

# THEN AND THERE

History told as it would be written today

By IRVIN S. COBB

## When New York's Streets Ran Red

To understand a phenomenon in the history of a nation, even our own nation, it frequently is necessary that first we should consider the phenomena not only of preceding circumstances and conditions, but also the phenomena of existing popular sentiments, popular prejudices, popular passions.

Let us take New York city at the time of outbreaking of the great war between the North and the South. Except for a negligible minority of secret Southern sympathizers among office-holders and politicians about Albany, the people of the state of New York, outside the state's metropolis, were sincerely determined that the Union should be preserved. But the city was of a different temper. Large commercial interests there favored the Confederate cause. To most of those of the present generation it will seem almost inconceivable that in January, 1861, the mayor, Fernando Wood, proposed to the Common Council that Manhattan Island, Long Island, Staten Island should secede from the commonwealth and set up a free and independent city with a separate government of its own, to be known as Tri-Insula. What sounds still more incredible, the council approved the plan and many of the most influential citizens heartily applauded their action. In April, though, when public indignation throughout the North had been inflamed by the attack on Fort Sumter, a majority of the Democrats joined with the Republicans in discarding the proposal and in whole-souled support of President Lincoln and his policies. There remained, however, an active group of "Copperheads" as loyal Unionists in derision called such of their fellow-Northerners as privately favored the interests of the South.

Bearing in mind that this substratum of anti-Union feeling continued to exist and in some quarters to flourish, it is possible to realize the underlying causes for the great draft riot in 1863. There was this background of clandestine friendship for the secession movement; on top of this came a tremendous wave of resentment against the provisions of the draft act which congress at Washington had enacted. The trouble with the draft act was that it exempted from its operations any man whose father served in the army who would pay \$300 for a substitute in his stead. Accordingly, a well-to-do person might at small expense save himself from the discomforts and the dangers of a soldier's lot. There was complaint that this rule worked in the benefit of the rich and against the poor. When, in New York city, efforts were made to put in effect the operations of the law, there broke out a riot which for ferocity, for loss of life and for duration, is unparalleled in the history of this country. It occurred in the midst of the Civil war, when great battles were being fought and, by subsequent contrast with the background of fraternal strife of which it was a part, became dwarfed in the popular imagination. That is why among the present-day generation there are so few even among the well-informed, to whom the draft riot is anything more than a name and a legend.

The uprising started on the 13th of July. It continued for nearly five days. More than fifty buildings were burned; hundreds of others were damaged and looted. The fury of the mob especially was directed against negroes, since the black race was a main bone of contention between the warring sections in the nation. Negroes were lynched indiscriminately, were hanged to lampposts, stoned to death, kicked to death. The police fought gallantly to restore order, but being overwhelmed by numbers, became powerless. Not until several regiments of troops had been rushed to the city to cope with the rioters and not until fully 500 of the latter had been killed by the guns of the soldiers did the bloody carnival end.

That distinguished writer and orator, Anna Elizabeth Dickinson, furnished us with a vivid picture of the draft riot. She was not so much concerned with furnishing statistics on the deaths or presenting individual narratives as with painting upon a larger canvas a panorama of the bloody event as a whole. From her story it is possible to get a vision of the horror as seen through the eyes of a brilliant and devoted woman.

HERE appears to have been little doubt that Miss Dickinson was in New York during the draft riot. Her account, which is here given, probably was based in part upon statements made to her by other eyewitnesses. In any event, its substantial features as narrated by her were accepted, although some details of it never were proved. Excusing the fact that one was an outspoken partisan of the Union cause, and naturally would be inclined to put the worst possible face upon anything favoring of disloyalty to the Union, it may safely be assumed that here in her story, as incorporated into an historical novel written by her in 1868, we have a reasonably accurate picture of the most dreadful popular outbreak in the history of the United States.

