

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE Author of "Cardome," "Borrowed from the Night"

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED

With such thoughts, leading up to such conclusions, Arthur wandered farther down the brook-way, until the white walls of the Hall were before him in the starlight.

He knew his love had in it a power which he had learned to fear even in the brief period it had held sway over him, and unless some unsurmountable barrier were set around it, it would carry him, in spite of himself, into the union which he held would be fatal for both.

As if a voice spake them, the words came to his conscious mind, and they stopped him in his tracks. Take Milly home—and then—what? Return?—Nay!—Remain there?—How?—As Milly's husband! Swifter than a lightning flash, questions were asked and answered, and Arthur Stanton read in them his destiny.

This was to be! For this strange family had come to his door, and lingered when so many others had gone their way. For this Milly had waited on, serving the man and woman who were not her parents, when deserted by their own children.

For this she had elevated herself in the minds of those who beheld in her only the daughter of Arthur Stanton's tenant, so that, when the hour of revelation came, she would not have to experience the humiliation of a change from a lowly position to one more exalted. For this all things had worked, and he saw it was for him to acknowledge this, and pass, by its means out of the present conflict into a future of peace.

For one solemn moment he stood, and Fate, as if fearful of the soul, should it, in that moment, assert itself and wrench victory from defeat, shrank away, and his destiny was powerless before him. Where was the angel he had been taught to believe was at his side? Where was the love he had anchored his life to?

Where was his soul? That Arthur Stanton should not hurl that moment's hesitation from him with the strength of man, born to rule, endowed with the power of knowing his good and turning aside from his evil? Where were the intuitions of the spirit—nay, the very instincts of nature, that he should stand there for that moment, and then go forward, and stopping where the girl sat, say:

"Milly, I will take you home!" Alas, and still alas, that we are so scoundrels! Alas that we yield to a cowardly fate, and open our breasts for the undirected sorrow of disaster! But greatest cause for our bewailing, that we fail in our trust of love. Never did love come more truly than to the hearts of Arthur and Lucy Frazier, never was it more basely forsaken; and never did love more deeply avenge itself than on this man and woman whose story is here recorded. And though those who read may not heed it, according to no more than the fancies of another's brain, still is its truth proclaimed from old, that the voice of love should be heeded no matter from what neighborhood it calls, and followed no matter how long and dangerous the way.

At the words of Arthur, Milly rose and stood before him, looking at him with eyes that seemed to compare head to head the things of life, as they seemed to read the secrets of his soul, and the scales dropped from his own eyes, and he saw why Milly had stayed on. It was not fate, nor circumstance, nor affection for her foster-parents, but love for him that had kept her at his door; and he recalled the expression of pity for his ignorance of her husband that had shown on the face of the dying mother. The knowledge staggered him. He had not expected this—did he want it?

He looked down into her dusk face and gloomy eyes, more mysterious than ever in the starlight, and the

strange sense of quietude she had ever inspired, appeared to fold itself around him to draw him down into the unfathomable depths of the soul in which it had its dwelling-place; and Arthur Stanton knew that he shook that sense off with sudden alarm.

Though he would not permit himself to yield to it completely, he did not turn entirely from the influence, and under it all the emotions that had racked his being, grew still. Fatal this influence might ultimately prove, as the narcotic to which the sufferer turns for relief from pain, but he had not strength to withdraw from it because of the release it brought from the stinging whips of the hour.

For another while the silence hung between them, then he said: "It is as your husband I wish to take you home, Milly—I will you let me?"

He knew her answer before she gave it, for when had Milly said "No" to a request of his? But he did not take her in his arms and kiss her—Lucy had stolen all love's caresses—and yet he did not want to go away. The only place for him, beyond this spot with her, was the uninhabited house, with its memories too many and too strong for him to venture there alone. Their conversation was fragmentary, the words trailing off into long silences. Only once was the silence broken by Milly, who said:

"You are certain you will not regret it, Arthur, no matter what shall come?"

His mind swept the past at her words, and he knew, what might no future could be worse.

"I shall not regret it, Milly," he answered, "nor shall you."

