

ART. IV.—THE NEW YORK RIOT OF 1863.

The Great Riots of New York. By J. T. HEADLEY.

The American Conflict. By HORACE GREELEY.

The American Annual Cyclopaedia for 1863. Appletons.

The Lost Cause. By E. A. POLLARD.

Mayoralty Documents. 1862, 1863. By GEORGE OPDYKE.

THERE are dark periods in the history of every city and nation, particularly while pressing through the exhausting struggles of a gigantic war. The collapse of large branches of industry and commerce, the curtailment of individual liberty, and the rude sundering of esteemed relationships, exasperate; while the wail of ten thousand families, occasioned by their costly contributions to the gory fields, covers a people with sackcloth and fills it with consternation. Divided sentiments, springing from education, interest, and political factions, maddened by controversies, defeats, and losses, introduce a conflict of ideas only less exciting and deadly than the martial duel on the plain. The strife concerning national policies has seldom been as intense and bitter as during the late war, dividing life friends, and leading men of highest standing in Church and State to range themselves with sternest purpose on either side of the line.

War is always a dark problem; but when the rapid march of an invading army spreads its fangs over the life arteries of a republic, and the Government, in attempting to recruit its depleted columns, is confronted by a mob eighty thousand strong, contending successive days and nights for the control and plunder of the great political and moneyed center of the country,

the picture becomes truly appalling. The solid interests of the country, both in peace and war, have always centered in New York. The insurgents counted on New York from the outset more than on any city south of Mason and Dixon's line, and the Federal Government also expected and received from it the most herculean support. Scarcely any calamity could have been so disastrous to the national cause during all those anxious years as the wreck of New York city. Besides the princely contributions of many of her citizens to the national cause in vessels, troops, equipments, and money, and the general revenue, (which during the war vastly exceeded that collected in all the residue of the country,) it furnished the Government one hundred and forty-eight thousand six hundred and seventy-six troops, and loaned it during the same time *two hundred million dollars in gold*. It was also the center in which were collected the vast stores of ammunition, arms, food, clothing, and supplies of all kinds, to render effective the forces in the field. The city of Washington was always guarded with a vast army; but though Washington was the head, New York was a large and important part of the body, and the brain would soon have been useless without the "bone and sinew."

The war was fiercer, more expensive, and continued much longer than the masses had anticipated. The prospects of the Republic went up and down in the scale for years, so that for ten months previous to the July riot the whole loyal populace felt weary and discouraged, and the disloyal element clamored loudly for a suspension of hostilities. It was claimed that the rebel Government had more than held its own during the second year, covering portions of 1862, '63. Great plans had been formed by Federal commanders, but nothing decisive had been accomplished. The vast army of the Potomac had not been in sight of Richmond, and the repeated changes of its generals had brought only the bloody repulse of Burnside at Fredericksburgh and the fruitless fight of Hooker at Chancellorsville. Grant's scheme for the opening of the Mississippi by the capture of Vicksburgh and Port Hudson had not succeeded, and it was loudly asserted never could. Many earnest friends of the Government wondered whether the right man was at its head, and the rival political tide (which in this country returns

about every two years) rose very high. Horatio Seymour, an inveterate opposer of the war for the Union, was elected governor of New York in November, 1862, over General Wadsworth, an esteemed officer of the Union army. The elections occurring in the spring of 1863 showed the same drift of public sentiment, New Hampshire, a pronounced Republican State, electing a Republican governor by its Legislature, having failed to secure him a plurality vote from the people. In Rhode Island and Connecticut the Democrats, though not successful, exhibited far greater strength than had crowned their exertions for years. These results were considered a rebuke to the administration in prosecuting the war, and the Democrats loudly urged an armistice, to be followed by a National Convention to adjust existing troubles.

Foreign nations, including their ambassadors at Washington, very generally considered the Union of the States practically and finally at an end, and in this faith the emperor of the French, on Jan. 9, 1863, made a diplomatic proffer of his kind offices as mediator between the belligerents in the American Republic. Volunteers during the first eighteen months of the war supplied the Government with all needed forces; but the exhaustive and apparently fruitless winter of 1862, '63, depleted our ranks—which volunteering at that state of the public mind could not supply—and Congress, on March 3, 1863, passed an act providing for the enrollment of the national forces by Federal provost-marshals, all able-bodied citizens, including aliens who had declared their intention to become naturalized, between the ages of twenty and thirty-five to constitute the first class, and others between the ages of eighteen and forty-five the second class; from which the President was empowered, after July first, to secure by draft such numbers as were needed to serve the national cause for terms not exceeding three years. An exemption clause released the heads of executive departments, governors of States, Federal judges, the only son of a widower or of aged and infirm parents dependent on that son's labor for support, the father of dependent motherless children under twelve years of age, or the only adult brother of such children, being orphans, or the residue of a family having already two members in the service. A commutation of three hundred dollars was also to be taken in lieu of field service.

This measure of the Federal Government to provide for its defense greatly exasperated all Southern sympathizers, who had expected to see the administration bend to the opposition pressure, and the act was at once pronounced "tyrannical," "unconstitutional," "an unnecessary stretch of governmental control," an "outrage on State rights" and the "constitutional liberties of the people," to be resisted and defeated. Democratic justices in the States, including McCunn of the Supreme Court of New York and a majority of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, made haste to pronounce the act "unconstitutional and void," insisting that the Federal authorities had no power to recruit armies otherwise than by voluntary enlistment.

