

Refuge of Oppression.

THE NEW YORK HERALD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE LATE RIOT IN THAT CITY.

The manner in which that pre-eminently satiric journal, the New York Herald, described the late riot in that city, may be seen by the following specimen. Mark how the ruffians are described!

On Sunday evening, there was intense excitement in the neighborhood, and when the names of the conscripts were read, there seemed to be a general determination to resist the law. There was no objection tolerated on the subject. Whoever opposed the draft seemed to be regarded as an enemy of the people, or at least as an individual who had no common antidote to it—three hundred dollars.

These indications ripened on Sunday, when the Herald published the list of over twelve hundred names which the wheel of fortune and a man blind to the independence of their will—and in hundreds of instances of their knowledge—enrolled as soldiers.

The people seemed to forget their prayers and the religious aspect attached to the Sabbath. Piety and the precepts of Scripture and tradition, were temporarily forgotten by the masses, who a few hours previously had frequented the temples. The draft was the all-absorbing subject. Who were its victims—how many were the chances of escape—how the rich would be soiled by a war they sought to make perpetual—how the profits on a roll of shoddy or a few explosive shells would realize—were the points which these colloquial groups discussed, not only in the Ninth district, but throughout the city.

The fact that nearly all the men drafted were mechanics and laborers added fuel to the flame. There was many a sad household on Sunday in the Twenty-second ward, where the names were read; and it is not to be stated, by way of an explanation of the extraordinary resistance which marked the draft, that the female relatives of the conscripts mingled the feeblest denunciation against the conscription law, and thus gave the people a "cavalier" motive to enact the terrible scenes in the district and throughout the city.

Sunday closed peaceably. We have reason to believe that no organization was then formed to resist the draft. But when Monday came—the weekly holiday of the people—when labor is merely started, and no work generally abstained from work. The day witnessed developments of no ordinary character. Opposition to a law—which might become the signal of hostility elsewhere—was to become practical. For of the sons of toil entered their workshops, and, in a preconcerted arrangement, a concourse of over twelve thousand, armed with various weapons, —clubs, staves, pieces of steel, bars of iron, and cart wheels—appeared, and proceeded to patrol the city.

It was well known that the draft was to be continued on Monday morning, in the Ninth district. As the movements of the throng were not anticipated, no measures were taken to overcome them by force.

At an early hour the people met, then but two thousand in number, in the Twenty-second ward. They proceeded through the city, on what might be termed recruiting service. One of the number had a copper pan—a gong—with which he drummed up men to participate in the hostilities. The throng met with a welcome reception almost everywhere; the calls were promptly answered; at their bidding to join in resistance to the conscription, workshops were suddenly deserted; men left their various pursuits; owners of inconsiderable stores put up their shutters; factories were emptied; conductors or drivers left their cars; employes at railroad depots added formidable accessions to the concourse; and on they swept like a torrent to the Provost Marshal's office of the Ninth district, No. 667 Third avenue, to destroy every vestige of the conscription law, and to wreak their vengeance indiscriminately on the officers.

As they rushed through the streets, they armed themselves with various weapons; but, although many of them had firearms, they were not used till a later portion of the day.

No word of condemnation was heard against those who had openly and with success temporarily usurped the federal power, and applied the torch to the headquarters of its officers.

All that the crowd of combatants did—their work of arson, demolition, fire and death—were forgotten in the draft, which they thus endeavored to defeat.

When the crowd had destroyed the building, scattered the ballots to the wind, pursued over dozens of houses into stores and saloons, the retreating officers of the conscription, and spread terror among those who were to enforce it, and who were suddenly numbered among the flying skeddaddlers, they marched, leading, cheering, yelling, towards Captain Manierre's office, No. 1188 Broadway, where the draft was proceeding. The Captain, however, heard of their approach, and prudently postponed the drawing till the morning.

The inadequate force at the disposition of the authorities, and the absence of the militia, gave the people a dangerous opinion of their strength, and they acted accordingly. At four o'clock, a detachment of regulars, from Governor's Island, marched through the streets to protect the State Arsenal on Third-fifth street, which it was expected the crowd would enter, and hold, to supply themselves with arms. As the troops marched, groups of men and boys received them occasionally with hootings and jeers.

They reached the arsenal, where an immense multitude had gathered outside, at five o'clock, and then took possession of the building. Detachments of the First and Third cavalry regiments also arrived, and were stationed in front of the building.

In the midst of the excitement, a great concourse proceeded to the residence of Gen. McClellan, in the Thirty-first street, to give him an ovation. The throng halted opposite the house, where they were loud and prolonged cheers for "Little Mac"; and ascertaining that he was in New Jersey, they proceeded down Fifth avenue shouting and cheering.

While the excitement was at its height on Monday afternoon, and when all respect for order seemed to have gone, some one proposed to the throng who were celebrating the destruction of Captain Manierre's building, that they should march to the Mayor's residence, and give him a "serenade." The proposition was instantly adopted, and several thousands of the people, armed in all conceivable ways, marched in comparatively good order to Mr. Opldyke's palatial residence on the Fifth avenue. The residents in the neighborhood were terribly alarmed, fearing that the general vengeance would be wreaked upon the entire locality; but the throng paid its entire attention to the building occupied by the Mayor. Some shouted, "Bring out the Mayor, and see what he has got to say about it!" "Let us see him!" "Oh, he is a shoddy aristocrat!" "Burn the damned

building!" "No, no," "Yes, Yes," and so on in all varieties. After remaining there for a few moments, it was evident that incendiarism would be the result, unless some voice was raised to stay it.