"On the morning of Monday, the 13th of July (so she writes), began this outbreak, unparalleled in atrocities by anything in American history, and equaled only by the horrors of the worst days of the French Revolution. Gangs of men and boys composed of railroad employees, workers in machine shops, and a vast crowd of those who lived by preying upon others—thieves, professional ruffians—the scum of the city—jail-birds, or those who were running with swift feet to enter the prison doors, began to gather on the corners and in streets and alleys where they lived; from thence issuing forth they visited the great establishments on the line of their advance, commanding their instant close and the companionship of the workmen—many of them peaceful and orderly men—on pain of the destruction of one and a murderous assault upon the other, did not their orders meet with instant compliance.

**Quenching a Thirst for Ruin.**  
A body of these, five or six hundred strong, gathered about one of the enrolling offices in the upper part of the city, where the draft was quietly proceeding, and opened the assault upon it by a shower of clubs, bricks, and paving stones torn from the streets, following it up by a furious rush into the office. Lists, records, books, the drafting wheel, every article of furniture or work in the room was rent in pieces and strewn about the floor or flung into the streets; while the law officers, the newspaper reporters, who are expected to be everywhere—and a few peaceable spectators, were compelled to make a hasty retreat through an opportune rear exit, accelerated by the curses and blows of the assailants.

"And then, finding every portable article destroyed—their thirst for ruin growing by the little drink it had had—and believing, or rather hoping, that the officers had taken refuge in the upper rooms, they set fire to the house and stood watching the slow and steady lift of the flames, filling the air with demoniac shrieks and yells while they waited for their prey to escape from some door or window, from the merciless fire to their merciless hands. One of these, who was on the other side of the street, courageously stepped forward and telling them that they had utterly demolished all they came to seek, informed them that helpless women and little children were in the house, and besought them to extinguish the flames and leave the premises; to disperse, or at least to seek some other scene.

"By his dress recognizing in him a government official, so far from hearing or heeding his humane appeal they set upon him with sticks and clubs and beat him till his eyes were blind with blood and he—bruised and mangled—succeeded in escaping to the handful of police who stood helter-skelter before this howling crew, now it

increased to thousands. With difficulty and pain the inoffensive tenants escaped from the rapidly spreading fire which, having devoured the house originally lighted, swept across the neighboring buildings till the whole block stood a mass of burning flames.

"The work thus begun continued—gathering force and fury as the day wore on. Police stations, enrolling offices, rooms or buildings used in any way by government authority, or obnoxious as representing the dignity of law, were gutted, destroyed, then left to the mercy of the flames. Newspaper offices, whose issues had been a fire in the rear of the nation's armies by extenuating and defending treason, and through violent and incendiary appeals stirring up 'lewd fellows of the baser sort' to this very carnival of ruin and blood, were cheered as the crowd went by. Those that had been faithful to loyalty and law were hooted, stoned, and even stormed by the army of miscreants who were only driven off by the gallant and determined charge of the police, and in one place by the equally gallant, and certainly unique defense, which came from turning the boiling water from the engines upon the howling wretches who, unprepared for any such warm reception as this, beat a precipitate and general retreat.

"Before night fell it was no longer one vast crowd collected in a single section, but great numbers of gatherings scattered over the whole length and breadth of the city—some of them engaged in actual work of demolition and ruin; others with clubs and weapons in their hands prowling around apparently with no definite atrocity to perpetrate but ready for any iniquity that might offer—and, by way of pastime, chasing every stray police officer or solitary soldier, or inoffensive negro who crossed the line of their vision; these three objects—the badge of a defender of the law—the uniform of the Union army—the skin of a helpless and outraged race—acted upon these madmen as water acts upon a rabid dog.

**Fiends Rejoice at Orphans' Expense.**  
"Late in the afternoon a crowd which could have numbered not less than ten thousand, the majority of whom were ragged, frowsy, drunken women, gathered about the Orphan Asylum for Colored Children—a large and beautiful building, and one of the most admirable and noble charities of the city. When it became evident from the menacing cries and groans of the multitude that danger, if not destruction, was meditated to the harmless and inoffensive inmates, a flag of truce appeared, and an appeal was made in their behalf by the principal to every sentiment of humanity which these beings might possess—a vain appeal! Whatever human feeling had, if ever, filled these souls was utterly drowned and washed away in the tide of rapine and blood in which they had been steeping themselves. The few officers who stood guard over the doors and manfully faced these demoniac legions, were beaten down and flung to one side, helpless and stunned, whilst the vast crowd rushed in. All the articles upon which they could seize—beds, bedding, carpets, furniture—the very garments of the fleeing inmates, some of them torn from their persons as they sped by—were carried into the streets and hurried off by the women and children who stood ready to receive the good which their husbands, sons and fathers flung to their care. The little ones many of them, assaulted and beaten, all—orphans and caretakers—exposed to every indignity and every danger driven on to the street—the building was fired.