Midnight was in the sky before they separated. But when Arthur was alone in the Hall, singularly enough it was not of the tragedy of his life he thought, but of the fact of her love, when it was made patent by the most commonplace things of his life? How could he have been so dull when her presence pervaded the place, and the work of her hands—work for him!—was everywhere present? He could not say he was unconscious of this, and why had he not sought for the cause? And she had done this all this time, without any hope of reward—and could he say the reward in the mere asking her to be his wife? Rather had it not opened for her world of even greater service, as barren of results as the past had been?

Her love had enfolded his life for years and only God could determine how much of the uprightness which he prided himself on were due to that enfolding love, for it was strong enough to sustain the hungry woman-heart, it were surely powerful enough to drive off all dangers that might threaten him. Was it not the sense of Milly's nearness that had made it possible for him to venture home, his grandmothers, his one friend, his inspiring influence of his life, had been taken from him?

Was it not the feeling of Milly's unchangeableness in a world of change, that had held some of his old sentiments and beliefs to their anchorage? Was it not the unconscious thought of Milly that had made him not wholly desperate under the calamity of the night? And was it not Milly who was now leading him out of a future of promise? He had no love for her—no—he had had something deeper, something for which there was no expression, but which manifested itself in this deep serenity and feeling of security!

And while Lucy tossed on the pillow, wet with her passionate and repentant tears, Arthur sank into a dreamless slumber, with the thought of Milly dominating his soul.

But never does morning show the events of the previous day in the colors they were at night, and on waking and realizing what had happened, what he had done, Arthur Stanton knew that he had acted the part of a madman, for love came in at daybreak, wild and surging love for the woman who was not to be his wife. Soon afterward Joe brought him a pitiful, tear-blotted note from Lucy, pleading forgiveness, the first such cry she had made in her proud young life; for the little sister had told her of Arthur's visit and her heart ached more for him than for herself.

He read it, with the negro watching him, with alarm in his round eyes. Then, mechanically, he drew to him pen and paper, and wrote:

"Last night I asked Milly to be my wife." It was noon before he appeared in Milly's home. He found the old man alone, for Milly's duties at the school had called her away at an early hour. When he heard what Arthur had come to say, the old man cried:

"Now I can go in peace, knowing my little girl has found the reward for her goodness."

From that hour he began visibly to fail, and the story of Arthur's engagement to Milly, whose history outlived the wildest romance, was not a week old, until the old man was laid beside his wife. A few days later Arthur and his bride left for West Virginia to claim her inheritance and begin their new life, while Lucy Frazier lay on a bed of fever, from which the physician feared she would never rise.

and ever-ready Death lasted. In the end, life triumphed, and Lucy was led back to the world she would gladly have quit.

"Let me die, God! Let me die!" she prayed, after reading the line Arthur had written, and still was that her prayer when the doctor said to the grief-stricken patient, "She will live!"

But as day after day, and week after week, succeeded, and she asked herself if it were not better that Lucy's prayer, instead of theirs, had been granted. Vainly her young friends strove to win her back to the pleasures she once had held dear, for she knew she would only be the skeleton at the feast. Her heart was as dead as last year's leaves, and it were folly to hope to resurrect it. Yet her parents would have forced her out of her seclusion, she turned upon them like a wounded tigress, and when they came to her with the terrible truth that they were the prime cause of what had come to her, and now they as well as she must bear the consequences, she silenced them effectively. We may sit by the wayside and make our moan if we will, but we need not expect the world will pause forever to listen to our outcry. After the novelty of Lucy's romance wore off, or the sympathy of her friends was exhausted, her little world went its way and Lucy was forgotten. Her parents accepted the situation, and turned to their younger children for what she had denied them.

There were then only left to Lucy, the two old negroes in the log house and Miss Cora. Little could she do for herself, depends upon her feeble strength, do for her, but bewail the misfortune of their idol, heap malediction upon the stranger who had helped to bring it about, the blame the dead, savage and civilized, for their primal part in the misery they had been forced to witness. Miss Cora was more helpful. To her, afterward, Lucy had confided the secret which she had promised to keep, and she had shared the woman's grief, and her own was the oil for the lamp of the intellect, wept tears of deepest sorrow as she held the heartbroken girl to her bosom. But after that first moment, weakness no more marked the conduct of Miss Cora. Sympathy is good, but succor is better, and this she would bring to Lucy. What had made up the happiness of her life was forever lost to her, but life still remained, and why in the name of heaven had it not opened for her a blessing to which when Lucy had ever had this could be done, Miss Cora pointed to the little school-room across the road.

