for he was certainly as ugly an old horse as I ever laid eyes on.

"Beauty was not in the bargain. What I recommended him for was speed," said my companion.

I finally consented to have the horse hitched to the buggy for a trial heat down the road. When I got out into the road, I tightened up the reins and started him up. He didn't seem to need a whip, and the way he picked up that buggy and flew along the road was enough to take my breath away. I had never ridden so fast in my life. I drove him about a mile down the road to see that his wind was all right, then turned and came back, and it seemed to me that he came faster than he went. When I reached the gate he slowed up, and had never turned a hair.

"What will you take for him?" I asked.

"One thousand dollars," was the reply.

"Better save your breath," I told him, "for I would never pay that much for the best horse that ever pulled a buggy."

Just then his wife called us in to dinner, and after dinner we went to the stable to look over the horse again. I wanted the horse, but not to the extent of

\$1,000. I offered him \$500, but he laughed at me. I offered him \$550, and then just as I was ready to drive off, I turned around in the buggy, and said:

"If you'll take \$575 you may lead him out and hand me the hitching strap."

"You own Maguesler," he said starting for the stable, and he soon came leading him out, while I was counting out his money.

I drove the horse back to Pittsburg, then put him in the stable to rest a few days, giving him only light exercise. One morning I decided it was about time to hitch him up and see if he could do as well in the city as he did in the country. I drove out the Fourth street road to Point Breeze, where the fast horses were to be found at that time, and stopped to allow some of the fellows to look him over.

"I'll give you \$5 for him," said one, and all the others laughed.

"Can't take it," I replied. "I'm going to enter him in the pet stock show."

Everybody around thought my buggy horse was a good joke, but I never said a word about what he could do as a roadster. I picked up the reins and jogged away on the road home. About the time I got to Black Horse on Penn avenue Alex. King came along and passed me with his mouse colored horse, that was considered one of the best roadsters in the city. I spoke to Maguesler and he straightened out as if determined to make a reputation for himself then and there.

Before we reached St. Mary's cemetery I had passed Alex as easy as he could pass a dray horse, and when I got to the toll house, I stopped to wait for him to come up.

"Where did you get that horse?" he demanded as soon as he was within hailing distance.

"Just took him out of a sand-wagon to run into town for a few moments," I replied.

"That's the way with you Irish," he said. "You don't know the difference between a sand-wagon horse and a thoroughbred. I'll give you twelve sand-wagon horses for him."

"Couldn't think of it," I replied, "for when I want sand I want it quick, and that is the reason I have this horse."

Alex insisted on my putting a price on the horse, but I refused, as I told him I was in a hurry to get to town, so I gave Maguesler his head and left the mouse colored roadster far in the rear.

About a week later the Presbyterian church gave a picnic at Baum's grove, and I hitched up the horse and drove out with my wife and children in a two-seated top buggy. The buggy was made so that the top and rear seat could be removed. My wife and two children occupied the rear seat and I had a boy named Holson in the seat with me.

When I was preparing to start home from the picnic, I saw Alex. King and Dr. McCandless run to their horses and hitch also. They both had fast horses and thought because of my heavy load they would have no

trouble in passing me in the road and would then have the laugh on me.

King passed me just as we left the grove, but before we struck the Fourth street road I was ahead again and Maguesler was going like the wind, never seeming to mind the heavy load in the buggy.

When I had gotten about a mile beyond the Soho hill, I discovered that the top and rear seat of my buggy was gone. I had been so wrapped up in the race that I never thought of anything but winning. I was badly frightened when I discovered the condition of affairs, and turned and started back to see how much damage had been done, expecting to find my family at least badly hurt by the accident.

When I reached the Soho hill, I found the doctor had one of my boys in a house putting a plaster on his head, which was slightly cut, but that was all the damage done.

"You evidently don't care what becomes of your family so long as you win the race." said the Doctor." I guess he was sore because his horse was so easily distanced.

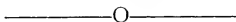
The next time I hitched up I asked Elizabeth if she would like to try it again, and she said she certainly would, that she didn't mind being spilled out, as we won the race with odds against us.

Maguesler was a pacer and I wanted him to trot, as trotting was the most fashionable gait then as now, though pacers are more respected now. So I took him to Harry Van Vorce's race track and spent a lot of money on him, but it was no use. He

was a natural pacer and trotting was not in his line of accomplishments.

One night I was in Levi Young's saloon with some of the boys, attending a little dinner, and we all drank pretty hard. When I sobered up John Watson and Sam Keys told me they had bought Maguesler from me for \$7,500. I had only \$5,000 in my pocket, and I told them they must be mistaken. but they said I had spent the balance, and I let them have the horse.

Maguesler was the horse that afterward drove Dexter to his great record, and was later sold with Dexter for \$37,000, and I never saw him again, and finally completely lost track of him. My wife said she was glad I sold the horse, even though she would not admit that she was afraid to ride behind him.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Tom Scott and Isaac M. Pinnick.

In 1852, Isaac M. Pinnick, with whom I was well acquainted, introduced me to Tom Scott, who was then Superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but who was afterward President of the company. The company wanted to build thirty-two cottages at Cresson Springs, and when the man who had the contract got fairly well started he failed, leaving the work unfinished. Pinnick brought Scott to me, and they asked me to give them figures on finishing the work. I told them I would take \$3,500 for each

building. Scott asked me what bond I would give for the faithful performance of the contract.

"Any amount," I replied.

"Make it \$100,000," said Scott. "Who will you get to go on your bond?"

"Isaac M. Pinnick and Tom Scott," I replied. "Are they good enough?"

"No one but an Irishman would have such impudence," said Scott looking at Pinnick.

"I'll go on his bond, if necessary," said Pinnick. "but I don't think you need a bond. He has done a considerable amount of work for me and I never found a bond necessary."

So Scott agreed that I could take the contract without giving bond and I started to work at once.

When I built the Crescent hotel the company allowed me to use water from the watering tank to make mortar, and when I began work on the cottages I also began using water from the tank without saying anything about it to anyone. Scott came to me and told me I could not use water from the tank, and when I told him it had been the custom, he said he didn't care a hurrah for custom. I was to let that water alone. He had a strong lock put on the tank house door, but when I needed the water I made a syphon from hose I secured at the Eagle fire house in Pittsburg and got all the water I wanted for the time being. Pretty soon a coal train came along and stopped to take water, but found none in the tank. The engineer reported the fact at headquarters, and the next day Scott came down again. He brought a lot of laborers, thinking a pipe

had burst, but after digging all around the tank and finding no leak he could not understand it, as the lock had not been broken. He gave it up and returned to Altoona.

Billy Fritz was the only one of the men working for me who knew how I was getting the water. The next night when I was passing through the bar-room of the hotel, on the way out to get some more water while the coast was clear, the bar tender said there was a Dutchman in the billiard room who was looking for me.

"He's here to see that you don't get any more water from that tank," said the bar tender.

I went upstairs and awakened Billy Fritz, who was also a German, and told him to get acquainted with Scott's watchman and keep him busy while I got the water. Billy went downstairs, got to talking with the Dutchman and soon they were sitting at a table drinking beer at my expense. I quickly slipped out and attached the hose. In a short while I had about all the water I wanted and the tank was empty. I returned to the bar-room and Billy and his new friend were still sitting there with beer glasses in front of them. I told Billy I thought I would have a glass of ale before going to bed and asked what he and his friend would have. Each took a glass of beer, and we were drinking and talking when a train came along and found the tank empty as usual. The Dutchman jumped up and ran out to see what had become of the water, while Billy and I sat still and laughed as though we

were attending a minstrel show and listening to jokes that were old friends.

