

## THE NEW YORK DRAFT RIOTS. A Reminiscence. – Frederick C. Barger

It was during the darkest days of the Civil War, early in 1863. Victory was not perching on our banners and the need of more troops was imperative. Volunteer enlistments were lagging, and the Government decided it must recruit the Army by conscription. Accordingly a Board of Enrolment, was appointed by the President, for each Congressional District in the loyal States. The States were divided into Divisions, and an Acting Assistant Provost Marshal General was appointed for each Division, having charge of all the Districts therein.

General Robert Nugent, then Colonel of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment New York Volunteers, who had been wounded at Fredericksburg, and was incapacitated for field service, was appointed for the Southern Division of New York, which comprised the first nine Congressional Districts, with headquarters in New York City.

I had been wounded in the same battle, and by order of the War Department, was detached from my Regiment, the Forty-Ninth New York Volunteers, and directed to report to General Nugent, as an Inspector on his staff.

This appointment resulted in experiences more brutally bloodthirsty than any I witnessed in the Peninsula or Maryland campaigns or at Fredericksburg, and showed the horrors of war in a form we seldom today think of, for the riots attendant upon the draft were in reality military operations; a fight against the supremacy of the government, with consequent casualties greater than many battles.

The enrolment of men liable to military service was by Enrolling Officers, who made a house-to-house canvas, similar to that made by census-takers. The names, addresses etc. were copied on slips of paper, about eight inches long and a little more than an inch wide, which were rolled up over the end of a lead pencil, and each encircled with a small rubber band. We called them ballots. A wheel, similar to those used in courts for drawing jurors, but much larger, was

provided for each District, and a man to be blindfolded, was engaged to draw the ballots from the wheel.

There was great opposition to the draft, principally from Copperheads and foreigners, in which the city abounded, and threats were freely made that it would be resisted by force if it were attempted.

Meantime, in the hope that the draft might be averted, strenuous efforts were made by the authorities and by various committees, to raise New York's quota of men by enlistment.

Bounties were offered, and were increased until they reached \$1500.00, and upward for each man.

The situation at the front was desperate. With Lee's advance into the "enemies country", every available soldier had been hurried to Gettysburg, leaving the city under police protection alone, and the fortifications in the harbor with only a guard.

On July 10<sup>th</sup>, when there was not a single militia regiment in the city, the order came to make the draft. Our special officers and detectives, who were in close touch with all classes, particularly with the bad element, reported that very serious resistance would surely be made. General Nugent wired the situation to Washington, with a suggestion that the draft be deferred until some of the troops, already preparing to return from Gettysburg, reached home, but the order was not rescinded. It was required that the draft should be made under the personal supervision of Inspectors belonging to the staff; and after a short consultation, he turned to me, saying; "Barger, you may begin tomorrow morning in the Ninth District." Captain Jenkins, the Provost Marshal, was at once notified that and directed to have everything in readiness.

The office was a large brick building, on the northeast corner of Third Avenue and 46<sup>th</sup> Street. It was built for a store and had show-windows across the front and down the side. The first floor comprised a front room, about seventy five feet deep, and a rear room about twenty-

five feet square, which had a rear door and a side door into the street. There were four stories of tenements above the first floor.

In the middle of the front room, just inside of the office railing, a large table had been placed on which were the wheel containing the ballots, and a chair for the blindfolded man who was to draw them out. The clerks were at their desks, and a number of policemen were distributed about the place. There was a considerable crowd in and about the building, but no disorder.

At ten o'clock, the blindfolded man took his place on the table; the wheel was turned a few times and the little door in it was opened. A ballot was drawn and handed to Captain Jenkins, who unrolled it and read aloud the name of "William Jones, 46<sup>th</sup> Street, near 10<sup>th</sup> Avenue." A rousing cheer was given by the crowd for the first man to be drafted, an occasional cheer when some well-known name was drawn. The work continued without interruption until noon, when an intermission of an hour was announced. Captain Jenkins invited me to luncheon with him, and led the way, east on 46<sup>th</sup> Street, to a vacant portion of the block, which we crossed to a high fence where he placed his hand on a board which had hinges on the other side. Pushing it inward, we were admitted to a little yard, and, through a rear entrance, to an English chop-house known as "Campbell's Cottage", having it's front on 47<sup>th</sup> Street. After lunching here we returned to the office, through the high board fence, the outside of which bore no indication of the gateway easily opened. At one o'clock the draft was resumed and continued during the rest of the day without special incident; we adjourned until ten o'clock Monday morning.

