

that this clause enabled all the rich men to evade service, leaving the real drafting among the poor.

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What was the cause of it all? Why, the Negro of course! So on Sunday, July 12, the working men, aided by a number of political agitators, addressed crowded meetings all over the city, and proceeded to organise an opposition to enrolment. Their slogan was, 'Kill the Niggers!' and they quickly acquired the name of 'The Left Wing of Lee's Army.' By Monday the anger of the population was extreme, and bands of rioters began to march through the city, fighting the police and committing numberless outrages. Their first act was to burn the colored orphan asylum, on the north-west corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Third Street,—only a block from our house. The building stood on a green lawn shaded by fine old trees, and occupied about half the block. One of my cousins who saw what occurred has vividly described the burning and sacking of the asylum. Not only men, but half-grown boys, and women who equalled in fury the Madame Defarges of the French Revolution, pillaged and fired the building, carrying out mattresses, chairs, and anything they could lay hands on. Previously to this the poor little children had been hurried out through a rear entrance to places of temporary safety.

As soon as my grandfather learned the serious nature of the trouble, he called Jinny to him and gave her strict orders to keep away from the windows. It was thought that this would be precaution enough, but the next day a story reached us that every house where there was a Negro would be mobbed; and private information was conveyed to my grandfather that the rioters knew he was harboring a colored servant, and that hence his house was no longer a safe asylum for any one. The militia had been called out to aid the police. But, nevertheless, Negroes had been killed all over the city: and at any moment our house might be entered, poor Jinny dragged out and murdered, and the whole place wrecked. The fears of the family were augmented by the arrival at my grandfather's house of his sister-in-law and her family. That very morning (Tuesday) it was decided that for her own sake and ours, Jinny must be sent away until order was restored.

But where to? Fortunately, the answer to that question was close at hand. At the beginning of the trouble some of the frightened colored people had fled to Dr. Houghton for protection. He had locked them all in a loft in his church yard, and had stationed inside the gate a man with a gun, giving him orders to shoot the first rioter who tried to enter. Then for the five days that the reign of terror continued, Dr. Houghton himself attended to his charges. Not even his own servants knew he was harboring the Negroes, as he carried food to them at midnight when the household was asleep. The man at the gate was under the impression that he was there to protect the rector,—a service that Dr. Houghton would have scorned for himself.

Dreadful stories reached my grandfather of how the unfortunate Negroes who fell into the rioters' hands were tortured and killed: so all the family felt that no time was to be lost in getting our faithful Jinny to the safest place to which we were able to send her. She herself, although naturally a brave soul, was by that time thoroughly frightened and perfectly passive in the hands of my grandmother and aunts. The whole household gathered in my grandmother's room while Jinny was attired in a black taffeta silkdress, a Paisley shawl belonging to my grandmother, and also her bonnet—fortunately, one of the immense bonnets of the period, covering all the head and hair. Finally, she was enveloped in a thick green barege veil that completely concealed her features. A pair of my grandfather's kid gloves were brought into requisition to hide her hands, and then she was ready to go.

About dusk my grandfather opened the front door and Jinny passed out, my father on one side of her, my uncle on the other. My father gave Jinny his arm and called her 'auntie.' In fact, being of a lively disposition and scorning any danger to himself, he tried to make her think it was a very easy matter to get her safely transferred from one place to the other. It had been decided that to walk was safer than to drive; so they turned down Fifth Avenue, my uncle on Jinny's other side, carrying a carpet bag in which was my grandmother's silver tea set, a family heirloom which had been entrusted to Jinny's care. It was thirteen blocks from Forty-Second to Twenty-Ninth, but the trip was made in safety; although they met bands of shouting stragglers, and the noise of firing could be heard constantly. All three men were prepared to sell their lives, it need be, to protect their charge. But, through the mercy of God, the party at last reached Twenty-Ninth Street, and a few minutes later Jinny was locked in the church, under Dr. Houghton's sheltering care.

As soon as Jinny was safely started with my father and uncle, the rest of the family prepared to leave the house, as it was decided it would be much safer at the home of my great-uncle on Twenty-Third Street, at the foot of Madison Avenue: some of the available troops being gathered in Madison Square, directly opposite. So the family set off in two's and three's, in order not to attract attention. They took with them money and jewels. One boy of the family, then just grown up, was the proud possessor of three white duck waistcoats, and these he crowded into his bag to the exclusion of more valuable things. No one was sure the party would ever reach my great-uncle's house safely. But, fortunately, all arrived there unharmed: and for three days my uncle entertained practically all his relatives who were in the city, the younger ones being obliged to sleep on the floor.

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On July 15 Archbishop Hughes, who lived on the north-west corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-Fifth Street, decided that something must be done to end the trouble. He was loved and revered by all and had unbounded influence over the workmen, whether they were of his religion or not. So he sent out a call for the rioters to come up to his house—a command that they obeyed almost to a man. From the balcony of his house the great Archbishop, whose fearlessness and love of justice were well known, addressed the men, calling upon them to stop rioting and return peaceably to their homes, and telling them that, unjust as the Conscription Act might be, their present lawless behaviour was no way to obtain redress. His impassioned appeal had a marked effect, and by one's and two's or in groups the men began quietly to disperse.

The Archbishop's timely intervention was reinforced that afternoon by another Catholic, the gallant General Kilpatrick, who had been hurriedly sent for from Virginia. At the head of several hundred cavalry, he took charge of the city, and his regiment was bivouacked in Madison Square. These were not dress parade soldiers, but the real thing, the horses skinny, worn, and muddy; the soldiers and officers travel-stained, shabby, and showing the effects of hard fighting with Lee's Army. But they could ride splendidly: and under their spirited leadership the disturbers of the peace, who had been deeply impressed by Archbishop Hughes' commands to cease rioting, were quickly overcome. This was on Wednesday, and by Friday the uprising was ended. During the five days that it lasted more than a thousand men were killed, and property valued at a million and a-half was destroyed.

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The colored people were kept by Dr. Houghton, I think, a week longer, until it was deemed perfectly safe to let them return to their homes. For this and many other deed of kindness Dr. Houghton to the end

Dr. J. J. GRESHAM

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