That ended the experience of the Dutchman as a watchman. The next night, while I was preparing to get my usual supply of water, I heard a freight train stop at Adams' sawmill, some distance up the road, and guessed that someone was coming along to spy on my operations. I jumped over the fence and hid in the bushes, and pretty soon saw a man come down and walk all around the tank. He then passed around among the houses, and finally went into the telegraph office and lighted a lamp. Then I saw that it was Mr. Scott, himself. He went to the telegraph instrument and sent a message, then came out and walked around among the houses till nearly daylight. At last he went to the Crescent house and sat down on the porch in such a position as to be able to see the tank. He put his feet up on a chair and prepared himself as though trying to be comfortable for a long siege.

When I saw how things stood I was more determined than ever to get the water that morning. So I told Billy Fritz to get a section of the hose and get on the far side of the tank and run the water out. I stood where I could watch Scott's feet so that I could warn Billy if he made a move. I kept watch till Billy told me the water was all out of the tank, then we hid the hose and both went to bed.

When we came down stairs later, after getting some sleep, Scott was standing at the door.

"Is this the time of day you usually get up to go to work?" he asked me.



"I wasn't feeling very well this morning," I replied, "and decided to get plenty of sleep."

"When a man stays up all night he doesn't usually want to get up very early," said Scott. "How did you get that water out of the tank last night?"

"I never touched your old tank, last night," I said. (It was Billy that "touched" the tank, but I didn't tell Scott so).

That ended the trouble about taking water out of the tank. Scott decided that since he could not catch me there was no use sending anyone else to look after nothing more was said about it.

When I finished the work and had Mr. Pinnick's signature to the paper saying everything was satisfactory, I went to Altoona to get the voucher for my pay. After Mr. Scott signed the paper he said he was going east to live and that we had been good friends, but before he would give me the money I would have to tell it, so I was allowed to use all the water I wanted and him how I got the water out of the tank the night he was playing watchman.

"I will never tell you," I replied, "but I have a lot of men waiting down at Cresson for their money and I want to get home this afternoon, and if you will take me to Cresson on a special I will show you how it was done."

He told me to go out and get my money, while he ordered the special, and we were soon on our way.

When we reached Cresson I told Billy Fritz to get the hose out and take it to the tank without letting Scott see him. Then I took Scott up to the hotel and

seated him in the same position he occupied the morning he had been playing watchman. When he was seated I asked him if he could not see how the water was being taken from the tank.

"I can't see anything. Was that all you brought me down here for?" he asked.

"Well, the water is flowing from the tank nevertheless," I told him.

Then I took him around to the other side of the tank, and there was Billy Fritz with the hose throwing a big stream into Dr. Jackson's woods.

"That will do, now, Jimmie. I will have to admit that you have beaten me."

Then we shook hands, and he said he would forgive me for all my crimes, as he was going to leave this part of the country and did not like to leave me with such a heavy burden of sin hanging over me.

Alexander McClurg was one of the rich men of Pittsburg before the war, but like many men of wealth to-day, he was very hard to deal with. He had a great dislike for paying bills, and also made it a policy to pay as much as possible in store orders, thus getting two profits on every investment when possible. He worked every known scheme to get the best of men who had dealings with him. His property he kept in his wife's name and all contracts were made in his own name, so there was no chance to levy on him.

I had done some work for him on Lafayette Hall, (now the Grand Theater) and he owed me \$1,165. For months I tried to get a settlement, but he always put

me off. Finally we had a row in his office, and I declared I would never enter his place again.

One day shortly after the row I was driving out Perrysville road and saw a number of new houses going up.

"Who's houses are these," I asked of a man working near the road.

"Alec McClurg's," he replied.

I said nothing more, but drove on. The following day I went up to McClurg's office.

"Hello, Jimmie. I thought you would never come to my office again," was his greeting.

"I'd forgotten about that," I replied. "I need a little money and thought I would come in and see if I could not get about \$50.

"Can't do it to-day, Jimmie. Haven't got a cent in bank."

"Alright," I said, "business is a little slack with me just now and I thought I'd come in to see how you were fixed."

"By the way," I continued. "I hear you are building some houses out the Perrysville road. Have you contracted for the plastering?"

"Not yet," he replied, "I hadn't even thought of going to you about it, as you said you would never work for me again."

"Oh, there's no use quarreling," I told him. "I haven't much to do just now, and I like to keep my men busy. I'd be glad to make a deal with you."

"You'll have to take your pay in store orders," he said.

"I don't mind that," I told him. "My wife asked me to get some groceries and some cloth for a dress for the little girl to-day, and store orders would be as good as money just at present.

"All right, I'll be glad for you to do the work on those terms, Jimmie," he said. and at my suggestion he wrote me the store orders right there.

"I don't know just what I want," I told him, so he wrote me two open orders, one for dry goods on White & Smiley and the other for groceries on Francis Bailey.

As soon as I left his office I went to the dry goods store and asked Mr. Smiley how much McClurg's order was good for.

"He just sent me a credit for \$500 this morning," replied Smiley.

"Alright," I said, presenting my open order. "Just credit me with the amount and charge it up to McClurg on this order."

Smiley soon had the account transferred, and then I went to the grocery store, where I learned that McClurg had also placed a \$500 credit that morning, and I took that also. Then I went back to McClurg's office.

"I have just discovered that I cannot do that Perysville road work for you, Alec," I said.

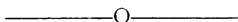
"Awfully sorry, Jimmie for your work is always first-class," he replied, without getting up.

Then I started for the door as though that was all I had come for, but suddenly turning back I said:

"By the way, Alec, I arranged about those store orders, and will give you credit for \$1,000 on that Lafayette hall account."

He jumped up, livid with rage, and as I dodged out of the door a chair came flying toward my head and was crushed to splinters against the door jamb. I lost no time getting down stairs, and was glad to escape alive.

I never did any more work for Alexander McClurg, and I never collected that \$165 balance either.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### Warm Times Politically.

After finishing the work at Cresson I went up to spend a few weeks with my family at Summit House. I was out for a holiday after months of hard work, and we all threw all care to the winds. There were a great number of people there from Pittsburg and Philadelphia and some from New York, and we soon made friendships, some of them which lasted for years. Among the guests were Alfred Atmore and Captain Patterson from Philadelphia. One evening they dressed me up as a woman and sent me down among the people in the parlor as the "wild woman of the Alleghenies." I made a poor mouth to the people about having a big family and I had to sell my apples at night as I worked hard at home all day. The people were touched by my story, and I reaped a harvest of nickles, dimes and quarters, until Mrs. Atmore saw the heel of my boot peeking out from under my dress.

"It's that devil, Owens," she cried, and then the crowd caught me and took all the money they had given me away.

A few days later Dr. Bell, the mountain physician, took me with him to see his patients and introduced me to them as a famous specialist from Philadelphia. The first patient we visited was an old Irish woman. I felt her pulse and looked at her tongue, then I told her she did not need medicine, but what would do her most good was a baked potatoe and some good cream. Then we went to see an old section hand who was suffering from rheumatism. I advised him to quit drinking whiskey, and to eat rolled oats and milk.

But we were not always joking that summer. The great question then outside the war was whether the soldiers in the field should vote at the coming election for President. One night we were sitting in the parlor at the Summit house, talking politics as usual, when an old schoolmaster made a foul remark about President Lincoln. I told him if he said the like again I would throw him out of the house. He did say it again, and I went into him like a bull dog, and the next thing he knew he was lying in the middle of the road.

