As Others See Us
By C. Hax McCullough

Each issue, this column features quotes about Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania.

"Hark! how enterprise and industry are raging away! — while steam and water-power shake the hills to their very foundation! — and every spot is in a ferment with innumerable workmen as busy, and as dingy too, as the pragmatical insects in Virgil's poetic ant-hill! Every breeze is redolent with nameless odours of factories and work-shops; and the ear is stunned by the ceaseless uproar from clatter and clang of cog and wheel — the harsh grating of countless rasps and files — the ringing of a thousand anvils — the spiteful clickings of enormous shears biting rods of iron into nails — the sissing of hot tongs in water — and the deep earthquaking bass of forge-hammers teaching rude masses how to assume the first forms of organic and civilized metal!"


"Anne Royall, the redoubtable and eccentric enemy of evangelical Christianity and the self-appointed champion of the Masons, made a visit to Pittsburgh...and left a scorching indictment of the city as 'that barbarous, ignorant, smoky, pitiful, rascally, dirty, dingy, silly, murderous, anti-Masonic, vagabond village.' It was no wonder that someone proceeded to horsewhip her, and then, when brought into court, escaped with a twenty-dollar fine."


"The long winter evenings were passed by the humble villagers at each other's homes, with merry tale and song, or in simple games; and the hours of night sped lightly onward with the unskilled, untiring youth, as they threaded the mazes of the dance, guided by the music of the violin, from which some good-humored rustic drew his Orphean sounds. In the jovial time of harvest and hay-making, the sprightly and active of the village participated in the rural labors and the hearty pastimes, which distinguished the happy season. The balls and merrymakings that were so frequent in the village were attended by all without any particular deference to rank or riches. No other etiquette than that which natural politeness prescribed was exacted or expected..."

— From recollections of Samuel Jones, register and recorder of Allegheny County, in 1826, also in Pittsburgh; The Story of a City.