The names of drafted men had been taken by reporters and were published in the evening papers. There were many and varied comments, but all doubt as to whether the draft would be made had been dispelled.

The next day was Sunday: a holiday for working men, and a working day for those who made ignorant working men their tools. The morning papers re-published the names of

conscripts and gave mischief-makers fuel for their fires. The copperhead press stated that nearly all of those drafted were working men who could not hire substitutes or pay for exemption. This was utterly false, and calculated only to inflame the minds of the laboring classes, as more than a fair proportion of the names drawn were of wealthy and well known men. There could be no further discussion as to whether the draft would be made or not, for more than twelve hundred men had already been booked for the front. The only question now before its opponents was how to stop it. It was decided by the leaders to destroy the offices of the provost marshal, and as it had been announced that drafting would be resumed in the ninth district, and commenced in the fifth and eighth districts on Monday morning, the intervening time was devoted to organizing for that purpose.

On Monday morning, crowds filled the saloons and sidewalks on Third Avenue and great excitement prevailed. On arriving at the office, I found the Police Captain of the precinct, with about forty officers, already on the ground. I remarked to him that the atmosphere seemed a little close, to which he replied; "Yes Sir; - We are going to have trouble, and lots of it." General Wool, commanding the Department of the East, had stripped the forts in the harbor of men, and obtained all the marines that could be spared from the Navy Yard, and distributed them where there were Government stores of arms, ammunition etc., but omitted to provide military protection for the Provost Marshal's offices. Police Commissioner Acton and Superintendent Kennedy, the latter soon to be almost murdered by the mob within a block of us, had the entire force ready for active service. I was anxious to have a military guard for the office, and at once sent a line to General Nugent, asking for a few soldiers, if he could possibly procure them.

Ten o'clock arrived, and no reply from headquarters. About half of the police had been stationed inside of the building and the remainder outside, about the doors. The office was packed with spectators, and for a hundred feet or more about it the street and avenue were filled as closely as men could stand. Among them were many women, brawny and noisy, and

continuous mutterings, uneasy movements and determined faces showed that the brutal instinct in them was fast rising and would soon be beyond control. Soon there were cries of "Time! Time's up! Why don't you begin your draft?" and other exclamations, boisterous, vulgar and profane.

After waiting a few minutes, in the vain hope that some soldiers would arrive, I said to Captain Jenkins; - "There seems no use in waiting, we must go on with the draft." The Police Captain warned;- "They will knock Hell out of you." I replied,- "We will begin, whatever they do." The wheel was turned; the blindfolded man drew a ballot which Captain Jenkins took from his hand and read aloud. Cheers were given which were taken up by the crowd outside. Another ballot was drawn and more congratulations were extended. Amid increasing confusion the drawing continued for about twenty minutes during which time about seventy names had been taken from the wheel, when a pistol was fired; evidently as a signal; for at once a hundred bricks, stones, clubs and other missiles came from all sides, shattering every inch of the plate glass front and side windows, and raining in upon those in the office. The crowd outside made desperate efforts to get in; those inside tried to get out, while the police did their best to keep both where they were. In the melee, the Chief Clerk of the Board, although badly injured, with the assistance of other employees, took the ballots out of the wheel and put them in boxes, together with those already drawn, and thence within a large safe that stood immediately behind the table there. Later, it was a cause of much gratification that these ballots were perfectly preserved, and the men held for service. Most of the clerks escaped through the rear and side doors. Later in the day an officer of the Board, who had last been seen going over the fence behind the office, reported by telegraph from Albany, saying he would return when sent for. Captain Jenkins, the Police Captain and I, with a few police officers, remained in the rear room until the front room was in complete possession of the mob, when we retreated through the side door and took a position a little distance down on 46<sup>th</sup> Street. Furniture was dragged out and smashed on the

pavement, and some among the crowd were waving large enrolment sheets over their heads, howling in devilish delight, "No Draft! No Draft!". Kerosene, or some other combustible, had been carried inside and lighted, and black smoke was pouring out of the doors and windows. Suddenly there was heard, above all the din, screams of terror from the occupants of the upper part of the building. Household effects of every description were thrown out of the windows or dragged down the narrow stairs, while old women and children were being helped away through the surging mass of people who filled the streets.