That ended the incident for the time, but it was revived when election day came. I had been in the district long enough to vote and I went to the polls with Dr. Bell. The old schoolmaster challenged my vote, but I satisfied the board of my right to a vote, and also told how I had thrown the fellow out of the Summit house. Still the schoolmaster stuck to his story, so the board would not allow us to vote there, thinking I

was at the Crescent House. So Dr. Bell and I started for the other district and the crowd around the polls started to follow us, with the schoolmaster in the lead. We got there first and I had my ballot made and voted before the crowd with the old man arrived. Dr. Bell decided we had better not return the way we came for fear the crowd would attack us, so we rode back by way of the railroad. We stopped at a tavern to get a glass of ale, and while we were drinking the schoolmaster and his gang came in.

The schoolmaster came up to me and putting his fist under my nose declared he was as good a man as I was, notwithstanding I had put him out of the Summit house, and I came back with the remark that there was not a man of 145 pounds in the country who could thrash me, and I was not afraid of any man in his crowd.

Just then a man came up and slapping me on the back declared:

“I am that man’s brother, but if there is to be a fight I will see that you get fair play. If you had taken his bluff I would have been the first man to hit you.”

That ended the trouble, and we soon had the schoolmaster’s whole crowd drinking with us. Still we were glad to get away, and the doctor said afterward that he was sure he was going to have a good time patching me up so that the remains would look well in a box.

The next day four of us went to Altoona to hear the election returns and remained for three days, and

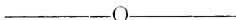
when we returned our families said they thought we had run away and left them.

When we got back the doctor took me around to see his patients again. The old woman for whom I had prescribed the potatoe and cream was much better and she pulled out her purse and asked me how much she owed me.

"I never charge poor people anything," I told her.

"The Lord will be with you as long as you live," she said fervently.

We went to see the old fellow with the rheumatism next, but he was not doing so well and I advised him to take more fresh air.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### Battle in the Courts.

In 1863 I purchased from Andy Fulton some property on Congress street and together we built some houses on it. After finishing this work the Perry property at Eighth and Duquesne Way fell into my hands I at once began to build nine houses on the rear of it, facing on Maddock's alley. When I had the houses about finished the alley was shut up on the claim that it was private property. I did not pay any attention to it at the time, intending to let it alone till I had the houses finished. Before finishing them I sold two of the houses to the Methodist college on Eighth street, and shortly later I sold the other seven to J. K. Hamil-



ton. Lawrence Cramer, one of the college trustees, asked me to take down the fence in front of the property, and I told him I would when I got ready to take down my own fence.

After selling the property to Hamilton I went to Washington, Pa., to do some work for Joseph McKnight, and when I returned I met Cramer on Fifth avenue and he told me I had not taken down the Maddocks alley fence as I had promised. I told him I had no fence of my own to take down now, and the agreement had been to take down the fence in the alley when I removed my own. He still claimed I was wrong, so we left the dispute to his father and Abram Patterson, the banker.

When we told them the story from our different points of view, they agreed that I ought to remove the fence. They declared I had a perfect right to open the alley, and so I agreed to do it.

Before I was ready to get at the job, I met Hamilton, and he asked me to take down his fence at the same time. He agreed to pay me for the work, and I decided I might as well make a clean sweep of the alley fences.

I had a lot of men working on the mountain for the railroad company and some working at Washington, and I had them all come to my office Saturday afternoon. I told them what I wanted them to do, and told them to have their tickets ready to rush out of town so they would not be arrested. When I got the men all together, I found there were 64 of them, and as each had to have an ax, I went to Joe Woodwell's store and

borrowed all he had. He had not enough to go around, and I had to use some hatchets.

The next move was to get John Stewart, who was a good friend of mine and also of Mayor Sawyer, to take the Mayor out of town. Stewart got the Mayor to go to Squirrel hill to look at a piece of property he owned, and which Stewart talked of buying. When I saw them drive away I knew I was safe from arrest until the fences were all down.

So I took my 64 men to the alley and started them to work. Just as we got started, James Maffett ran out of the house and down to his brother John's plumbing shop on Second avenue. They were the men who had closed the alley. When we were about half through with the work John Maffett came running up with five policemen, including Chief Robert Hugue. The Chief tapped me on the shoulder.

"Jimmie, I am sorry to have to arrest you," he said.

"Well, Bob, you needn't be sorry," I replied, "you've arrested many a better man. What are you going to arrest me for?"

"For raising a riot."

"I didn't see any riot," I replied. "These men are hired by me to do this work, and they are as quiet as they can be under the circumstances."

When I had explained what I was doing, he told Maffett there was no chance to arrest me without a warrant, and he asked me to wait till he could see the Mayor, but I told him I was too busy, and I could not be expected to pay men for doing nothing, and simply

waiting on the convenience of someone who would like to have me run in.

"Bob, go ahead and arrest him, and I will shoulder the responsibility," said John Maffett.

"All right, if you fellows want to take the chances of breaking the law," I told them, "go ahead and arrest me; and I won't make you any trouble just now, but you will get all the trouble you want in the courts."

I called the people around to witness that I had not raised a riot and then told the men to go ahead with the work. John Maffett's sister, who was standing in the door—we were right in front of his house—shouted out to the policemen, "Just to see you four big elephants standing there and letting that little rooster stand off the whole lot of you."

Everybody laughed, but the men started at their chopping again. An old Southern darkey was cutting down the last post, and a policeman ran up to him and ordered him to stop. Swinging his ax around his head, the negro cried out:

"Ef you tries to stop me 'fore I 'gets done doin' Marse Jamie's work, I'll kill you, sho'."

The fence was soon all down, and we piled it in the wagons and I brought in the mules to haul it away. When it was all out of the alley, I hurried the men to their trains so they could get out of town without being arrested. Then I went to David Reid, who was Maffett's attorney, and hired him in a trespass case I told him I was expecting, but didn't have time just then to explain the details. He took the case, and when he later heard that it was with Maffett, he refused to act

for either side, which was exactly what I was after, and it was a big point in my favor, as he was one of the best lawyers in the country.

When I got home at noon I found a note there telling me I was wanted at the Mayor's office. I knew there was trouble in store for me, so before going to his office, I went to the bank and arranged for Mr. Cramer and Mr. Patterson to be on hand to go on my bond. I told them to be at the Mayor's office at 1:30, but not to let him know what they were there for. So they were there on pretence of looking up some city tax cases when I arrived.

When I walked up to the desk, I saw that the Mayor was mad because he had been tricked into going out of town, and he certainly did give me a rough hauling over the coals, but I only smiled. That seemed to make him more angry, and he said he would hold me for court under \$100,000 bond for committing such a dastardly act.

"That is a little strong, your honor," I told him. "Will you allow me to go out and secure bondsmen?"

"No I won't," he replied. "I've got you here and I am going to keep you. You will have to get some one else to hunt bondsmen for you."

Then I turned to Mr. Cramer and asked if he would go on my bond, and he said he certainly would, and then Mr. Patterson said he would also sign the papers. The Mayor looked surprised that I got bond so easily, but as the two men were good for much more than \$100,000, he had to make out the paper and let me go.

I was not only in for riot cases, but I was also sued for trespass, and still they did not let me down. They kept watch for my men, and the following Saturday they arrested the colored driver who had hauled the rubbish out of the alley. They caught him coming over the bridge with a load of sand and took him to jail. They drove the mules to a livery stable. I went to the Mayor's office and bailed the driver out, then demanded my team. The Mayor said I owed the liverymen 50 cents for feeding the team, but I told him that though the mules were worth \$1,000 I would let them rot in the stable before I would pay it. Both he and his officers knew where my stable was located, and they had no authority in law to put the team in a livery barn.

Later I demanded the team again, and was again refused. So on Monday morning, I entered Replevin against the Mayor for \$2,000 damages, and replevined the team. The court issued the writ, and ordered all the parties to the suit and all the articles in question to be brought into court a 10 o'clock.

