THE DAILY BEE
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NEW ORLEANS:
TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1863.

Sales at Auction To-Day.

By R. T. Montgomery, at 11 o'clock, at salesroom No. 85 Camp street, eggs, flour, whisky, brandy, &c.

By D. E. Murphy, at 10 o'clock, head of St. Joseph street, flour; at 10½ o'clock, at No. 47 Magazine street, bacon shoulders; at 11½ o'clock, at the R o Warehouse, machine rope.

THE NEXT STEAMER.—The Evening Star was advertised to leave New York for New Orleans direct on the 25th. She has been running between New York and Havana.

FOREIGN WAR VESSELS TO ARRIVE.—The French war corvette Catinat, Commander Fabre, was to have left New York on the 17th inst. for New Orleans. She will probably arrive in a few days.

The English war steamer Styx crossed the Bar yesterday, from Jamaica. If not detained at Quarantine we may look for her in port today.

SUMMER READING.—"La Masque, or the Midnight Queen," one of the New York *Mercury's* series of stories by Cousin Mary Carleton, has been sent to us from the "Crescent Book Store," No. 10 Camp street. *Verb. Sap.*

Attention is called particularly to R. T. Montgomery's sales for this day, July 28th, which will occur as follows: At 11 o'clock, at salesroom 93 Camp street, there will be sold eggs, cheese, flour, pilot bread, soap, vermicelli, macaroni, saleratus, whisky, brandy, bitters, and a large assortment of other groceries. The largest portion of the above goods are fresh, and just arrived per steamer George Washington. Also, at 11 o'clock, at old auction mart 87 Camp street, a large sale of elegant furniture, mirrors, paintings, bedding, crockery, &c.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that Mr. J. W. Durand has taken charge of Messrs. Brott & Davis' dry goods department. Twenty-eight years' experience with Southern trade will make him popular and successful among his old friends and new ones.

John Grace, broker, No. 5 Bank Place, has for sale a lot of tobacco, honey, coffee, rum, &c. See his advertisement in another column.

The Sheriff sells at auction, this day, at noon, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, sundry book accounts. See advertisement.

D. E. Murphy, auctioneer, sells this day, at auction, 47 barrels choice extra flour, 150 coils rope, and 30 fierces prime bacon shoulders. See his auction advertisements.

D. E. Morphy, auctioneer, calls the attention of buyers and dealers to the sale of 150 coils of rope, which takes place this day at 11½ o'clock A. M., in the Rio Warehouse.

Incidents of the Great Riot in New York.

From the *Police Gazette* a full account of the riot. We select a few of its incidents

A LEADER TO THE PIRATICAL CREW.

For the first time during this terrific piratical raid and incursion, a leader or head was developed. Mounted on a fine cavalry horse and properly equipped, and with drawn sword in hand, this adventurous devil, galloping to and fro among the insurgents, enunciated his orders with the clearest distinctness and apparently with the greatest fearlessness. During the afternoon a large assemblage convened on Avery street, preliminary to the checking it, it was stated, contemplated to be made in the headquarters of General Wool in Bleecker street—but beyond the mere fact of the assemblage, no other overt act was perpetrated

THE MURDER OF COL. O'BRIEN.

