

HISTORY

—OF—

WHEELING DURING THE PAST FORTY YEARS,

WRITTEN BY

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## PREFACE.

The following review has been written for the purpose of reviving recollections of events which have occurred during the past forty years: Even the most remote of these events, it is believed, are not yet forgotten by many of the oldest citizens of Wheeling.

It will be observed that care has been taken to exclude matters of a trivial character, insignificant and uninteresting in themselves to the persons whom they might concern, and of no interest whatever to general readers, many of whom know little of, and care less for matters, other than those of general interest.

A work of purely historical detail would be more appropriately the task of some future historian should he think such a publication was needed: If he engaged in such a comprehensive enterprise, (and perhaps it would not be an unworthy one) he would of course have to go back to a time, using a *hibernicism*, when "Wheeling was not Wheeling," but merely a tract of land, presenting no evidences of urban life, nothing, perhaps, but a straggling house or two at best. This task I leave to others, as nothing of the kind is contemplated in the annexed review. I propose to go back no further than to a period within my own recollection *i. e.* 1837; when the city was to all intents and purposes a city of at least *some* pretension as a manufacturing and commercial place, and to consider somewhat at length, the vast changes that have taken place from the period alluded to, down to the present time. This will embody a recital of varied and important subjects connected with the history of the city and its inhabitants, with such passing comment as may seem relevant to the theme under consideration.

This being the plan and object of the work the reader will find recorded only such things as come within the purview of the limits indicated above.

It may here be observed that everything of an advertising or puffing character has been carefully ignored. The proper medium for this being the "Directory" itself. The Directory is published *expressly* for this purpose, and those who wish their names to appear to advantage will of

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course be properly represented in its pages. It will at once strike the reader that the earlier half of the review contains vastly more reading matter than the latter half; thus the author conceives to be the proper way in which to treat the subject, the earlier half being quite remote from the present day, anything pertaining to a period so far back in the olden time will naturally be more interesting to the reader, by reason of its antiquity, than the more recent events which are quite fresh in the minds of even the younger class of readers. With the above exordium I respectfully submit the review to the perusal of the reader.

THE AUTHOR.

## HISTORY OF WHEELING.

### CHAPTER I.

#### WHEELING IN 1837 AND 1838.

On the 8th of January, 1837, the author of the following sketch arrived in the City of Wheeling, and found his home to be a place of quite primitive pretensions to what it is at present. It was—as has often been said of Washington City—a place “of magnificent distances.” The commercial part of the city was, to a great extent, in that region extending from a point very little below Eleventh street (then known as Union) to a point not far north of Ninth street, bounded on the east by the hill known as “Whedding Hill,” and on the west by the Ohio river. I am speaking of the retail commercial part of the city. The city proper was composed of much the same territory that it now embraces, excluding the present Seventh and Eighth wards and Manchester; the Eighth ward was then known by the name of Ritchietown.

The population of the city at that time was in the neighborhood of 8,000 souls. The most densely populated part was above what is now known as Twelfth street, but at that time known as Monroe street. In this part of the town such business houses as the following monopolized the largest part of the trade: Messrs. John Fawcett, Isaiah Cooper, William T. Selby, John Goshorn, Jacob Kiger, Samuel Lowther, Zane & Pentoney; these were dry goods stores. To these business houses must be added (in the same locality) Messrs. Alex. Paxton, carpets; Knot & Sauger, saddlery; P. W. Stocking and Hebron Robinson, silversmiths; Gregg & Edwards, tailors; John Fisher and A. & R. Fisher, booksellers; S. D. Harper and W. W. & S. H. Jimeson, hatters, and William Cunningham, chair manufacturer. These stores were all situated on Main street between Ninth and Eleventh.

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Jacob Senseney Esq., kept a dry goods store on Union street, and there were three or four of the same kind on Market street, among which were Robt. Morrow & Sons; E. L. and C. L. Hoff and Geo. McMurray. These were all between 11th (Union) and 10th, then Madison street. A great part of the grocery business of the city was done in the same locality, but the heaviest part was done on Watter street, and what was then Monroe street, now 12th. Prominent among others on Water street were Forsyth & Dobbin; Redick McKee; Stonberry & Houston; Wm. R. Tyson; and John K. Botsford. Crangle & Baileys; Moore & Clark were on 12th street, and lastly Jones & Melvin, and Jacob & Mitchell on Main street. Some of the above named stores combined groceries with the forwarding and commission business. The hardware business was mostly in the hands of Samuel Ott; Samuel Neel; and Henry P. Morris - all not far from 12th street below Market. There were many other mercantile houses of importance, of various kinds, that did large businesses; notably John Leach, and Alex. Rogers, clothiers, on Water street; but as it would make this review inordinately long to give other than allusion to the most prominent merchants of that day, I shall be compelled to desist from pursuing this phase of the subject matter.

Manufacturing was quite extensively carried on, even at that remote period, especially in the wagon trade; things have very much changed in this respect, as to the latter branch of business. Bodley & Richards, Busbey & Little, and Samuel Irwin were all engaged in it, and largely. The amounts of these chattels that were sent from Wheeling to Southern States, was simply immense; nothing like it even now.

The foundry business was represented mostly by the following firms, Eehn & Richardson, on the lot where Franzell's hardware store now stands; Sheeney & Matthews, North Wheeling; B. Woodcock & Son, Market street, near the creek suspension bridge, and R. & W. Miller at the south end of stone bridge on Main street where now stands Jacksons old flour mill.

The iron and nail business was then its infancy. What is now called the "Top Mill" was then running, although on a smaller scale; it was owned by David Agnew & Co., with the exception of this establishment, Wheeling was a cypher in the business of manufacturing iron. Not so, however, with the glass business; considering the population, the city made as good a showing at that day as she does even at the present time, notwithstanding her business in this line is wonderfully large. In the northern end of the city Ensell & Cuthbert had a Glass Works; so also had M. & T. Sweeney in the same part of the corporation. There was also one where Market alley intersects Chapline street; there were two other large and substantial brick glass manufactories situated in East Wheeling; one of which stood on the identical lot on which now stands the present 4th ward school;

it was a flint glass works, and was owned by Plunkett & Miller; the other stood immediately in the rear of the flint glass works, and fronted on Clay street, (now 18th) the site of which was originally the property of John and Craig Ritchie, from whom the ward got its original name. These two gentlemen were deeply identified with the progress of Wheeling in its early days.

Some of the old land marks, now no more, shall receive a passing notice at my hands. The first in order, will be the old court house and jail. The former stood right in the middle of Madison street (now 10th) midway between Main and Market; it was a small affair, built of brick, and of very limited pretensions as to show or style; very much like a plain country church. The jail building was just above and adjoining the present residence of Mr. Meriben, at the corner of Market and Tenth: the jail building has been metamorphosed into dwelling houses; the Court House was soon torn down. The Post Office was in a building immediately opposite the residence of M. L. Ott, Esq., on Main between Ninth and Tenth streets. The churches were located as follows: The United Presbyterian, Rev. Mr. Wallace, was on Market street - the same building is now occupied by the German Turners, and known as Turner Hall. The Roman Catholic Church, Rev. Mr. Comerford, was at the south east corner of Eoff and 11th streets. The First Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Weed, and the M. E. church on Chapline, are representatives of plain originals which stood on the same respective sites. The present Baptist Church on the corner of 12th and Byron was the Protestant Episcopal Church, Rev. Wm. Armstrong; and immediately opposite it on 12th street, was a church, known as the Methodist Protestant Church; officiated in by the Rev. Mr. Sedgewick. It stood precisely where now stands the residence of Joseph K. Pendleton Esq. The Baptist Church was out on Clay street (now Eighteenth) above Eoff. There was then, as now, a Methodist E. Church in Centre Wheeling; the above is a list of the most prominent churches of the various denominations at that day.

The banks were as follows: The Old Northwestern Bank of Virginia, John List, Sr., Esq., Pres't, and in the same building that Geo. K. Wheat Esq., some years ago purchased, and remodeled into an elegant residence, and which he now occupies. The Merchants and Mechanics Bank, Sobieski Brady, Esq., cashier; this was in the property owned now by Jeremiah Sheppard, Esq., at the corner of Eleventh and Main streets. The Wheeling Savings Institution was in a room on the first floor of the present Grant House. Certainly everybody cannot have forgotten this celebrated institution by this time. The principal hotels of the city were the Virginia Hotel and the United States Hotel on

Water street, which was afterwards changed to the "Sprigg House," and which has since become the St. James Hotel.

The *least* change that has taken place in the city is more observable in the First ward than in any other; but even this ward has one hundred and fifty per cent more buildings in it to day than it had in the times of which I am speaking; but the improvements which have been made are not of such a costly character as those of the lower wards.

Main street, from Eleventh down to the stone bridge, was nothing like the Main street of to-day; a large majority of the buildings were small wooden structures. Where now stands the elegant row of stately stores from Eleventh to a point midway to Twelfth on the east side, stood the old Zane Mansion, on an elevation corner Eleventh and Main. It was surrounded by beautiful trees. The estate was very prolific of fine grapes. On its border running parallel with Main, were some five or six one story frame buildings, which were occupied as offices by lawyers, of whom more will be said further on. Just at the foot of the estate, James W. Robb, Esq., kept a chair factory, in the house now occupied by Mr. Wm. Graham as a carpet store.

The next building of any importance was on the lot on which the Exchange Bank now stands. On this lot was a house which set somewhat back from the street; the house was kept as a public house, but mostly for boarding purposes. On the west side of Main, from Eleventh to Twelfth, were more buildings than there were on the eastern side, but they were mostly wooden structures. There were a few brick buildings, however, the most pretentious of which was where the Peoples Bank now stands; it was occupied by Dr. James Baker as a drug store, who did quite a large business.

On the southeast and southwest corners of Main and Twelfth streets were small frame buildings, the former where M. Gutman & Bro. have their extensive clothing store was the printing office of the *Wheeling Gazette*, John M. McCreary, editor. It was a weekly and semi-weekly paper. The other corner, where now stands the National Bank of West Virginia, was occupied by George Kelsal as a clothing store. The building below corner Twelfth and Water. Capt. Booth's present boat store, was the well known boat store of Jos. Lodwick. This *craft* is quite a veteran as a boat store.

The most noticeable feature on Main street, between Twelfth and the stone bridge, was John McCortney's Tavern and wagon yard. It occupied the ground on the east side from about where Wheat, Isett & Naylor have their notion store, down to the corner of Fourteenth. When "mine host" could spare them room, there would the traditional and it might be said the "always on hand" circus company delight the gen-

eration of yore, as it does that of to-day. There would the faultless Sunday school teacher, take, as now, an unusually bright scholar, to let him see the wickedness of the world, "you know," this was intended to *disgust* the lad with these frivolities, but the more he went the more he wanted to go! Circuses at that time, however, had not the knack, as they now have, of combining religious instruction with merriment. There was no "Sacred Ox" to show; no "Behemoth of Holy Writ,"—none of the "creatures of the great deep"—the "Sea Lion," and his brother wonders; these came, however, with the march of improvement,—like Bishop Berkeley's "course of empire" "westward." It must be confessed that then, as now, the mischievous small boy, not having the fear of the authorities before his eyes, would crawl in under the canvas of the circus and swindle the pious door-keeper out of his "quarter only—for sale at the door."

The next most important house on this street was a tavern stand on the site of where Neill & Ellingham's present grocery store stands. It was kept by a person by the name of H. Ankeney, and was more recently kept by a person named John Black, who is still living out on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in the neighborhood of Littleton or Burton. Main street from Twelfth to the stone bridge, was about half built up, but generally with houses of small proportions—frame stores and dwelling houses being the rule, with a *choice* supply of vacant lots.

From the corner of Twelfth and Main, thence up Twelfth to Jacob, bore no resemblance to what it is now. The space from Market to Byron was more notorious for its vacant lots than for its buildings. The present residence of old Mrs. Robert Hamilton; those of A. Wilson Kelley and James Dalzell, Esqrs., and Mrs. Josiah Updegraff are the most notable of private houses now standing which have withstood the demand for change.

The four lots on Twelfth between Market and Chapline, on which now stand the McLure House, Odd Fellows' Hall, Oglebay's residence and Washington Hall were mostly vacant. Mende's Furniture Factory, a small affair, stood where now stands Washington Hall; above, on the same side of the street, were two or three one-story frame law offices; and at the upper corner (Oglebay's) stood a small frame grocery store, kept by one Isaac Elmker; the other side of the street, with the exception of William & B. Charnock's Wagon Shop, was vacant ground. Twelfth street from Market to the river was, however, quite a business street.

## CHAPTER II.

## OLD LANDMARKS, ETC.

It will best serve the purpose to allude in a general way to changes by considering them as they suggest themselves to the mind, without any classification as to relative importance to each other. The Second Ward Market House was then only one-half the size that it now is, and not a great number of years prior to 1837 was the site of a fine duck basin, or pond. Quite a number of the stores now on Market Square were there then. The names of Michael and Joseph Reilly, Patrick Crawley, Dorance McGinnis and Joseph and James Godfrey, grocers, and Brentlinger, Shallcross and William S. Wickham, auctioneers, will be at once familiar to many now living. The present city building was the old Masonic Hall, and was thought at the time, to be a grand affair; it was the most stylish building on the street, down thence to the creek. But few building except small ones below 12th now remain on this street that were there then. Chapline street, from 11th down to the creek, had but few buildings of any elegance on it. The best on the street were where A. W. Paull Esq. now lives, same house and occupied at that time by Robert Crangle, Esq., and the one in which now lives Mr. Joseph Spidel. The next best were what were known as the Dr. Mullihen property; Mrs. Westcott's boarding house (now the Misses Sims); and the house now owned by Mr. Charles Graham, next to St. Matthew's Church. The street from thence down to the creek had very little to distinguish it, except the old Grave Yard, which covered the present site of the Capitol and the vacant ground now owned by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and the Old Brewery, which latter is one of the oldest landmarks of the city; and lastly, the Tack Factory which then was a Cotton Factory.

Eoff street, (then Fifth) from Twelfth to the creek, was mostly distinguished by the old Acheson property, where the Third Ward School now stands; the residences of Prof. Hildreth, the father of Dr. Eugene Hildreth and S. P. Hildreth, Esq.; the present Brady property;—the residence of Jacob S. Shriver, Esq.—(present Cathedral site); the residence of Henry Moore, Esq.—now Catholic school; to these may be added the properties of John Knoté, Esq., Miss Adeline Caldwell, corner of Fourteenth; that of Dr. Tauner, corner of Fifteenth; also the present residence of Alex. Rogers, Esq., and a small Public Market House at the south-east corner of Seventeenth street.

East Wheeling, comprising the eastern part of the Third and Fourth wards, was sparsely built. It contained but few buildings of any preten-

sions. The most noted one was the German Church, now known as Crowther's Hall, on Eighteenth street above Jacob. I might add what was known as the old Hornbrook house, south-east corner of Jacob and Fifteenth; the house at the south-east corner of Jacob and Fourteenth; the present residence of Mrs. John Hoge, head of Thirteenth; about five or six fair sort of houses on Thirteenth, and perhaps as many on Fourteenth east of Eoff. The great mass of such buildings as were then to be seen, other than these, were small and cheaply built tenements; there were not more than two or three grocery stores in that part of the town, and these of the most limited stock of goods, as to either variety or quantity. Brick pavements were the exception and not the rule. There were more vacant lots, or parts of fields, I might say, than improved lots. There was a small building at the corner of Sixteenth and Wood, used for the manufacture of WHITE LEAD, but of limited capacity, however. Mr. Roberts, a brother of the late Captain Roberts, who in later years was such a general favorite with all steamboat men and with the citizens generally, was the proprietor of this enterprise. That part of East Wheeling which faced the present Eoff street, was the best built part of it; everything else farther east had a very primitive and suburban appearance. As has been said elsewhere, the city proper was far north of this. The street pipes from the Water Works had not been extended in this direction, nor generally, in that part of the city south of Wheeling creek. It may naturally here be asked, "how did the citizens get a supply of water for culinary and other purposes?" It was brought from the river in great casks, mounted on large trucks which were drawn by horses.