One of the mules was very vicious, and when he was being hitched up he almost killed a man, so they could not get anyone to finish hooking the team to the wagon, and came around for my colored man. I would not allow him to go until they paid him \$100, and they refused. When it was almost 10 o'clock they came back and paid the \$100 and I allowed him to go and bring up the team. I was allowed to take the team without paying the livery bill, and the next case that came up—some five months later—was my damage

suit against the officers. John Scott, a friend of mine, was foreman of the jury. I got a verdict for \$1,000, and this amount I finally received. Scott held out for \$2,000, but finally had to compromise on half the amount.

The next case was the riot case. I had every one of my 64 men on the witness stand, and won the case, but the jury must have thought I was a little bit guilty, as I had to pay half the costs.

The trespass case hung on for five years, but finally came to trial. I had scoured the country for witnesses to prove that the alley had been for years a public highway. On my side I had subpoenaed 168 witnesses. The youngest one was Isaac Shaw, who was 66 years old, and the oldest was Mr. Harris, who was 105 years old. I brought four Cornplanter Indians from New York State who were all more than 100 years and had known the alley when it was a canoe path long before Pittsburg had been dreamed of. The case dragged on till the fourth day of the ninth week, when the judges decided that a jury could not settle so intricate a case, and it was taken from the jury and decided by four judges. Again I won, but once more was saddled with half the costs, which were considerable.

While the suit was going on, the newspapers were all for my side, and one of them at the close said Fort Sumpter had been taken in the form of Maffett's alley by Owens, who had thoroughly cleaned it out.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## I Meet Stanton Again.

In the spring of 1863 my brother-in-law, Captain David Parkhill, came home from the war with a broken leg. He stayed until he was able to walk on crutches, then took charge of the recruiting office in Pittsburg until his leg got well. Then he was given command of Camp Curtin at Harrisburg. One day a number of his friends from Pittsburg called on him at Camp Curtin. He went into the city with them, and before he got to camp he had had too much of the cup that cheers. While he was gone some wounded soldiers were brought in from Chambersburg, and when he arrived at Camp he found one of them on the operating table. The surgeons were preparing to cut off the poor fellow's leg and he was pleading with them not to do it. They paid no attention to him, and were going ahead with the operation when Captain Parkhill ordered them to stop.

"You have nothing to do with this matter," declared the chief surgeon.

"I am in command of this camp," replied David, "and you cannot amputate that leg."

With this he started to clear a way to the operating table to protect the poor fellow, and one of the surgeons pushed him back. Then the Captain drew his revolver and shot the surgeon in the shoulder.

The chief surgeon promptly had David put under arrest and they hurried him off to the New York "rip-

raps."

Curtain wired me to come to Harrisburg.

When I learned of it, I rushed to Harrisburg to see Governor Curtin, with whom I was well acquainted. When I told him how the thing had happened so far as I could learn, the Governor advised me to go to see Secretary of War Stanton.

"I will give you a letter to Stanton," he told me.

"I know Secretary Stanton very well," I replied, "having been his roommate when he was studying law in Pittsburg, but I expect your letter will have an influence with him."

So he gave me the letter, and I hurried off to Washington. At Georgetown I was stopped by the provost guard, but when it was found that I had a letter to Stanton from Governor Curtin, a guard was sent with me to Washington. I went direct to the office of the Secretary of War, and as soon as I was announced to him he ordered that I be shown in. He received me as an old friend, but I did not bother about talking about old times. I was anxious that David should be relieved.

As soon as the Secretary had read the letter and I had told him the circumstances of the arrest of Captain Parkhill, Secretary Stanton wrote out an order for his release and for his return to his regiment.

Soon after this the regiment was ordered to Vicksburg, where it was very conspicuous in the defeat of the rebel General Briggs, for which the regiment was given thirty days furlough. After the furlough was over, the regiment was ordered to the front at Rich-



mond, and was in the battle at Fredericksburg. After the town was taken, the regiment went through the banks and robbed them of a large amount of money, but it was all in Confederate bills. David sent me \$3,000 of this money, some of which I still have.

After Captain Parkhill's return from the war he worked for me in this city.

My brother Matthew was also in the army, having raised a company at Altoona, of which he was made Captain. When the company was formed the Pennsylvania Railroad Company offered to pay the board of the men until they were ordered to the front, but after the company left, the company refused to pay. After Matthew's return he refused to work for the company for that reason, but went to work for the Ft. Wayne road. That road finally became financially embarrassed, and when he quit they owed him some money.

I got judgment for him against the road, and then had the constable levy on an engine hitched to a train just pulling out of the Allegheny yards. The crew tried to take the train out by force, but we stood by our guns, and they did not dare make a move. Then they sent for the officials of the road, Mr. Cass, the President, and Mr. Henderson, Superintendent, came over to see what could be done. They made all sorts of promises, but what I wanted was money, and at last they gave me a check for the full amount of the claim and the costs. I was afraid they would stop payment on the check before it could be cashed, and so I refused to take anything but the money. Mr. Henderson

went to the bank and got the money for me. Then they said they would never have anything to do with me again.

But on the following Monday they left orders to have the Fifth avenue office papered and I was sent for. When I was about half through with the work Mr. Henderson came in.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Doing a little job of papering," I replied.

"Who sent for you?" he asked.

"Mr. Palmer," I told him, "and I am going to finish the job."

He said nothing more and went out. When I got the job finished, I handed in my bill and was paid without a word.

Mr. Cass held his enmity toward me all his life, but Mr. Henderson and I afterward became good friends.

In the battle of the Wilderness my brother Matthew had the ground shot out from under him and he was dropped down into a hole up to his knees. He stood still, afraid to move for fear he would bleed to death, believing his legs were both shot off just below the knee. He remained there till the ambulance corps came along gathering up the wounded. When he was picked up out of the hole to be put in the ambulance and carried to the rear, it was found that the only wound he sustained was the heel being shot off of one boot, and his heel skinned a little. That was for years the chief joke Matthew had to tell on himself when recounting his war experiences.

## CHAPTER XL.

## Brother Robert's Trouble.

My Brother Robert, whom I brought from Baltimore in 1859, also enlisted in the army. He first enlisted in 1861 for ninety days, then for three years and at last for the time of the war. Before his time was finally out he was sent to me from Philadelphia, by a man who was with him, insane from a wound he had received in battle. I tried to get the government to take charge of him and care for him, and spent a great deal of money in the endeavor, but failed. I also tried to get a pension for him, but again was unsuccessful. I had witnesses from my brother's regiment, but that did no good as the special examiner sent did not report favorably on the case.

When I found that the government would do nothing for Robert, I tried to keep him at my house, but he became so bad that I could not keep him there any longer, so took him to Dixmont. I had to pay the management in advance for caring for him. In 1874, after he had been in Dixmont several years, money got pretty hard to get, and I was in a serious financial fix. As a result I was three days late in making one of the payments.

When I went down to the asylum they took my money, and then I asked to be allowed to see Robert. I waited around for six hours for him to be brought in, but at last they told me he had been out in the yard and had run away. They said they would be sure to find

him, and though I stayed around until evening, he was not found. I then went home telling the management that I would be back again and for them to let me know the next day if he was found.

A couple of days later John Miller came to me and said a man locked up in the Allegheny police station was probably Robert. I went over and found him there raving crazy. At first the officers would not let me in to see him, but at last I got in and bathed his head in cold water, and thus got him quieted down. I asked him how he came to run away, and he told me the asylum management had put him out because I was late in bringing the money for his keeping. I then took him home with me again, and he seemed contented and happy for a short time, but he later became worse again, and he realized the condition he was in. So he went to the Homeopathic Hospital, and then sent for me to arrange for his keeping. I arranged to pay the hospital \$6 a week. But he was not there long until he became unmanageable again.