It appears now almost incredible that so suicidal a theory should have been urged by governors, judges, and editors all over the country when the Republic was on the verge of hopeless disruption. Preservation is certainly the first law of a State; and while volunteering, encouraged by reasonable bounty, is preferable, the intrinsic right of Government to secure by draft the forces needed to repel invasion and preserve domestic order, is *undeniable*. Exorbitant bounties encourage cupidity rather than patriotism, filling the land with "bounty jumpers," who exhaust the treasury and bring no strength to the front. The insurgent Government at Richmond, as early as April, 1862, had passed a sweeping conscription act, placing all white males in their territory between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five at the absolute disposal of the executive, and retaining through the war all then in service who had enlisted for a brief period only. Their subsequent acts were rigorously exacting on their population. The act of the Federal authorities was much milder, and not to be enforced until a year and a quarter later than the one passed at Richmond, yet the malcontents at the North who believed in no "coercion" "save of the Lincoln administration by the rebels," uttered no word against the legislation of the latter, while they were uproarious in condemnation of the former.

But the country was now destined to reap some of the bitter fruit of its own folly. Our chief disaffections are, and ever have been, (the great rebellion excepted,) among our adopted citizens. A more suicidal policy could scarcely be adopted

than our system of wholesale enfranchisement of ignorant, vicious foreigners, who have fled the restraints and escaped from the armies and prisons of the Old World. Granting that enfranchisement is a means to elevation, still, this boon should not be purchased at the extreme peril of a Republic and the extinction of liberty. Our Government was an experiment, and Americans owed it to themselves, to their peers, and to posterity, to have more carefully guarded the liberties of this infant commonwealth. Instead of granting citizenship to enlightened, virtuous strangers, we have foolishly proffered it to all, making law-makers and judges of the lawless.

We have also long felt the influence of an army of political demagogues, controlling a portion of the press and mounting the rostrum, ready to pander to these suspicious, misguided elements for personal ends. Happily, Americans have thus far been able to hold the balance, though they have suffered many local defeats inflicting disgrace on the fair fame of our institutions. Thousands sharing the full advantages of the country think themselves at liberty to keep law or break it, to assist in the defense of the nation they have adopted or otherwise. It was the fanning of these lawless embers that produced the flame.

The exemption clause, also, in the Conscription act was immensely unpopular. That a rich man could escape for three hundred dollars was considered the climax of tyranny. It was the old (and often *senseless*) quarrel of labor against capital; as if capital did not play as important a part in the war and *every-where* as labor. There are laborers besides those who wield the sledge and follow the plow. And does not the world need manufacturers and bankers, as much as operatives and hod carriers? If wealth brings its exemptions it has also its burdens, which the poor cannot carry; and if no one accumulated there would be little in a country to enjoy or defend.

Independence Day dawned upon a distracted country—a wearied and irritated people. Gen. Rosecrans had stood still half a year in Middle Tennessee; Grant had toiled six weeks around Vicksburgh; Banks nearly as long before Port Hudson; Milroy had been driven out of Winchester, losing vast stores and half his army; Hooker had given place to Meade, a comparatively unknown general, on the eve of a great battle;

and Lee's triumphant march, with over one hundred thousand troops and two hundred and eighty cannon, into the heart of Pennsylvania, had caused all disloyal hearts to beat high and the nation's defenders to tremble. On that day ex-President Pierce, at a great Democratic mass-meeting at Concord, N. H., pronounced it "futile to attempt to maintain the Union by force of arms;" and Governor Seymour, addressing a similar meeting at the New York Academy of Music, denounced the policy of the Government, and sneered over the unfulfilled prophecies of Federal military triumphs. An incendiary anonymous hand-bill, calling on the people to rise and vindicate their liberties, had been widely circulated through New York on the evening of July 3, preparatory, as some believe, to a simultaneous uprising, as we shall show hereafter.

The Provost-marshal, with some opposition, had completed the enrollment, and the draft was finally ordered. The disloyal press of New York teemed with incendiary articles up to the very hour the affray began. The Government, absorbed with Lee and Vicksburgh, certainly did not perceive the temper of the masses in New York, and the appalling risk it was taking in commencing the draft on so inopportune a day. Lee's brilliant *debouch* into Pennsylvania had startled the country, and New York was called upon to send twenty thousand militia to Harrisburgh. It responded promptly with fifteen thousand, sending every organized regiment from the city, and nearly all from the fortifications in the harbor. This uncovering of the greatest hot-bed of treason north of Baltimore was sufficient without testing the metal of those who had counseled resistance to a draft when nothing but the ordinary police force could be relied on. The documents of the Mayor show that he apprehended serious disorder, but his cautions to the Secretary of War were not heeded. The draft began on Saturday, July 11, and proceeded quietly in the Eleventh and Ninth Districts. With regard to the time, Mr. Headley says, justly, "Saturday, of all days in the week, was the worst. It was a new thing, and one under any circumstances calculated to attract universal attention among the lower classes, and provoke great and angry discussion. Hence to have the draft commence on Saturday, and allow the names to be published

in the papers on Sunday morning, so that all could read them and spend the day in talking the matter over and lay plans for future action, was a most unwise, thoughtless procedure. If there had been any choice as to the day, one, if possible, should have been chosen that preceded the busiest day of the week. To have the list of twelve hundred names that had been drawn read over and commented on all day by men who enlivened their discussions with copious drafts of bad whisky, especially when most of those drawn were laboring men or poor mechanics, unable to hire a substitute, was like applying fire to gunpowder."

