

ment in commemoration of the battle of Trenton was unveiled here this afternoon with imposing ceremonies. The day's exercises began with a procession of troops and governors to the monument, followed by the unveiling; then a counter-march and review at the court house. There were five thousand troops from New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Connecticut. A great concourse of people assembled to witness the ceremonies. The principal feature of the monument is a large bronze statue of Washington standing on a handsome shaft. The monument is a hundred and fifty feet above the street level.

**BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 20.**—A frightful wreck and holocaust occurred early this morning on the Grand Trunk road a mile and a half from this city in which twenty-five to forty persons lost their lives and scores were maimed. An eastbound special train loaded with returning World's Fair passengers came in collision head on with a westbound passenger, causing a most disastrous smash up. The wreck took fire and many of the wounded, pinned beneath broken timbers and twisted iron, were burned to death. The responsibility for the accident is said to rest with Conductor Scott and Engineer Wooley of the eastbound train who disobeyed orders by not stopping at Nichols to let the westbound pass. Twenty-four dead bodies are already taken from the ruins, all terribly burned and unrecognizable. The killed as far as known, are all Eastern people. Three coaches of the eastbound train burned up. It is supposed that fully as many are still in the wreck as have been taken out. Fully forty are severely, if not fatally injured. The eastbound train which the loss of life is frightful was the Raymond and Whitcomb excursion returning from Chicago, loaded with passengers from New York and Boston.

The loss of life was in the westbound train, not the eastbound special, as at first reported. Both engines were badly wrecked and the baggage car of the eastbound train, but the rest of it, being made up of sleepers, withstood the shock and nobody in them was hurt.

**BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 20.**—The Raymond & Whitcomb train was in charge of Conductor Scott of this city. Engineer Henry Wooley was pulling it, and there appears to be no doubt that Engineer Wooley's negligence caused the accident. The conductor and engineer received orders here to meet the Pacific express at Nichols. Engineer Wooley got the orders at Battle Creek, and getting beyond the stretch of double track, kept right on at a rattling pace. He met the Pacific express half a mile or less below the meeting point made for him. The Pacific express was coming at thirty miles an hour. From Nichols a curve begins, so it was impossible for either engineer to see the other until the headlights appeared. They had scarcely time to reverse, apply the air-brakes and save themselves as best they could.

The Battle Creek fire department did heroic work. They received the alarm five minutes after the accident. The horses could not be driven between

the cars because of the flames, so a rope was hitched to the chimney, and it was hauled, by hand into position and the rear sleeper "Sabina," saved. The firemen took out everybody and practically cleared away the debris.

The bodies were loaded on a flat car and taken to Battle Creek station, and then conveyed into Ranger & Earley's undertaking-rooms where a morgue was extemporized. The scene at the morgue appalled the stoutest hearts. The dead were ranged along the side of the dark basement, which was illuminated by a feeble flickering jet. Not a shred of clothing was left upon them, and the remains were so mangled and disfigured that they resembled nothing but an ancient mummy that might have been disfigured before death.

The best preserved corpse was that of a boy about 12 years old. A fringe of hair of reddish hue was left about the ears and base of the skull. The upper part of the head was gone, consumed by the flames. A portion of the brain protruded and were of a white yellowish color. They were literally cooked.

Another of the best preserved bodies was that of a man of powerful physical frame. The flames licked the victim's face, shoulders and body, but the features and contour of the figure remain as in life, and might be identified by those familiar with his appearance, and these two were the least scarred and best preserved of that row of twenty unrecognizable dead.

Survivors tell vivid stories of their experiences. H. C. Crowley of Port Huron, at the time of the accident, had just left his brother, W. H. Crowley, in the second coach. He couldn't find him after the wreck, and spent all day in futile search.

John C. Stewart, of Dalton, Ill., had his body badly bruised, and his daughter, Jennie, was also seriously injured, and had her arm broken. He had two children with him, a boy and a girl. The boy heroically rescued his sister, pulling her out through a coach window.

C. C. Van Dusen, of Sprouthrook, N. Y., was accompanied by his wife, on their way to the Fair. He was taken out of the wreck crushed and bruised, and taken to the hospital, where he died in a short time. He was conscious to the last, and calmly arranged his business affairs, leaving everything in the hands of his friend, Rev. George Culp. He did not know of the awful fate of his wife.

Mrs. Van Dusen was pinned in the telescoped cars, and at first had no doubt of escape. As she looked out of the window and awaited the rescuers the alarm of fire was given. "Hurry up, please," she said.

A minute later, while strong men were straining to extricate her, the flames began to creep rapidly towards her. "You shan't burn; we'll get you out," cried the men, as they wrestled frantically with the splintered timber.

The rescuers became giants in strength and madmen in desperation and struggled wildly with the tangled mass of wood and iron. The woman was silent and gazed imploringly into the faces of the firemen.

"My God, Oh! my God!" suddenly burst from the lips of one of the heroic workers, and in that despairing cry the helpless woman read her death warrant.

She gave one agonized wail, and then her woman's weakness gave way to a martyr's strength.

"I can die, oh yes, I can die, if I must," she said soothingly to the strong men who were weeping in their impotent strength.

Again they struggled to rescue, but the flames were encircling the party and the blaze claimed the victim that the crash had spared.

"I am a Christian," she said resignedly, and a moment later her voice was raised in prayer. The flames now completely encircled the helpless victim, and the firemen were driven away as the blaze caught her arms; and as she fought wildly to keep the flames from her face she told her name and address and left messages of love to her husband and family.

The closing minute was a pathetic struggle against the inevitable, but it was the flesh that struggled, not the spirit. While the face of the woman gazed heavenward, and her lips moved in prayer, even the fury of the flames that wreathed her limbs and blistered and curled her whole flesh, were powerless to provoke a scream.

Suddenly, there was a swaying and a surging of the burning timbers above her. A wild groan burst simultaneously from the lips of the spectators and strong men wept. Through their tears they saw the flames sweep around the face of the martyred woman and her hair burned wildly for a moment. Her head dropped to one side as the victim inhaled the flames; the praying lips were stilled, and the soul of Mrs. Van Dusen had passed beyond the fury of the elements of the earth.

An hour later her husband, for whom she left a loving message, joined her in the world to come.

Engineer Henry Wooley and Conductor Scott, of train No. 6, were both arrested and placed under \$3000 bonds for their appearance. Engineer Wooley said to the justice that while he was oiling up at the depot, Conductor Scott came to him with the orders and said to him that No. 9 had gone through, and that the dispatcher was crazy because they had not got out. Wooley hurried up his oiling and when he got into the cab told the conductor he was ready to go, and asked him if he was sure that train No. 9 had gone through. Scott said yes, she had, and Wooley's fireman heard him say so. Scott further said the road was all clear, and they started out. When they got into the yards, Wooley saw an engine which he supposed at first was the switch engine, but seeing a moment later it was coming too fast, shut off and was at a dead standstill when No. 5 struck them. He asked Scott after the wreck about the order and Scott muttered he thought No. 9 had gone. Scott, who returned this evening from Port Huron, emphatically denies Wooley's statement, and says he understood his orders perfectly and did not tell the engineer that No. 9 had gone by.

The responsibility for the wreck seems undoubtedly to lie between these two men. Railroad men say, however, even if Scott had made the statement attributed to him by Wooley, this would not have justified the engineer in disobeying orders.