One night the hospital manager sent for me, but before I arrived, they had sent Robert to the police station. He had become so bad that it required six policemen to take him away. I followed him to the station, and by bathing his head in cold water I soon had him quieted down and he went home with me again. It always seemed that he would be easily managed while I was around. He always knew me, and felt that I was doing my best to relieve him. But when I had him at home I could not be with him all the

time and I would worry when I was away for fear that he would do something while I was not around.

I knew Christ Braun, who kept the poor house, and I decided that perhaps he could take care of him. Braun told me to bring Robert out and he would do his best for him. I took him out there and he did very well for a couple of years, but he seemed to be breaking down physically as well as mentally, and at last I brought him to my home again, but the excitement in the city was too great for him, and the noise seemed to greatly worry him, so I took him to the home of my sister, who lived in the Sciota Valley in Ohio. He only lived a short while after that, and his mind never thoroughly cleared.

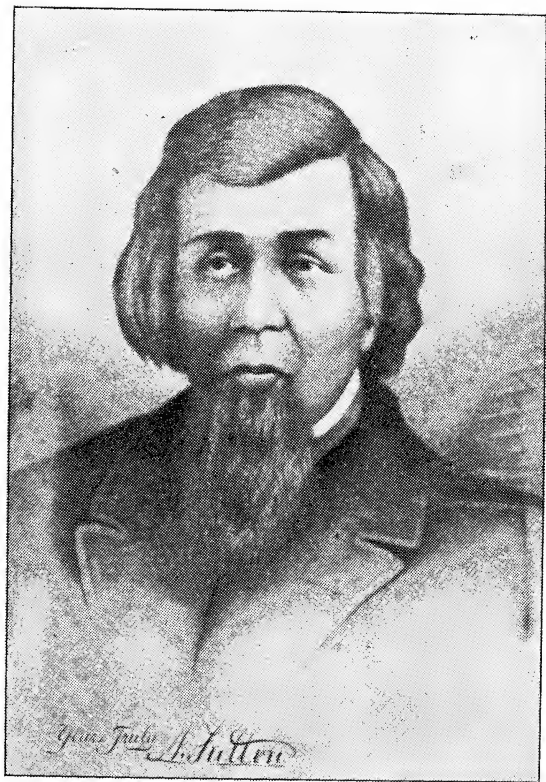
Thus even though I did not go to the war, I felt that I had carried as large a burden as most of those who did. I had two brothers and a brother-in-law in the army, and not one of them escaped unscathed, and each I had to help when they were sent home, and yet I could not get the government to do what all thought was its plain duty by Robert, who was driven insane through suffering and lack of care when he was wounded. He had always been a bright lad, and there was no taint of insanity in him before he joined the army. His health had always been of the best, and his trouble was entirely due to the wounds he received.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## I Try the Oil Business.

In 1863, in the fall of the year, my wife's health became poor and I decided that country air would help her, so I sold out my contracting business and decided to try to make my fortune in oil. There was great excitement in oil then, and stories floated in of great fortunes to be made. I formed a partnership with my cousin, James B. Scott and Lucien Livingston. I moved to the oil country to look after the business and Livingston went with me to assist. We bought land in that section of Venango county that is now a part of Forest county. I built a house on the land at a place called Hickory and moved my family there.

Each of the three partners put in \$50,000 and we commenced drilling at once. At the end of the first year we had drilled a good many wells and had found no oil, so Scott got dissatisfied and left the company with a loss to him of \$17,000. Livingston and I went on with the business for two years, still with poor success. When his father died Livingston drew out, at a loss of \$37,300 and left me to go on with the business. I didn't give it up after losing so much money and I continued till that fall. Then, I figured up how I stood, and found that after paying all that I owed I would have just \$444 left. In the few months that I had been going it alone in the oil business I had drilled seven wells, and my total loss for the few years that



A "Friend in Need" Hundreds of Times to the Author





I had tried to make my fortune in oil had cost me nearly \$65,000.

I decided I had enough of that business and prepared at once to come back to Pittsburg and return to my old trade. I was in pretty bad financial shape, but knew I could always make a living at contracting and that was better than I seemed able to do in oil.

I was getting along fairly well and had layed away a little money, but I was always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, in the way of helping friends. I don't know how many times I had gone on notes, only to have them to pay, and each time I would declare that I would never do it again. But in 1874 a friend asked me to go on his paper to the amount of \$17,000, and as I felt that he was perfectly good, I did so. It proved to be the same old story, and I had the amount to pay, thus putting me back almost to the point where I started after leaving my little fortune in oil.

When I got back to Pittsburg I found work rather slack, and I was unable to bid on the big contract because of my crippled financial condition, so I decided to go to Greensburg and see what I could do. But it did not take me long to find out that there was no chance for me there and I returned to Pittsburg and did the best I could, which was not a brilliant success for some time. I tried various things, but could not make them go, and finally went back to my old trade again, and got along pretty well until in 1874 I endorsed the note of a friend for \$17,000, which I had to

pay, and this put me back again to where I had started after my venture in oil.

One thing I did while looking for an opening after I came back from Greensburg was putting up fancy fly paper in barber shops and bars, and I managed to scrape together quite a little money at that. I traveled around to the small cities doing this work, and had some peculiar experiences. I had been knocking around the country with indifferent success for a number of days, and was at Parker's Landing one night when I met a man who was selling prize candy. That, is, he would place a \$5 gold piece in one box, mix up the boxes and sell them all for fifty cents each. He would tell the people that whoever got the box containing the gold piece was \$5 ahead, as the candy was worth fifty cents.

While I was talking to him that evening he asked me to help him with his business and he would help me with mine. I agreed, and we went out on the street and he soon had a crowd around. He was to swing the package containing the money around his head three times, and I would know by this that that was the package for me to buy. When the crowd was thick around him, I walked up and made a purchase. I tried to get away through the crowd, but everybody demanded that I open the candy. I finally consented, and there lay the \$5. After that the crowd could not buy the stuff fast enough, and my friend was soon sold out and had to send to Pittsburg for a new stock.

The next day, while waiting for a new stock, he turned in to help me dispose of the fly paper. He went

into a barber shop to get shaved, and while he was in the chair I dropped in with my grip in my hand. He glanced over me and asked me what I was doing.

"Putting up fly paper," I replied.

"This shop ought to have some, for I have been almost eaten up by the flies while being shaved.

The barber promptly said he would take \$5 worth, and I put it up before I got sbaved. Before I was through with the job Ben. Hogan came in and said he had been looking for some one to do a similar job for him for two years. I quickly closed the deal and put \$184 worth in his bar.

After supplying everybody in Parker's Landing, (I got about \$360 out of the place), we went to Franklin, but neither of us did very well there. Then we went to Tidioutte, and we both did a good business.

On the morning I left Tidouette for Pittsburg, after my friend the candy man had started for New York, I was standing in the door of the hotel, when a farmer came along with a wagon load of of friut. He He had a big raccoon tied under the wagon and a sign on the wagon that said: "Try your dog." Just as the wagon was passing the hotel a big Newfoundland dog ran out of a cobbler shop on the other side of the street and killed Mr. 'Coon at one shake. The farmer grew very angry, and said that was not the kind of a dog he wanted put against the coon.

I walked into the cobbler shop to see if I could not buy the dog, for I wanted just such an animal to leave at home with my wife and children. When I

asked the cobbler, who was a German, if he owned the dog that killed the coon, he thought I was an officer.

"Yah, I owns dot dog, but I sells him," he replied.

So I bought the dog for \$10, and when I was about to leave a pup that was so fat it could hardly wobble came into the room, and I asked the Dutchman what he would take for the pup.

"Fifteen tollers," he replied.

"All right," I said, and I handed him the money.

