

New York  
July 14/71

Mr Carr

Dear Sir

I sent you yesterday a Herald containing all the news about the riot, of all the red hot times I ever saw the 12<sup>th</sup> went ahead of.

Of course your humble servant went out to see the fun, first I went to the 9<sup>th</sup> regt armory and volunteered my services but every uniform being taken they told me there was no room for me. on going out I was extremely thankful that I did not go in for the Micks were out in full force, and using plenty of chin music, I went down to the rooms of our sch and found about thirty of the boys bent on a ladder and bound to see what was going on I like an ass went with them up to 24<sup>th</sup> street, just where the devilish Micks were plenty, the thing began to look rather black, I stood in a doorway and gazed on the Hibernians, first came

a few stones, then bricks from the  
tops of houses, a few pistol shots  
and then - Lord how I went for a  
back yard the 9<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> + 22<sup>nd</sup> regiments  
blazed away, I thought things were  
getting rather hot and with a friend  
we climbed the fence and - disappeared -  
we struck Broadway, got into a stage  
and went down to Police Headquarters  
A tremendous crowd of Irish were  
there, of course Irish like they got in  
a couple of fights, just enough to attract  
the police who made a charge, and after  
battering numerous skulls captured about  
twenty of the mob. It is perhaps needless  
to say I beat a masterly retreat under the  
stoop of a house, and came near being  
synashed by a crowd of city democrats  
After the rush I thought of "Home  
sweet home," and determined to reach  
my parental mansion, inviting my  
friend to accompany me we started  
up the Bowery, and by some strange  
means got in and all mixed up  
with a crowd of Hibernians in Astor  
place, the police cleared us out and  
I beat another hasty retreat, my movements

being greatly hastened by a chip on the  
stem with a chub and a peeler telling me  
'to git out of this!' you bet I got,  
my retreat did not stop, until 12.  
E 28<sup>th</sup> street was reached, here I supplied  
my friend with some spiritual consolation  
but my stock giving out we went down  
to the Shakespeare and there forgot our  
woes and troubles,

I cannot describe the excitement and  
wild deviltries of the mob. the papers  
however will give full particulars,  
and I will send them every day.

I wish you were here and could have  
seen all that was going on. You would  
no longer think it strange that I have  
no desire to vote a democratic ticket, such  
a crowd of low brutal looking men  
never saw before, and all these citizens  
swear by Tamany. still I shall keep my  
promise and cast my maiden vote  
for the democratic nomination for  
president, whoever he may be.

I wish it was possible for you to  
come to Gotham, nothing would give  
us more pleasure than to see your  
face, I have one hope left the cotton

crop Father tells me is doing well,  
you will get a good price and  
by the Lord I hope to see both  
you and Mrs C, in Gotham next  
fall, or whenever the crop is gathered  
If you will come I shall let tracts  
go to thunder, and give up my trip  
south, and perhaps Rob and I will  
make things buzz for your benefit  
I never take a smash, but I think of  
the old North state and a friend of  
mine there, and as I indulge in  
a smash pretty often this hot  
weather, my thoughts concentrate on  
that individual,

Yours

W J Bruce