Still, it was not generally believed that any rank opposition would be encountered until the conscripts were required to muster for service. The air was full of threatening indications as the draft officers began their toil on Monday morning. Superintendent Kennedy, hearing that the State Arsenal was to be seized, sent fifty policemen to occupy it, and dispatched small squads to preserve order in the drafting districts. Early in the day it became known that large gangs of men, employed by street contractors in the Nineteenth Ward, were not at work, and soon a very threatening aspect of affairs spread through the north-western portion of the city. Groups of men were gathering in every direction, and in a short time all the workshops and factories in that locality were forcibly stopped and the *employés* compelled to join their ranks. Proceeding northward in separate divisions, sweeping several avenues, this wild and savage mass of Irish laborers found at length a rendezvous in a vacant lot near Central Park, and after consultation marched in two divisions, one down Fifth and the other down Sixth Avenues, until they reached Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets, when they turned toward Third Avenue, where the draft was being conducted. Soon a huge paving-stone went crashing through the window, knocking down two or three bystanders, upsetting an inkstand on a reporter's table, and producing general consternation. A second and a third stone followed in quick succession; then the doors of the building were wrested from their fastenings, and, while the drafting officers and reporters escaped through the rear entrance, the mob entered the front, smashing furniture and destroying the papers, after which the building was set on fire.

The mob had already assumed vast proportions. One wing of it, passing down the avenue, completely filling it and moving rapidly, had been observed by a gentleman to be nearly twenty-five minutes in passing a given point. Mr. Headley, in his felicitous style, thus describes its appearance immediately after the destruction of the Provost-marshal's office: "The scene in Third Avenue at this time was fearful and appalling. It was now noon, but the hot July sun was obscured by heavy clouds, that hung in ominous shadows over the city, while from Cooper Institute to Forty-sixth-street, or about thirty blocks, the avenue was black with human beings—sidewalks, house-tops, windows, and stoops, all filled with rioters or spectators. Dividing it like a stream, horse-cars, arrested in their course, lay strung along far as the eye could reach. As the glance ran along this mighty mass of men and women, north, it rested at length on huge columns of smoke rolling heavenward from burning buildings, giving a still more fearful aspect to the scene. Many estimated the numbers at this time in the street at fifty thousand."

The brutal defeat of the small corps of invalid troops, who fired a volley of blank cartridges over the heads of the rioters, about this time, and the swift discomfiture of some squads of policemen, who charged bravely on these frenzied masses only to be crushed and beaten to death by overpowering numbers, emboldened the miscreants, who from this time deliberately took the offensive, saying little more about the draft, while they planned and undertook the most enormous schemes of destruction and plunder. A gun-factory on Second Avenue and Twenty-first-street was wrested from the police and workmen in charge of it, furnishing large numbers of fire-arms, and separate mobs now spread confusion simultaneously in many directions. Mayor Opdyke's house on Fifth Avenue was attacked; the Bull's Head Hotel, the Colored Orphan Asylum, and some other buildings, were sacked and burned. Emboldened by victory and maddened with rum, they now planned the most daring *coup d'état* of the entire movement, the success of which would have quickly ruined the city and made bankrupt the country. They resolved to destroy the Police Headquarters in Mulberry-street, after which they proposed to deal with the *Tribune* and other fated buildings. Mr. Headley says:

When the news of this movement reached head-quarters the Commissioners saw that a crisis had come. The mob numbered at least five thousand, while they could not muster at that moment two hundred men. The clerk, Mr. Hawley, went to the Commissioners' room and said, "Gentlemen, the crisis has come. A battle has got to be fought now, and *won too*, or all is lost." They agreed with him. "But who," they asked, "will lead the comparatively small force in this fight?" He replied that he thought "Sergeant Carpenter should be selected, as one of the oldest and most experienced officers on the force." "Well," they said, "will you go down to his room and see what he says about it?" He went and laid before him the perilous condition of things, and that an immediate and successful battle must be fought. Carpenter heard him through, and taking in fully the perilous condition of things, paused a moment, and then rising to his full height and lifting his hand, said, with terrible emphasis, "I'll go, and I'll win that fight or *Daniel Carpenter* will never come back a live man." He walked out and summoned the little force, and as "Fall in, men; fall in," was repeated, they fell into line along the street. When all was ready Acton turned to Carpenter, every lineament of whose face showed the stern purpose that mastered him, and quietly said, "Sergeant, *make no arrests.*" "All right," replied Carpenter as he buttoned up his coat and shouted, "Forward!" Solid and silent, save their heavy, measured tread on the pavement, they moved down Bleecker-street toward Broadway. As they turned into the latter street, only a block and a half away they saw the mob, which filled the entire street far as the eye could reach, moving tumultuously forward. Armed with clubs, pitchforks, iron bars, and some with guns and pistols, and most of them in their shirt-sleeves, and shouting as they came, they presented a wild and savage appearance. Pedestrians fled down the side streets, stores were hastily closed, stages vanished, and they had the street to themselves. A huge board, on which was inscribed "No Draft," was borne aloft as a banner, and beside it waved the stars and stripes. The less than two hundred policemen, compact and firm, now halted, while Carpenter detached two companies of fifty each up the parallel streets to the right and left as far as Fourth-street. Coming down this street from both directions, they were to strike the mob on both flanks at the same time he charged them in front. He waited till they had reached their position, and then shouted, "*By the right flank, company, front, double quick—charge!*" Instantaneously every club was swung in air, and solid as a wall and swift as a wave they swept full on the astonished multitude, while at the same time, to cut the monster in two, the two companies charged in flank. Carpenter, striding several steps in advance, his face fairly blazing with excitement, dealt the first blow, stretching on the pavement a powerful ruffian who was rushing on him with a huge club. For a few minutes nothing was heard but the heavy thud of clubs falling on human skulls