Unquestionably the most horrible enactment of the entire frightful scene was the execution of Col O'Brien, and the attendant details. Two companies of the two regiments of the Seventh N. Y. S. Volunteers, under the command of the Colonel, who was mounted on horseback, were in position corner of Second avenue and Thirty-fourth street. The crowd was a dense one, and, although intimidated, as it would appear, from those early hide demonstrations. These missiles of stones and bricks were poured in an almost ceaseless torrent upon the soldiers. At the outbreaking, O'Brien, riding to and fro in his command, gave the order, "Fire!" The ranks, loaded with grape and canister, were discharged, and many of the hapless crowd were made to bite the dust. The two companies of infantry were next made to fire, and the missile battle ceased. It is fearfully affirmed, with a fiend-like death-dealing execution. This act—as it O'Brien, as the report discloses, incited the crowd to a maddened frenzy—and the more especially after he had, as was alleged and generally accredited, with his own hand, fired a revolver, killing a woman and her child which she held in her arms. After these occurrences, the crowd now having been dispersed by the repeated firing of the military, the police returned to another sphere of duty, leaving O'Brien still his voluntary master of the field. Pend ng the occupancy, O'Brien, who had dismounted, entered a drug store, and forthwith it became the nucleus of the enraged crowd, which now rose re assembling in fearful numbers. Not a word was uttered. The fate of O'Brien was decided. With revolver in one hand and sword in the other, he left the store and entered the crowd. He had scarcely done this, however, before he was felled to the earth, and forthwith the entire crowd instituted the most cruel beating. Almost insensible, the strong arm of the enfeebled people now bore him to the first lamp-post, and to it he was suspended by a rope. Whilst yet alive the rope was disassembled, and the body being lowered in the centre of the street, was coal-petroleated the fuel for these infuriated demons for the space of an hour, and notwithstanding the unprecedented buffetings, kickings and stampings, which were almost continuously inflicted, the man yet breathed and lived. The demons now seized the body by the legs, and after dragging it repeatedly through the street, if not with positive delight, at least with apparent coolness and *nonchalance*—at length caused it to resume its position on the original lamp-post, where it remained until a late hour, and was then committed to the custody of the Rev. Mr. Clowrey, (a Catholic clergyman) so disfigured and mutilated as to render recognition, even on the part of intimate friends, utterly impossible. Another distressing and horrible feature in this affray was the killing of several females, whose sympathies with the rioters had perhaps incautiously induced their presence and attendance upon the bloody scenes enacted.

JUDGE CONNOLLY.

The Judge visited the arsenal in the Seventh avenue, and evidently excited by the scenes enacted in the Twenty-second Ward, interrogated Gen. Sandford as to the name of the Lieutenant commanding the soldiery in the Tenth avenue, asserting, that when ascertained, he would arrest him for killing women and children. He likewise importuned the General to withdraw the troops from that Ward and proffered the guarantee, that if it were done, that he would quiet and disperse the rioters. The General declined so to order and act. Pending this visitation the excitement was unabated. The immediate neighbors to the arsenal were removing their furniture for fear of an outbreak, and to safe it from the fury of the enfrenzied mob. The times were perilous. Thirty wounded soldiers were brought in, as were also some twenty-five wounded rioters.

FEARFUL SCENES IN THE TENTH AVENUE.

The corner of Twenty-seventh street and Seventh avenue presented a fearful scene. A large gang of the marauders were engaged in sacking the stores and private residences, and flames were simultaneously leaping through many doors and windows. The adjoining house tops were all filled with armed men and excited women, and to the central lamp-post was suspended a dead negro. The fury of the scene beggars description.

Pending these horrid devastations, Sherwood's Battery in six rifled guns arrived, accompanied by Meyer's Infantry. The purpose was to expel the marauders and thieves at any every cost and so determined was the Colonel, that he more over desisted from their tell works, sought refuge in the rear of the gallant firemen, and thereby erected an intrenchment impassable to the military.

At the conjunctures Judge McCunn appealed to the commanding officer to stay his purpose and to spare the effusion of blood—and that he would exert all his best energies to arrest its further spread. He replied that his orders were imperative, and that if his men were fired upon, he should assuredly enforce order with the mouth of the cannon and at the point of the bayonet. The military—order being seemingly restored—slowly retired from the scene, but scarcely had they vacated it, ere the crowd reassembled, and in token of its utter defiance, impended two more negroes, who had unfortunately fallen into their merciless grasp, to the lamp-post fronting their desolated and wrecked banktwork.

The negroes suffered the most cruel barbarities. Burned out of their homes, hunted like wild beasts, maimed, and, when caught, hung without protection, with no refuge and with the most dread consternation depicted in every feature, their very helplessness addressed the inflexed and relentless, and had not disenamated infuriated mind have been the heart that could have refused them the sympathies of a common humanity.

A BLOODY RIOT IN FIRST AVENUE.