"The house was fired in a thousand places, and in less than two hours the walls crashed in—a mass of smoking, blackened ruins; whilst the children wandered through the streets, a prey to beings who were wild beasts in everything save the superior ingenuity of man to agonize and torture his victims.

"Frightful as the day had been, the night was yet more hideous; since to the horrors which were seen was added the greater horror of deeds which might be committed in the darkness, or, if they were seen, it was by the lurid glare of burning buildings—the red flames of which, flung upon the stained and brutal faces, the torn and tattered garments, of men and women who danced and howled around the scene of ruin they had caused—made the whole aspect of affairs seem more like a gathering of fiends rejoicing in Pandemonium than aught with which creatures of flesh and blood had to do.

### The Governor Lends a Voice.

"The next morning's sun rose on a city which was ruled by a reign of terror. Had the police possessed the heads of Hydra and the arms of Briareus, and had these heads all seen, these arms all fought, they would have been powerless against the multitude of opposers. Outbreaks were made, crowds gathered, houses burned, streets barricaded, fights enacted in a score of places at once. Where the officers appeared they were irretrievably beaten and overcome; their stand, were it ever so short, but inflaming the passions of the mob to fresh deeds of violence. Stores were closed; the business portions of the city deserted; the large works and factories emptied of men who had been sent home by their employers or were swept into the ranks of the marauding bands. The city cars, omnibuses, hacks, were unable to run, and remained under shelter. Every telegraph wire was cut, the posts torn up, the officers driven from their offices. The mayor, seeing that civil power was helpless to stem this tide, desired to call the military to his aid and place the city under martial law, but was opposed by the governor—a governor who but a few days before had pronounced the war a failure; and not only predicted but encouraged this mob rule which was now crushing everything beneath its heavy and ensanguined feet.

"This man, through almost two days of these awful scenes remained at a quiet seaside retreat but a few miles from the city. Coming to it on the afternoon of the second day—instead of ordering cannon planted in the streets, giving these creatures opportunity to retire to their homes and, in event of refusal, blowing them there by powder and ball—he first went to the point where was collected the chiefest mob and proceeded to address them. Before him stood incendiaries, thieves and murderers, who even then were seeking dwelling houses and bacheloring powerless and inoffensive beings. These wretches he apostrophized as "My friends," repeating the title again and again in the course of his harangue, assuring them that he was there as a proof of his friendship, which he had demonstrated by sending his adjutant general to Washington to have the draft stopped; begging them to "wait for his return"; to separate now as good citizens, with the promise that they might assemble again whenever they wished to do so, "meanwhile he would take care of their rights." This model speech was incessantly interrupted by tremendous cheering and frantic demonstrations of delight—one great fellow almost crushing the governor in his enthusiastic embrace.

"His allies in newspaper offices attempted to throw the blame upon the loyal press and portion of the community. This was but a repetition of the cry raised by traitors in arms that the government, struggling for life in their deadly hold, was responsible for the war: 'If thou wouldst but consent to be murdered peaceably there could be no strife.'

"These editors' outraged common sense, truth and decency by speaking of the riots as an 'uprising of the people to defend their liberties—an opposition on the part of the workmen to an unjust and oppressive law enacted in favor of the men of wealth and standing.' As though the people of the great metropolis were incendiaries, robbers and assassins; as though the poor were to demonstrate their indignation against the law by hunting and stoning defenseless women and children; torturing and murdering men whose only offense was the color God gave them, or men wearing the self-same uniform as that which they declared was to be thrust upon them at the behest of the rich and the great.

