

GREENVILLE TIMES.

SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 1877.

DAY OF MARCH AT PITTSBURG.

The Share Taken by the Military.

A Soldier's Story.

(Continued.)

THE SCOTT'S PREDICTION.

Pittsburg, July 22.—"My troops will see that the trains pass," said President Thomas A. Scott when the 1st and 2d Regiments from Philadelphia embarked on cars for this city; "wait till they reach Pittsburg and you will hear of the end of the strike, and that the freights are passing through to and from as usual." His troops did arrive here on yesterday. They were a lot of fine-looking young fellows, who had left their offices and desks full of life and gaiety, and elated with the prospect of military duty and destruction. They were

MAJESTICALLY ARMED AND EQUIPPED.

and belonging to the first families of the city, they were with an unusual array of servants. One could hardly realize that twenty-four hours could make such a change in the appearance of these men collectively and individually. These regiments, now a mere handful of men, are to-night out-reached some six miles from the city, hungry, foot-sore, many without arms, and one and all heartily sick, and abundantly satisfied with

THEIR BERRY DAY'S SERVICE.

Many of the regiment who started out in the full enjoyment of life lie dead in some undertaker's establishment, while others, dreadfully wounded, are in the hospital of the United States arsenal. Many deserted from the ranks, leaving the main body while the crowd was pressing it, diving down alleys and byways, where they begged to exchange their uniforms for the garments of the most humble citizen. From the most trustworthy sources there appears to have been

NO OCCASION FOR FIRING

upon the crowd, and the terrible vengeance that has followed might have been avoided. Those in command of the troops have never had the courage, since giving their death-dealing orders, to make an appearance where they might be seen other than by the soldiery. Cassatt, Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has not been seen since last night. Neither has the army of railroad magistrates nor any of the high military men. If they had been captured this morning by

THE INFURIATED MOB.

God only knows what their fate would have been. It is safe to say that the most cruel brutalities of savages would have been mild punishment in comparison.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

"I served in the war of the rebellion," said one soldier, "and have seen wild fighting and heard oftentimes the melancholy music of whistling bullets, but a night of terror such as last night experienced, and I hope to God I never will again. It was this way," said he: "We came to Pittsburg, I must confess,

REST ON HAVING A LITTLE SIGHT.

If there was any going on. We had a little to eat at Altoona—some sandwiches and a tin cup of coffee—and at noon yesterday we had some sort of nourishment dealt out to us at the Union depot. When we arrived at Pittsburg we were all in good spirits nevertheless, and responded with alacrity to the command to move out to Twenty-Eighth street, where the strikers were gathered

IN FORCE.

When we arrived there Gen. Britton, commanding, formed us front and rear on the outside of the network of tracks at this point, and stationed the Keystone battery, with its Gatling guns, on a little plateau on the hillside, an elevation perhaps ten feet above the level of the track. At this moment the crowd began to scatter, not in retreat, but apparently to make room for the military. As we rested on our arms the silence of the great crowd was broken and a storm of

HISSES, YELLS AND JEERS

greeted us. Then a platoon of our regiment was ordered to clear the crowd from the head of Twenty-Eighth street, where the strikers were blockading the tracks of the railroad. The Sheriff and his deputies mingled with the troops, and urged the crowd to fall back and return to their homes. They could not make themselves heard owing to the confusion and the cries and yells of the people. The platoon of soldiers then pushed into the crowd, urging them back until the order to halt was given. At this time the hillside was

THICKLY COVERED WITH MEN,

women and children; mostly spec-

tators, I judge, who were in a manner penned up. The cries and yells of the crowd grew louder and fiercer, and the military made preparations to form a hollow square on the tracks as near Twenty-Eighth street as possible, with two Gatling guns in the centre. The Pittsburg troops, the 14th Regiment, I believe, were drawn up in line, but remained passive. After some maneuvering, rendered difficult by the jostling crowd, three sides of a square were formed by our two regiments, the 1st and 2d, numbering from four to five hundred men. One side of the square faced the hill, one faced to the east, and the troops of the other side stood with their backs to Twenty-Eighth street, and also faced the hill.

THE CROWD

was slow in clearing a space for the east side of the square, and the soldiers began to force the men back. This occasioned some scuffling, several of the men taking hold of the muskets and saying, "You wouldn't shoot a working man, would you?" while those on the outskirts continued to hoot and yell. About this moment the Grays were ordered to charge on the crowd which was impeding them. This they did, amid the most intense confusion and excitement, but the troops pushed back the throng and retired. The 1st Regiment, when the crowd began again to press, were ordered to charge, which they did with fixed bayonets, and in this charge one of the strikers is reported to have been

WOUNDED BY A BAYONET THURST.