thick and fast as hailstones on windows. The mob, just before so confident and bold, quailed in terror, and would have broken and fled at once but for the mass behind, which kept bearing down on them. This, however, soon gave way before the side attack and the panic that followed. Then the confusion and uproar became terrible, and the mass surged hither and thither, now rolling up Broadway, and again borne back or shoved against the stores, seeking madly for a way of escape. At length, breaking into fragments, they rushed down the side streets, hotly pursued by policemen, whose remorseless clubs never ceased to fall as long as a fugitive was within reach. Broadway looked like a field of battle, the pavements strewn thick with prostrate bleeding forms. It was a great victory, and decisive of all future contests. Having effectually dispersed them, Carpenter, with the captured flag, marched up to Mayor Opdyke's house, but finding all quiet, returned to Head-quarters.

The vast crowds of rioters that blackened the Park around the City Hall as night stole on promised evil to the "Tribune," whose editor they had sought for in vain during the day. The terrible repulse they had received on Broadway from Carpenter had crippled many of the leaders, and delayed for several hours the intended attack at Printing House Square. Early in the evening came the crash of stones and brickbats through the windows of the building; then a general assault forcing the doors, and scores of rioters poured in, smashing every thing within reach, after which they applied the match. But the blue-coats again interfered with their programme. Captain Warlow, of the First Precinct, after much marching and fighting reached his station-house, where he met a dispatch from Head-quarters ordering him to fly to the rescue of the "Tribune" building. A few moments brought him and his little force to the scene of tumult. Here he was fortunately joined by Captain Thorne's force of the City Hall, and one hundred and fifty clubs cut a wide and rapid swath up Nassau-street in front of the "Tribune" office, putting thousands to flight across the Park, and through every available street. The building was soon emptied of rioters, and the flames extinguished. But while the crowds rushing across the Park escaped Warlow, they encountered a still more formidable enemy. Carpenter, with two hundred policemen, had also been dispatched down Broadway to protect the "Tribune" building. They had just crossed Chambers-street when they met

the advance of these rushing thousands. Quickly forming his men, he charged at double-quick, bearing down every thing before him, and literally swept the Park as with the besom of destruction.

This ended the hard fighting of the first day. Carpenter spent the night with a considerable force at the City Hall. The Custom-House and the Sub-Treasury were garrisoned with armed men, and the weary policemen remained on duty all over the metropolitan district.

Thus far the police force had singly confronted these enormous masses, and, though taken by surprise, had suffered no crushing defeat to the force, and the day closed to them with decisive victory at all points; yet it was clear that re-enforcements must be obtained for the morrow. Lee had been glad to find the Potomac, but the city regiments were still under General Couch at Harrisburgh. Mayor Opdyke, comprehending fully the perils of the situation, had during the forenoon called on General Wool, Federal Commander of the Eastern Department, for aid; also on Major-General Sandford, of the State Militia; and on Admiral Paulding, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Each had responded, like gallant officers, with such forces as they could muster, General Sandford taking possession of the State Armory on Seventh Avenue, which he held securely, though he appears to have performed no other service during that eventful week. The fortifications around the harbor were now laid under contribution, and a rigid denudation furnished about seven hundred troops, which were collected in the vicinity of Police Head-quarters. The Mayor had in the mean time sent several telegrams to Governor Seymour, then at Long Branch, and had advised Secretary Stanton, at Washington, of the state of affairs.

But while these battles between the police and rioters were being waged, a conflict of military etiquette was raging in the parlor of the St. Nicholas Hotel. General Wool having taken up his temporary head-quarters here, a meeting, consisting of Mayor Opdyke, President Acton, General Sandford, General Brown, and some other citizens, undertook to organize a plan of action for the morrow. Brevet Brigadier-General Harvey Brown, of the United States Army, had, by special order of the War Department, been made commandant of the city and

of all its troops and fortifications, save Fort Columbus. General Wool decided that Sandford, a major-general, though not in the United States service, ranked Brown, a brigadier-general of the regular army, and required the latter to obey the orders of the former. This Brown very reasonably refused to do, urging that as he, and not Sandford, was amenable at Washington, he must have control of his troops or withdraw entirely. For a time a ruinous disagreement seemed inevitable, but through the earnest persuasions of the Mayor a compromise was reached, and General Brown assumed command of all the troops except those at the State Arsenal.

