

## Riot in New York.

The scenes of revolutionary France have been re-enacted in this country, and New York is as Paris once was. Going to press last week on Tuesday morning, the 18th, we could do little more than announce the fact that a mob was raging in the city, and now it is too late to enter into details, as the city papers have already put the public in possession of them. The melancholy scenes will be long remembered—the fire alarms ringing at brief intervals through day and night, the cars and omnibuses stopped, railway trains forced to back out of the city; express wagons, ice carts, and bread wagons afraid to venture out; stores closing up at midday; factories stopped, and workmen impressed by the mob, which, meanwhile, is moving hither and thither like a wild beast, here hanging a negro, there robbing a white man, here sacking a house, there firing a building; companies of police rapidly marching to the scene of action; the military called out; conflicts between the forces of order and of disorder; the crack of the rifle and the boom of the cannon; policemen carried to their quarters bleeding or dying; the crowd fired upon, and men, women, and children shot down on the pavement; wounded rioters reeling to and fro, their faces clotted with blood, and their mouths belching oaths; boys chasing negroes and pelting them with stones, or entering obnoxious houses, rifling and dismantling them; wild women—heated viragos—throwing stones upon the police from windows and roofs, or haranguing and hounding on the rioters; families speaking in whispers at table, lest their servants should overhear them and report their words to the crowd; the hearts of good citizens failing them for fear. “No telling what will come next.” Reports that the gas-works are to be destroyed, that the Croton water is to be shut off, and the city fired in different places and given up to pillage passing from lip to lip increase the alarm. Our laundress comes in crying in an ecstasy, “I am glad I’m a widow; thank God my husband’s dead, they cannot kill him.” A port Irish boy, as he passes the Book Concern, says, “We will burn this building to-night.” All our hands at ten o’clock A.M. on the 14th and 15th inst., were directed to cease work, and the iron gates and shutters of our establishment closed, for the sea of excited men is surging this way. On it surges all day, the waves swelling as the shadows of night fall.

Newsboys drop their usual cries, “Lee’s army,” “Vicksburg,” and take up “Battle in Fourteenth Ward,” “Riot in Seventh Avenue,” “Capture of Horace Greeley.” Gunboats guard the shipyards and forts.

The terrible tragedies are relieved by ridiculous comedies. A squad of boys on the steps of Barnum’s Museum are singing, and pinching and twisting the tail of a cat until it is made to “catervaul” in discordant unison. The chorus of the song was something as follows:

“Glory, glory, halloo!”—(woaw, wow, weow from the cat.)  
 “Glory, gl!”—(weow, ow, ow, ow, wow.)  
 “Glory!”—(wow, wow, wee-oww, wow.)  
 “As we go!”—(weow) “ing on.”

On Sixth Avenue, when the crowd placed a barrel of beer which they had stolen on a pile of boards in front of a store, a seedy-looking character ascended the pile and proceeded to address the crowd. A youngster shouted, “Pelt the nigger!” “Dislike me not for my complexion,” was the reply. After silence was restored he proceeded: “Fellow-bummers: We live in a happy day. I am happy to be able to address so respectable and intelligent an audience as that now before me. (Laughter.) We, fellow-bummers, are the foundation of New York city, and if the foundation moves, you know, the structure falls. (It is falling, etc.)” The crowd, who liked the beer better than the speech, then knocked him off the barrel.

As we write there is cannon to right of us and cannon to left. We had supposed that in our land of free schools, and republican institutions, and Christian civilization, anarchy could hardly occur, but we were mistaken. Let not Great Britain, however, reproach us, for it is her population chiefly, which we have welcomed to our shores and admitted to our ballot-box, that brings it upon us.

We blame them, however, less than their leaders, for they know what they do. There is indeed method in their madness, but it is a method which is devised by men whose hands are not seen in this conflict. Who they are, however, is manifest by considering where the mob strikes. The arsenal, the gunboat, the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *Post*, the Mayor, the negroes are the special objects of their vengeance; once in motion, however, they cannot easily be controlled, and they attack private persons and private property indiscriminately, as if bent only on plunder.

The draft is the pretext; but who supposes that if the draft were to fill up regiments to fight against the British or French there would be any resistance? Men clamor about the clause exempting from service such as pay \$300, but they are not appeased when the Council appropriates the money to enable every one of them to exempt himself. They prate of the draft as unconstitutional; but they know that the courts are open to determine the question. No; the cause lies deeper.

Gov. Seymour’s proclamation is all right. The mayor, though accused of inefficiency, must be censured lightly, for the insurgents struck at a time when the city was without its usual resources, and, moreover, the mayor commands no force, military or otherwise. The police acted nobly and faithfully. Their able superintendent fell early in the conflict, but they have been on the alert, and where they have appeared have almost always driven the lawless from the field.

As with the Southern rebellion so with this, although for a long time it was threatened and prepared for, the authorities could not believe that leaders would be so cruel or followers so vain, and hence the draft was commenced without proper precautions.

The animus of the movement is indicated in three cries in the mouths of the rioters: “No draft,” “No nigger at the North,” “No abolitionist rule.” Its principle is, of course, subversive of popular institutions, for they are founded upon the will of the majority; it is subversive, also, of government itself, for if the laws are not obeyed what becomes of the government?

We fear that the Declaration of Independence was at least a hundred years ahead of the age. A large part of our people have not yet come to understand that all men are created “free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights.” Still we do not despair. We appeal from “Philip drunk to Philip sober.” We look to the great mass of the people with hope.

The results of the mob movement may be different from what is supposed. It may strengthen instead of weakening the government; it may weaken instead of strengthening the lawless; it may teach our pro-slavery aristocracy that their principles cannot safely be proclaimed; it may teach foreign governments that they cannot by their surplus population overthrow ours; it may inaugurate salutary political reforms; it may awaken in the rich new interest in the poor, and lead to more thorough means to enlighten and Christianize the populace. We are to the last for free government and a free Gospel, for God and humanity.

May God give our rulers wisdom and discretion, and incline the people to reflection! For this let us all pray. When the authority of magistracy, the arm of police, the bayonets of the military are inadequate to restrain the overflowings of human passion, God alone can save us.