What is now known as Centre Wheeling was then known as South Wheeling. It was very thinly settled, and though part of the city, it received very little favor at the hands of the latter in the way of municipal improvements. The city had just completed the present stone bridge to facilitate travel from either side of the creek, and acted on the hypothesis that having built the bridge, the citizens on the south side of the creek must shift for themselves in the line of other improvements, such as street paving and the like. For the benefit of my antiquarian friends who may have a Pickwickian curiosity in such matters, and for the purpose of rescuing the names of the builders of the aforesaid bridge from unmerited oblivion, their names shall be recorded here: The names of the parties who built the structure were Messrs. RUMMELL & BUMMELL, the remains of which may yet be seen on the eastern wall of the bridge and about midway from end to end. This paragraph is written also for the purpose of preventing some present, or future collector of antiquities from making some ludicrous blunder in the matter, or being made the butt of some malicious joke like the one that was perpetrated on the amiable Mr. Samuel Pickwick and his friends, in relation to the supposed valuable curiosity which was found

at the Country Inn, in the shape of an old large slab-stone, which on being purchased at a fabulous price, and being washed off, revealed nothing but the rude chiseling of the carver's own name—the name of “BULL STUMPS,” to which was added, a cross, thus— $\times$ , and letters sufficient to spell—“HIS MARK,” which was quite “a sell” to the whole PICKWICK CLUB, and a grievous one indeed to Mr. Pickwick himself, who had to foot most of the bill.

This part of the city was a magazine of quagmires in very wet weather; mud, mud, mud; sometimes ankle deep: and little or no paving, except here and there a brick side walk. There was, however, a PAPER MILL and a FOUNDRY; the former, owned and operated by William Lambdin & Sons, and situated on the river bank at the corner of Mill alley and Water street, and remains there to this day: the latter, was the Foundry of R. & W. MILLER and was situated on Main street, just at the end of the stone bridge on the eastern side of the street, where what is now called JACKSON'S OLD FLOUR MILL now stands. Col. W. W. Miller and H. B. Miller, Esq., are sons of one of the above firm. On Chapline street, from Caldwell's run up to a point as far north as Twenty-third street, thence east of this to the hill;—thence south to the run, thence west to Chapline and thence across Chapline to the river and some distance up the same—about where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Machine Shops are located, thence back to Chapline—formed a vast tract of land, with no improvement of any importance on it, except the Caldwell Mansion; it was known as “Caldwell's Fields.” It formed part of the extensive property of Joseph Caldwell, Esq., at one time president of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank—now Exchange.

Where now stands the Riverside and Belmont mills, thence with the river down to the machine shops of the B. & O. R. R. Co., thence east to nearly Chapline street, thence north to 23d, thence east, and parallel with the latter street to the river, was the property of Dr. John Eoff, whose fine old homestead stood on the river bank, just where the Riverside mills now stand. This was a fine piece of land, and contained great temptations for the boys, in the way of a very large orchard of apple trees. At a later period, the latter piece of property in part, was sold to two gentlemen for the purpose of being laid out in building lots. The purchasers of this large tract of land were Henry Echols and Thos. Hornbrook Esqrs. The price was \$20,000, and was thought to be an extravagant price at the time, so much so, as to deter one of the purchasers himself from executing his part of the contract, the whole of which fell upon Mr. Hornbrook, who right manfully paid for it all, and laid it out in building lots, and made a great bargain by his purchase.

Water, Main, Market and Chapline streets, were the principal streets

of what was then known as South Wheeling; unpaved, as to streets, this part of the town was rather more remarkable for the *absence* of business than the *presence* of it. SITLER's late Dry Goods store was the only store of any pretensions at the time, and it depended largely on the patronage of the operatives employed in the Paper Mill of the Messrs. Lambdin, and those employed in the foundry of R. & W. Miller, both not a great distance from it.

Jesse Lantz, Esq., had a large French Burr Mill Stone business located not far from this store,—about a square,—and on the eastern side of Main street. Mr. Lantz died but a few years since. The most notable residence in this part of the city was down near the Riverside Mills on the western side of the street. It was in an enclosure, which was in a high state of cultivation; this was the property and residence of Robert B. Woods, Esq., a brother of the late Andrew P. Woods, Esq.; it has disappeared, like many other pleasant old landmarks, by the inexorable demand for a new order of things. The reader's attention is now directed to the site of the present Passenger Depot of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company. This spot has gone through more *great* changes than any other locality in the city. It was at that time the site of a large Paper Mill, and for many years was devoted to this enterprise. In the course of time it became a site for a very extensive Iron Works of which Mess. Hunter, Morrison & Co. were the proprietors—The Virginia Iron Works. This, in its turn, was torn down for the convenience of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and the materials shipped to Benwood and converted into the “Benwood Iron Works.”

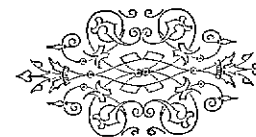
The present Saw Mill of Henry and John R. Hubbard, Esqrs., was then in full operation, and under the proprietorship of Mr. Dana Hubbard, a gentleman of much industry, enterprise, and public spirit. This Saw Mill is a very old landmark, and unlike many other features of the city, it is like the ancient laws of the Medes and Persians—it “*changeth not.*” Near this on Market street, the manufacture of plows was quite largely carried on by B. Woodcock & Son: they did quite a large business. The present TACK FACTORY has been alluded to elsewhere as having been a cotton factory about the time to which I am referring. In the course of time, it having stood idle for some years, and consequently a source of loss, most of the machinery of the same was sold to George T. Tingle, Esq., and put into operation in a new building on the creek bank, which in its turn was afterwards used for the purpose of manufacturing Woolen Yarns by Mess. S. & J. Bradley, one of whom was killed by an accident on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad soon after it was opened to Wheeling. It has been run more recently by Mrs. Bradley & Son, and still later by Mess. Dalzell & List for the same purpose.

Ritchietown, now the Eighth ward, was a mere country village, and with the exception of Plunkett and Miller had no manufacturing interests. There were from fifteen to twenty tenement houses, and a shop or two, for vending such wares as the villagers might stand in immediate need of. The most notable houses, and which still are standing, are the houses at present occupied by James F. Barnes and Joseph Seibold, Esqrs. Shortly after this Jacob Beir, Esq., put up, what was considered at the time a fine house; this is located just below the present office of Esquire Schultz. Mr. Bier was the son of Philip Beir, Esq., Alderman, who had an office immediately opposite to the present residence of John Reed, Esq., President of the People's Bank. Who among the older residents of the city has forgotten quaint old Philip Beir? His style of dress, peculiar to himself, will be remembered by many: He wore a peruke, knee breeches, and low shoes with the traditional shining buckles. He was a perfect embodiment of the gentleman of the old school, and was held in the highest esteem for his honor and integrity.

Having noticed quite a number of the then radical and most striking features of the city, I now come to the Island, the present 7th Ward—one of the most beautiful wards in the city, were it not for the wretched condition of its thoroughfares. Surrounded by one of the most beautiful rivers in the country; enjoying a more uncontaminated atmosphere by the eternal smoke of the manufacturing establishments than any other ward of the city; built up by costly residences of the wealthy and the humbler, though equally neat domicils of those in more limited circumstances—it seems like a neglected, but worthy scion of a stern parent, as it looks reproachfully across the river at the more favored wards of the city. Forty years ago this island was notable for nothing but being the residence of Daniel Zane, and a certain Mr. Le Baron; the latter lived in what is now known as the Luken's property, which is about one third of the way across the Island, on the north side of the track of the city street cars.

The Island was a country place, and of course not laid out with any regularity in regard to building lots. In still earlier times, it is pleasantly said, that the original proprietor of this once beautiful tract of virgin land, expressed it as his desire, "that his heirs must be *careful* in disposing of *any* part of it, as the day would come when it would be worth \$50.00 an acre!" he "*knew* it would." What would he say now if he were living, and told that a small *fraction* of an acre, a lot, a single building lot, would bring as high as \$2,000.00. Such is nevertheless the fact. What a change! The time will come when the above price will be a low figure for a lot of ground on the Island; near to the other wards, and of easy access to the city proper, it presents inducements as a residence to those who wish to be near the business centre of the city unsur-

passed, if equalled by any other locality in the corporation; and this is not all that is to be said in its favor, there is a great amount of business done on the Island, and this business is destined to increase vastly with the growth of the city.





## CHAPTER III.

## SOCIETY, &amp;c., &amp;c.

The society of the period was quite refined, and marked with the character of the old Virginia style. Although in the extreme northern part of the State of Virginia, and very far north of many of the cities of the free States, general sentiment was as essentially Southern as in many other localities of a similar size hundreds of miles south of Wheeling. The term *Yankee* was not by any means considered a very high recommendation of any person coming to Wheeling to better his fortunes; it was not regarded as a term indicating enterprise and thrift which it now signifies both North and South. It must not be inferred from the above however, that the people of the Wheeling of that day were a thriftless class; far from it. The citizens generally were an energetic and business pushing body of men, who,—living in a comparative village to what it is now, and with slender auxiliaries for success—showed as much tact and enterprise as the same number of men of the present day show, surrounded as they are with facilities not enjoyed by their predecessors. The following names are some of the representatives of this class of business people, some of whom are still living. All of these names will be quite familiar to the oldest residents of the city, and many of them were important factors in laying the foundation of the cities present eminence. William and Alexander Paxton, Jno. McLure, Sr., Henry Moore, John F. Clark, Samuel Ott, Dana Hubbard, John and Craig Ritchie, Michael and Thomas Sweeney, George Baird, Redick McKee, Jas. H. Forsythe, David Agnew, I. C. Acheson, A. M. Phillips, Samuel and Isaac Irwin, Neil McNaughten, Thomas Johnson, Thomas Hughes, Alex. Rogers, Rob't Crangle, John Reed, Michael Reilly, Wm. B. Tylson, "Amirable Reeside," John McCortney, W. Peterson, Samuel McClellen, Matthew Warren, Thos. and Jacob List, Sr.; Ephriam Pollock, John McCulloch, Jno. Laughlin, Richard Harding—the father of the celebrated writer—Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Gen. McCoy, F. R. Armstrong, Jacob and Thomas Hornbrook, and Robert Gibson. Wheeling was created a city in 1836 one year earlier than date of beginning of this review. Moses W. Chapline was its first mayor.

Slavery of course existed, but was, however, of a mild type. Many of those who were slaves were merely the body servants of those who owned them. Their entire number in the city and county was but small, and as a

class—were well treated, and liberally provided for, and seemed quite happy in their heritage. Very little patronage was extended to the "Underground Railroad" by this class of persons at the time. The city possessed what might be called a quiet old Virginia dignity, and regarded the following great proprietary families, as some of the leading ones, socially speaking:—The Zane's, Chapline's, Wood's, Caldwell's, Jacob's, Mitchell's, Paul's, Shriver's, Good's and the Paxton's. To these must be added the families of Judge Fry, Samuel Sprigg, Dr. John Eoff, John List, Senior., James H. Forsyth, Redick McKee, Peter Yarnall, Dr. Clemens, John McLure, Senior, Samuel Ott, Dr. Hulihan, Henry Moore, Col. George W. Thompson, Daniel Lamb, Gen. McCoy, David Agnew, Job Stanberry, Reverend Dr. Weed, William Armstrong, William Wallace, Dr. Todd, Thomas Sweeney, William Lambdin, S. Brady, George Wilson, John Goshorn, Jacob Sensency, and many others. The reader will bear in mind that I am writing of such families as were prominent as early as 1835. There were many other families of prominence at the time, of which, to give a full list, would extend this Review beyond its contemplated purpose.

The greatest business depression that ever visited this country had spread itself like a pall over the land, and was as severely felt in Wheeling as any other locality in the country. It was initiated by the trouble that was engendered by what was known as General Jackson's "Removal of the Government Deposits" from the old "UNITED STATES BANK," and created a general disorder and confusion in the currency of the country, causing in its sweep, loss of confidence and dismay;—prostrating every business interest in the country,—it completed its mischief by leaving everything in finance in a chaotic state, and made every one almost distrust his nearest neighbor. A regular established circulating medium ceased altogether, and the people of Wheeling, like those of other parts of the country, had to make such shifts to remedy or alleviate the matter as best they could. A system of currency was introduced by certain parties, and put into circulation, which somewhat relieved matters for the time being. Notes of the denomination of fractional parts of a dollar were issued by these men, and were received with much favor, as being the best thing that could be done under the circumstances: they were promises to pay, and signed by Daniel Murray, Redick McKee, Jacob Singleton and others, substantial men at the time; the first named of these gentlemen was, until quite lately, our worthy Market Master. These notes were for small sums, and of the following denominations:—6½, 12½, 18½, 25, 37½, 50, and 75 cents respectively. They were printed on very poor paper, but were considered very good money, as they were issued from sources in which the people had the utmost confidence. They went by the odd name of "*Shin Plasters*," on the theory, it may be supposed, that they were the only things that could be found to mend the "legs" of public credit.

They continued in circulation for several years, and finally, when public confidence became somewhat more firm, they were most of them redeemed—some having gone the way of all perishable paper money, some worn out by usage, others lost.

All kinds of property even depreciated. Great numbers of tenement houses in all parts of the city were to be had from year to year for several years, by careful tenants—free of rent, for the purpose of keeping them occupied by those who would take good care of them. Such a wide spread depression and dull times as existed then, has never been seen since; the panic caused the suspension of specie payments by the Banks in 1857, was nothing like it; and the present depression, which had its origin some half dozen years ago, has not been as bad, nor is it at all to be compared to-day to that time of commercial and financial disaster of which so much has been said above. It oppressed the nation for a period of not less than six or seven years.

The principal Schools of the day, and indeed about the only ones, were a school for females taught by the Rev. Mr. Wallace, mentioned elsewhere, one by Mr. McKay, at the head of what is now Chapline; one on the present Eoff street, and quite near Mendel's present factory; it was taught by a Mr. Channing. There was also a school taught on the Lancasterian system by James McBurnie, Esq. It was on the present site of the beautiful residence of Wm. Paxton, Esq. This was quite a large school, it had not less than fifty or sixty scholars in attendance. There was still another school in the present Centre Wheeling, quite a small one however, and was taught by a Mr. Templeton. Prof. Hildreth, the present Dr. Hildreth's father, was quite celebrated as an instructor of youth. If he did not keep a school at this period, of which I am not quite positive, he kept one but a *very* short time previous, and some years later published a small work on Language, to which he gave the title of—"CITY OF WORDS." it was quite an ingenious work, and evinced much culture in the author. There are doubtless some copies of it in the possession of many citizens of Wheeling now living.

Imprisonment for debt was in vogue at the time, and continued so for a long time. There was however one redeeming feature to it. When a prisoner could give sufficient security for his enlargement, he was allowed the privilege of what was familiarly known as "THE BOUNDS;" *i. e.* was permitted to have a *limited* freedom; its nature was as follows: He could take a walk—walk the whole day for that matter if he chose, in any direction, within the area prescribed by law, but there was a penalty for transcending the legal limit. Debtors able to give the required security were often the subject of much amusement to their acquaintances when seen on the street,—as they were invited by some wag or

other to "come over," to a point that would have been violative of their parole were they to have done so. It is needless to say they did not "come over."