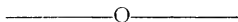
When I got out into the street, he followed me and wanted to give me the money and keep both dogs, but I wouldn't go back on the bargain and brought both dogs home with me. The pup grew up to be most intelligent, and we trained him to go to market with a basket and he never failed to come back with the stuff wanted.

One day I was out hunting rabbits and when I got almost home the dog ran ahead as though he were mad, and I followed him as fast as I could run, fearing that he would bite someone. When I got to the back yard I found him standing with his front paws on the shoulders of as villianous looking tramp as I ever saw. I had to go up carefully, for fear he would kill the fellow, and finally got him away. Then my wife came to the door and told me the tramp had ordered her to get some coffee and a sandwich for him, and she was afraid of the fellow, and was doing what he ordered.

I took the tramp to the woodpile and told him to cut some wood as that would give him an appetite. I told him the harder he worked the more he could eat.

He tried all sorts of excuses to get away without working, but I would not let up on him. I told him he would have to earn whatever he got to eat in that house. Finally I told him he might go, and if he didn't make tracks in a hurry I would let the dog get at him. And he did make tracks. I followed to see that he did not go to the house of one of my neighbors, but he never stopped running till he was out of sight.

We were not bothered with tramps for two years after that.



## CHAPTER XLII.

### A Queer Neighbor.

The little while that I had lived in Greensburg after my return from the oil country convinced me that that was a better place for my family than in Pittsburg, and as I could attend to business in Pittsburg and go back and forth on the train, I decided as soon as I had gotten a little money ahead to buy me a home there. I bought just the place I wanted on the edge of town in 1869, and moved my family there. We found it very much more pleasant than living in the city, and it was a great relief to me at the close of the day's work to go away from the city and find a little home in the country awaiting me.

The new home was practically in the country and we could keep a horse and cow and some chickens, so that we had all the luxuries of farm life, together with the comforts of a city.

Pretty soon after moving into the new home, we got a new neighbor, and he was about the queerest specimen of humanity I ever ran across. He was a man from the West, and had married the daughter of a man whose farm was next to my place. The Westerner, whose name was Ruth, had brought a team of plain's ponies East with him, and he would drive them like mad up and down the road. He paid little attention to bars and fences, but would break down whatever was in his way and drive on. One of my dogs took a great dislike to the fellow and would run after him whenever he passed, and Ruth would take out his revolver and fire into the air to frighten the dog. My children were afraid he was trying to kill the dog and would run out and bring him in. One Saturday, when I got home, my wife said we would have to move away, for she feared Ruth would kill the dogs or one of the children.

The following Saturday I went home earlier than usual and was working near the road, when Ruth came tearing down the road behind his wild horses.

"Good evening," I said as he passed, but he never stopped, only grunted at me. The following Saturday I was working in the same place, when he came along, and stopped when I spoke to him.

"This is a fine place, you have here," he said.

"Yes, I think I will have a fine place when I get it fixed to suit me," I replied, and he passed on.

The next Thursday was Thanksgiving, and before my hired man went away that morning I had him put six barrels of apples into the wagon.

"What are you going to do with those apples?" asked my wife, who was in the barn getting some eggs.

"Going to take them over to Mrs. Ruth," I told her.

"Don't you do any such thing," she said. "That man Ruth will shoot you."

I started off with the apples, nevertheless, and when I got in front of Ruth's blacksmith shop he was at work. When he saw me driving past, he came to the door.

"The roads are pretty bad," he said, "and you will find them worse when you reach the county road."

"I am not worried about the county road," I told him, "for I am not going any further. I brought these apples over to Mrs. Ruth."

"We don't need any apples," he said.

"I brought them to Mrs. Ruth and not to you, and I'll let her decide the matter," I said. "I know if she had more apples than she needed she would send some to my wife."

So he went to the house and he helped me put the apples away. We went into the house and had a little talk. He said he thought I needed a new barn, and I told him I intended to build one after awhile. He told me there was a stone quarry back of his house and I could have all the stone I wanted for nothing. I told him I was then too busy and was away from home all week, but when I got ready I would be glad to get the stone from him.

The following Monday I went to Washington to do some work on the county jail, and when I got back at

the end of the week, I found that Ruth had the stone hauled to the place for the foundation for the barn.

"I thought I told you I was not ready to build that barn," I told him.

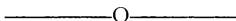
"Well, the stone is there for you when ever you get ready to build," he replied, "and the stone and labor won't cost you a cent."

Having the stone there, I had my masons come over and lay the foundation. Then I covered it over to leave it till I had time to finish the job. Then I went away and was gone two weeks. When I returned Ruth had the timbers for the barn hewn and ready to be put up. He had bought the timber from a neighbor for a cent a foot. I left the timbers lying where he had put them and covered them up. Then I went to Altoona to do some work for Bell & Davis, and was gone about five weeks. When I got back to Greensburg I hardly recognized my place, for there was a new barn and Ruth was just finishing the roof. I remonstrated with him, but it did no good. He said that was the way they did things in the West. When a man needed a new building all his neighbors joined in to help on it, and he would pay them back in the same way: He would not take anything for the stone or the work he had done, and all the new barn cost me was the price of the lumber put into it.

Ruth and I became the best of friends after this, and every few days he would drive up and take the children or me out for a good time. But after awhile he



became tired of Greensburg, said there were too many people around to suit him, and he went West again. Thus I lost one of the best friends I ever had.



## CHAPTER XLIII.

### Turning Point in Health.

In 1867 I got the rheumatism and neuralgia so bad that I could not work, and my doctor advised me to go to the seashore for a few months. I went to Atlantic City, and the first morning I went into the surf. When I got out I was chilled through, and could hardly talk. I thought I was going to die right there, but after I got into my clothes and walked about in the warm sun awhile, I felt better. The next day I was going into the water again, but met two women who happened to see me the day before, and one of them spoke to me about it.

"You should not go into the water in the condition you are in," she told me.

"My doctor advised it," I told her.

"I don't care what the doctor said," she replied, "It is certainly very bad for you.

"What is a fellow going to do?" I asked her. "I can't live long in this condition anyhow.

"If I were in your condition," she said, "I would go to Drs. Hall and Thrall in New York. They have a herapeutic hospital with hot baths, and if any one can do you any good they can."

"I'll take your advice," I said. She gave me the address of the doctors, and I started for New York that afternoon. I went straight to the institute, and Dr. Hall met me at the door. I told him what I wanted, and he ordered a colored attendant to take me to a room where I was to lie down and rest.

After awhile the doctor came in. He felt my pulse and asked me numberless questions, then told me I had a stong constitution, and thought I was in a pretty bad shae he couud cure me.

"Are you sure you can cure me?" I asked him.

"How much will you give me if we fix you up?" he asked.

"I have \$1 000 with me, and if you cure me the money is yours," I told him. "What security will you give that you don't kill me?"

"How much security do you want," he asked.

"Ten thousand dollars," I replied.

"All right, I'll give bond. Do you know anyone in town?" he asked.

I did not remember knowing any one in the city, till the names of Mr. Patterson and Mr. Atmore, whom I had met at Cresson a few years before, occurred to me, and I told him I would like them on the bond. Dr. Hall knew both of them, and he got them to go on the bond.

That evening they gave me a lemon to suck, as my only supper, and as I hadn't eaten anything all day, it was a mighty slim supper, but as Dr. Hall had given bond to fix me up I was willing to do what they wanted me to. The following morning my breakfast consist-

ed of one orange, which I was told to suck, but not to swallow the pulp. Two colored attendants then came and gave me a thorough cleaning out inside, and then put me in a warm bath and gave me an exterior cleaning. Then I was put to bed, and I slept till about 4 p. m. When I awoke I was given another orange, and that was all I got to eat until the next morning, when I was given a little gruel without milk, but with the juice of a lemon squeezed over it.

