

# FOUGHT THE DRAFT

The Scene In New York City During the Riots of 1863.

## A BRIEF REIGN OF TERROR.

For Five Days the Mobs Opposed to Conscription Raged Through the Streets, and More Than a Thousand Persons Were Killed or Wounded.

During the draft riots in the war days of 1863 New York City was in the grip of terror and blood shed for nearly a week. Conscription was begun on the morning of Tuesday, July 13, in a four story brick building at Third avenue and Fifti-sixth street, under the supervision of Provost Marshal Jenkins. Assistance and protection had been promised, but no one came to help him and his little force.

The rioters rushed into the draft office and threw the enrollment books out of the windows to the crowd, which tore the records to shreds. The draft wheel, chairs and tables were smashed, piled in the middle of the room, and a match was applied. This building was one of the many burned the aggregate loss by incendiary fires being estimated at \$2,000,000.

For negroes in the city it was a day of doom, the mob looking upon them as one of the chief causes of the draft. Many of them were killed and wounded, some being shot, others beaten to death and still others hanged to trees and lamp-posts. The Colored Orphan asylum was burned. Near Fulton market boys killed three negroes and left their bodies on the pier near Fulton ferry entrance.

So suddenly did the shock come that the police and limited force of militia in town could not resist it. There was a hurried conference between Major General Wool, ex-Governor Morgan General Anthony and Brigadier General Harvey Brown; but, owing to the absence of Governor Horatio Seymour, whose opinion was wanted, martial law was not declared. Brigadier General Brown, however, took command of the troops in the city and summoned from nearby points all available soldiers. Mayor George Opdyke issued an anti-riot proclamation.

During the afternoon a mob swept along Fifth avenue, destroying property. They were ready to burn Mayor Opdyke's home, but Judge Barnard saved it by telling the crowd the only way to resist the draft was by bringing it before the court. He promised he would issue a writ of habeas corpus for any drafted man for whom application should be made. In all the mobs were many infuriated women, whose actions were often worse than those of the men.

Horace Greeley, who was a particular object of aversion to the rioters, started, as usual, from his home in Nineteenth street to go on a Fourth avenue car to the Tribune office. Friends told him of his danger, and he spent the day in Windust's restaurant at Park row and Ann street, and went home at night in a closed carriage while mobs were demanding his blood. Governor Seymour issued a proclamation the next day calling on all citizens to stand by the constituted authorities and assist in maintaining order. Rioting, however, continued throughout the day and night, the police, soldiers and mobs having many fatal encounters.

On the third day the rioting continued, and many of the mob and the city's defenders were killed or wounded. The federal authorities postponed the draft, but trouble did not cease at once, as many of the rioters thought the action was a governmental trick to gain time. The fourth day brought further disorders in New York and Brooklyn. Archbishop Hughes addressed a crowd in front of his home, urging them to keep the peace. His plea had a soothing effect.

On the fifth day fighting ceased and order was partly restored. A heavy storm also dampened the ardor of the rioters. General James B. Fry, provost marshal general of the United States, issued an order that drafting would be resumed. Brigadier General E. R. S. Canby assumed command of the Federal troops in the city, relieving General Brown. A roundup of ringleaders among the rioters followed, and many were arrested. By July 30 order was completely restored.

More than 1,000 persons were killed or wounded during the rioting, among them Colonel O'Brien of the Eleventh New York Volunteers, then in the city on recruiting duty. He ventured out in uniform after having conspicuously opposed the mob. He was seized, beaten, dragged through the streets and finally flung into his own backyard, where he died.—New York Sun

# A Story of the Spanish Armada

By ELINOR MARSH

Travelling one summer in Ireland, I stopped at a farmhouse on Donegal bay. The farmer and his wife looked like other people of Irish descent, except that the mother did not have the clear, peachy Irish complexion, while the children were brunettes. I remarked to the farmer upon this dark skin of his children, whereupon he told me that there was Spanish blood in their veins. Going to a desk, he took out a manuscript and handed it to me. It was written in a woman's hand on parchment and evidently was very old. I was sufficiently interested in it to take a copy of it. Here it is:

It was midsummer, 1588, when one morning I was picking berries in the field and stopped to rest. Looking out over the bay, I saw a ship. Scattered here and there far and near were other ships. One of them was so close to the shore that I could see the standard she bore, and it was a strange one. The ship, which was a large one and with portholes for guns, was coming into the harbor. Her foremast was gone, and what sails she carried were in tatters.