Who that was in Wheeling then has forgotten that queer looking craft that was moored at the wharf, and known by the name of "WANDELOH's PERPETUAL MOTION?" It was a small craft on which the owner had spent much ingenuity, time and money, and in which he never lost faith, he came as near accomplishing his object in the demonstrability of perpetual motion as any of his predecessors or contemporaries ever did, or his successors ever will;—he came just near enough—to miss it! At that time steamboating was tolerably brisk, as there were no railroads connecting with Wheeling, and indeed there were very few of them in the United States, as compared with their number at the present day. The familiar names of the "Reliance," "Avalanche," "South Ambor," "Pioneer," "Amazon," "Embassy," and the "Ben Franklin," will at once suggest themselves as regular *stock-boats* of the Wheeling wharf of early times. The old Pioneer's engine puff or *escape*, could be heard on her way up before she got much farther than the head of Boggs' Island. It was considered quite "The Thing" for a steamboat to *howl* in this manner—it was *fashionable*; it gave her an *ecclat* over all others whose *escape* was more subdued. There was then, as now, a daily packet for Pittsburgh, and it made very fast time from port to port. Speaking of boats, it may here be observed that boat building was carried on in the upper part of the city as it is to-day, but not extensively.

The Wheeling great Suspension Bridge of course was not then built, and the means of transit across the river, from and to the city, were unique, ingenious and reliable. A thin flexible wire cable of several hundred yards in length was securely fastened to a mooring a great distance up the eastern river front of Wheeling Island; at intervals this cable was laid on supports, which were in turn supported by as many small boats, which were made for the purpose of holding up the cable mid-air from the pivotal point above, down to the ferry boat, which was at a point on the Island shore, nearly opposite to the present Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Ticket Office at the foot of Eleventh street. Connecting the cable with the ferryboat completed the job. When occasion demanded, the ferryboat was set in motion as follows; When on the Island side of the river her eastern bow—or the nearest end of her to Wheeling—was pointed due north-east—machinery for the same having been arranged on the boat; then of course her western bow pointed south-west. Situated thus, and held firmly to the force of the current, she was driven across the river with all the certainty of steam power; although her progress was not rapid, it may be said, neither was it slow.

She would cross in about five minutes time. To return, was but to reverse the process,—the western end of her pointing north-west, and the eastern end pointing south-east—her return was effected as easily as her approach to the city. It may be added that the small boats adjusted themselves to the position of the ferryboat; if the reverse, their action would be entirely in harmony with what might be called the parent boat. The principle is of course no new thing, it is centuries old, but it would be quite a curiosity to those who never saw the like, to see it—even to-day.

In those times it was placarded at the entrance of the Stage Coach Offices, "only three and a half days to New York!" &c., &c. It must be confessed that there were some things connected with stage coach travel in those days, that did somewhat compensate for the slowness of travel. There were to be had the *very best* of meals at the stage taverns which lined the National, or Cumberland Road, as it is sometimes called—and for the moderate price of fifty cents. A half an hour was allowed to the passengers for their meals. No *yelling* out as now—"Supper at Goosetown; cars wait fifteen minutes for supper; hurry up!"

It is said, and generally accepted as true, that "things change and men with them." This is not absolutely true as far as it concerns men:—Things change, but man is about the same kind of an animal that he has ever been. Put the present generation into the environments of the last one, depriving it of its advantages, of its cultivated position, it will accomplish no more with the means at its command than the generation did that had not the advantages which modern times give. A future generation will call the present one *old fogyish* with quite as good a reason as the present one calls its predecessor by the elegant prefix above.

Wheeling was at this time quite a sporting place. A very fine Race track was made on the large field at the foot of the hill just beyond Shallcross & Walters' Belleview Hotel, about three and a half miles east of the city. It was on the left hand side of the pike; nor was it merely an amateur affair; some very fine professional blooded stock were brought here semi-annually to compete for money. The meetings were held in the spring and fall, and were well attended; a gathering of several thousand persons would always be on hand when there was good blooded stock on the course, which was not unfrequently the case. One of the most celebrated sporting men of the day, Captain Thomas Moore, was often on hand. If he did not die very recently, within two or three years, he is most likely in Kentucky at the present time. His fame as a sporting man has been, for over twenty years, quite national, so to speak; he is as well known at the Saratoga and Long Island race course, as he is in Kentucky, and he is as well known at New Orleans as he is at Long Island.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GREAT WHIG MEETING OF 1840!

This was one of the most notable events that ever occurred in Wheeling, or indeed the whole country. On the 18th of September, 1840, there was estimated to be quite eighteen thousand people assembled on Wheeling Hill for the purpose of hearing campaign speeches. Some of the most celebrated political speakers in the country were there, among whom may be mentioned Hons. C. B. Penrose, of Pa., Southgate and Pope, of Ky., and Pettit, of Ind. During the campaign for Harrison and Tyler, or more familiarly "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," the country for a radius of fifty miles around had been diligently scoured for months, with a view of securing the largest possible attendance at this meeting. The popular cry of "Hard Cider," was heard in every direction.—everybody was invited to this meeting. The mellifluous voice of the Whig "Coon" was heard from day to day for months, calling on the "intelligent, patriotic and unpurchaseable" voter to make one grand effort to "save the country from the everlasting Loco-foco's." (Democrats) as they were called. Everybody was "at home," the "latch string" was "out," "Hard cider" was to be had for the asking. Voters were even told that "hard times" would cease when the Whigs came into power; that labor should have "\$2.00 a day and roast beef!" in fact that everything should "be lovely" and every man should have a "gay old time of it" generally, and nobody to molest or make him afraid. But if voters—contrary to all "common sense justice and patriotism"—would "persist in voting for Martin Van Buren and elect him, why, the locusts of Egypt were a mere fleebite to what would afterwards happen to the American people:—"Their chickens would be taxed! calumnies of every kind would befall them!—the making of bricks without straw was a mere recreation—an amusement in fact to the children of Israel, as compared with what was coming after Van Buren got into power a second time!" Threatened

with such a portentous future on the one hand in case the Democrats were successful, and promised such seductive results in case the Whigs were triumphant, is it any wonder that the Whigs thinned out the Democratic fold pretty thoroughly before the voting time came? Those athirst for the glories promised left the ranks and joined the Whigs like so many sheep when they follow the Bellwether. What honest voter could refrain when thus appealed to? Whose blood would not rouse at the thrilling picture? To see the national bird thus stripped feather by feather of her beautiful plumage by the worse than vandal "Loco-focos" was a thing not to be endured for a moment; so high did the political fever run, that scores, hundreds, thousands of voters all over the country were induced to "come out from among the foul party, and vote for old Tippecanoe;" these were called "Straight Outs." The contempt with which the Whigs affected to treat their opponents was as sublime as it was amusing.

Now for the proceedings of the meeting on Wheeling Hill. This hill was entirely covered with trees. Everything was covered with nature's gayest. The grass was like a velvet carpet for the "honest voter" to tread upon. The entire summit of the hill from its eastern extremity for about a quarter of a mile to the north-west was one grand hotel table, which fairly groaned with good things for the inner man. Everything there, was to be had on the principle of "help yourself." Cold beef, ham, tongue, fowl, vegetables, bread, cheese, pies, barrels of ice water &c., &c., were placed at intervals, like so many offerings of the good Samaritan to the thirsty political pilgrim. Never was there such a crowd on that hill. It was instructive to look at those wonderful crowds of people, as they might be seen, each with a speaker to itself; there were half a dozen speakers' stands, and all occupied at the same time; each had a fine orator endeavoring to lead his auditors through the red sea of Loco-locoism. As there is an end to all things, so there was to this, but not till the meetings had netted a full political yield.

To the everlasting scandal of this meeting there is a story told on the committee of arrangements, that puts to shame almost anything imaginable: It is said that "one of the faithful" sold them about 200 bacon hams, and that they never paid him for them; the gentleman himself told it, and stuck to it to his dying day; many of my readers know him. Now had it been an enemy that had done this, the case would have been widely different, but to be wounded in the house of his friends, was too bad. Had the hams been bought from a Loco-foco, the case would have assumed something of a sort of a just punishment for his political heresies, but to be done to a leading Whig, and by leading Whigs, the moral obloquy of the thing, was considered to be of quite *doubtful* atonement.

He soon left the party; surely any man's politics would belikely to suffer *some* modification by having an unpaid bill for two hundred bacon hams on his books, that had to be balanced by profit and loss!

The Whigs in the exuberance of their joy erected a great *Whig Pole*, just on the site of the present Odd Fellows' Hall. It was constructed by a man who had formerly been a sailor, and was built after the most approved nautical style. It was as high as Wheeling Hill, and floated the American flag aloft to the breeze at an altitude that shamed that of the highest mast of any vessel in the United States service. It was built in three sections, like the mast of a ship. It was conceded at home and abroad, to be the highest thing of the kind in the country. It was the pride and the joy of the Whigs, and an omen of defeat to the Democrats. The Whigs were very willing to go the expense of erecting it, but when the election was over they were not willing to go the expense of pulling it down. It stood for a few years, but being made of a kind of wood not very durable, it soon rotted at the foundation and fell, "and great was the fall thereof." In its fall however, it did no material damage, but "left its card," which may be seen to this day on the northwest corner of the iron railing which surrounds the present Court House, which had just been finished by the County. Any one curious in such matters—some of our Pickwickian antiquarians for instance, may even *now* see where the upper cross bar of the iron fence bent under the tremendous force of the great Whig blow that it received when the Pole "gave up the ghost." It was left to the "man of all work" to do this—Time, of whom the old poet Sellick Osburne so beautifully writes:

"He grasped a hero's antique bust;  
The marble crumbled into dust,  
And sank beneath the shade."

MORAL.—As went the *marbled hero*—so went the great *Whig Pole* of Wheeling, much to the joy of the Democrats, and ominous of coming grief to the Whigs, which fully manifested itself in the future.

During this campaign such a paralysis appeared to have seized the Democratic party in Wheeling—and indeed all over the country—as to completely unfit it for making any sort of defense against the confident and all conquering Whigs. The meetings of the latter were always attended by great numbers; hundreds, where the Democrats could only rally scores—was about the proportion. The meetings of the former were regular jubilees; those of the latter seemed more like assemblages for the purpose of penitence and prayer. This may appear to many persons of the present day as too highly colored. Those who witnessed these things will endorse every word of the above. Even the prestige of Old Hickory, the hero of the battle of New Orleans, in what is known

as the "LAST WAR" with Great Britain could not rescue the party from defeat. The cry of "Hard Cider," "Log Cabins," "Coonskins," "Latch Strings Out," "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and "Locofoco's taking Chickens" was heard all over the land; it was like a political tidal wave; it swept everything before it. The Whigs were victorious;—carried the election of Harrison and Tyler with such a tremendous majority as to almost demoralize the Democratic Party for future efforts. If the Whig party practiced the "Ham Dodge" elsewhere on like occasions—such as was attributed to them in Wheeling, *i. e.*, not paying for them, it is greatly to be regretted, and in itself, ought to have been the cause of their defeat—and not an agent of victory; but it is another illustration of the truth of the exclamation of the pious Psalmist when he declared, "I have seen the wicked flourish like a green-bay tree." Brief was their joy however; "Tyler too" in a very short time after his accession to power by the early "taking off" of Harrison, turned his back on his party and was hailed as a second Moses almost, by the Democratic party.

#### THE BAR.

The bar of Wheeling was one of which any city of its size might well be proud. Prominent among the list were: Samuel Sprigg, Prosecuting Attorney; M. C. Good, Francis Campbell, Daniel Lamb, Daniel M. Edgington, James S. Wheat, Geo. W. Thompson, James A. Clark, Zachariah Jacob, John L. Newby, James Paull, Morgan Nelson, and Alfred Caldwell, Esqs.; a very few years later were added the names of Sherrard Clemens and Charles W. Russell, Esqs. The latter was especially distinguished as an advocate. But four of the above are now living; Judge Geo. W. Thompson, Daniel Lamb, Esq., the Hon. D. M. Edgington and the Hon. S. Clemens. Two of the above, Alfred Caldwell and Charles W. Russell, are now represented respectively at the bar in the persons of their sons—George B. and Alfred Caldwell, and Henry M. Russell, Esqs.; the residue have passed away. M. C. Good, Esq., was the uncle of John H. Good, Esq., of this city. Judge Jos. L. Fry was the presiding judge, and was as eminent as a jurist as any presiding judge in the State of Virginia;—He was a man of remarkable purity and inflexibility of character; he was a learned lawyer, an upright judge, a sincere friend, and an exemplary Christian.

#### THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

Drs. Clemens, Houston, Eoff, Townsend, Turner, Frissell, Cummins, Todd, and Keifer were the leading physicians, and were deservedly celebrated. Dr. Hullihen was the highest authority on all matters pertaining to dentistry and surgery, that was to be found far and wide. Persons were known

to come to Wheeling from great distances to consult Dr. Hullihen. He was quite celebrated as a dentist; his fame was by no means a local one; he was well known in the eastern cities, and in later years was often quoted as an authority by the magazines pertaining to his profession. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of his professional brethren both at home and abroad. He was known even in Europe. His correspondence with the distinguished in his own profession, and also in that of matters literary was quite large. Of the above but two survive,—Drs. Todd and Frissell.

A pretty good story is told of one of the members of the Bar whose names have been previously given. It may be easily conjectured who it was by the older portion of my readers when I say that some years later he was elected an Alderman. A municipal election was being held, and his office was made the place for voters of the Fourth ward. He had been appointed to superintend the proceedings for which he was well qualified, as he was an educated man, a lawyer, and withal a gentleman of much dignity of deportment. It had been customary to provide the clerks at such elections with a plain lunch at the usual time for dinner. Mr. N's notions about such matters were liberal. He ordered, among other things, oysters and Scotch ale for his clerks. The city authorities got wind of what they termed his "shocking extravagance," and intimated pretty plainly that they would not foot the bill. This came to his ears—even early in the afternoon of the election day. Discomfited beyond measure at this, he, after informing his assistants of the intelligence at the close of the polling, addressed them as follows: "GENTLEMEN:—Never have I had such an official rebuff as this during the whole course of my lifetime. I have been a citizen of many other municipalities besides Wheeling, and I hope (with much feeling) not an unworthy one. (Cries from the gratified clerks, "no indeed, true enough.") "I have endeavored to treat you like gentlemen, and not confine you to crackers and cheese and the like, to satisfy the inner man—I am too fond of the good things of this world myself not to know that the repast with which I provided you would be welcome, and be received by an intelligent body of gentlemen like yourselves in the same spirit in which it was given. (Vociferous cries of yes! yes!) But what shall I say to such parsimony as this? To call it niggardly, is too mild a term. (Cries of "of course it is.") "It is base; and indeed beyond the reach of language to portray it in all its hideous enormity. Had I fed you on crusts of bread—the leavings of some low hotel table—and Scotch herrings, which are as full of bones as the polls this evening are full of votes, it would have been approved. Perish the thought that I would ever have offered you such a slender repast." After emptying the vials of his wrath in the foregoing emphatic manner he sat down amid much applause. Mr. N. was a very amiable gentleman, and felt towards his clerks probably like Hamlet

felt towards the Players,—seeing them well provided for,—as the clerks were pretty much in the same situation that day as the Players were when the Dane said of them, "Let them be well used: they are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the time."

