

## THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" IN THE DRAFT RIOTS.

### THE STORY OF A MEMBER OF THE STAFF WHO ASSISTED IN ARMING THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE.

By JAMES R. GILMORE ("Edmund Kirke")



IN July, 1863, General Lee had invaded Pennsylvania, John Morgan was riding roughshod over Ohio, and President Lincoln had called for another half million of men to aid in suppressing the Southern Confederacy. Congress had passed an

injudicious law exempting from the operation of the draft all who should pay into the treasury the sum of three hundred dollars. Discontent was almost universal, and it was systematically fomented, especially in New York City, by a class of "pot-house politicians," who, haranguing in barrooms and on street corners, declared that the draft was unconstitutional, that no allowance had been made for seven thousand men who had recently been sent from New York City to repel Lee's advance into Pennsylvania, and that it bore with peculiar oppressiveness upon the poor man. Blind to the gathering storm, the government, after denuding New York City of all but three hundred troops, went on with the enrolment; and on Saturday, the 11th of July, began the draft in the Ninth District. Twelve hundred and thirty-six names were drawn, but no trouble occurred. Early in the morning of Sunday, though, throngs of excited men began to crowd the hotels and barrooms in the locality where the draft was to continue on the morrow. Gathering in little knots, they denounced the conscription, and openly talked of attacking the drafting officers. Mingling among them were men in common, and in some instances shabby, clothing, but whose speech indicated cultivation, and whose hands showed them unused to labor. They advised concert of action, and the gathering together of clubs, fence-rails, stones, rusty guns, and every variety of offensive weapon, to be secreted in convenient places, in readiness for a grand outbreak on the morrow.

In the evening excited crowds paraded the streets, singing and shouting; but towards midnight they dispersed, leaving New York to its usual quiet.

About three o'clock on the following morning (Monday), Sidney Howard Gay, the managing editor of the "Tribune," having finished his work on Monday's paper, left his office in the dingy building then standing on the corner of Spruce and Nassau Streets, and boarded a street car to go to his up-town lodgings. The driver on the platform said to him: "Stirrin' times, sir. Fa'th, an' ye'll have something to talk about to-morrow."

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Nothing; only a mob will resist the draft to-morrow, and New York will see the biggest riot in history."

Mr. Gay went to his lodgings, and slept quietly until nine o'clock on the following morning. Then he arose, took a hasty breakfast, and went out upon the avenue. The stores were closed, the streets deserted, but excited crowds were gathered on every corner. This recalled to him the words of the car-driver. Evidently a storm was brewing, and, it might be, it was about to break in a torrent of bloody rain on the defenceless city. His post was with the "Tribune"; so he boarded a street car, and two hours before his usual time entered his office, two miles away, all unconscious of the high havoc already reigning in the upper part of the city.

Soon tidings came in to him that the enrolment offices had been sacked and burned, and all uptown was in the control of an infuriated mob. Meanwhile, an excited crowd had gathered in Printing House Square, that was being harangued by a Virginian named Andrews, who denounced the "Tribune" in violent language, and raised his hands with threatening gestures to those who were looking down from the windows of the editorial rooms. While he did so, there rose every now and then from the crowd a cry

NOTE.—It is proper to state that many of the facts incorporated in this article were derived from Sidney Howard Gay, and that it was read to him by his daughter, during his last illness, who then made, at his dictation, several additions to it. It may therefore be regarded as the joint production of Mr. Gay, Mr. James Parton, and the writer.

of: "Down with the 'Tribune'!" "Down with the old white coat what thinks a naygar as good as an Irishman."

These ominous storm gatherings Mr. Gay reported to Mr. Greeley on his arrival, soon afterwards, in the editorial rooms, adding: "The authorities have taken no steps for our defence. The 'Evening Post' has armed its building; we must do the same, if it is to be saved. This is not a riot, but a revolution."

"It looks like it," said Mr. Greeley; "it is just what I have expected, and I have no doubt they will hang me; but I want no arms brought into the building. We must rely upon the authorities, and submit to our fate, if no help comes from them."

#### PROTECTION SOUGHT FOR THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE.

Saying this, he put his arm within that of the editor of the "Independent," who was present, and went away to his dinner. Crowds of excited people were in Printing House Square, but the two editors passed them in safety. An hour or two later Mr. Gay set out to find Mr. George Opdyke, the mayor, and to demand of him the protection of the authorities; but while he was in pursuit of that official, one of those trifling incidents occurred which now and then save nations and printing offices.

Two gentlemen, having heard uptown of the danger threatening the "Tribune," had left their homes to give it warning, and they met in the business office of the great newspaper. There they learned from Mr. Samuel Sinclair, the publisher, that Mr. Greeley had gone away, enjoining that no arms should be provided to defend the premises. Neither of them had any pecuniary interest in the establishment, but both felt that a blow aimed at the "Tribune" was aimed equally at free speech; and one of them said to the other: "The 'Tribune' editor is wrong; let us arm the building on our own responsibility."