This was the year of the famous Spanish armada. We in the north of Ireland had heard something about the Spaniards intending to invade England, but we get little news from a land so far away, and we had not heard that they had sailed up the English channel; that there had been a running fight; that many of the Spanish ships had been wrecked in a storm. That the rest, cut off from returning to Spain over the course they had come, had sailed to the northward of the Orkney Islands and were coming southward around the west coast of Ireland to get back home.

This ship I saw came into port evidently in distress. We had no means of defending ourselves. Indeed, we needed no defense, for the ship came, in only to make such repairs as might enable her to make the voyage back to Spain.

I went down to the shore, where I watched a boat coming from the ship. It landed near where I stood, and the sailors carried a man wrapped in blankets on to the beach and laid him on the sand. The sun was shining, and the sand was warm and not hard to lie upon. The sailors left the man, returned to their boat and pulled back to the ship.

I went to the man and looked down upon him. His eyes were closed; but, hearing me, he opened them. He was no doubt very ill or much reduced from exposure. He spoke a little English and told me that he had been wounded fighting in the English channel. The rolling of the ship greatly injured him, and he had begged his comrades to take him ashore. If not rescued by some landsman he would prefer to die there rather than on ship-board.

He seemed greatly relieved to be lying where he was, so I left him to go to the house and tell father and mother about him. I took back to him some milk, which he drank and seemed to relish. Father was not minded to save a hated Spaniard from death, but at last I prevailed upon him to go with me to the stranger, and when father saw him and that he was very young and well favored he would have carried him to the house, but the invalid preferred to remain where he was so long as the sun shone upon him and the breeze fanned his cheek.

But when evening came he was removed to our house, where I gave him some bread and honey for supper, and he was laid upon a bed and at once fell into a sleep from which he did not awaken till the next day at noon. The first question he asked was whether the ship that had brought him had sailed, and when told that it had he was much cast down, for he said that he felt much stronger and would have returned to Spain in her.

These things he communicated partly in English words and partly by signs. No one except myself could understand him, so whenever he wished to communicate anything he did it through me. I nursed him and prepared his meals for him, and he would not permit any one else to do anything for him.

By the time he had recovered a Spanish ship that had been wrecked, but had been repaired, was ready to sail for Spain, and the Spaniard sent word to her commander that he would go with him as one of the crew. A boat was sent for him, and he bade goodly to father and mother and the children. I went with him to the place where the boat was waiting for him. But we never reached it. Looking down from an eminence upon the boat I tried to permit him to go to it, but could not, nor could he leave me. We remained, where we were, and when the night was coming on the sailors pulled away and left us.

I have written this that my children and my children's children may know how it came about that the blood of Spain and Ireland was mingled in them at the time of the great armada. My husband has long ago renounced his allegiance to the king of Spain and is now a lawful subject of King James. One thing has tended to balance the difference in blood—we are both of the same religion, being of the true and only Catholic church.

The farmer told me that the narrator of the episode was his grandmother many generations back. The offspring of the pair were girls alone, so the Spanish name was lost.

# USING UP THE HOG

Not Even a Hair of Him is Wasted by the Big Packers.

## GOOD PROFIT IN THE OFFAL.

It Yields as Great a Financial Return as Do the Main Food Products of the Carcass—How the Various Parts of the Animal are Utilized.

There is a use for everything that is removed from a hog. After years of experimenting packers have reduced their business to such a system that they realize as much profit from the offal as they do from the main carcass.

The meat of a hog is from 70 to 80 per cent of the live weight. The 20 to 30 per cent that is classed as offal, makes the money for the packers. Exclusive of condemnations by government inspectors, about 17 per cent of each carcass is lost at various stages of dressing and by evaporation in processing and curing, so that really only about 60 per cent actually goes into cuts to be retailed to the consumer. The various cuts—hams, bacon, loins, spare ribs and pork sides—are the main products.