The crowd now began pelting us with stones, and some of our men were hurt more or less. This was the match that fired the train, for goaded to frenzy either through fear of violence from the crowd or stung to desperation by being hit with the missiles, the order was given to fire, and fire we did. Some say there was no order given to fire, but one of the guns in the hands of a member of the company went off, and others mistaking this for an order, leveled their pieces and discharged them. Be this as it may, I heard distinctly the order to fire, and did not discharge my piece until such order was given.

THE FIRING WAS SUDDEN

and unexpected, and seemed to come upon the vast crowd like a stroke of lightning, and it was scarcely realized until here and there a man was seen to fall. Along the brow of the hill ran a deep ditch, into which those who had enough presence of mind cast themselves. After the first shot the troops shot in every direction. The first volley swept over the hillside, and was delivered by those troops nearest the hill. The second side of the square aimed along the track east, and the others, so far as could be ascertained, wheeled and fired down Twenty-Eighth street. Before dark, when

THE DEAD AND WOUNDED

had been carried off, and the crowd got over their fright and commenced to gather again in great numbers, we were ordered into the roundhouse, as affording us shelter for the night and better protection from the stray shots heard every now and then. With the approach of nightfall the troops were hungry and tired, but consoled themselves in a measure by the assurance that supper had been ordered and would arrive in a brief time. At dusk, peering out of the windows of the roundhouse we saw the wagons carrying our rations captured by the crowd, and the dishes and contents hurled into the street, while the crowd cheered like demons. As the crowd in the streets augmented with the night thoughts of sleep were given over, and guards were stationed at the windows of the roundhouse and also placed at each of the gates leading into the yards. They were out of reach of the crowd, and had instructions to fire upon any person who attempted to enter.

AT NIGHT.

the crowd outside, as we could observe from the windows, had grown into thousands, and shots were fired at us from out of the yards of the company in close proximity to the roundhouse. We replied to them, but with what effect we were unable to ascertain. When the fire was started in the box cars we became seriously alarmed, and some few of our men, I have heard, made their way out of their quarters in citizens' clothes and escaped from their perilous position. We could see long lines of cars one after another burning, but did not expose ourselves to the guns of the mob. The fire slowly but surely crept down upon us, and about this time the crowd captured

ONE OF THE GUNS

belonging to the Hutchinson's Battery of Pittsburg and attempted to get it into position to fire upon us. It was heavily loaded, we know,

and if fired in so close proximity to us must have done heavy damage. We prevented them from putting it in position, however, as we covered it well, and were in quarters where we could pick off the men without much injury to ourselves. A number of times freight cars were run between us and the guns which shielded the strikers from our shots, but they finally gave the matter up and hauled the gun away. All this time the situation was becoming more and more serious.

THE FIRE WAS CREEPING DOWN

upon us with a certainty of driving us out sooner or later. The crowd, too, was growing more dense, and bold threats of violence should we come out were distinctly heard away up the track. In the yard where the cars were burning we could see men pillaging. Suddenly down the grade came one car after another, some laden with oil, which was on fire and burning fiercely. These cars were sent down in order that they might ignite the wooden work of the round house and the company's lumber yards. They were heavily laden with combustible material, and when they

BOX CARS TOOK FIRE,

they burst and scattered their contents in every direction, dealing out disaster with lavish hand. The machine shops between 25th and 26th streets then caught fire and soon our building was surrounded by a wall of fire. The heat became so intense that we were obliged to retire from the windows and gather in the center of the building. Many of us would have run out, but the danger from the outside from the violence of the crowd was as much to be feared as the fiery element fast approaching us. At the dawn of day a consultation of officers was held, which was prolonged for some time. It was then decided that we must go out and

FACE THE ANGRY DEVILS

who made the streets in the neighborhood black with their presence. It was better to run the risk of being shot down than burned to death, and so we fled out formed in a compact body, preceded by Gatling guns, with Major General Brenton and Brigadier General Matthews at the head. It was a lively time, I tell you. We soon reached the United States arsenal, where we thought we would be protected.

When the regiment left the round

house they were

FOLLOWED BY THE MOB,

and many of them had their guns wreathed from them by the strikers who in turn shot down the soldiery. The militia made for the arsenal, but Major Buffington, their commander, refused to let them enter. Then the fear-stricken men commenced to scale the walls, and seek refuge behind great piles of bombs in the gun yard. The bravest of the lads remained on the street, returning shot for shot with the crowd, while Major Buffington pressed upon the officers the necessity of forming the men solidly and resisting the attacks of the mob. They were too frightened, however, and preferred to retreat, which they did past the arsenal and away up the river toward Sharpsburg. Only twenty regulars were stationed at the arsenal, a force entirely too small to cope with any degree of success with the rioters.