All attention was at this time centered on the burning building and its fleeing occupants and with faith of legs that I could keep in close company with the Police Captain, I viewed the scene with a feeling of comparative safety. At that moment, however, some one in the crowd spied our party, and noticing that my uniform was that of an army officer, shouted; - "There's one of the sons of blanks. Damn him! Kill him! Hang him!", and a rush was made in our direction. I turned to run with the police, but, to my dismay, they had scattered, no two going in the same direction. I realized that I must make my way alone, and flew across that vacant lot, through the high board fence, into Campbell's Cottage. When the crowd reached the corner I was out of sight, and, thinking I must have gone around the block, they took that direction. Upon my entering the cottage, Mr. Campbell said, excitedly; - "My God! Man, I cannot keep you here, but I will do what I can for you." I assured him that I did not wish to stay long, and immediately took off my uniform coat, and folding it inside out, gave it to a boy, telling him to get away from there with it as fast as possible. Mr. Campbell, who was a tall man, took off his long black coat and put it on me. He also exchanged my uniform cap for his broad brimmed straw hat. In this outfit I stood with him in his front door when the crowd came from around the block through 47<sup>th</sup> street. I joined them, going toward Third Avenue, but they soon turned back toward Second Avenue. Some began to search the houses, among others ransacking Campbell's Cottage from cellar to attic. I kept with the east bound party until, as we neared Second Avenue, I heard the

bells on car-horses, coming down. It was evident that they were on a gallop, and when I thought I could about catch the car, I broke from the crowd and ran. The speed of the car was not slackened, and I reached it in time to seize the railing at the rear and swing myself aboard. That was the last car which went over the road for some days. The conductor and driver were frightened, made no stops for passengers and kept the horses in a run most of the time. At St. Mark's Place I got off and went to my home, which was on the block, put on another uniform, and took an Eight Street stage down Broadway to our headquarters in Leonard Street where I reported to General Nugent. News of the rioting up-town and its rapid spreading, had preceded me, and I found all hands busily engaged in packing our most important papers in boxes, which were put on a truck, taken down to the Battery, and sent by a Government tug to Governor's Island.

I now learned that in response to my request of the morning, General Nugent had managed to assemble thirty or forty members of the Veteran Reserve Corps, under command of Lieutenant Reed, whom he directed to report to me at Third Avenue and 46<sup>th</sup> Street, with all dispatch. This little handful of men was met by a portion of the mob at about 34<sup>th</sup> Street, and pressed until they were near 43<sup>rd</sup> Street. There they made a stand, and with little warning delivered a volley into the crowd, where they were overpowered by numbers and shamefully beaten. Some had their brains beaten out with their own muskets. One was killed at 41<sup>st</sup> Street and First Avenue. Another tried to climb up on the rocks in 42nd Street, but was caught and carried to the top where he was stripped of his uniform and thrown down a precipice, some twenty five feet, where stones were thrown down on him until he was left for dead. All would doubtless have been killed but for the timely appearance of a considerable police force which swung into the Avenue from 43<sup>rd</sup> Street, protecting them and covering their retreat through the side streets.

Soon after the firing of the office in 3<sup>rd</sup> Avenue, firemen arrived, but were not permitted to extinguish it. They were allowed only to try to save the inmates of the building. The mob started toward Broadway to destroy the office of the eighth district. The firemen at once resumed work, but the mob returned and drove them off, keeping possession of their engines until the office building was past saving, they again started for Broadway and the firemen saved a couple of stores at the upper end of the block, the remainder being destroyed.

Half an hour after my arrival at headquarters, Captain Turner came down from Captain Manierre's office, the 8<sup>th</sup> District, reporting it on fire. A portion of the mob had also gone to Captain Duffy's office, in Grand Street, the 5<sup>th</sup> District, which Captain McGee soon reported burning.

Every office where the draft had been undertaken was burned to the ground, and many other buildings were burned with them. Our other District offices, Division headquarters, and our individual homes were marked for destruction, but the spirit of plundering took possession of the rioters as soon as the first objects of their hatred had been destroyed and they were overlooked. General Nugent's house, in 86<sup>th</sup> Street, was completely gutted and its contents stolen or burned in the street, but his family had been removed to Brooklyn by a thoughtful friend.