In the basement of the Central Police building is the Telegraph department, with lines of thought extending to the station-house of each precinct. By this arrangement the Superintendent is enabled to converse with every department of the force, and dispatch promptly such numbers as are required to quell disorder. On Monday all patrol duty had been suspended, and a large force had been collected at Head-quarters for hard service. These were hurried here and there as Acton learned through the wires of riotous demonstrations, and through the station-houses he kept up communication with them in all directions. Some idea of the value of this system may be inferred from the fact that nearly six thousand messages passed over the wires during the four days of the riot. The mob early saw the importance of destroying this system, and on their way across Fourth Avenue, on Monday, tore down the telegraph poles and wires before they attacked the office of the drafting officer. The same morning the Superintendent of the Telegraph Bureau, going from his residence in Yorkville in a Third Avenue car, was surprised to see men cutting down telegraph poles. Hurrying up to one he commanded him to desist. A ruffian recognized him and announced him as an operator, when, amid cries of "Smash him!" "Kill him!" he was seized, and but for his skill as an adroit policeman he would have lost his life. During Monday over sixty poles had been cut down, and upward of twelve miles of wire rendered useless. If they could have burned Police Head-quarters, and thus destroyed telegraphic communications on Monday afternoon, their sledge-hammers and iron bars would have smashed the safes of Wall-street before Tuesday, as neither the Nation

nor the State had any available force to have arrested their progress. The Police authorities resolved at all hazards to keep up telegraphic relations with every precinct. Hence on Monday night, in the midst of a dreadful storm, the two principal officers of the telegraph department were set at work to repair the broken wires. It was a delicate undertaking, requiring all the tact of a Jesuit. The mob would have speedily butchered them if they had not artfully concealed their operations. Wires were carried over housetops and around buildings, and every artifice employed to conceal their undertakings. Disguised as Irish rioters, they came near at one time being clubbed to death by a detachment of policemen. By persistent effort, toiling day and night, these brave officers kept up the lines of communication to every precinct during that dreadful week.

The chief demonstrations of Monday, as we have seen, occurred in the central and lower portions of the city, and from the thorough punishment administered, or other causes, the masses concluded to operate farther from the seat of authority. At five o'clock on Tuesday morning the mob were burning buildings at Eighty-sixth-street, and a little later all the northern sections were "alive with gathering crowds, while from Sixth Avenue to Second Avenue, and down almost to Broome-street, the streets were black with excited men." Manufactories were again arrested by force, and all the *employés* turned into the streets; places of business, except the ten thousand rum-shops, were closed; stone-yards were robbed of hammers and iron bars, and every available weapon, from firearms to pitchforks, brought into requisition. Thousands of coarse, ferocious women and ill-kept children mingled with swaggering men, who pressed up and down the streets in angry discussion. The rioters were better armed and more courageous than on the previous day. They fought with a coolness and desperation not often evinced by a mob. Several armories and gun-factories were broken open and their contents appropriated, the Mayor's house was sacked, and many private residences and scores of stores and other business houses were attacked and plundered, including the immense store of Brooks Brothers, and others nearly as large. Policemen and soldiers operated unitedly, and with great success. In the fiercest con-

flicts the rioters not only carried guns and filled the streets, but the dwellings on either side and the roofs of them, from which they rained brickbats and bullets incessantly on the passing columns. When the military could not pick off these assailants, the policemen charged the buildings with clubs, forcing the doors, cutting their way from floor to floor, clearing each as they proceeded, until the roof, through a narrow scuttle, was reached, which they swept in a merciless manner. Fierce rioters in some instances leaped from windows and housetops down several stories, to be cut in fragments on the iron fences, or to crush others and themselves on the pavements. It was eye for eye and tooth for tooth.

The "reign of terror" had now come, and no one knew what an hour would bring forth. The chief public buildings and armories were held by armed bodies; many special policemen had been sworn in, and an effective military force with field batteries swept the streets. No mob could stand long before the charge of these veterans; yet, as the city was thronged every-where with these murderous, plundering bands, it was impossible for the authorities to prevent perpetual pillage and violence. Citizens by thousands fled from the city, packing the steamboats and extra trains hastily organized, but the rioters soon tore up the tracks of most of the roads, rendering escape impossible. Lee's army could scarcely have undertaken more destructive measures. They tried to cut the Croton Aqueduct, to destroy the gas-works, to burn the ferry buildings, and the Harlem Bridge. They barricaded the streets and avenues with carts, cars, and telegraph poles, lashing them together with broken telegraph wires. Behind these they collected, raining stones and bullets on their assailants, and could only be dislodged by the troops, who gave them round after round of musketry. Gay and brilliant centers were deserted. Business was hushed as with the quiet of Sunday. Cars and stages disappeared, or were driven by armed men. "The blood flowing through the thousand arteries of this great mart seemed suddenly frozen in its channels, and its mighty pulsations to stop at the mandate of lawless men. The city held its breath in dread" of existing violence and a fearful future. A meeting of merchants and bankers resolved to suspend all business and organize in companies to serve under the

military, and William E. Dodge was soon a captain under orders.