A most fearful, desperate and bloody encounter was enacted at the corner of Nineteenth street and First avenue, between United States troops and the demoralized mob that infested that locality. The determined demonstrations of the three thousand persons assembled induced the authorities to dispatch a military force to prevent further outbreaks. The force consisted of three companies with two howitzers, Colonel Winslow, of the Fifth Duryea Zouaves, Colonel Serrano and Major Robinson had the military charge, the entire command devolving on the first-named officer.

Their presence was instantly greeted on all sides by revolvers, stones, and brickbats from the streets, the windows and the tops of the houses, the women participating and assailing as vigorously as the men.

The order was at once given to fire upon the mob assembled, and simultaneously the musket and the howitzer detonated dealing the death blow to numbers of the erring and misguided, and it may be in some instances at least, innocent contributors to the scence and the assemblage. The casualties were doubtlessly numerous. Some thirty or forty of the insurgents are reported killed. The fight lasted half an hour, and was exceedingly determined and desperate. The military were driven back and retreated up Nineteenth street to the Second avenue, closely pursued, but fighting the overwhelming masses determinedly all the way. Col. Jardine and Lieut. Upton was severely wounded. Capt. Upell and Lieut. Brown of the New York State National Guard were killed, as were also some twenty or thirty of the soldiery. At a later period strong reinforcements were detailed to the scene and the soldiery, but no renewal of the conflict occurred.

AN ATTACK ON MR. GREELEY'S BOARDING-HOUSE—GREAT AMOUNT OF PROPERTY DESTROYED.

Late on Tuesday night the rioters visited the house of Mr. Sidclair, in Twenty-ninth street. They had been informed that this was the residence of Mr. Horace Greeley, and the threats of vengeance which were uttered were many and loud. Mr Greeley had formerly boarded at this place, and the rioters believed the premises were his. The mob, numbering about a thousand, made a fierce attack on the building, but for a time all their efforts to force the doors were useless. Meantime a young man, named Hyde, mounted the top stoop and addressed the crowd. He said: "I am a good Democrat, and am bitterly opposed to the draft, but I do not wish to see private property destroyed. Mr. Greeley does not reside here, and it is hard to see the private property of unoffending citizens wantonly destroyed. It is unjust to plunder and burn this residence simply because Mr. Greeley once boarded here."

The mob could not understand the justice of this speech, and young Hyde was at once seized by the leaders, hurled to the pavement, and beaten by men, women and children, in the most cruel and inhuman manner. Just at the time when Hyde was believed to be expiring, a man named Wilson, residing in Twenty-ninth street, aged about fifty years, was pointed out as Mr. Greeley. The cry of "Greeley!" rapidly spread through the crowd, and the man Wilson was forthwith seized, his clothes rent entirely from his person, and he was most cruelly struck upon the head and body until he became unconscious. At this point in the tragedy, Mrs Wilson, the wife of the victim, ran out from a house opposite, and with uplifted hands and agony of voice truly pitiable to hear, she implored the mob for Heaven's sake to desist and not to kill her husband. This wild appeal caused a lull among the rioters, and in the mean time three men caught up the body of Wilson and conveyed it in the residence. The crowd finding themselves foiled in reference to Greeley alias Wilson, immediately turned their attention to Hyde, whom they swore they would hang and burn if caught. In the midst of this excitement the police made their appearance and scattered the rioters, not, however, until Mr. Sinclair's house had been sacked and robbed of everything of value.

MR. GREELEY GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

[From the New York Tribune of the 16th.]

The *World*, of Tuesday, blazoned "the lie with circumstance" that the editor of the Tribune had not dared to enter his own office on Monday, but had spent the day at a restaurant, and left it at last in disguise! There was no truth in this, but it did not seem worth while to contradict it. But yesterday the World returned to the charge, in an article specially intended to incite the mob to murder Republican editors, saying:

"It might have been supposed that the lowering approach of the rude vengeance they have courted would have made these people feel at last how mad their course had been. It might have been supposed that the editor of the *Tribune*, trembling all day long in the safe umbrage of a friendly restaurant and escaping at last under cover of the darkness to his home, might have been led by these hours of seclusion to fling away the torch he had so long and so thoughtlessly brandished.