This proposition was assented to, and the two gentlemen—one of whom was James Parton the biographer, the other the writer of this sketch—repaired at once to the police and military headquarters. At the central police station, in Mulberry Street, they found a body of one hundred and ten policemen drawn up on the sidewalk. These men they induced Commissioner Acton to order to proceed at once, under Inspector "Dan" Carpenter, to Printing House Square; and then they repaired to the headquarters of General Wool, at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

They found the old veteran—then in his eightieth year—surrounded by Mayor Opdyke and a score of other officials, all of whom were in a state bordering on consternation. They demanded of the old general a hundred muskets with which to arm the "Tribune" building, but he objected on the ground that, taken from any of the armories, the muskets would surely be seized by the rioters; yet, the visitors persisting in their demand, he finally gave a requisition for the required arms on the commandant at Governor's Island. With this in my hand, I at once set out for the island, while Mr. Parton returned to report progress at the "Tribune" office.

While there he witnessed an attack of the mob on the building, during which it was for all of five minutes at their mercy—the squad of a hundred and ten police having been drawn off by a false report from Wall Street. In this brief time the mob gutted the first story and set fire to the building, but it was driven off, before it had fully accomplished its purpose, by the opportune return of Inspector Carpenter's men, who soon extinguished the fire and completely cleared Printing House Square of the rioters. Meanwhile, Mr. Gay had heard that the mayor was at General Wool's headquarters, and, repairing there, he demanded of him and the general muskets to arm the "Tribune," but he met with a curt refusal. The general said that he had already given an order to a couple of importunate gentlemen from either the "Tribune" or the "Herald" office; but he should give no more, as the arms might fall into the hands of the rioters. The confusion in the streets had gotten into the head of the old general, and he had done what no one else ever did—confounded the "Tribune" with the "Herald."

#### THE MOB ATTACKS THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

As he went down Broadway, Mr. Gay heard that the "Tribune" building had been sacked and burned; but he kept on his way, and in half an hour reached the office, not long after the police had driven off the rear guard of the rioters. Entering the lower story he came upon a scene which beggared description. In the five minutes they were in possession, the mob had accomplished the most thorough destruction. Not a fixture nor an article of furniture remained in its proper position. Gas-burners had been twisted off, counters torn up, doors and windows battered in;

and, in the centre of the room, two charred spots, littered over with paper cinders, showed where fire had been kindled to reduce the building to ashes.\*

Ascending to the upper stories he found the editorial rooms silent and deserted by all save one of the corps—the brave George W. Smalley, who, a year before, had ridden through the fire of Antietam by the side of Hooker. The composing-rooms had only four tenants—Amos J. Cummings, then a practical printer, lately a member of Congress for New York City, his brother, and two other printers. In the pressroom were only Patrick O'Rourke, the senior pressman, and Thomas N. Rooker, the veteran foreman of the "Tribune" establishment. Out of a force of about one hundred and fifty men, only seven were at their posts. But if the whole number had stood their ground, what could they, unarmed, have done against an infuriated mob of five thousand?

But Mr. Gay did not waste time on the subject, for it was already eight o'clock at night; and before daybreak forty thousand copies of his journal had to be in press, and

\* I will here introduce the following notes on the incidents under review, kindly furnished me a short time before his death by my associate, Mr. Parton.—J. R. G.

"On Monday," writes Mr. Parton, "about four o'clock, my wife and I were strolling down Fourteenth Street, in that languid state of mind which writers know who have spent a long morning at the desk. Near the corner of Fifth Avenue we were startled from our state of vacancy by a large stone falling upon the pavement before us, which was followed by a yell of many voices, and the swift galloping past of a horse with a black man on his back. We saw something like a Fifth Avenue crowd of ill-dressed and ill-behaved people, some with sticks or pieces of iron, and some with muskets. They were on the sidewalk, and extended, perhaps, a quarter of a mile; in all there may have been two hundred of them. The stone which had called our attention to seditious things was aimed by one of these scoundrels at the negro, who owed his escape from instant death to his being on horse-back."

"Having heard nothing of the riots of that morning, we were puzzled to account for the presence of this motley crew in a region usually so serene, until one of them cried out as he passed: 'There's a three-hundred-dollar fellow!' When the main body had gone by, I asked one of the stragglers where they were going. The reply was: 'To the "Tribune" office.'

"It occurred to me that by taking an omnibus I could get ahead of the gang, and give warning at the office threatened—about a mile and a half distant.

"At the 'Tribune' office everything wore an aspect so little unusual that I felt ashamed to tell my story. The windows and doors were all open, and the business office was nearly empty, the editorial rooms quite so, and there was no crowd around the building. The reporters and editors were all in the lot.