At 9 o'clock that morning I was given the same cleansing treatment as the morning before and a 2 o'clock in the afternoon two colored men brought in a box-like affair, in which they put me, leaving only my head sticking out. My feet were placed in a steaming hot basin of water and a saucer of alcohol was placed under my chair and set on fire. The box was shut up tight, and I was given an electric battery treatment as well. The doctor stood beside me all the time and held my pulse, until he thought I was properly stewed and electrocuted. Then I was taken out of the box and placed in a tub of hot water and was given the best scrubbing I ever had in my life. When they took me out of the tub they layed me on a table and rubbed me with Turkish towels until their arms were tired. Next on the program of their morning's amusement was to smoothe down what little skin the towels had left on my body. Then they went at me again with the towels for awhile, and next they put clean clothes on me and put me to bed. If ever I felt like a baby it was after that morning's performance.

But it did me a world of good. I was completely tired out and I went to sleep and slept soundly for hours. When I awoke I was given some fruit and a little later some very palatable soup, though it had no grease or salt in it. Still I was hungry enough to have eaten almost anything, hungrier than I had been in months.

Every day for five days I was put through the stewing process, and I was feeling the good effects from my treatment all the time. At the end of three weeks I was so much better that the doctor said he believed he could trust me to go home if I would follow out his instructions to the letter. He said if I would continue to stew myself daily, and take only such food as he advised I would soon be all right again.

When I was ready to go, Dr. Hall called me into his office and asked me if I thought I had gotten my thousand dollars worth of health. (I had given him the money as soon as he had fixed up the bond to cure me.)

"I certainly am satisfied for you to keep the money," I told him.

After we had talked a little while and he had given me minute directions to care for myself at home, he excused himself and went out of the room. Pretty soon he came back and handed me \$750.

"The balance will pay us very well for what we have done for you," he said, "I only accepted the \$1,000 to see if you had any confidence in us."

I insisted that I had made a bargain with him and he should keep the money, but he wouldn't do it. I then

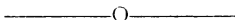
gave him back the bond he had given to cure me, saying that I would have made him pay the \$10,000 if he had failed to cure me.

He gave me a drawing of the sweat box I was to make and use after I came home, and I left New York, fully satisfied with the result of my three weeks stay.

My home was on Wiley avenue at that time, and an old preacher who lived close by had the same trouble that I had had. I told him how I had been fixed up and he wanted to try it. I put him in the box, and he was nearly dead when I began the treatment on him. He fainted during the first treatment, and I thought he had died on my hands and was pretty badly scared, but he came around all right after awhile, and he insisted on continuing with the treatment. I consented to keep it up, and it soon began to do him a world of good. He had a strong constitution and he came through the sweating and rubbing process in fine shape, and was soon almost as good as a new man. My success with the preacher made me think I was a pretty good doctor, but I never tried to get any other patients. All I would give any one after that was advice, but there are so many people in the world with a surplus of advice on their minds that I never got rich disposing of what I had.

Dr. Hall had made me give up smoking, drinking and coffee when I was in his institute, and I found that all those things were injurious to me, as they undoubtedly are to most men. My illness had resulted from a combination of those things together with the work I had been doing in the open air in all kinds of weather,

and I decided as I could not entirely give up the work, I would have to give up the dissipations, and I did. I have been happier and better in health ever since I gave up those foolish things which I had been taught were pleasures.



## CHAPTER XLIV.

### I Have a Strike on My Hands.

In the second year of the first administration of President Cleveland, the bricklayers in Pittsburg struck for \$5 a day and the carpenters for an eight-hour day at the wages they had been getting. I did not allow my men to quit work, because I had some contracts that had to be finished, and the difference in the pay cost me less than to lose the contracts. I agreed with my men to put the difference of pay in the Dollar Savings Bank, and if the other men won, I was to pay them when the strike was ended.

I had thus kept my men working for about two weeks, when I was called up before the Master Builders' Association, of which I was a member, to account for what I was paying my men. I promptly told them the arrangement I had made, and they appointed a committee to meet at the Builders' Exchange to investigate the matter.

I went to the exchange rooms at the appointed hour and saw two fellows sitting there, and wondered what business they had there. One of them, when I



THEO. A. MOTHERAL.  
Union Insurance Co.





asked, told me they were the committee to investigate me. When I heard their names, I knew they were not builders at all, but got to be members through the fact that their fathers had been. When I asked them what trade they had worked at they just said they were the committee.

"When you want to inquire into my business you will have to appoint a committee of mechanics," I told them and started down stairs.

They called me back to see the other members of the committee, and I went back to see what they had to say. They talked for a little while without seeming to know what they were after.

"I thought a man had to be a master mechanic to be a member of this exchange," I finally said, becoming exasperated at the ignorance of the committee. "Since anyone can be a member who chooses, I won't have anything more to do with the organization."

I then went to the secretary's desk and asked how much I owed. He told me I had paid a quarter in advance. I told him to mark my name off the books, as I would never belong to the organization again.

"You can't get out as easy as that," he said. "The organization will shut down on you, and you won't be able to purchase any supplies."

"I'll go to California for supplies before I belong to such an organization as this," I told him, and I walked indignantly out of the room, and never entered the place again.

I soon found that there would be no trouble for me to get anything I wanted, the dealers seeming most anxious to sell their stuff and get the money.

About three weeks after the affair at the Builders' Exchange, I was sitting in my office when a well-dressed gentlemanly appearing fellow came in and asked if I were Mr. Owens. I admitted the fact, and he asked me if I could do all the bricklaying I could get. I told him I could get all the bricklayers I wanted. He continued to talk about the matter till the time came for me to keep an engagement at the Ferguson building. I told him I had to go, and for him to come to see me whenever he had any work to do. I would guarantee to attend to it in good time.

Then he threw off the mask, and told me he was sent here from Chicago by the bricklayer's union to settle the trouble.

"Get right out of my office," I told him when I found out who he was.

"I'll get out when I get ready," he replied.

"You are most mightily likely to get out before you are ready," I said, as I stepped out of the door and picked up a shovel that one of the men had left when he went to dinner.

Jumping back into the office I hit the fellow on the head and knocked him sprawling out of the door. I followed, intending to hit him again, but he was too supple for me and got away. But I was never bothered with walking delegates in my office after that affair became known.

About a week or ten days later I had some plastering to do on Fourth avenue and I was going down to look at the work, when I saw two men who were walking delegates going into the building. One of them was James McVicker, who had worked for me, but whom I had discharged because he was absolutely incompetent to do anything like good work.

When I went into the building Jim was on the scaffold and the other fellow was on the floor. I ordered the man on the floor to get out of the building and he went. Then I told Jim to get down off that scaffold, and to lose no time about it. He said he was only talking to one of the men, but I told him what he was doing was not the point, that I wanted him to get out. He had worked for me long enough to know that I meant what I said, and he started down the ladder.

As he was climbing down, I picked up a shovel that was standing in a barrel of white skim and struck him and knocked him off the ladder. With a yell, he ran out, covered with skim.

I was always perfectly willing to pay men the best wages, for thereby I got the best workmen, but I also meant to run my business without the assistance of the walking delegates. After those two affairs, I had little trouble from them.

Shortly after this, I got the contract for cleaning and blueing St. Peter's Church at the corner of Diamond and Grant streets. I wanted to get the work done before a certain Sunday and went up to help the men, because it was slow work and some of the men were afraid, as they had to work on very high ladders.

I was working on one of the ladders when some Irishmen who worked on the railroad came in. They had just been paid and were pretty full of whisky. They knelt down near the foot of my ladder in a bunch and began to pray.

It was too good an opportunity for me to lose, and I "accidentally" dropped my bucket of blueing down among them. The ladder was about thirty feet high, and when the bucket struck the floor the stuff splashed all over the crowd. The Irishmen jumped and yelled, and ran out of the church as though the devil were pursuing them.