"By far the most infamous part of these cruelties was that which wreaked every species of torture and lingering death upon the colored people of the city—men, women, and children, old and young, strong and feeble alike. Hundreds of them fell victims to the prejudice fostered by public opinion, incorporated in our statute books, sanctioned by our laws, which here and thus found legitimate outgrowth and action.

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### World's Biggest Shark

Towed 11 miles out to sea by a shark he had foul-hooked from his fishing launch, a man eventually managed to capture the fish with a harpoon, and land it at Whangaroa, New Zealand. It proved to be a world's record thresher shark, weighing 822 pounds. It was 6 feet 1 inch in girth and over 16 feet long. The previous record shark was caught by a resident of Hamilton, New Zealand, his capture weighing 607 pounds.

# CAROLINIANS--Know Your State!

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## A NORTH CAROLINA FUR TRAPPER

NORTH CAROLINA is one of the chief fur producing states and the fur industry contributes directly or indirectly to the support of over a thousand families. Among the fur bearing animals in North Carolina are the raccoon, opossum, mink, muskrat, grey fox, skunk, weasel, otter and wild cat. Estimates are that the sale of pelts in North Carolina amounts to as much as \$2,000,000 annually.

Until two years ago our state had no closed seasons on fur bearing animals nor any laws for the protection of them. Unless the fur animals are conserved and protected, especially during reproduction periods, and suitable habitats and marsh areas are preserved for them, they will become exterminated. The matter of protection and promotion of our fur bearing animals is now in the hands of the State Department of Conservation and Development.



### NOTICE

SALE OF REAL ESTATE BL TRUSTEES IN BANKRUPTCY PURSUANT TO ORDER OF DISTRICT COURT OF UNITED STATES AND UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

Pursuant to the terms and conditions of that certain deed of trust from Mebane Real Estate & Trust Company to Central Loan and Trust Co., Trustee, dated April 25, 1927 and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Chatham County, in Book No. GR, page 266, which said deed of trust conveys the real property herein described to the said Trustee for the purpose of securing the payment of certain bonds therein described, and pursuant to the order of Honorable Johnson J. Hayes, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the Middle District of North Carolina, made in the Bankruptcy proceedings pending in said Court, entitled "Mebane Real Estate & Trust Company and Central Loan and Trust Company, Bankrupts", on the 31st day of August, 1929, which said order was duly entered upon the petition of the undersigned Trustees for the sale of the said real property, and after notice to all creditors and hearing thereon by the Court, a duly certified copy of said order being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Chatham County, in Book No. GW, page 454, the undersigned Trustees of said Mebane Real Estate & Trust Company in said Bankruptcy proceedings will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, at the courthouse door in Pittsboro, North Carolina, on Thursday the 18th day of September, 1930, at 12 o'clock noon, all of the following described real property, to-wit:

A certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in Chatham County, State of North Carolina on Dry Creek, and bounded as follows: :

BEGINNING at a rock pile, Henry Durham's corner on the Hillsboro and Pittsboro Road; thence S. E. direction with said road to Mary Pilkington's line; thence Eastward with her line to a white oak, said Durham's corner; thence North with Durham's line to a sassafras tree in Durham's line; thence West to the first station, containing 58 1/2 acres, more or less.

This sale will be made subject to advance bids and confirmation by the Court, and increase bids may be placed upon the said property with the Clerk of the Superior Court for Chatham County within ten days from date of sale, and bidder will be required to deposit at least 10% of his bid as evidence of good faith. The Trustees are informed, but do not represent or guarantee that said deed of trust is a first lien, and purchaser may have ten days from date of sale to investigate title, and if not good, amount paid will be refunded. This is a re-sale, bidding to start at \$126.50. This the 24th day of July, 1930. R. H. ANDREWS, S. J. HINSDALE, M. W. MCPHERSON, Trustees in Bankruptcy for Mebane Real Estate & Trust Co. and Central Loan & Trust Co. T. C. CARTER, J. DOLPH LONG, H. J. RHODES, Attorneys.