And thus was Miss Cora's early wish that Lucy might be associated with her in the work of Stanton School, accomplished. A year passed and then the end came for Aunt Jenny. As she lay a corpse, the neighborhood was shocked by the intelligence that Stanton Hall had been closed, up the transfer of the property.

The funeral of Aunt Jenny was something to go down in the negro history of the community, for never had one so splendid body, for never had they had so true a feminine regard, the poor old black body, that had encased a heart so white, was so warm a friend of the colored race, and many of them attended his funeral. Among others was Milly who was devoted to the doctor.

I was particularly fond of her, and she of me. She never could or would pronounce my name, and she did not want to call me by my nickname. Instead, she always called me "Missy George," and regularly once a week she always wore on Saturdays, would escort little "Missy George" to church. If I became sleepy during the sermon—which frequently happened—as sermons in those days were no twenty-minute affairs—Jenny's ample shoulder made a soft cushion to lean on. She was very short and fat, and, with the addition of the wide hoops that were worn at the time, she took up so much room in the pew, especially when she stood up to sing, that I, in the corner, was almost lost to sight. Like so many of the colored race, she possessed sweet voice, and her singing was always an event for me.

It was on the 13th of July, 1863 that the greatest drama in Milly's life occurred. There had been a call for 300,000 drafted men for the war. New York was filled with southern sympathizers and half-hearted adherents to the federal cause; and my grandfather, although a northerner, was accused of being in sympathy with the south because he kept a colored servant.

On the 3rd of March Congress had passed a conscription act, whereby men between the ages of twenty and forty-five years could be drafted for service. A man, however, could procure exemption from service by the payment of \$300. On Tuesday, July 11, when an enrollment office was opened in the State, not only the governor of the state, but also a number of prominent men in New York were very justly opposed to the \$300 clause in the act; and it did not take the lower classes long to find out that this clause enabled all the rich men to evade service, leaving the real drafting among the poor.

What was the cause of it all? Why, the negro, of course! So on Sunday, July 12, the workingmen, aided by a number of political agitators, addressed a crowded meeting all over the city, and proceeded to organize an opposition to enrollment. 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 northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street—only a block from our house. The building stood on a green lawn, shaded by some 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 equaled in fury the Madams Defarges of the French revolution, pillaged and fired the building, carried out mattresses, chairs, 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 Milly 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 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 two soldiers, who had become separated from their regiment, had been pursued by the rioters and killed right at my aunt's door. So the next morning (Tuesday) it was decided that for her own sake and ours, Milly must be sent away until order was restored.

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 Milly 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 Milly was attired in a black tafetta silk dress, 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 Milly passed out, my father on one side of her, my uncle on the other. My father gave Milly 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 another. It had been decided that to walk was safer than to drive; so they turned down Fifth Avenue, my uncle on Milly's other side, carrying a carpet-bag in which was my grandmother's silver tea set, a family heirloom which had been entrusted to Milly's care. It was thirteen blocks from Forty-second Street to Twenty-ninth, but the trip was made in safety; although they met bands of rioting stragglers, and the noise of firing could be heard constantly. All three men were prepared to sell their lives, if 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 Milly was locked in the church, under Dr. Houghton's sheltering care.

As soon as Milly was safely stowed with my father and uncle the rest of the family prepared to leave the house, as it was decided they would be much safer at the home of my grandfather 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 twos and threes, 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 grandfather's house safely. But, fortunately, after three days my uncle entertained practically all his relatives who were in the city, the younger ones being obliged to sleep on the floor.

On July 15 Archbishop Hughes, who lived on the northwest 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 classes, and his religious men, whether they went out a call for 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 peacefully to their homes, and telling them that, unjust as the conscription act might be, their present lawless behavior was no way to obtain redress. His impassioned appeal had a marked effect, and by ones and twos 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's command 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 one thousand men were killed and property valued at \$1,500,000 was destroyed.

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THE STORY OF 'JINNY'

It was in the autumn of 1826 when my grandmother had been only a few months a bride that there came to her house as cook a bright young colored girl, Jane Goldsmith, who was then, I think, about twenty-eight years old. In a few months she left to be married; but in less than a year she returned to my grandmother's house, her husband having been blown up in an accident to a small river steambot plying the Hudson—which occurrence led my father in later years to illustrate the story of Jane's short period of wedded bliss by telling of a colored man who said: "If you get blowed up on land dar you are! But if you get blowed up on water, ware are you?" Be that as it may, Jane's husband disappeared forever; and henceforth she lived with my grandmother, spending over fifty years in our household. She was known to four generations of our large family as "Jinny," and I think she loved us as much as we loved her. In her extreme old age she became totally blind.