Among the edible byproducts is peppin, which is derived from the stomach of the hog. The liver is used for food as it is taken from the body, and it is also made into liver sausage. Brains are prepared in many ways. Tongues find their way into the making of canned and pickled meats. Hearts are used in sausage.

Tails, snouts and ears are rich in gelatin or glue, but most of them are sold for boiling with kraut and other vegetables and are much in favor with lovers of boiled meats. Kidneys enter into the fresh meat trade or when the supply is too large are frozen or canned.

Neutral is a specially prepared lard, largely used abroad, and in this country an important ingredient in the manufacture of oleomargarine. Lard proper is not commonly called a byproduct of the hog; it is one of the primary products. About 15 per cent of the average hog goes into the making of lard. The demand for lard has increased greatly during the past few years. It is now used commonly in cooking in place of butter. Part of the lard is further processed into lard oil and stearine, the former used as a lubricant and for illuminating purposes, the latter entering into the manufacture of lard compounds, chewing gum, soft candles, fancy toilet soaps and other toilet preparations.

Small quantities of blood are used in the making of blood puddings, but most of it is dried and ground into blood meal, a popular ration with poultry raisers as well as a feed for calves that are being fed on skim milk. Stomachs are used as sausage containers, the lining first being removed and used as a source of peppin. The "black" or curly intestines of the hog are carefully cleaned, processed and made into chitterlings, an inexpensive food that is fried like oysters, much in favor with colored people.

Seven per cent of the weight of the hog is represented in nonedible byproducts in the raw state, which are afterward manufactured into glue, soap, glycerin, blood meal, tankage, curdled hair and fertilizer. In the finished state these products represent about 4 1/2 per cent of the hog's weight, the balance being lost in evaporation. The rinds from skinned hams and bacon, as well as the back skin of the hog, are saved. Pigskin is used in athletic goods.

Hair enters into many lines of manufacture. A large part is used in the making of brushes, and the finer the bristles the higher priced brush is produced. It is also curried and used for upholstery.

The waste waters are evaporated to a thick brown wax known as "stick" because of its adhesive properties. It is used in the manufacture of fertilizer, as it has a high nitrogen content.

Bones are used in making phosphates for baking powder and other compounds. They are also ground into poultry feed, and a large tonnage finds its way into the fertilizer trade. Bones are also burned for charcoal for use in the purification of sirups in the manufacture of sugar. Bone ash is used in making crucibles for glassmaking and metal refining.

Tankage is a bone and tissue substance that is taken from the tanks after the different parts are rendered for grease. It is used chiefly in stock and poultry feed.—Joseph M. Carroll in Country Gentleman.

**Nicely Put.**  
"John," whispered his wife, "I'm thoroughly convinced that there is a burglar downstairs."  
"Well, my dear," replied her husband sleepily, "I hope you don't expect me to have the courage of your convictions."—Boston Transcript.

**The Bunko Game.**  
"You can't fool all the people all the time."  
"You don't need to. If you can fool half of the people some of the time you can make a good living."

**Proving It.**  
An editor said of a certain local politician: "We will not call him an ass. We will print his speech."

Do all the good you can and no harm where you cannot do good.



# Come to St Anne

**ON SUNDAY, JULY 22d**  
**The Steamer "Kingston"**  
will leave Charlotte (Port of Rochester) at 10.30 p. m., for the 9th Annual Pilgrimage to St. Anne De Beaupre—personally conducted by Rev. Father A. A. Notebaert.

**FARE to Quebec and Return, including meals and berth \$27.00**

Pilgrims may return on any Steamer of the line up to August 15th, and may also visit Montreal and Thousand Islands.

Side trip from Quebec to the Saguenay River and return will be made for which SPECIAL RATE OF \$12.00, meals and berth included, on steamers, has been secured.

Passports are not required entering Canada. Every bona fide American tourist and visitor is as welcome as in other years.

Apply for Tickets early—Steamer space is limited—to Rev. Father Notebaert, 10 Pleasant Street.