On the hill-side, facing the arsenal,

were magazines filled with ammunition. If the crowd had got into the arsenal after the Philadelphia troops, they would undoubtedly have fired the magazines, and the destruction would have been fearful to contemplate. The crowds tried all manner of means last night to get into the arsenal, but reasoning in this case had more effect than forcible resistance, and the crowd, upon the solicitation of the commanding officer, returned to the city.

It is related of Professor Jowett,

the translator of Plato and Master of Balliol College, Oxford, England, that a student having lately lost a parcel of bank notes, told the Master of his misfortune. Professor Jowett advised him to say nothing about it, took the numbers of the notes, and covered the walls of Oxford with posters proclaiming the loss, but giving the wrong numbers. The thief fell into the snare, offered one of the notes at a bank, was promptly arrested, and all the notes recovered. Mr. Jowett had given the right numbers to the teller.

It was at a church strawberry

festival, and a young man with much shirt collar looked extremely sad and melancholy. The church pastor, noticing the gloomy appearance of the youth, asked him if he enjoyed religion, and the young man said he did—until he was charged a dollar and half for twenty-five cents worth of strawberries and cream. That settled it.

Harper and Brothers—Franklin Square.

We have lately heard a great deal of the goodness and piety of the members of this firm, of the several and collective virtues of James and John and Wesley and Fletcher Harper, so much in fact that when we go to New Jerusalem, where all good editors go, we expect to find them occupying an eligible corner lot with all celestial conveniences attached.

But out of the midst of all this trash and false adulation some few things we can see clearly. Their magazine is a transparent sham and fraud with the only end and aim to produce for each number four dollars per year, and to puff the Harper publications. Honest old Horace Greeley, whose shoes they were unworthy to clean, was baited and baited in a shameful and disgraceful manner by the Harper's so called "Journal of Civilization," and now comes Harriett Martineau to the stand to testify to their goodness, she says on page 380, volume 1st, of her autobiography of the firm of Harper & Brothers—The redoubtable piratical publishing house in New York.

And of such damaged material are saints made in the refined North. After this the Hindoo worshipping a wooden idol appears reasonable enough; that the wood is insensible to the emotions it excites, is a disadvantage, but then on the other hand it can't steal any thing. We commend the subject of Piratical Publishing to Mr. "Easy Chair."

Under the heading "Daughters of Adversity," the New York Herald publishes some very interesting sketches of women who are clerks in the Departments at Washington. Among those mentioned are Mrs. Mary E. Wilcox, adopted daughter of General Andrew Jackson (and who is also a daughter of General Donelson, who ran with Fillmore for Vice President, and a god-daughter of Van Buren); Charlotte L. Livingston, whose husband was a grandson of the distinguished Chancellor; C. E. Morris, a grand daughter of Robert Morris; Sophie Walker, a daughter of Robert J. Walker, Polk's Secretary of the Treasury; Miss Dade, a relative of John Randolph, and niece of General Winfield Scott; Helen McLean Kimball, widow of General Kimball, killed in the Mexican war; Sallie Upton, daughter of Francis Upton, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Granger, the widow of General Granger.

A good illustration of the equal

power of two votes is given in a story, which seems to be common property, of Judge Story, which he was very fond of telling. One cold and stormy election day he felt his duty, as usual, to go to the polls. He ordered his carriage for this purpose, but just as he was getting in a sudden thought struck him. Turning to his colored driver, he said: "Have you voted yet?" "No, Massa Story, I was waiting to drive you first."—"Well," replied the judge, "and who do you intend to vote for?"—"I shall vote for A," answered the driver. "Well," continued the judge, laughing, "I should vote for B; so you may put up the carriage again, and we will both stay at home and pair off our votes."—"The coachman was of equal importance at the ballot-box with the learned judge."

"Oh, I'll have a blazing time on the fourth!" yelled a boy from the city hall steps to another in the yard.

"Going to shoot off your mouth!"

sneered the other. "No, I ain't going to shee-out off my mouth, but I've got a fire cracker as big as your leg; two hundred torpedos, six old muskets and a sky rocket. Mam sold the stove bluer yesterday for lemons and sugar, and is around trying to pick gooseberries for a pie, we've got the dead thing on a yearling chicken, and if you want to see the goddess of liberty turn hand-springs over the clothes line, you come around and look through the alley fence."

PULLBACKS.—There was the

land grab and the salary grab, but the most universal grab since the day the children of Israel grabbed quails in the wilderness, is the one made now-a-days by every man's wife or sweetheart, as she drops her left shoulder, gracefully swings the upper half of her body around toward the rear, grabs a handful of skirt, straightens up and moves off with a face full of holy and calm content, and an air of serene satisfaction illustrating her countenance. The idea was probably cribbed from the devil by observing him pick up his tail, tuck it over his left arm and saunter off on a promenade among the Pharisees and hypocrites.—Cin. Eng.

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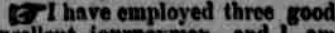
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