

waters glistened as it were in the sheen of myriads of gems. The mountains on every side became stronger in outline, and every trembling leaf and intermingling bough was touched by the mystic spell. Now the base of the mighty range was in the glow, and the light creeping up soon the crest stood out in bold relief against the luminous sky, and the scene partook of Fairy land.

As one approaches Pittsburg the night is almost as light as day, the fierce glare of the innumerable coke-ovens, the high fire-vomiting chimneys of the iron-works, and the open furnaces, dispel the darkness and give the place a weird, unearthly appearance. First there are long lines of open-mouthed ovens sending their peculiar thin and noxious smoke upward on the right, and then a mile or two and another long line of these brazen-throated fire-eaters, the river just beyond assuming a hue as if molten streams of lava had been poured out upon its surface. It is directly between counter-fires, for upon the opposite side of the river are more coke-ovens; and so the line runs—coke-ovens here, there and everywhere, and the whole territory alive as it were with begrimed workers of the night.

At McKeesport, a thriving busy place where reside thousands of miners, the Youghiogheny meets the Monongahela, and the two rivers join in one continuous flow to their junction with the Alleghany River at Pittsburg forming the Ohio.

This romantic region is rich with historic memories. In 1754, the "Ohio Company," composed of London and Virginia merchants, had begun a settlement and fort at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, where Pittsburg now stands. A strong force of French, seized the fort, and having completed its defences, gave it the name of Du Quesne. Meanwhile, Colonel George Washington, then in the twenty-second year of his age, was despatched to hold the fort for the English. A small party of French soldiers advanced to warn him off what was claimed as French territory. Washington, apprehending that their purpose was hostile, and eager to distinguish himself, surprised them in a narrow valley. The French sprang to arms. "Fire!" cried Washington. "That word," says Bancroft, "kindled the world into a flame." It precipitated the earth-shaking conflict on the plains of India, on the waters of the Mediterranean and the Spanish Main, on the Gold Coast of Africa, on the ramparts of Louisburg, on the heights of Quebec, and here in the valley of the Ohio, which led to the utter defeat of the French, and the destruction of their sovereignty on this continent.

Washington threw up entrenchments, which he named Fort Necessity, and with four hundred men held his ground for a