This was a period of time when there was something like organization in what was called the Democratic party, but Democrats were scarce. The Whigs had such a supremacy in the city and county as to make it almost hardly worth the while to fight for Democracy. Democrats perhaps owe more to the efforts of Col. Geo. W. Thompson than to any living man in the district to-day. Feeble, unorganized, without a leader, the party had ever been the victim of defeat. Col. Thompson threw himself into the breach with a heroism worthy of all praise on the part of his party, and commanded at least respect from his opponents—the Whigs. His untiring zeal and industry bore the usual fruit of such efforts—a wave was swelling which promised those who took advantage of it ultimate political success. This success was surely to come; and in the course of a few years it came in the election of Gov. James K. Polk to the presidency of the United States. The party, although greatly in the minority in the city and county, was rapidly adding to its numbers. A newspaper was started called the *Wheeling Argus*, a weekly paper, it was edited by Alex. Newman, Esq. This gave solidity to the party, and was a powerful auxiliary in the spread of the same in the city and county. It was ably edited, and acted as a wholesome check on the antagonistic press of the city. The *Wheeling Times* (Wharton's paper) had previously had everything its own way. The *Times* and *Argus* had it hot and heavy; they were as full of political spleen as the "Eaton's Mill Gazette" and the "Eaton's Mill Independent" in the Pickwick Papers of Dickens—it was the editors "Port" and "Slurrk" over again; things were quite lively for the reader. Taking their own statements about each other to be the truth, they were two of the most inconceivable sheets that were ever issued from the press of any city on the continent! Wharton of the *Times* pronounced the *Argus* to be a "most vile sheet,"—that it was "so filthy" that it "soiled his hands and degraded his manhood to read it." The editor of the *Argus* retorted that the *Times* and *Gazette* was such an "abominable bore" that he had "long since ceased reading the miserable fellows incoherent ravings," but it must be confessed that every issue of his paper would seem to throw grave doubt on the matter. On one occasion the *Argus* used the following language in a very commonplace editorial: "The true facts of the case are these?" Wharton's paper replied with the following: The *Argus* speaks of the *true facts*; did it ever know of a false fact?" The *Argus* wisely, like Falstaff concluded that discretion was the better part of valor and bottled up its wrath.

## CHAPTER V.

HENRY CLAY, D. M. EDGINGTON, &c.

In the summer of 1842, Congress having just then adjourned, the Hon. Henry Clay came through Wheeling, which lay on the route to his Ashland home in Kentucky. He stopped at the VIRGINIA HOTEL. After some solicitation he made a speech to a large assemblage from the front entrance of the Hotel. The chief burden of the speech was a denunciation of John Tyler the acting President of the United States. General Harrison having died after he had been in office but a few weeks. Tyler had vetoed the bill known as "The Exchequer Bill;" it was a bill for the regulation of the banking interests of the country. Mr. Clay arraigned Tyler with falsifying the rose colored pledges made to the nation in the celebrated campaign of 1840. There was much justice in Mr. Clay's remarks,—for during that campaign Mr. Tyler, in person, canvassed for the cause of "*Tippencanoe and Tyler too*." In the campaign he came to Wheeling; made a speech from the present Exchange Bank which was an intense Whig speech; holding a solvent Bank note in his hand, he pronounced himself in accord with the Whig party on the currency and all other questions. His defection at this juncture was a serious blow to his party, and produced curses both "loud and deep" from the Whigs throughout the entire nation.

The political horizon was now clearing up in favor of the Democrats. Tyler was looked upon by them as a good enough Democrat for their purposes. They began to "look up" in Wheeling, and indeed all over the country. The Campaign of 1845 was not far in the distance. The Democrats led by Col. G. W. Thompson, kept gaining on the Whig party; they held frequent and large meetings at the old hall over the second ward, upper Market House, and also in the auditorium of the present City Building on Market street. Every meeting was heralded far and near, and when some great political speaker was to be present, the front entrance of the Hall was profusely decorated with Chinese Lanterns and other political aids, which added greatly to the glamour of the occasion. Alexander

Newman, Lewis Steenrod, Esqs., and Col. Thompson of Ohio County, were, what might be called the stock speakers. They were occasionally assisted by others from the State of Ohio; notably among whom was Dr. Dunham, who had been, or was then the editor of a Democratic paper published in St. Clairsville, and who was soon to become the editor of the *Wheeling Argus*. He was a popular and very powerful speaker, and when he afterwards became editor of the *Argus* he conducted it with signal ability.

Daniel M. Edgington, Esq., was quite a power in those days. He represented Ohio County in the Legislature of Virginia for many legislative terms. He was decidedly the best public speaker in the north western part of the State. As an orator he possessed a wonderful command of language and a ready flow of ideas. He was generally his own successor, and when he ran, never suffered defeat at the hands of his constituents. Wee be to the man who had the nomination as his antagonist. He was however, not altogether always the choice of the Whig party of which he was a member, but he had such a strong personal following in both Whig and Democratic parties, that if nominated, it was next to impossible to prevent his election. There was a certain *coterie* of politicians in the Whig party to whom he had rendered himself obnoxious by his extreme personal dogmatism, and disposition to ignore many elements of admitted political power in the country. These were generally arrayed against him; notwithstanding this, he would always go into an election with his notable energy, tact and eloquence, and would invariably come out successful and with flying colors.

This antagonistic wing of the Whig party, he christened by the name of "The Clique," which must, however, be admitted, contained some at least, of the very best elements of ability and character in the county. All Edgington had to do, however, on the eve of an election was to say, "clique! clique!" and his success was assured. At the bare announcement that a meeting was to be held on such and such a night, and that D. M. Edgington, Esq., would address the meeting, a very large audience was invariably the result; both parties were then in great strength—the Democrats, and *some* of the Whigs went to hear the "clique" get a scolding from him, and the "Clique" was there for the purpose of hearing the Democrats soundly denounced. At that time, and for many years after, he maintained such a supremacy in this county, which it seemed nothing but a miracle would ever terminate. But in the course of time things underwent a change. He lost, to a certain extent, the full and flattering control of the county that he unquestionably possessed for many years.

He is still living, though in not very robust health, and is residing but a

few miles from the city. He occasionally may be seen in the city in which he was so long a political power. It will have been noticed that the word Esquire only is attached to his name in the foregoing. This was the only mark of distinction that accompanied the name of any one at that time, other than a member of Congress. Members of State Legislature of either house, no matter which,—Supreme and District Judges, mayors of cities and other dignitaries had to carry their dignity unaided by the glamour of the title of Honorable which, indeed, has almost become meaningless from its almost universal use. A successful man in business that may have had the good or bad fortune, as the case may be, to fill a district, county or city office or two, for even a short time, will now when *he ripens*, be most generally accorded the title of Honorable by his admiring fellow citizens, who have watched his eminent career. This title is almost the rule—not the exception; it is like the almost inexhaustible magazine of Generals, Colonels, Majors and Captains that are so fashionable in these "piping times of peace." Very few *escape* the complimentary title of Hon., except those who have been "under a cloud" during life, or who had the misfortune to have kept a grocery or blacksmith shop at some *✕* roads like Bascom of Nasby notoriety.

Not long after this—about 1843, the temperance movement broke out like an irresistible wave all over the country, and Wheeling was quite moved with it. It is quite safe to say that there was as much enthusiasm on the subject for a year or two, as there has been during the present favorable progress of the cause. They called themselves, and were known by the name of Washingtonians. Their meetings were crowded to excess. Speakers, regular hired speakers, and celebrated and effective ones, too, were on hand; they canvassed the whole country, and gained converts by the hundreds of thousands in the aggregate. It became popular—almost a religion with many. Large numbers were added to the fold in Wheeling. Sometimes 20, 30, 40, and even 50 recruits would join at one meeting. We had among other speakers the famous John B. Gough, Esq., Thomas M. Gallys, Esq., a very talented citizen, and a son-in-law of the late Thos. List, Esq., also a Mr. Williams, an old Englishman, who was quite a war-horse in the cause. He often complained however, about the audience being backward in coming forward. His earnestness made him a valuable missionary in the work. It was generally admitted that he was one of the most amusing and useful speakers engaged in this commendable work; his drollery and eccentricity commanded a large audience, no matter where he went. These meetings, many of them, were held in the old Fourth Street, now Chapline M. E. Church. It is to be feared, however, that at least a few of those now living, if interrogated to show their *old* ticket of membership, obtained at that time, who would be much puzzled to find it, or could they show

by way of condonement a *fresh* one, identifying them with the *present* enterprise. But whatever backsliding there may have been, the cause has done in times gone by, a great deal of good, and its present aim is for the same laudable purpose. But a very short time after this had occurred, a very great revival broke out in the Methodist Church in Wheeling. It was of such an extraordinary character that it deserves a notice in this chapter.

It was of a magnitude unlike any revival in that denomination in Wheeling either before or afterwards. The Reverends Mr. Brockunier, Babcock and Hudson were the most conspicuous among the clergy of this neighborhood as missionaries in this enterprise. The Chapline Street Church was crowded to overflowing whenever meetings were held, and these it might be said, were held several nights in each week for months successively. Hundreds professed themselves converted: There were from 40 to 50 persons up at what is called the "mourner's bench," sometimes double the amount at each meeting. The revival lasted quite a long time, six months or more, indeed it could not be said to have entirely subsided for a period of time not much short of a year. This event added wonderfully to the numbers of this already powerful church in Wheeling. Had this event been an ordinary one of the kind, it would not have been of sufficient importance to find a place in this review, but its wonderful influence at the time in which it occurred is a sufficient reason for recalling it to memory here.

In 1844 Gov. Jas. K. Polk, of Tennessee, received the nomination for President, and Hon. Governor M. Dallas, of Pa., was named for the Vice Presidency on the Democratic side. And the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and the Hon. Theodore Frelinghensen, of New Jersey, were named as the rival standard bearers of the Whigs. The result is well known; Polk and Dallas were elected. Gov. Polk stopped in Wheeling for a few hours on his way to Washington in February, 1845. He made his headquarters at the Virginia Hotel, shook hands with everybody who came to see him, and made quite a pleasing impression. He was, physically speaking, quite a small man—not over five feet five or six inches high; spare in build, and of quite a florid complexion. He was not at all generally known as a politician. The opposition papers cried out, "Jas. K. Polk! Who is Jas. K. Polk?" The Whigs were confident of beating such a comparatively obscure ticket, but the ticket proved to be a team of two "dark horses"—it won the presidential race. In nominating this ticket the Democrats had passed by the names of their most prominent statesmen,—such men as Silas Wright, and William L. Marcy, of New York; Buchanan, of Pennsylvania; Calhoun, of South Carolina; Mc-

Duffie, of Georgia; Benton, of Missouri; Cass, of Michigan, and King, of Alabama.

About this time Messrs. Jacob and Thomas Hornbrook had had a steamboat built, of medium tonnage, and named her the "Merchant." She was built solely for mercantile purposes. Her cabin was shelved precisely like a store-room; these shelves were filled with goods of all kinds suited to sell to country stores on the river. She had no other specified time to *start* or *stop* than when business demanded. She was hailed as a curiosity at all points on the river by the good burghers and country people; the latter would come from miles inland to see her, and purchase goods from the proprietors; though not a "*floating palace*," she was a *floating store* they knew—and they could get everything they wanted, from "a Sunday go to meetin" dress down to an axe-handle, and as a convenience was hailed by them with great delight. The store-keeper could also be suited with anything from a bladder of snuff up to a barrel of molasses, sugar, or fish.

The Messrs. Hornbrook were very successful in their odd, but far seeing enterprise at that day—as they have been since in everything they have undertaken. Mr. Jacob Hornbrook knows how to enjoy about as well as any person alive, and lives quite at his ease, first at home and then abroad, anon to some farther distant point and lastly at home again.

The reader will please excuse me in digressing from the main purpose of my review, as I shall speak of Mr. Thos. Hornbrook at some length and as follows:

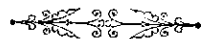
Thos. Hornbrook is a representative of a class of men which are very rare. If there were more men in the world like Mr. Hornbrook, the world would be all the better for it. Beginning life with slender means and powerless friends, he, by dint of indomitable industry and perseverance overcame all obstacles, and succeeded in obtaining that, which, when properly used, should be gained, and is ever desired by most of men, especially if the sun of life be going down the western slope—competence. He is a man of strong moral bravery whether he is in the right or in the wrong. If in the wrong, and convinced of the same, no man will more quickly recede from his error; if in the wrong, yet believing himself right, he is as immovable as the hills. If in the right, he is something more intense; he becomes, so to speak, a sort of missionary in the cause which he has expressed; even to bordering on the domain of the enthusiast. Men of so pronounced a cast of mind are sure to make for themselves keen enemies, and what fully compensates—the warmest and most devoted friends. It is the passive, slouchy, neutral man, who makes no enemies, and, it may be added, no friends; *acquaintances*—*friendly* ones, he has—but many who are, in the



severest sense of the word, *friends*. Mr. Hornbrook has lived, however, to a mature age, and it may be safely said that he has lived long enough to see any asperities disappear on the part of those who have not always agreed with him. It may be doubted whether there is one man or woman now living in the city who would sincerely desire him an injury. How many men are so fortunate? very few indeed; although many persons differ with him on certain issues, not one of them would rejoice at misfortune befalling him. This is an enviable position, and one that is greatly desired by all, but is seldom attained by many men while living. His friends are legion, and they, like him, are friends through thick and thin. If the friends of every man in the city were counted, their number would not be large who would command so large a number as Thos. Hornbrook.

I am fully aware that I am giving Mr. Hornbrook quite a prominence in this review, but I think nothing more than a contribution to a species of *slow justice* has been offered him in what has been said. He has never had many, if any, public honors extended to him. He has never sought them; yet he has been of great advantage to the progress of the city in its commercial and financial ramifications in a manner quite marked and unmistakable. He has made himself what he is without the aid of any other lever than that of industry and perseverance.

At this time, John W. Gill, Esq., a wealthy citizen of the State of Ohio, came to the city and started quite a novel enterprise—a Silk Factory. The manufacture of silk handkerchiefs and other fabrics was carried on by him for years in the building known as Jackson's Flour Mill, at the southern end of the stone bridge. He carried this branch of trade on for several years, but met with only moderate success. He also went into the iron manufacturing business, which is alluded to further on, and that of steel in company with others, among whom were a Mr. Richardson, of the old firm of Helm & Richardson. The old STEEL WORKS, northwest corner of Chapline and Sixteenth, though now among the things of the past, cannot be forgotten by a majority of the citizens.



## CHAPTER VI.

### MILITARY, LITERARY AND OTHERWISE.

In 1845 the city was quite alive with a taste for matters military. There were no less than five military companies, mustering from sixty to seventy-five men each. The CITY BLUES was the *crack* company of the entire corps. Their dress was as their name might suggest—blue; of the regular U. S. Army pattern, with the army regulation cap, the latter at once unsightly and fatiguing to wear. It was a foot high, and "fearfully and wonderfully made;" had a bright metallic band round the top; was very heavy, as were all kinds of military head-dresses of the period, except fatigue caps. It showed a sublime streak of patriotism in any one who had the fortitude to wear one of those heavy head-gears, and carry one of those old heavy flint-lock muskets with their *kicking-back* qualities, when fired off to suit the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of the mandate of the grim officer in command. The appearance of the head-dress of this company was somewhat relieved by a beautiful, tall and flowing plume, made of white and red feathers. Capt. Jas. S. Wheat was the superior officer. This body of men made a very imposing show when they appeared on parade, attended as they were by their own brass band, which was a body of amateur musicians who discoursed sweet music for the City Blues exclusively. A finer display than the Blues could make was not often to be seen, even in larger cities.

The Wheeling Guards were in appearance the next ranking company. Their coats were of the same color as that of the City Blues, but their pantaloons were gray. Their caps were similar to those of the Blues, but without the plumes, and of course they carried the same wonderful gun; this was the weakest company, as to numbers, in the city; but next to the City Blues, made the best show, as to style, on parade. It had a turning-out strength of about sixty men. It was commanded at the time to which I refer by Capt. A. S. Glenn.

