

the usual crowding and rushing to the polls—except the peculiar fencing; the pressing, however, was so great, that I considered an effort on my part to vote would be an increase of it; I went up to the barricade, in which there was a lane open from the window to the edge of the crowd, and I walked up about half the way through the lane, when a young man stepped out from the side into the lane, with his back towards me, and entirely obstructed the passage, exclaiming “make way for a voter;” I said to him “do you intend,” or “do you wish to prevent me from voting? for if you do, and will say so, I will give you no further trouble;” his reply was, “no, I want you to get your vote;” at the same time he rushed up against me and pushed me backwards; as there appeared to be no one there except those who were disposed to join with him in his actions, I left the place; some of my friends asked me if I had voted, and I told them that I had not, and they asked me if I had made any very persistent effort to vote; I replied to them no, for I thought there was sufficient violence practised there to deter a sufficient number of voters from an attempt to exercise their rights, and I felt that the depositing of a ballot was in some sense acknowledging it as a legal election; they remarked, that it might be important for me to make a persistent effort, and be driven from the polls, and to have evidence to that effect; I again went up to the front of the passage that was open, except at the outward end, and told them I wanted to go up and vote; I heard a cry behind me of “show your ticket,” at some distance from me; supposing it to be intended for me, as I was the only person about voting, I replied that it was no use to show my ticket—that if I was permitted to vote at all, I should vote the Reform ticket; upon which, a young man in front of the passage put his hand on the side of my face in a very good-natured way, and rubbing my beard down, remarked, I looked like I might be a right decent man, and he would advise me to go away from there; I told him I wanted to vote; he then put both hands on my beard and stroked my face down the same way, remarking again, that he thought I might be a right decent man, and he would like to give me some good advice, and that the best he had to give me was, that I should go home and stay there: one of the men forming the lane pointed his finger down directly at me and said “don’t let that man come up here, for I have seen him vote once myself;” I still continued standing there, when a young man from the inside of the barricade cried out, “make way for Mr. Randolph, and let him come in and vote;” I went up, deposited my ballot, and another cried out, “make way for Mr. Randolph,” and I went out without any farther trouble; after this, there was considerable rioting, loud talking and some threatening; I saw two young men go out with clubs in their hands and seize hold of an old man of about seventy years of age, who was walking along quietly on Baltimore Street; the old man expostulated, at least I could see him gesticulating, as though he was desirous to