Judge Barnard, who lives close by, was in this juncture called upon. He appeared, and edging his way through the crowd, managed to get a position on the stoop. Being recognized, the multitude gave three cheers, and demanded a speech. It was almost impossible to distinguish at times what the Judge said, but he was understood to denounce the draft as an unconstitutional act, and as an act of despotism. The administration had gone too far; they had imposed upon the people—whereat there was tremendous cheering. But he would call attention to the fact that we still have law, that the courts would protect us in the exercise of all our just and legal rights. (Cheers.) He hoped, for the honor of this city, so great and glorious, that its people would do no such injury as to destroy the residence of him who was their legally elected Chief Officer. ("Well, you're about right, Judge," cried a voice in the crowd.) They should leave and go to their homes, and not sully the reputation of our city for its obedience to law.

The Judge's remarks were greeted with loud applause, and the throng in a quiet manner immediately took up the line of march for Broadway, to again witness the burning ruins of the Eighth district Provost Marshal's headquarters.

During the early part of the morning, the people of the Ninth district, consisting of a large number of respectable workmen and others, were seen to assemble at certain specified spots, and between eight and nine o'clock began moving along the various avenues west of Fifth avenue, towards their appointed place of general meeting. A large number of workmen's wives, &c., began also to assemble along the various avenues, and, if anything, were more excited than the men, who were armed with sticks, stones, adzes, axes, saws, and some with even old swords. As the assembled people moved along, they stopped at the different workshops and factories, and a deputation entered the various buildings to inform their proprietors that they would not be answerable for the safety of their premises, unless the same were closed and their men allowed to join them if they so desired. In most cases the request was complied with at once, and the assemblage moved on.

When they arrived at Fourth avenue, along which the New Haven and Harlem railroad tracks run one of the principals of the assembled people soon caught sight of the telegraph wires and poles. I was at once suggested that the authorities might telegraph to Albany for troops. Scarcely were the words uttered, when the axes were laid at the foot of the telegraph poles, and down they came with a terrific bang. That part of the wires that could not be thus destroyed was divided by means of men climbing the poles, they throwing slings, stones, &c. until the wires were severed, and they were rendered completely useless. Another branch wire, leading from the railroad to Third avenue, and that along Third avenue, were similarly damaged, and then the crowd again moved on to the Provost Marshal's office. This office was situated on the northeast corner of Third avenue and Forty-sixth street. As soon as the people had reached this position, they began to flank the building on the avenue, and on that part of Forty-sixth street which leads to Second avenue. As soon as they had taken a position to suit themselves, the signal was made to commence the attack. This signal was given by the throwing of a large stone through one of the panes of glass. As soon as this was done, a rush was made for the entrances and windows, and now the excitement grew warmer.

After a very short interval, and before any of the persons in the upper part of the premises had had time to remove their handsome furniture—for some of the apartments were very expensively furnished—the flames burst out of that part of the building where the offices were held, on the ground floor, and soon were master of the entire edifice, which was four stories in height. A current of wind blew the flames across Forty-sixth street, and soon a number of frame workshops and stables were ablaze.

The firemen began rapidly to arrive at the scene of the destruction, and made a few vain efforts to plant their apparatus for the extinction of the fire. The crowd, however, refused to let them work, asserting, in positive terms, that they should not extinguish the flames until all the intended work of destruction had been accomplished.

At about this time, Mr. Kennedy, the Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, was discovered by some of the persons assembled on the ground, and very soon he was attacked and dragged into a hollow that happens to be near the corner of Forty-sixth street. While he was in the hands of the infuriated people, he received very serious injuries, and would doubtless have lost his life but for the mediation of some of the less excited portion of the assemblage. He was therefore allowed to be removed from the scene, and the crowd once more turned their attention to the fire.

The corner house was soon burned down, owing, doubtless, to the inflammable nature of the material within it, and the next building, also four stories high, became ignited. Although this building was in no way connected with the Provost Marshal's office, still it was allowed to burn. As there was a party wall between this second house and the third from the corner, it was hoped, by many, that the flames would extend no farther than the second building; but after an interval of time, it was found that the third house was also ablaze.

The police, unaware of the arrangements with the firemen, advanced at this moment with the intention of making a demonstration. This at once again excited the people, and, fancying that the officers intended to attack them, they commenced firing stones, brickbats and clubs at the police, at such an extent that they had to beat a precipitate retreat, the crowd following closely after them. Of course, several men and officers became seriously hurt, and when the now enraged people saw any of their companions bleeding, they at once made for some one or other of the retreating officers. Several of the latter were felled by stones, and others defended themselves with revolvers. When any one particular officer was marked out, separate parties would pass up neighboring streets to the one by which the officer was retreating, and try to head him off. At last, weary with the chase, the people returned to the burning buildings, and the wounded were taken to the various doctors in the vicinity.

Arriving at the corner of Forty-second street, the military found that further passage was barred by a crowd of some three thousand persons, who flourished their weapons, and told the soldiers that they could proceed no further, except at the peril of their lives. Bricks now began to fly, and a general confusion prevailed. The soldiers were hemmed in so that they could hardly move. They then fired on the people. . . . As soon as the soldiers poured their volley into the multitude, they immediately turned and ran, being pursued in hot haste by thousands. The people followed them up with untiring energy, and it is said scarcely one escaped from the clutches of those who laid hands upon them.