### DORSETT REUNION

The annual meeting of the Dorsetts, their relatives and friends, will be held on Sunday, Sept. 7th, at Loves Creek Church. The basket dinner will be served in the usual way. In the afternoon a varied program will be held in the church. A welcome is extended to our friends as well as to our relatives.

Every betrayal of a secret it the fault of the person who confided it.—French proverb.

You are an honest man, and I am your uncle; and that's two lies.—English proverb.

### Tobacco Prices

#### Extremely Low

The opening of the eastern N. C. tobacco markets Tuesday seemed to indicate lower prices for that belt than had been received in the lower belts, which themselves were distressfully low. The quantity of tobacco on the floors was small as compared with that of former years.

### DURHAM-EDWARD

License for the marriage of Dr. Robert H. Durham, big physician in the Ford Hospital at Detroit, Mich., and Miss Mary Louise Edward, cultured and attractive daughter of Dr. J. D. Edward of Siler City, Chatham's representative in the last General Assembly.

The bride is a graduate of Meredith. Dr. Durham is a son of Capt. W. S. Durham of Siler City.

### THOSE HIDDEN INSURANCE TAXES

The tax collector is getting a stranglehold on an industry that is absolutely essential to our industrial and social progress—fire insurance.

According to A. von Thaden, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, our population has increased 33 per cent in the last 20 years, our national income 160 per cent and fire and marine insurance premiums 190 per cent. Yet in the same period the taxes paid by fire insurance companies have risen 368 per cent.

Mr. von Thaden points out that the fire insurance premium tax, which is paid entirely by policyholders, is especially unjust. This tax is similar, in effect, to one levied on the gross turnover of any other business. Should our tax collectors take three or four per cent on the gross sales of a mercantile business or on the average deposits in a bank, there would be an immediate wave of protest. Yet such a tax is levied against insurance policies and goes unchallenged due to lack of knowledge on the part of the public that is being taxed in this manner.

Taking one state as an example, in 1928 the assets of the insurance companies doing business there totaled \$9662,000,000. Their premium income was \$248,000,000, of which they paid \$6,203,000 in taxes. In contrast to this, the state banks had assets of \$1,747,856,000 and

pand only \$2,236,000 in taxes. In short, banks, with twice the assets of the insurance companies, paid but 36 per cent of the tax borne by insurance. This is not an argument to tax banks unfairly but to show the inequitableness of the insurance premium tax.

Industrial development, wages, home building, employment—all the factors which contribute to American prosperity are directly dependant on insurance. Industry and individuals should not be penalized with double taxation because they are thrifty and cautious enough to protect their property or add to their bank savings.

## BILL THE BARBER SAYS

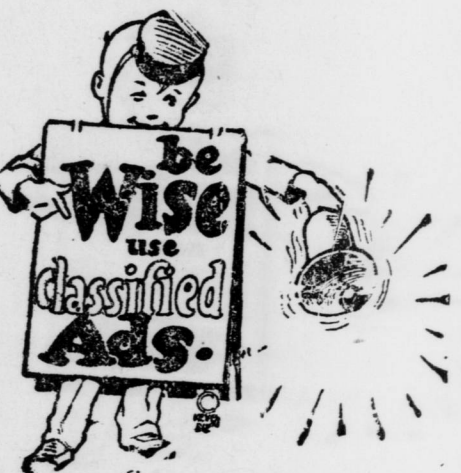
The police never fail to recover the automobiles that are insured.



To build a bank account, be one who can be banked on.—Forbes Magazine.

It's a trifle that makes fools laugh.—Irish proverb.

He who carries lime in a basket leaves traces wherever he stops.—Chinese proverb.



## At What Time

Said the man with an injured hand, "It seems to be getting better very slowly. It may get well in time, but it may not be in MY time."

It isn't that way at all with a savings account at the bank. From week to week your savings may not make a great showing, but from year to year, if you are persistent, there will be a steady gain. And best of all, the money will be available in TIME, and in YOUR time, to help you when needed.

# THE BANK OF GOLDSTON

HUGH WOMBLE, Pres. T. W. GOLDSTON, Cashier

GOLDSTON, N. C.