"I went to the office, and to whom I stated what I had seen. The editor, Mr. Gilmore, insisted on our going to General Wool. We found the general at the St. Nicholas Hotel, with the mayor and a staff. Mr. Gilmore procured from him an order on the ordnance officer at Governor's Island for one hundred muskets and the requisite ammunition. He started immediately for the island, and I, satisfied that the

borne on the four winds to every quarter of the country. Looking down on the street he saw that the mob had fully dispersed, and quietly sallying out, he rallied a dozen of his printers. With this small force he began work. But soon, one by one, the others fell in, and in half an hour the types were clicking, and the monstrous press was rumbling, as if only quiet reigned over the great city.

But the handful of police who had so opportunely scattered the rioters were unable to long keep the mob out of Printing House Square, and soon again the sinister-looking ruffians began to gather in front of the "Tribune" building. They were evidently bent on reducing it to ashes before morning; but the managing editor determined to stand his ground, and die game, if need were, right there among his editorials.

Nine o'clock came, and still the mob kept increasing. All Nassau Street and Spruce Street and Printing House Square, and the skirts of the park, and Chatham Street as far up as French's Hotel, had become one swaying sea of battered hats, lit by the flaring

'Tribune' was safe, walked leisurely to the office to report progress.

"It was about seven in the evening when I reached it. The appearance of the neighborhood had changed. The office was closed and the shutters were up. A large number of people were in the open space in front of it, talking in groups, but not in a loud or excited manner. Not a policeman was to be seen. Upon getting into the office I found only two or three persons there, neither of whom knew anything about the body of police detailed to guard the premises, nor had they heard of any measures taken to defend it. Their official position made it their duty to stand by the ship, and there they were, helpless and alone. Crossing over to the police station in the City Hall, in search of the

more closely. Gradually the threats became louder and much more frequent. At last a stone was thrown, which hit one of the shutters and fell upon the pavement close to the building. This was greeted by a perfect yell of applause, and then, for the first time, the mob surged forward, those in front being pushed upon the clubs of the policemen, who were soon overpowered and thrust aside. Then the mob rushed at the lower shutters and doors. There was a loud banging and thumping of clubs, and in an exceedingly short time, amid the most frantic yells of the multitude, the main door was forced, and the mob poured into the building. I supposed then that the 'Tribune' was gone. But, at that moment, the report of a pistol was heard, fired somewhere in front of the building, whether from one of the mob or from a policeman, I know not. Instantly the mob fled, and 'Printing House Square' usually is at two o'clock in the morning. It was like magic."

grape of the street lamps, and flecked with the foam of, perhaps, ten thousand human faces. At half-past nine a reporter named Bowerman bounded up the long stairway, and, out of breath, entered the office of the managing editor. He had mixed with the mob, he said, and eleven o'clock was the hour fixed upon for the final assault upon the "Tribune" building. He reported that a considerable portion of the rioters were armed and drilled, and the police could no more make head against them than a feather can withstand a whirlwind. Mr. Gay put his pen over his ear, and looked down at the fast-gathering mob, and then went on with his writing.

#### A HUNDRED MUSKETS FOR THE "TRIBUNE"—HOW THEY WERE OBTAINED.

The situation seemed desperate. But at that very moment the writer of this sketch, who three hours before had set out to get the muskets from Governor's Island, entered the apartment. My greeting of the managing editor was somewhat laconic. "I have a hundred muskets," I said, "to arm this building. They are a few blocks off. Have as many police as you can muster ready to guard the dray when it comes up Spruce Street from Franklin Square." This was all I said, and then turning about, I went, two steps at a time, down the stairway. Soon the huge boxes were hoisted into the building.

Parting from Mr. Parton at the headquarters of General Wool, I had mounted to the top of an omnibus, and made my way with all possible speed to the Battery. The route was obstructed with vehicles, and it was past seven o'clock before I reached the South Ferry. There, to my consternation, I was told that not a boat could be procured to convey me to Governor's Island. Every boatman had knocked off work two hours before, and disappeared from the locality, probably to reënforce the mob which was then raising high havoc in the upper part of the city.

I must, however, cross to the island; and going rapidly along the docks, I at last came upon an old longshoreman, in a rugged tarpaulin and greasy trousers, quietly smoking a pipe on the taffrail of a low fore-and-aft schooner, from whose stern a small boat was dangling. "Old man," I said to him, "I have a ten-dollar greenback in my pocket that is yours, if you will jump into that boat and row me at once to Governor's Island."

"Can't do it, sir," answered the man; "the captain is away. Couldn't do it for

ten times the money; but you can get a boat at the Battery."

"Well, come along and show me where. I'll pay you well for your trouble."