The Wheeling Riflemen, Capt. Jos. S. Lowry, comprised about seventy members, dressed in green frock coats, single breasted, with brass buttons

from the neck to the waist; the regulation cap with green cockade tipped with black, and a *wonderful* rifle.

The fourth company was entirely composed of Germans, and was quite a fine body of soldiers. They mustered about the same number of men as the Riflemen, and were commanded by Capt. John Salada. The fifth, and last, was an artillery company, and was commanded by Dr. James Tanner, and generally had about sixty men out on parade.

Each of the above companies turned out five or six times a year. Sometimes they would all turn out on the same day, and when they did so, they made a display of over three hundred strong, making quite a military pageant in those times. In cases of this kind they were consolidated under one command, and were under the control of Col. B. F. Kelley, now Gen. Kelly, well known to everybody in the city, and also to history as the hero of PHILLIPPI, the first battle of the war between the North and the South in the "late unpleasantness." He was at the time referred to, Colonel of the militia of the district. These companies were quite fraternal, and often had much sport. In the year 1845 they had something very much like a sham battle over in Centre Wheeling, on what was then a large field; it covered the ground east of what is now Chapline street, from about Twenty-third street on the north, to a distance below of about three squares of the present city. In a year or two after that, three or four of these companies "went into camp" on the Island, and staid there for a week. Every man was equipped—at his own expense, "with rations for a week." This enterprise was gotten up for a sort of holiday sport, but there was not much sport in it, as it rained incessantly for quite four days, and nearly all of the fifth; and it having been stipulated that no man was to leave the ground from the time of going into camp to the breaking up of the same, it may easily be imagined that their plight was not a very attractive one.

There were then, as now, some literary societies: The WHEELING LYCEUM had quite an able array of talent in its membership. Prominent among whom were the late Charles W. Russell and Sherrard Clemens, Esqs.; the latter was at one time a member of Congress from this district, and at a later period fought a duel with O. Jennings Wise, Esq., son of the Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. The Lyceum had an unusually fine library, which contained a work that would be difficult to find now, even in a book store, either east or west: It was the *complete* works of Dean Swift. The abridged works of Swift may be had any place, but his *complete* works are almost unattainable. The work was an 18mo. copy, of thirty volumes—a fine feature in any library.

Another society was started, and called by some of its members THE PHILOMATHIAN, and by others THE PHILOMATHETIAN SOCIETY. There was quite a dispute on the part of the literary classes composing its

strength, as to which was the fitter name; the dispute assumed an acrimonious turn—the Highland and Lowland clans over again. The dispute never was settled to the satisfaction of all of the members, and each member was allowed to "take his choice." This society was founded by young Moses Pollack, Esq., and others. He was a young man of fine abilities and great promise. He is not now living. Some of the members still survive, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Alfred Hughes of Baltimore, and William F. Peterson, Esq., of this city. Oliver Irwin Taylor, Esq., at one time connected with the editorial staff of the *Times and Gazette*, (James E. Wharton, publisher and editor), and more latterly with the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, was also a member of this society.

The MECHANICS LITERARY INSTITUTE was the soubriquet of a third Literary Society in Wheeling. It had great strength as to membership. It was organized by George Lees, Esq., now of Cincinnati. He is the son of Thomas J. Lees, Esq., who, but a few months ago, was living in Brooke county of this State, and who, though very old, is most likely living to-day. Special mention of this latter gentleman is here made from the fact that he was a gentleman of considerable talent and fair literary ability: he formerly lived in Wheeling, and published a small work nearly fifty years ago called "*Lees's Poems*," which was far from being devoid of merit, and can still be found in some of the libraries of some of the older citizens now living amongst us. Everybody in the city, it may be said, knew THOMAS J. LEES. Within a year or two from the time of which I am now writing, still another society of similar aims was started, called the ERODELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY. This society existed for several years, and had a large membership. But few of the members of the above societies survive to-day. The Lyceum was the "*boss*" society on account of the members being of a riper age, and perhaps *riper* heads. These societies had the same difficulty in disposing of the very same questions that capture every young, new-fledged debating club of the present day. Questions like these were then, as now, deemed of imminent interest to the society, the city, and in fact "the world and all the rest of mankind," as a certain President actually expressed it in his first annual Message to Congress. The following are something like fair samples of the logical problems which called forth the forensic efforts of the members of these societies: "Which was the greatest General: Caesar or Washington?" "Alexander the Great or Napoleon?" Which of statesmen: "Clay or Webster?" and so on, *ad infinitum*. As improvement came with practice, these questions became unworthy of their abilities. Then metaphysics were entered into, and the following questions became quite fashionable: Which has produced the greatest of misery to the human race: "Civilization or Bar-

barism?" "Ambition or Ignorance?" "The Sword or the Bottle?" These institutions did—as they always do—much good in the community. They were looked upon with much favor by the public, and were of much advantage to those who had the good sense to avail themselves of the opportunities these valuable organizations offered.

The drama at this early period was by no means what the present generation might suppose it to have been; it was good—*very* good. It is very true that theatrical managers were at their wits end when they came here to obtain a suitable hall for their purpose; but one of some kind was always to be obtained, and if not of very superb finish, the one selected had a very fair seating capacity, and was generally very well filled when any theatrical and musical celebrities came along this way, which was not unfrequent.

A company of theatrical performers came here in 1845, in which one of the great "Stars" of the day—Augustus Adams—appeared, of whom it has been said that "he was the only American that *FORN* ever feared." He was a superb actor. A hall was secured; it was in the second story of the upper hall of the present Second ward market house. It had a seating capacity of some three hundred and fifty persons; four hundred could be gotten in on an emergency. Adams was billed for six nights, but only put in four actual appearances. He opened with "VIRGINIUS"; this was followed by "LEAR." Here, likely almost broken-hearted with the ingratitude of the stage, "GONERIL" and "REGAN" of the night, he gave way to his besetting infirmity, and for two nights, "THE GOLDEN FARMER" and "THE SWISS COBBLER," with the farce of "Box and Cox" were substituted. He had strayed off with one *John Barleycorn*, but was found by the stage Cordelia and her friends, (as in *Lear*) and by permission and kindness, the unhappy "*Lear*," instead of dying, as the unfortunate one of yore did, straightened himself up, and appeared on the fifth night as OTHELLO; and on the sixth closed the engagement of the company in Wheeling with MACBETH. He was good in everything he acted, but was superb, and at his very best in VIRGINIUS, MACBETH and OTHELLO.

At this period the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was desirous of getting a right of way through the southwestern part of Pennsylvania, to enable the company to come to Wheeling by a shorter route than the present circuitous one by which it now comes to Wheeling. This method would have given the Company a route fifty miles shorter than the one that it was at last compelled to take. The city of Pittsburgh and the Pennsylvania Railroad stoutly opposed this except on the condition that the railroad should come to Pittsburgh—as calculated to injure the city of Pittsburgh by way of making Wheeling a formidable rival to Pittsburgh, and also inuring to the advantage of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to the detriment of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This would certainly have been the inevitable

result had the State of Pennsylvania granted the request. Pending this the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was applying to the Legislature of Virginia for an unconditional right of way through Virginia, intending to strike the Ohio river in case they could not get the grant of right of way from Pennsylvania, at some point south of Wheeling. This the Old Dominion would not permit; not that it made any material difference to Virginia as a State; any place *below* Wheeling would have suited the State as large, but the old State stuck to us like a mother would to its child, and would not permit any scheme of the Company to construct a railroad to the Ohio river that would ignore Wheeling. This gracious action on the part of the Legislature of Virginia has not fully received that appreciation on the part of Wheeling that it so eminently deserves. The certainty that the road, if built at all, would surely come to Wheeling, made Pittsburgh look with much jealousy on our city, knowing that we would have a road which would be a formidable aspirant for traffic both west and east.

The papers of the two cities became very acrimonious towards each other; even on river matters; each claimed their respective cities to be "the head of navigation." A very wordy war was had about the matter. Boasting was the order of the day on the part of each city. Wharton, of the *Gazette*, made a great boast in one of his issues of forty large road wagons, laden with merchandise, having arrived in Wheeling in one day (!), and made a flaming display of it in his paper. The Pittsburgh papers took up this unlikely statement and made themselves quite merry over it. They knew it to have been gotten up for the occasion, and Wharton did not hear the last of "FORTY WAGONS IN A DAY," "FORTY wagons in a day"—for some time Mr. Wharton is now living in Mansfield, Ohio, or Portsmouth, and perhaps the above may not be so palatable as some things I shall have occasion to say of him farther on in this review. Merculay told a certain deputation of the SOCIETY OF FRIENDS who wished him to modify what he had said to the disparagement of the famous WILLIAM PENN,—that what he had written had been based on data that he had no right to question, and therefore the passage about William Penn in his History of England must remain as written; so with the above of Mr. Wharton.



## CHAPTER VII.

MEXICAN WAR, CHURCHES, HUNGARIAN REBELLION AND  
OTHER MATTERS.

The Democrats having been in power for some time, the Administration of James K. Polk managed to provoke a war with Mexico; the word "provoke" is used not unadvisedly, as it was well known this war was of our own seeking. Immediately after the "Annexation of Texas" the U. S. troops were sent to what was called Texan territory, but which was claimed still to be Mexican territory by Mexico; Texas claimed that her boundary extended as far west as the Rio Grande, but the parent government had never recognized this claim. War soon followed this, and the nation became one vast recruiting camp. Wheeling was alive with the military spirit; a Lieutenant Rucker, of the Federal army, came here and opened recruiting offices, and in the course of a few months obtained many recruits. The war with Mexico was, as the reader is of course aware, prosecuted with success. This war provided a great deal of military material for candidates for the Presidency in after years. Generals Wool, Worth, Quitman, Twiggs, Taylor and a host of other prominent men, including Jefferson Davis, were participants in this war, and were all afterwards regarded as good stock out of which to shape Presidential timber.

In this year (1846) Robert Crangle, William B. Quarrier, Robert Pratt, and others, Esquires, associated themselves together for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions for building the Second Presbyterian Church. Their efforts were successful. The present beautiful structure is the result of their zeal. The Rev. Cyrus Dickson was the initial pastor. He was one of the most eloquent divines in the Presbyterian denomination.

In 1847 the corner stone for the present Roman Catholic Cathedral was laid. The site on which the edifice stands was formerly the residence of Jacob Shriver, Esq. The corner stone was laid by the present

Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishop Wheelan, lately deceased, and others of the clergy. The ceremonies were very elaborate, imposing and impressive. Those who were present will remember the immense assemblage of people that was present from all directions to witness the interesting ceremony.

Shortly after the completion of this magnificent structure a purchase was made of the residence of Henry Moore, Esq., northeast corner of Eoff and Fourteenth streets; this was converted into a Female Seminary, which from time to time was enlarged to its present large capacity, and known as St. Joseph's School. Then followed a small hospital on Fifteenth street, above Jacob, which in the course of time was transferred to the northern part of the city and situated on Main street, and became the famous institution that it now is. It is the asylum for the afflicted without reference to sect or class of any kind, and receives the unreserved favor of the public at large.

In this year (1847) the Wheeling and Belmont Suspension Bridge Company was incorporated. This was one of the most stupendous projects for which any joint stock company had ever been organized in the city. It was looked upon, however, as one of the most vital importance to the then present needs and future prosperity of Wheeling,—and indeed such it proved to be. The company found, however, that it was a stupendous enterprise. Sufficient subscriptions were obtained only after a very severe campaign on the part of the directors of the corporation. These essentials having been assured, negotiations were entered into with certain parties for designs and construction estimates of the contemplated structure. The most notable civil engineers of the country were consulted. Among them were a Mr. Roebling, who built some of the Pittsburgh bridges, and who is architect of the great bridge now being built from New York to Brooklyn. Charles Ellet, Esq., was also consulted. The contract was given to the latter. The work had been completed but a few years when, during a violent gale in 1854, it was blown down, leaving nothing but the towers, wire cables, and some of the suspenders uninjured. A temporary bridge was soon put up. It was as follows: A suspension bridge with sufficient width for only one vehicle to cross. The following rule was adopted: When a wagon, or wagons, started to cross to the western end, a handle attached to a wire that was connected with a bell at the western end, was pulled, which was a signal for no wheeled vehicle to be allowed to come eastward on the bridge, until the one announced had crossed. The same operation was gone through at the western end, when a wagon or the like started for the eastern one. This was only intended for the accommodation of the public until a regular structure could be put up, which was done in

about another year, and the present magnificent Suspension Bridge is the result—one of the most beautiful wire suspension bridges in the United States. There were, however, some marine interests opposed to it, on the grounds that it was not high enough to admit of the passage of the largest sized steamers, having high chimneys, especially when the river was high. Pittsburgh was bitterly at work in the courts to secure, if possible, its abatement. The Hon. E. Stanton, a celebrated lawyer of that era, was employed on behalf of the interests adverse to the structure, and to prosecute the case to an extremity. The Congress of the United States, however, soon came to the relief of the Bridge Company and the traveling public, by passing a law declaring it a national post route, thus stopping further annoyance. Mr. Stanton was the same gentleman who afterwards became the celebrated "War Minister" under President Lincoln, in 1861.

In this year the HUNGARIAN REBELLION against the Austrian Government had broken out. The prime mover in this rebellion was the great Kossuth, assisted by some lesser lights, among whom was Dr. Kinkle. The former was one of the most finished scholars and actors of the age, and the latter was not very much his inferior in this respect. Kossuth spent some time in great Britain endeavoring to fire the British heart with the wrongs of Hungary, and gain, if possible, some official recognition; failing in this, he appealed to the sympathies and purses of the people at large.

Winning an unlimited amount of sympathy for his cause he canvassed the country for subscriptions to the revolutionary cause, and realized much substantial aid from individuals. He next turned his attention to this country; came here, and received a perfect ovation at the hands of the people. He was even permitted to address the Senate of the United States in behalf of his down trodden people. He even went so far as to ask governmental recognition in behalf of Hungary.

Some of the clearer heads of the Senate saw complications with foreign governments in the drift of his mission in case of national recognition on the part of the government; saw plainly that, notwithstanding they personally sympathized with him, yet public duty demanded that he must not be received with official recognition. He was permitted however, to address the Senate. After the conclusion of his speech,—which was one of the finest specimens of oratory ever heard in the U. S. Senate chamber, either before or since; he was replied to by the Senator from Kentucky, Hon. Henry Clay, who was quite ailing at the time, but recovering from a severe attack of sickness, in a speech that stopped any further appeals in that direction. He (Kossuth) saw, as he fully discovered in England, that his efforts must be confined to the people at large, not the governments, addressed himself at

once to the hearts of the sympathisers, by appealing directly to the people. He spoke the English language in all its purity, without the least foreign accent.

His personal friend Dr. Kinkel soon followed him to this country, made speeches to immense meetings in the principal cities of the Union; even our own city was selected as one of the objective points, and set down for an address to be delivered by the great orator, patriot and friend of Kossuth. Great preparations were made to receive him. A very elaborate effort was made to ensure a fine meeting. A young and charming lady of the city was appointed to give him words of welcome. He came with quite a flourish of trumpets. The meeting was appointed to be held on the present Chapline street, immediately in front of the Court House. From the portico of which the eminent orator was to speak.