When the civil war broke out my father realized that Milly would require extra care. At that time his house was on E. Forty-second Street, between Fifth and Madison Avenues, New York—a block that both then and for years after was one of the most attractive in the city. My grandfather's house was the first one from Fifth Avenue, on the south side of the street; and running along the west side of the house was a narrow alley that gave entrance to the rear of a row of houses on Fifth Avenue extending from Forty-second to Forty-first Streets, known as "The Duke of Devonshire Row." Externally they were built to look like a single house, and the row was so quiet and charming in appearance. The stone used was of buff color; the windows were long and narrow, having the appearance of lancet windows, and filled in with small panes of glass. On the second floor were bay windows of a rather unusual shape. The houses, English in style, stood back from the Avenue, with grass-plots in front that were finished by a long iron railing which ran the length of the block. The whole place seemed to represent the grace of the palace in London, hence the name. It is a pity that these and other quaint old houses in New York ever get pulled down.

A certain actor had died and his relatives called on the pastor of a church on the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street to arrange for the funeral. The rector declined, saying he did not care to have a member of the theatrical profession buried from his church, "but," he added, "there's a little church around the corner where they will do it." Dr. Houghton, whose large-hearted love and generosity made no distinction of race or profession, at once agreed to have the funeral at his church. He was also a warm friend of the colored race, and many of them attended his funeral. Among others was Milly who was devoted to the doctor.

I was particularly fond of her, and she of me. She never could or would pronounce my name, and she did not want to call me by my nickname. Instead, she always called me "Missy George," and regularly once a week she always wore on Saturdays, would escort little "Missy George" to church. If I became sleepy during the sermon—which frequently happened—as sermons in those days were no twenty-minute affairs—Jenny's ample shoulder made a soft cushion to lean on. She was very short and fat, and, with the addition of the wide hoops that were worn at the time, she took up so much room in the pew, especially when she stood up to sing, that I, in the corner, was almost lost to sight. Like so many of the colored race, she possessed sweet voice, and her singing was always an event for me.

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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 deeds of kindness Dr. Houghton to the end of his life was beloved by the colored race in New York. He was as large-hearted and as cosmopolitan in his sympathies as was the great Archbishop himself. Our Milly, faithfully guarding the family silver, was joyfully received when she came home again. She lived to a green old age, dying in 1878. As our lot in Trinity cemetery was by that time rather crowded she was buried in St. Michael's cemetery on Long Island, in a plot reserved by Dr. Houghton for his colored people. And here, after half a century of loving and faithful service given to us and our house, all that is mortal of her rests in peace.—Georgina Pell Curtis, in the Ave Maria.

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 Milly 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 Milly was attired in a black tafetta silk dress, 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 Milly passed out, my father on one side of her, my uncle on the other. My father gave Milly 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 another. It had been decided that to walk was safer than to drive; so they turned down Fifth Avenue, my uncle on Milly's other side, carrying a carpet-bag in which was my grandmother's silver tea set, a family heirloom which had been entrusted to Milly's care. It was thirteen blocks from Forty-second Street to Twenty-ninth, but the trip was made in safety; although they met bands of rioting stragglers, and the noise of firing could be heard constantly. All three men were prepared to sell their lives, if 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 Milly was locked in the church, under Dr. Houghton's sheltering care.

As soon as Milly was safely stowed with my father and uncle the rest of the family prepared to leave the house, as it was decided they would be much safer at the home of my grandfather 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 twos and threes, 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 grandfather's house safely. But, fortunately, after three days my uncle entertained practically all his relatives who were in the city, the younger ones being obliged to sleep on the floor.

On July 15 Archbishop Hughes, who lived on the northwest 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 classes, and his religious men, whether they went out a call for 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 peacefully to their homes, and telling them that, unjust as the conscription act might be, their present lawless behavior was no way to obtain redress. His impassioned appeal had a marked effect, and by ones and twos 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's command 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 one thousand men were killed and property valued at \$1,500,000 was destroyed.

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