The old fellow sprang upon the dock, and led the way at a pace I was troubled to keep up with, and soon we were at the signal station at the head of the Battery. Here, moored to the stairs, were a half-dozen boats, but not a human being was anywhere visible. The only course was to confiscate one of these craft, and I proceeded to do it without ceremony. In a very few minutes I was seated in the stern of the boat, with my feet ankle-deep in water, and the old man was pushing the leaky craft out into the river. "Now, old fellow," I said, "an extra dollar if you're there in a quarter of an hour."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old man, stretching himself to the oars, and shooting the boat out into the current.

It was already dark, and the tide was running swiftly; but within a quarter of an hour we were at Governor's Island. Springing ashore, I counted out the hire of the confiscated boat by the lamp of a small steamer which was moored at the landing, and then hurried off to the office of the commandant. No light was burning in the office; in fact, the whole island seemed deserted. I shouted several times, but no one answered, and at last I went back towards the landing. There I found a young officer with his arm in a sling, and to him I explained my business. The young man set off at once, at the top of his speed, for the commandant's house, and soon that gentleman appeared at the landing. The whole island, with its immense store of arms and ammunition, was defended only by him, twelve privates, and the wounded lieutenant; the remainder of the garrison having gone to the city to reënforce the troops engaged with the rioters.

Ordering the small steamer that was moored to the dock to "up with the steam," the commandant directed his men to get out the arms and ammunition; and in less than an hour the enormous boxes were trundled on board, and the steamer was on its way to the Battery. The moon was down, and a thick veil of clouds hid the stars; but a deep glow lit up the whole northern horizon. Here and there, great banks of lurid light were rising on the night—the reflection of half a hundred conflagrations. Evidently the upper part of the city was in a blaze; and perhaps the commandant was right—the cargo of muskets might only serve to arm the rioters.

As the boat touched the pier I sprang ashore, and was accosted by the old man who had ferried me over to the island. "I saw the boat a-coming," he said, "and come down to warn you. The 'Tribune' is burned to the ground, and a mob of ten thousand is emptin' all the banks in Wall Street. If ye go up, every musket 'll be taken."

The captain of the steamer coincided in this opinion, and for a moment I hesitated.

Then, looking at the sky, and seeing no fire in the region of the park, I turned to the old sailor and asked: "Can you get me a trusty man and a wagon? I'll pay you well for your trouble."

"I've had pay enough," said the old man. "I'm at your orders the rest of to-night free gratis;" and at once he set off to find a drayman. In about ten minutes he returned with a dray and an Irishman, who expressed a readiness, for a consideration, to drive his dray, freighted with fire-brands, into the hottest part of the infernal regions; and in a quarter of an hour the vehicle

was loaded, and he had taken the reins of his animal. Then I took the old sailor aside, and said to him:

"Old man, I can trust you, or I'm no judge of faces. These are muskets to arm the 'Tribune' building. I must go ahead to see that the coast is clear, and I want you to take this revolver and ride along with the drayman. See that he goes directly up Pearl Street, and stops at the corner of Franklin Square, and does not exchange a word with any one."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old man, his eyes glowing like coals in the gas-light; "I'll stand by ye, sir, if you *are* a black Republican."

Then I mounted to the top of an omnibus to go up Broadway, and, looking back, saw the heavily-loaded dray creeping slowly around the south side of Bowling Green on the way to its destination.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and I was still uncertain whether the "Tribune" build-

ing were not already a heap of ashes. My way was slow, for the street was a turbulent river of men and wagons; but at last I came abreast of the park, and saw the well-known sign, and a flame of gas-light streaming down from the upper windows. A dense mass of men, hooting, shouting, and yelling, filled every open space around the building.

The Spruce Street entrance was bolted and barred, but I made myself heard, and entering the building announced the reinforcement. This done, I made my way to Franklin Square, where the dray was just pulling up

at the street corner. Requesting the Irishman to get down, I took the reins, and started the jaded horse towards Printing House Square. Soon after we turned into Spruce Street some thirty policemen emerged from the shadow of the opposite warehouse, and quietly formed a cordon around the slow-paced vehicle. Not a word was said, but it was evident that they knew their business. As they went on, brandishing their clubs, the crowd parted, and in ten minutes, amid the jeers, groans, and yells



HORACE GREELEY.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

of the mob, the huge boxes were hoisted into the second story of the "Tribune" building.

#### THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE ARMED, BUT NOT PROTECTED.

The fortress was now armed, but the peril was not over. About a score of gentlemen, hearing that the building was in danger, had come in with revolvers, rifles, or the first weapon they could lay hands on; and the garrison then numbered, all told, perhaps a hundred and twenty-five men, every one of them determined to sell his life at its highest market value. But could they resist an attack from the fierce, tumultuous mob that was then surging in black waves all around the building? This question was in my mind as I turned to ascend to the fourth story, thinking, as I did so, of being roasted like a live eel upon a gridiron. Close behind me was the old longshoreman, and I said to him: "Old man, you have done enough for to-night. You had better go home. Every man that stays in this building may be in eternity before morning."