The rioters now numbered in the thousands and were rapidly increasing, forming bands in various sections, threatening vengeance on all in any way connected with the draft. Many were frenzied with liquor and roamed in every direction, attacking and robbing people indiscriminately and burning buildings after plundering them. They were constantly on the move, and called out men found working in factories, compelling them to join their ranks. Professional thieves, burglars, and all sorts of criminals took advantage of the situation to ply their vocation without let or hindrance. The movements of all were watched with the greatest apprehension, and there was a veritable reign of terror. Street-car and stage lines suspended operations entirely. Stores were closed, and heavy iron shutters were rolled down over large



windows on Broadway. Private houses in the fashionable districts were abandoned without ceremony, and hacks, with a trunk or two on top, were flying through the streets toward railway stations and ferries, carrying panic-stricken people to places of safety.

Leaders of the mob, some of them mounted, went from place to place, haranguing the mobs and keeping up the excitement. Colonel O'Brien of the 11<sup>th</sup> New York Volunteers, recently mustered out, living on Second Avenue near 34<sup>th</sup> Street, offered his services to the authorities, and was given a command, composed largely of discharged two years men. He expostulated with a crowd in the street near his home, and was murdered in a brutal fashion, before the eyes of his family. While there was still a spark of life in him, two priests endeavored to get him into his house, there to perform their duty to the dying man, but the mob would not permit them to move him, and they administered the last rites of their church as he lay on the pavement. He soon breathed his last, and his body was dragged through the street and thrown into his own dooryard. This was only one of many outrages. A colored man living on 32<sup>nd</sup> Street who ran into his house, was dragged out into the street, and pounded until he was dead. Then they cried; "Hang him!" and with a clothesline his lifeless body was suspended from a tree. His house was burned to the ground. In Seventh Avenue, near 27<sup>th</sup> Street, two negroes were hanged. There was a negro settlement, known as "Little Africa" in the 8<sup>th</sup> ward, along Thompson, MacDougal, and neighboring streets, which was furiously attacked and the inhabitants driven in all directions. Some were killed and many were beaten to within an inch of their lives. One was caught in Clarkson Street and hanged to a tree in St. John's cemetery. At another point the fiends caught a colored man, and, obtaining an empty tar barrel, knocked the bottom out of it and slipped it down over his head and then set fire to it, burning him to death in a few minutes. Two negroes ran across Canal Street to Desbrosses Street, where one was caught and hanged to a lamp post, the other ran down to the river and jumped off from the end of the dock. The La Farge House, on Broadway, having a large force of negro waiters, was closed, as were many other places

employing colored help. A colored porter in a down town store on the west side was concealed on the top floor until it was deemed unsafe to keep him there longer, when he was nailed up in a dry goods box, taken down on the elevator, loaded on a cart, and carried across the river, where he was liberated. The Colored Orphan Asylum, on Fifth Avenue, near 46<sup>th</sup> Street was fired on Monday afternoon. The firemen were not permitted to throw any water on it, while the children, as they escaped from the flames, were driven out of the neighborhood by the mob and maltreated in as many ways as their devilish ingenuity could devise. They stole the beds and destroyed such furniture as they could not carry away. After a time the firemen were allowed to protect adjoining property, but the Asylum was entirely destroyed, and eight hundred children rendered homeless. Many of the inmates owed their lives to the gallant efforts of the firemen, who did all in their power to save them.

A body of marines, well drilled in their specialty of street work, patrolling bad places on the west side, marched through "Hell's Kitchen" and were so pressed at 11<sup>th</sup> Avenue and 42<sup>nd</sup> Street that they formed a hollow square at that point, firing both ways through both streets, killing and wounding a good many and driving the rest into the houses. They then proceeded, but the rioters coming out of the houses in large numbers as the troops passed, followed them, firing guns and pistols and throwing stones at them, wounded quite a number. The officer in command suddenly ordered a halt, and right-about, and delivered a tremendous volley into the crowd of men, women and children, who went down before it like grass before a mowing machine. The State Arsenal, at Seventh Avenue and 35<sup>th</sup> Street, was an object of much anxiety, as the mob could there have supplied themselves abundantly with arms and ammunition, but General Sandford, who was in command of the State troops, planted four brass field pieces in the streets, and with a small force of militia and a few regulars from Governors Island, prevented any serious attack on it. The old sugar refinery, of R. L. & A. Stuart, covering the block on Greenwich Street between Chambers and Reade Streets, employed a large number of colored