On Wednesday morning it was hoped that the rioters, admonished by the memory of fallen comrades, would cease from their mad undertakings. Governor Seymour, in his famous speech at the City Hall on the previous day, had informed them that he had sent his "adjutant to Washington to have the draft suspended and stopped," and the Common Council had made haste to appropriate two and one half millions to pay the commutation of the poor if they should be drafted. But the rich plunder of the two previous days stimulated to further demonstrations, and this proved also a day of much pillage and bloodshed. Mobs were surging through Harlem and Brooklyn, and at nearly all intermediate points, burning buildings, hanging negroes, and bearing away plunder. The darkness of evening only intensified the disorder. Negro dwellings in York-street were pulled down and fired amid the screams of the affrighted inmates; numerous other incendiary fires occurred at distant points; heavy bodies of troops and rioters were in deadly collision until late at night; so that, amid the roar of cannon, the ringing of bells, the rush of troops, policemen, and engine companies through the dimly-lighted streets, and the wail of the wounded and dying, the city presented a scene of unusual anxiety and horror.

On Thursday the mob did not assume such proportions as on the previous days, yet there were fierce battles and considerable bloodshed. The return of the troops from Pennsylvania gave a sense of relief to the authorities and the people. Early in the morning the Seventh Regiment, coming by special train, marched up Canal-street, and took position in front of the St. Nicholas Hotel. In the afternoon came the Fifty-sixth New York Regiment, and late at night the One Hundred and Sixty-second and others. The streets, usually so brilliant in rich adornments by gas-light, were now dark and cheerless. Block after block of "blank dead walls emitting no ray of light, rendered the darkness made by the overhanging clouds still more impenetrable." One regiment marched through a violent thunder-storm, at a late hour of the night, up to Police Head-quarters, and were stowed away for rest. Never were the march of troops and the bristling of bayonets more grateful

to the eye and ear of man than to the citizens of New York and its weary defenders. And as cold water poured on the head of a man cools his excited brain and lulls him to repose, so this drenching shower assisted greatly in dispersing the numerous crowds. The rioters sought their homes to rally no more.

Archbishop Hughes on Friday addressed several thousand who, by his invitation, appeared before his balcony on Madison Avenue. His counsels would have saved many lives if they had been earnestly given at the proper time, as the rioters belonged almost exclusively to his fold. But he was believed to sympathize with their movements, and so his published letter and speech went for nothing. The Germans, always among the best of our adopted citizens, resisted the rioters nobly, and formed companies to preserve order in their localities.

The highest praise is due the police force and the few hundred troops who confronted so bravely scores of thousands of rioters, holding them in check successive days and nights. Strange to say, but one policeman was killed during the week, though some died afterward of their injuries. Mr. Acton, chief of police, remained in his office without sleep nearly one hundred consecutive hours. The discipline of the troops was also remarkable. Retained on duty day and night, with drinking saloons all around them, but one was known to fall a victim to his appetite. No less than twelve hundred rioters are believed to have died from the casualties of this memorable week. The riot over, the search for plunder began. In miserable, dingy shanties around Central Park, and in cellars and hovels in every direction, were found upholstered furniture, rich pictures and mantel ornaments, marble top tables and stands, and piles of groceries, dry goods, and clothing. The women were still fierce, cursing and threatening the officers, none of whom, however, were assaulted. Though the prisons were apparently full, the work of arresting the miscreants still continued. The Grand Jury entered bills of indictment against many of the prisoners, and, at the August term of that year, twenty were tried and nineteen of them convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. It is perhaps superfluous to add that justice was largely robbed of its victims, multitudes escaping through insufficient evidence and the venality of the judges.

The destruction of property was simply enormous, with whole blocks of buildings in several instances being destroyed by fire before the rioters would allow the firemen to extinguish the flames. Long and tedious litigations followed in adjusting claims, and the expense to the City Government was at least three millions. Many property owners saved their buildings by a liberal use of money with the ringleaders, and many others by armed defense. The heavy showers of rain, also, which appear to have been blessedly frequent during that week, saved the Harlem Bridge and a multitude of other structures.

Some may wonder how intelligence could be obtained by the authorities concerning the designs of so many prowling bodies of rioters, who were furiously rushing through different parts of the city. This was mainly furnished by fifteen skillful detectives. These sagacious officers played the most bold and successful part of the entire force. Artfully disguised, they threaded every part of the city, gaining knowledge of every important movement, giving warning to citizens, and sending through the various station-houses intelligence by telegraph to head-quarters. They gave the information that led Carpenter and his few brave supporters to meet the mob on Broadway and thus save the city. At times they disguised themselves like Westchester farmers; sometimes they drove carts or hacks, sometimes they rode in coaches like gentlemen, or appeared as clerks; and often, as bold rioters, with cudgel and brickbat, they mingled in the crowd, shouting, and conversing with the ringleaders until they obtained knowledge of their plans, which they quickly dispatched to the Superintendent. If a ringleader could be drawn out of the crowd, these detectives pounced upon him and ran him into the nearest station house; and during one night they arrested thirty of the most noted thieves, burglars, and garroters in the city.