"I know, sir; but I told you I was at your orders for the rest of to-night. I never go back on my word."

Little more was said, and the old man followed me up the stairway.

The view from the upper windows would have made the most incorrigible free-thinker a convert to the orthodox theology. There was no need of texts or arguments; for the doctrines were all there—total depravity, and the devil and his angels, shouting, and hooting, and yelling, in living reality on the pavement. A hundred muskets discharged among the rioters would have no more effect than a bundle of fire-crackers let off among so many boys on a Fourth-of-July morning. The discharge would only inflame their blood and rouse them to greater fury.

I had come to this conclusion, when my arm was touched lightly by a reporter, who asked me to step into the room of the managing editor. The arms had been unboxed, and the hundred guns and ammunition had been ranged on the long table in the library. The reporter, a keen, inquisitive Yankee from Connecticut, had assisted in the operation, and, taking it into his head to load one of the muskets, had discovered that the cartridge was not adapted to the barrel. He tried several and found them all misfits. The armorer at Governor's Island, in the haste of getting the arms ready, had put up the wrong ammunition, and the muskets

were absolutely useless. With admirable discretion the young man had mentioned the mischief to no one but the managing editor.

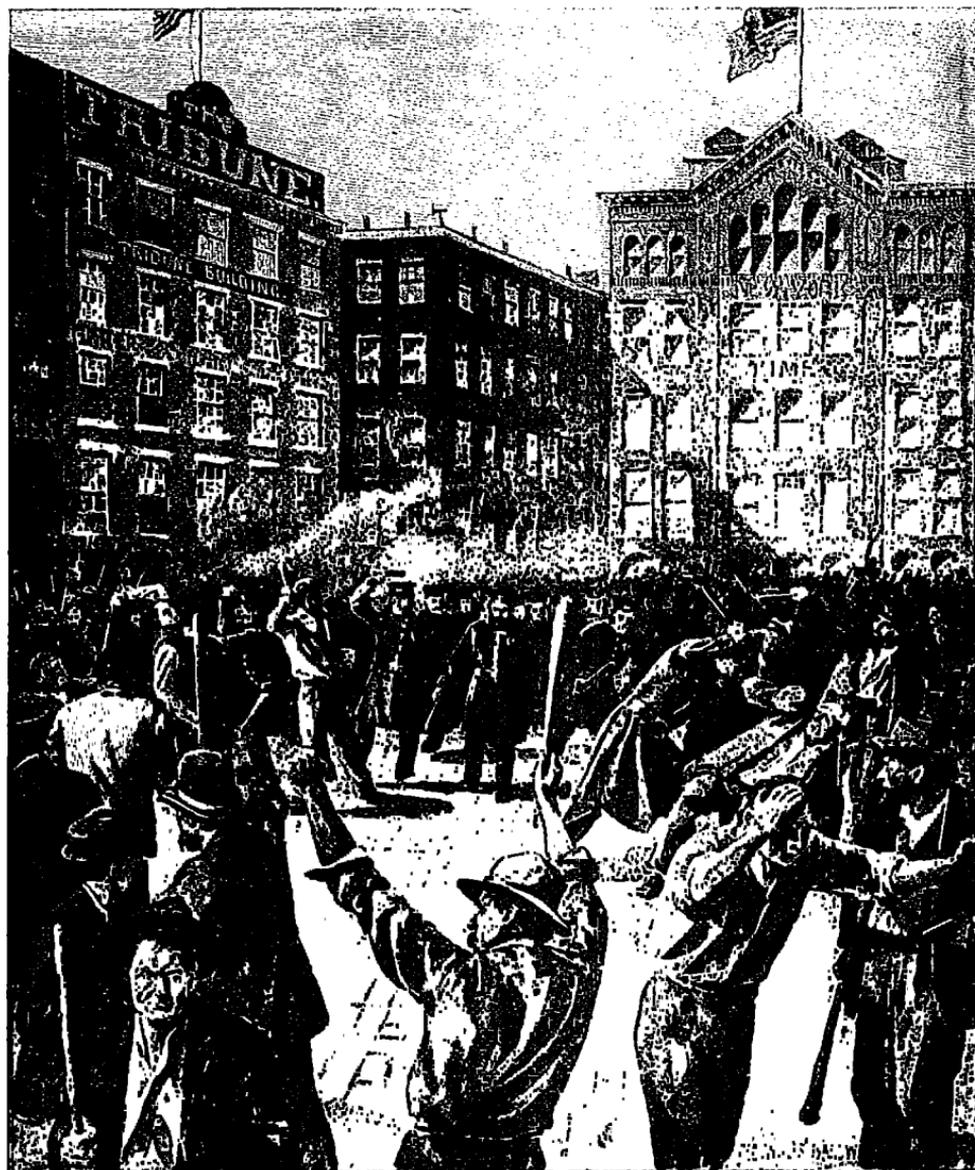
Evidently the building was completely at the mercy of the rioters; but what force cannot do, strategy can sometimes accomplish. The mob had seen the huge cases hoisted into the building; and a hundred muskets boxed up, each gun with forty rounds of ammunition, looks, to any but a military eye, like a complete arsenal. "You can get out safely," said I to the old longshoreman. "They'll not think you belong to the 'Tribune.' Go over to the police office in the park, give my compliments to Inspector Carpenter, and tell him that the mob intend to attack the building at eleven o'clock; and suggest to him to let some of his men mix with the crowd, and talk together of how we are loaded up to the muzzle. That may keep them off over night. And, old fellow, when you get out, stay out."