hands, and received early attention, but the canny Scotchmen had anticipated the coming of the rioters, and prepared a warm welcome for them. Half a dozen lines of heavy hose had been connected with the large boilers in place, and when the mob came within close range, big streams of boiling water and steam were turned into their midst, severely scalding and blinding a great many, and scattering all who were able to run away. Pier 1, North River was covered with mules and forage, awaiting shipment to the front. The torch was applied here, and the whole consumed by fire. The Tribune office was an object of special attack, and was saved only by the fierce fighting of the police and an organized defense by armed employees.

These are fair samples of depredations committed in nearly every part of the city, which might be multiplied almost without end. The greatest fear was entertained that High Bridge, over which the water supply in the city came, would be destroyed, but that calamity did not reach us.

The conflict had lasted three days, when Governor Seymour came from Albany, and made his headquarters at the St. Nicholas Hotel. He was not in sympathy with the President, and was bitterly opposed to the draft. He refused to proclaim martial law, and addressed the crowd as "my friends" saying in effect that it was very wrong for them to do some of the things which had been brought to his notice: that he had sent his Adjutant General to Washington to have the draft stopped, that this had been promised, and that they should go to their homes like good people. His speech was, however, without any visible effect. His statement that a suspension of the draft had been promised was not true. The President said emphatically that the draft would be enforced in New York, under any circumstances, and if the State could not quell disturbances and do its duty, the Government would come to the rescue. Mayor Opdyke issued a proclamation requesting citizens to organize for the purpose of patrolling the streets in the districts in which they lived, and offered \$500.00 reward for the conviction of any person who committed arson or murder during the riots.

The police, on constant duty, day and night, with early orders to take no prisoners, fought like tigers; clubbing their way through the mobs with their long locust night-sticks, then turning and clubbing their way back again, smashing skulls, and scattering survivors, who ran away, to meet and re-form at some other place. A surgeon who was called upon to dress wounds for the rioters, after one of Inspector Carpenter's charges reported twenty one cases of skulls fractured by policemen's clubs, all fatal; and he was only one of the surgeons pressed into their service on the occasion and this was only one of the occasions.

The number of killed and wounded during these few days will never be known. It was variously estimated at from three to five thousand. They were dragged away, dead or alive, by their companions, almost as fast as they fell. A government report says that a thousand rioters were killed July 13<sup>th</sup> to 15<sup>th</sup>. The bodies of many, which had been sunk in the rivers came to the surface later, but many more remained at the bottom. Wagon loads of corpses were carted across the East River with as little ceremony as though they had been carcasses of sheep or hogs.

The Marines, with their little boat-howitzers, soldiers from the forts, returned volunteers, and militiamen whose regiments were at the front; all did valiant service, and many gave their lives, but their forces were so small that they could do but little toward checking the outrages, to say nothing of preserving the peace. Too much credit cannot be given to the volunteer firemen, whose services were given without pay. There were no "still-alarms" in those days, but the bells rang out the numbers of the districts to locate the fires, and during that period their clanging was incessant, night and day. Nobly those men responded to the calls. Oftener than not did they find occasion to fight rioters as well as flames. They paid no heed to hours or fatigue, but continued their perilous work until utterly exhausted, and then, after a brief respite, resumed their places with their loved machines. Many lives and millions of property were saved through the efforts of those gallant men.