The fiendishness of human nature as displayed in these dreadful frays is too shocking to contemplate, yet we must glance at it in presenting a faithful exhibit of this tragic period. Inoffensive citizens, even children, were inhumanly butchered, and vast amounts of property uselessly destroyed, simply to gratify the spirit of pandemonium which had seized the rioters. The women were as brutal as the men, being

omnipresent, urging on their husbands and brothers, gloating over the miseries inflicted, loading themselves with spoils, and sometimes taking part in the encounters. When the mob was driven out of Mr. Gibbon's house, an athletic Irish woman, unwilling to relinquish her plunder, "fought like a tigress." She seized the policeman by the throat, tried to strangle and bite him, and would not yield until clubbed into submission. When the Provost-marshal's office was set on fire—John A. Kennedy, Superintendent of Police, who was on a tour of observation, quietly entered the crowd in citizen's dress. "There's Kennedy," soon fell on his ears, which was quickly followed by such a succession of blows and surgings of the crowd around him that he fell and rolled down the embankment into a vacant lot, pursued by a score of blood-thirsty assailants. Regaining his feet he fled across the lot, but was met at the opposite bank by a crowd, where he was again knocked down and horribly beaten with clubs. With great presence of mind he defended his skull, which they were as determined to break. Thinking to drown him, they next plunged him into a deep mud pond, but he fell with his face on a pile of stones, where he was again beaten with clubs. Springing once more to his feet he leaped into the center of the pond, and with a struggle for life quickly waded through and gained the bank into Lexington Avenue. But he was weary, mangled, and encumbered with muddy garments, and his pursuers with shouts were close upon him. A moment more and all would have been over; but at that instant he caught the countenance of a friend and shrieked, "John Eagan, come here and save my life!" Eagan did not recognize him, but he responded bravely to this cry of distress. The rioters withdrew, and Kennedy was saved. From this time the control of the police force fell upon Acton. Kennedy never entirely recovered from these injuries.

Sergeant M'Creadie, of the Fifteenth Precinct, with a small force attacked a vast mob on Third Avenue immediately after the flight of the Invalid Corps. Soon hemmed in, in every direction, by angry thousands, and battered with every conceivable weapon, they sought to escape. "At the outset of the charge the sergeant was struck with an iron bar on the wrist, which rendered the arm almost useless. In the retreat four men assailed him at once. Knocking down two, he took refuge

in the house of a German, when a young woman told him to jump between two mattresses. He did so, and she covered him up just as his pursuers forced their way in. Streaming through the house from cellar to garret, they came back and demanded of the young woman where the man was hid. She quietly said he had escaped by the rear of the house. Believing she told the truth, they departed. Officer Bennett was knocked down three times before he ceased fighting. The last time he was supposed to be dead, when the wretches stripped him of every article except his drawers. He was picked up and placed in the dead-house of St. Luke's hospital." When the sad intelligence reached his wife she flew to the hospital and fell weeping over his prostrate form. Believing him still alive she laid her hand over his heart, and found, to her great joy, that it still throbbed. Restoratives were successful, though he remained unconscious for several days. "Officer Travis, in his flight down the avenue, saw, as he looked back, that his foremost pursuer had a pistol. Wheeling, he knocked him down and seized the pistol, but before he could use it a dozen clubs were raining blows upon him, which brought him to the ground. The infuriated men then jumped upon him, knocked out his teeth, breaking his jaw-bone and right hand, and terribly mutilated his whole body. Supposing him dead, they stripped him naked and left him on the pavement." Officer Phillips ran the gauntlet for many blocks, was shot at by a rioter, and after many narrow escapes encountered in the crowd a fierce woman, armed with a shoe knife, who seemed bent on his butchery. Her first slash missed his throat but riddled his ear. The next stab pierced his arm. He was bleeding profusely, was exhausted and overcome, and would soon have died had not a brave stranger, in passing, instantly sprang to his relief, threatening to kill the first that advanced. Officer Kiernan, receiving a blow on his head with a stone, another on the back of his neck, and two more on the knees, fell insensible, and would have been killed but for the wife of Eagan, who saved Kennedy. This noble woman, seeing the dreadful plight of this brave officer, ran out of the house, threw herself over his person, crying, "*For God's sake, don't kill him!*" and her noble defense saved him. How touching to see policemen, who constantly brave every danger for the order of

society, saved in their deadliest encounters by the hand of a cultivated, heroic woman.

But the murder of Colonel O'Brien, of the Eleventh New York Volunteers, was perhaps the most brutal of all. Though an Irishman of some wealth and reputation in the city, he was too loyal to please his Irish neighbors. He had entered the National service, and was at this time raising a regiment for the war. He had taken an active part against the rioters in an engagement on Second Avenue during the early part of Tuesday, and had done good service. Having sprained his limb, he relinquished his command and returned to the vicinity of his dwelling, where he encountered the clubs of the rioters, stunning him to the earth, after which he was dragged over the pavements, beaten and trampled and kicked about for hours, until near sundown, when they rolled him into his own yard, a clotted, ghastly fragment of unsightly humanity, a crowd of men, boys, and even women, committing every fiendish violence, and gloating over his agonies to the last.