The old man wedged his way safely through the throng, and in fifteen minutes the mob seemed to sway to and fro, as if moved by some invisible force, and soon little knots of the more savage-looking were seen, here and there, to talk earnestly together.

So the night wore away until the City Hall clock told that the hour fixed upon for the attack was closely approaching. Outside all again had become noise and tumult; but inside everything was as staid as a Quaker meeting. The volunteers were standing idly at their guns; the printers were clicking busily away at their types; the reporters were writing rapidly at their desks, each one stripped to his shirt-sleeves, and with here and there a loaded revolver beside him; and Mr. Gay, with his spectacles on his nose, was perched on a tall stool in his *sanctum*, inditing an editorial that branded the mob as the rear-guard of Lee's army, as coolly as if those muskets were loaded, or the riot had gone into history, and he were scoring it at the safe distance of half a century.

#### THE MOB'S SECOND ATTACK AND THE BRAVE REPULSE.

But suddenly this quiet was broken—as suddenly as the air is rent by the first rush of a hurricane. Coming up as if from the very bowels of the earth, a long yell echoed through every corner of the building. It was the signal of attack—so, at least, it sounded to the hearers. Every man on the



THE FIRST ASSAULT ON THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.—RIOTERS REPULSED BY A HANDFUL OF POLICE.

fourth floor caught up his rifle or revolver, and took his appointed station by the windows, and a moment of intense suspense followed.

Streaming from Broadway into the park was a gang of about three hundred ruffians, mostly in red shirts, shouting and yelling like fiends. In the flaring light of the park it could be seen that every one of them was armed, and that, though they moved on the double-quick, their step had the precision of

trained soldiers. They were the fiery nucleus of the entire riot, which, wheresoever it had moved, had spread devastation. Fresh from the sack and burning of the Shakspeare Hotel, they had come to crown their night's work with the spoil and destruction of the "Tribune." It was for them that the mob below had waited, and the long yell they had sent up was a shout of welcome. On they came like the rushing wind, straight across the park, direct for

the "Tribune" building. As they came nearer their pace increased, and clear and loud their tread sounded, like blow after blow upon the cover of a coffin. They were within a hundred feet of the nearest park gate when, suddenly, a tall man sprang from the shadow of the high iron fence which then encircled the park, and waving his club, shouted: "Up, boys, and at them!"

There have been beautiful sights in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath; but to none of that small garrison, watching there with bated breath, was anything ever more beautiful than that charge of Inspector Carpenter and his glorious squad of only one hundred and ten. They fell on the rioters like a thunder-bolt, and, surprised and panic-stricken, the ruffians went down before them as dry leaves go down before a November tornado. In precisely three minutes by a chronometer watch the thing was done, and those of the three hundred who were not on the ground dead or helpless, were fleeing wildly in all directions. Accounts differ, and the number killed cannot be accurately stated; but the police had orders to "Hit their heads" and take no prisoners and their instructions.

This work was no sooner over than we heard the inspector's voice, again: "About face, men! Form outside!" and in less time than it takes to tell it, the hundred and ten blue-coats seemed to grow together into a solid body—about twenty men front and five or six deep—on the hither side of the park fence. Then once more rang out the voice of the "metropolitan war horse," Dan Carpenter: "Keep together, men—steady, now forward, double-quick, and give them fury!"

Then—one hundred and ten welded, as it were, into one—they moved on, mowing a broad swath through the dense mass of rioters as far down Nassau Street as Beekman, then up Beekman to Park Row, at the point of starting, scattering the crowd of probably ten thousand like frightened deer—all but those they left on the ground killed or badly wounded. Twenty-two were borne away dead; the wounded were never counted, but they must have been many, for no less than a thousand blows were dealt by that compact squad on its deadly journey.

Not long after this the clouds, which had been gathering all the evening and night, broke over our heads, and the rain came down from the merciful heavens, driving the ruffians to their holes, and leaving Printing House Square to its wonted

quiet till the sun shone down on it on the morrow.

Thus did the "Tribune" weather the first day of the storm that shook the great city. The police did their work nobly; the unloaded muskets were not without their influence, but more effective than either was the down-pouring rain from heaven.