As soon as the assemblage had gathered, which was immense,—as quite 3000 persons were there densely packed,—the meeting was organized in the usual way; and by way of introduction to the exercises of the day, the young lady alluded to, Miss Amelia Shriver, daughter of Jacob Shriver, Esq., and now wife of our late Recorder of Ohio County, Mr. R. B. Woods, made the speech of welcome. It was read from manuscript, and was quite a neat tribute to the cause, and also to the orator of the day—Dr. Kinkel, and was delivered with grace, composure, and effect.

The financial campaign of these gentlemen was eminently successful. Now whether or not these gentlemen's presence woke up such recollections of the "fatherland" as to give an impetus to the drinking of *Lager Beer*, is not susceptible here of positive proof; but it is not improbable, for at that day it is believed there was not a Beer Saloon in the city, but there were plenty of liquor saloons. However, the Beer Saloon was soon inaugurated, modifying to a certain extent the taste for drink. Mr. Louis Kellar, now alive and enjoying a good old age was the pioneer in this business, and kept his establishment in a row of buildings at the southern end of the creek bridge. On the introduction of this beverage the Germans looked on it as an old friend, and "look to it kindly," but the average American made wry and unsightly faces at it,—but soon acquired a "taste" for it, and used it like one "to the manner born," as Hamlet observes.

In 1848 the WHEELING FEMALE COLLEGE was incorporated, and completed in 1849. This fine and spacious structure and valuable academy was patronized but moderately at first, but having an excellent Board of Directors, it soon enjoyed a larger share of public favor. Its popularity kept steadily increasing from year to year up to the present time. This has been largely attributable to its management in always having a competent corps of instructors in the different departments of learning. It is a first-

class school and has a great amount of patronage both at home and from abroad.

I will here bring to the readers memory the name of an eminent divine who a short time after the above institution was opened received a call to the Parish of St. John's Church, Centre Wheeling—the Rev. Dr. McCabe. He accepted, and soon created a large and flourishing congregation. He was considered to be one of the finest readers of the Episcopal Service in the country, and by his eloquence in the pulpit, drew many persons from other denominations to hear him. He was also a very distinguished member of the IND. O. of ODD FELLOWS, and also of the MASONIC ORDER. He was highly esteemed by his brethren of these powerful ORDERS. He is no more, and St. John's Church and Parish have ceased to exist as such:

"The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea all which inherit, shall dissolve;  
And like this insubstantial faded,  
Leave not a rack behind."—*Tenquest*

James E. Wharton, Esq., then editor of the leading newspaper of the city was quite eloquent in favor of a most stupendous project, *i. e.* the removing of what was then, and is now known by the name of "WHEELING HILL." This project received very little encouragement, but any amount of ridicule and laughter, it was regarded as a chimerical vagary at the time. The idea after all does not seem to have been so absurd to an observer of the present day. This much at least may be said in its behalf. Had the public money that has been so foolishly invested in the Marietta and Cincinnati and the Hempfield Railroads been appropriated as a basis for a capital stock fund, it would have been put to a better use as far as the real uses or needs of the city was concerned, than the almost fruitless purpose to which it was devoted, and mostly swallowed up without the return of either principal or dividend. The Hempfield Road, now a part of the Baltimore and Ohio line has of course been of some advantage to the city, but it seems rather vexatious to this day that the entire Hempfield railroad, with all its equipments, &c., should have been "gobbled up" by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at a trifling price, actually less than the city subscribed as its share of stock in the aforesaid road. As far as the subscription (\$300,000.00) to the Marietta road was concerned it might as well—as far as this city is concerned—have been thrown into the Ohio river. These two enterprises cost the city and county in their corporate capacities nearly a half of a million of dollars. It may not out of place here to add that Wheeling owes not a little to the energy, zeal and untiring efforts of James E. Wharton, Esq., in its behalf. Although his political career did not command the support of the entire Whig party of this locality, yet he was just such an

editor as the party well knew could not be, at the time, dispensed with in the management of a popular Whig newspaper. He was quite a power in his party, and had warm friends among Democrats. Wharton published a good paper, and got off many a good joke in the *Times and Gazette*: there is a joke entirely too good to be lost and it shall be recounted here. A certain gentleman who had been in the boot and shoe making business discontinued his devotion to the comfort of man's pedal extremities and offered incense to his gastronomical inclinations: *i. e.*, he dropped the lap stone and left the shoe bench and embarked—though not largely—in the sale of oysters. For the purpose of getting an editorial notice lauding his wares to the skies, and by this means ride into popular favor, and to possible ultimate fortune, he sent Wharton a "can" gratis. Now whether or not the oysters were so large that they choked Wharton, and somebody else was editing the paper for the unfortunate man, puzzled our hero to know: but as no obituary notice appeared in either of the papers in subsequent issues of the same, he concluded that his presents, perhaps, had not been princely enough for the great editor: not having an over stock of this world's lucre, and what he had, being invested in oysters, he, of course had to depend on them as being a sort of currency for advertising favor. Drawing these deductions he concluded to send the scribe another can of them, which he did: these brought the following notice. "We are indebted to the politeness of our enterprising and indefatigable fellow-citizen Mr. — for a can of the largest and best oysters that it has ever been our good fortune to enjoy: they were quite *crack*! We use the word *crack* with an emphasis, as it was our lot to receive a can from him several days since that was *not* quite so *crack*." This finished our oysterman with Wharton. No more of our friend's oysters found their way to the editorial table of the *Times and Gazette*.

Early in the year of 1849 General Taylor (President-elect) started from the South on his way to the National capital to be in readiness for his approaching inauguration. The Ohio river was at the time full of ice, and soon closed so effectually as to stop navigation entirely. General Taylor came up the river on a steamboat, but the river closing, he was compelled to quit the boat at a point below, and seek some other conveyance to Wheeling. He managed to get to Moundsville, and from thence he came to our city in a sleigh. He stopped here for a short time—about one day; on this occasion a splendid entertainment was given him at the old Zane stone mansion on the southeast corner of the present of 11th and Main street. As is the case on all such grand occasions, "the beauty and fashion of the city were there," and the "festivities of the splendid entertainment were kept up to a late hour

by the delighted corps of society ornaments." It is needless to say that the assemblage was very large, and a very fair sample of clever people by the way. The General the next day went on his way to the East.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### MISCELLANIES: JENNY LIND'S GRAND CONCERT.

In 1850 there was a convention held in Richmond, Va., for the purpose of forming a new State Constitution; this august body performed its work and gave us the Constitution that we had until the division of the State was decreed by West Virginia during the war between the North and the South. John Knote, Esq., was one of the delegates from Ohio county to the convention which formed the Constitution of 1850. Besides other changes the "property qualification" was abolished, and the judiciary was made elective, instead of by appointment. An interesting incident occurred in connection therewith. One of the *poorest men* in the county remarked, that "poor and all" as he was, he "would rather see the property qualification *retained*, than to see the judiciary degraded by a political scramble at the polls for the office of Judge." George W. Thompson was the first Judge elected by the people of this judicial district. Joseph L. Fry had been the Judge under the old system, from quite a remote period of time preceding the new order of things. Under this Constitution the State system of free schools which existed in so many of the other States was finally established. An independent system however of these institutions had been for some time previous to this (with the consent of the State) introduced into the city of Wheeling, but small and less pretensions ones than those of the present day; they were conducted on the same principle as the system now in vogue, and were sustained by local taxation.

A joint stock Gas Company having been organized with much difficulty, subscriptions were solicited for stock subscriptions. These applications met with very slender success for a time—nobody believing that it would pay—as is too often the case with many new enterprises. After great industry and much patience, a sufficient amount of subscribers was obtained in 1850 to justify the commencement of the work. A Gas Works was built, and in the course of time sufficient street piping was laid which gave the best assurance of making a fair, if not a very large pecuniary return. From year

to year additional pipe was laid. It now began to appear that it was going to be a first class investment; the remaining stock was eagerly sought for, and soon bought. Soon, much more could have been sold, but it was not to be had, except at a high premium. It did not take many years to demonstrate that there was no other stock in the city that paid such magnificent dividends, and to buy gas stock, except at fancy figures, was an utter impossibility: the original company kept the price of gas up to \$3.50 for many years until there was a "strike" on the part of most of the business men, which lasted some months. The Company made up its mind after very deliberate reflection, that the "strikers" would have to be indulged somewhat in this matter, but doggedly determined that "*rebels*" should not *fix the price*. The Gas Company announced that the new price of this almost indispensable convenience would be \$2.80 per thousand feet: Those who had discontinued its use were almost as full of rejoicing as the thirsty children of Israel were when the great lawgiver smote the Rock from which the much-needed solace flowed. Those who "struck for liberty" in the shape of cheap light"—although they were not able to get the same at as low a figure as they could have wished,—became quite exuberant in their joy. They cast aside their oil lamps with a contemptuous sneer that was entirely unbecoming as they owed their partial victory to these useful agents. It was the old story of "throwing down the ladder by which you ascend."

The Belmont, Labelle, Crescent and Washington Iron Mills, came into existence almost simultaneously, or at least within but a few years of each other. It would seem best to notice them in a compact group instead of distributing remarks about them in this work from page to page as they appeared from time to time to come into operation, it may be just as well, and perhaps better to consider them in the same chapter without being detached from each other and appearing in this review at intervals.

About the year 1848-49, the Belmont works was projected, built and set in operation by Mess. Norton, Bailey and others under the firm name of Norton, Bailey & Co.

Many of the stockholders in this mill were also workmen in the same, and were interested in a double capacity. But a year or two were required to demonstrate that it was a profitable concern; a dissolution of partnership took place, and some of the stockholders in the concern, in conjunction with other capitalists started a new mill, which they located in the northeast extremity of the Eighth Ward, and named it the LABELLE IRON AND NAIL WORKS. The name and style of the firm was Bailey, Woodward & Co., the same as it is to day; the mill was built and put into operation during the years of 1852 and 1853.

In 1849-50, when the Crescent Mill was built, ostensibly for the pur-

pose of manufacturing railroad iron. It was projected and put into operation by Mess. Gill, Hardman and Stevens, but was not a profitable investment for the original owners. After changing hands two or three times it became what it now is. It is quite a prominent feature among the various iron manufactories of the city. It is owned and managed by the Mess. Whitaker, and is situated on the southern side of Wheeling creek, about three full squares above the market street bridge.

The Washington Iron Mill was built and put into operation by Mess. Cooper and Harris in 1850. It ran for many years, but in the course of time its name was changed to the Norway Iron Works, which, however, was only short lived. It is now one of the things of the past.

The Benwood and Top Mills have been alluded to elsewhere in an earlier part of this work. The latter is the oldest mill in the city; was in operation, though not on so large a scale, long before the date which this review commences, at 1837. The Benwood Mill, nominally, is one of the new mills, yet it represents the oldest mill in the city, with the exception of the Top mill, as it is the representation of the VIRGINIA IRON WORKS, which stood where the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. depot now stands; the materials and machinery of the same having been taken down to Benwood and put up there as the reader will remember has been already stated in an earlier part of this work.

An event took place in Wheeling in 1851 which gave the city distinction in musical matters enjoyed by many cities of double the population that Wheeling could boast of. A company of gentlemen composed of John Bishop, S. H. Greer, Jacob Rhodes, A. J. Parnell, Esqs. and others, corresponded with P. T. Barnum and made an engagement with him for the troupe to give *one* concert in Wheeling, guaranteeing him \$5,000.00 *net* for the same. No hall in the city being large enough for the contemplated concert—it was deemed advisable to secure the First Methodist Church on Fourth street (now Chapline), which at that time had the largest auditorium in the city. The authorities of the church were consulted about the matter, and after satisfying some opposition to the project, an agreement was made between the concert committee and the church officials by which the former were permitted to have the use of the church for the use of Barnum and his famous troupe.

The matter needed very little printer's ink; such ovations as had been given to Jenny Lind in the eastern and other cities, had never been paralleled before, nor has anything like it been seen since. The choice of *first seat* in New York was purchased by Prof. Ossian E. Dodge—a celebrated musician, and a fair composer of music, the price paid for the seat was \$650.00! The same grade of ticket brought from \$300.00 to



\$450.00 in Boston and Philadelphia: proportionate prices were obtained in all the other cities in which the gifted songstress sang.

The city of Wheeling covered herself with fiscal glory in the person of a tailor named Mr. Michael Imhoff, who gave \$250.00 for the choice of seats. He chose a seat immediately in front of the eastern gallery of the church. He then procured an imitation of a large spread eagle; had it lavishly gilt with gold leaf, and poised on a raised pedestal, which was placed immediately at his back, so as to place the aforesaid noble bird in such a position as to cause its outspread wings to present a sort of canopied shelter for his ambitious head.

He was dressed in the most exquisite style of the day: blue swallow tail coat with the traditional shining brass buttons; white vest and lavender colored trousers, and neck-wear to match. There he "sat like patience on a monument smiling at grief." "He was the glass of fashion and the mould of form" and the "observed of all observers." Neither Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon nor Wellington in their most supreme triumphs could ever have shown a more masterly and complete self control, than did the hero of the \$250.00 ticket! It was as charming as it was novel: the spectacle was at once as *electrifying* as it was *drammatical*. The ordinary price for what were called good seats was \$10.00; some sold at \$20.00! The greatest number of them were sold at \$5.00 each, but *no* tickets were sold under \$3.00! The committee had guaranteed Bammun \$5,000.00 as has been said before. They realized several hundred dollars above the stipulated sum—not a fortune however, and after paying all incidental expenses, had a small sum left, which, like prudent men as they were, they pocketed among themselves.

This superb troupe consisted principally of Jenny Lind, cantatrice; Signor Salvi, alto; Mon. Belletti, baritone; and Prof. Jules Benedict, conductor and pianist; accompanied by a magnificent orchestra. Benedict is still professionally before the musical public of London; but a few years ago he was knighted by Queen Victoria as Sir Jules Benedict.

In 1852-53 the present hotel known as the McLure House was erected. It was built by a joint stock company of several wealthy gentlemen of the city. Prominent among these in that day, were John McLure, senior; Henry Moore and J. C. Acheson, esquires. The hotel was named the McLure House by way of compliment to the first named of these three parties—he, being by far the largest stock holder, and at the same time a gentleman of excellent public and private reputation. At the time that it was built, the expectations of the company were far beyond the actual realizations from it: in the matter of stock dividends which it declared after its completion, —and for a series of years afterwards. It was entirely too large for the demands of the travelling and local public of that day. It was always a

well kept hotel, but was for many years an unremunerative piece of property. Even to-day, it is large enough, and will be, for years, to accommodate the demands of the traveling public and local business.

In 1851-52, the splendid hall of the Mason Order known as Washington Hall was commenced and completed, which the reader will recollect was burnt down recently but replaced with the noble edifice which stands at the intersection of Market and Twelfth streets.

Shortly afterwards the Messrs. Yarnwell remodelled the Sprigg House, and transformed and enlarged it into the capacious hotel known now as the St. James.

The flood of 1852 was an extraordinary one; the highest that had occurred since the never to be forgotten one of 1832. Nothing like such a body of water has swollen the Ohio river since. To give such readers as were not then residents of the city an idea of its extent, it may be said it was an unusually destructive calamity to the city, worse by far than persons not resident might imagine. It was about three feet deep at the intersection of Main and the present Twelfth streets. Thence, small boats and improvised rafts would go to the apex, or middle of the Stone creek bridge, *price 5 cents*. Here was a dry spot succeeded by more water until you reached a point near the corner of the late store of Mr. Joseph Ferrill. Thence all was water, covering more than half of the present 5th and 6th Wards. That vast tract of territory now known as the 8th Ward was almost entirely which made trips submerged, and capable of floating large steamers: seven of which made trips on errands of mercy for the relief of the sufferers. One notable instance of which was the *ARROWLINE*, Captain James H. Roberts, who took his boat to as many localities in the 8th Ward as demanded his assistance. The reader may readily infer there was quite a depth of water in that locality, when he is informed that the aforesaid steamboat found no difficulty in going pretty much where she pleased, between the line of the river bank, even as far back as the mill at the eastern extremity of the Ward. The depth of the water at the point where Twenty-second intersects Main street was about seven feet. At the intersection of Fourteenth and Main it was about four feet, and extended up Main to a point as far north as the present store of A. W. Paul, Esq., much damage was done to property by this flood, and those now living who suffered by it will not be likely to forget it as long as they live.