—OR—

**CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd.**  
60 Clinton Avenue South  
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## Monkeying With A Signal Code

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Abercrombie, who was a bachelor, did not spend his time dawdling around clubs and drawing rooms. He owned a splendid yacht, the Theta, big enough to sail anywhere in any waters, and in this yacht he made his home. He contributed quite a number of inventions to assist scientists in making deep sea soundings and investigating ocean currents and at the time referred to in this story was endeavoring to simplify sea signals.

**The Night Table.**  
The night table is not as well known in bedroom lore as it might be. I think it is such a comfort to be able after going to bed to read by the light on the night table and to be able to stretch out a hand at midnight and switch this same light on. On the night table may be kept any of the little things which might in any possibility be needed during the night—a light, a clock, a carafe of drinking water, a book for a chance waking hour.—Washington Star.

**Peace on Earth.**  
Peace on earth would mean the liberation of human faculties for the highest and noblest achievements of which human nature is capable. It would mean a splendid efflorescence of art, literature, science, philosophy and religion—in short, culture in its best sense as the spontaneous unfolding of the powers of personality.—David Jayne Hill in Century.

**Table Manners.**  
To put the elbows on the table is to confess indifference to rules of etiquette. This attitude should remain peculiar to grillrooms, where it originated. Those who observe the details of good form keep their hands in their laps when not employed with the knife and fork.—Pittsburgh Press.

**His Trifling Mistake.**  
Lady Exhibitor "let the close of a baby show"—But, good gracious! This is not my baby, sir! Checktaker—Very sorry, madam. It's the last left. The checks got mixed up somehow. But I'll take care that it shan't occur again.—London Answers.

**Tit For Tat.**  
He—You never consult my wishes in ordering the meals. She—Well, you never consult the market reports in providing an allowance for the household.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The wages of sin are always paid. If there is any delay in settlement compound interest is added.

ly. "Besides, she has scientific tastes." "I have never met." Abercrombie declared enthusiastically, "one who has taken in everything I have said so readily."

"She inherited it from her grandfather, Admiral Turnlee," the mother pursued. "He wrote a book on coral reefs and another on volcanic formations. Children always take from their grandparents rather than their own fathers."

Colonel Turnlee, who was cracking nuts, did not notice his wife's aspersions on his own generation. "Do you think, Miss Turnlee," said Abercrombie, "that if I were to send you a message by my code from my yacht out in the bay you would understand it?" "I think I would," replied the girl demurely—"that is, if it were not too long."

"Very well. Look out for one tomorrow afternoon."

"How shall I reply? I have no signals."

"You can write or, better, telegraph."

Miss Lella made no reply to this. Possibly she was timid at being put to the test, fearing that she might fail. I don't know how she felt about it. I only throw this out as a suggestion. Her mother had confidence that she would understand the signal perfectly and furnish Abercrombie with fresh evidence of the brilliancy of her intellect. The colonel went on cracking and munching nuts, but said nothing. When the dinner broke up he had to go over to see the commanding general, and Mrs. Turnlee received a visit from the major's wife. This left Abercrombie and Miss Lella alone together for the rest of the evening. Abercrombie in order to give her a better chance to pass the test to come off next day coached her a bit, asking her a few leading questions concerning it. He discovered that she did not know as much about the code as he had thought she did. He left her doubting that she would be able to telegraph him a correct answer to his message.

The next day at 3 there were evidences on the Theta of a desire to communicate with some one. Abercrombie himself was hauling up little flags and running them down again. His message was, "You are a very bright girl." When the signaling was over Abercrombie waited for her telegram. It did not come, but later Colonel Turnlee's orderly brought a note. It read:

Your flattering offer of your heart and hand comes so unexpectedly that I should have time. But my own heart says now and always "Yes."

Abercrombie read the message with a stare. He married Miss Turnlee, but even as his wife she would never tell him whether she had understood his message or not.

Whether or not it was this experience that caused the change, certain it is that Abercrombie lost all interest in signaling and studied it no more.

If the thief lacks opportunity he thinks himself honest.—Berns.