#### ANOTHER DAY OF DANGER—THE "TRIBUNE'S" DEFENCES STRENGTHENED.

It was about four o'clock on Tuesday morning when Mr. Gay and I stretched ourselves upon a couple of hard-bottom settees in the editorial rooms, for some much-needed sleep. How it was with the others in the building I do not know; but I am very sure that I myself felt no concern about anything underneath the moon, until someone shook me by the shoulder on the following day, and announced that my breakfast had come in from the Astor House.

Over our morning coffee Mr. Gay and I discussed the situation. We had the whole field in view, for the brave reporters, at the risk of their lives, had mingled with the rioters, witnessed their atrocities, and ascertained that it was their fixed intention to raze the "Tribune" building to the ground. It followed, as an obvious corollary, that if the "Tribune" would preserve its existence, it must set up as an independent nationality, with war-making powers. In other words, it must arm itself to the very teeth, and, looking for no outside aid, resist the rioters to the last extremity.

This decided upon, Mr. Gay returned to his post, and I took a cab, and with all possible speed made my way to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There I found the venerable Admiral Paulding, and, making known to him the situation, I asked for such arms as would do the most effective execution upon the rioters.

There was a pleasurable gleam in the old veteran's eyes as he said: "It's bomb-shells, young man—bomb-shells and hand-grenades—and I'll give you enough of both to send ten thousand of those rascals to the devil to-night."

Soon two heavy wagons were loaded with hand-grenades, and then about fifty forty-pound shells were brought out, and the admiral, with his own hands, adjusted the fuses so that the shells would explode when they struck the pavement. Then he instructed me how to handle the death-dealing missiles. I had watched, with a kind of amused admiration, the belligerent zeal of the white-haired admiral, and when the

vehicles were ready to set out, I said to him: "I thank you very much for these arms; but I hope to return them all to you when this trouble is over."

"Don't you do it, young man," said the old admiral; "don't return one of them. Plant every one of them in Printing House Square to-night. If you do, there never will be another riot in New York."

At the "Tribune" office, on my return, I found affairs in a state of astonishing activity. Colonel Julius W. Adams, of the Eighth Long Island Regiment, had taken command, and was proving himself to be, like the rain of the previous night, a "special providence" for the protection of the old building. Cool, brave, determined, and of remarkable skill and resources, he saw exactly what to do, and before noon of that Tuesday had done it.

As has been said, the lower story lay all exposed, with broken doors and battered windows. Soon every opening upon it was densely barricaded with bales of printing-paper, thoroughly saturated with water, and a hose was attached to the huge boiler below, so that the whole floor could be deluged with scalding steam in an instant. Had the paper rampart been carried, not a man who entered there would have lived to get out. The second story had, at one of the windows, a howitzer, heavily charged with grape and cannister, and at the others huge piles of hand-grenades. The third story was armed in a similar manner; and in the larger editorial rooms were ranged, in a grim semi-circle, near one of the front windows, Admiral Paulding's bomb-shells, of which I was in special command.\* These, with a brace or two of muskets, now capped and loaded, at every window, a hundred and fifty determined men, and Henry Ward Beecher's Sharp's revolving rifle—sent by him, with his "compliments to the rioters"—completed the armament of the building; while across the way, in the second story of the "Times" building, was a rifle battery of twenty-five barrels, manned by sailors sent from the Navy Yard by Admiral Paulding.

A long trough had been provided to throw the bomb-shells into the middle of the street, and away from the "Tribune" building,

and the letting off of one of these shells was to be the signal for a general fusillade from both the "Times" and "Tribune" buildings. Every man had his appointed station, and each floor its designated commander, the second floor being under Midshipman Adams—a son of the colonel—who had been trained to load and fire cannon with great rapidity.

When every arrangement had been made I sat down to a light lunch in the room of the managing editor, and over it related to him the details of my interview with Admiral Paulding. "That is too good to be lost," said Mr. Gay. "Suppose you put it into a short editorial for to-morrow's 'Tribune,' and add an invitation to the mob to come on, if they want what Garfield calls 'Hail Columbia';" and this I did.

#### MR. GREELEY APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

Into this arsenal Mr. Greeley came a little after noon on the second day of the riots, and, entering the larger editorial room, he gazed around at the loaded muskets ranged at each one of the windows, and at the crowd of strange gentlemen stripped to their shirt-sleeves and "ready for the fray;" and then his eye fell upon the semi-circle of bomb-shells near the front window. "What are these, Mr. Gilmore?" he asked of me, as I sat near by, smoking my after-lunch cigar.

"Brimstone pills for those red ragamuffins down there on the sidewalk."

"But I wanted no arms brought into the building," said the philosopher, with a grieved expression.

"Oh, yes; but that was yesterday. Now this building is under martial law, and in full possession of these linen-shirted gentlemen, Colonel Adams commanding."