## CHAPTER IX.

## GRAND BANQUET, &amp;C., B. &amp; O. R. R., "KNOW NOTHINGS."

In 1853 the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was opened to Wheeling; in honor of which a grand banquet was given in the Washington Hall. A great ado was made to give a magnificent banquet. Distinguished speakers and guests from abroad were invited to the celebration. The judicial, legislative, railroad, county and city authorities, and notable citizens were present. A great "blow out" was the result. Edibles disappeared as if swallowed by a maelstrom, after which champagne corks resounded through the hall like prompt reports of a countless miniature artillery. Every body, except his "sisters, cousins and his aunts," who by the way were not there, was happy. After the wine had done its usual work speeches were made. It was generally believed that speeches that were made before the bottle went round, would stand the ordeal of criticism better than the postprandial ones would; but many persons stoutly stuck to it, especially the speakers, that the latter speeches were *far the best*; that they were like the wine, *spirited, effervescent and admirable*; one speaker became so *elevated*, that no common rostrum was suitable for what he had to say. With a contempt for all conventionality, and an utter *abandon*, he mounted himself on the banquet table and "shot off his chin" with fearful rapidity. He soon had to "take in sail," however, and give way to one who was content with an humbler perch, from which he developed "the faith that was within him" (or what was left of it) to the admiring auditory. The Cleveland and Pittsburgh Road was also soon expected to be completed. Ditto Hempfield Railroad to Washington, Penna. A glorious future was predicted for Wheeling. Many new warehouses were built on the strength of the expectations of the thrift that was to accrue from the Baltimore and Ohio Road and its connection with the magnificent line of steamers which had been built and known as the UNION LINE.

In 1855 the "Know Nothing" party was rapidly gaining strength by accessions from both the Whig and Democratic parties. Its machinery

extended throughout the entire nation. Its platform was one great cordial principle, *i. e.*, abolition of the laws naturalizing foreigners. There was a condition connected with its mission which allowed this class the right to vote after having been resident in the United States twenty-one years. The movement was quite popular in this city and the nation at large, and seemed to menace the success of either of the older parties that had been before the nation so long. It drew recruits largely from them both: neither of them could tell which was losing the greatest amount of strength by inroads into their ranks; as it was a *secret society*, every member of it was sworn to divulge nothing as to who belonged to it, or its purposes in detail, except that part of its creed which related to the Naturalization Laws. If a person was asked if he was a member of it, he would reply "Did you see Sam?" If asked anything else, the reply was "I don't know." These were the uniform stereotyped answers, and became quite celebrated as the political shibboleths of this secret but powerful organization. The canvass for the gubernatorial chair of Virginia was at hand. Each of the old parties was afraid of the other: the Whig of the Democrat, and the Democrat of the Whig. The latter nominated Hon. William L. Goggin, and the Democratic party nominated the Hon. Henry A. Wise. The result would not have been doubtful had either party known which way the new party was going to vote; but it was generally believed that the Whig party in this election would receive the bulk of its favors, which frightened the Democrats badly.

When Henry A. Wise received the nomination at the hands of his party, he at once declared that he would mount the stump and visit in person every corner of the State. He did so,—came to Wheeling; threw down the *gauge* of defiance to both the Whig and Know Nothing parties? The result was a success, and surprised the Democrats themselves. This memorable campaign was the entering wedge that ultimately severed the party in the city, county, State and Nation at large. In a year or two it had not even an existence.

A plan was set on foot this year for a public market house in Centre Wheeling. It became quite a popular enterprise and the stock was soon taken up by private subscription and the edifice built. It soon became a great convenience to parties living on both sides of the creek. The architect was a Mr. Thomas Pope, who also made the original design for the present National Bank of West Virginia. This gentleman afterwards went to Detroit, Michigan, where he some years afterwards committed suicide.

The year 1855 will be memorable to many persons by the great explosion of powder which took place on the wharf just in front of the St. James Hotel, and near to the waters edge. Mr. Wollaston Kimberly, brother of Mr. Philo Kimberly of this city, who was driving his horse and dray down

the wharf to deliver for shipment on a steamer, a load of powder; there where twenty-five kegs, or perhaps more on the dray at the time; when from some unknown cause, which was never fully explained, the whole load exploded with such a terrific report as to startle the entire city. The unfortunate man being on the dray at the time, was of course instantly killed. He was a very respectable young man, and the shocking manner by which he came to his death cast a deep gloom over the whole community.

The great bank suspension of 1857 affected Wheeling in common with every other business centre in the nation. It has been alluded to by the press in connection with the great fiscal calamity that occurred during General Jackson's Administration, and also the great "PANIC" of 1873, as having been of a similar character. The truth is, in its effects it bore little or no resemblance to either of the two latter named business depressions. The chief difficulties were visited solely on the commercial part of the community, or those who owed bills that were payable in the four great eastern cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Exchange on these cities advanced to five, six, eight and ten per cent. before public confidence assumed its wonted supremacy. This, however, did not cripple business to an extent that was productive of either the ruin, distrust, or gloomy forebodings that were developed by the Jackson era, or the one that was initiated by the failure of Jay Cooke & Co. in 1873, followed as it was by a series of other stupendous failures and frauds which have successively occurred down to the date of a period not far in the past. Business, though disordered and checked, was far from being dull. What is called "hard times" did not even oppress the poor. The buyer and seller of goods still met and dealt with each other. If the kind of money that was offered did not meet the emergency, it could be exchanged at a discount that was but a small fraction of the entire face of the note, and business went on with what may be called small loss and comparative smoothness. This calamity was of mild and short duration, and should not be classed in the same category as the other two great business scourges.

The present U. S. Custom House was erected by Messrs. Phillip & Lutz and William and James Stewart, the latter doing the iron work; and the former the stone work on the same. The other work was sublet to other parties by the parties above. It was finished 1858. The post master then moved the effects of the P. O. Department from the corner now occupied by R. J. Smyth, Esq., to the new building. I may add here that the post office, when removed from Main street, above Tenth in 1841, was taken to McLain Bros' corner: from thence in 1853 to Smyth's corner: thence, as above to the present Custom House.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows commenced building their

fine structure, situated at the intersection of Chapline and Twelfth streets, but did not complete it until the year 1859. At the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the same there was a large gathering of the brethren of the order who came from abroad to participate in the same. The Rev. Dr. McCabe, who has been alluded to elsewhere, was the orator of the day, and delivered an address worthy of himself, distinguished as he was, and also of the ANCIENT ORDER. The ceremonies on the occasion were very elaborate and impressive.

In 1860, previous to the ACT OF SECESSION on the part of Virginia, a great public meeting was advertised to be held in the ATHENEUM, at the opposite S. E. corner from the present Custom House. It had been largely advertised and a great crowd came from all parts of the country: the chief attraction was the Hon. Roger A. Pryor, who was to deliver one of his famous speeches. The house was packed from pit to dome with citizens and visitors from abroad; some of the latter were accorded seats on the stage in the rear of the speaker. The meeting was duly organized, followed with calls for "PRYOR," "PRYOR," who appeared, made the "dear people" the usual bow on such occasions. Ignoring the whole question of the right or the wrong of the subject—time has disposed of that—he made one of the very finest efforts, oratorically considered, that ever was made in Wheeling. The gentleman's very appearance was greeted with great enthusiasm: it was evident to the entire audience—friend and foe alike—that the person who was about to make the initial address was no ordinary public speaker. He was the very embodiment of all the graces that make the finished orator. Chaste and impassioned in language set in the neatest form of phrase. He showed himself to be a perfect master of rhetoric, and to possess such a graceful and superb delivery, that even those who did not share his views, accorded him the tribute of being a masterly public speaker. He was of commanding presence, and most scrupulously neat, even in his dress, which was to him a matter of some account. He was dressed as if he considered Dressing to be one of the not to be neglected arts. A faultless suit of black, gracefully set off his fine person: add to these a ruffled shirt bosom, and ruffled wristbands, very low shoes, and faultlessly white hose, and you have Roger A. Pryor, Esq., as he appeared on that memorable night.



## CHAPTER X.

## THE WAR OF THE REBELLION, THE "RESTORED GOVERNMENT OF VA.," THE NEW STATE, PEACE AND PROGRESS.

When the war between the North and South, commonly known as the rebellion of 1861 occurred, there was quite a furore created in Wheeling in relation to the matter. Wheeling was peculiarly situated. Held to a great extent by the Federal Government to at least a professed support of the Union, she was of much advantage to the union cause of the upper and western part of the State. Calls for troops for the use of the Union were responded to with much alacrity. They was placed between two fires: The State of Virginia did not recognize the right of the United States to make war on the confederacy, and claimed every inch of her soil as being absolutely and inviolably under her own jurisdiction. The result was that a provisional government was formed and called the "Restored Government of the State of Virginia," which claimed to supersede the seceded State of the same name. This enterprise for all national ends worked itself into a formal, and partly a solid shape. It had however no jurisdiction farther than the bayonets of the United States extended. It was established immediately after the initiatory steps of the war had been taken. The following citizens of Wheeling—with a great many others were conspicuous in inaugurating this organization: Messrs. Pierpoint of Marion county, C. D. Hubbard, A. W. Campbell, Henry List, John List, William Tallant, Dr. Logan, Thomas and Jacob Hornbrook, in fact, a long list of the prominent business men of the city. Francis M. Pierpoint of Marion county, was declared provisional governor: A Legislature was improvised, and all the machinery of a State government was set in motion, which worked with success over the northwestern part of the State.

This state of affairs did not last long. Gov. Pierpoint's jurisdiction only extending, as has been said before, as far in the State of Virginia as the federal bayonets penetrated, and that was not far, was not satisfied. Gov. Letcher was quietly plotting in Richmond how to subdue the "yankee

rebel" and the "usurper" of the northwestern part of the State of Virginia; and Gov. Pierpoint, established in Wheeling, left no stone unturned by which he might be enabled to subdue "the rebels against the best government the world ever saw" and possess himself of Richmond, and indeed the entire State of Virginia. The cry of "ON TO RICHMOND" originated with Horace Greeley in the New York *Tribune* just at this time, but it had no special charms for Gov. Pierpoint;—He was situated something like the apostle Paul was, when he exclaimed "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."

Gov. Pierpoint however determined that "no pent up Utica" like this should "contract" his "powers," and the project of the New State of West Virginia was carried into effect by mostly the same parties who created the "Restored Government of Virginia." Its first governor was Gov. Borenman. Governor Pierpoint then went to the eastern part of the State—Alexandria and set up a capitol of Virginia there,—as he still could not get to Richmond, from the fact that the "unpleasantness" had massed a strong adverse army in his front, which, at this juncture, was of too formidable a character to be trifled with. The New State project proved a success. The first member of Congress from this district was the Hon. ——— Blair. The Hon. C. D. Hubbard represented us in 1861. Particular mention is made of the latter gentleman, from the fact that he was one of the very few men in Congress at the time, who would not soil his hands with having anything to do with what, at the time, was called the "salary grab"—or "steal." He voted from first to last against it, and preserved his honor untarnished by declining to receive a penny of it. Such instances of virtue and honor are as rare in public servants, as they are deserving of a place in history. He is a gentleman of position, culture, and great probity of character.

In the ferment that the war created no locality in the country stood out in such unique prominence as did our own city. As part of the territory claimed by the South—she was nevertheless held by the strong grasp of the Federal power to support its integral domain. It may be safely assumed that a majority of the citizens of Wheeling were, in sentiment, in complete accord with the Federal Government. Many influential citizens, however, espoused the cause of the Confederacy and it had their sympathies in its efforts to establish its supremacy over the entire South. There was the usual following in such an extraordinary state of affairs: there were a great many who hardly knew what they were: *they joined the strongest side.* Had the South been able to extend to this part of the State, they would have been heard as lustily extolling the Confederacy and Jefferson Davis as they were in toasting the Union and Abraham Lincoln; but, as has been said before, the preponderance on the part of the citizens was vastly in favor of the Union cause, even excluding altogether such "*fewer*," as have been alluded to in the

preceding paragraph. Notwithstanding that Wheeling became a complete military camp, and every thing assumed a serious almost tragic aspect, yet there were many amusing things occurred with reference to some of its citizens, an instance of which shall be recorded here. A certain individual was a pronounced Secessionist, as far as it was *safe*, at that time, to express candid opinions. A German friend of his, a Union man, who greatly esteemed him, on being told that his friend was an *out and out* "rebel," thought that he would do his friend a favor, and replied as follows: "No use make fuss apout dis thing; I tells you, but *pe sure you not dells him agin vat I says*: I too not pelieves he means any harms to te Kovernements at alls, shust lissen to me a leetle: I pelieve Mr. ——— knows vat he is himself—not *von word*."

So complete was the sway of the military at that time, the *open* expression of an opinion in favor of the southern side of the contest was sure to land the luckless wight who made it in the dreaded ATTENEUM, which had formerly been built for theatrical purposes, but which had since been metamorphosed into a military prison. It is needless to say that the offenders were not treated to the "best that the market afforded;" nor was the furniture of the different apartments of a very elaborate finish. "Hard tack" and questionable bacon were the most prominent of the edibles given to the hopeless offenders who were placed there to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." A chair, and a bed—hard enough to be supposed capable of driving out all *virus* of secession, was carefully prepared for the obnoxious adherent of Jeff Davis. The above, with a liberal peice of common bar soap, and very little water completed the entire converting outfit. The community was much divided in sentiment: bitter feelings ruled the hour. A certain church choir in the city had occasion one Sunday, to sing the following hymn, part of which is as follows:—

"Had not the Lord been on our side  
May thankful Israel say;  
The enemy had swallowed us:" &c.

A battle had just been fought, the full details of which had not, as yet been received. The organist had an avowed secessionist on one of the component parts of his choir, who sang the hymn with much *gusto*. The organist asked him how *he* could rejoice at what *he* (the organist) believed to be a Union victory: his friend told him that the battle would, he hoped, prove to be a Confederate victory when the full particulars came to hand,—and that the words in the hymn—"on our side," if they meant anything, meant the Confederate side!

The lines distinguishing what was called loyalty from disloyalty were very vigorously and closely defined. No suspected person was allowed to leave the city without a passport from a Major Darr, who was a subordinate commander of the military district of which Wheeling was a

part. Every man at the time almost distrusted his neighbor. Every thing like the present symmetrical caste of society was in abeyance. The cost of living became so enormously high, to be a fable to be told what different articles cost which are indispensable to the household. Flour went as high as \$16.00 and \$17.00 a barrel. Tea \$1.50 and \$2.00 a pound; coffee, 50 and 55 cents; bacon and hams, 25 to 28 cents per pound; beef steak, 25 cents per pound. Brown muslin sold at 50 and 60 cents per yard. Clothing was also in keeping with these high figures; a gentleman's fine overcoat cost from \$90.00 to \$100.00, and every other garment in proportion. House rents were no exception to the rule; a house that now brings \$150.00 per annum, would then rent for from \$250.00 to \$300.00. To meet this extraordinary state of affairs, of course wages advanced. All kinds of labor advanced to over double the amount of what it is to day. In relation to high prices, a good story may be told on a son of the Emerald Isle and his wife, who were in Wheeling before the close of war, and who sympathised with the South in the conflict. Everything in the confederacy brought fabulous prices in confederate money. Coming home one night with a "wee drop" in him, he exclaimed: "Bad luck to thim lads down there, they'l niver wun this foight at all at all; Its meself that has in me throwers a copy of the *Mimphis Appale*, and it says the're spinding money loike wather down there. They'll think nothing of givin \$400.00 or \$500.00 for a gintale coat, an a dollar an a half for a cork wid a flask at the ind of it, that howlds a wee drap of the crature, loike meself and yourself can get here for twinty-foive cints any toime—whiskey, flask an cork to boot—all for that sune. Bad cess to them, I say, for their extravagance." "Och, honey, be aisey now," she replied, "sure an isn't it a good country to live in, where they have plinty of money? Faith an it is that same Teddy; and whin it runs out they can make plinty more of it." Not bad logic had the premises been good.