There must be a stop put to this. Briefly, then, the editor of the *Tribune* came to his office on Monday morning at nine o'clock, walking to it from a Harlem car in plain sight of scores, remained at his work until dinner time; then walked deliberately through the crowd to Windmüle, took a carriage thence to his lodgings, in broad daylight, and with no sort of concealment or disguise. He prevented the arming of the *Tribune* office until after the assault upon sack and attempt to burn it that evening, then he thought the time had come for decisive measures, and the next morning (Tuesday) he devoted mainly to put it in flight (by train coming again openly by car down town, walking from the car through the crowd to his office, and remaining there from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. when he walked away undisguised and unassailed as before. Yesterday he was again at the office by 10 A. M., coming in a carriage because there were no public conveyances then in motion, and spending the day about his business as usual. Now! The fight in Charles street to the corner of St. Peter and Rampart. The very first night, while in sleep profound—such as is accorded only to the innocent and to the just judge—his room was entered by some tremendous rascals, the coat was divested of $3 in greenbacks, the pantaloons carried off with all the contents, and even his dirty socks and shirt were taken. Great was the wonder of the Judge when he found himself, while making his toilet next morning, actually *sans culotte*—worse, the entire part of his baggage had not been sent to his new quarters. Greater, however, is his wonder, that the police have not caught the robbers, though he is ready to point out the suspected parties.

Died of Heart Disease.—Yesterday afternoon we reported the fact that Bryant Humphrey, alias Kelly, had been shot in Barracks street, in the Second District, on Sunday evening, by Sergeant Harry Gardner, of the First Louisiana Cavalry, who was attempting to arrest Kelly as a deserter. The latter was shot in the left breast, and was conveyed to the St Louis Hospital, where he died of his wounds in half an hour afterwards. Gardner was arrested and handed over to the military authorities.

Still They Come—Since Sunday, when the Vicksburg prisoners were sent to Mobile by the Mc Mary, the Lancaster No 1, the Kephyr, Madison, and Sallie List, have arrived at the Delphia at five o'clock this morning, *en route* for this city. They are expected to reach here this afternoon or early in the evening.

PRISONERS AT HEADQUARTERS.

The prisoners at head-quarters are kept under guard and present a most depressed appearance. Some of them are kept locked up in the cells, while about a dozen colors, strongly handcuffed, are permitted to walk about the area between the prison and the main wall of the building. Nearly all of them are poorly dressed and appear to have been laborers.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S MEETING.

The following order relative to the Archbishop's meeting was issued to police captains and commandants of militia:

Headquarters, July 17.

Instruct your men carefully, that the Bishop's meeting is intended to keep law and order. All persons passing to and from it must be unmolested.

Pay no attention to hard words, and only interfere when actual violence occurs. By order of the Board. S. C. HAWLEY, Chief Clerk

In accordance with the announcement that Archbishop Hughes would address the "Men of New York, called by some of the furious rioters, this afternoon at two o'clock, from Lafayette Place, the President, instead of Commander in Chief, Arthur, then you will present the enclosed letter which is addressed to him as President, and expect by me the President to time in order to prevent the great evil that I am now in fear of, from reaching the President of the Confederacy. In this event, you will direct me any further attempt to confer on the subject of your mission, which I shall then consider, merely as a perfect equality between two nations. Yours with pleasure, I am, &c. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

My recent interviews with you have put me fully in possession of my views that it is exactly necessary to give you any detailed instructions, even were I, at this moment, well enough to attempt it.

Your mission is simply one of humanity, and has no political aspect.

If no direction be made to receive your letter, on the ground that it is not addressed to Abraham Lincoln, as President, instead of Commander in Chief, Arthur, then you will present the enclosed letter which is addressed to him as President, and expect by me the President to time in order to prevent the great evil that I am now in fear of, from reaching the President of the Confederacy. In this event, you will direct