Without further remark Mr. Greeley went to his room, and all the rest of the day was deep in his editorials. Before he had finished his last leader, friends had repeatedly gone to him to urge his leaving the building, and shortly before dark General Busted came in, and reported to him that the crowd, which was rapidly augmenting, evi-

pavement I think it would have blown out the front of the building. I wish you would mention the fact that I was not the only compositor, but one of four, who remained in the composing-room. The other three were my brother, Sylvester Bailey, and Peter Hackett. I took command. We barricaded the doorway with barrels—of course you know what a "barrel" is. We piled the composing-sticks with lead and "st. slug" (stick)—you know what a "st. slug" stick is—and if that gang had ever come up that circular iron stairway, there would have been enough lead spilt to have furnished a regiment with bullets for a month.

Yours truly,

AMOS J. CUMMINGS,

\* In a letter to the writer of this paper Mr. Cummings refers as follows to this event:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6, 1893.

My dear Mr. Gay:—I had forgotten to mention to you the shells out on the heads of those who should again attack the office. If one of those shells had dropped upon the

mentally meant business, and that would be absolute madness for him to stay longer; but he quietly replied: "I am not quite through; I will go in a few minutes."

At last, when eight o'clock had arrived, Colonel Adams came to Mr. Gay and myself, saying: "Mr. Greeley ought to go. The mob knows he is here, and if he stays it is likely they will attack us. The consequence will be a good deal of useless slaughter."

"Order a close carriage, and insist upon his leaving," said Mr. Gay, scarcely turning about from his writing.

The carriage being ordered, Colonel Adams and I approached Mr. Greeley, who an hour or two before had removed from his own to the large editorial room, as if to make his presence as conspicuous as possible.

Throughout these riots Mr. Greeley showed a very high order of bravery. Strictly defined, it may not have been either physical or moral courage, for neither of these qualities is destitute of prudence; but it certainly was an intellectual courage which mounted to the heroic. He knew that he was marked out as a special victim by at least ten thousand ruthless ruffians, who, had they laid hands on him, would have given him a short shrift and a short rope from the nearest lamp-post; and yet he came and went as usual, and with no regard whatever for his personal safety. He evidently felt that the trial day of his life had come, and had made up his mind to meet it like a man.

Approaching him now, I said: "Mr. Greeley, a carriage will be here instantly. We want you to leave the office."

"I'm not quite ready; I'll go in a few minutes," was his quiet answer.

"But, sir, we insist upon your going *now*. A hundred and fifty of us are risking our lives to defend this building, and you have no right to add to our danger."

At this he rose slowly to his feet, and, with his peculiar smile, said: "But why order a carriage, Mr. Gilmore? I can go just as well in a street car."

"Nonsense, sir," I replied; "you couldn't get to a car. Look down there and see the kind of crowd that surrounds the building."

He looked down, and saw what might have made a man of iron nerve feel disinclined for any nearer acquaintance.

"Well, they *are* a hard-looking set," he said, drawing on his coat. "Where could those fellows have come from?"

He was smuggled into the carriage, the

door was closed, and he was well on his way down Spruce Street before the crowd appeared to notice that the Spruce Street door had been opened. As I was about to reënter the building I felt a light touch on my arm, and, turning round, saw the old longshoreman who had rowed me over to Governor's Island. "Well, are you alive yet, old gentleman?" I asked jocosely.

"Yes, yer honor," was the answer, "and I want ye to let me into the building. I told ye I'd see the dance out, and ye'll have warm work before morning."

The old man had done essential service the night before, and at once it occurred to me to employ him again in a similar manner. So I drew him inside, and, closing the door, told him that it was Mr. Greeley he had just seen driving away in a carriage, that he was by that time beyond the reach of the mob, and that the building was then so thoroughly armed that the first discharge from it would slay a thousand of the rioters. It would be a Christian deed if he would mix with the mob and tell them this, for he might thus stave off an attack and save many human lives.

All night long the mob surged and howled around the building, but they forbore an assault upon it. On Wednesday morning the "Tribune" announced editorially that it was prepared for an encounter with the mob, and warned the rioters of the terrible slaughter that would follow an attack upon the building. This, no doubt, held the ruffians at bay; but for two days longer they had control of the blood-deluged city, and during the whole of that time there was no telling at what hour some insane freak might hurl them in tremendous force against the "Tribune" building. So the garrison stood to its guns, prepared for an encounter at any moment. For four days and nights Mr. Gay and I never left the "Tribune" editorial apartments, except for my brief visit to Admiral Paulding.

Mr. Greeley always regarded these New York riots as the turning-point in the war for the Union. He once said to me: "It was a tidal wave struck first at Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Helena, and Port Hudson, and dealt its last and worst blow right here—in the 'Tribune' office and this city of New York, where the ideas and vital aims of the Rebellion are more generally prevalent than even in South Carolina. If it had not been successfully resisted here, it would have swept over the North and broken the Union into fragments."