A reporter of the "New York Times" was surrounded by a party of rioters on the corner of Forty-sixth-street and Third Avenue, and robbed of his watch, chain, diamond pin, and wallet, after which some one cried "*Abolitionist!*" This brought a general assault, when he was knocked down, kicked, trampled upon, and dragged by the hair of his head up and down the street. Some firemen at length interfered, and carried him to an engine house. But his mangled appearance attracted another crowd, which broke every pane of glass in the building with their missiles; but being at length drawn in another direction, the wounded man escaped. But the poor negroes were objects of perpetual search. They were hanged on trees and lamp-posts, their hair and garments filled with camphene and set on fire. They were pursued almost incessantly in some localities. Some were driven into the rivers and drowned, but the masses took refuge in the armory and the police buildings. At least twelve are known to have been murdered.

The reader may now very naturally inquire, "Was the riot a part of a definite plan, or simply the spontaneous outburst of Irish passion?" * Mr. Greeley believed that it was carefully

* The following incident affords some aid in answering this question. At the time of the riot a niece of ours was residing in the upper part of the city whose

planned, and was to have occurred on the *Fourth*, but that the great victory of Meade created such joy among loyal men, who thronged the streets by thousands every-where, that the plan failed. We know that the insurgents confidently expected the speedy triumph of their cause in the early summer of 1863. The army of Northern Virginia, having choice of position, had several times beaten the army of the Potomac, and on that side they had come to believe that it could do it any-where. After Hooker's repulse, instead of strengthening Bragg and crushing Rosecrans, they resolved to transfer the war to Northern soil. Jefferson Davis, in the United States Senate, had long before said, that *on the wheat-fields of Pennsylvania should be carried the contest for the rights of the South*. He believed that that time had now come, and looked for a speedy peace from two combined sources, namely, the triumph of their arms north of the Potomac, and from a popular and simultaneous uprising in the North against the Lincoln administration. The Emancipation policy was proudly in the ascendant at Washington. The insurgents knew this to be thoroughly obnoxious to the great Democratic party, and believed the laboring classes, particularly foreigners, would resist it because of its tendency to cheapen labor. It was not believed in the South that Northern laborers would submit to a draft, which would make permanent this detested policy. The draft being expected about the first of July, Lee's stealthy march northward began early in June. That his movement was political as well as military he intimates in his report of the campaign, where, after giving the military reasons, he significantly adds: "It was hoped that other valuable results might be obtained by military success."

We should do injustice to the vigor of the Richmond authorities to doubt that the best possible correspondence with the peace Democracy of the North was kept up, and that efficient emissaries were constantly employed in so fruitful a field as New York. A triumphant riot in the latter, destroying all drafting facilities, the Police Department, the obnoxious newspapers, the Croton and gas works, the connecting railroad and father and husband were both Democrats. As the noise of the mob approaching her house alarmed her, she was forthwith assured by her Irish servant girl with "O. ma'am. you need not be afraid: they know you. You are Democrats."—Ed.

telegraph lines, coupled with the rout of the army around the National Capital, leaving New York, Harrisburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington at the mercy of the conqueror, would, it was believed, end the struggle. Vicksburgh still held out, and the vitals of the Confederacy remained uncut.* Confident of these successes, Alexander H. Stephens was, on the second of July, dispatched toward Washington with plenary instructions from the Richmond chief to propose conditions of peace. On reaching Fortress Monroe he learned that Lee was defeated, and his peace mission ended.

But the blood of Erin had been too thoroughly inoculated with the virus of disorder to allow this delectable programme to be utterly wasted; and the news of the fall of Vicksburgh and Port Hudson, of insurgent losses at Helena and Morris Island, coming in rapid succession, could not quench the smoldering fire. Private meetings were held on Sunday, the 12th, in various parts of the city, to organize operations, which began with considerable regularity, as we have seen, on Monday. But the Irish nature is poorly adapted to exact discipline, and, as rum and plunder were obtained, the main issue was forgotten, and a storm of miscellaneous plunder and violence followed.

There were men of talent and culture in the riot. One rode a fine horse about Tenth Avenue on Monday morning, sounding a bugle, and giving directions to the gathering crowds. On Tuesday a man rode a gay cavalry horse through the crowds, brandishing a sword, giving orders like a field officer. In the desperate struggle for the wire-factory containing the carbines, on Second Avenue, there appeared a leader of desperate courage. His garments were filthy, and he was bleeding profusely from a club wound, yet he rallied the rioters, and charged with great heroism. Deserted by his comrades, a policeman's club sent him reeling against an iron fence, where a sharp picket penetrated the chin to the roof of his mouth. There he died, and hung for several hours. When taken down he was found to be "a young man of delicate features and white, fair skin. Although dressed as a laborer, in dirty over-

* John M. Daniels, editor of the "Richmond Examiner," often remarked, that when Lee's army stood on the heights of Gettysburg, on July 3, 1863, the Confederates were within a stone's throw of peace.—POLLARD.

alls and filthy shirt, underneath these were fine cassimere pants, rich vest, and fine linen shirt.” He was not an Irish laborer, but whence he came, or what his connections, could not be ascertained, as his remains were carried away by his friends.

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