All kinds of trade received a wonderful impetus by the war, none more notably so than the dry goods business. Merchants in this line made fortunes by the rapid advance in price on the commodities that laid on their shelves, from a silk dress down to a row of pins. The "butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," had a new list of prices every day or two. There was one thing that was always safe to do—*buy and hold*—nothing declined. The seller generally looked at his customer with a very independent sort of air—would almost prefer that he "would call to-morrow;" very much like *Scudder*, the land agent, looked at *Martin and Topley*, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The war went on in all its grim features. The fortunes of the Confederacy appeared to be settling amid thick gloom. In April, 1865, an event occurred, which, figuratively

preaching, seemed like a peal of thunder in a clear sky that: President Lincoln had been shot in a theatre. His friends all over the nation wept. This blow only solidified the Union cause. It may be added that his foes, though wishing for the success of the Confederate cause, did not at the news, feel pleasant; far from it, as they could clearly discern that it only intensified the determination of their foes, and was to be regarded rather as an injury to their own cause, than a benefit. The war went on with an increased vigor; but, as it has been said, "there is an end to all things," so there was to this. The year of our Lord, 1865, brought peace. Everything then began to settle down, from the time of the Confederate surrender of General Lee, like great billows do on the ocean after a mighty storm. Business began to resume its normal condition before the war, that is to say, it was conducted by men on both sides of the war question, with an assurance that the country was at peace once more with nothing to excite either side in the way of victory or defeat. This gave a safer basis for business and a new era set in amid general rejoicing.

In 1864 the members of United Presbyterian Church, just before the close of the war, finding their place of worship too small, built the present large and beautiful church which is a monument to the untiring industry of the Rev. J. E. McLure, who has been pastor of this congregation for a longer series of years than any clergyman ever served in this city. What nobler monument than such a term of service?

The great flouring mill of M. & J. Pollock was finished and running in 1865. This mill stands in the very business centre of the city, is one of almost unlimited capacity. The flour made at this mill is, and has been, esteemed one of the most favorite brands in the country.

The Central Glass Works in East Wheeling had just been completed, as originally planned, in about 1865. It has since been enlarged however, from time to time, until it is now one of the largest establishments of the kind in the West. It was built by Messrs. Oesterling and others.

In 1865 came the Wheeling Hinge Factory, which is quite a novelty in the manufacturing line in Wheeling—and is indeed quite a large concern. This is a joint stock company. The following are the names of some of the stock holders—C. D. Hubbard, A. W. Campbell, A. G. Robinson, G. E. Caldwell, J. L. Hobbs, L. E. Hanson and R. J. Crawford, Esqs.

In the year 1866 three different manufacturing establishments were added to the already large list of which our city can boast: first the Tack Factory, another novelty by the way. This establishment is quite a large one and is owned by eastern capitalists.

The second is the brewery of Messrs. Anton Reymann & Co., which, from a comparatively small beginning, has become one of the most famous breweries in the West. This brewery is exclusively a lager beer establishment.

The third is the present immense Iron Works of Dewey, Vance & Co.; this establishment is for the manufacture of bar iron, railroad iron and nails. It had its origin in a comparatively small iron and wire mill, situated near the foot of Chapline's Hill towards the lower end of Centre Wheeling.

The next year, 1867, saw our magnificent system of street cars inaugurated. The line of road at first was not, however, so long as that of the present day. Few cities of the size of Wheeling have so long a line of horse car railroad, stretching as it does a length of not less than four miles.

During the years 1867-68 the present imposing Gothic Church was built by St. Matthew's congregation, at a cost of over \$70,000.00. It is built entirely of stone, and is an honor to the parish. The Rev. Mr. Currie was its first rector.

In the year 1868-69 the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church determined to rebuild. The old edifice was torn down, and the present elaborate and magnificent stone church was begun forthwith and finished in 1870. It is a noble tribute to the denomination in general, and a splendid monument to the congregation in particular. To show the zeal of this communion in subscribing towards this enterprise, there was one member who alone subscribed (in two installments) nearly \$30,000.00! That gentleman was Henry K. List, Esq. This church is built of stone and is the most costly edifice in the city.

The same year saw the Children's Home established through the agency of a number of humane citizens. The Institution is a home for the destitute children of the city.



## CHAPTER XI.

## CONCLUSION: THE CAPITOL, PAXTON FOUNTAIN, &amp;c.

From this period of time until the memorable year 1873 everything seemed to prosper. Our iron and nail mills were enlarging their capacity to the utmost extent of their capital. New mills were contemplated on the other side of the river for want of facilities on this side; these in the course of time were erected, but to a great extent by Wheeling capital. Never before had such handsome dividends on stock been declared. Every interest prospered and in the general prosperity no thought occurred of any future sudden reverse; but the initial event of that great reverse which now bears so heavily on Wheeling came in the stupendous failure in the eastern cities in 1873, indeed it did not stop there, it seemed at first as if it was a cloud no larger than a man's hand, but it enlarged from time to time until it overspread the entire commercial heavens with a gloom portentous of coming general disaster. The above calamity was the initial incident—the entering wedge—that produced a state of affairs which culminated in the calamities that have visited the manufacturing, commercial, and indeed every other branch of business in the entire country for so many years, and even to day hangs like a pall over so many prominent industries of the entire nation. Wheeling claims no exemption from suffering in this respect; being in proportion to her population the largest manufacturing centre in the country, she suffers proportionately to as great an extent as any of her sister cities. The whole trouble however that now confronts this country has its real origin in National, State, municipal and individual extravagance. This has been an outgrowth of the inflated state of everything at the close of the late war between the North and South. Everything has been conducted on the "high pressure" principle on the supposition that such an abnormal state of affairs was to be solid and enduring. Such a condition of things never became permanent in the history of any nation. Then how vain and idle it was to suppose that ours should escape those calamities which are invariably

the sequel to such an artificial condition of affairs? The most bitter part of the calamity however falls on the poorer classes of society,—those who of all others are the least prepared for the blow. There are some fields of labor in which men are now compelled to work for \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per day who spent most part of their manhood in earning as high as \$2.25, \$2.50 and even as high as \$3.50 per day. To these men the present "hard times" are especially distressing. It may be urged that the commodities of life, provisions, clothing and the like are lower than formerly, but the delusion of this special plea may be easily exploded by the statement—which is only painfully too true—that the reduction in those things which are necessary to the poor and rich alike, is by no means correspondent with the great decline in wages paid for most kinds of labor.

It is very true that the rich man suffers from evils like the one which has been alluded to; that sometimes he becomes bankrupt and indeed penniless. This however does not apply to the wealthy as a class. Such calamities as now afflict the nation, visit indeed every man, but there are a large class of the rich who may, and indeed do lose heavily, yet this very class of persons have a compensating force which quietly reimburses them for at least a great part of their losses, and in many cases entirely, in the fact that every dollar of their wealth, after such a collapse as the one spoken of represents, in purchasing power *two dollars of the former period* when everything was at its highest as to price. Indeed by processes like the above many worthy persons, in the long run, are positively the gainers, as they, to all intents and purposes are richer, relatively speaking, than ever they were before! Such facts as have been alluded to give strong and painful emphasis to the expression in the mouth of every poor man, that the tendency of all business and financial calamities is ever to "make the rich man richer and the poor man poorer." The truth of this political axiom is as old as the world itself, and political economy from the time of Adam Smith, who was the father of the same considered as a science, down to the present time divides nothing that seems calculated to remedy this grim and depressing fact.

The growth of Wheeling for the last forty years has not been a matter of surprise like the almost fabulous growth of more favorably situated centres of trade. Take for example that wonder of the Continent—Chicago—in the way of what Foresight, Energy, Enterprise and Location will do for the prosperity of a city. The latter element—Location—has been a more important factor in the present colossal greatness of that wonderful mart than either of the other above mentioned levers of power. But a comparative village, when Wheeling was one, it has outstripped in growth, every city on the Continent. Extending its Briarian arms in every direction, it holds



direct trade with Europe, and even aspires at the future commercial supremacy of the Nation! Whether this wonderful progress is to be consummated for the future glory of Chicago remains for the future to unfold; be this as it may, a city that suffers from a fire which destroys an area large enough to cover a site large enough in acreage sufficient to contain a half of a dozen small sized cities and recovers Phoenix-like from the same in but a few years is a marvel to the Nation and indeed to the world.

LOCALITY, however, has done but little for Wheeling. Unfavorably situated—territorially speaking—she has become what she is in prosperity by the untiring zeal and energy of her citizens of the long past, and the foresight, industry and ability of the inhabitants of the present day. What ever advance she has made in the line of manufactures, commerce, municipal improvements, or the like, has been made solidly and surely, even if it has been made slowly. Notwithstanding the depression of almost every business enterprise that has hung so long like a cloud over the land, she has suffered less severely than many other localities which it would be not difficult to name; nor can any one be mentioned which has enjoyed many immunities over her in this respect. Her future is promising; at no distant day, probably before another generation shall appear, she will triple her present population, which may be safely set down to be not less than 30,000 souls. When trade in all its ramifications shall revive and the progressing improvements—notably one of which, the Tuscarawas Valley Railroad, is completed, she will take fresh strides in advance of her present prominence among western manufacturing and commercial cities. After that will certainly, though slowly, come the demand for more sites for building purposes. The Island will be covered with private and business houses, and some means will be resorted to to protect that part of it that is liable to the incursions of the Ohio river when it assumes the character of a flooding enemy instead of a tributary friend. After having extended in all directions, then will follow perhaps the removal, or at least the partial abatement of Wheeling Hill, when a wide plateau of open and suitable land for largely extending the city's limits will present itself for the enterprise of her citizens. This is by no means a fanciful picture as to what the future may disclose; it may seem so now, to those who never saw the Wheeling of 1837. Had they seen the straggling, sparsely populated town that in 1836 had just been made a city, they would have been just as surprised had they been told then that the city would become, in 1873, the large compact, handsomely built, and enterprising business centre that it now is; and be it remembered this great change has been made within a period of time little over the time usually allotted to one generation, the city having nearly quadrupled its population during the last forty years.

What is to prevent history from repeating itself in this respect in the same period of time in the future? All the progress that Wheeling has made has been in very spite of locality. In this latter respect the town, or rather site of Moundsville, was originally a better location for a large city than our own. Yet the die being cast, and finding ourselves where we are, of course here we must stay for all time, but there are children now living who will yet see the day when all that territory from the southern end of Martin's Ferry—or Ohio City, as some of its more ambitious citizens are pleased to call it—down to the northern extremity of Bellaire, on one side of the river, and that great tract of land on this side beginning at Benwood and ending at the southern extremity of the Eighth ward, will be compactly built up with as much regularity as the Eighth ward itself, making the entire group—Wheeling, Benwood, Bellaire, Bridgeport, Etnaville and Martin's Ferry, just as much one city, to all intents and purposes, as New York and Brooklyn now are.

Even during the hardest of times the city and county have built the present beautiful State House, or Capitol, if you please, and with a liberality that does them honor, have tendered it to the State to use as long as the city shall be deemed the Capital of the State. But a short time has elapsed since an enterprising company have opened and equipped a magnificent line of Horse Railway, miles into the country, which gives the pleasure seeker one of the most delightful of excursions. We have had some calamities by fire within a year or two; notably, the Top Mill, Grant House, Washington Hall, and the Benwood Iron Works, but the hand of progress has repaired nearly all of them. It is almost but as yesterday since the Pittsburgh, Wheeling and Kentucky Road came into our city, offering us facilities for traffic and travel in some respects superior to those hitherto enjoyed by us. This railroad is destined to be of immense advantage to the city. It is well built, magnificently equipped, and controlled by the most judicious management.

With manufacturing and industrial interests equal if not superior to any city on the continent of the same population what is there to shade the future of Wheeling? In the iron and nail business she has not even a rival if population is considered. Her glasswares may make the same boast. The great glass works known as the CENTRAL of Oesterling & Co. is second to few, if any in the country, and the extensive concern of J. H. Hobbs, Brockunier & Co. scarcely acknowledge a rival. Their wares are sold to almost every nation having a flag. This may seem like strong language but they ship goods to all points of the compass—the West Indies, South America, Europe and even Asia.



The most graceful act of a public nature on the part of a private citizen took place in 1878. Imbued with a high sense of public duty and sinking all narrow considerations as to cost, my readers need hardly be reminded of the natural nobility of character evinced by our fellow townsman, James W. Paxton, Esq., in giving to the city of Wheeling the classic, beautiful FOUNTAIN which adorns the Capitol square. It cost \$10,000.00

The newspaper press of the city may properly be considered entitled to a notice here. The *INTELLIGENCER*, (Republican) may be said to represent, in part, the *Times* and *Gazette*, of the olden time, and also to a certain extent some persons who were known as Democrats—a few of whom voted for Stephen A. Douglas; some Whigs who voted for Bell and Everett, and a pretty general following of those who voted for Lincoln in 1860. The proprietors, Messrs. Frew & Campbell, have continued the business of this paper with such success, that it may be said that the establishment stands on as sure a footing as any newspaper press in the State. A. W. Campbell, Esq., is the ostensible editor, and wields a graceful pen, and enjoys as much popularity with his own party as usually falls to the lot of a politician; he has many friends and admirers among those who are of opposite politics.

The *REGISTER*, (Democratic) may be considered as the political representative of the old Wheeling *Argus*. For enterprise in the newspaper publishing business, this paper is behind none published in the city. It shows great vitality, is enterprising, and is edited by Lewis Baker, Esq., who wields a powerful and effective pen; he has been of much service to the Democratic party, and has as many warm friends in his own party, and indeed the opposition as such a prominent politician can expect to have.

Of the *SUNDAY LEADER*—as the proprietor of it is the publisher of the annexed City Directory, and of a modest and retiring disposition withal, when he is the subject of an eulogy—no matter how well deserved, it will be perhaps better to remain comparatively silent; but this much may be safely said, that it is very popular with its many thousands of readers,—Republicans and Democrats,—who very liberally patronize it.

A word in conclusion: In accordance with the programme laid before the reader in the beginning of this Review, I have only recalled those things to memory which are of sufficient importance to redeem them from the charge of being dry, trivial, and of no interest to any one. This being the case, of course a vast amount of matter has been avoided, that if inserted in the book it would have swollen its size to such a bulk, that the publisher, had such a tax been put on him, would have been compelled to publish a book more the appearance of a huge family bible than a directory. I would merely add that the task, though laborious and plodding, has not

been altogether an unpleasant one. I have been as careful in performing it as the circumstances would admit of; have inserted nothing I hope, to give offense to any one, as that would be foreign to the purpose of my Review. Hoping that there is enough spirit in it to redeem it from the charge of being "flat, stale and unprofitable," and submitting it to the reader with great deference, I bring the work to a close.

THE AUTHOR.