Our day of deliverance came with the return of troops from Gettysburg. The glorious "Seventh", which never has failed to respond to the call of the City, State or Nation; and which never failed when it did respond, was the first to reach us. It arrived at four o'clock Thursday morning, landing at the foot of Canal Street, North River, marching to Broadway, up to Astor Place and to their armory in Tompkins Market. They were soon ordered to 34<sup>th</sup> Street and Third Avenue. A detail of skirmishers was taken from the first two companies, which preceded the column by about two blocks, and in this order they marched up the Avenue, being greeted at several points by stones and bullets from windows and house-tops, and other points of vantage. They returned fire, which they did instantly and effectively. A number of rioters were killed and wounded. Several members of the regiment were hit with bullets and stones, but none were seriously wounded. On reaching 34<sup>th</sup> Street, two companies were detailed to the station house and the balance quartered in the old Rubber Factory in 34<sup>th</sup> Street. Soon, a policeman, in a badly battered condition, was brought to the station house, and for want of an ambulance, was placed in a light grocery wagon, and, drawn by two policemen, under guard of about twenty of the seventh, was taken to Bellevue Hospital. The procession was jeered, hooted, and stoned, and the rioters who watched for their return, undertook to cut them off; obstructing the street and firing on them from all sides. A charge was made by the twenty. Four of them ran up the steps of a high-stoop house, bursting in the door, which they closed at once on entering. A few bullets through the door overtook one of them there, and an office of the squad jumped on the iron fence and firing through the basement window, brought down two more at the foot of the stairs. The fourth escaped through the rear yard. The soldiers reached the station house without loss, and with only a few unimportant wounds. The regiment did patrol and guard duty, searching houses for rioters and arms; securing several hundred carbines which had been stolen from a neighboring armory; and it was several days before they were allowed to go to their homes.

On Saturday evening the Twenty Second Regiment arrived at the Battery, and as they disembarked, a number of colored cooks who had served them in the south and followed them home, were threatened by the mob, but, as the boys fixed their saber-bayonets and prepared for business, the rioters concluded not to molest them. The regiment marched to its armory, the old "Palace Garden", in 14<sup>th</sup> Street. Other regiments soon followed, and with their coming, the mobs gradually melted away and quiet and safety were restored, after a week of such rioting, bloodshed, burning, terror and suspense as had never before been witnessed in this city.

During this period, a question was raised by the State authorities regarding credit for certain troops, which it was said would materially reduce the number of men to be drafted, and a lengthy investigation ensued. The Governor also declared that the law authorizing the draft was unconstitutional, and that he would test it in the courts, to which President Lincoln replied that he might test the law to his heart's content, but that he should take the men, as he needed them in his business.

The indignation of soldiers at the front, on learning of the riots, knew no bounds. Half of the Army of the Potomac was almost ready to desert and come north to annihilate the mobs. When it became known that troops were to be sent, every New York regiment wanted to be detailed, but the War Department thought it better to send those from other States.

The draft was resumed on the 19<sup>th</sup> of August, in the sixth district, Captain James W. Farr \_\_\_\_\_. The lesson of the first attempt caused the War Department to send the entire Vermont Brigade, with several other regiments and batteries from the Army of the Potomac to this city. Madison Square, Union Square, Washington Square, and Tompkins Square were covered with tents and bristled with bayonets. Artillery horses were picketed on the grass. Rifled Parrots and brass Napoleons looked up and down Broadway, from several points, and east and west through other principal streets, ready to sweep them at a moment's notice. A full battery was strung along the curb in front of the City Hall, awaiting orders. It could have cleared Broadway, south

to Bowling Green and north to Grace Church, in three minutes by the watch; and many of those grizzled veterans were sorely disappointed not to find an active foe.

I was directed to apply to the officer in command at Washington Square for a guard for the office and on arriving there, found that I was among old comrades and friends. I wore on my coat a silver Greek Cross, the emblem of the Second Division of the Sixth Corps, and these men were wearing the same. The officer in command, pointing to my badge, put the question; "Where the devil did you get that?" for as I was in staff uniform only the badge showed to what division I belonged. I replied; -"I earned that in the Third brigade of your division", said I belonged to the Forty-Ninth New York, but was on detached service, and briefly related some recent experiences. He grasped me by the hand and said; - "Well, I will give you a guard that will take care of you this time. How many men do you want?" I said fifty would be plenty, and he detailed an officer with fifty men to go with me. We marched up Sixth Avenue, to No. 185, and when the soldiers ordered arms, the ringing of their muskets, as they struck the pavement like one piece, could have been heard two blocks away. The boys were bronzed, ragged and saucy, and spoiling to hurt some one. They were soon housed in the building, ready for any emergency, but the draft went off like a Sunday School. There was a large crowd in the offices and in the street, some of the bad ones were doubtless there, but their behavior on this occasion was above criticism.

With the preparations that had been made, resistance would have been worse than folly. General Dix, who had just been appointed to command the Department of the East, had declared his intention to enforce the law at all hazards. He had already gained the healthy respect of all classes, and had become an object of terror to all evil doers by his famous order at the beginning of the war, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" And the New York rioters were not seeking their own destruction.