"Jimmie, they might have pulled the ladder out from under you and killed you," said one of the men at work.

"If they had I would have jumped on top of one of them and that would have broken my fall and broken the fellow's head," I replied. "Anyhow, they are too cowardly to ever hurt anybody."

I'll bet those fellows didn't say their prayers for a year without thinking of the bucket of blueing, and looked around to see if another one was coming.

The preacher and one of the committee came in before we quit work that evening, and I told them about the "accident." I thought the preacher would hurt himself laughing as I described how the bucket landed and what the fellows looked like as they ran through the door of the church.

## CHAPTER XLV.

## "Only Book in the World."

In 1856 I came into possession of a book which any man might be proud to own. It is a history of England by William Augustus Russel, of which all copies but the one I own was destroyed by order of the British government. The book was published in 1777, and almost more curious than the book itself is its history.

Russel was not a particular lover of the English government of the time, and the way he exposed the falacies and crimes of the rulers did not suit King George III and his ministers, and the book was ordered destroyed. But 100 copies of the book had been delivered to the subscribers when the edict for its destruction went forth, and as the name of the subscribers were printed in the back of the book it was easy for the government's agents to trace and destroy them. The books that had not been delivered were confiscated in the publishing house and burned. Russel was arrested, and the Encyclopedia Britanica says he was released after a term of years in London Tower, and died in obscurity in Scotland. But tradition says he was beheaded for his attacks on the government, and without trial.

But there was one book which escaped the government, and that book I have owned since 1856. Dr. James Addison was one of the subscribers for the book, and he had arranged to sail for America. It so happened that the day his copy of the history was delivered

to him, he took ship, and thus one, and only one, copy of this great book escaped.

Dr. Addison at last located in Pittsburg, and here he became one of the noted early day physicians of the city. He lived until 1856, and after his death his effects were sold at auction in the settlement of the estate. Dr. Addison and I had been friends, and I had often been shown the book which he prized so highly. When the day of the sale arrived I attended, bent on securing the book. One of his son-in-laws was also anxious to get the book, and I knew I would have trouble in securing it. So I went to the auctioneer, who was a friend of mine, and told him what I was looking for. He promised to help me out, and he did.

The book was put up after the sale had been going on for an hour or so, and the bidding started at \$5 and soon ran up to \$16, the son-in-law of Dr. Addison and myself being the only bidders. At last it was knocked down and marked sold, then the auctioneer transferred his operations to another room. He called to me, and told me to go in and pay his clerk \$17 and take the book, as the son-in-law had bid \$16. I did and took the book home with me at once.

That evening when I reached home, I saw the other bidder for the book there waiting for me. He demanded the book, but I declined to give it to him, telling him that he would have to see the auctioneer as he had accepted my bid. He went to see the auctioneer, but got no satisfaction, and the book was mine. I went to Dr. Addison's daughter the next day and told

her she could have the book if she desired, but she told me to keep it, so I did.

The history of the book was printed in the Pittsburg Dispatch in 1858, when Aaron Foster and Daniel O'Neill were the proprietors of that paper, and thus it became known. Later the story was again printed in the Dispatch and it became known in England that the book was in existence, although the Encyclopedia Britanica still insists that all copies of it were destroyed. The circulation of that story in England brought me a visitor from across the sea.

In 1877 an Englishman, who called himself Prof. Stephens, and said he was from Tynne, England, came to Pittsburg and told me he wanted to see me in regard to some property left me in County Entrim, Ireland, I told him there were older heirs for that property than myself, and as it was entailed I had no claim on it, but Stephens was persistent and remained in Pittsburg for some time. I took him to my home, and he asked for something to read. I showed him the book case and told him to help himself. After looking over the rows of books he picked out the Russel history and began to read it. He remained at my place for several days, and spent most of his time with the history.

After he first looked over the book, he offered me a good price for it, but I told him it was not for sale. He raised the amount of his offer, but I still refused. From one offer he went to another, until at last he asked:

"Will you take \$17,000 for the book?"

I laughed at him.

"There's no use discussing the question," I told him. "I won't sell the book to you, and you might as well drop the subject."

The following morning when I was ready to come to town, Stephens said he would remain at the house, as he wanted to finish reading the history. I thought his manner strange, and while I was on the way to the depot, I got anxious about it and returned. I was afraid he would leave while I was in the city and would take the book with him.

When I reached the house my wife told me Stephens was up in his room and had the history with him. I went up stairs, and there he was with the book, and he had the lamp burning, though it was broad day light. I took the book from his hands, and told him I wanted him to get out of my house as fast as he could. It looked to me as though he intended to destroy the book, or at least burn part of it, so that it would be valueless.

I ordered my man to take Stephens in the buggy and take him to the depot, and I never wanted to see him again. I went to town and took the book with me, and for a time I kept it in a safe-deposit vault, until all danger of its being stolen passed.

A number of my friends whom I have allowed to read the book have suggested to me that it ought to be reprinted. I took it to New York publishers, and they were willing to publish it, but wanted me to have it copyrighted in America to protect them, as its publication would require an outlay of about \$30 000. The Hon. John Dalzell was always a friend of mine and I



asked him to see what he could do about the matter. He introduced a bill in Congress to copyright the book, but the committee decided that the publication of a dead man's work could not be copyrighted, even by a special act, and I had to give it up.

The authenticity of the history is unquestionable, and it has been proven by investigation by bookmen that the copy I have is the only one in existence. Letters have been written to book sellers and others in all parts of the world in an effort to trace the possibility of other copies, but none have been found.

So I think I have a right to be proud of the book. It will never be sold, and when I die will be handed down to my sons, who, I hope, will take as good care of it as I have.



## CHAPTER XLVI.

### Conclusion.

Living in my little suburban home in Greensburg, I expect to round out my days. For 76 years I have been buffeted about the world, and I am willing that my life should now run on in the most peaceful channels. There are some things I would have different, but no man can not mould his life entirely as he would. I sigh for the friends of my youth, who have long since passed to their long sleep, but sighing cannot bring them back. Most of all, I sigh for the wife who was taken from me in 1882 and rests in Allegheny cemetery.

while beside her lay three of our children. To be sure, time dulls the pain of separation, yet it cannot fill the void that death has left in my life.

Though I still have one daughter and two sons left with me, two of them have been separated from me by marriage, and I am all but alone in the world. My niece is my housekeeper, and she has been like a daughter to me for many years, but a father must always long for the absent ones of his little flock.

As to myself, my physical self, time has dealt kindly with me, and it would seem that I should have many years more of life. And I am content that it is so. I am not one of those who would hurry nature in her work of dissolution, and I am in no hurry for the summons of death. I had an ancestor who lived to pass the century mark, and with my robust constitution and my perfect hygienic manner of living, it would seem that I might also live to so great an age.

Cares and worries I have put behind me. I no longer struggle for wealth, but I am content with the modest fortune that has come to me, and care for no more than will help me to end my days in comfort. Surrounded though I am by the sons of men I watched grow rich in the early days of Pittsburg's great prosperity, I have no thought of envy in my heart. I have tried to make the best of my life, looking more to health and happiness than to the riches that are more a burden than a help. If I have failed in aught that should have been expected from my opportunities, I have no regrets, as I have done what few runaway boys have done, and withal have always cared for the

less fortunate members of my family to the best of my ability. The love for my family has been the chief guiding motive of my whole life. Perhaps I should have little credit for that, because that is one of the things nature gave me at my birth.

And when my time comes to be laid to rest beside my wife, I hope it can be said that though hordes of friends proceed me to the Great Beyond, not an enemy is left behind and none will be on the other side to greet me.









